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ON REPEAT

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



ST VINCENT

Kerosene (Big Black cover)
For her last album, 'Actor', Annie Clark watched Disney films on mute and re-imagined the OSTs. Steve Albini presumably never took the same approach, but Clark's cover of Big Black's 'Kerosene' is extraordinary, her usual regal calm traded for a ferocious growl.
Laura Snapes, Assistant Reviews Editor
On youtube.com now

AUSTRA

Woodstock
It's a surprise that the icy Katie Stelmans and co have covered Joni Mitchell (who once likened her openness to "a cellophane wrapper on a pack of cigarettes"), but the resulting meeting of opposites is a fire of synths expounding 'Woodstock's' apocalyptic message.
Priya Elan, Assistant Editor, NME.COM
On thefader.com now

BON IVER

I Can't Make You Love Me (Bonnie Raitt cover)
Not sobbing and muttering, "It's... just... so... beautiful..." by the end? You've got a heart made out of old death metal vinyl and safety pins. Justin Vernon covered this classic for the 'Calgary' 12" B-side and performed it on... Jimmy Fallon.
Abby Tayleure, Festivals Editor, NME.COM
On stereogum.com now

TOM VEK

World Of Doubt
Ah, so *this* is what Vek has been doing for the last five years: ransacking his noggin for snarling riffs aplenty and furnishing them with grooving synths. A half-decade well spent, we think...
Ben Hewitt, writer
On tomvek.tv now

BEYONCÉ

End Of Time
'Run The World (Girls)' was a bit messy, but this second song from Beyoncé's forthcoming album is more focused, opening with a sped-up sample of Jai Paul's 'BTSTU' before her harmonies

glide over military drums and the best use of horns this side of 'Wanna Be Startin' Somethin'.
Michael Cragg, writer
On thefader.com now

PORCELAIN RAFT

Amateur Feeling
It took Mauri Remiddi seven years to release an album with his last band, Sunny Day Sets Fire. In his new guise, he's prolific – and it's good news really, as this one from his new EP is quite beautiful (in a boo-hoo kinda way).
Mike Williams, Deputy Editor
On secretlycanadian.com now

ICEAGE

Broken Bone
Don't underestimate these thin'n'wispy Copenhagen brats: having just upstaged Fucked Up on their UK tour, their schtick rollicks along with Wire-y precision while embodying the brutal, bulldozing force of classic Crass.
Matt Wilkinson, New Music Editor
On pitchfork.com now

YEASAYER

Devil And The Deed
The next leg of Yeasayer's voyage into hipster-delica is underway – they're starting work on their new album this summer. This track is the most melodic thing from their since 'Ambling Alp'.
Jamie Fullerton, News Editor
On NME.COM/artists/yeasayer now

NICOLA ROBERTS

Beat Of My Drum
Sarah Harding had Filthy Dukes, Kimberley had Aggro Santos. Nadine cosed up with, erm, Tesco. The Pale One's made the best choice, hooking up with Diplo for an MIA/CSS monster whose "L-O-V-E, dance to the beat of my drum" will catch out many an indie snob.
Tim Chester, Deputy Editor, NME.COM
On nicolarobertsmusic.com now



Head to NME.COM from Monday for the On Repeat playlist

TRACK
OF
THE
WEEK

ARCADE FIRE

Speaking In Tongues/Culture War
Summer waxes blustery and bright and Arcade Fire's thoughts turn to festivals; right about now they're starting a run of US and European dates in the run-up to London's Hyde Park at the end of June. Entirely coincidentally, there's also a deluxe edition of 'The Suburbs' with a DVD and extra tracks coming out on August 1, but there's no harm in lovingly stroking the tail end of their marketing strategy when it's full of such wicked wags. 'Culture War' is a lazy, rustic stroll with half an eye on Neil Young, picking up the vague and terrible conflict of generations that haunts 'The Suburbs' title track. "These

are different times..." muses Win fretfully, like an old woman who sees the apocalypse simmering in quiet streets, "now the kids are growing up so fast, paying for our crimes". 'Speaking In Tongues' is a more urgent,

'Speaking In Tongues' is urgent, Television-sharp, where betrayal is personal

Television-sharp number where the betrayal is personal, and relationships soured: "Hypocrite reader, my double, my brother/ Where did we lose our way?" pleads Win over a simple, chiming riff, Regine gently chirruping in the background like a starling on an electricity line singing in the coming storm, before David Byrne's otherworldly yowl floats in like some strange angel heralding a grim Rapture. Seems the backstreets of 'The Suburbs' just keep on yielding precious new secrets.

Emily Mackay, Reviews Editor
On NME.COM now

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UPFRONT

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

Edited by Jamie Fullerton



THE HORRORS' NEW ALBUM SPLIT OPEN

TRACK
BY
TRACK

With new influences ranging from Tears For Fears to '60s pop, the (mainly) black-clad boys lift the shroud on their much-anticipated third album, 'Skying'

1. CHANGING THE RAIN

With neither bang nor whimper, The Horrors announce their return with a mid-paced baggy overture. Yes, baggy. The sort of hazily mixed, magpie-eyed grab-bag of instruments and styles that defines the rest of the record, it ends with sleigh bells and woozy multi-tracked handclaps, à la Sleigh Bells.

Rhys Webb: "This was actually the last track we were working on in January; we liked it so much we made it the album opener. We got to use Josh's self-made 20-stage phaser that gives the album its name."

Tom Cowan: "This was a little bit of a Frankenstein track as we had two songs that weren't really working. Luckily Rhys saw a connection and we managed to cull the best from both and fuse them together."

2. YOU SAID

Faris puts on his best charcoal trenchcoat and air of wonder in a song that's somewhere between Tears For Fears and forgotten pop crooner Black. Accordingly, he summons the full range of Cold War lyrical bleaknesses: "Stretching far into another night/A landscape with no hope".

Tom: "When people hear this they say things

"People don't always know what they're getting with us"

TOM COWAN

like, 'I like that backing vocal' or 'I like that guitar', when actually what they're pointing out is an entirely different instrument. People don't always know what they're getting with us, and we like to keep them guessing."

3. I CAN SEE THROUGH YOU

Features an insistent krauty beat befriending a sugary keyboard line. Faris drops the usual vocal portent to return to a jaded whisper, before the song builds into a wonderfully immediate chorus.

Rhys: "It started life as a chunky piano-led rocker. I think its going to be great live – it doesn't really sound like anything on the first two albums but very much reminds me of the energy of the early Horrors sound. Maybe it's the organ!"

4. ENDLESS BLUE

A ponderous opening in which dubby bass mingles genially with dubby brass, before the pace shifts sharply and a so-very-'90s slice of straight-up guitar riff tears in, sounding not unlike it fell off the back end of the first Placebo record.

Rhys: "I love this track. We started playing it at festivals last year. We wrote this on

a Monday, which might explain its lazy introduction – I think the song got faster as the day went on and we shook the weekend blues away."

5. DIVE IN

In which one of the English language's least-used sentences gets a good workout, namely: "The Horrors have gone a bit Jesus Jones." A spidery psychedelic guitar arpeggio, plus a classic 'funky drummer' baggy beat, plus Faris tuning his voice to 'mystical lengthy holding of notes' for the verse – but before it gets too bizarre they offer a more menacing chorus, then strip everything back.

Tom: "Dive In' is one of the heavier tracks, but it's still got a great groove and a chorus to make your head churn."

6. STILL LIFE

The first single, which you can hear now at NME.COM/artists/the-horrors. Psychedelic samples give way to a very 1982 synth riff, which leads to a chorus that has much of the 'big music' bombast of Simple Minds, delivered with Faris's own brand of langour. Rhys: "Faris and I started work on this track at his flat and sent it to Tom, who introduced the idea of the break and brass at the end."

7. WILD EYED

Very understated breather – Faris' softly mumbled nothings, the return of the dubby trumpets – but it feels like it's all over before it's begun, and in a way it is: despite clocking in at around four minutes long it's the album's shortest track.

Rhys: "Still Life' was the first track we wrote for 'Skying'. After a year on the road, before the night was out we had recorded the first demo. It was so relaxed and pretty exciting. I left saying to myself, 'If that's the first track we've written, what's the rest of it going to sound like?'"

8. MOVING FURTHER AWAY

A missing link between krautrock and first-wave new wave, Faris sings, "Everybody moving further away" over and over, with the air of Can at their most optimistic plus The Human League at their most melancholic. At 8:39 it's 'Sea Within A Sea'-sized – then a synth arp and seagull noises white-out the rest before the whole thing gradually congeals into something darker, as a nasty little rock riff takes charge.

Tom: "This one was quite the mammoth task. Rhys was dead set on the perfect sound for the main melody and drove me half mad as I systematically tried every synth in the room to no avail. When we realised one wouldn't cut it we had to find the best combination of two, and also the best way of combining them, which meant repeating the whole process again."

9. MONICA GEMS

Suede complete their recent transformation from the naff elder brothers of Britpop into the hip reference everyone's trying to drop by receiving this affectionate homage, complete with Estuary-vowelled backing vox and a lovely stuttering riff that could happily have slotted into the first half of 'Suede'. Also has shades of 'Village Green...'-era Kinks, mind. Rhys: "It was written with the quirkiness of some great English '60s pop in mind. We always like tracks with people's name in the title too."

Tom: "Josh's guitar modular synth is used to great effect all over this one, screaming and whining like a Jaguar possessed!"

10. OCEANS BURNING

A beautiful way to end, and possibly the finest thing they've yet written. Here The Horrors channel the bit of Britpop that history often forgets about: the blue-lit quintessentially English melancholia of 'Pantomime Horse' or

THE DETAILS

TITLE:
'Skying'

Released:
July 11

Producer:
The Horrors

Recorded:
The band's underground studio in Shacklewell Lane, London – neighbours include Wild Beasts

Live:
They make their comeback at Glasgow's Oran Mór (June 15), Manchester Academy (16) and London's York Hall (17)

'He Thought Of Cars', before breaking it all down, then re-constituting it into a flurry of instrument-heavy Marion-turning-krautrock scree. It all adds up to another track that weighs in just below the eight-minute mark, for a total running time that stretches to 54 minutes across 10 tracks.

Rhys: "Josh had built a massive effects unit for his guitar before we started writing, and it was used to great effect on this."

Tom: "I remember being taken ill when the first part of this one was being written. I had my head buried in the sofa while I could hear this beautiful song taking form and just thinking, 'Fuck, this is just up my street, why today of all days?' I just wanted to be sick and go to bed, but all the time I was fighting it because I wanted to join in the fun."

Watch a documentary on the making of the band's last album 'Primary Colours' at NME.COM/artists/the-horrors

Arctic Monkeys
in Central Park
– Alex nails the
'Brianstorm'
riff at last



FRONT
ROW

SUCK IT AND

Arctic Monkeys and The Vaccines are blazing Brit indie around the US – with Justin and co managing to sign up a 'minor' punk legend in New York

We're barely halfway through 2011, but it's already been a bumper year for British acts flying the indie rock flag in the US. We've seen Friendly Fires' Ed Macfarlane bring his drunken lizard dancing to *Late Night With Jimmy Fallon*, Brother Lord it up in NYC like it's 1995 – and now Arctic Monkeys and The Vaccines are launching a particularly British guitar onslaught.

"We always had a feeling these songs would go across well live from the start," remarks Alex Turner at Tuesday's (May 24) giant open-air gig in Central Park. Various members of The Strokes, meanwhile, line up to give their congratulations to the band on their return to the States and – as most will agree – musical form. "I think it's fair to say the new songs are a lot more direct," nods Alex. "There's definitely not been

a mass exodus to the bar when we play them or anything..."

Indeed, the band are making a point of ensuring that their return is nothing short of seismic. Tonight they open with their heaviest material, including a pulsating 'Brianstorm' and a version of 'The View From The Afternoon' that seems to have enough white-hot energy to rip the bark from the Central Park trees. But it's the power they plough into the selection of newer songs they debut tonight, including a crazed

ARCTIC MONKEYS' SETLIST

• Library Pictures • The View From The Afternoon • Brianstorm • This House Is A Circus • Still Take You Home • Don't Sit Down 'Cause I've Moved Your Chair • Pretty Visitors • Teddy Picker • Crying Lightning • She's Thunderstorms • I Bet You Look Good On The Dancefloor • Potion Approaching • Brick By Brick • If You Were There, Beware • Cornerstone • Do Me A Favour • The Hellcat Spangled Shalalala • When The Sun Goes Down • Fluorescent Adolescent

'Library Pictures' and the already anthemic 'Brick By Brick', that is most impressive. It's been a long time since Arctic Monkeys sounded as hungry as they do tonight.

But it's not just the quality of the new material that has seen them ascend to new levels onstage. The hard-earned assurance of a band who've made a few missteps and learned from them is plain for all to see.

"We're more confident as a band at the moment," concludes the singer. "We can relax and enjoy it a bit

more... and put more effort into our high kicks now! Maybe it'll be time to get some pyrotechnics out soon." Funny what happens when you actually write a few tunes, eh?

The Vaccines, meanwhile, playing support, find themselves entrusted with the British baton before the sun goes down and the Monkeys gear up. Still, there is precious little talk of 'breaking' America (or Liam swaggering with shades on into the nearest Lower East Side dive bar). Instead, the unassuming four-piece are rather pleased to find themselves standing with the humble figure of Lyle Preslar – formerly the guitarist in legendary hardcore outfit Minor Threat, who is guesting with them on a version of The Standells' garage rock classic 'Sometimes Good Guys Don't Wear White'.



The Famous Five, above: The Vaccines with Minor Threat guitarist Lyle Preslar (centre); right, onstage in New York; below, bassist Arni Hjörvar and Preslar rock out



NYC

The Vaccines have been covering the track in the vein of Minor Threat's own version (which they titled 'Good Guys (Don't Wear White)') for many months, which in turn alerted Preslar to the fact that the Londoners were secret hardcore enthusiasts. "I was a little worried The Vaccines might turn out to be like the British version of emo-core

you. But I genuinely love the way they're quite referential to other bands but quite fresh at the same time."

Eventually, Justin suggested an onstage collaboration, which Preslar happily accepted – despite having not played 'Good Guys' since 1983, just before Minor Threat called it quits. "You'd never have known that," adds

a still visibly thrilled Justin after the band came offstage. "I couldn't help but think it sounded so much tighter with Lyle playing with us

than we do when I play the song. If we decide to make a hardcore EP one day, maybe I'll be cheeky enough to drop Lyle a line."

Turn to page 38 for NME's review of Arctic Monkeys' 'Suck It And See'

"We can relax and enjoy it all at the moment, put more effort into our high kicks"

ALEX TURNER

or something," laughs the guitarist backstage – clearly pleased not to have encountered Justin Young deftly dabbing on black eyeliner before the performance. "Over the years you do find yourself in a situation where you don't like the bands that claim to like

THE VACCINES' SETLIST

- Under Your Thumb
- Blow It Up
- Wreckin' Bar (Ra Ra Ra)
- All In White
- Wetsuit
- A Lack Of Understanding
- If You Wanna
- Post Break-Up Sex
- Good Guys (Don't Wear White) (with Lyle Preslar)
- Nørgaard

SPEED DIAL

FRANK TURNER

The 'new Billy Bragg' is back with a new album – he's just hoping it hasn't earned him a one-way ticket to Hell (or a Channel ferry crossing to France, for that matter)

Frank! Your new tune 'Glory Hallelujah' has a cheery chorus: "There is no God!". Is this your attempt to kill off religion?

"I'm not the biggest fan of the concept of theology, but at the same time it's not my intention to lead some kind of uprising to try to wipe out anybody who believes in God. The inspiration for writing that song was when I was on tour a couple of years ago and we were closing the set with a gospel tune, 'May The Circle Be Unbroken'. It's a beautiful song and I enjoyed singing it, but I thought wouldn't it be nice if there was a song in the canon that put the opposing view but still had the same sense of joy? There are atheist songs out there, but they tend to be written by black metal bands and they're full of hate and anger and bitterness."

You actually sang it at a church gig recently...

"I had a pang of conscience about doing that. I had a moment where I was stood on a chair conducting a small rag-tag gospelly choir singing, 'There is no God' at the top of their lungs, and I thought if I'm wrong about this I am really fucked."

If it lands you a one-way ticket to Hell, what do you think it would be like there?

"Like being trapped on a cross-Channel ferry to France forever, packed with



French schoolkids on their way home from a trip around England. And the bar's closed."

'Eulogy', meanwhile, the opening track on your new album, suggests you secretly want to be Freddie Mercury.

"Not very secretly! I find it hard to talk to people who don't like Queen. It's a bit like finding out someone's a member of the National Front, it's difficult to interact with them after that. That's a pretty extreme thing to say I know, but I'm pretty extreme in my love for Queen."

'I Am Disappeared' is all about having dreams involving Bob

Dylan, Patti Hearst and Ernest Hemingway – have you been plagued by mad cheese dreams about celebrities?

"That's the album title that I missed right there – 'Mad Cheese Dreams About Celebrities'. I have these mundane dreams about admin. If I've got to go to the bank and pay a bill or something, I'll have a dream that I've done it and spend the next day wondering whether or not I actually did. I figure that means I'm a serial killer of some kind – if I'm having dreams that

are that mundane perhaps it means I'm doing weird shit during the day. I did genuinely have a Bob Dylan dream once, though. We were in a car driving round downtown Detroit."

FRANKLY MY DEAR

Frank Turner being frank about other famous Franks

FRANK SINATRA
"Big thumbs up for Frank Sinatra, he was totally awesome in every way. I read a biography of his recently and he was seriously fucking cool, that guy. He was punk before his time."

FRANK CARTER
"We like Frank Carter. Gallows are a great band."

FRANKFURTERS
"I'm alright with frankfurters. But what I don't like is onions in a hot dog, that strikes me as one of the greatest culinary crimes conceived by Germans."

With the historical a cappella 'English Curse', are you jumping on PJ Harvey's Olde English bandwagon?

"In my defence, I wasn't aware that PJ Harvey was putting out a record called 'Let England Shake' until after my record was done and titled, but I've been singing about England for a few records now. It's something I'm increasingly interested in. That's partly to do with me getting a bit older and partly to do with political currents in the UK, with devolution of Scotland and Wales, which is a thoroughly excellent thing. It's an interesting time to be thinking about what the term 'English' might mean. It's not jingoistic, it's not a nationalist, flag-waving, we're-fucking-great-screw-you-everyone-else reference to England. There's certainly lots of things about being English that I find tedious and awful."

Finally, you played in a kitchen at The Great Escape in Brighton – are kitchen gigs the new living room gigs?

"Yeah! I'll play anywhere. That was the quietest place we could find in the whole of. Somebody came in trying to load in a crate of Pot Noodles halfway through and backed out looking confused."

Turn to page 38 for a review of Frank's album, 'England Take My Bones'

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TALKING
HEADS

KEEP JOEY BARTON OUT OF ROCK'N'ROLL

Controversial footballer Joey Barton has hired Vampire Weekend's manager for an indie makeover. But that, and being friends with The View, won't make him rock'n'roll, says Rick Martin



What's the difference between a rock star and a footballer? One earns an easy living working with their mates for a couple

of hours a day, and spends the rest of their time boozing, shagging and fighting. The other is a rock star.

Keeping this in mind, it's more than a bit bizarre that Newcastle United's controversial midfielder Joey Barton is, according to the tabloids last week, looking to indie up his image by signing up manager Ian Montone (Vampire Weekend, The White Stripes) to sort out his public perception. "He'd much rather go to a gig in a sweaty little venue than go to the kind of cheesy overpriced clubs most of the Premier League players prefer," a source told *The Sun*. But how will this repair one of the most tarnished reputations in football?

We're talking someone who beat the crap out of his then Manchester City teammate Ousmane Dabo in a training ground bust-up in 2007, then had the temerity recently to call him a "little pussy" in a French magazine interview. Who went on to speak of being a reformed character in a near-tearful TV chat with Gabby Logan in 2008... then got sent to prison a couple of months later for his involvement in a fight. Oh, and let's not forget the time he stubbed a cigar out in a youth team player's eye or got into a brawl with a teenage fan in Thailand

With a court record that'd make even Pete blush, it's going to take a lot more than going down the front at some Vaccines gigs and learning a few chords to repair Joey's image. As a start, we'd suggest he phones a few orphanages with his credit card details. Or takes some disadvantaged kids to the seaside during the summer off-season.

One thing I can personally vouch for is Joey's music-loving credentials. Back in 2006 I caught up with him at a backstage party hosted by Franz Ferdinand at Leeds Festival. Joey had blagged his way in with his mates The View, and within minutes of finding out I was a City fan, begged my girlfriend to daub him with make-up to help him look "more rock'n'roll". A few dabs of guyliner and a hastily sourced cape later, and it was near impossible to distinguish Joey from the hordes of mid-bill liggers quaffing the free Schampus mit I achsfisch.

I'll admit it – I liked him then. For a start, he'd scored the winner for City that very same day. And I still like to think that, behind the thuggish veneer, lies someone who can reform, repent and rebuild his life, to some degree. But as far as most are concerned, this nasty little piece of work will never have any place in the music world. Which is fair enough, really.



LAURA HENLEY/GETTY, EXPOSURE



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LADYHAWKE: "IT SOUNDS... BRITPOP"

*Burn the leg-warmers – **Pip Brown** has ditched the '80s synth stylings for a parka-licious new direction on album number two*

IN THE WORKS

Before La Roux grabbed us by the retro gilets, poked our shoulder pads and made us dream about a decade when the 'Now...' albums were still in single digits, Ladyhawke, aka Pip Brown, released her self-titled debut. The 2008 album paid dutiful homage to *that* decade, and later this year she's back with her as-yet untitled second offering. Is she still living in 1983?

"No, it sounds quite... Britpop," Pip tells us. Right.

This surprising turn of events began when non-stop touring led the London-dwelling New Zealander to suffer a bout of nervous exhaustion. "After two years of being on the road, the final stop was New Zealand and I just... decided to stay," she recalls.

During this period of convalescence she rediscovered the tapes and CDs she'd enjoyed as a teenager: "I took a lot of trips down memory lane and found all my Britpop stuff: Blur, Supergrass, even stuff like The Dandy Warhols. This album is basically me at 18."

Indeed, the snippets of the tracks we hear confirm this. With its dirty bassline and glam-rock hooks, you could imagine 'Blue Eyes' – and its grungy partner 'Vaccine' – coming out of the jukebox at The Good Mixer. "It's a lot heavier, guitar and drum-wise," she says. "I wanted a 'live' feel."

Pip teamed up with Pascal Gabriel, the producer/writer who'd worked on half of her debut, and decamped to a New Zealand studio that sounds like the stuff of Jack White's dreams. "It was filled with really old microphones from the 1920s. Some were fucked up. We put all the mics up, I just went crazy on the drums and we recorded the whole thing. And that's the sound you hear on the album, it's quite lo-fi and crackly."

Keeping with the '90s sounds, there's a miscreablist edge to the lyrics. "It's about not feeling grounded. When I moved back to New Zealand I felt isolated and lonely. But," she promises, "it's an upbeat album... I swear!"



Come on, Pip. Nirvana were the enemies of Britpop – do your homework

THE DETAILS

Album title: TBC. Pip: "I'm definitely going to name it after one of the songs, but I'm not sure which one yet."

Released: Autumn

Producer: Pascal Gabriel/
Pip Brown

Recorded: New Zealand and southern France

Tracklisting to include: 'Vaccine', 'Blue Eyes', 'Sunday Drive'

PIECES OF ME MILES KANE

Everyone's favourite Scouse pop mod recalls the dapper dressers, strange Europop and inspirational Beatle that shaped life

My first album

'(WHAT'S THE STORY) MORNING GLORY?' BY OASIS

"I bought it in Woolworths when I was a wee boy. They were at their peak and they were everywhere. I can't remember how old I was, but that was the first Oasis record I bought and the first record I went out to buy, and it blew me away."

My first gig

SUPER FURRY ANIMALS AT THE ROYAL COURT THEATRE, LIVERPOOL

"When I was about 14 or maybe 15, you went out and got tickets for gigs and then waited for months for them to happen. I saw Super Furry Animals when they were doing their 'Rings Around The World' album in 2001. It was my first time ever in a moshpit! I was just mesmerised by them and came out with my ears ringing. It was unbelievable. I bought a T-shirt and went home and everyone said I was never the same since."

The first song I fell in love with

'NO LIMIT' BY 2 UNLIMITED

"That was the first tune I really loved when I got my first Alba CD player."

My favourite lyric

'GIMME SOME TRUTH' BY JOHN LENNON

"I'm sick and tired of hearing things from neurotic, psychotic, pig-headed politicians'. Kind of timeless really, don't you think? It says it all."

A book that changed me

OASIS CHORD BOOK

"I don't really read books, to be honest. We did *To Kill A Mockingbird* at school but it didn't really change me."

I'm currently in love with

JACQUES DUTRONC

"I hate to sound like a right arse, but he's a French singer and he's just blowing my mind - his stuff from the late '60s and early '70s especially. He's like Serge Gainsbourg, but a mod."

My hero

JOHN LENNON

"I just love his voice, really, and... everything. There's this DVD of the making of the 'Imagine' album, and one of my favourite songs is 'Gimme Some Truth', a really venomous song, and on the DVD you see him doing a live vocal of it that just blew my head. That was a good few years ago, but it inspires you to sing the way you do and everything really."



My favourite film

MEAN STREETS

"It's one of the first ever Martin Scorsese films. De Niro's in it, it's one of his first films as well. Y'know, everyone in it is just amazing, and I love the whole look of it, the way it's filmed. On the opening scene they used 'Be My Baby' by The Ronettes, and I think that was one of the first times they'd ever used a song so much, without anyone speaking in the film or anything, as an introduction."

Favourite TV show

DEADWOOD

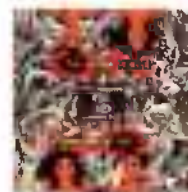
"It's really good. Ian McShane's in it, and

he was [1980s TV detective and antiques dealer] Lovejoy, so I didn't expect him to be good, but he's amazing."

My style icon

SERGE GAINSBOURG/ LIAM GALLAGHER

"There's loads of people that I like the style of, you just take a bit from each. I like Gainsbourg's style, a bit smarter with the suits and that suave thing, and Liam's got the leather jacket. To be in the middle of those two would be great."



Clockwise from main: Miles falls to grasp the fundamentals of crossing the road; the magnificent *Mean Streets*; Ian McShane in *Deadwood*; Eurodance classic 'No Limit'; Britpop classic '(What's The Story) Morning Glory?'; a shoeless John Lennon; the suave Jacques Dutronc; the less debonair but equally stylish Liam



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VERSUS

PETER ROBINSON VS COCKNBULLKID

Anita Blay hates pigeons and with good reason. Sadly, we'll never know her favourite colour



FYI

- It's not unusual to have a favourite colour, is it?
- It's more unusual not to, really
- Fear of pigeons, however, is universal

Hello, CocknBullKid. If you want like to choose the route for this interview, that's fine. "Well, obviously we should talk about my album, which is out, but I don't know if that's going to be very exciting for other people."

If we were on *The Apprentice* and I was Alan Sugar and you went out on a CD selling task, and used 'I don't know if that's going to be very exciting' as a sales pitch, I would give you a right bollocking in the boardroom.

"If I was on *The Apprentice* I'd start with the artwork, which is visual. Then I'd have a CD player for people to listen to it on."

A CD player? Very old school. Why not go the whole hog and flog it on a wax cylinder?

"(Laughs) My trump card is the artwork. You can't wave an iPod around and get the same effect."

How many would you sell?

"Twelve. I'll obviously be up against the other team. What are they selling?"

Well, who do you see as your biggest pop rival?

"Lady Gaga's got an album out..."

If you're putting yourself up against Lady Gaga I feel you might be in for a disappointment.

"(Laughs) Yes I suppose so."

Would you ever put a parrot in one of your pop videos?

"I'm scared of birds. Particularly pigeons. I was once hit in the face by a pigeon."

Do you remember being born?

"I don't remember that early, no."

I see. So do you remember the day after being born?

"No. Let me make this easy for you, I remember maybe my fifth year..."

Do you remember your fifth birthday?

"Hang on, I do. I was in an awful meringue dress."

I've got an extremely good joke about having a Pavlovian reaction to something and turning into a meringue. Except sadly I have now blown the punchline.

"Oh dear. Don't make me tell a joke by the way, I don't like telling jokes."



In that case I regret to inform you that journalism law dictates that I now have to ask you what your favourite colour is.

"I'm sorry, I'm afraid I don't have a favourite colour."

What sort of human being doesn't have a favourite colour?

"Well..."

I'm actually getting angry quite about this.

"Well, when I was younger I did, but I don't think it applies now."

WHAT WAS YOUR FAVOURITE COLOUR WHEN YOU WERE YOUNGER THEN?

"Purple."

THANKS. What stopped it being your favourite colour?

"I grew up."

So you're saying that purple is for children?

"It's just... am I being naive? Nobody thinks about what their favourite colour is, do they?"

I do: BLACK.

"Black? Right. Well, black is good."

I know it is! That's why it's my favourite colour!

"I enjoy lots of different colours though, that's the thing."

Your album sleeve is mainly white. Do you prefer colours that are mainly light or mainly dark?

"It just depends."

I think it's best if we just leave it there.

"I think it is, yes."

THIS WEEK'S TOP 20*

THE NME CHART

- | | | |
|----|-----|---|
| 1 | 1 | NERD
'GUILT'
LTM |
| 2 | 2 | CEE LO GREEN
'BRIGHT LIGHTS BIGGER CITY'
RCA |
| 3 | 3 | WIZ KHALIFA
'ROLL UP'
A&R |
| 4 | 4 | ARCTIC MONKEYS
'DON'T SIT DOWN 'CAUSE I'VE MOVED YOUR CHAIR'
JARVIS |
| 5 | 6 | KATY B
'EASY PLEASE ME'
RCA |
| 6 | 5 | FRIENDLY FIRES
'LIVE THOSE DAYS TONIGHT'
MCA |
| 7 | 7 | NICKI MINAJ
'GIRLS FALL LIKE DOMINOES'
L.A. REPLICANT |
| 8 | 9 | THE VACCINES
'IF YOU WANNA'
GEMINI |
| 9 | 8 | THE STROKES
'UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS'
W&P |
| 10 | 11 | THE MIERCES
'YOU'LL BE MINE'
RCA |
| 11 | 10 | PANIC! AT THE DISCO
'THE BALLAD OF MONA LISA'
GEMINI |
| 12 | 13 | MILES KANE
'REARRANGE'
GEMINI |
| 13 | 14 | JUSTICE
'CIVILIZATION'
DUNN & BURGESS |
| 14 | NEW | BATTLES
'ICE CREAM'
RCA |
| 15 | 17 | THE NAKED AND FAMOUS
'YOUNG BLOOD'
RCA |
| 16 | 12 | ALEX METRIC & STEVE ANGELLO
'OPEN YOUR EYES'
PHILIPPS |
| 17 | 16 | JAMIE WOOD
'LADY LUCK'
LONDON |
| 18 | 20 | YOUNG THE GIANT
'MY BODY'
W&P |
| 19 | 18 | SKREAM FEATURING SAM FRANK
'WHERE YOU SHOULD BE'
RCA |
| 20 | 15 | ELBOW
'OPEN ARMS'
RCA |

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NEW TO NME RADIO PLAYLIST

• THE KILLS
'Future Starts Slow'
• BIG TALK
'Getaways'

*The NME Chart is compiled every week from the sales of physical and digital music through the week ending the previous Saturday. It includes sales of new and digital music and is published on a weekly basis. It is the most accurate chart of the week.

OFFICIAL
charts company

RADAR

FUTURE STARS, BREAKING SCENES, NEW SOUNDS...

Edited by Matt Wilkinson

It was hard
to relax after
the theft
of the telly

ABOUT
TO
BREAK

MIRACLE

Drone gods stride out from the shadows into synth-pop bliss

Many cover versions are eternally in vogue – ‘You Got The Love’, ‘I Am The Resurrection’, ‘Dancing In The Dark’, all done to death. Few big buzz bands, however, have covered 12th-century saint St Francis Of Assisi. Could Miracle’s forthcoming re-working bring Frankie back to relevance? Is he the next Gang Of Four?

“It’s just really sad. He’s in pain. You might say he’s putting himself through it. This devout, saintly being, demonstrating his devotion...” Daniel O’Sullivan, 50 per cent of Miracle, trails off as he describes the track they’re cooking up for their forthcoming album. It ties into his description of Miracle as: “The inescapable versus the inevitable... a sort of striving for transcendence, but a hopeless one too.”

If there’s an air of Hurts-ian pretention in O’Sullivan’s lines, it’s a bit misleading. He’s funny, self-deprecating company. And despite an obvious love of big ‘80s pop, you don’t detect that Miracle are so keen on the “We’re Number One in

Greece!” mass-market of many of their synth contemporaries. For both him and his transatlantic partner, New York’s bona fide “synth wizard” Steve Moore, this is already by far the most mainstream they’ve ever ventured. Steve has a whole slew of acts under his banner: Titan, Gianni Rossi, Lovelock, and most notably Zombi, his ‘Goblin’-tributing space rock thing. Daniel, meanwhile, specialises in drone and prog: the legendary Sunn O))), Guapo, Aethenor, via a spot in The Big Pink and in cult avant-metal heroes, Ulver.

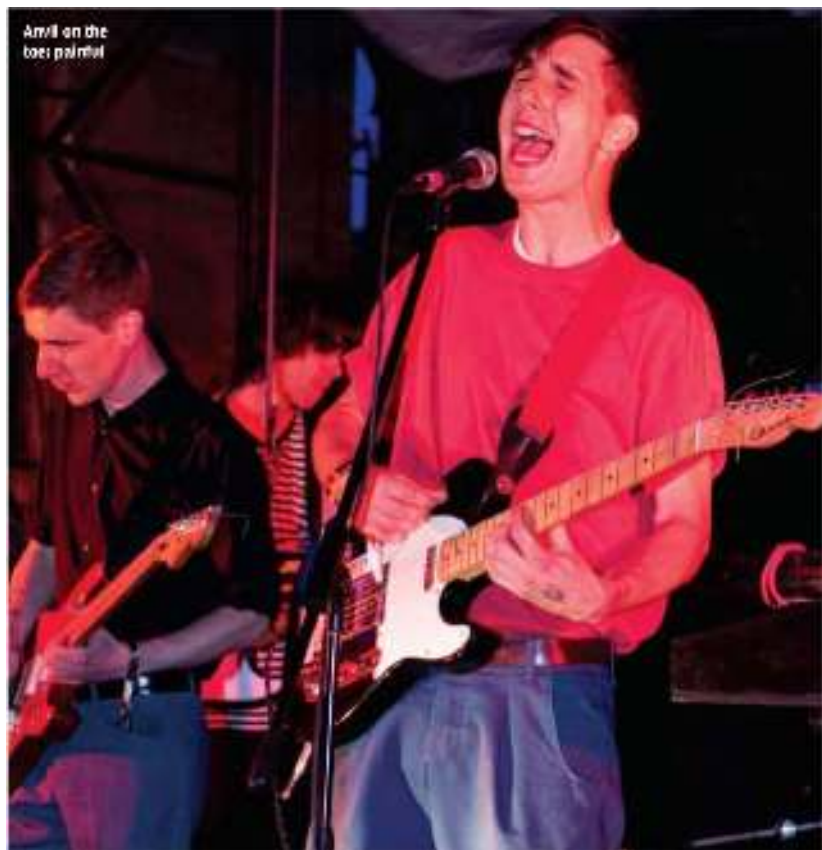
Theirs is the sort of coming-together that happens more and more. Having met on tour, two musicians begin emailing songs to each other across the Atlantic. Then someone outside the loop hears one. Then things go crazy. In Miracle’s case, that track was the silky, slow-mo arpeggiator of ‘The Visitor’. But those who haven’t sampled their sublime debut EP ‘Fluid Window’, put down the Hurts album and get to it. The collective sighs of ‘This is how it’s meant to be done!’ pay tribute to an enveloping synth-pop experience. Quite overwhelming... almost, ahem, miraculous. *Gavin Haynes*

NEED TO KNOW

- Daniel has written a song for the forthcoming Big Pink record. It was originally meant for a *Twilight* soundtrack, but got rejected. “I was very much writing to spec,” he says

- Steve is obsessed with the soundtrack works of John Carpenter

- They both like ‘getting high’



OUTFIT

BOMBED OUT CHURCH, LIVERPOOL

FRIDAY, MAY 20

CAUGHT
LIVE

Three gigs in for Liverpool's Outfit and they're already blowing the roof off places... kinda. Tonight they take to the stage in the

city's 'bombed out church', so-called because its walls are a crumbling mess and the ceiling literally non-existent. That their foppish, white-boy funk strut is consequently blasted right the way through the 'Pool's nearby music district seems wholly apt, because they're pretty much the most promising band to emerge from the city this year.

Rising from the ashes of proggy also-rans Indica

Ritual (whose crowning glory was last year's superbly titled but bland 'Seamless Ejaculation' EP), the five-piece strut onstage dressed in overly baggy kecks and T-shirts – but it's more Weller when he wore silk than Mondays lazyitis. Whereas their old incarnation showed flickers of promise, tonight the standards are set high from the off, with the opening two songs darting from Wild Beastian subversiveness to full-on David Byrne geek punk (an area they obviously take more than a casual interest in).

Frontman Andrew Hunt, who moonlights as part of the city's oddball aPAT collective, barely says anything

to the audience all night, but it doesn't really matter – it's his voice that impresses most: ultra-colloquial and topped off with an arresting, yelpy, theatrical twinge that could easily see him taken on by Everything Everything as their super sub.

The band have apparently been holed-up in a Monkees-style house out of town for the past few months formulating their gameplan and honing their tunes to perfection – and it shows in their tightness as a unit. While a couple of tunes meander and still need

The opening songs dart from Wild Beastian subversiveness to David Byrne geek punk

working on, the likes of 'Firemen Can't Fly' and previous Buzz track 'Every Night I Dress Up As You' are pretty much ready to go. However, it's the closer of 'Two Islands' that marks them out as proper contenders. Ten minutes straight of taut, vibey post-punk wrapped around an old-school synth line that never ceases, it's totally infectious. Imagine Lloyd Cole being force-fed mutant disco and you're halfway there...

"We were Outfit," Hunt quips as the band pummel the track across the finishing line. They still are though, and right now they're looking pretty good. *Matt Wilkinson*



BAND CRUSH

Jack Savidge from Friendly Fires on his favourite new act

"I'm so chuffed that people seem to be catching on to Azari & III. We've known them for a while and even collaborated on a track last year. They're the coolest, most fun thing to happen to disco in ages. Can't wait to see their live show again."

RADAR GLOSSARY

This week's impenetrable muso slang decoded

MOOMBAHTON

When tech-house supremo Dave Nada slowed down his vamping Dutch house tracks to please the rowdy reggaeton crowd at a house party, a whole new sound was created. In the wake of this, the likes of Dutch upstart Munchi and LA's Dillon Francis have found their way into the record bags of Annie Mac and Toddla T.

The Buzz

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



1 KREYASHAWN

Kreyashawn just might end up as the biggest new rapper of the year. She's certainly the most unusual: a thrift-store dressed, Odd Future-affiliated, self-professed 'white girl mob leader', who rhymes about Sporty Spice and Adderall and can name Lil B as an ex-hubby. After directing videos for the likes of 'The Based God' and other Bay Area gangsta rappers, the Oakland ex-pat shot to fame at the end of last year when cold and smoky lektro-rap anthem (penned by San Francisco freestyle-acid producer Adeptus) 'Bumpin Bumpin' exploded on Youtube. Now, 'Bumpin'-sampling 'Gucci Gucci' has clocked up a million plays in a week, and all of a sudden Kreyashawn is organising collaborations with Snoop Dogg across Twitter. Watch this space.



2 THE PINK MIST TOUR

It's been a while coming for hard-touring trio Tall Ships, but the plaudits their heart-piercing math-rock deserves are finally billowing their way. They're celebrating by touring as part of new label collective Pink Mist – aka Big Scary Monsters + Holy Roar + Blood And Biscuits.



3 THE SUNDAY REEDS – 'DARK RAINBOWS EP'

The Reeds make a caterwauling din for agoraphobe – the kind of brutalist pop best kept under lock and key. Not for nothing do they allude to the bassline from The Verve's 'Slide Away' at the start of 'Dark Rainbows'. As Ashcroft himself might say, it's all in the mind.



4 TROGONS

We half-presumed that no-one bothered with flexidiscs anymore, until we discovered that London psych goths Trogons have just released one. Bloody marvellous it is, too. Called 'Contina', and pressed by X-Ray Recordings, the seven-inch comes complete with proggy, WTF artwork. Flexi's not dead!



5 BLEEDING KNEES CLUB

The first video proper for Jordan Malane and Alex Wall, for 'Have Fun' (key lyric: "I just wanna have fun"), features all manner of merriment, from eating watermelons to leaping into creeks fully clothed – all in Hipstamatic sepia. Original? No. But still, there's something irresistible about them, and Australia's Gold Coast scene in general.

SCENE
REPORT

CLENCHED FISTS AND DEVIL HORNS

Lee Spielman from Trash Talk dives headfirst into the punk and metal pit



Well it's about 1.30pm, and I'm sitting in the Trash Talk warehouse in Los Angeles. We're in downtown L.A., just getting ready to go into the studio again in the next few weeks. But right now, I've got some bands to tell you all about...

I think that **Double Negative** from North Carolina are pretty special. We got to play with them on our last tour of the US and they blew our minds. Totally! It's fast, it's aggressive, it's sharp, yet somehow it all stays together for them. They have a new LP called 'Daydream Nation' out, and I'd say if you're into straight-up '80s hardcore like Black Flag it's something you should check out.

Elsewhere there's a band called **Take Offense** who are really great. I'm told all their shows are crazy. Their LP 'Tables Will Turn' has this song called 'Power In Our Hands' on it, which you need to check out! They've got something for everybody, whether you're east coast or west coast or wherever.

Next up, **Mob Mentality**. They're from Baltimore in Washington DC and they just put out a demo tape. They're working with Youngblood Records I think, who have released some of my favourite hardcore records ever – so that's a sign of excellence right there.

Then, from Santa Barbara, there's this band called **Minus** who are like New York hardcore for fans of Outburst and Breakdown. They just put out a self-titled seven-inch, and you need to check out the song 'Never Enough'.

Finally, I wanna talk about **Dogs Holy Life**, who I saw a few weeks ago in Long Beach. I have to tell you, it was fucking insane. They're super loud, and their drummer sings and plays at the same time and it's all pretty gnarly. They just put out their record, '44 Weeks', which is super cool. I mean, it's only, like, 12 minutes long or something – but it's totally crazy. You don't really get a break with that band, they're super cool! Right, with that I'll be bidding you farewell – until next time!

NEXT WEEK'S COLUMNIST:
Transparent's Jack Shankley

LEE'S
TOP 5

DOUBLE NEGATIVE
'Beg To A Vile Nude'

TAKE OFFENSE
'Power In Our Hands'

MOB MENTALITY
'Demo Cassette'

MINUS
'Never Enough'

DOGS HOLY LIFE
'Dying Like Flies'

**5
TO SEE**
This week's
unmissable new
music shows

CLOUT
Cargo, London
June 1

TRIBES
Club Academy,
Manchester
June 1



D/R/U/G/S
SWG3, Glasgow
June 1

**GEM AND THE
DEADHEADS**
The Wheelbarrow,
London
June 2

BIG TROUBLES
The Captain's Rest,
Glasgow
June 3



NME took a
pad into
Yasmin's
padded pad

YASMIN CALLS IN THE CAVALRY

When this starlet wants assistance, she doesn't mess about. Step forward, Diplo and Jamie xx

RADAR
NEWS

Collaborations with Jamie xx, Devlin and Wretch 32 are already under her belt, so it's no surprise that 21-year-old Mancunian Yasmin is

roping in the big guns for her forthcoming debut. Recording in the UK, New York, Paris and LA, the singer's little black book of co-writers reads like a veritable industry who's who.

On top of the xx super-producer – who's put his two cents into another track following their previous take on '90s dance staple 'Touch Me' – Yasmin has also penned three tracks with Diplo, all of which will see the light of day soon. "He's a very cool guy; I don't know how else to describe him," she enthuses. "I think that's why he's developed his kind of 'brand' like he has – he's always surrounded by cool people and everything he does is different. He never does the same thing twice and that's one of my mantras when I make music. I never wanna make the same song twice."

Her cross-continental travels have also

seen partnerships emerge with French collective Club Cheval – comprised of producers Panteros 666, Canblaster, Myd and Sam Tiba – who the singer states are like a "more lighthearted, party-style Magnetic Man". And if that's not enough there are even more high-profile partnerships lining themselves up in the near future. The legendary Freemasons (who remixed her early single 'Finish Line') have already signed up for another studio session, and her Diplo connections will soon give fruition to a track with Major Lazer.

*"It's not about the label
you sign to but the people"*
YASMIN

Oh yeah, and she's about to sign to Motown. "I've been in talks with the A&R who signed Katy Perry and Rihanna, but he really believes in my project and doesn't want to turn me into some bubblegum pop artist. In this day and age it's not about the label you sign to but the people you sign to," she insists.

Smart, sassy and with her finger in more pies than a Greggs counter, Yasmin's set for the takeover.



Caps worn
backwards?
Veggie
Take Offense



“this album is
CHANGE PEOPLE
going to

The lunatics
have taken
over (l-r): Tom,
Chris, Serge, Ian

PEOPLES LIVES

How the hell could **Kasabian** follow up a mental smash like 'West Ryder Pauper Lunatic Asylum'? Well, by simply dashing off a "rock classic". **Martin Robinson** joins them in their studio retreat to find a band on absolute fire

PHOTO: ED MILES

Tom Meighan believes Cumberland sausages have got ganja in them, and now he has proof. Striding across the lawn to wave a print-out of a recipe in the face of his bandmate Chris Edwards, he's triumphant. "Look what it says. 'Pork.' 'Pepper.' 'Herbs.' Seer Herbs. Herbs, Chris. Ganja. That's ganja, Chris. See?"

We're in the grounds of the 16th century manor house-cum-recording studio where Kasabian are currently rehearsing for their June festival slots and warm up dates, and seem intent on talking the place down to rubble. Their new album is in the bag, and the band are sizzling with the satisfaction of men who've just shat out a golden egg.

Tom's practically flying about. Briefly but deeply interested in Chris' thoughts on which sausages work best in different situations ("Lincolnshire or Cumberland in a roll. Plain pork with a breakfast"), the Woody Woodpecker of Rock then walks off in double-time to do a quick run-through of 'In My Life', 'I'm Only Sleeping' and 'A Hard Day's Night' with total dude tour guitarist Jay Mehler. Then he's back, continuing to maintain a chipper, relentless conversation with *all* the current occupants of the house *at the same time*. Including the dogs.

Hardly to the manor born, this Leicester lot, but they can go wherever they please these days. The lunatics haven't so much taken over the asylum, as the asylum has taken over the country, with the massive success of 'West Ryder...' having truly made Kasabian the massive stadium band they've always told us they are. When that album first appeared in the *NME* offices, it seemed such a bonkers splurge of Looney Tunes psyche-kraut pop that you wondered if anyone would get it. Of course, people got it in droves, drawn in by the raucous perfection of 'Fire' or simply recognising an album that was made in the piratical spirit of rock'n'roll adventure.

"It got a lot of people to think differently about us," suggests Serge Pizzorno, still looking every inch your Byronic hero, and right at home in these swanky surroundings, despite the fact he's now a Dad and is spending his home life neck-deep in nappies. "It's like, this lot have something to say. Kasabian fans have known that from the start, but the fact we got big off that record, in this day and age..." He shakes his head in disbelief.

Because people loved that they went off on one, Kasabian are in the unique position of not being under pressure to follow a big success with something similar. People expect the unexpected, want it in fact, which has massively opened up the possibilities for what they can do next. Pleasingly, they're not about to do a Radiohead, and won't be giving a lesson in how to disappear completely up your own arses. "It feels like the right time for big rock tunes," Serge says casually, as he leads *NME* through their rehearsal space to hear a few tracks from the album, which is due in late September and currently untitled. "Not harking back, or rehashing anything. Modern. But big pop tunes."

He says it all came together pretty quickly, with Serge writing it at the same time as his film soundtrack to *London Boulevard* and his new baby duties in a sleepless, wired-up hot streak. "I did it at home in my spare room, just as I always have. Ninety per cent of the recording for me was done in Leicester."

Late last summer, he took proceedings to San Francisco, where Tom did his vocals and the band thrashed out the album. It was mixed by last October. Piece of piss. Sort of. "It was just solid workaholic time," says Serge. "We were in a basement in San Fran pulling it all together – we don't go for big studios, just

"WE'VE
WRITTEN OUR
'SHILLS LIKE
TEEN SPIRIT'"

Tom



Nike rehearsal space, guys; left: "You know 'Kumbaya'?"



"Tom... show 'em yer natty jacket"; right: "Christ, put it away"





"We're still living the dream, and everyone tells us it's dead: Serge (right) and Tom

basements and bedrooms for that homemade feel – so it was smelly, hair all over the place, getting involved, no time for fucking about. It was all about making this incredible record, it was an obsession. We weren't there to have fun, it was our moment to make a classic album."

The album was mastered last week, and is now all done and dusted. Amid piracy paranoia and probably because it's fun to tease people, there's a degree of secrecy surrounding the album, and we're only allowed to hear three new tracks. Serge is bouncing about what he's got to play us, though, and as we settle nicely in with a bag of crisps before the studio's immense speakers, it's soon apparent why that is. The first track melts our faces off, *Raiders Of The Lost Ark*-style.

Called 'Switchblade Smile', it's a rumbling, evolving, black cloud of techno intensity that is probably the heaviest tune they've ever done, and might well be their best. Complex, with about 20 different sections, it's full of batshit vim on an epic scale. Serge suggests it "makes you want to drive into a brick wall at 90 miles an hour". Tom agrees: "It's got that 'Sabotage' Beastie Boys edge to it, but it's pure Kasabian really. The confusion and noise and melodies and drops and breaks. It's the older brother of 'Vlad...'"

According to a sneaky peak at the setlist in their rehearsal space, 'Switchblade Smile' is being lined up for a showstopping moment at their upcoming gigs, timed for maximum impact. Serge concedes that he approaches songwriting differently now that he

knows the results will be played to big audiences. He's now writing tunes deliberately designed to make security shit it. "It massively changes things knowing you're going to play tunes to big crowds. When you're stood in front of 60,000 people, those are the tunes you can't want to play. You might have some amazing tunes but they're at a weird tempo, and some nights you want the earth to swallow you up. But when you've got [songs like 'Switchblade...'] it's like, wow, any other band, anyone else in the world, has got to move out the way. It's heavy as fuck."

As *NME* mops its face up, the other song they'll be debuting live, and which will probably be the first single from the album, blasts out of the speakers. Subtly titled 'Velociraptor', it's bubblegum hooligan, noisy and hooky, addictively nutty. According to Tom, "It's our 'Smells Like Teen Spirit'. It's that one where everyone goes mental."

"We've really got into Nirvana," says Serge. "You can't do Nirvana, but we can take the spirit of [...Teen Spirit] and also add in the Midlands rave thing, and that almost Prodigy, 'Charley says.' chorus."

"It's like a rare mutant," adds Tom. "I've never heard a

song quite like it. It's going to be the most violent one we play, more violent than 'Club Foot'."

Next up is 'Rewired', another impressively ambitious track with a sublime melody wrapped up in a shape-shifting sonic soundscape, which gets harder and better with every passing second. "It's a big tune, man," says Serge. "You're not prepared for that chorus. It lures you in. It's sleazy, then it hits that chorus and fuck me..."

"It's sexy rock," says Tom, finishing off an ice lolly. "We just want to make interesting rock'n'roll. Something with some balls, something sexy and a bit wild. No fucking arseing about."

"Ah, fuck it, I'll play you another one," says Serge, putting on 'Days Of Forgotten', which is even more epic than the others, the musical equivalent of *Avatar*, complete with tribal hooting, lyrics about "chewing on monkey brains" and a massive, widescreen, Gorillaz-doing-'Diamond Dogs' climax. Honestly, if the rest of the album matches up to these four tracks, everyone else in bands might as well pool their money together to revive Woolworths, then all get jobs there.

Serge has based the beats around John Bonham's war-in-heaven drumming, but everything else is so out there, you have to ask the taboo music journalist question of what their influences were. Tom says he's been having baths to the MC5 – very relaxing – and only really been massively into Daft Punk's *Tron* soundtrack. "Funny you should say that," says Serge. "I had another tune I wasn't sure about, and I went to see *Tron* at the IMAX, and fucking hell, the music was so good that I thought, 'Right, I'm going to turn that one into an electro tune.' It sounded like Neil Young and now it sounds like *Tron*."

Other than that, Serge is insistent that they weren't listening to outside music or caring about anything that was going on in the outside world, they were just locked into Kasabian world, and indeed, the spirit world. He's as certain as Tom is about the ganja sausages, that they were possessed during the making of the album. "It was a really bizarre time. It was like these spirits had taken over our bodies and we weren't really there. I felt like that, because I'd just had a baby. So from six at night, a spirit would come down, take my body over *Pottergeist*-style, do the tunes, then go. Then in the morning I'd wake up, go back to the recordings, press play and go, 'Fucking hell, what's that? That's unbelievable!'"

The clue in there is 'I'd just had a baby', but such sleep-deprivation-induced crackness is all part of Serge making sense of his band, and his songwriting, and the fact that those spirits tend to be fickle fuckers. "It's to do with being on a roll. Everyone at some point goes shit, it's just inevitable. It's about

getting it down as quickly as you can, because it won't last. It happens to the great writers of all time at some point. Don't ask me how, but you can go from writing 'Walk On By' to then 40 years later you can't write a tune. How can that happen? But it does."

One thing that's self-evident with Kasabian is that they're determined to fit into the canon of great rock bands, and to create a legacy. Serge says the songs on the new album "are all based around the great songs of all time. It's a jukebox record, but the thread is that they're all really melodic. They're quite traditional structurally, but then there's always the left hook with us, when it goes all fucking Silver Apples."

"This album's will change people's lives," says Tom.

THE ALBUM: WHAT WE KNOW SO FAR

Album title:

TBC

Due:

late September

Producers:

Serge

Pizzorno,

Dan The

Automator

Songs include:

'Switchblade

Smile',

'Velociraptor',

'Rewired',

'Days Of

Forgotten'

Upcoming

shows:

Isle Of Wight

Festival

(June 12),

RockNess

Festival (June

10), warm-up

shows in

Sheffield

(June 4),

Leeds (June 5),

Wolverh'pton

(June 7),

Manchester

(June 8)

the shoes,
Tom had the
uffin' nemo



Pass the holy water... looks like the spirits have taken over



KASABIAN ON...

NOEL

Serge: "I've not heard anything [of the new album], but I can't wait. He's a very clever man, it's going to be fantastic."

FANS

Serge: "There were people camping out to buy tickets for our warm-up show in Sheffield, and we've never had that before. It's been a while since I heard of people camping out for any show. It blows my mind."

SAN FRANCISCO

Tom: "I went with our manager for eight-mile walks every day. Speed walking as fast as fuck with my headphones on around the bay. It was amazing."

BEADY EYE

Tom: "I loved it. I saw Liam at their Troxy show and I've never seen him so happy. He was brand new and fresh and fantastic. We're really pleased for them all."

Kasabian will never be cool in hipster circles, nor those dangerous anti-life blogs where intellectualism is the priority. But they won't give a shit, that's not rock'n'roll. Rock'n'roll is about experiencing the freedom of pure expression, of leaving your brain behind to embrace emotion and feeling. If you want to be transported and take others with you, you can't be afraid of looking daft. Like G. Iggy, Jagger, whoever—they all embrace the daftness, the lunatic ambition, the bloody clothes, as part of What It's All About. And so do Kasabian. Christ, Tom was dressed as fucking Nelson on the cover of 'West Ryder...'. for fuck's sake!

"We're still living the dream, man," says Serge, wide eyed, "and everyone tells me it's dead. Fuck that. It's still all about being in a rock band with your best mates."

Tom nods, "We're the last to get on that spaceship. To get on it and stay on it. We're definitely the last, there's no one else around. It's all gone now."

So there you go. With that, Kasabian head off to rehearse the set for their June shows, and with the new songs added it sounds monumental as it echoes across the fields, delivering on Serge's promise that it's, "The Iron Man set. Come with everything you've got, you're gonna need it."

Best bring your ganja sausages then because, quite simply, when you go see them, you see a band intent on giving audiences the night of their lives. A dying breed indeed.

Head to NME.COM/ video for exclusive interviews with the band



Liam's 'happy, urently'

"IT WAS
LIKE SPIRITS
TOOK OVER US TO
DO THE ALBUM"

Serge

Serge goes on, "We've made a rock classic. I'm smiling when I say that, but it's a rock classic. It doesn't sound like any other rock album you've ever heard."

This desire to secure a place in rock history is anachronistic today, when most new bands consist of introspective couples mewling to each other about eating houmous, but it's key to Kasabian. Their big-gobbed chat is not so much about imitating Oasis as many initially dismissed it, but a way for them to reassert the values of rock'n'roll, which betrays an almost goofy love for it akin to Bobby Gillespie's. Serge says, "When people are like, that's a cliché or whatever, it's like, fuck, what you on about? We'd be lying if we tried to be all cool and go, yeah, we're not bothered. We've never been like that. A lot of people don't want it, and that's fair enough. But when you

grow up and you're into heroes like Keith Richards, it's like, 'Let's fucking GO.' That kind of fannish love of the absurdity of being in a big rock group, and their 'can't believe our luck' innocence, is of course what makes them so damn loveable to all righteous human beings, and increasingly sets them apart from all those nervy, self-conscious bands who worry themselves into mediocrity. Tom spits at one point, "I don't know how bands can go into the studio and shit themselves. I find it baffling. There's a lot of bands not sure of themselves"



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JACK WHITE



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WHY THE WHITE STRIPES SPLIT



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All Venues GREAT & SMALL

NME's campaign to find the best small venue continues – this week, some of indie's biggest stars tell us what their favourite is and why, be it their bacon sandwiches or their collapsing floors...

Everyone needs to learn their craft somewhere and, unlike phone repair or welding, music is one of the few crafts that you learn in front of six pissed students who've crashed over from Wetherspoon's, a pair of Latvians who haven't yet worked out that the folk night is actually in the upstairs bar tonight, and the three of your so-called

friends who bothered to show up. Small venues are where you spend your formative years staring at the peeling tino backstage, working out how to get better. As *NME* is presently looking for the nation's best small venue, we asked a few of those who've gone on to bigger dressing rooms to tell us about the small venue moments that most influenced their futures. These are their stories...

Edd Gibson **FRIENDLY FIRES**

THE ADELPHI, Hull



IT LOOKS LIKE A SCOUT HUT FROM the outside. When we first visited, there were a pair of discarded pants in the car park. The moment Jack [Savidge] banged the kick drum in soundcheck, bits of masonry started falling from the ceiling. We didn't hold out high hopes. In fact, as we went off into town to get a drink before the show, we just felt we'd be lucky to make it out alive. We were wrong. We came back, and the place was massively heaving. It was like one of those '80s hardcore gigs, where everyone's hanging off of everyone. It really felt at points like the venue was running out of oxygen – that you had to stand on your tiptoes to suck the last few breaths out.

Once we got out of there, we realised that what we were doing had changed. It was our first national tour and we really hadn't expected to be already making inroads outside of the trendy bits of London, or the larger metropolises. To see so many kids going wild for our music up in Hull really changed our perception of what we were, and what we were capable of achieving. Somehow, overnight, we had gone national.

Friendly Fires
have been to
Hull and back...

THE LUMINAIRE *London*



We had our first EP launch there and it was a huge deal for us to headline in that room. It turned out to be one of our favourite gigs of all time. It was really sad to say goodbye to one of London's finest venues.



Wild Beasts:
give them a
bacon sarnie
and they'll
big you up



WILD BEASTS

THE BRUDENELL SOCIAL CLUB Leeds




Last time we were playing up in Leeds, we decided to do two shows in one day at the Brudenell rather than do one larger show somewhere else – which we could have done – because we love it. We had a sweaty matinee and an even sweeter evening show.

A guy called Nathan runs it. He lives above the place and has a say on who plays. It's his mum and dad's place and he took over the running of the venue side and turned it into a big success.



CARL BARAT

THE 100 CLUB, London



IT'S REALLY IMPORTANT TO HAVE somewhere to hone your craft. To have somewhere you can put in the hours. The toilet tour, and the wilderness in your training. Without that you wouldn't get the same level of toughness. When you're playing in a venue like that and it's really packed and intense, it's very good for a band. Like a Beatles in Hamburg sort of vibe. Without the Kaiserkeller, you wouldn't have The Beatles, would you?

The first time The Libertines played the 100 Club, it was carnage. The phones were blocked for hours beforehand. Then, when the show happened, it was monstrous. Amazing, though. It's always an honour to play somewhere like that. It's like the London CBGB, and it's probably going the same way, sadly (*Or not, thanks to Converse – Sponsorship Ed*). The way things are going, it's much more financially viable to have a gastropub than to have a venue. Culturally, I think we're going to end up paying for it.

You don't get
this in your
local gastropub.

Rhys Webb
THE HORRORS

THE OLD BLUE LAST London



That show was the peak of the period where it all felt like it was coming together for us.



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We've heard of
getting out of
your tree, but
this is ridiculous



WU LYF

THE BAND WHO FELL TO EARTH

Are **WU LYF** the most exciting thing to happen to UK music in years? After months of myths and misinformation, **Matt Wilkinson** finally gets the full story behind Britain's Best New Band

PHOTOS: TOM OXLEY

It's taken over a year for *NME* to reach this point. A year of following four unknown kids and their homemade crucifix all over Europe. A year of odd, secretive emails enquiring about said kids with a man they refer to as their 'War God'. And a year of keeping more than a keen eye on the bouncy ball of hyperbole that has commentators veering from the "fucking brilliant" camp to "fucking atrocious" with as much swing as a party at Silvio Berlusconi's.

WU LYF, in case you didn't already know, are the most exciting thing to happen to UK music in years. *NME* first heard of them in January 2010 when someone played us a demo of their signature song 'Heavy Pop', a tune so layered in guttural howls, cheap organs' feedback that we couldn't even understand any of the lyrics apart from the screamed refrain of "I wanna feel at home". The whole thing starts like a car crash and disintegrates into glorious white noise messiness. Obviously, it's brilliant, and it turned out to be one of the best songs we heard all year.

At their monthly 'Play Heavy Pop' gigs (which cost £1 to get into and take place at their manager's café, An Outlet, in central Manchester), they sometimes walk 'onstage' (there is no actual stage) with a six-foot cross and play in total darkness, save for a crappy lit-up globe and some fairy lights. Sometimes, they wear T-shirts

bearing David Cameron's chubby face – but with an arsehole where his mouth should be.

Even their name – a play on Wu-Tang that actually stands for World Unite/Lucifer Youth Foundation – is oddly alluring... kudos gained in an age of endless meaningless, lazily conceived monikers. Accompanying the cacophony is the band's one and only press shot, showing a nine-strong gang with white masks covering their faces. Fuck knows whether any of them are actually in the band or not. They're stood in a bleak Manchester car park with smoke bombs going off around them, practically begging to be given ASBOs.

**"I WANT TO BE ON
GRAHAM NORTON
WITH LADY GAGA"**
Ellery Roberts

As press shots go, it's brilliantly enticing – just like the myths that start to circulate about the band themselves. Apparently, they've been selling their demos for £50 to desperate A&R men. Apparently, they've been changing their name after every gig to throw desperate A&R men off the scent. Apparently, they dislike desperate A&R men so much they get their mates to bundle them over at their gigs. WU LYF don't like suits – which is funny, because pretty much every suit in the land with a passing interest in new music seems to be obsessed with them.

But with the hype reaching pressure point – and the label offers apparently getting ludicrous – the band go into complete lockdown. No interviews, no record deal, no handy email mailouts promoting their wares. Just one big 'FUCK OFF AND LEAVE US ALONE'. And no more 'Play Heavy Pop' gigs, either... apart from when they appear at Midi Festival on the French Riviera in July, that is, alongside pretty much every other new band who *needs* to matter right about now (Yuck, Kindness, Lonelady, Egyptian Hip Hop). It's WU LYF's first ever gig outside the UK and they fucking smash it, ripping shreds off everyone else on the bill. They're miles ahead, and they become the talking point of the weekend – which isn't bad considering no-one had even heard of them before. ▶



A few weeks later, *NME* finally gets to meet the War God when we're up in Manchester to report on the city's vibrant musical rebirth. The band aren't around though. "They're really into this thing called *duende* at the moment," he tells us, referring to – and we'll have to quote Wiki here – "a difficult to describe Spanish word" that roughly equates to "*having soul*, a heightened state of emotion, expression and authenticity". "So, they're in Spain looking for a church to record their album in." OK then.

Perhaps you've realised that we haven't really mentioned WU LYF's music much. Well really, who the hell needs to with so much else going on? What about the rumours they're actually a bunch of fakers, with everything they do being orchestrated and funded by their manager's uber-rich "creative agency" Four23 (incidentally situated above An Outlet)? And what about their video for 'Spitting Blood', which looks like it's been filmed in the same location as *Lord Of The Rings*, features a full cast of actors, and is so completely professional that it just *can't* have been made by an

"WE MET THE GUY WHO SIGNED THE SMITHS. HE LOOKED LIKE MR BURNS" Ellery Roberts

unsigned band operating out of miserable Ancoats. But this is WU LYF we're talking about – they say nothing to no one, remember? And they thrive and survive off snowballing hearsay and secrecy.

Except... fuck all that. Because it's bullshit. *NME* is sat in An Outlet with the band on a rainy Sunday afternoon and they're telling us their gameplan. It's as intricate as a Greek myth and stretches back to 2008. Now, with a massive debut album called 'Go Tell Fire To The Mountain' finished and coming out on June 13, they say they're up for going global. "Fuck all that wanky underground bullshit," 20-year-old singer Ellery Roberts bullishly informs us. Bassist Tom McClung, 21, nods in agreement. "I fucking want it on Radio 1, on primetime television. I want us to be on *Graham Norton* with Lady Gaga." And so begins our first ever interview with WU LYF.

NME: You've told pretty much every label in the country to do one and instead gone it alone. Why?

Ellery: "Because doing that [signing a conventional record deal] just didn't appeal. I can see why some people would do it but it leads to a lot of bullshit. When



WU LYF (l-r):
Joseph Manning,
Ellery Roberts,
Tom McClung,
Evans Kati

we got that initial blob of hype about a year ago we could quite easily have monopolised it. But we hadn't finished the songs. So we went to ground."

NME: Did you ever sit down with any of the labels who approached you?

Ellery: "The stage we were at when we were getting offers from record labels... if anything, them offering us deals on the basis of basically nothing – you know, two, three songs on the internet – made us lower our opinion of them a lot, because it's like, 'How superficial is that?'" We met the guy who signed The Smiths [Rough Trade's Geoff Travis, who also signed The Strokes and The Libertines] at a gig but I don't fucking care about him. He looks like Mr Burns. He came to one of the Outlet shows and someone was like, 'That's who signed The Smiths!' But I don't care."

Ellery: "Basically the more we learnt about record labels the less we wanted to work with them."

Instead, the band stayed tight-knit and in-house. They say they're actually a six-piece, completed musically by Florence-born guitarist Evans Kati and drummer Joseph Manning, and business-wise by two other "central fellas", Warren Bramley (AKA their manager, AKA War God) and Jon Wilkinson (AKA Jon Bongos, AKA their press guy). After that, there are "90% fully paid-up members" of the Lucifer Youth Foundation (see boxout, right). It's described by the band as their "battle fund", and they reference FC Barcelona's legendary *socios* fanclub model as the inspiration behind it. "We want WU LYF to be more than a band, in the same way FC Barcelona is more than a club", is how they tag it on *Worldunite.org*.



Smokin': the original press shot

WHAT IS LYF?

This fanclub won't hurt 'em

But, of course, doing this sort of thing while openly working with someone like Warren, whose Four23 agency counts the likes of Adidas, Oakley and Samsung among its clients (recent projects include a Steven Gerrard viral video and the huge Adidas Originals 'We Are London' campaign), is only going to lead to certain questions being asked.

NME: There's a lot of talk that suggests that because of what Four23 is, you must be receiving some sort of outside help with the things that you're doing.

Ellery: "Ah, what's the truth behind Warren Bramley? Well, you can say what you want and think what you wanna think, but he runs Four23. He works with Adidas and stuff. I asked him once, does he not feel uncomfortable doing stuff with Adidas? And he was like, 'Well, Fidel Castro wears an Adidas tracksuit...' He could have spent the money that he's invested into us on a car, but instead he chose to rent out a practice space for four kids."

NME: So what role does he, and Four23, actually have in WU LYF?

Ellery: "I can see where you make speculations, in terms that they're a marketing company. But the truth is we've got Jamie Allen – who's one of my best friends I've known all my life – doing a bit of video stuff, like 'Spitting Blood' [he did it while at film school in Australia]. And we do all the artwork, we make the websites. Basically what Warren does is help us to realise the things we *can't* do ourselves."

The band met Warren, who used to work with Tony Wilson at Factory Records, when he showed up at one of their early gigs. Warren's interest came just at the right time – Ellery had already dreamt up the idea, name and concept for 'Go Tell Fire To The Mountain', and WU LYF have been working on it since.

"I was originally talking with my boy Jamie about making it as a film," says Ellery, "but we quite quickly realised that to do it to the standard we wanted would take time, money, and cash flow. It was too big a project, essentially. So what we did was take it and put it into the music instead."

"It's about a kid who sees a flaw in the way his father – or whatever's behind him – does things. And he sees the superficialness, the hollowness to it. So he leaves. He's exiled. Then he forms a gang called We Bros, like the song. First they try a physical assault on the old system, but they get beaten down – that's the song 'Dirt'. And after that there's a realisation that you can't just beat something into people. It's more of a mental thing you have to get to – that's [album closer] 'Heavy Pop'."

"I started physically writing it down two or three years ago. But I still haven't finished it properly."

The band eventually shunned Spain for rainy old Manchester to record the album. There, they found a space just round the corner from An Outlet.

"We were looking around this really shitty place. The Beehive or something, and they were going, 'Elbow have recorded on that exact spot right there', so obviously we was just, 'Oh, Great.' But then we walked out, turned left and we saw St Peter's Church with all these people loading steel drums out of there, and it's like, 'Shit! What's

Ask Ellery Roberts why he wants to be in a band, and he'll laugh at you before replying: "I don't. I'm in the LYF. Better than a band."

The Lucifer Youth

Foundation models itself on FC Barcelona's socios fanclub. Fans pay a small amount in return for life-long membership, as well as limited-edition heavy vinyl, bespoke posters and bandit masks. The money raised goes straight back to the band – to pay for more studio time, touring expenses and manufacturing costs.

As Ellery says: "WU LYF is four young men going round the world in 10 days with a tape of all the records we own, and this. But the Lucifer Youth Foundation is a

then there's a small, paid-in membership. It's developing a fan club goes on. Basically, at the moment, look at it as an old-school fanclub. It's something where you become part of something, more than a passive MP3 download or a blog."



going on?!" So we snuck in with them and just stood there clapping our hands, checking out the sound. All the drummers were like, 'What are you doing?'"

The resulting album – recorded live over a three-week burst in the rented, concrete-floored space – is an absolute

triumph. It loftily realises every bit of potential the band promised all those months ago. And while people will undoubtedly be split by Ellery's demented shriek of a voice, it will place the band at the very forefront of a new movement of groups who are pushing all the right buttons by shunning the attention of the masses. London's Zoo Kid, Manchester's Christian AIDS, and it all stemmed from Ellery Roberts and co's early attempts to fuck with the system.

But WU LYF have already jumped that particular ship, thank you very much. Gone is the secrecy. Gone are the myths. We realise how far this band have come since those original masked shots, since the primal, early version of 'Heavy Pop' sent us loopy all those months ago. And then we think of something another marketing genius must have opined to his boss once upon a time: good things come to those who wait. Really fucking good things



The only thing more full-on mental than a *White Rabbit* gig is dizzying new album *D*. *Mark Bonhomme* dives into the madness to find a band living out their prog-rock fantasies

PHOTO: JAMES HARRIS

is for **DERANGED**

Across the dazzled dancefloor of King's College, derangement reigns. One man has stripped off his business suit and is moshing topless to exotic experimental key changes. Another is wearing his shoes on his hands and 'stamp-clapping'. A woman attempting to dance to these perma-shifting gonzo-psych-jazz-country-prog-punk numbers is having such difficulty keeping up with the elaborate, unexpected shifts in time signatures that she'll later berate the band for not giving her enough warning before the waltz section. But she'll be cut off by the topless moshers, freshly back in his pressed business suit as if ready for his City office again, hugging the band like brothers for changing his life.

It might be agreed among the band that tonight is their maddest ever gig, but it's far from their weirdest. They've seen crowd-surfing in Italian restaurants, bloodletting in Bristol's Bunker and at least one shoe riot. Because, faced with the in-er-face free-form riff eruptions that pepper sets by Austin's masters of confusion and wrong footing, people *lose their minds*...

And White Denim bloody *love it*. "I like to watch people dance to it," says singer and guitarist James 'The Dad' Petralli. "I specially the new material. We'll drop into a 5/4, and seeing people try to find that is pretty fun. We're part of an extremely sarcastic generation – for better or worse, that's who we are."

And if it's hard enough to dance to White Denim's maniacal, zig-zagging dodgeball rock, good luck trying to sing along as well. Brain frying fourth album 'D', while sounding like Fleet Foxes going feral in the Texan

"WE'LL NEVER GO FULL-ON PROG, BUT WE LIKE TO BE CHALLENGED"

James Petralli

woodland on Devendra Banhart's best jazz acid, is a kalcidoscope of abstract imagery and cut'n'paste metaphors (keys, anvils, Mexicans) that are, according to James, the musical manifestations of abstract paintings or philosophical tracts.

"The things that I like to read are generally abstract," James explains the day after the King's College show, in a boozier on Camden High Street. "I like patterns, I like reading poetry and avant-garde prose and I'm more interested in musical patterns in literature than I am in long-form narratives. I look at paintings and try to visualise an object or image, then assimilate how that makes me feel into a series of phrases and try to make it musical. I'll look at fragments in literature that I like and try to modify the ideas."

Did any specific paintings inspire the lyrics on 'D'?

James nods. "I looked at a lot of Francis Bacon paintings and Pieter Bruegel. The tune 'River To Consider' is loosely based on some excerpts from *The Blue And Brown Books* by Wittgenstein. The lyric-writing process is like an excavation. I'm trying to pull words and melodies out of what's already there."

This method of feeding art and culture through a musical mincer and mashing the results into elaborate pop pasties like rock's own Grist is a factory must leave White Denim open to misinterpretation, though. Mostly concerning chickens. The chorus line of the 'Quadrophenia'-csque 'Anvil Everything' (White Denim: "Thank you!"), for example, seems to go "Even when your heart feels like a chicken, it isn't..."

James laughs. "Just recently someone thought the song 'River To Consider' was called 'River Chicken Sitter'."

Drummer Josh 'The Hick' Block remembers another one. "My favourite is the interpretation of [early single] 'Shake Shake Shake' as completely sexual."

James looks at him, incredulous. "It is sexual! That song is straight up about sex. 'Come on, it's hard?'"

Blimey, if White Denim confuse themselves, what chance for the rest of us? Best start at the beginning...

White Denim formed from the merging of two Austin, Texas bands in 2005 – Parque Touch and Peach Train. They played under pseudonyms such as Bop English and Byshop Massive until original singer Lucas Anderson moved to Russia to go into politics – although he still advises the band and contributed lyrics to the new album's Gerry Rafferty style 'Burnished'.

"I'm pretty sure it's about US/Mexico relations and US borders," says James. "Lucas lives in Washington DC now, he had this idea of being part of the state department, so he's immersed in that."

Are we going to ever see a White Denim president?

"I think in about 2020, yeah," says boyish bassist Steve Terbeck.

Will you guys be his main advisors?

Josh: "I would just demolish his approval rating."

The band produced three psych-punk albums –

'Workout Holiday' and 'Exposition' in 2008, and 'Tits' in 2009 – working from Josh's 1940s Spartan trailer (James: "Is it like a meth lab? There probably are meth labs in the same trailer sprinkled across the world"), before the cost of fuel became prohibitive and they decided to record 'D' in an outside studio that felt like a Hot Prog Time Machine.

"It's a single room with mostly 1972 to 1976 instruments and a few modern pieces," says James. "There was a vast array of German mics and EMI stuff, and a futuristic dope-smoking device that we got into every couple of hours."

Josh: "It was like being in a cloudy spaceship from 1976."

But 'D' wasn't the only album they recorded during 2010. Having knocked out the demos only to find them sitting unheard at their record label for seven months, they recorded and gave away another 12-song album called 'Last Day Of Summer' in the meantime because "it feels weird to sit on music". When 'D' finally did arrive, it was their most inventive work yet, melding alt.country and Afro-Cuban elements into an already rich musical stew. But try explaining to them that they're bridging the gap between new esoteric bands like Yeasayer and Foster The People, and big music acts like The National, Band Of Horses and Black Mountain, and they'll gaze at you like you're speaking Plutonian.

"We don't really listen to a lot of modern music," says James.

"There are a lot of great artists but we don't spend a lot of time seeking them out. All the contemporary guys we like, it seems like they have one foot in the past as well. We appreciate that reverence for music history."

No shit. With Jethro Tull flute freak-outs invading the Latino shuffle of 'River To Consider', 'Anvil Everything' resembling one of Pete Townshend's best rock opera widdly fiddlers and the general air of Yes, Rush and Genesis prevalent throughout the record, are you guys trying to infect our nation's youth with the once-prevalent prog virus?

"Hopefully it will become popular," says James. "I don't think we'll ever go full-on prog but all of us like to be challenged in that way. We listen to a lot of Soft Machine and a lot of Yes. Prog music is challenging and hilarious and we've always wanted to do something which walks that line. 'Anvil Everything' was our attempt to fulfil a bit of a prog fantasy, to see if we could make it acceptable."

Judas! So while many of the metaphors on 'D' relate to the act of writing music itself (the keys of the jaunty Banhart folk 'Keys' represent songs, while 'River To Consider' is about 'creating work and weighing its importance') and 'Is And Is And Is' purports to be a narrative about a haunted, ageing couple, perhaps the most honest track on 'D' is titled simply 'Drug'.

James sighs. "I'm glad that it exists, I'm glad we recorded it, but there are tunes on this record I like more than 'Drug'. What's going on lyrically is almost painfully obvious, it's about social sedation, a *Brave New World* situation where things that you collect define you as a person. It's a waste of time. 'Drug' is a ridiculous piece of music, I think."

Have drugs played a formative role in your band?

"For me personally, yeah, but it was more when I was really young," James says. "Our drug-taking days are behind us. But when I was first loving music, I was tripping out. I don't look back on those days very fondly, other than that it drove me deeper into what I'm doing now. It made it very apparent that I was capable of wasting a lot of time when I should probably be practising."

"The only way to not be blasted out on drugs and be carted around everywhere by your poor tour manager who'd rather be with a different band is to be neurotic," says Josh of the band's now clean-living 'mentality'. "Otherwise you've got to be on drugs."

These days, White Denim's trips are all stylistic, and their madnasses gig-related. Like the time in Norfolk, Virginia, when they started a shoe riot in the local pizza parlour.

"People were breakdancing and crowd surfing," says Steve. "We had these shoes that we got at a festival and we were tossing them out and people were fighting over shoes."

Desperate for derangement? Then dose up on the Denim...

WHITE DENIM Self-analysis

JAMES THE DADDY



Steve: "James is like a suburban

dad. I could see him always wanting to wear sweat pants."

Josh: "He reins us in, but he allows a ton. I don't think there's any other band where I could be allowed to play too much like I do here."

AUSTIN THE DUDE



Steve: "Austin is a pretty cool

character. He just got some sunglasses and he wears a little bit too much hair gel. But he's the nicest guy in the world."

Josh: "He's a bit Michael Douglas. Somehow people always think he's one of the nicest guys they've ever met."

STEVE THE GEEK



Josh: "Steve is the most lovable

person I've ever met. He knows ridiculous facts about every city

we go to. That's not geeky, it's cool!"

Steve: "I get it I'd constantly. For a long time it was annoying, but I try to have fun with it unless people want to be a dick."

Josh: "It's become as offensive to us as it is to him."

Steve: "People call out shit just to be a dick. I worked at a sports store when I was 17, and this lady asked me if I was old enough to work there and if I was 12 years old, I asked her if she was 68 when she was obviously about 33 and she got really pissed and left, like, all of her shit there."

JOSH THE HICK



Steve: "Josh is a full-blood Texan.

Anything you'd think of Texas, it's him – barbecue, classic cars, all the good things about Texas..."

Josh: "I'm a bit slow and simple I guess! I'll bring up people by first-name basis that no one's ever met."

Austin: "He has a familiarity with all, known or unknown."

The Wild Ones

Sleazy, druggy, defiant and visionary, **Suede** blazed a trail through the '90s, handclapping and arse-slapping their way into indie folklore. Now back in business, they lead **Emily Mackay** through their seedy history



In an airy white room of a converted Georgian terrace in Kensington, west London, home to Suede's PR agency, we're talking to a lean, genial and casually jeansed Brett Anderson and Mat Osman. A very expensive scented candle gutters away in the spring air as we mull over days and records past. And then Neil Tennant walks in, on his way to sort out his wardrobe for the Take That tour. Brett and Mat greet him warmly.

"We're just doing a little interview," says Brett, "being transported back in time."

"Ah, yes," says Neil. "I transported back to the fabulous '90s."

"Exactly," joshes Brett. "The only decade that counts."

"Oh, the '80s, surely..." demurs Neil, before breezing off to decide what sort of polyhedron to turn his head into this time. The rest of us head on back to the '90s. Or rather, the '90s and beyond, because it's fast becoming clear that this whole Suede reunion thing is flouncing loose from the bounds of nostalgia. Before we get onto that though, there's still some touching base to do. The band are currently in the last phase of rehearsals for three rabidly sold-out nights at London's O2 Academy Brixton, at which they'll perform their first three albums, night by night: saucy squaller 'Suede', black brooder 'Dog Man Star' and the flashy sashayer 'Coming Up'. They're running through stuff they haven't played live in years. *NMF* is there for all of them, witness to three wired, wicked and breathlessly powerful performances, including such rare treats as 'My Dark Star', 'Europe Is Our Playground' and – gasp! – the beloved-by-fans, reviled-by-the-band 'Stay Together' (pretty much Suede's 'Creep'). Over the last year they've also been digging tapes out of dusty crates in the process of remastering and reissuing all five of their albums, complete with attendant B-sides and demos. It's been something of a healing process, and a rediscovery, but also a recharging.

"You have to learn from your mistakes and not regret things too much, but regret things enough to actually learn from them," says Brett. "But generally I don't regret too much. I'm incredibly proud of the work that we did."

And here it is...

SUEDE
(1992)

After a couple of years slogging around small venues, Brett and co found themselves declared "the best new band in Britain" by *Melody Maker* before they even put their first single out, and bagging the Mercury Music Prize for their debut.

NME: Did you have a very clear plan, or did it evolve as you went along?

Brett: "When we were first kicking around in, like, 1990 we were writing songs like 'Painted People' which were kind of punky – you have to write songs like that to be playing at places like the Camden Falcon. But we did get sophisticated quite early. I think when you get in the studio, you suddenly realise that you can do things like



'The Next Life', which you could never do just in a purely live context."

Almost all the Suede albums were recorded at Master Rock...

B: "Yeah, just off Kilburn High Road. It doesn't exist any more. It's now a car lot."

That seems oddly appropriate. Was it quite distracting being in the centre of London? Did you ever want to get away?

B: "What, Kilburn?!"

M: "Luckily Kilburn High Road, especially 18 years ago, was so grim that I don't think we ever went out."

B: "We occasionally used to go for a curry."

M: "We were pretty dedicated, it has to be said. If you've gone through three or four years with no money and no opportunity to record, being in a studio's like being in a playground, you know what I mean?"

Do you remember any epiphanies during the making of it?

B: "Suddenly we went from being a four-piece rock'n'roll band to something else with a little bit more sophistication and elegance. But still with guts: it wasn't

"WE WENT FROM BEING A BAND TO SOMETHING WITH A BIT MORE ELEGANCE"

Brett Anderson



Bernard Butler and Mat Osman recording 'Suede' in Master Rock Studios, London

...rett And... in
Bernard But... in San
Francisco, June 1978; and
In... ett & Camd...
Id, June 3,





Mat Osman during the troubled recording of 'Dog Man Star' (left); the new post-Butler line up (below) with Richard Oakes on the left; Brett gets up close and personal with fans in 1994 (right)



like we were betraying our roots, but it seemed like we were embracing the recording process, rather than just repeating ourselves"

DOG MAN STAR

A grandiose, gothic edifice that looms over the band's career, the darkness in the record is very real. Relations between guitarist Bernard Butler, whose father had just died, and the rest of the band had broken down catastrophically, with he and Brett exchanging demos by post.

Was any part of making that album enjoyable? Or was it just hellish?

B: "Yeah, it was. It was enjoyable I think because it was so good. I used to wake up thinking that we could do anything, really... We were taking it away from the drums-bass-guitar format onto a completely new level. It kind of felt like we were untouchable, really. Obviously the fracturing relationships in the band added another dimension to it and it was kind of hard, emotionally.

But purely professionally it was incredibly exciting." Do you find yourself able to talk about it with Bernard now?

B: "No, even now it's quite raw and quite difficult, so we sort of steer clear of it to be honest. It would open a huge can of worms and I'm not sure either of us really want to go there with it. I only really talk about it in these sort of situations because I'm asked. If Bernard wanted to talk about it I'd be willing to talk about it, but I think both of us are like, well, that's in the past and we both fucked up a bit, and there was a tacit kind of understanding, you know, that we'd leave it."

You talked about being more ambitious on this record...

M: "There were just strange instruments constantly lying around and a stream of players. You'd come in and there'd be, like, the horn section with their bottles of red wine, and we'd be just shouting ideas at them, and then there'd be, like, a... bawu flute player!" Did you try anything out that didn't work?

B: "Yes. It wasn't our idea, it was Ed's [Butler, producer]. For the song 'The 2 of Us' he wanted to get a tap dancer to play, instead of drums. And guess what, it sounded like absolute shit."

M: "It sounded like a tap dancer."

COMING UP

Following Bernard's less-than-amicable departure, the band hired 17-year-old fan Richard Oakes, a boy wonder who manfully shouldered up to the scepticism of press and fans to help write Suede's great pop album. Simon Gilbert's cousin Neil Codling also joined on keyboards.

Did it worry you at all that 'Coming Up' would be perceived as a less substantial record than 'DMS'?

B: "It didn't bother me at all, I wasn't concerned by that. I didn't want it to have this tortured pose, I wanted it to be quite unpretentious."

M: "You don't need that kind of worthy difficulty for it to mean something to people. Something like 'The Wild Ones' [off 'DMS'] was the lightest track on there and the one that resonated with people the most."

The songwriting process must have changed massively.

B: "Before it had always been that Bernard would send me a piece of music and I'd write the vocal melody and I'd write the lyrics. But with

'Coming Up' onwards I was much more involved with the writing of the music. 'She' and 'Filmstar' have this really simple





Brett the NME cover star (yet again); Mat during the recording of 'Suede' (left); Brett selecting some artwork (above right); production notes from the recording of 'Dog Man Star' and 'Coming Up' (below left)



A recent picture of Suede in London (below), and (above) the singer is still being grappled by his adoring public during the band's performance at Brixton Academy on May 28, 2011



double-beat rhythm. I just was round at Richard's flat and clapped my hands and sang "Filmstar, nah nah nah" and he wrote his guitar part around that. It was much more about the exchanging of ideas."

M: "The songs are frothy and light, they're shot through with this joy and energy. A friend of mine who was a stripper told me that 'She' was a brilliant song to strip to. There's something really primal and animal about it."

B: "The sentiment of 'Saturday Night' was something I'd never tried to do before, which was finding beauty in something ordinary and average. Before it was sort of casting myself as the kind of tortured Byronic hero..."

HEAD MUSIC (1999)

Their fourth album found Suede working with Happy Mondays producer Steve Osbourne. Brett's crack habit and keyboard player Neil Codling's chronic fatigue syndrome led to a messy creation.

Drugs were really affecting things, right?

B: "Yeah, it was going from being a recreational thing to being something that dominated. I look back now and I really regret it, but you can't rewrite history. We made a few lazy decisions because of drugs. And then Neil was ill, he had ME, and that was another thing that kind of fractured the unity of the band."

It must have been pretty hard to go through that sort of dysfunctional period again?

B: "It was like being in a house and trying to shore up

the foundations as they're crumbling."

M: "I have literally no pleasant memories of making that album."

A NEW MORNING (2003)

After scrapping sessions recorded with Beck producer Tony Hoffer, the band headed into the studio with Smiths and Blur stalwart Stephen Street.

You've got your reservations about this album now. Did part of you feel at the time it wasn't strong, or did you believe in it?

B: "A lot of people put a lot of work into it so I don't wanna say it's a piece of crap, but I think we were tired of the songs because we'd recorded them three times. We should've had a holiday for six months."

Were you tempted to just remaster the first four?

B: "(Laughs) No. There's things I'd change about it, but you've gotta accept your history for better or for worse."

Was part of the drive behind the reunion to deliver a better ending to your story than that album?

B: "Very much so. To say this band wasn't just about the last album and put the right end point on things."

M: "There's still a feeling in all our minds that the idea of 'A New Morning' being the last Suede album is a bit distressing. When someone says 'I didn't really know your band, so I got your last record' you can imagine them getting home and putting it on and thinking, 'Really? There was a big fuss about this?'"

"WE MADE A FEW LAZY DECISIONS BECAUSE OF DRUGS"

Brett Anderson

But a big fuss there is, and the reunion shows have served to showcase what, as Brett says, they did best, drowning out that whimper with a sassy bang. As well as

rewriting their ending, the band have also, ("technically") Brett stresses, been writing new material. They've got four or five "bits and pieces" but are taking things cautiously.

Brett laughs when we put forward the idea of a Bernard Butler-produced sixth Suede album. "I don't know about that. I'm not sure that he'd want to. I hadn't even considered that but I think the right thing to do would be to get Ed Buller to produce it. We've always made our best records with Ed

and he just kind of completes the whole thing."

It would be difficult, you'd think, after having just relived your entire history, not to try to sound like Suede. Or try to not sound like Suede.

"It's best not to think about it that much, really," laughs Brett. "That's one of the things I've learned: we're at our best when we're our most instinctual."

Brett's also just finishing his fourth solo album, 'Black Rainbows', which he says sounds like a rock record but doesn't sound like Suede. "I write in a different way and use my voice in a different way now. So if and when Suede songs appear they'll have a different element. But don't worry, I won't release them unless they're brilliant."

For video interviews with the band and Suede guitarist Richard Oakes on why 'Dog Man Star' is a lost masterpiece, head to NME.COM



REVIEWS

BLACK LIPS DRIVEY SATEES

Entertainment Weekly



ARCTIC MONKEYS

SUCK IT AND SEE DOMINO

No more easy, take-you-by-the-hand lyrical storytelling. No more scuzz from the desert. The Monkeys have evolved to a stunning new level of intelligent, love-steeped songcraft



For an album that goes out of its way to promise nothing, 'Suck It And See' sure is burdened by expectation.

Arctic Monkeys made their 10-out-of-10,

fuck-you-we're-the-future debut at just 19, filling the void left by The Libertines with a new testament all of their own. Barely a year later, they'd discovered how to rebottle lightning, and harnessed it into a follow-up every bit as accomplished as its predecessor. Two years after that came 'Humbug', the archetypal 'difficult' third album, an oblique desert odyssey that saw Josh Homme spiriting them out of their comfort zone and into darker, weirder terrain.

But fourth albums are trickier still. You've got to figure that's why so many of the Monkeys' close contemporaries – bands like Bloc Party, Franz Ferdinand, The Killers and Kaiser Chiefs – haven't yet got around to making theirs. They represent a sort of existential litmus test: do you really have anything left to say, or are you simply counting down the royalty cheques to that Micronesian island chain you've had your eye on? Add to that the erroneous post-'Humbug' belief that Arctic Monkeys somehow owe us all a return to 'form', and the stakes for this one begin to stack up dauntingly high.

Shall we spoil the surprise? Oh, alright then. They've aced it, well and truly. To confirm everything you've read, 'Suck It And See' does not sound like 'Humbug', but that's not why it works so well. It is immediate, tightly structured, laugh-out-loud funny and start-to-finish brilliant, but if you thought they were ever going to just roll over and write 'Whatever People Want Us To Be, That's What We Are', you were deeply, desperately mistaken. This is a departure, not a return.

Let's start with 'Brick By Brick', seeing as they obviously wanted us to. Its release now looks like an act of wilful perversity on the Monkeys' part, intended to wrongfoot and mislead, to set the high-minded indie cognoscenti squirming at the sound of all those vulgar "rock'n'roll"s. As a three-minute psych-garage cockstrut, it is brainless, breathless fun, but as an album taster, it reeks of red herring.

The truth, in spite of what that song's knuckle-scraping simplicity would have you believe (and even AC/DC would've added a bridge or two), is that this is Alex Turner's finest, most carefully crafted collection of songs yet. With that in mind, we'll assume

that you're already familiar with the mad Mephistophelean urgings of 'Don't Sit Down 'Cause I've Moved Your Chair' – awesome though it is – and move on. Extraordinary claims require extraordinary evidence, and we've just made a doozy.

Exhibit A is 'She's Thunderstorms': announcing itself with Jamie Cook's jangling cloudburst, it's a 'Sally Cinnamon'-esque portrait of some unknowable muse who's been "Loop-the-looping around my mind/Her motorcycle boots give me this kind of/Acrobat blood concertina". It sets the tone for the rest of the album rather well; the melody may be gorgeous and direct, but the lyrics are a puzzle you'll have to solve on your own.

Of course, there are those for whom even the smallest expenditure of thought is already too much, and who long for the days when Turner's words led them by the hand. But playful ambiguity suits him well, especially on 'Black Treacle', which – with its languid, saucer-eyed strokes of guitar and opaque narcotic allusions – may well be Arctic Monkeys' first paean to the wonders of weed. This is still an album in love with language, though perhaps the sound of it more than the meaning. In any case, we'll take a spot of creative dot-joining over another bloody song about the loneliness of the indie disco wallflower any day.

Love – or occasionally lust masquerading as the same – seems to be a prevailing theme here. At least five (and a half, roughly) of these 12 songs are love songs of some description, ranging from the title track's candy-striped narvetty ("You're rarer than a can of dandelion and burdock, and those other girls are just post-mix lemonade") swoons Turner over a melody that could've come straight off a C86 cassette) to the honey-tongued ingénue of 'The Hellcat Spangled Shalalala', who is never quite what she seems and whose "Steady hands may well have done the devil's pedicure".

Then there's 'Love Is A Laserquest', whose reminiscences of an old relationship sound wistfully nostalgic on first listen, but belie a heart as gnarled and knotted with sorrow as an old tree root: "I'm sure that you're still breaking hearts with the efficiency that only youth can harness", Turner sighs bitterly, before later conceding the point that, "When I'm not being honest I pretend that you were just some lover".

In many ways, 'Suck It And See' is a very old-fashioned album. In an age where even Britpop corpse-brothers Brother trumpet their desire to collaborate with Odd Future, the Monkeys have made a record heavily indebted to late-'80s indie and a small group of white, male '70s singer-songwriters: Lou

Reed, David Bowie, and Leonard Cohen. You couldn't call it modern, but once those influences have been aggregated it does sound unique; sophisticated and strangely timeless pop music skewed at Dutch angles.

True to the topsy-turvy nature of 'Suck It And See', things end on a beginning. With just two chords, a spidery guitar riff, and Alex Turner's impressionistic Polaroids of a still-embryonic relationship, 'That's Where You're Wrong' will leave you with a lump in your throat the size of a medicine ball: "There are no handles for you to hold", he warns, "and no understanding of where it goes".

Maybe not for us, but the band know exactly where they're going. Four albums in, and they've yet to shed so much as an ounce of purpose or inspiration. "You're not the only one that time has got it in for", is the album's final assurance, a reminder that they're as fallible as the rest of us. On form like this, however, that just doesn't ring true. **Barry Nicolson**

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DOWNLOAD: 'She's Thunderstorms', 'Love Is A Laserquest', 'That's Where You're Wrong'

Arctic Monkeys talk NME.COM through the making of 'Suck It And See' over at NME.COM/video

WHATEVER PEOPLE READ I AM, THAT'S WHAT I AM

Arctic Monkeys aren't the first to take a does-what-it-says-on-the-sleeve approach to design. It's all about the typeface, baby



THE BEATLES
'The Beatles'
Aka 'The White Album'. Quite simply, the daddy of them all.



TODD RUNDGREN
'Faithful'
With one side of the album taken up with true-to-the-original recordings of songs from 1966, cover and title mirrored contents. Eat that.



HARD-FI
'Once Upon A Time In The West'
Well, that's truly twisted my melon. Is it cover art or isn't it? What is art anyway? OH GAWD.



SOULWAX
'Most Of The Remixes...'
Why conceptualise when you can just over-explain in too many words until you run out of space? It works for this writer.



METALLICA
'The Black Album'
OK – so if you squint there's a snake too. Or... has it escaped and CURLED ROUND YOUR NECK?



THE WHO
'Live At Leeds'
The cover apes a bootleg album – no hint as to the energy of the Greatest Live Album Ever Made™.

THIS IS HARDSCORE
what our numbers add up to

0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Not-even-funny bad	Barely one saving grace	Actively terrible	Woefully bad or lazy	Depressingly substandard	Dead-on average	Better than average	Really good	Exceptionally good	Of-the-year good	Of-the-decade good



BLACK LIPS

ARABIA MOUNTAIN VICE

Mark Ronson's parps can't spoil the riotous dumb fun



It sounds like an '80s buddy cop movie. Him, the handsome superproducer for whom the word 'dapper' was invented. Them, the drug-addled, stale-semen-smelling garage rock-tards from Georgia. "You're putting us on assignment together?" barks Mark Ronson at his commanding officer. "OK with me, boss," says Black Lips' singer Jared Swilley. That's not quite how the strangest musical hook-up of 2011 happened, we expect, but you get the point.

It's a matter of no little wonderment how this pants-forsaken four-piece bring such joy and freshness to their fuzz-toned debauches. Worryingly, their last record – '200 Million Thousand' – seemed to be running low on that devil-may-care spirit. Though by no means a disaster, they needed to hit back, and 'Arabia Mountain' doesn't disappoint.

'Family Tree' is a rollicking, leaky banger of an opening track, hair combed with engine grease and zany sax parping away in the background – chalk that one up to Ronson, then. Speaking of whom, the arch swinger's touch on the record is apparent but surprisingly discreet, his trademark brass applied only sparingly and a hint of Theremin

bringing surfy, 'Good Vibrations' overtones to 'Modern Art' and 'Bone Marrow'.

The former's wreckheads-in-an-art-gallery theme perfectly sums up the band's class-clown appeal (*"K-hole at the Dali/Seeing the unknown"*), and is one of their best flat-out runes since 'O Katrina'. 'Spidey's Curse' talks about Spider-Man getting touched up as a kid and sounds like The Beach Boys – not the sacrosanct, tortured-genius version beloved of Animal Collective, but the feckless thrill-seekers behind 'Surfin' USA'.

'Go Out And Get It's lyrics advocate a common-sense approach to fun (*"Ice cream at the corner store, you get two for just a dollar more"*) and the wicked 'Dumpster Dive' takes the band's trashy aesthetic to literal new lows with a charming tale of rooting in bins. The chorus is pure 'Beggars Banquet'-era Stones; a peach.

Even the bad-vibes tracks are more fun this time around – 'Mr Driver' comes on like a creeping dose of the fear and 'You Keep On Running' sounds like Jeffrey Lebowksi's worst acid flashbacks. But even more miraculous is how the band's idiot-savant shtick hasn't worn thin over time, possibly because it isn't a shtick at all. Truly, these guys are God's own creatures. *Alex Denney*

8

DOWNLOAD: 'Modern Art', 'Bone Marrow', 'Family Tree'

FACES TO NAMES...

What the reviewers are doing this week



EMILY MACKAY

"I re-immersed myself in Suede World to the point where I considered coming to work in a bodypainted suit. I may return to modernity soon, but don't wait up."



KELLY MURRAY

"I started festival season with true northern grace by chocking on a chippy tea at Friends Of Mine (I coughed my own fucking belt off), then rediscovered my *Freaks & Geeks* DVDs – watch it NOW."



LOUIS PATTISON

"Owing to a superinjunction, I am unable to divulge my movements. OK, I am up to the ninth mission on *LA Noire*."

FUCKED UP

DAVID COMES TO LIFE MATADOR

Nothing lasts forever. And while hardcore aficionados will strive for redemption through Fucked Up's operatic third full-length, they'll quickly

learn that while this offering maintains the group's bilious urgency, the Torontonian outfit are not the musicians we met back in 2008. Behold their evolution: while 2008's *'The Chemistry Of Common Life'* album was drenched in religious connotations and spiritual euphemisms, this time, their rock opera about romance and death at an English lightbulb factory (seriously) is theatrics personified, taking listeners on a quest while still abiding by their precious DIY ethic. Thanks to 'The Other Shoe' and 'The Recursive Girl', no longer can we throw the usual old adjectives at Fucked Up and declare them just another testimony to punk rock's penchant for rapture; their diverse, dimensional and multi-layered tale of love lost, found and endured reflects a band defined by tumultuous relations and the evolution of their fanbase. We dare you to hold them back. *Anne T Donahue*

8

DOWNLOAD: 'Under My Nose'

MY MORNING JACKET

CIRCUTAL V2/CO-OP



That the line "They told me not to smoke drugs but I wouldn't listen" appears on My Morning Jacket's sixth album will come as no surprise to those familiar

with this Kentucky quintet's substantial stoner-psych oeuvre. Following more than a decade in the game, MMJ's 'Circuital' seems to have timed its arrival perfectly. It's occurred as fellow fans of open highway harmonics Fleet Foxes have recently scampered to the top end of the UK charts. A similar slide into the mainstream for Jim James and co certainly wouldn't be out of the question – not least because 'Circuital', despite stiff competition, is possibly their most impressive work to date. The rolling, euphoric title track makes for a majestic seven-and-a-half minutes, while 'Holdin On To Black Metal' sees them fly their playground freak-funk flag, before paying homage to their roots in the tender Southern waltz, 'Movin Away'. It's all so much more than simply the soundtrack to a night in with a massive bifter.

Leonie Cooper

DOWNLOAD: 'Movin Away'

7

FRANK TURNER

ENGLAND TAKE MY BONES

XTRA MILE



With recent scenes on TV of preparations for the final NASA shuttle mission, it's with great timing that Frank Turner is singing the lyrical home truth

that we all had to deal with as a kid: "Not everyone can grow up to be an astronaut". He offers this advice on album opener 'Eulogy', which is classic Turner; sincere and attention-grabbing, with the comfort of open-hearted honesty. On this, his fourth studio album, Frank makes a gentlemanly flutter from patriotic medieval a cappella to romantic intricate folk and onto heavier, throbbing gang-vocals. Such flitting does not indicate a totally new direction for the people's prince of punk poetry, but it means the tales now reveal a more detailed landscape, home to myth, romance, anarchy and a wealth of vivid delights. With the standard set, Turner brings an almost literal meaning to the notion of 'traditional English punk' and, as always, it's a fearless venture for an artist with something interesting to say. *Kelly Murray*

DOWNLOAD: 'One Foot Before The Other'

8

JUFFAGE

SEMICIRCLE FUNCTION



If Leeds artist Jeff T Smith sounds like the stuff of Wire-reading, tape-looping nerds' wet dreams, you'd be half right. He's worked with Albini in Chicago, has an MA in computer music and plays every instrument on this debut. But far from being sterile, it's one of the warmer, more human records of the year: 'HHV' and 'Under Fanblades', with its plea "maybe we could get there some day", recall the lush, mournful drone of Do Make Say Think, and 'Stop Making Music' the lonesome, ruined seaside shack haunting of Grizzly Bear; 'My Weakness' takes the clatter of 'Desperate Youth...'-era TVOTR and tempers it with Arcade Fire's intimacy. It's an album to be surprised by, and maybe even love. **Laura Snapes**

DOWNLOAD: 'Under Fanblades'

7

SEBASTIAN

TOTAL ED BANGER



Disappointed with new Justice? Hankering after the clunky synth/vocoder clatter noises of 2007? Wish there were more albums in the world packed full of two-minute robo-funk interludes? Think the NME New Rave tour is still going? Step out of your rusty time vortex and head right this way; French electro artist Sebastian (the big A is mandatory) is here for all your outdated needs. 'Total' couldn't be more mid-noughties if it came dressed in a geometric hoodie, and the result is a chopped-up, sample-heavy stew that's a whole load of fun if the Tales Of The Jackalope shebang was your Hacienda. Now, whatever happened to Krazy Baldhead? **Tim Chester**

DOWNLOAD: 'Kindercut'

6

BLONDIE

PANIC OF GIRLS PHASM8/SONY



More showing their roots than going back to their roots, this is Blondie attempting a Killers-style anthemic electro-rock makeover but with only limited success. Lead-off single 'Mother', a recollection of Debbie Harry's days on the New York nightclub scene, shows their genius for big radio choruses is still very much alive and kicking. Meanwhile, 'D-Day' and 'What I Heard' are nicely adventurous cyber-punk, on which Debbie shows upstart Lady Gaga a thing or two about Warholian pop sleaze. Christ, if only the other half of this album didn't spiral off into wretched reggae stylings, this would be alright. Actually, forget that, this is fucking Blondie, we owe them, they can have a 6. **Martin Robinson**

DOWNLOAD: 'D-Day'

6

GUM TAKES TOOTH

SILENT CENOTAPH TIGER TRAP



This deranged album is probably a bit like what would happen if you took a five-year-old kid, fed him strong Stilton, and then recorded what went on behind his eyes as the cheese dream took hold. 'Young Mustard' is his toys engaged in apocalyptic war, lurid Day-Glo and deathly; 'Peace In Your Middle Yeast' hides disturbing percussion and mutters behind the fun of the pun; while 'Tannkjøtt' is just as it sounds - a glorious cruiser with piña colada-sipping dames and a buizer of a howitzer on the foredeck. 'Silent Cenotaph' is a magnificent and gung-ho monument to the terrifying joys of making a childish racket. **Luke Turner**

DOWNLOAD: 'Tannkjøtt'

7

KEY NOTES

Best sleeve of the week



Battles

'Gloss Drop'

Blancmange? Foam insulation sealant? Nuclear reactor core meltdown aftermath? Whatever, that pink goo brings out the curious child in us. **WHAT DOES IT TASTE OF?**

Worst sleeve of the week



Sophie Ellis-Bextor
'Make A Scene'

Yes, you have a pretty face. Well done you. But really, four albums in, you couldn't think of anything more interesting?

Best lyric of the week

"And do you still think love is a laserquest, or do you take it all more seriously?/I've tried to ask you this in some daydreams that I've had, but you're always busy being make-believe"
Arctic Monkeys, 'Love Is A Laserquest'

Worst lyric of the week

"Here's my heart and here's my soul/Take them both, they're yours/But please be careful, they're as delicate as you"
Young Rebel Set, 'Measure Of A Man'

REVIEWED
NEXT WEEK

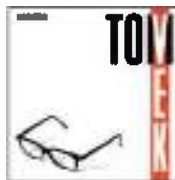
• WU LYF - 'Go Tell Fire To The Mountain'
• White Denim - 'D'
• Dananananaykroyd - 'There Is A Way'



TOM VEK

LEISURE SEIZURE ISLAND

Five years late, modern indie gets a futuristic twist



Arriving on Earth in May 2011 like a gawky Time Lord, Tom Vek has jumped forward in time from 2005 to save music. Like his fellow Gallifreyan Dr Who,

Vek is a bit unhip and on the surface less technologically advanced than his adversaries, the Blubstep Jims. To people on Planet Earth it will appear as if he's been away for six years, but he doesn't have time to explain the theory of relativity to slowcoaches, he's here to save us from people with expensive haircuts weeping lachrymose nothings into infernal Auto-Tune units. But he is a better composer than Weepy Jamie Woon; a more substantial lyricist than Inconsolable James Blake; and a more engaging producer than Yammering Jamie xx.

This is not to say that Vek's style hasn't changed at all since 'We Have Sound'; gone are the tin-foil-thin guitars and Stephen Morris (Joy Division/New Order) influenced drums, replaced by a much more satisfyingly beefy John Stanier (Helmet/Battles) rhythm attack.

Essentially Vek is exactly the same (an English David Byrne making herky-jerky dance music for sharp-dressed, literate lovers) but with giant chrome knobs on (he spent time away learning new production skills and it shows). 'World Of Doubt' calls upon revered English neo-prog sorts The Cardiacs for its sinister riff.

Vek truly exploits the benefits of being in a one-man band: all instruments and ideas can be used as often or as sparingly as he likes; the feelings of the Mellotron and crumhorn session musicians do not need to be taken into account. 'APOLOGY' has the kind of warm, reverberating analogue synth riff that will have you nodding your head like a sad zoo animal on a rocking horse. 'A Chore' (Vek's 'Once In A Lifetime') is a brilliant lead single, but there are other highlight contenders such as the anthemic 'Someone Loves You' and the glittering 'Too Bad'. 'Leisure Seizure' proves that Vek may be out of time but he's also out of this world. **John Doran**

DOWNLOAD: 'A Chore', 'Someone Loves You', 'Too Bad'

8

YOUNG REBEL SET

CURSE OUR LOVE BIG FLAME



These guys are the sort of band that make people like me feel like the flimsy, useless hipsters we are. Solid, warm and human, critical sneers will bounce off them like a seven-stone skinny-jeaned rugby tackle off a bouncy castle. From name to business model (three years of hard live graft and writing) to influences (Cash, Springsteen, Dylan) they're classicists to the core. Thing is, if you're going to follow the lines of tradition so closely, you need a pretty bright individual spark to colour them in, if 'familiar' isn't going to become 'forgettable'. YRS are as comfortable and enjoyable as a Mumford-wool blanket, but when was the last time you got really excited by a woolly blanket? **Emily Mackay**

DOWNLOAD: 'Red Bricks'

5

VARIOUS ARTISTS

THE FLOWERPOT SESSIONS COMMUNION



Recorded live at the now-defunct Flowerpot in north London, this lukewarm grassroots hotpot aims to bottle a memory of lightning. Out of cheery-beery context, Crowns' 'Little Eyes' is a trite finale which buggers itself with tactless mid-song self-promotion. In fairness it's not all ham-fisted facepalm - though tearstained by Treetop Flyers' earnest wail, 'It's About Time' has an easy rocking-chair repose, and while the tired-eyed bromides of Lissie's 'Oh Mississippi' are more 'Little Bo Peep' than 'Rust Never Sleeps', they at least warm the cockles. A fair harvest from a sporadically likeable tractor-folk collective, but when shit comes to shovel you probably had to be there. **Jazz Monroe**

DOWNLOAD: Treetop Flyers - 'It's About Time'

5



BATTLES

GLOSS DROP WARP

Complicated and disjointed but still full of frisky genius



Knocking around on the internet, there's pictures of Bill Gates taken in 1983 of him stretched out on a desk, wearing a chunky woollen sweater and loveably tousled fringe.

His face is saying, sure, I might be a geek, but this geek knows how to cut loose.

If this Bill Gates wasn't living in 1983 and didn't have a trillion-dollar computing empire to build, he might have made a good fourth member of Battles. Their modus operandi, pretty much, is taking musical qualities deemed the preserve of cold fish – instrumental rock, drenched in effects, often employing complicated time-signatures – and making it as serious as a chump's tea party.

The making of 'Gloss Drop' was a headache, with founder member Tyondai Braxton quitting halfway through recording. His parts have been eradicated, replaced by a raft of guest vocalists – the first being Chilean singer/producer Matias Aguayo, who takes the mic for the delicious, tropical romp 'Ice Cream'. Fiddly it might be, a strange concoction of twinkling keys and chunky

bass bumps, but by dressing Battles' metallic chassis in Bermuda shorts and pointing it towards the pineapple mojitos, it shows they've found a way to match 'Atlas' without retreading the same path.

The other vocal spots take a similar approach of shaping to fit their guest star. 'My Machines', featuring Gary Numan, is propelled on stern, piston drums, pointillistic guitar notes scattering like frightened crickets. And there's the climactic 'Sundome', which starts off as a Panda Bear-ish ramble before your reverie is shattered by a deranged, belly-beating chant courtesy of Boredoms' Yamantaka Eye. All this makes for a more disjointed listen than 'Mirrored', but its peaks are equally high. 'Gloss Drop' is powered by a tireless, ingenious sense of play. Admittedly, it is sometimes the sort of playfulness displayed by quantum physicists and pure mathematicians. But hey, get the numbers right and everything else just slots into place. *Louis Pattison*

8

DOWNLOAD: 'Ice Cream', 'Wall Street', 'Sweetie & Shag'

Watch a track-by-track guide on NME.COM soon

TREVORMOSS & HANNAH-LOU

QUALITY FIRST, LAST & FOREVER!



HEAVENLY

Well golly-gee Dolly, what do we have here? A Mr & Mrs duo who traded in their city slacks for bumpkin pants; Trevor

Moss & Hannah-Lou's second album finds them escaping the big bad city for... *rural Kent*. And, despite this feeling like a minor issue (in light of the sun-kissed harmonies and cutesy guitar plucking) it's a problem we find hard to overcome. Not least of all because Hannah-Lou sounds like fellow reviewee Sophie Ellis-Bextor intoning the collected works of Boxcar Willie. Indeed, the whole thing spills over with the feeling of a north London folk massif getting together for a hoedown after a hearty sesh down the allotment. *Priya Elan*

DOWNLOAD: 'Big Water'

5

SOPHIE ELLIS-BEXTOR

MAKE A SCENE EBGBS



The sheer breadth of music covered on Sophie Ellis-Bextor's fourth album is, frankly, incredible. Still only 32, and with "the most memorable chart scuffle

since Britpop" under her belt (both accolades proudly mentioned in her latest press release, although we barely remembered that 'Groovejet...' was out at the same time as Victoria Beckham's first single), 'Make A Scene' sees her straddle a multitude of different genres. "Pop, disco, nu-disco and 1980s electronica," cries the accompanying written bumpf. Except... all the songs here sound pretty much the same, like 'Murder On The Dancefloor' put through a Calvin Harris filter. Needless to say, it's totally fucking rubbish. *Matt Wilkinson*

DOWNLOAD: Victoria Beckham, 'Out Of Your Mind'

2

THE RIDER

What we're reading and watching...



Game

Duke Nukem Forever

The long awaited follow-up to 1996's *Duke Nukem 3D* features more guns, more nudity, and more arse-spanking than its predecessor. That's worth waiting 15 years for, right?



Film

Senna

In his native Brazil, the late Formula 1 champion Ayrton Senna is revered as a saint, having been killed in a racing accident in 1994. This documentary traces his record-breaking career until that fatal moment.



DVD

127 Hours

Like epic films about survival, backed by similarly vast, boggling soundtracks? Look no further. James Franco plays a climber who gets sandwiched between, um, a rock and a hard place.

SINGLES

This week reviewed by
CHRIS TALBOT
of Wild Beasts



THE VACCINES

ALL IN WHITE COLUMBIA
For an act packaged firmly in the 'indie' bracket, I find The Vaccines a tad conservative to digest. And, rather like my feelings towards a certain political party, I can't invest much belief in what they do. But blame cannot be solely laid on The Vaccines for my indifference – their supply is here to satiate demand. And what I certainly can't deny them is the art of the guitar pop gem. This sees them tackle the '80s gloom epic, and it's executed with moody aplomb.

EXAMPLE

CHANGED THE WAY YOU KISS ME

MINISTRY OF SOUND
I first came across Example at Nasty Fest in Leeds in 2006 and didn't think he was up to much. Fast forward a few years and a change of tack, I was further dubious with that not-so-subtle shift into POP gear. What a shame for preconceptions that this is physically impossible to not love. It should do for Example what 'Bonkers' did for Dizzee. It's gloriously silly, catchy as hell and best summed up by some randomer on YouTube: "My neighbours phoned the cops because I was playing this too loud... they arrived and arrested my neighbour".

DEV

BASS DOWN LOW UNIVERSAL REPUBLIC

Girl vocal recorded mid-orgasm down the phone? Check. Cooking jargon as sexual metaphor ("Wanna get yo' mits in my oven?")? Check. And so

Hollywood's fascination with creating unsexy music continues apace with this piece of impotent guff. No idea who it's produced by, but it sounds like something Will.i.am shat out over breakfast, that then got nominated for four Grammys and bought him another big house (said the skint drummer). There's a lesson to be learned here...

TRIBES

WE WERE CHILDREN ISLAND

First The Beatles, then U2. Now please add Tribes to the list of bands who've played on rooftops to stunned passers-by, as seen in their promo video for this. It's fitting that said guerilla gig was in the spiritual home of Britpop that is Camden, as this wouldn't have been out of place propping up 'Wonderwall' in the charts in 1995. I'll afford them brownie points for bringing Camden to a standstill and annoying the shit out of the inhabitants.

KATY B

EASY PLEASE ME RINSE

Whatever Katy B is on, please send some this way. 'Easy Please Me' sees our intrepid dancefloor hero get (briefly) sidetracked from her never-ending party by some unwanted male attention. It's not a patch on 'Katy On A Mission' or 'Lights On' (though please remember, these were very VERY good), but there's more than enough euphoric production here bubbling away underneath to keep your inner gurner chewing the night away.

LIVE

NIKI & THE DOVE, WARRAINT

Edited by Emily Mackay



THESE NEW PURITANS

HEAVEN, LONDON WEDNESDAY, MAY 18

The band's only UK performance of the year offers tantalising glimpses of their trombone, vibraphone and – yes! – fado-assisted new direction

When you're diving for pearls as deep as These New Puritans, it's good to come up for air every now and again. Fresh from wheeling the big guns of 'Hidden' across the continent at the back end of 2010 (an experience frontman Jack Barnett likened to "steering a massive tanker"), the Southend doomsayers retreated into the shadows to pen its follow-up.

No small matter, since that record was a quite flabbergastingly good set, casting off the post-punk shackles to forge a new music drawing oddly persuasive lines between pastoral and modernist traditions. Now they're surfacing for a one-off show at Heaven with scaled-back ensemble in tow, offering fans a glimpse of the new material and a chance to hear 'Hidden' in a newly slimline guise (no

watermelons are harmed during the course of this gig, and the kids' choirs have all been packed off to bed).

Jack has also hinted the performance will be their only UK show this year, so expectations are running understandably high. The stage is set with the sound of cars bombing past and lights projecting a fierce, headlamp glare into the audience. From the off, it's clear that changes are afoot: keyboardist Sophie Sleigh-Johnson is an absentee, and the band are joined by a pair of bass trombonists and two vibraphonists, whose inclusion is immediately justified by the performance of an opening new song called 'Vibes'.

The track sounds like tentative steps

towards a new direction more than anything else, pitting interwoven, Steve Reich-ish vibraphone lines against soothing brass and a muttered vocal from Jack, who begins loosely plugging away at a bass guitar. Then we're straight

Jack is framed by the lights as he extends witchy fingers in dark-hearted rhapsody

into a blitzkrieg rendition of 'We Want War', whose gnostic dancehall sounds brilliantly sinister as ever, Jack framed excitingly by the lights as he extends witchy fingers in dark-hearted rhapsody.

The gunsmoke menace of 'Three Thousand' is tightly marshalled, and 'Hologram' sounds terrific, its smaller-

scale, warm-from-the cold feel perhaps the closest cousin of the two new tracks aired tonight — the second being '3rd Song – Royal Song', which sees Jack joined on vocals by a Portuguese fado singer in black dress. It opens ominously with gloomy gusts of brass, but then the weight seems to lift and the song becomes more of an ambient, mood composition. When the unnamed fadista starts singing with Jack, the effect is spine-tingling.

It's still more than a touch sinister, but light on the slo-mo convulsions that course through 'Hidden'. Better take a deep breath for now, though: These New Puritans are heading back to the depths. *Alex Denney*

THE SETLIST

- Vibes
- We Want War
- Three Thousand
- Hologram
- 3rd Song – Royal Song
- Orion
- Canticle
- Drum Courts – Where Corals Lie
- Infinity Ytinifni
- Attack Music
- 5
- Costume
- White Chords

The thing is,
she's not called
Niki. And he's
not a dove

LIVERPOOL SOUND CITY

VARIOUS VENUES, LIVERPOOL THURSDAY, MAY 19 – SUNDAY, MAY 21

A city with such a rich musical history is an ideal host for this event – in spite of the horrible weather

The format of this sort of event can often prove a little tiresome, and although the weather does little to encourage punters to venture out this weekend (high winds and heavy rain? Yum!), Sound City is buzzing nonetheless, the scope and variety of Liverpool's venues and the enthusiasm of its gig-goers ensuring it doesn't need to trade on its past glories as birthplace of legends. It starts off slowly on Thursday night, though, with local 'lectro-boffins Capac playing early doors to a Kazimier crowd that is, quite literally, grounded. It's a pity, as their 65daysofstatic doing-Friendly Fires shtick could be a real party-starter in four or five hours' time, when people are ready for the floor more in the Hot Chip

sense. Ditto **Ghosting Season**, a new alias of underappreciated Leeds based knob-twiddlers worriedaboutsatan, whose lively electronica takes a turn towards the Balearic before disappearing into twinkly post-rock guitar noise... and back again. Note to the delegates pulling ironic rave shapes: don't clap during the quiet bits, especially if your sense of timing is on a par with that of a ketamine-added baboon.

Things are warming up nicely by the time we arrive at Mojo for some good old-fashioned indie rock from **Pete & The Pirates**, whose eager, earnest delivery is simply impossible to hate. Never before have we encountered

a bass player who seems to be enjoying his band's endeavours more than every member of the audience combined – all the more impressive considering that, by and large, Pete and co go down a storm. There doesn't seem to be much musical progression between oldies (and goodies) like 'Knots' to latest single 'United', but, as the old adage goes, if it ain't broke...

Come Friday, on the other hand, a lot of things seem to be. We endure a near half hour of **Kurt Vile** and his Violators tuning up and complaining about the

monitors; earlier **Black Lips** are late arriving at The Masque, missing their soundcheck and spending the first few tunes wrestling with non-working microphones and generally sounding muddier than the average Glastonbury. When the overworked sound guy eventually lets them get into their stride, circa a riotous 'O Katrina', the crowd go predictably wild – and Liverpudlians, it turns out, go crazier for this band than most. 'Bad Kids' has certainly never sounded more appropriate than tonight.

Elsewhere, it's a case of contrasting fortunes for two of the city's own. **Clinic** play to a less-than-heaving Bombed Out Church (which is exactly what it says on the tin: the shell of a church that fell foul of the Luftwaffe in 1941, now a semi-outdoor gig space), but struggle to be

Liverpool doesn't need to trade on its past glories as birthplace of legends

Black Lips
finally get their
soundcheckPete and one
of his PiratesMiles Kane:
more than able
to entertain

heard due to the high winds; Miles Kane, meanwhile, wows a capacity St George's Hall with his high-octane, freakbeat-inspired rock and pop thrills. Playing most of recent solo debut 'Colour Of The Trap', Kane and his band look ridiculously assured in front of what must be the most partisan crowd of the festival. But what's that? Did someone mention the 'B' word? Needless to say, a rousing cover of The Fab Four's underappreciated 'Hey Bulldog' totally brings the house down.

The evening ends at the Kazimierz with something completely different: taking their cues more from Battles than The Beatles, London trio **Three Trapped Tigers** really unleash their inner animal tonight, perhaps feeling the need to prove something at their first ever

performance in a Liverpool venue. Whatever the motivation, we've seen this band several times over the last few years but never seen them thrill a crowd like this – arms are aloft, heads nod and cuts from debut album 'Route One Or Die' melt minds. The best time to see TTT, then, is around 2am: festival bookers, take note.

A good time to see **Lanterns On The Lake**, on the other hand, is when you're feeling a little fragile. Their early-ish Saturday slot at the O2 Academy 2, hosted by label Bella Union – a perfect home for this kind of thing – offers swooning melodies, gorgeous harmonies and gentle, brooding builds. They're the exact point that folk meets post-rock, and 'I Love You, Sleepyhead' is downright gorgeous. Over at the legendary Zanzibar venue, meanwhile, **Niki And The Dove's** spangly attire elicits a few puzzled expressions from some of the locals, but once the lights dim and 'The Fox's' tribal drums kick in, the room as one is left rapt. The Fever Ray comparisons are probably inevitable (they're Swedish and they make interesting, dark music), but only tell half the story: these are massive pop tunes that sound destined for far bigger stages than this. Montreal's **Braids** round off an eclectic evening with a mesmerising rendition of debut album 'Native Speaker' – it's the most innovative performance of the weekend, with every loop, whir and click lovingly recreated. 'Glass Deers' is a highlight, and, as the band build their textured soundscapes, underpinned by soaring, yelping vocal melodies, we can't help but feel we're falling hard for their Animal Collective channelling-Cocteau Twins stylings. It might not be the official Capital Of Culture any more, but who needs hollow, state-sponsored accolades when you've got a city that's as full of buzz, and as absent of industry cynicism, as this one? **Rob Webb**

OUR CONCERT COULD BE YOUR LIFE

BOWERY BALLROOM, NEW YORK CITY
SUNDAY, MAY 22

Going back to the '80s has never been so much fun

Ten years have passed since esteemed rock critic Michael Azerrad published *Our Band Could Be Your Life*, his seminal document of the vibrant American underground scene of the '80s. It was a book which both lionised the era's creativity, and hinted that similar things were still possible. While it might be a bit of a stretch to hold it solely responsible for the current rude health of independent music in the US, it's clear that tonight's wildly enthusiastic bands, contributors and punters didn't just read about the music in Azerrad's book, they committed themselves to it – just like the title invited them to. Over the course of four hours, each of the now legendary 13 bands featured in *OBCBYL* have two or three songs reinterpreted by the new generation. There are some obvious matches; New York noiseniks **Grooms**, for example, recreate Hüsker Dü's blitzkrieg of racket and melody with aplomb, while **Titus Andronicus** are obviously the rightful heirs to The Replacements' ramshackle, blue-collar punk. But in among there are some real, didn't-know-they-had-it-in-them style shocks that provide the evening's real highlights. Although **Dirty Projectors** first came to prominence by releasing an album of Black Flag covers, tonight finds a stripped-down version of the band

tearing through 'Rise Above' and 'Police Story' with the same kind of piss and vinegar that the Californian hardcore pioneers had in their prime. But the real bombshell comes courtesy of **St Vincent**, who drops her doe-eyed elegance to recreate the brutality and misanthropy of Big Black. And what a job she does. Watching mainwoman Annie Clark viciously strangling her guitar and channelling Steve Albini's lyrical bile during 'Kerosene' is a revelation of biblical proportions, and the sustained applause that follows is out of shock more than awe. Proof that it's always the quiet ones.

After the subjects of the book are dispatched, an all-star line-up return to the stage to pay an apt tribute to Nirvana – the band who bridged the gap between the underground community and the rest of the world at the start of the '90s. As electro nutjob **Dan Deacon** leads a version of 'Negative Creep' and **Titus Andronicus'** singer Patrick Stickles howls his version of 'Sliver', Azerrad himself gets into the crowdsurfing spirit and is carried aloft by the punters alongside all the other blasted punk rockers. It's that kind of night. The '80s are long gone but, as *Our Concert Could Be Your Life* shows, we're all still in this together. **Hardeep Phull**

St Vincent
sings it loud,
she's Big Black
and proud

Big Deal love it when there's peanut butter on the mics



STAG AND DAGGER

LONDON AND GLASGOW, MAY 19-21

A surprisingly vital cross-city festival, with some of the noisiest, dreamiest new bands around

LONDON, THURSDAY 19

Stag And Dagger is one of approximately three million multi-venue, big-bill trot-arounds that have emerged in the UK over the last few years. Sometimes with these mini-festivals the impression can be of something more perfunctory than celebratory. Tonight, though, the swooning, cacophonous Echo Lake immediately make things more special, gathering up your earliest teenage memories before taking the questionable decision to put Kevin Shields *in loco parentis*. It's a risk that pays off, the sweetness in Linda Jarvis' throat surviving the quintet's jet-engine roar.

A brief mosey into earshot of ATP long-hair Alexander Tucker finds him (unsurprisingly) stuck in the middle of a droning loop, but Becoming Real is far less loyal to his circling rhythms, dashing them in and out of each other, the Ocarina of Time as experienced through a shattered MIDI lens.

Up the road at CAMP, Big Deal might initially seem more boring than Sealand will be once it's won sovereignty, but bear

with them and a quiet charm emerges from their ballads. It's not the ending the night needs, though, and Eagulls do it better, their enthusiastic blaring landing somewhere between The Cribbs and Buzzcocks and pigs having a fuck.

Kev Kharas

GLASGOW, SATURDAY 21

The Glasgow leg of Stag And Dagger kicks off with Falmouth's Tall Ships, who make what we can only (and rather clumsily) describe as math-pop for post-rockers, a dizzy, defiantly lo-fi racket that sounds like it forgot to tie its shoelaces this morning, albeit in the best possible way. Ghostpoet's stage banter about deep-fried Mars bars over at the Art School might revert lazily to type, but thankfully his dark, melancholic brand of jazz and electronic-a-tinged hip-hop doesn't. Local hopes Veronica Falls, meanwhile, might be so fey that a gusty fart would blow them into next week, but though their keening brand of boy-girl C86 indie is nothing new, exactly, it does harken back to their

hometown's long tradition for this sort of stuff, and their 30 flowery minutes of neo-nostalgia is actually pretty brilliant.

Over at the Oz ABC, Warpaint's brooding, rhythmic psychedelia pulls in the numbers, even if their set feels slightly curtailed, you sense you're not quite getting the full freaky experience, although we do get a new tune for our troubles, a lighter, groove-driven number that remains unnamed. And finally, Sons And Daughters' overdue return brings events to a close, showcasing their soon-to-be-released new album 'Mirror Mirror'. Despite a few subtle electronic undertones, their sound remains basically unchanged – one song, 'Rose Red', is even about Glaswegian serial killer Bible John – but that's not necessarily a bad thing. And

guitarist Scott Paterson's willingness to dispense with the pleasantries is certainly refreshing. "We don't do the whole take encore thing so don't bother waiting around," he tells the crowd. "We've got two songs left, I hope it's the two you want to hear." The two songs in question? 'Johnny Cash' and 'Dance Me In'. Result. *Barry Nicolson*





FRIENDS OF MINE FESTIVAL

CAPESTHORNE HALL, CHESHIRE
SATURDAY, MAY 21 - SUNDAY, MAY 22

Charlatan Tim Burgess curates an exuberant weekend that has the WAG suburbs rattling

Wearing designer wellies and tweed jackets isn't out of the ordinary in this affluent area of Cheshire. Noticeably absent this weekend, though, are the groups of Premier League footballers and their over-groomed girlfriends, exchanged instead for almost 7,000 festival-goers and 120 bands.

Kong keep the atmosphere freshly punked, offering hay fever relief by filling nasal cavities with the stench of Jack Daniel's. Blasting out 'Ribbons' at 30 decibels higher than the sound engineer would appreciate, they're vital contenders for Manchester's most disobediently brilliant band. Fiction's new wave beats on the other hand create an eccentric ambience and Dutch Uncles' awkward frontman Duncan Wallis unleashes signature angular shapes during new single 'X-O'.

Cherry Ghost deliver predictable washout indie that never reaches any conclusion while, decades older, Buzzcocks rip up the stage with their anthems.

Glaswegian experimentalists The Phantom Band don't grab the moment on offer, instead

drifting between songs such as 'A Glamour' and 'O' like lost souls, leaving a disappointed air in the tent. Saturday headliners The Cribs have no such problem, and a playful Ryan Jarman even warns, "Don't believe everything you read; this one is for Johnny" before 'I've Tried Everything'. Tonight, Nine Black Alps' David Jones fills the Marr void, most notably on 'Men's Needs'.

Come Sunday, South Carolina's diluted geek chic-er Toro Y Moi keeps the pending thunderstorm at bay with a chatty and ultra-slick chillwave session. 'New Bear' even gets club vibes in daylight hours. Yuck, meanwhile, momentarily turn a cold field into a sun-drenched highway with 'Get Away' and 'Georgia', cooking up a welcome hit of grungy feedback.

A Certain Ratio bring the funk in support of The Fall. Sometimes, The Fall work brilliantly, but tonight they miss the mark like a drunken golfer trying to hit a peanut.

Wearing a cravat doesn't help Mark E Smith fool anyone when it comes to vocal coherency, and everyone within hearing distance feels a bit awkward. Still, at least there's not a WAG in sight...
Kelly Murray



TOM MARTIN, WIREIMAGE

NME PROMOTION

YOUNG REBEL SET

DIVE BAR, June 3



Now that we're on the cusp of summer, it's time to kick back, relax and take in some of the best new live music around

With this in mind, Selfridges is teaming up with some of the UK's best new bands to see in the warm weather and help raise awareness of Project Ocean, which aims to keep the world's oceans in tip-top shape. The likes of Spark, Bones and The Sounds have already graced the stage at London's Dive Bar for the campaign, and now it's the turn of Stockton-On-Tees' finest, Young Rebel Set. The seven piece will play the snazzy

venue (which is on lower ground at Selfridges on Oxford Street) on June 3, and by doing so they'll be showing their support for keeping our oceans sustainable, clean and full of life. The gig is a great way of helping an important cause... plus you'll receive a complimentary Russian Standard vodka cocktail on entry as the perfect start to your weekend before you head to Club NME at Camden's Koko later in the evening!

For more information check out:

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*Vodka cocktail from Selfridges at the event. Entry is strictly for persons aged 18 and over. ID must be required.



ON THE ROAD WITH CULTS

Got these New Yorkers down as cutesy? Think again as they gatecrash parties, down whisky, smoke a massive bifter and hit the Red Light District – all before the Apocalypse hits

MASQUE, LIVERPOOL, FRIDAY, MAY 20

"Are you ready to be Raptured?!" bellows singer Madeline Follin at her bandmates, loafing up one of Liverpool's cobbled hills. Tomorrow we're all going to hell – that is, according to 89-year-old Harold Camping, a "self-styled expert in the scriptures" (read: nutjob) trying to beat Nostradamus at *End Of Days Top Trumps*. Thousands of miles away in California, crowds of fruitcakes roam the streets, vainly eyeing the clouds in the hope of becoming one of Jesus' chosen ones. Here in Liverpool, the streets are bustling with those in search of slightly saner salvation as part of Sound City.

We roll into Baa Bar, a classy establishment where sticky shooters cost £1 and the clientele are "sly dogs and foxy ladies", according to a sign. Madeline spins the wheel of (mis)fortune, and decides to order the boys some grim, coagulated shooters: the Jellyfish for other bandhalf Brian Oblivion and the Heaven & Hell for Marc. "Man, that's appropriate for today," drummer Marc boggles, watching red grenadine form a lumpy inferno with Baileys. The bar's dead, so the band venture upstairs only to inadvertently crash a sad 18th birthday party – genders sat separately while the birthday boy's lacquered-haired mother eyeballs for inappropriate handholding. On seeing the entertainment arrive – another girl-boy duo, these rather more resembling the inbreds from *Same Difference* – the band are so amused that we have to return to the venue, where reliable tour manager Johnny has wangled them halves on a dressing room with Black Lips. The presently AWOL Atlanta punks (on in just over an hour) would be less than impressed with how Cults use their quarters: smoking out of the window and politely wondering how much of their rider they can drink.

Anxious anarchy abandoned, it's stage time. For all that critics have pegged Cults as a super cutesy twosome, there's tons more drama in their show than your average doe-eyed bliss, Madeline roaring like a woman rattled by the cads who stole her



heart, smashed it to bits, then tried to glue it back together with used chewing gum and empty promises. 'You Know What I Mean' is the heartbreaker with its helpless refrain, "Please come and save me/Tell me what's wrong with my brain" playing over a '80s prom slow dance dream.

Afterwards, NME finds Madeline getting a lecture from Black Lips' Cole Alexander on how to score drugs at Primavera. Dressing room karma: restored. Then it's a drunken stumble to Kazimierz to catch Kurt Vile, where it's so rammed that there's little choice but to hit the bar, knocking back shots until the realisation dawns that we have to be up at silly o'clock to fly to Amsterdam.

PARADISO, AMSTERDAM, SATURDAY, MAY 21

Short of plummeting to the ground thanks to a pre-Rapturous God's ire, the budget airline flight couldn't be any more terrifying. Clearly we need whisky, and

seven hours away. Bummer. Apocalypse pending, Cults hit the boards. The fractured discoball lights make the sense that we're trapped in some timeless school dance hard to shake, Madeline acting up the thwarted sadness in the verse of 'Go Outside' – to which the spectating Dutch kids know every word – in contrast with Brian's louche lines. "This is our last song guys, we gotta go be typical Americans and get super stoned!" he proclaims before 'Oh My God', which undermines the unnerving appropriateness of being in the global capital of sin on Judgement Day with Madeline's weary line, "I'm so tired of all these old suspicions".

True to Brian's word, we tiptoe our way around lakes of piss to Bulldog, the cheesiest coffeehouse in the city. A bifter as thick as a baby's thigh duly smoked, the Red Light District beckons. When in Amsterdam for the first time, eh? "I don't wanna be this high when the world ends, man," drawls guitarist Gabe, as Johnny teaches us the way of brothel windows: red light signals girl, blue indicates tranny. Being the ever-responsible tour manager, he tries to discourage the idea of going to a sex show. "It's all a bit cold and mechanical," he says. "But that's exactly what I want!" says Madeline. The cover charges are too high, so Brian offers to pay Gabe \$10 to get his bumhole licked. Madeline jokes about his "dingleberries" and duly grosses herself out to the extent that she starts dry-wretching and then pukes. It's quite impressive. Things briefly turn nasty when a tracksuited dickhead pulls Brian's long hair and spits, "Hey, you fucking gay" in his face. "It happens all the time back home," he explains later.

We dart into what turns out to be a gay bar, where Marc attracts the ardour/contempt of a departing customer who passes him a tampon: "Is that some kind of come-on?" The seventh circle of hell didn't swallow the world tonight – and if two days on the razz with Cults have taught us anything, it's that the idea of heaven and hell isn't so clean cut – but it's there in the cavernous pits of everyone's pupils right about now. Nate brings over the weekend's umpteenth round of whisky, which the indomitable Brian knocks back instantly. "This is my proudest moment," he says, sounding seven million light years away. "If the world ends and you want to remember me, remember me as I am right now." *Laura Snapes*

VIEW FROM THE REW



Johnny, tour manager

"They're incredibly nice people. It is a little bit like herding cats, though! They never want to go to bed early – like all young bands, they're worried that they'll miss something! They're quite easy to work with – I've tour-managed Killing Joke, who were probably the hardest..."



Liverpool, Friday, 6pm
Bands: ostracising drummers (see Marc, far right) since 1952



Liverpool, Friday, 6.45pm
Phinkles out for a round of Sassy Bitches 'n' Jellyfishes



Liverpool, Friday, 7pm
Cults blend disturbingly easily into this coven of long-locked WAGs



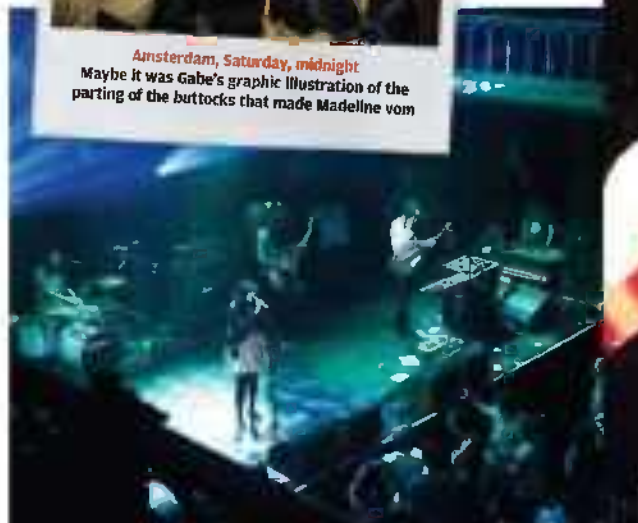
In Night, Saturday, 1pm
Gabe's knuckledusters: dangerous and alcoholic



Amsterdam, Saturday, 7pm
In the rock'n'roll hotel bar. Note the drum tight fixtures, signed by The Drums



Amsterdam, Saturday, midnight
Maybe it was Gabe's graphic illustration of the parting of the buttocks that made Madeline vomit



Amsterdam, Saturday, 9pm
The contents of Madeline's stomach were still safely in their right place at this point



Liverpool, Friday, 5.45pm
"Is that the start of the Rapture? No, it's just local hellhole the Crazyhouse."



Liverpool, Saturday, 10am
Brian: "I think we're going to need a bigger plane"



Liverpool, Friday, 9pm
Madeline's singing teacher once told her she didn't open her mouth wide enough (true story). So she ate him



Liverpool, Friday, 11.40pm
EAT IT, Carol Smille



Amsterdam, Saturday, 9.15pm
Now there's a man who knows the meaning of good conditioner



Amsterdam, Saturday, 11.30pm
Right now, Brian and Madeline's pupils are deeper than that canal

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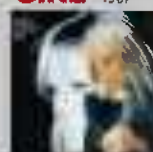
COLLECTORS' CORNER

THE VELVET UNDERGROUND

*Call yourself a super fan? Here are the five things
no VU obsessive should be without*



NICO - 'CHELSEA GIRL' 1967



First album
from the
German
singer,
who
collaborated

with the Velvets on some
of the most famous songs
from their acclaimed debut
album. John Cale, Lou Reed
and Sterling Morrison all
help out on this - there's
even a version of Reed's
'Wrap Your Troubles In
Dreams', which was originally
recorded as a VU song.

'THE VELVET UNDERGROUND' 1969



The group's
overlooked
third album
was the first
without
John Cale.

With his replacement Doug
Yuile the band moved towards
a softer, less abrasive sound
than the first two records.
The LP is dominated by
straight ballads such as
'Pale Blue Eyes', 'Candy
Says' and 'I'm Set Free', but
it also features one of their
most bizarre songs, 'The
Murder Mystery'.

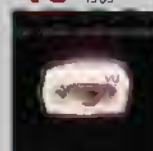
'1969: VELVET UNDERGROUND LIVE' 1974



This
compilation
of songs
performed
on the
band's 1969

tour of the US and Canada
features many of their
biggest numbers, but
performed in a completely
different way to the studio
recordings. It includes a
country esque take on 'I'm
Waiting For The Man'
and vastly extended versions
of 'White Light/White Heat'
and 'What Goes On'.

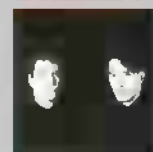
'VU' 1985



A set of
previously
unreleased
material
which was
discovered

in the early '80s. Features
many fan favourites,
including 'Foggy Notion' and
the Moe Tucker sung 'I'm
Sticking With You', as well as
a host of songs Lou Reed used
for solo albums, such as the
epic 'Ocean' and propulsive
rockers 'I Can't Stand It'.

LOU REED & JOHN CALE 'SONGS FOR DRELLA' 1990



Cale and
Reed finally
team up
again to pay
sumptuous
tribute to

The Velvet Underground's
former mentor Andy Warhol,
who died suddenly in 1987. By
the end of the recording of
this 'song cycle' Cale vowed
never to work with Reed
again - however, three years
later The Velvet Underground
reunited for an ill-fated
reunion tour.

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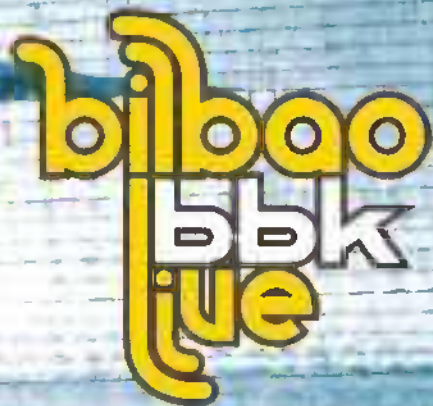
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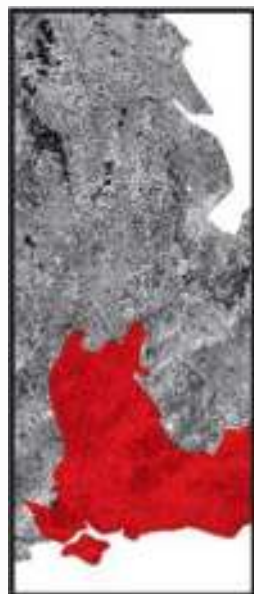
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BOOKING NOW



BON IVER

STARTS: O2 Apollo Manchester, Oct 19

DON'T MISS

The Bon Iver you thought you know is gone, as ephemeral as the frosty season of the band's name. Although Bon Iver is more than just Justin Vernon, in some respects he's all that matters: the winter of discontent of 'For Emma, Forever Ago' was his heartbreak, and it was his heart-chilling falsetto that moved out of that fabled cabin in the woods and into the world of Kanye guest vocal spots and joining Gayngs' smooth rock panto. After 'For Emma...', it didn't seem unreasonable to doubt whether Vernon would, or could, do it again, and it'll be a relief to many that 'Bon Iver' doesn't try to recreate that spectral specialness; instead, it's filled with a litany of muted civil war horns, Auto-Tune, and err, e-piano that sounds a bit like the *Baywatch* theme tune. Get ready to readjust.
NME.COM/artists/bon-iver



CLOUD CONTROL

STARTS: London Social, June 14

The Aussie fuzzlings hole up for four dates, bringing Cymbals, Big Deal, Alpines and Dry The River along too.
NME.COM/artists/cloud-control



HOP FARM

STARTS: Hop Farm, Kent, July 3

This festival's turning into the stuff of legend: now Prince joins Morrissey, The Eagles, Lou Reed, Iggy and more down on the farm.
NME.COM/festivals



LATITUDE

STARTS: Henham Park, Suffolk, July 15

Carl Barat, The Walkmen, Cloud Control, Grouplove (above) and Adam Ant snuggle up to headliners Suede and The National.
NME.COM/festivals



THE MACCABEES

STARTS: Portsmouth Wedgewood Rooms, Aug 8

The band warm up for Summer Sundae and Bestival with a one-off date.
NME.COM/artists/the-maccabees



DEFTONES

STARTS: O2 Shepherds Bush Empire, London, Aug 24

The Sacramento metallers warm up for Reading And Leeds with a one-off date in the capital.
NME.COM/artists/deftones



HARD ROCK CALLING

STARTS: London Hyde Park, June 24

Kaiser Chiefs are back, playing below headliners The Killers (above). You remember the words to 'Na Na Na Na Naa', right?
NME.COM/festivals



DJ SHADOW

STARTS: London Village Underground, Sep 7

The acclaimed producer releases new album 'The Less You Know The Better' in September. Hear it here.
NME.COM/artists/dj-shadow



BRETT ANDERSON

STARTS: Manchester Club Academy, Oct 11

Suede's frontman breaks away from the fold to release a "restless, noisy and dynamic" solo album.
NME.COM/artists/brett-anderson



THE ANTLERS

STARTS: Brighton Concorde 2, Nov 8

One of Brooklyn's more miserable bands bring their hip brand of melancholy to our shores.
NME.COM/artists/the-antlers



CONSTELLATIONS

STARTS: Leeds University, Nov 12

The one-day festival announces Wild Beasts (above) as headliner, with Yuck and The Antlers also confirmed to play.
NME.COM/festivals



ATP NIGHTMARE BEFORE CHRISTMAS

STARTS: Minehead Butlins, Dec 9

The Battles/Caribou/Les Savy Fav-curated ATP bill grows ever longer.
NME.COM/festivals



EXPLOSIONS IN THE SKY

STARTS: O2 Academy Brixton, Jan 27

The Texas post-rockers play their biggest UK headline show to date.
NME.COM/artists/explosions-in-the-sky

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PICK of the WEEK

What to see this week? Let us help



KINGS OF LEON

STARTS: The O2, London, June 1

NME
PICK

So, after pigeon-gate, hating-each-other-gate, and fifth-album-getting-fairly-shit-reviews-gate, it would seem that the star of those nice boys from Nashville has waned somewhat. At least, in the critics' eyes, anyway. It's easy to be sneery about Kings Of Leon – and with good reason a lot of the time (see: the video for 'Radioactive') – but there's something about selling out megadomes like The O2 that you can't argue with too vehemently. Clearly the boys are doing something right, eh? And there's something about their comeback this summer that rings a little truer than previous attempts – the gnarly revelations of *Tallfina Sky* means there will be nowhere for the band to hide, no glossing over the cracks or fobbing off fans with half-arsed performances because they've done the grunt work by selling the place out. The sense that Kings Of Leon know they've got something to prove is palpable.

NME.COM/artists/kings-of-leon



Everyone's Talking About KAISER CHIEFS

STARTS: Falmouth Princess Pavilion, June 7
Yes, you read that correctly. Kaiser Chiefs – Leeds boys to the core – are debuting material from their fourth LP in the sleepy Cornish town of Falmouth. A strange tactic indeed – is it two fingers up to the critics who maligned 'Off With Their Heads'? Or maybe Peanut just fancies a swim?
NME.COM/artists/kaiser-chiefs



Don't Miss THE DARKNESS

STARTS: Norwich Waterfront, June 5
We're not daft. This isn't about any vain hope that Justin and co will have written some amazing new songs (though there is said to be a new album forthcoming – erk!). More that in an age of seriousface bands, it sounds like top larks to see The Darkness back and offending arbiters of good taste.
NME.COM/artists/the-darkness



Radar Stars MICHAEL KIWANUKA

STARTS: London Social, June 7
Pastiche: it's a difficult line to toe. Duffy, no. Adele, yes. Rumer, hell no. Michael Kiwanuka, *hell yes*. Communion's new poster boy sounds like Bill Withers getting Gil Scott-Heron to chill out and watch the *Woodstock* documentary with him. You'd be a churl not to enjoy.
NME.COM/artists/newmusic

WEDNESDAY

June 1

ABERDEEN

Francesca Cafe Drummond
01224 624642
Jonah Matranga/Mike J Reds/
Falling Into Difference The Tunnels
01224 211121
Kan Lemon Tree 01224 642230

BATH

The Heartbreaks Moles
01225 404445
Songs From The Howling Sea/Tracy
Jane Sullivan/The Edsel Furys
Green Park Tavern 01225 400050

BEDFORD

Tom Hingley Esquires 01234 340120

BIRMINGHAM

Adam Ant O2 Academy 0870 771 2000
Anals Mitchell Hare & Hounds
0121 444 2081
Kate McGill Rainbow 0121 772 8174
Slim Fit Gym KIL/Dutch Cousin/Jet
Pack O2 Academy 3 0870 771 2000

BIRMINGHAM

Robyn Hitchcock Komedia
01273 647100

BRISTOL

Charles Hayward/Capillary Action
Croft Room 2 0117 987 4144
The Duke Spirit/The Computers
Thekla 08713 100000
Futures O2 Academy 2
0870 771 2000
Jace Everett St Bonaventure
0117 929 9008
Nalsian/Tree Of Sores/Immersed
Earth Croft 0117 987 4144

CAMBRIDGE

David Thomas Broughton/Padang
Food Tigers/Joe Rubini Portland
Arms 01223 357268

CARDIFF

Crossbreaker/Basement Clwb Ifor
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029 2022 4488
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029 2031 1050
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Jenkins Arts Institute 0871 230 1094

EDINBURGH

Eagleowl Voodoo Rooms
0131 556 7060
James Blake Liquid Room
0131 225 2564

EXETER

We Are Scientists/Tail Ships
University 01392 263519

GATESHEAD

David Gray Sage Arena
0870 703 4555

GLASGOW

Chris T-T 13th Note Cafe 0141 553 1638
Gideon Conn Stereo 0141 576 5018
Gregory Alan Isakov Brel
0141 342 4966
JKLMMO Bloc 0141 574 6066
Zulu People/The Gun Street Few/
We Came From The Sea Capitol
0141 331 0140

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Devon Sproule Brudenell Social Club
0113 243 5866
Disappears Brudenell Social Club
0113 243 5866
Eradication/Release The Kraken The
Well 0113 2440 474
Pengillys/Paul Thomas Saunders/
Films Left Bank 07869 107647

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Benjamin Francis Leftwich Kazmier
0871 230 1094

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Band 93 Feet East 020 7247 6095
Bobby Long 100 Club 020 7636 0933
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0871 230 1094
Chris Cunningham/16bit/Factory
Floor Roundhouse 020 7482 7318
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Dananananaykroyd/Young
Legionnaire Hoxton Square Bar & Grill
020 7613 0709
D:Ream O2 Academy Islington
0870 771 2000
Emmylou Harris Royal Festival Hall
020 7960 4242
Eric Clapton/Steve Winwood Royal
Albert Hall 020 7589 8212
Ethnamorte/Bogong In Action/
Common Deflection Problems
Purple Turtle 020 7383 4976

The Fall KOKO 020 7388 3222

Fennel Seeds Nambucca
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020 7739 5095
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020 7729 5959
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Ducktails CAMP Basement
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Kunt & The Gang New Cross Inn
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Louis Elliot/Crowns/Thomas J
Speight The Bowery 020 7580 3057
Saml Yusuf O2 Shepherds Bush
Empire 0870 771 2000
Set Your Goals/A Loss For Words/
This Time Next Year Underworld
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THURSDAY

June 2



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Brudenell Social
Club, Leeds

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Green Park Tavern 01225 400050

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Pololoupe Flapper 0121 236 2421

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01202 503888

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01273 608313

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Act Of Lunacy/Becoming Rome/
Your Last Breath Croft Room 2
0117 987 4144

Disappears/Sleeping States Cube
Cinema 0117 907 4190

The Kills Anson Rooms
0117 954 5810

Milk Kan Thekla 08713 100000

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O Children MacBeth 020 7739 5095

The Phoenix Foundation Scala
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Red Kite Bull & Gate 020 7485 5358

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Michael Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773

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Sterling Hayden/Jeffrey Kino/
Get People Trinity Arts Centre
01892 525111

WOLVERHAMPTON
The Jokers Slide Room
0870 320 7000

FRIDAY

June 3

ABERDEEN

All Mankind The Tunnels 01224 211121

Cults The Tunnels 01224 211121

Hedgehog Pie Lemon Tree
01224 642230

BATH

Billy Bragg/Michael Roach/
Johnny Mars Blues Band Pavilion
01225 447770

Port Erin/Black Rat/Outlet Rebellion
Green Park Tavern 01225 400050

BELFAST

Charles Hayward/Capillary Action
Borge 028 9023 2555

Declan O'Rourke Errigle Inn
028 9064 1410

The Pains Of Being Pure At Heart
Stiff Kitten 028 90238700

3OH3/Innerpartysystem Queens
University 028 9097 3106

BIRMINGHAM

Benjamin Francis Leftwich HMV
Institute 0844 248 5037

Forever Fallen O2 Academy 3
0870 771 2000

BOURNEMOUTH

Mark Morris Champions
01202 757 000

BRIGATON

Battles Concorde 2 01273 673311

Clark/Bibio Concorde 2 01273 673311

The Duke Spirit/The Computers
Audio 01273 624343

BRISTOL

Black Magic Woman Fleece
0117 945 0996

Dubblehead Thunderbolt
07791 319 614

Jamie Woon Anson Rooms
0117 954 5810

The Phantom Quartet O2 Academy 2
0870 771 2000

Redhouse Old Tavern 0117 965 3035

Six Organs Of Admittance/Thought
Forms Cube Cinema 0117 907 4190

Termites/This Is My Normal State/
Gills Gills Croft 0117 987 4144

CAMBRIDGE

Futures/Lower Than Atlantis
Haymakers 01223 367417

CARDIFF

King Louis Collective/They Say
Jump The Globe 07738 983947

Sparrow & The Workshop/
Meursault/Zervas & Pepper Clwb
Ifor Bach 029 2023 2199

CARLISLE

Francesca Brickyard 01228 512220

DUNDEE

Wolf Gang/Kyla La Grange Beat
Generator 01382 229226

EDINBURGH

Carnivores/Atlas Sneaky Pete's
0131 225 1757

Rick Wakeman Bongo Club
0131 558 7604

GATESHEAD

Vendetta Three Tuns 0191 487 0666

GLASGOW

Danananaykroyd/Young
Legionnaire Ivy 0141 221 1144

Devon Sproule Centre For
Contemporary Arts 0141 352 4900

Ducktails/Julian Lynch/Big Troubles
Captain's Rest 0141 331 2722

The Indellcates 13th Note Cafe
0141 553 1638

Jace Everett King Tut's Wah Wah Hut
0141 221 5279

Phosphorescent Stereo 0141 576 5018

Texas Barrowlands 0141 552 4601

GLOUCESTER

The Subways Guildhall Arts Centre
01452 503050

LEEDS

Belle & Sebastian O2 Academy
0870 771 2000

LEICESTER

Black Market Empire/Panda Youth
Musician 0116 251 0080

The Heartbreaks Soundhouse
07830 425555

LIVERPOOL

D:Ream O2 Academy 0870 771 2000

The Moons Shipping Forecast
0871 230 1094

Mugstar/Conan Kazimier
0871 230 1094

LONDON

Africa Hitech CAMP Basement
0871 230 1094

Art Brut The Lexington 020 7837 5387

Axis Of/Kill Gollath/Airight The
Captain Dogstar 020 7733 7515

The Black Hats Hope & Anchor
020 7354 1312

Cash O2 Academy 2 Islington
0870 771 2000

CW Stoneking Union Chapel
020 7226 1686

Donovan Royal Albert Hall
020 7589 8212



Emalkay/French Fries/Mr Mafo
Nest 020 7354 9993

Envy Assured/All New Exiles
Underworld 020 7482 1932

Four Dead In Ohio Barfly
0870 907 0999

The Hans Commission Cargo
0207 749 7840

The Kills Roundhouse 020 7482 7318

KD Lang Royal Festival Hall
020 7960 4242

Louder Than Fuck Garage (Upstairs)
0871 230 1094

Low Barbican Centre 020 7638 8891

Milk Kan 12 Bar Club 020 7240 2622

The Pharoahs/Tigers That Talked
Old Blue Last 020 7613 2478

Redeye 229 Club 020 7631 8310

Richard Muller KOKO 020 7388 3222

Robyn Hitchcock/The Imaginary
Band Garage 020 7607 1818

The Scapegoats/The Merry Gang/
Circle of Fear St Matthew's Church
Shaun Ryder/Dixie Proud2

Sunburned Hand of the Man Cafe
Oto 0871 230 1094

Turn Off The Radio The Victoria
0871 230 1094

Two Door Cinema Club O2 Academy
Brixton 0870 771 2000



Veto Club NME @ Koko 0870 4325527

Vitrolic/Stumble Dublin Castle
020 7485 1773

MANCHESTER
David Gray Bridgewater Hall
0161 907 9000

Day For Airstrikes/Easter/Emperor
Zero Fuel Cafe 0161 448 9702

Duran Duran Evening News Arena
0161 950 5000

The Fall Moho Live 0161 834 8180

Giggs Sound Control 0161 236 0340

House Of Three Hands/16-Bit
Revival/Grounds Academy 4
0161 832 1111

Punk Bunny/Black Barble/Penelope
Edmund Islington Mill 0871 230 1094

System Fault Academy 3
0161 832 1111

Take That/Pet Shop Boys City Of
Manchester Stadium 0161 828 1200

NEWCASTLE
The Fishing Party/The Biltz/Dirty
Bastards Dog & Parrot 0191 261 6998

Johnny Baboon Band Cluny
0191 230 4474

The Langtalls/Zero Error/
Your Addiction O2 Academy 2
0870 771 2000

The Proper Boys Black Bull
0191 414 2846

NOTTINGHAM
Adam Bomb Rock City 08713 100000

Cara Dillon Glee Club 0871 472 0400

The Meteors Old Angel Inn
0115 947 6735

The Score Tap & Tumbler
0115 941 3414

OXFORD
Jimmy Screech Cellar 01865 244761

PORTSMOUTH
Pete MacLeod/Forest Floors/
The Magic Mushrooms Cellars
0871 230 1094

PRESTON
Jon Fratelli 53 Degrees
01772 893 000

READING
Gunshot Straight/Ed Lofsted Town
Hall 0118 939 9809

My Passion Face Bar 0118 956 8188

SHEFFIELD
Elephant Keys/Salvo Plug
0114 276 7093

November Coming Fire Corporation
0114 276 0262

SWANSEA
The Dangerous Summer Sin City
01792654226

TRURO
The Bloogs/Retrospective
Soundtrack Players B-Side
01872 241220

TUNBRIDGE WELLS
Mallory Knox/Lost In Colour The
Forum 08712 777101

YORK
Jonah Matranga/Mikee J Reds/
Falling Into Difference Basement
01904 612 940

Paolo Nutini/Josephine Barbican
Centre 01904 656688

SATURDAY

June 4

ABERDEEN

Copy Haho/Jullan Lynch/Ducktails
The Tunnels 01224 211121
Devon Sproule/The Unmarked
Animals Lemon Tree 01224 642230

BATH

Hoopy Frood/Jeanne Weston/
Barnaby B-B Green Park Tavern
01225 400050

BELFAST

Ben Klock Stiff Kitten 028 90238700

BIRMINGHAM

Jamie Woon HMV Institute
0844 248 5037
Musgraves/The New Root/
Nasby Crossing O2 Academy 3
0870 771 2000
You Me At Six O2 Academy 2
0870 771 2000

BOURNEMOUTH

The Dangerous Summer Ibar
01202 209727

BRIGHTON

Futures Audio 01273 624343
Shrag Green Door Store
07894 267 053
Syd Arthur The Hope 01273 723 568

BRISTOL

Ancient Ascendant/A Plague Of
Deception/Merihim Croft Room 2
0117 987 4144

Angel Up Front Anchor 01275 372253
The Art Department Motion Ramp
Park 01179 723111

Chase And Status/Example/
Redlight & Dread MC/Annie Mac/
Yasmin We The People

Frank Fairfield/World Unknown/
My Two Toms Cube Cinema
0117 907 4190

Herman Dune/Lail Arad Thekla
08713 100000

The Meteors/Dragester/Pussycat
& The Dirty Johnsons Fleece
0117 945 0996

Million Way Mr Wolf's 0117 927 3221
The Moons/Tom Newman The
Lanes 0117 325 1979

Sparrow & The Workshop/An Axe
Louisiana 0117 911 5978

The Winchell Riots Croft
0117 987 4144

CAMBRIDGE

Boomslang Junction 01223 511511

CARDIFF

The Subways Millennium Music Hall
029 2040 2000

DUNDEE

Maxwell's Dead Beat Generator
01382 229226

GATESHEAD

Diamond Dogs Three Tuns
0191 487 0666

GLASGOW

Benjamin Francis Leftwich Classic
Grand 0141 847 0820

Blind Watchmakers O2 ABC2
0141 20 5151

Deathkill 4000 Bar Bloc
0141 544 6066

Neil Davidson/Buffalo Buffalo
Buffalo Buffalo Buffalo/Norma
Centre For Contemporary Arts

0141 552 4900
Song Of Return The Arches

0141 552 1000
White Heath/Woodenbox With A

Fistful Of Flvers/The French Wives
Orin Mor 0141 552 9224

Wolf Gang/Kyla La Grange King
Tur's Wah Wah Hut 0141 221 5279



As part of
our campaign
to find Britain's
Best Small
Venue, we're

asking bands to nominate theirs.
This week, Mark Thomas from
Islet explains why he loves Club
Ifor Bach in Cardiff



What's so amazing about
Club Ifor Bach?

"It's a Cardiff institution - it
opened in the early '80s. It
is slap bang in the middle
of town and has always
maintained a refreshing
emphasis on getting a top-
quality sound."

Why is it important - to
you, and on a local level?

"We did our first Islet gig
there in the downstairs space,
and over the years we have
put on many Shape Records
gigs there for record launch
parties. It's very important
to the Cardiff music scene
because it is the main venue
in the centre of town, and
it has a major focus on
hosting Welsh language acts
and nights."

How many times have
you played there?

"A lot! More than 20 times
in various bands. Already
in Islet we've played there
about seven times, I think.
It is a great place to play as
you always feel 'proper'."

Has Mark's
contact lens
fallen under
his drumkit?



Who else have you seen
play there?

"Hundreds of acts! My
personal highlights would
probably be Caribou, Yacht,
Gruff Rhys, British Sea Power
and Foals. The one I always
wish I'd been to - which some
of my friends went to - is The
Strokes in 2011."

Had any memorable
nights on the sauce there?

"Many - so many I wouldn't
like to pick one out!"

Head to NME.COM/
smallvenues for more
info on our small venues
campaign and to nominate
your favourite

Ulrich Schnauss Old Blue Last
020 7613 2478

Vilnius Cat/Jovan! Hidden
020 7... 01...

360/The Real Bad Habits Dublin
Castle 02... 1...

6 Day Riot Bo denline 020 7734 5547

MANCHESTER

Aethenor Isl nington Mill 0871 230 1094

Caribou/Battles/Ramadanman/
Actress/Star Slinger O2 Apollo

0870 401 8000
Hybrid Sound Control 0161 236 0340

The Jade Assembly/The Dandles/
Soldier Night And Day Cafe

0161 236 1822
Kate McGill Nexus Art Cafe

0161 236 0100
Mr Scruff Band On The Wall

0161 832 6625
November Coming Fire Star & Garter

0161 273 6726
Skamel Matt & Phred's 0161 273 5200

Take That/Pet Shop Boys City Of
Manchester Stadium 0161 828 1200

NEWCASTLE

The Coral/Our Fold/Aaron Wright &
The Aprils Riverside 0191 261 4386

Dashboard Elvis/Gig Fear Cluny 2
0191 230 4474

James Blake O2 Academy
0870 771 2000

Rob Reynolds/Cedarway Cluny
0191 230 4474

Running From Wolves/Cities On
Fire/The Escape Artist Venue

0191 232 1111
NORWICH

We Can't Dance/The Ideals/Black
Sands Waterfront 01603 632717

NOTTINGHAM

Joe Strange Band The Approach
0115 950 6149

JD & The FDCs/The Chann
Offensive/Dick Venom &
The Terrortones Chameleon

0115 9505097
King Kurt Old Angel Inn 0115 947 6735

KD Lang Royal Centre 0115 948 2525
Milk Kan Stealth 08713 100000

OXFORD

Lee Scratch Perry The Regal
01865 241261

PORTSMOUTH

King Hammond/Offbeat Offensive
Cellars 0871 230 1094

SHEFFIELD

Aggro Santos Plug 0114 276 7093
Duran Duran Motorpoint Arena

01142 565666
Emmy The Great Cathedral

0871 230 1094
Fun Lovin' Criminals Corporation

0114 276 0262
Kasabian O2 Academy 0870 771 2000

The Monday Club/Gypsy Toes/Scrlm
DQ Bar 0114 221 1668

Plug Factory/The Black Flowers/
Bloodbare O2 Academy 2

0870 771 2000
Vic Godard & Subway Sect The

Greystones 0114 266 5599
STOKE ON TRENT

Troops Of Mafeking Sugarmill
01782 214991

WOLVERHAMPTON

Speed Theory Slade Room
0870 320 7000

YORK

Adam Ant The Duchess 01904 641 413
Jon Fratelli Fibbers 01904 651 250

LEEDS

All Mankind Milo 0113 245 7101
Broken Links Royal Park Cellars

0113 274 1758
Hey Colossus/Black Mass Santiago

0113 244 4472
March Violets Cockpit

0113 244 3446
Phosphorescent Brudenell Social

Club 0113 243 5866
With The Punches Cockpit Room 2

0113 244 3146
LEICESTER

Anti Nowhere League/Ed Tudor-
Pole The Auditorium 0844 870 0000

Forever Living Dead Musician
0116 251 0080

LIVERPOOL

Fake Blood/Benga Masque
0151 707 6171

Joe Collins O2 Academy 2
0870 771 2000

The Wicked Whispers/The Beatnik
Hurricanes Kazimier 0871 230 1094

LONDON

Alexander D Great/The Great Band
Tabernacle 020 7243 4343

Brutality Will Prevail/Deal With
It/Take Offense Underworld

020 7482 1932
The Callas/Jack Shirt Favela Chic

020 7613 4228
Casino Royale Club Barfly (Upstairs)

0870 907 0999
Cats And Cats And Cats/Ute/
Hold Your Horse Is Windmill

020 8671 0700
Clint Eastwood & General Saint

Bloomsbury Ballroom 020 7404 7612
Duke Garwood/Holy State/
Tenebrous Liar Buffalo Bar

020 7359 6191
Fims Of Colour/Blindness/The

Troubled Roadster 010 753 6787
Gino Robair & John Butcher Cafe

Oto 0871 230 1094
Journey/Foreigner Wembley Arena

0870 060 0870
Juicy Lucy Half Moon 020 7274 2733

Loki/Bok Social Hope & Anchor
020 7354 1312

Los Delinquentes O2 Academy 2
Islington 0870 771 2000

The Lucky Strikes/Miss Red
Bloomsbury Bowling Lanes

020 7691 2610
Lucky 7 Rhum Jungle 0871 971 4098

Mavis Barfly 0870 907 0999
Neuronspoiler Purple Turtle

020 7363 4976
Newham Generals/Skinnyman

Jamm 020 7774 5537
Proxy Music The Lexington

020 7837 5387
Queens English/Big Ted/Rugrats

Plan B 08701 165421
Six Organs Of Admittance Cecil

Sharp House 020 7485 2206

GET IN THE GIG GUIDE!

DO YOU WANT TO GET YOUR BASH INCLUDED IN THE NME WEEKLY GIG GUIDE? GO TO NME.COM/GIGS AND SUBMIT YOUR LISTING FOR FREE.
YOU MUST SUBMIT DETAILS AT LEAST THREE WEEKS BEFORE THE GIG DATE

SUNDAY

June 5

Kasabian,
O2 Academy
Leeds

ABERDEEN
Yashin The Tunnels 01224 211121

BIRMINGHAM
Futures/Lower Than Atlantis O2
Academy 3 0870 771 2000

BRIGHTON
Herman Dune Coalition 01273726858

BRISTOL
Cash O2 Academy 2 0870 771 2000
Hold Your Horse Is/Ute Croft
0117 987 4144
The Streets/Sub Focus/Doom/
Beardymann/The Gaslamp Killer We
The People

EDINBURGH
Julian Lynch/Ducktails/Big
Troubles Sneaky Pete's 0131 225 1757

GLASGOW
Aethenor/All Mankind Classic Grand
0141 847 0820
Fence Collective Oran Mor
0141 552 9224

LEEDS
Capillary Action/Charles Hayward/
Beards Sela Bar 0113 242 9442
Kasabian O2 Academy 0870 771 2000

LEICESTER
Jackie Leven Musician 0116 251 0080

LIVERPOOL
James Blake University 0151 256 5555

LONDON
Dopefight/Slab/Dead Existence
Purple Turtle 020 7383 4976
Floetic Lara Plan B 08701 165421
Hanson Kings College 020 7834 4740
Healer Monster Bull & Gate
020 7485 5358
Hello goodbye O2 Academy 2
Islington 0870 771 2000
Jason Collett Borderline
020 7734 5547
Mick Harvey XOYO 020 7729 5959
Modestep/La Shark/Frenetics
Hoxton Square Bar & Grill
020 7613 0709

Murat Kekilli/Goldhan Turkmen O2
Academy Islington 0870 771 2000

The Noise Revival/Paracloids
Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773

The Ryan O'Reilly Band/Southern
Still/Nova's Basement Windmill
020 8671 0700
Tankscapda Dingwalls 020 7267 1577

Wayter/Steel Island/Codex
Leicester Old Blue Last
020 7613 2478

3OH3 O2 Shepherds Bush Empire
0870 771 2000

MANCHESTER
Adam Ant Academy 0161 832 1111
Take That/Pet Shop Boys City Of
Manchester Stadium 0161 828 1200

NEWCASTLE
Jonah Matranga/Mike J Reds/
Falling Into Difference Trillians
0191 232 1619
The Pains Of Being Pure At Heart
Cluny 0191 230 4474
Waiting For Winter/Blank Maps The
Tyne 0191 265 2550

NORWICH
The Darkness Waterfront
01603 632717

Phosphorescent Arts Centre
01603 660352

NOTTINGHAM
David Gray Royal Centre
0115 948 2525
Kate McGill/Mike Dignam Rescue
Rooms 0115 958 8484

OXFORD
The O's Holly Bush Inn 01865 242333

SOUTHAMPTON
The Dangerous Summer/Straight
Lines Joiners 023 8022 5612

STOKE ON TRENT
Giants Harry's Bar 01782 747433

YORK
Cara Dillon The Duchess
01904 641 413

MONDAY

June 6

ABERDEEN
Trapped In Kansas Cafe Drummond
01224 624642

BELFAST
Foy Vance Empire 028 9024 9276

BRIGHTON
Mono Concorde 2 01273 673311
Viper Central The Greys
01273 680734

BRISTOL
Aethenor Fleece 0117 945 0996
Kate McGill Louisiana
0117 926 5978
Life On Six/Not Rocket Science/
Anima Solus Croft Room 2
0117 987 4144
Sammy Maine/Megan Threder/
Rebecca Cant Croft 0117 987 4144

CARDIFF
Alternative Expression/Colours
Of One/Cut Ribbons Buffalo Bar
02920 310312

EDINBURGH
Yo La Tengo Queens Hall
0131 668 2019

EXETER
Vanadium/Gran Toucher Cavern
Club 01392 495370

GLASGOW
KD Lang SECC 0141 248 3000
Matthew Dear Captain's Rest
0141 331 2722
Trash Talk King Tut's Wah Wah Hut
0141 221 5279

LEAMINGTON SPA
The Darkness The Assembly
01926 313774

LEEDS
Battles Cockpit 0113 244 3446
Ducktails/Julian Lynch Brudenell
Social Club 0113 243 5866

LEICESTER
The Pains Of Being Pure At Heart
Sumo 0116 285 6536

LONDON
Bachelorette CAMP Basement
0871 230 1094

The Dallas Guild/A Scholar
& A Physician The Lexington
020 7837 5387

David Gray Royal Festival Hall
020 7960 4242

Hanson Kings College 020 7834 4740

Herman Dune/Comet Gain/
Tigercats XOYO 020 7729 5959

Little Barfly Cargo 0207 749 7840

Little Pictures Nambucca
020 7272 7366

Sierra Hull Slaughtered Lamb
020 8682 4080

Sparrow & The Workshop Hoxton
Square Bar & Grill 020 7613 0709

Tera Melos/Tangled Hair MacBeth
020 7739 5095

Ungdomskulen The Victory
020 7724 5509

The Winchell Rots/Laki Mera Old
Blue Last 020 7613 2478

MANCHESTER
Benjamin Francis Leftwich Deaf
Institute 0161 330 4019
Fire & Ice Star & Garter 0161 273 6726
Futures Academy 4 0161 832 1111

NORWICH
Jamie Woon Waterfront
01603 632717

March Violets/Luxury Stranger
Macbeth 01603 478374

OXFORD
Walls Bird O2 Academy 2
0870 771 2000

PORTSMOUTH
D.R.U.G.S. Wedgewood Rooms
023 9286 3911

SALFORD
Emmy The Great Sacred Trinity
Church 0161 834 2041

SHEFFIELD
Public Image Ltd Corporation
0114 276 0262

SOUTHAMPTON
Ghostpoet Joiners 023 8022 5612

YORK
Tribes Stereo 01904 612237

Public Image
Ltd, Corporation,
Sheffield

TUESDAY

June 7

ABERDEEN
Talons Cafe Drummond
01224 624642

Thomas Tantrum The Tunnels
01224 211121

BATH
Shonky Ale House Whisky Time
Blues Band/With Love From
Humans/Dirt Royal Green Park
Tavern 01225 400050

BELFAST
Def Leppard/Alice Cooper/Thin
Lizzy Odyssey 028 9073 9074

BIRMINGHAM
Cash O2 Academy 3 0870 771 2000

BRIGHTON
Tera Melos/Tangled Hair The Hope
01273 723 568

BRISTOL
The Dangerous Summer/Straight
Lines Croft 0117 987 4144
D.R.U.G.S. Fleece 0117 945 0996

CAMBRIDGE
The Pains Of Being Pure At Heart
Junction 01223 511511

CARDIFF
Thomas Truax/Francesca's Word
Salad/The Victorian English
Gentlemen's Club Norwegian Church
Arts Centre 029 2049 9759

The Travelling Band 10 Feet Tall
02920 228883

DERBY
Ash Playhouse 028 7126 4481

EDINBURGH
Matthew Dear Sneaky Pete's
0131 225 1757

The Pierces Pleasance
0131 556 6550

FALMOUTH
Kaiser Chiefs Princess Pavilion
01326 211222

GATESHEAD
Liberty/The Panic Report/
Dead Like Wolves Three Tuns
0191 487 0666

GLASGOW
A Band Called Quinn Buff Club
0141 248 1777
Battles The Arches 0141 565 1000
The Damned Things Garage
0141 332 1120
Jackie Leven King Tut's Wah Wah Hut
0141 221 5279

Matthew Morrison SECC
0141 248 3000

The Wild Swans Captain's Rest
0141 331 2722

LEEDS
Wolf Gang/Kyla La Grange Cockpit
0113 244 3446

LEICESTER
Jay Leighton Musician 0116 251 0080

LIVERPOOL
Tribes Shipping Forecast
0871 230 1094

LONDON
Black Moth MacBeth 020 7739 5095
Butterflies On Strings/Columbus &
Crusoe Barfly 0870 907 0999
Capillary Action/Ice Sea Dead
People Old Blue Last 020 7613 2478
Carina Round Dingwalls
020 7267 1577
Frank Fairfield Cafe Oto
0871 230 1094
Great Ancestors Buffalo Bar
020 7359 6191
Hanson Kings College 020 7834 4740
Jack Cheshire Slaughtered Lamb
020 8682 4080

Kick Up The Fire Enterprise
020 7485 2659

Love Amongst Ruin Borderline
020 7734 5647

Michael Kiwanuka Social
020 7636 4992

Mono/The Holy Ground Orchestra
KOKO 020 7388 3222

Papercuts/Still Corners/Big Search
The Lexington 020 7837 5387

Phosphorescent Heaven
020 7930 2020

Saint Saviour XOYO 020 7729 5959

Screaming Females/Throwing Up
Madame Jojo's 020 7734 2473

The Shutes Bull & Gate 020 7485 5358

Smartbomb/After The Fall/Without
Fire Purple Turtle 020 7383 4976

Stuart Turner & The Flat Earth
Society/BC Blues Windmill
020 8671 0700

...And You Will Know Us By The Trail
Of Dead Garage 020 7607 1818

MANCHESTER
Devon Sproule Band On The Wall
0161 832 6625

James Blake Sankey's 0161 661 9668

Little Barfly Night And Day Cafe
0161 236 1822

Six Organs Of Admittance Deaf
Institute 0161 330 4019

Take That/Pet Shop Boys City Of
Manchester Stadium 0161 828 1200

Trash Talk Moho Live 0161 834 8180

MILTON KEYNES
Sarah Gillespie Stables
01908 280800

NEWCASTLE
Futures O2 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

NOTTINGHAM
Jamie Woon/Jono McCleery Rescue
Rooms 0115 958 8484

OXFORD
Stagecoach Cellar 01865 244761

PORTSMOUTH
Kitty Daisy & Lewis Wedgewood
Rooms 023 9286 3911

PRESTON
Public Image Ltd 53 Degrees
01772 893 000

SWANSEA
Paul Child/Welsh Television
Orchestra Grand Theatre
01792 475715

WOLVERHAMPTON
Kasabian Civic Hall 01902 552121
Sparrow & The Workshop Slade
Room 0870 320 7000

Trash Talk,
Moho Live,
Manchester

PRIORITY

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across the UK up to 48 hours before general release.

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THIS WEEK IN 1967

THE FAB FORTE, NO LOVE SUPREME, PP PROBED



New Parlophone LP on sale

**MARRIAGE BEFORE TWENTY
SHOULD BE ILLEGAL**
says P. P. Arnold



SUPREMES BREAK-UP
Let's hope there is a good reason...



WHERE DID OUR LOVE GO?

Following on from Florence Ballard missing a show at the Hollywood Bowl (and being replaced for the gig by Cindy Birdsong of Patti LaBelle & The Bluebells), there are doubts over the future of "the world's most successful female vocal group". "It would be a tragedy for pop if they split," writes Andy Gray, "for they have been riding on a cloud of success with hit after hit."

THE FIRST CUT IS THE DEEPEST

In line with the lyrics of her hit single 'The First Cut Is The Deepest', soul singer PP Arnold, who wed at 16, goes on record as saying she thinks marriage before the age of 20 should be banned. As well as this, she says of Ike and Tina (with whom she used to sing): "I don't have any comment, except that Tina is a very lovely girl and I feel sorry for her."

LONELY HEARTS COLUMN

Thursday, June 1 sees the release of The Beatles' eighth studio album, an advert for which decorates the cover of this week's

NME. In the issue previous, John, Paul, George and Ringo broke their almost year-long silence to the world. They look different, and they've spent – at the time unheard of – six months making a very different album. As John Lennon puts it: "People must realise that we couldn't go on making the same type of record forever. We must change."

As it turns out, of course, "people" more than get it, and this week's issue is evidence of that. Not only does the album sit at the top of the NME LP chart (to be displaced 20 weeks later by the *Sound Of Music* soundtrack), but page four sees Derek Johnson review three singles comprising cover versions from the album: Joe Brown's 'With A Little Help From My Friends', David & Jonathan's 'She's Leaving Home' and Bernard Cribbins' 'When I'm Sixty-Four'. Hendrix, too, famously gets involved by covering the title track in concert within days.

In other words, it seems pretty strange looking back to create an advert urging people to "remember that Sgt Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band is The Beatles".

ALSO IN THE ISSUE
THAT WEEK

• The Small Faces' new single 'Here Comes The Nite' is declared to be "a goodie!" by Derek Johnson. "Rather more subdued than most of their discs," he writes, "it has an attractive melody line and fascinating harmonies."

• A mail order advert on page 11 offers up granny glasses at 12'6 per pair and roll-neck sweaters for the same price.

• There is a track-by-track guide to The Hollies' 'Evolution', which is declared to be "altogether, an ear- and eye-opening production".

• On the eve of releasing his first solo single, Gerry Marsden talks about life after The Pacemakers. "I still meet them all in the pub and we play golf together," he says. "Our wives all meet and chat about babies."

• Hippy Hollywood turns out in "full regalia" for The Byrds' six-night stand at the Whisky A Go Go. Support for the opening show comes from The Doors and Buffalo Springfield.

NME

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THE LEGENDARY NME CROSSWORD

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

Compiled by Trevor Hungerford

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CLUES ACROSS

- 1 Miles Kane performing the blues on a snare? (6-2-3-4)
 9 'Highly Evolved' Australians (5)
 10 Wild Beasts' inescapable handicap of link to Fleetwood Mac (9)
 11+15A Perhaps get early sight of a Pearl Jam single (5-5)
 12+21A US band whose albums include 'Sink Or Swim' and 'American Slang' (8-6)
 14 (See 27 across)
 15 (See 11 across)
 18 "Jealousy, turning saints into the ... / Swimming through sick lullabies", from The Killers' 'Mr Brightside' (3)
 19 Under which name Brett Anderson and Bernard Butler became 'Refugees' in 2005 (5)
 21 (See 12 across)
 23 In 2004 'Strasbourg' fanfared them into the charts, the following year they beat a 'Retreat' (5)
 25 I leave the confused cynic doing cover of Beastie Boys' 'Fight For Your Right (To Party)' (4)
 27+14A Guitarist for The Yeah Yeah Yeahs (4-6)
 31 (See 4 down)
 32 Adam Faith left impoverished after this number one hit in the '60s (4-2)
 33 Yes, a remix from Groove Armada (4)
 34 (See 16 down)

CLUES DOWN

- 1 Justice for all the community (10)
 2 (See 17 down)
 3 Super test arranged for reggae band formed by Lee 'Scratch' Perry (9)
 4+31A Edwyn Collins band that went through a 'Lean Period' just before splitting (6-5)
 5 San Francisco rock band using London Underground trains (5)
 6 Incorrectly cite a T Rex album as coming from The Fall (9)
 7 "Baby Jane's in Acapulco, we are flying down to ...", from Roxy Music's 'Virginia Plain' (3)
 8+28D "And when it's done, and all this is gone, just find a feeling, ...", 2003 (4-2-2)
 13 Sound of audience contempt for band doing 'Clever Kicks' (4)
 15 Paula ..., co-hosted TV pop programme The Tube with Jools Holland (5)

- 16+34A Heavenly label band comprising of two pairs of brothers and sisters (5-7)
 17+2D Formerly with The Screaming Trees and Queens Of The Stone Age, he is now one of The Gutter Twins (4-7)
 20 Rock band whose original singer Bon Scott died in 1980 and was replaced by Brian Johnson (2-2)
 22 American hitmakers of the '60s who have reformed are on UK tour (7)
 24 A bit of a meagre noise coming from an old Razorlight's guitarist (5)
 26 Their albums include 'Sandinista!' and 'Combat Rock' (5)
 28 (See 8 down)
 29+30D American who has blown over a 'Smoke Ring For My Halo' (4-4)
 31 'Dig The New Breed' was a live album from this band (3)

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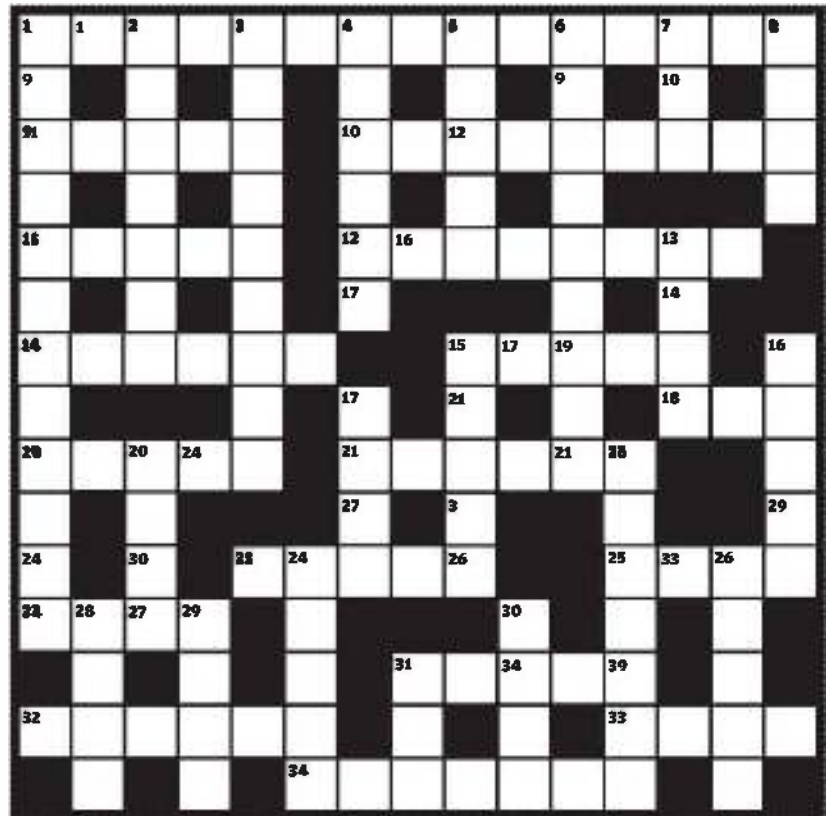
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First correct one out of the hat wins a Pure Evoke-15 Marshall digital radio!

MAY 14 ANSWERS

ANSWERS ACROSS
 1+25A The Ballad Of Mona Lisa, 9 Millionaire, 11 Leona Lewis, 12 Star, 15+20A+34A Date With The Night, 16 Umbrella, 18 Wombats, 22 Or, 23 Stay, 27 Phil, 28 Nod, 29+10A Rude Boy, 30 Puzzle, 33 Black, 35 Eno

ANSWERS DOWN
 1 Tumble Down, 2 Elliott Smith, 3 Animal, 4 Linger, 5 Drivin' Me Wild, 6 Free, 7 Orbital, 8+26D Amy Studt, 13 Reader, 14 Fret, 17 Lady Luck, 19 Shine On, 21 Hotel, 23 Spell, 24 Air, 31 Zee, 32 ELO



POP - A COMPLETE HISTORY!



FANMAIL

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

Edited by Mark Beaumont



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SUPER FURRY OMISSION

From: Richard Stanforth
To: NME

Thanks to Mark Beaumont for the great article on Creation Records (NME, May 21). This was a record label that practically defined my tastes back in the '90s and released no end of stellar records, many of which you highlighted in your article. I have to ask, though, was Super Furry Animals' classic second album 'Radiator' really not fit to be selected for the '10 More Creation Classics' section above the likes of 18 Wheeler, who were a lower-tier Creation act at best? It's not only one of the finest albums ever released on Creation, but one of the strongest records from a band who have had a 17-year career, nine studio albums and many classic singles. It's frustrating how Super Furry Animals tend to get overlooked. Still, it was great they were still mentioned in an article on a fine label that had the same impact on a generation that the celebrated Factory Records had on the one before.

NME's response...

From: NME

To: Richard Stanforth
To be honest Richard, I feel like writing an angry letter to myself to complain about the glaring omissions in my own article. Where the hell was 'Grand Prix'? What, no 'Going Blank Again'? Have I never heard of 'Vanishing Point'? And how the hell could I get through 5,000

words on Creation Records with barely a hint of the grand folly and record-shattering sales of 'Be Here Now'? See, Creation was such a varied, inventive and prolific label that to give every release the respect, re-evaluation and adulation it deserved would've made for a deathly dull list piece. I love 'Radiator' like a brother

and would happily have written an entire page eulogising its Coleridgean wonders... had space permitted. Ditto The Lilac Time's 'Astronauts' and MBV's 'Isn't Anything'. I could've wittered on for entire issues about how 'Ice Hockey Hair' was undoubtedly the best single of the '90s, narrowly

gipping The Boo Radleys' 'Lazarus'. But such discussions are for the pubs: I'm glad you enjoyed the overview, here's some Zavvi vouchers that you might like to save for the inevitable book - MB

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

DOCH IN THE DOCK

From: Nikki Jones

To: NME

I felt the need to write this after reading the article on The Libertines (one of my favourite bands) (NME, May 14). I've gotta thank you for breaking the news gently, but I also had a little issue with it. You printed that "two girls in red tunics we see outside the Troxy say, 'He's in prison in Munich, you really think he chose not to be here?'" I've gotta tell you I was also at the Troxy, but the reason I was late is because I'd run into Peter in London that very day, outside a pub. He was NOT in prison in Germany.

From: Maya

To: NME

I can't help but feel sorry for Pete Doherty. Not only is it being spread all over the place that The Libertines will "never have a future" AND he's going to prison again, but now he can't even play a gig without it turning into chaos. I really don't think it's Pete that should be criticised for this carnage at his gig at the Cliff Hall, it should be the people who are so set on starting fights they're willing to pay to get into a gig, just to cause trouble. These are the same people who go to festivals to piss in a cup and throw it at the person in front of them.

From: Sean Gramps Bates

To: NME

Let's all cross our fingers that Pete Doherty gets in a fight in prison and gets an extended sentence. Also, the courts knew surely that he was playing at Reading and Leeds so why not teach him a lesson for once and let him out after it's all over, and fuck it up for the shittest singer in the UK.

From: Audrey Benson
To: NME

Locking people up for drugs is just shit, to me. You're basically telling them that they aren't worthy to live among society because they take/have taken drugs, which doesn't do the person any good. Chucking them in jail won't "cure" them.

From: NME

To: Audrey Benson, Maya, Sean Gramps Bates, Nikki Jones

So the Met's crack specialist Pete Doherty Division score another hit, Pete meets chokey (but not in Munich, which is a pity as 'Auf Wiedersehen Pete' must now loiter in our big sack of Headlines We Wish We Could've Run) and the cries of 'Free Bilo!' and 'String the twat up!' resound once more across the internet's canyons. Now, while I'm in total agreement with Audrey on the pointless waste of public funds caused by all drug laws and sentences - I mean, you might as well lock up a paedophile in a primary school - with everything that's been happening to the boy Doherty recently, doesn't it all start to feel a bit, I dunno, *unsavoury*? And as for Pete being promised his freedom just in time to play Reading and Leeds, I'd like to see more defendants going, "Six months you say, M'lud? Hmmm, doesn't work for me, busy schedule. I've already booked for Majorca. How about three weeks starting September?" - MB

From: Joshua Howells
To: NME

So allegedly there is no future ahead for The Libertines. Although it is a very sad thought that there will no longer be any more of the genius

combination of Pete and Carl, it must be said that maybe it is for the best. The shows that they did at Reading and Leeds last year were incredible. If they had decided to get together properly and make more albums, they may have ruined the legacy that they have created. The Libertines will live long in a lot of peoples' memories without (SNIIIIIIPPP) - MB

From: NME
To: Joshua Howells
 Shut up shut up SHUT UP! Can't you see what's happening? Bands who've said they'll never reform are reforming EVERY DAY. Of course The Libertines will reform, just like Oasis, The White Stripes and The Stone Roses will, when the money's right. In fact, I'm going to split up myself, right now. Mark Beaumont and the Fanmail page have amicably agreed to part ways, citing comedic differences. Thanks to all the readers who've stuck with us these past 1,100 words, it's been the ride of our lives but the dream is over. The Fanmail page doesn't belong to Mark Beaumont anymore, the Fanmail page belongs to you and you can do with it what you want (except reprint it as that will be a breach of copyright and the IPC Media lawyers will have your arse on toast). Goodbye! - MB



STALKER

From: Cameron
To: NME

"Here's a picture of me with the great Miles Kane before his gig at the Liquid Rooms in Edinburgh!"

A BEWILDERED MANGO WRITES

From: J Mango
To: NME

Drivers stopping at roundabouts when it's clear to go. Mixing a Hendricks and tonic with a slice of lemon. T-shirts with stupid slogans. Earl Grey tea. OAKLEY sunscreen stickers on early '90s cars. Tracksuits. Fried eggs. Beyoncé playing at T In The Park. None of these things I can understand.

From: NME
To: J Mango
 No comment - MB

MONKEYS 'SUCK'!

From: Joshua Howells
To: NME
 I wrote to you before, when Arctic Monkeys released 'Humbug', and I said then it

Web Slinging

The highlight of this week's NME.COM blogs

WHY EVERYONE IS WRONG ABOUT LADY GAGA

I could review Lady Gaga's album in 140 completely unbalanced characters. "MAN ALIVE, WHAT A STEAMING PILE OF CEASELESSLY GREY AND BORING DOG POO FOR BORING BORES WHO THINK LIKING GAGA MAKES THEM COLOURFUL AND INTERESTING." But instead let's have a look at the 10 biggest ways that 'Born This Way' and Gaga herself suck the big one.

1. The Music. You know a record is genuinely shite when it receives reviews that are almost all glowing while also saying openly that the music is crap. Just to be clear: the music throughout 'Born This Way' is terrible. And that's not offensive terrible, just IKEA-in-beige terrible. MIA told NME that all Gaga's music "sounds like 20-year-old Ibiza disco",



but that's too kind. It sounds like the sort of Ibiza disco someone who has never been to Ibiza and is terrified of taking ecstasy would play in their car, to try and fit in.

2. The Lyrics. Made up entirely of soundbites about how really, really crazy she is that can be tweeted nice and easily by all her 'monsters'. See: "I want your whiskey mouth/All over my blonde south". See: "Put your hands on me, John F Kennedy". Gaga writes in tweets, to be re-tweeted.

3. The Haus Of Gaga. One can only imagine what a massive bunch of hyper-straight half-a-line-of-coke-and-I'm-inventing-the-future sycophantic non-artistic lightweight douchebags this lot are.

Read the rest of Hamish MacBain's blog on NME.COM

Best of the responses...

Brilliant. Absolutely everything I've been saying about Lady Gaga ever since she came out wrapped up in one neat little article. A self-anointed icon who is nothing more than a patronising, derivative, try-hard fake.

Benjamin Corry

Isn't Lady Gaga basically the same thing as Justin Bieber?
Ryan O'Dwyer

This is stupid... you are stupid... Gaga is the best singer nowadays... she is original and beautiful... if you don't like her go listen to Justin Bieber and

Rebecca Black, but leave her alone!
Jelena Vukosavljevic

I think they should replace the NME review with this or at least have it as compulsory extra reading for everyone who's bought the album.
Michael Michel

Very well put... Her shtick really has been done countless times before. And unlike other stars she doesn't stick with a look for more than a day. Just like her looks, her album is not cohesive. It jumps every which direction.
Alex Begg

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felt as though the band had matured. After hearing new stuff from 'Suck It And See' from live events and the released single, I think that Arctic Monkeys have gone from being mature, to being simply a cool rock'n'roll band. The new stuff sounds great, and lyrically it is the best yet from Mr Turner.

From: NME
To: Joshua Howells
 I appreciate your persistence Joshua, but I'm out of the 'replying to letters' business now - MB

ADELE'S ARENA HELL

From: Sean Murphy

To: NME
 So Adele doesn't like playing festivals or "fucking arenas"? Aww, poor Adele!! Can you imagine being paid large sums of money to do what you love in front of

thousands of adoring fans, the same fans who pay for the tickets and buy her music? She has it rough.

From: NME
To: Sean Murphy
 Mark Beaumont would like to refute the persistent rumours that he is about to make a return to replying to letters on the Fanmail page in the near future. He is busy writing a solo letters page between side projects including *Cash In The Attic*, *Guardian Soulmates* and *LA Noire* - NME

FINISH HIM!

From: Anna

To: NME

I know Black Lips are awesome and everything, but their recording sessions with Mark Ronson were a failure; I mean, "nearly killed"; that's not an achievement. Come on Black

Lips, throw him into one of your moshpits to be never seen again.

From: NME
To: Anna
 How much? An extra three pence a word? Alright then... due to popular demand, I'm BACK! Thanks for keeping the faith through the wilderness minutes, dear friends, and I hereby say to Anna, though I solidly admire your murderous stance on Ronson, FUCK OFF! Thank you! I'll be telling more people to fuck off throughout the festival season, then rehashing several of my 'classic' Fanmail 'fuck offs' (who could forget April 12, 2000's legendary 'more Starsailor features? FUCK OFF!?' and writing one enormous 'FUCK OFF' across the centre spread of a major national newspaper before splitting

up again. Although you will be able to enjoy many of my greatest moments on my DVD, Mark Beaumont Tells Correspondents On The Fanmail Page To Fuck Off, Vol. 1, out in time for Christmas - MB



STALKER

From: Rebecca

To: NME

"This is me and Jenny and Emily from Warpaint right before their gig at Lancaster Library!"



DOES ROCK'N'ROLL KILL BRAINCELLS?

TESTING MUSICIANS' MEMORIES AFTER A LIFETIME OF ABUSE

This Week

NORMAN BLAKE TEENAGE FANCLUB

QUESTION 1

What's the secret message scratched into the vinyl on the original 1991 pressing of 'Bandwagonesque'?

"Nothing's final till it's vinyl." We were talking with a couple of different record labels about securing a deal. We were just about to sign with Alan McGee to Creation and a fellow got in touch with us and said, 'Look, we can still do this deal, because nothing's final till it's vinyl.' And we thought that was amusing."

Correct



QUESTION 2

Who said "If I wasn't in [my band], I'd be in [your band]" about one of your former bands?

"Is it Kurt Cobain's BMX Bandits reference? The band Kurt really loved was The Vaselines. We actually toured with Nirvana on the 'Nevermind' tour, which was pretty exciting. He may well be quoted as saying that, but I'm not sure he ever did!"

Correct

QUESTION 3

What colour socks are you wearing on the front of NME, January 4, 1992?

"Oh. Fucking hell. I'm going to go for red."

Correct. Why have you got your trousers around your ankles?

"I think the photographer suggested we should take our trousers down and I was like, 'Oh, what the hell, why not?' It was a long-held ambition of mine to appear on the front of NME with my trousers around my ankles."

QUESTION 4

What now-defunct Formula One team car appears on the front artwork of Teenage



Fanclub's 1995 album 'Grand Prix'?

"I don't know a great deal about Formula One racing but I do know it was a Simtek car. We got to sit in it. It's not often you get to do that so you're going to remember that kind of detail, aren't you?"

Correct

QUESTION 5

You've formed a band called Jonny with Euros Childs from Gorky's Zygotic Mynce and have released a self-titled album and are off on tour. Spell Gorky's Zygotic Mynce...

"That's easy. G-O-R-K-Y-S Z-Y-G-O-T-I-C M-Y-N-C-I."

Correct

"I'd have been in trouble if I'd have got that one wrong."

QUESTION 6

Who said, "Teenage Fanclub are the second best band in the world"?

"Liam Gallagher. We were in the same studio. They were downstairs mixing 'Be Here Now'. Liam invited us down for a drink and a playback. He got us all a drink, played the album full blast and was doing air guitar to Noel's guitar parts. That's when he



said, 'Teenage Fanclub - second best band in the world to Oasis.' He was a good host."

Correct

QUESTION 7

You appeared on The Word in January 1992. Name the other two bands who also featured that night.

"I haven't got a clue." **Wrong.** Definition Of Sound and Mega City 4

"I have no recollection of that at all."

QUESTION 8

What score did NME give Teenage Fanclub's 2010 album 'Shadows'?

"I'm going to hopefully go for a seven!"

Correct

"We're happy with a seven. That's a result!"



QUESTION 9

You feature in Upside Down: The Creation Records Story. Name any of the bands Alan McGee has played with.

"The Laughing Apple. And Biff Bang Pow!"

Correct. Also The Chemical Pilot

QUESTION 10

The cast of Glee recently covered which Madonna song that you have also covered?

"Like A Virgin". I think I heard it on the radio the other day and I didn't recognise the version. It must have been them."

Correct

Total Score
9/10

"That's not bad! I thought my memory was about average, but I've proved it wrong!"

Coming Next Week

OUT
WEDNESDAY
JUNE 8

"We've never done it like this in our hometown"

ARCTIC MONKEYS

BACK IN THE LOCAL BEFORE THEIR MASSIVE SHEFFIELD GIGS



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SMART THRILLS AT
PRIMAVERA FESTIVAL

WU LYF
VERDICT ON THE
DEBUT ALBUM

WARPAINT
HIT THE
BEACH!



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social and all
about sharing
HTC Wildfire S

with **HTC Sense**

because the most
important thing to
you is your friends

The HTC Wildfire S with fast web
browsing, understands that nothing is
more important to you than your friends.
That's why it makes it easy for you
to share your favourite apps and tag
photos for Facebook. Plus it rings louder
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