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# ON REPEAT

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



## BEIRUT

O Leãozinho

Zach Condon lends his rousing vocals to a fine cause by covering Caetano Veloso for the 'Red Hot + Rio 2' compilation, which raises money to fight AIDS via acc compilations. In this lovely live clip, he professes to be ropery at Portuguese, but does a fine job of convincing us anyway.

**Abby Tayleure, writer**

## DRAKE

Marvin's Room

After covering TLC, Drake continues his inspired use of leftfield influences. This time it's a 1996 Diane Keaton film about a woman with leukemia (Google it) and a musty production that recalls his pals The Weeknd. There's a nocturnal sadness to this track and a suggestion that fame ain't all roses and Rihanna flirtations.

**Priya Elan, Assistant Editor, NME.COM**

## COLDPLAY

Major Minus

Cunningly unleashed the day before their headline slot at Glasto ("Please forgive us," said Chris Martin just before they played it), the latest track from the 'Every Teardrop Is A Waterfall' EP is (thankfully) miles better than the title track, buoyed by a frenetic shuffle and some trademark rousing "ohh-ooooh"s on top.

**Liam Cash, writer**

## FIXERS

Schwimmhaus Johannesburg

On which the swiftly rising Oxford synth-brothers hit the 'camp' button with the force of a shirehorse stomp, go all Tears For Fears and Toto and end up with the kind of number that's so gloriously Euro-pop it'd probably have a chance against Azerbaijan in Eurovision. So maybe not the new MGMT, then.

**Jamie Fullerton, News Editor**

## MEMORYHOUSE

Modern, Normal

With lyrics like, "Took some pills in your room/Caught an empty chill from all the fevers you were dreaming", combined with dissolving piano glimmers and

gentle, starry whooshes, Toronto's Memoryhouse were made to soundtrack moony teenage Tumblrs – but hell, sign us up if it sounds this lovely.

**Laura Snapes, Assistant Reviews Editor**

## GRASS WIDOW

Mannequin (Wire cover)

You can't really go wrong with 'Mannequin'. Wire's most clastic, euphoric song is given a lo-fi roughing up by the San Fran punks. It's taken from their all-round great 'Milo Minute' EP, which also includes a cover of Neo Boys' 'Time Keeps Time'.

**Matt Wilkinson, New Music Editor**

## NEKO CASE & NICK CAVE

She's Not There (Zombies cover)

Normally, vamped-up covers of '60s classics can be dismissed with an eye-roll and a grimace, but leave it to Neko and Nick to breathe darkness into The Zombies. With only a snarl and a whisper, they transform the '64 hit into a menacing threat.

**Anne T Donahue, writer**

## WILCO

I Might

The Chicago kings of US alt.bopping return with this effusively jiggy first offering from their eighth album, 'The Whole Love'. If it doesn't make you want to do wheelies in blazing sunshine then you're obviously a little bit dead inside. Poor you.

**Leonie Cooper, Deputy News Editor**



## WILD BEASTS

Catherine Wheel

Like The Smiths, Pulp and Suede before them, Wild Beasts are perfecting the magical knack for making even their B-sides something utterly wondrous – and 'Catherine Wheel' is no exception, as Hayden Thorpe hopelessly croons "It's making me feel lost" over spindly piano and cavernous, whumping reverb.

**Ben Hewitt, writer**

TRACK  
OF  
THE  
WEEK

## ZOLA JESUS

Vessel

Adapt or die is the rule of this hard world, my children. Just as Nika Danilova's third album 'Conatus' is named for the philosophical idea of the will to live, the driving force inherent in all living things, so the track that heralds its arrival is the sound of her high-drama industrial balladry evolving into ever greater forms. Sounding bigger, richer, redder in tooth and claw than the songs of 'Stridulum II', it intimidates with a clanking, slicing, machinating rhythm, the sound of our

chilly little handmaiden of doom donning robotic armour and making herself the conduit for something mighty and terrible. Like a goth Transformer, if you will.

It grinds along sexily

in this gear before, in a cloud of chorused, eerily chirruping "oh-ob-ohs", all grating, metallic hell breaks loose, and the jack-hammering beats build to a sharply snapped-off climax. It would be quite terrifying if you didn't have that mournfully magnificent voice to guide you through it like a ghost in the machine. What foxy new sonic mutations will she lead us on to next? Well, we'll need to wait until the end of September to find out, but with festival dates over the summer, you can be sure Nika will keep on moving onward and upward. Probably best to keep out of her way.

**Emily Mackay, Reviews Editor**

*Our chilly handmaiden  
dons robotic armour,  
like a goth Transformer*



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# UPFRONT

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

*Edited by Leonie Cooper*



Clockwise from main: Björk wigs out; the 'In the round' stage set-up, with the sharpischord in the centre; pendulum harps



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# BJORK TRAVELS TO A NEW PLANET OF SOUND

Welcome to the world premiere of the Icelandic singer's 'Biophilia' project: a stunning live experience of eye-watering visuals and inventive technology. **Emily Mackay** reports

## MAIN EVENT

There's only one man who could ever have narrated the birth of 'Biophilia', and as David Attenborough's leather-warm voice

rattles out over Manchester's Campfield Market Hall, it's clear this is an opening night of planetary scale and beyond.

"Forget the size of the human body," Björk's professed childhood "rock star" instructs the darkened crowd. "You are a gateway between the infinite and the microscopic... Listen, learn and create."

It's the perfect introduction to Björk's biggest project yet, which like Attenborough's own *Life on Earth* draws on a wealth of talent and technologies to build something beautiful, emotional, educational and above all, lion-on-gazelle exciting. Each song on the 'Biophilia' album, due out this autumn, pairs a scientific and a musical concept. Each one also has a matched iPad app so you can explore it. It can sound complicated, but like many things in nature, it's complex and simple at the same time. Tonight is all about 'Biophilia's' beating, immediate, live incarnation.

A 24-woman Icelandic choir files in, shimmering in hooded dresses of gold and blue, Björk herself brings up the rear in disco-Gaga sparkles and lava-toned fright-wig. Meanwhile, a Faraday cage containing

a giant Tesla coil (a type of transformer that can generate music) is lowered from the ceiling. Lightning crackles from the circuit as a robotic rhythm builds into 'Thunderbolt'.

Björk's described 'Biophilia' the album as "a 21st-century music of the spheres", and its live manifestation is presented in the round. Each specially designed instrument has its own space on the stage's orbit, from the steampunkish sharpsichord, a metallic barrel-organ with an enormous gramophone horn, via the enormous gallows-like pendulum harps, in which metronomic swinging arms with computer-

controlled rotating heads move different strings past a static plenum, to the 'gameleste', a celeste modified with gamelan parts.

The second 'Biophilia' song, 'Moon', is introduced with a delicate tinkle of marimba and rumbles of digitally controlled pipe organ, as an image of cycling lunar phases appears above. The new songs seem understated compared to 2007's *Volta*; they start simple to allow you to see the structures mutate and grow.

Everything is thematically linked, even choreography; for 'Crystalline', the choir arrange themselves as a crystal lattice, turning in lines as Björk sings, "*We mimic the openness of the ones we love... Octagon, polygon, pipes of an organ*". Molecular and musical structures are united in a playful, beautifully integrated

microverse that expresses themes that have threaded her career, then links out into... well, *everything*.

It's impressive stuff, and she knows it, looking out into the crowd with a 'Nice, eh? Watch *this* then' expression before the mad Aphex Twin-esque junglistic breakdown kicks in.

Although on paper 'Biophilia' might sound like Björk's most abstract work, all these sound like love songs. The title refers to an ecological/psychological theory about the attraction between humans and other living systems; literally the love of everything that's alive.

'Mutual Core', already a standout, unites tectonic plates and chords in a cataclysmic lovers' spat, over rippling, stuttering beats. "*The eruption it caused/A force of nature/You didn't know I had it in me*", crows Björk, as the choir swoop up and down like rising magma.

'Cosmogony', representing equilibrium, is built on a hypnotic, hibernating-heart-speed beat. Björk stands swaying, entranced, centre stage, as the lights go down. The girls file out and she takes 'Solstice' solo, standing between the swaying pendulum harps with their delicate, koto-like sound. The accompanying animation is a series of concentric circles which twist to become a cone, a celestial helter-skelter. It's an apt image; geometrically precise, thematically relevant, but above all, a breath-snatching thrill.

## VIOLENTLY APPY

NME got a preview peek of the 'Biophilia' app system at a pre-show demo. Controlled by the 'Cosmogony' mother app (have a look at [bjork.com](http://bjork.com) for an

idea of the space-walk style navigation) each song's app appears like a little glowing star in a galaxy. You can play an interactive game that allows you to understand and alter the song's structure in a visual way that, app design overseer Scott Snibbe told us, mimics the way Björk 'sees' music while writing. In

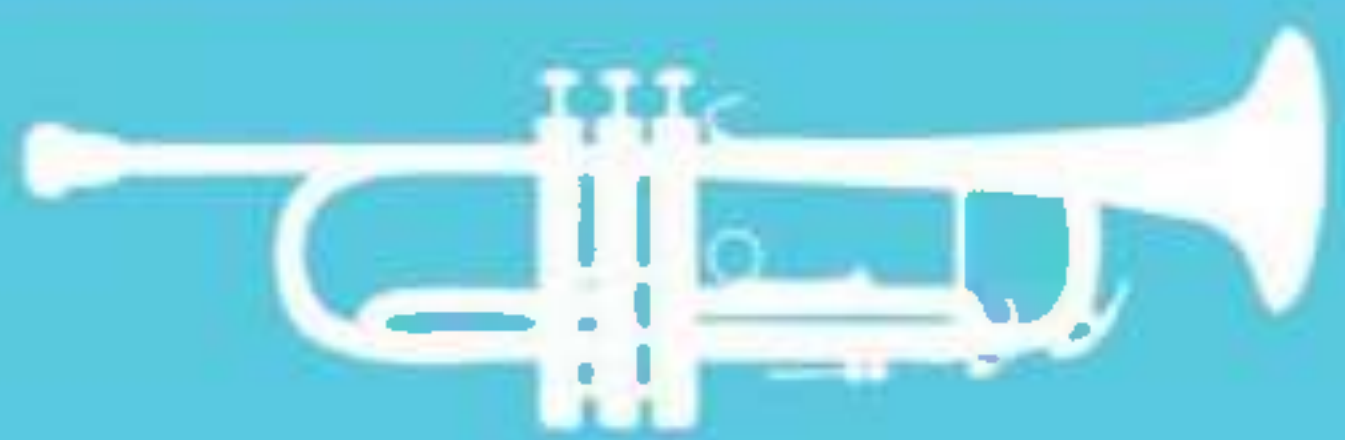
'Crystalline' for example, you navigate down tunnels which represent verses, in search of a chorus of open space; in 'Thunderbolt' a touch-screen app allows you to manipulate arpeggios with crackling, fiery lines. Many of the app features are used onstage for the live show, either to control the instruments (the 'Thunderbolt' app is the same one used to control the giant Tesla coil) or as lyrical teleprompters. The system as a whole can be added to not only by users but by Björk herself; it could turn an album into a living thing with endless evolutions.



## THE SETLIST

- 'Thunderbolt'
- 'Moon'
- 'Crystalline'
- 'Hollow'
- 'Dark Matter'
- 'Hidden Place'
- 'Mouth's Cradle'
- 'Isobel'
- 'Virus'
- 'It's Not Up To You'
- 'Sacrifice'
- 'Sonnets/Unrealities XI'
- 'Where Is The Line'
- 'Mutual Core'
- 'All Is Full Of Love'
- 'Cosmogony'
- 'Solstice'
- 'One Day'

Rizzle Kicks



YEAH YEAH  
LET'S GET DOWN WITH THE TRUMPETS

OUT  
NOW







Arctic Monkeys' guitar tech gets a bit lost

# MR T SPEAKS!

*Festival organiser tips Beyoncé as a highlight*

**T**In The Park festival chief Geoff Ellis has tipped Beyoncé and Pulp to be the big hitters at this year's event. After the R&B superstar brought Glastonbury to a bootylicious climax, Ellis said he's expecting big things from Beyoncé when she warms up for Coldplay on the Main Stage on Saturday. "I saw a bit of her performance at Glastonbury and she went down a storm," he told *NME*. "I think the reaction she'll get from the T audience

will be even greater." Ellis was also excited at the prospect of seeing Pulp come full circle on Sunday night after they played the first ever T in 1994. "I remember when they first played here with Blur and Oasis in the King Tut's Tent," he enthused. "Besides, [Pulp keyboardist] Candida Doyle comes from the Shetland Islands so there's a bit of a Scottish connection in there!"

*Head to NME.COM this weekend for news, reviews, blogs and video from T*

## "I PUT SALT ON MY PORRIDGE"

*MCR's Gerard Way on his love for headliners Pulp*

**G**erard Way says he's "honoured" to be playing before Pulp at T In The Park this weekend, but has promised not to play his cover of 'Common People'.

My Chemical Romance warm up for the reformed Britpop legends at this weekend's festival, and recently covered the 1995 anthem for Radio 1's Live Lounge. Describing Pulp as "the show I would buy tickets for", Way told *NME*: "I don't know if Jarvis has heard it, but we did that cover with total respect for the original. It's a testament to Pulp's music that the song meant so much to me being a cartpusher in New Jersey with no future, all the way across the ocean. That meant hopefully as much to me as it did for everybody else. So I tried to go back to that place where I would push carts when I was singing it." But asked whether they would perform it at T in tribute, he said: "No, I think it'd be weird. I think it'd bum everybody

out! I would want to definitely wait to hear that song."

The festival will also see a chance for half-Scottish Way and brother Mikey to indulge their heritage. "I always wear it on my sleeve when I'm there. I feel Scottish and I've always felt proud of that. I put salt on my porridge and I heard that that's Scottish. I've always just done it." However, he won't go as far as wearing a kilt onstage. "And I haven't worn make-up in a long time," he joked, "so there won't be any war paint."



Way tries his 'Bad Cover Version'



## MILES' TOP T TIPS

Having lost his T virginity four years ago with The Rascals, Miles Kane returns this year on his tod. Before heading to Kinross, the Mersey-beater gave us some advice on how to get through Scotland's biggest musical bash in one piece...

**TAKE PHOTOS**  
"I think everyone is well up for it at T. To be honest, last time I played was a bit of a blur..."

**DO IT WITH LOVE**  
"I think everyone'll say the same about Scotland - there's always a lot of... love."

**WEAR A SAFETY HELMET**  
"My best festival survival tip? Wear a condom... all the time... on your head."

**STICK WITH YOUR MATES**  
"I think the Monkeys are playing on the same day as us. Kasabian are playing too, aren't they? [They're not - Fact Ed]."

**BUT LOOK AFTER NUMBER ONE**  
"The one thing everyone should see at T? Me on the Red Bull Stage! Hopefully the tent will be packed out and we can just have it."

# ON THE RADAR AT TITP

*Escaping the Main Stage? Then seek out these scorching new bands*

Yeah, Arctic Monkeys, Foo Fighters and Coldplay will more than likely send TITP into orbit in a rocket of superlative-strewn aceness, but spare a thought for the little guys on the bill too. T's always been a great talentspotter - particularly for homegrown acts - and with a number of stages across the site showcasing a healthy hotbed of new talent, there's a lot to see away from the more obvious choices. New Music Editor Matt Wilkinson tips the bands to look out for...

## PAWS

With a song called 'Kim Deal' and an obsession with all things Dinosaur Jr, it's safe to say the Glasgow trio wear their hearts firmly on their sleeves. They've picked up massive hometown support of late, partially thanks to storming slots warming up for the likes of Black Lips, No Age, Dum Dum Girls and Ariel Pink.

## DISCOPOLIS

If there's one new band setting the heather alight in Scotland this year, it's Discopolis. A mix of Friendly Fires, Metronomy and Digitalism, they're bringing the fun back to indie-electro. As such, their headline slot on the T Break Stage isn't to be missed.

## GROUPLOVE

They've just announced that their debut album 'Never Trust A Happy Song' will be released on September 5, so the Brooklyn-via-Crete-via-LA band will be looking to capitalise on their successes this year - slaying SXSW and kicking up a storm on the Emerge NME Radar Tour.

## RACHEL SERMANI

The 19-year-old has become something of a protégée for Mumford & Sons of late. She originally met the band on a beach in Ullapool, and since then they've nurtured every step of her career. She's no mere rip-off merchant, though - expect sultry vocals and lyrics inspired by the one, the only... Robbie Burns (always a good thing).

## UNITED FRUIT

Yeah, the name's kinda stupid, but don't let that put you off. The Glaswegian four-piece hark back to the in-your-face brilliance of Mclusky and At The Drive-In, with an added element of BSP-at-their-most-mental thrown in for good measure. Their recently released debut album, 'Fault Lines', is a deftly executed exercise of the shouty, snotty, snarling kind.



Grouplove: also available for Golf Sales



# SPEED DIAL

## CHARLIE FINK

Noah & The Whale's frontman joins us for a pre-T In The Park natter about crowd-surfing, favourite festivals and escaping the shadow of '5 Years Time'

**You're playing the Pet Sounds Stage at T In The Park – is this your first time at the festival?**

"Yeah, I think it is. We played Oxegen one year, but for some reason we didn't play T In The Park. I've been checking out the line-up – we're playing just before Eels. When I was growing up they were one of my idols, so that's exciting! I love Eels. Pulp are headlining the day we're on as well, which will be amazing."

**What kind of reaction are you expecting – do the Scottish crowds love the Noah vibe?**

"We played a show in Dundee that I think was one of the greatest we've ever done. Seriously, it was the first time we've had crowd-surfing. Hopefully T In The Park will just be everyone crowd-surfing... there'll be no-one actually on the ground. A sea of crowd-surfing – that's the dream."

**Has the festival season really kicked off for you yet?**

"Definitely. We played Glastonbury, that was amazing, and we've done Sasquatch Festival in America too [*Sasquatch = Big Foot – Mythological Creatures Ed*]. We only played a couple of festivals last year, but the year before that we played loads. It was just before 'The First Days Of Spring' came out, and that album doesn't really lend itself to festivals anyway, so that was a struggle! It's the other end of the spectrum playing the new material now – it seems to be really hitting home."

**So is this the summer you break into the big league?**

"Hopefully. This is the third record, and you can just feel a difference in dynamic and in the reception. It's amazing because I don't think it's that normal for a band to get to their third record and



have that. It's awesome and really cool. Having spent four years doing festivals I can definitely say we've got the biggest crowds we've been playing to."

**What's been your most memorable festival moment so far?**

"Glastonbury was great, but last summer's Latitude was really special

too. It felt like that album was finally connecting with people, and that was amazing. It felt like a real achievement doing that show."

**Why do you reckon it took people so long to get 'The First Days Of Spring'?**  
"It was only at festivals when it was hard. The album came out at the end

of August, beginning of September, and at that time I only really wanted to play that record. I wasn't really that bothered about playing 'the hit'. We did a bunch of festivals at that time, but it

was at Reading when we were on the Main Stage and just played 'The First Days Of Spring' songs – it was good but it felt like... it was, I don't know... not great. But with Latitude it felt like that's when the album started to make sense to people; it took them that long to get into it, or whatever. By that time the album had been out for a year and it was one of the best shows we've ever done. People are often surprised when they come to our shows because they assume there's gonna be a divide between fans of each of our records, but it's integrated a lot more than people expect."

**By 'the hit' you obviously mean '5 Years Time'... is it an albatross?**

"It's cool now because we've got other hits! What was cool about Glastonbury was that 'LIFEGOESON' got the biggest reaction of the day."

### ZOO TIME

*Here are some other animal delights to seek out at T In The Park...*

**Arctic Monkeys**  
See the new King Monkeys crowned as they head up the bill on Friday night.

**Patrick Wolf**  
The most flamboyant He-Wolf around will be unleashing some lupine love.

**Fight Like Apes**  
Get in touch with your inner punk primate to the riotous sounds of the Irish trio.

**Chipmunk**  
The most famous chipmunk since Alvin heads north for a set that's guaranteed to be 'Champion'.

**Eels**  
Eels up inside yer, finding an entrance where they can... Namely, on the Red Bull Bedroom Jam Stage.

**Any surprises up your sleeve for your T In The Park set?**

"We've been on the road for four months coming into festival season so we're a well-oiled machine by now! It's all about not getting too clever and just playing the songs with the gusto that four months on the road has given us. Anyway... it wouldn't be a surprise if I told you about it, would it?"

**What about the setlist – any new tunes to debut?**

"I always get excited about writing new stuff around festival season, because if you're watching different people all the time then it sparks inspiration. I'm dying to write new songs but I've got this other project at the moment where I'm writing a film score. I can't really talk about it yet, though – the project's still in its infancy."

**So what does the future hold, Mr Fink?**

"I try to only think one day in advance. Tomorrow I'm buying a new 12-string so that's quite exciting... Other than that I'm looking forward to the UK release of *Super 8*; I saw that three times in America. It's so good."





## ANNA CALVI EGGING ON BENICASSIM

**T**hey tend to be big on eggs." Anna Calvi opens her *Big Atlas Of What Vegetarians Are Forced To Eat When Abroad* and turns to the page marked 'Spain'. "Big in a way I don't understand. I'm not massively keen on eggs, but as a vegetarian in Spain I find myself eating lots of them." Dining on *huevos a la florentina*, listening to the sound of the flamenco: Spain has many sun-blessed pleasures, and Benicàssim, which runs July 14-17 and will also see sets from Arctic Monkeys, The Streets, The Strokes and Mumford & Sons, is a good jump-off point to explore them.

"I've never been to Benicàssim, though I'm looking forward to checking out

Portishead there. When I was last in Spain on holiday, I watched some very inspiring flamenco music, which first made me think about incorporating it into what I do."

Now, she feels ready to take the next step and buy some castanets. But for all the horrors of being a veggie in Foreignerland, there will at least be one new concession to her tastes: the Catalan government has finally banned bullfighting this summer. "Yeah, me being a vegetarian is very much to do with ethics. Bullfighting is horrendous. Terrible."

For info on Benicàssim visit [fiberfib.com](http://fiberfib.com)



# ALL ACTION: NME VIDEO

*All your visual music needs in one new place*

NME Video is the latest addition to the NME family - a cracking new website that's dedicated to bringing you exclusive video interviews and the finest music promos around. Head over to [NMEvideo.com](http://NMEvideo.com) now to find interviews with the likes of Arctic Monkeys and Kasabian, as well as the best up and coming bands and banter from all the biggest festivals. The projects sees us delve into 15 years of video archive to show you clips from the NME vaults, including a baby-faced Muse picking up their first NME Award way back in 2000 and Oasis announcing their Wembley Stadium shows in 2008. "Since we've been doing online video for over a decade now, there's an amazing archive of older stuff to explore," explains NME.COM editor Luke Lewis. "You can relive the days when Coldplay were unknown and Razorlight were still a big deal." This doesn't mean the end of videos on NME.COM - hell, no - but the new site will be rammed with brand new content, including interviews and stage walk-ons direct from this weekend's T In The Park. "All that and a huge collection of up close and exclusive live sessions with the likes of Foals and Laura Marling," adds Luke. "It's packed to the digital gills with delights and you'd be a damn fool not to head there immediately." Let's not argue with him, eh?



## ARE YOU THE NEW RICK RUBIN?

**This competition may provide the answer...**

NME and Freederm, the spot skincare experts, have teamed up for an amazing competition offering one lucky winner the chance to spend the day with a top record producer at one of London's best studios, and actually see a band recording! To enter, go to [facebook.com/freederm](http://facebook.com/freederm) now and upload your best picture, then get all your friends to vote for you!



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Miguel Demolo and Dan White get collaborating



So that's all the plectrums are going, Dan...



es made r mums paint t

in Cratchley, le t, and Johnny Lloyd rest after drawing some terrible pictures

# “WHOEVER INVENTED MP3S SHOULD BE SHOT”

*Tribes are going back to the old school for the recording of their debut album 'Baby', the eclectic first step on their mission to become a “serious British rock band”*

## IN THE WORKS

Tribes frontman Johnny Lloyd is hungover today — a consequence of imbibing too much liquor at last night's Camden Dingwalls

show. Even so, it's not going to stop him holding court. “It annoys me when bands say, ‘Any track on our album could be a single,’” he seethes. “Well, that's a fucking boring album, isn't it?”

Unsurprisingly, Tribes have focused on crafting a debut that's as coherent as it is

cocksure, one that captures the frenetic energy that's won their live shows plaudits from Mystery Jets and Pixies.

They're keeping a lot of the information regarding 'Baby', recorded in Liverpool with producer Mike Crossley, closely guarded. But Lloyd does reveal that those who've pegged Tribes as mere grunge copycats will be in for a shock. Acoustic numbers will rub shoulders with fuzzy feedback, and they've looked beyond those much-cited American influences of Pavement and REM. “A lot of people have said that

Tribes are nostalgic in sentiment, but you spend your whole life writing your first record,” he says. “The songs are about things you experience when you're young, like sex and politics.”

In keeping with Tribes' old-fashioned, word-of-mouth rise, it's little surprise Lloyd was adamant 'Baby' was recorded on analogue. It's those hisses and mistakes, he says, that make it human. “Everything's compressed to fuck now because it has to go on iTunes,” he grumbles. “Whoever came up with MP3s should be fucking shot.”

'Baby' is no flash-in-the-pan debut, then, just the first battle in Tribes' quest for supremacy. And Lloyd is already issuing the war cry. “We want to be a serious British rock band,” he insists. “Not a fucking fad, or some pop guitar explosion that happens overnight.”

## THE DETAILS



**Title:** 'Baby'  
**Recorded:** Liverpool, UK  
**Songs:** 'We Were Children', 'When My Day Comes', 'Sappho'  
**Release date:** October  
**Fun fact:** After a drunken night out with Juliette Lewis, Johnny woke up with a tattoo of the cosmos on his arm

WORDS: BEN HEWITT PHOTOS: MARTIN ZAHNIGER

# THE JOY FORMIDABLE

THE DEBUT ALBUM *The Big Roar* OUT NOW

'stadium heavy epicness' NME  
'will leave the uncommitted whimpering' THE GUARDIAN

  thejoyformidable.com





# PIECES OF ME ALEX TRIMBLE

*The Two Door Cinema Club frontman on how he connected with Jack Kerouac, why Wes Anderson films don't need a script, and how Korn gave him the time of his life*

## My first album

### 'SPICE' BY SPICE GIRLS

"I must have been about five years old and I loved the Spice Girls. I begged my dad to buy it for me. I had it on cassette and I had this white and red tape player from the Early Learning Centre and I'd sit in my bedroom and I played it all the time. It was brilliant."

## My first gig

### KORN

"I had this weird thing where I was loving all this pop music, then I started hanging out with these other guys who were introducing me to rock music and I got into this heavy stuff. I was listening to Slipknot and Korn when I was 11 or 12 years old. My dad got me tickets for Korn for my birthday and I remember going nuts, having the time of my life. There were no restrictions, you were in this place where you could make a complete fool of yourself and no-one judged you. I remember loving that."

## The first song I fell in love with

### 'SMELLS LIKE TEEN SPIRIT' BY NIRVANA

"After the heavy stuff I started to get into grunge music, and that started an obsession with Nirvana that continues to this day. I remember buying 'Nevermind' and I listened to it on repeat every single day. My dad came to me and said, 'Do you want a guitar?' It was something that had never occurred to me, that I could play this stuff."

## My favourite lyric

### 'THE SOUND OF SETTLING' BY DEATH CAB FOR CUTIE

"My brain's repeating/If you've got an impulse, let it out'. That's what I've always believed and it's sort of our ethos as a band. People these days are too scared to do what they want or say what they like in case it's not accepted by other people."

## The book that changed me

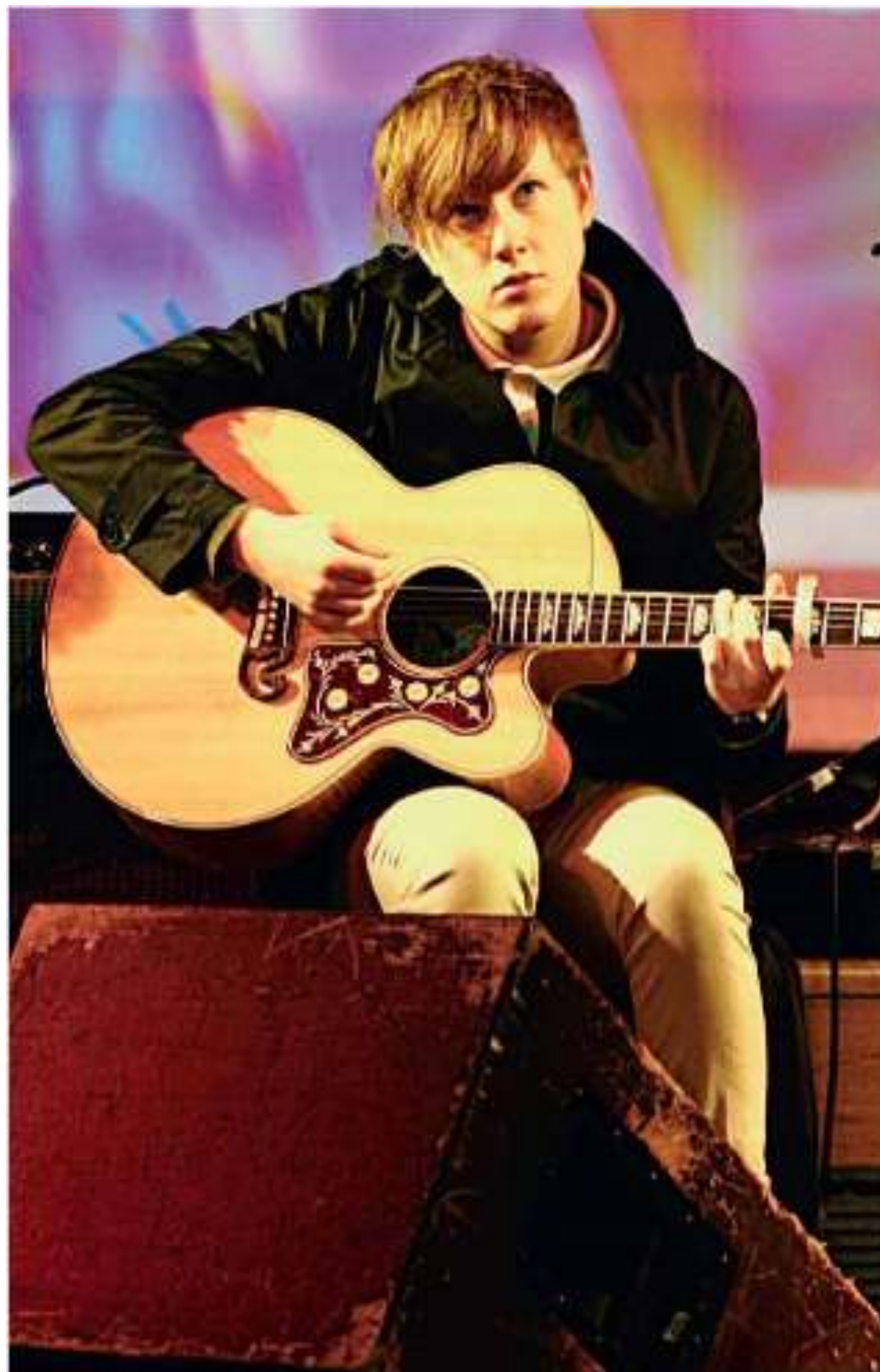
### ON THE ROAD BY JACK KEROUAC

"I've always read a lot, but I seemed to be going through books and nothing was ever happening. I read *On The Road* three years ago when we were just starting to travel and that was the first moment I'd read a book that was really connecting with my life."

## A record I love right now

### 'ARROWS' BY THE LONELY FOREST

"They're a guitar band with fantastic songs - hopefully we're going to bring them out on tour sometime soon. They have a similar vibe to Death Cab For Cutie, but it's a bit bigger, there's more crunchy guitars. It's a really good record."



## My favourite director

### WES ANDERSON

"I always love how he frames things with such symmetry and the colours are always amazing. I could watch any of his films regardless of the script, just based on his perspective."

## My favourite film

### PULP FICTION

"Just to pick a classic. It's one of those films I can watch over and over again and I never get tired of it. Every time I watch it I notice something different that I hadn't seen the last time. Amazing cast, amazing script, amazing director - and it's very rare to get a film that encompasses all of that."



Clockwise from main: he's pretty, he's wistful, he's looking pretty wistful - yes, it's Alex Trimble; Kerouac's *On The Road*; 'Spice' by Spice Girls and 'Arrows' by The Lonely Forest; Nirvana's 'Nevermind'; *Pulp Fiction*; Jonathan Davis of Korn



VERSUS

## PETER ROBINSON Vs NICOLA ROBERTS

*The Girls Aloud-gone-solo chats about make-up, biscuits and cooking "chunks of beef"*



FYI

• Why would anyone lash out at the world of biscuits in such a rude way?

• That stew business didn't help things much either

• All in all, unsatisfactory food-based chat from Nicola Roberts. 4/10

**Hello, Nicola. We're here, ostensibly, to discuss your pop career. How's it going?**  
"It's going really well. I'm having a really good time. Team Ginge is having a ball. Everything's good."

**Now your single is out, except it's supposedly not 'out' properly because of the new On Air On Sale experiment labels are doing where singles suddenly appear and, supposedly, slowly crawl up the charts. It's all a bit confusing. Is it doing well? I can't tell.**

"Oh, I don't know. I think some people might look at it like, 'Oh my God, it's absolutely bombed on its arse.' But, based on the idea of releasing the song early – so it's not about the chart position, it's about sales over a longer period – it feels like it's working."

**If it were a traditional release you probably would have got a Top Five hit but, yes, it kind of looks like it has bombed on its arse.**

"And the hard copy of the single isn't even out until July 18! So people can't actually physically buy the hard copy for another three weeks! I mean, do you understand it?"

**Sort of, yes. What's for dinner?**

"God knows, I don't know what's in the fridge. Hopefully the boyfriend has done the sensible thing and gone to Marks & Spencer on the way home."

**But what if he hasn't? You can't live life without a dinner contingency plan.**

"If he hasn't then it's a takeaway."

**You look, if you don't mind me saying, like a fussy eater.**

"I used to be. I used to be a lot worse than I am now. Whereas now I have quite a vast palate. Which is good."

**What would you cook for me?**

"I like to cook a selection of things so I'll have a big salad and picky bits. Or, I make a really good scouse."

**Talk me through this.**

"It's like a stew."

**I don't like stew.**

"It's a bit like stew. Potatoes, chunks of beef, vegetables..."

**This sounds a lot like stew.**

"...all in the same pan. With nice juicy gravy. And you can eat it with a chunk of white bread and it's TO DIE FOR."



**You have a make-up range. Is the world of make-up in turmoil like the recession-hit music industry?**

"No, in fact [my make-up range, Dainty Doll] goes to Boots this month!"

**Actually don't sales of make-up go up in a recession?**

"Yes, I believe so. I think now society is so conscious of the way it looks that it's almost like lipstick is a necessity like toothpaste. It's as if make-up has to be worn and has to be bought, not like a pair of shoes which would be an indulgence. I think it's been shown, statistically, that the cosmetics industry has not wavered at all during the recession. People have to feel good and people are used to looking a certain way. And what are they going to sacrifice, the mascara that makes them feel great or that extra packet of... whatever the packet's of?"

**What is the packet of?**

"I don't know. Biscuits? I don't know."

**Biscuits are cheap, though. You always think biscuits are going to be more expensive than they are.**

**'How can a packet of biscuits be cheaper than a packet of crisps?' you think. But they can be.**

"It's probably a case of the more shit they put in them, the cheaper they are."

**Biscuitry is a noble profession.**

"Maybe I could go into ginger biscuits. I could call them Gingerlicious or, er, something like that."

**'Something like that'.**

"Yes."

**This biscuit idea isn't working.**

"Music and make-up, the two Ms, are all that I need in my life right now."

## THIS WEEK'S TOP 20

## THE NME CHART

- 1 36 KASABIAN 'SWITCHBLADE SMILES' (Polygram)
- 2 35 MILES KANE 'INHALER' (Polygram)
- 3 33 THE JOY FORMIDABLE 'A HEAVY ARABUS' (Polygram)
- 4 19 THE WOMBATS 'TECHNO FAN' (Polygram)
- 5 7 ADELE 'SET FIRE TO THE RAIN' (J)
- 6 2 ED SHEERAN 'THE A TEAM' (J)
- 7 5 ALL THE YOUNG 'WELCOME HOME' (Warner)
- 8 34 DRY THE RIVER 'NO REST' (J)
- 9 37 THE KOOKS 'THE SABOTEUR' (Ward)
- 10 15 ARCTIC MONKEYS 'DON'T SIT DOWN 'CAUSE I'VE MOVED YOUR CHAIR' (Parlophone)
- 11 31 NON IVER 'CALGARY' (J)
- 12 17 BENJAMIN FRANCIS LEFTWICH 'BOX OF STONES' (Polygram)
- 13 6 WU IYF 'DIRT' (J)
- 14 26 FOSTER THE PEOPLE 'PUMPED UP KICKS' (J)
- 15 14 WILD BEASTS 'BED OF NAILS' (Polygram)
- 16 32 JAMIE JOX 'FAR WEAREN' (J)
- 17 10 COPY HANO 'FACTORY FLOOR' (Polygram)
- 18 16 TOM VEE 'A CHORE' (J)
- 19 24 KAISER CHIEFS 'LITTLE SHOCKS' (Polygram)
- 20 20 DEATH CAB FOR CUTIE 'YOU ARE A TOURIST' (J)



No 'Switchblade Smiles' for Kasabian: in fact no smiles at all!

## NME RADIO

Hear the chart rundown first every Monday at 7pm on NME Radio  
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NME.COM/RADIO

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Don't be in the first stages of what we call an Earlo!

The NME Chart is compiled each week by NME Radio and is based on how many times each track has been played on the station over the previous seven days.



# RADAR

FUTURE STARS, BREAKING SCENES, NEW SOUNDS...

*Edited by Matt Wilkinson*



ABOUT  
TO  
BREAK

## ICEAGE

*Danish punk upstarts with nihilistic tendencies and a taste for chaos*

**C**onsidering they once allegedly played a gig with a dead fox hanging from the microphone stand, Copenhagen punks Iceage are surprisingly meek in person. In fact, singer Elias Rønnenfelt reminds us of one of The Coral, circa 2002. And he's got their persona too, softly declaring, in broken English, that he and his three bandmates couldn't give a flying one about the hype that's been afforded to them of late. "We try not to think about it, we don't care about being true to it," he says, nonplussed, when asked about a recent report in a Danish newspaper that ran with the deliciously nihilistic headline: "Teenage bullies full of anger and anxiety".

Musically, that description is pretty spot on. Cognoscenti will hear elements of Wire and Killing Joke in their rabble-rousing 23-minute debut 'New Brigade', with hints of shoegaze and New York No Wave thrown in too. Back home, they're leaders of what's become known as The New Way Of Danish Fuck You scene (they *hate* the term, naturally), and

collectively theirs is a world comprised of brutally loud live shows, beat-up guitars, vintage Fred Perry shirts, DMs and – the staple of every decent brand of misfit punks – branded tattoos. Several of these are already etched on the arms of those in the hooked audience of the sold-out New York show *Radar* catches them at (pictured). Their online presence is peppered with bloody polaroids of tour exploits (one sees Elias casually wrapping a python around his arm; others have the band engaging in bouts of mental-looking arm wrestling).

But what you might think of as dumb-fuck rawk shenanigans is belied by the maturity of Iceage's music. Equal measures of nihilism and hope abound, and it's refreshingly unselfconscious – a breakthrough for a band who come from a country where the punk scene has collapsed into lazy caricature. It's catching too – the band triumphed at their debut London show, and they're currently midway through a mammoth 12-week US tour, playing probably the scummiest venues known to man. Provided they survive that, they'll return *bigtime* contenders. *James Lee*

### NEED TO KNOW

**BASED:** Copenhagen

**FOR FANS OF:** Wire, Joy Division

**NEXT GIG:** The band are away in the US for the next few months, but plan to return to the UK in September

**BUY IT:** Debut album

'New Brigade' is out now

**BELIEVE IT OR NOT:** Elias also makes and distributes his own fanzine. Called *Dogmeat*, it's delectably weird





# GREATEST HITS

THE VICTORIA, LONDON THURSDAY, JUNE 23

CAUGHT  
LIVE

Due to an incomprehensible judgement by the UK Border Agency, 50 per cent (namely, Zac Mering) of Brooklyn's psychedelic electro-funk duo Greatest Hits was prevented from entering the country. Tonight, therefore, Mering's other half, Tyler Thacker, is to be found in a state of nervous hysteria outside this hipper-than-hip Dalston venue (a British Afro-Caribbean bar trapped somewhere in the 1990s). "They told Zac they wouldn't let him in because he didn't have his return ticket or enough money," Tyler explains. "So we got him to find his ticket and sent him back with a thousand bucks and they still wouldn't let him in! Last night we got Zac to Skype in his performance, that's what we're going to do again tonight." Thus this evening is at least exceptional for being one of the first ever DIY gigs in which half of the

performers are not even in the same country. This translates as Thacker ineptly jamming on a drum pad to a backing track of new jack swing, while Mering, clad in white vest and sunglasses, is beamed into the room live from Paris via a laptop facing the audience, without the slightest hint of irony whatsoever. Sometimes this grates, especially during the hopeless sincerity of 'L-Train Girl', which highlights the phenomenon of affluent

*One half of the duo is beamed in via a laptop, without the slightest hint of irony*

females hopping on the subway and slumming it in the pair's bourgeois hipster utopia of Brooklyn. However, among this bizarre gig-cum-karaoke-cum-MSN-chat, there remains the dignity of knowing that whether or not you choose to believe opinions suggesting we are living in a cultural landfill at the end of history, the show must go on. *Jon Guignol*

# The Buzz

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



## 1 DOUBLE DENIM RECORDS

Seems only a few months ago that Hari Ashurst and Jack Thomas started Double Denim, but in that time they've established themselves as major players in the league of little labels. Previous releases have included the likes of Stay+, Star Slinger and Blackbird Blackbird, and next up are New Yorkers Celestial Shore (pictured) whose 'Pals'/'Place Aux Dames' seven-inch came out this week (July 5). Hari and Jack are now working closely with Liverpool newcomers Outfit, with a single for the Talking Heads-esque act planned for September. Hari tells us there are bigger plans afoot too. "We don't want to just do singles - at a certain point we're going to keep hold of some of these bands and work on an album with them."

## BAND CRUSH



WU LYF's Ellery Roberts on his favourite new act

"S Mahabha is a DJ who mixes all kinds of really weird, unusual stuff together - he's decent. He played with us on the last UK tour we did before this one, although it was only for a few dates."



## 2 THE PEOPLE'S TEMPLE

New bands who like the 13th Floor Elevators? Ten a bloody penny. But none of them do it nearly as well as this lot, who come bounding out of the "farm fields of mid-Michigan" armed with shoddy four-tracks and bags of industrial-strength weed. Their debut album, 'Sons Of Stone', is nothing short of mighty.



## 3 DOT ROTTEN'S BIGTIME GAMBLE

Already notorious in the grime scene for his emotionally charged lyrics and impressive production, the south Londoner is all about intrigue. His tales of relationships, the streets and religion wowed Mercury enough to sign him on a big-money deal, signifying some new competition for Dizzee, Tinie et al.



## 4 SUPERHUMAN HAPPINESS

Led by Antibalas saxophonist Stuart Bogie, SH had one of the best cuts on the recent 'Red Hot + Rio 2' Tropicalia compilation, covering 'Caetano Veloso' with Cults. However, it's the Yeasayer-ish clatter of new single 'GMYL' that's totally killer, challenging 'Pumped Up Kicks' for song of the summer.



## 5 ZUN ZUN EGUI SIGN TO BELLA UNION

Their tribal, vibrant thrash - in hock to Lightning Bolt, Fela Kuti and Beefheart - has been sending crowds in their native Bristol barmy for ages at their club night How Come... So it's welcome news that the four-piece are finally releasing their debut album, 'Katang', on Bella Union this September.

## RADAR GLOSSARY

This week's impenetrable muso slang decoded

### NITZHONOT

A type of commercial Israeli trance featuring what sounds like cut-up cartoon snippets based around psychedelic overtones. Holymen and Space Odyssey are pushing the genre's boundaries.



SCENE  
REPORTTRASH  
TALK'S PUNK  
PROGNOSIS

*Lee Spielman dives headfirst  
into the hardcore and metal pit*



I wanna start this out by saying that every single band on this list are from the UK! These are bands that I've come across through friends and through touring. Hope you enjoy.

First up are **Crossbreaker**, a heavy band from Newport in the vern of Rise And Fall or Left For Dead. We got to play with them on our last UK tour and they crushed it. They have a new seven-inch coming out on Thirty Days Of Night/Holy Roar Records called 'LOW', but you should listen to 'Time Is Making Fools Of Us' too.

Another awesome UK act we got to play with on our last trip over are **Witch Cult**. They are gnarly power-violence with a stoner edge, for fans of Crossed Out and Infest with a touch of Electric Wizard. When we saw them live, the singer was going insane, bouncing off all of the walls; it was an exciting show, for sure. They only have a demo tape out right now but the track to check out is 'Burn'. Don't sleep on this band.

**Tremors** are a hardcore punk band from London that are killing it; they've got a new record coming out called 'Islands' which totally rips, and out already is 'Forever Alone'. They play London a pretty good amount so if you're around you should catch it. You won't be disappointed.

LEE'S  
TOP 5

**CROSSBREAKER**  
'Time Is Making  
Fools Of Us'

**WITCH CULT**  
'Burn'

**TREMORS**  
'Forever Alone'

**IRON WITCH**  
'Hyper Vixen'

**BRUTALITY WILL  
PREVAIL**  
'Sleep Paralysis'

Then there's **Iron Witch**, another rad band we got to play with on our last tour. They floored me with their take on aggressive, stoner rock jams. Fans of Eyehategod, Sleep and St Virus should check out 'Hyper Vixen' from their demo. Smoke some weed and listen to this band; they'll smash your brain in.

Finally, **Brutality Will Prevail** are from Wales and play straight-up hardcore. We played with them at their record release show a few weeks back and kids were killing each other. Fists were flying, people jumping off stuff. They have a new record out called 'Sleep Paralysis' that's definitely worth a listen.

NEXT WEEK'S COLUMNIST:  
Transparent's Jack Shankly

5  
TO SEE

*This week's  
unmissable new  
music shows*

**STAR SLINGER**  
The Arches, Glasgow  
July 8

**TRIPWIRES**  
Thekla, Bristol  
July 11

**THE KILL VAN KULLS**  
The Social, London  
July 11

**COLD SPECKS**  
Lexington, London  
July 12

**THE WILD MERCURY**  
The Railway,  
Winchester  
July 12



One member of  
Pure X couldn't resist  
the lure of Gillette

PURE X IN  
ECSTASY

*After a name change and what seems like aeons  
locked in the studio, the band formerly known as  
Pure Ecstasy are finally releasing their debut*

RADAR  
NEWS

Pure X's Jesse Jenkins might well be the world's most relaxed man. And he's got a right to be. After almost a year of waiting, the Austin,

is a lush mess of grungey feedback and blissed-out vocals. Recorded with no overdubs, tracks like 'Dream Over' sound like Galaxie 500 on purple drank. Speaking of the long wait between singles and album, Jenkins shrugs that "we weren't in any real rush. We wanted to put it out when we were ready and when we felt good about it. I feel like everybody is just rushing to put out as much shit as they can, and that a lot of it suffers quality wise." Instead of rushing

Texas trio are on the cusp of releasing their much-anticipated debut album, 'Faded'. And bassist Jenkins has just revealed they're already working on album number two. "I feel really good right now," he says. "We feel good about taking the time to put this one out. We're recording the next one in a different way, and there's probably going to be more instruments on it. It's hard to say what it'll sound like."

Confusingly, when the group first started releasing material they were named Pure Ecstasy. What happened with the name change? Were there strong letters from Drug Awareness Boards? Not quite, laughs Jenkins. "We changed the band name for legal reasons. There's a band in San Francisco called Pure Ecstasy. They are, like, a covers band that sing the national anthem at games and stuff. They're all, like, 50-year-old dudes. They've owned the copyright since, like, 1993. We had to actually page the dude on his pager. Who has a pager any more? Pure Ecstasy, that's who."

Focusing on album number one, 'Faded'

*"We wanted to put the  
album out when we felt good  
about it"* **JESSE JENKINS**

the album, the group honed their live show – and promise to "go hard" when they visit the UK this winter. "We thrash. We bring the pain," he says, knowingly. **Ailbhe Malone**



Pure X when they  
were Pure Ecstasy



Crossbreaker  
reacts badly  
to rumours of  
an A-brube split



# THE GENIUS



*To many, **Jim Morrison** was the beautiful, leather-drenched Lizard King, the coolest rock star we ever had, who immersed himself in philosophy and took copious mind-melting drugs to lift rock'n'roll to a whole new spiritual level. On the 40th anniversary of his death, **Gavin Mac** argues that he was a generation's poet, a thinker and an innovative frontman who came to represent not just rock but creativity itself...*

**O**n the official press release that came with The Doors' self-titled 1967 debut album, Jim Morrison was asked to list his personal particulars. Date of birth. Place of birth. Height. And so on. This he did. December 8, 1943. Melbourne, California. 5'11"... Under the heading 'family', he put only one word: 'dead'.

This would have been news to Rear Admiral George S Morrison, Mrs Clara Morrison, sister Anne Morrison and brother Andrew, his all American family, all very much alive. It was more predictable to those who already understood how Morrison's mind worked. The fact was, Morrison was exactly the sort of guy who could kill his entire family with the stroke of a pen if it seemed artistically valid. Here was someone who was more devoted to symbols than the mundane stuff that lay underneath them. He had long since stepped off the conventional path of morality in pursuit of his own Nietzschean will to power. He had that genius that separates the merely popular from the iconic — a genius for believing in whatever his own personal truth demanded. He genuinely strove to be immortal, omnipotent. That belief raised him up. Then it killed him.

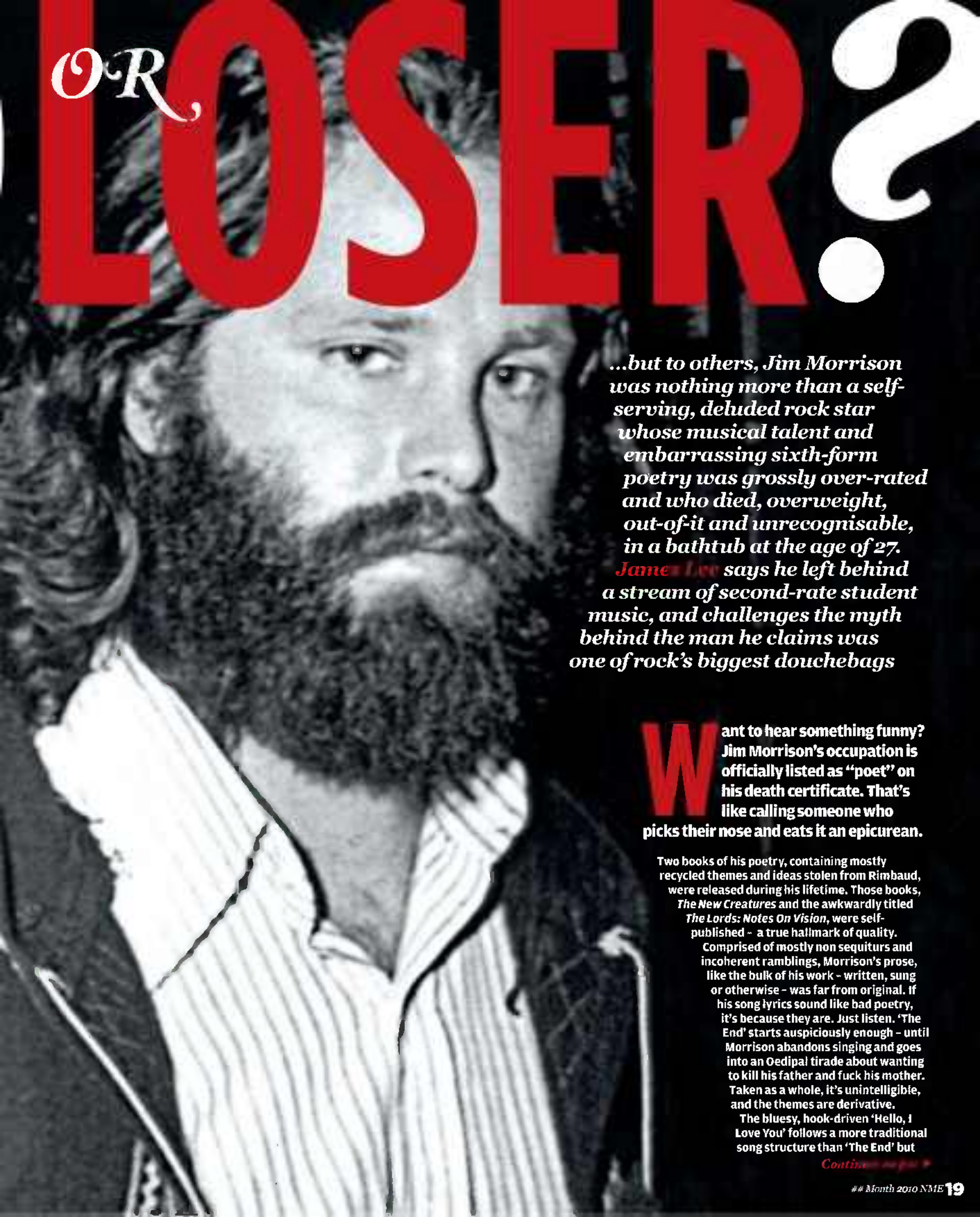
By the time he died, Jim Morrison's undertakers

estimated his age to be around 56 — but he was 27. He had a punctured left lung, sustained from a fall at his cottage at the Chateau Marmont in Los Angeles. His hair was turning grey. His voice had begun to crumble. Alcohol, cocaine, constant revels, were already catching up with him. He was fat and he smelled bad.

Jim Morrison had known what it was like to remove the shackles from the human will. He had given in to his every desire, and denied himself nothing: from taking 250 micrograms of LSD a day to cheating constantly on his long-term girlfriend Pamela Courson, because he saw himself as a genuine shaman, a pop cultural astronaut seeking out new realms of consciousness on behalf of his audience and bringing back the strange news from other stars, allowing his fans to live vicariously through his deeds and misdeeds. "Shamans," Morrison asserted characteristically in his collection of verse *The*

*Continues on p20 ►*





OR

# LOSER?

*...but to others, Jim Morrison was nothing more than a self-serving, deluded rock star whose musical talent and embarrassing sixth-form poetry was grossly over-rated and who died, overweight, out-of-it and unrecognisable, in a bathtub at the age of 27. **James Lee** says he left behind a stream of second-rate student music, and challenges the myth behind the man he claims was one of rock's biggest douchebags*

**W**ant to hear something funny? Jim Morrison's occupation is officially listed as "poet" on his death certificate. That's like calling someone who picks their nose and eats it an epicurean.

Two books of his poetry, containing mostly recycled themes and ideas stolen from Rimbaud, were released during his lifetime. Those books, *The New Creatures* and the awkwardly titled *The Lords: Notes On Vision*, were self-published - a true hallmark of quality.

Comprised of mostly non sequiturs and incoherent ramblings, Morrison's prose, like the bulk of his work - written, sung or otherwise - was far from original. If his song lyrics sound like bad poetry, it's because they are. Just listen. 'The End' starts auspiciously enough - until Morrison abandons singing and goes into an Oedipal tirade about wanting to kill his father and fuck his mother. Taken as a whole, it's unintelligible, and the themes are derivative.

The bluesy, hook-driven 'Hello, I Love You' follows a more traditional song structure than 'The End' but

*Continued on page 19*



*Lords. Notes On Vision*, “are professional hysterics, chosen precisely for their psychotic leaning... heroes who live for us and whom we punish.”

“Jim was not a showman. He was a shaman,” bandmate Ray Manzarek theorised in 1981. “He was possessed by a rage to live. That was his trip, his gift.”

Here, then, was the ‘60s’ foremost shaman, who blew his contemporaries out of the water not simply through his lithe, leather-kecked sexuality, but from the dazzling intellectual armoury that underpinned it. The holy mystic visions of William Blake, the sensual seediness of Charles Baudelaire, the libertine filthiness of Arthur Rimbaud, the taut romance of Ezra Pound: Morrison didn’t simply namecheck this pantheon, he was thoroughly steeped in their work – probably the most well-read pop star of his generation, a prodigious youth with a natural intellectual’s thirst for knowledge latched to a natural radical’s temperament. Many still question the merits of his own verse, but exactly how many sixth form colleges do you have to visit before someone slams you with the very first line that Jim ever quoted to Ray Manzarek, as they stood on the scaffront at Venice Beach: “*Let’s swim to the moon/Let’s climb through the tide/Penetrates the evening that the city sleeps to hide*”?

**L**ike his heroes, Morrison believed in mystical transcendence – that if you could just whip yourself into enough of a frenzy you could liberate everything, achieve fresh layers of enlightenment, break on through to the other side. Yet in sharp contrast to his musical contemporaries, most of whom hadn’t got too far beyond page 45 of the Bhagavad Gita, Morrison came at it from a completely separate intellectual tradition: one that didn’t view this liberation as the flourishing of love, or even ‘good vibes’. While the hippies believed that if you freed the ego, you would be transported back to a Garden Of Eden, that human nature was an essentially benign force and the results would be co-operation and harmony, Morrison always saw the snakes in the undergrowth. Nature, human and otherwise, wasn’t benign, but red in tooth and claw. Both threatening and alluring, it offered a chance to erase the self. “Jim’s message was endarkenment,” offered drummer John Densmore. “Not the enlightenment sought by the hippy generation.”

“Our vibe,” said Morrison in a 1967 TV interview, in his soft, slow, beautifully middle-distance way, “is aware of a lot of things... but not really at home with anything.” It was the same creeping unease that hung in the air like the teargas choking America’s college campuses – the queasy backdraft to the optimism of the ‘60s: no wonder Francis Ford Coppola used it to such devastating effect to frame *Apocalypse Now*.

Here, after all, was a guy who had asked for the complete works of Friedrich Nietzsche for his 16th birthday, and had revelled in the dark egotism that they held: their call to free yourself from the chains of the inverted, ‘slave morality’ of your basic western Judeo-Christian society. Instead, he had feasted on the ancient Greeks, and taken a life-long obsession with his favourite god – Dionysus – from James Frazer’s cult study of comparative religion, *The Golden Bough*. Dionysus was the god of wine, of ritual madness and of ecstasy. With a face already famed for its air of Greek godliness, Morrison also borrowed the complex theories about the difference between the Apollonian performer and the Dionysian, from Nietzsche’s famous work about the mechanics of Greek drama, *The Birth Of Tragedy*. Roughly, Apollonians are ‘reality, differentiated by form’ – order. But Morrison took as his watchword their Dionysian opposite: ‘reality, undifferentiated by form’ – chaos. He was the self-made vertex between genius and madness, the brain squirming like a toad, bubbling over, the ecstatic dancer, the crowd-baiting, crowd-exalting anti-showman who took his audiences to whatever planet he happened to be on that night. “Jim would be on the edge of reality all the time,” Doors



Above: The Doors in 1967 (l-r: John Densmore, Jim Morrison, Robby Krieger, Ray Manzarek)

Left: someone needs an early night... Morrison displays his temperamental stage technique in 1968

guitarist Robby Krieger explained to biographer Jerry Hopkins. “In the ‘60s rock’n’roll was reality. It was about exploring as far as you could go... What we were trying to do onstage was reality. What we were really feeling, rather than an act.”

**H**ere was a genuine radical who just so happened to have landed slap-bang in the mainstream, but never once mooted this commitment to radicalism. On their first album, Morrison insisted that they cover avant-garde theatre godhead Bertolt Brecht’s ‘Alabama Song’. Early on, The Doors were sacked from their job as the house band of the Whisky A Go Go after Morrison insisted on performing his new poem, the mother-fucking father-killing Oedipal journey called ‘The End’, while high

on acid. They openly taunted Middle America when Morrison ‘forgot’ not to sing the line “*girl we couldn’t get much higher*” when they performed on *The Ed Sullivan Show*. He made his concert centrepiece the half-hour of avant-garde poetry that was ‘Celebration Of The Lizard’. In Amsterdam he collapsed onstage after eating an entire block of hash. In New Haven, Connecticut, he became the first performer in US history to be arrested mid-show, for inciting a riot.

This radicalism climaxed, of course, with his cock. Or at least with the baffling necessity for him to prove the non-appearance of his cock to the Florida judiciary. The rest of the band still maintain that no cock ever existed – that he had pulled a fast one, so to speak, at the 1969 Miami show where he was arrested for indecent

*Continues on p22* ►



is ruined by Morrison's corny lyrics, as is 'People Are Strange'. That song is often cited for its lyrics, but that only proves that some people are very dumb.

But at least there Morrison is actually singing, instead of just talking in a language seemingly only he understands, as on 'The Soft Parade', with his mention of "peppermints, miniskirts, chocolate candy" and "catacombs, nursery bones, winter women, growing stones". That song is particularly awful; everything from Morrison's opening rant to the changes in tempo. 'The Soft Parade' sounds like five different songs cut and pasted together.

Although Morrison is thought of as The Doors' lyricist, the fact is that some of their best-loved songs, such as 'Light My Fire' and 'Touch Me', weren't written by Morrison at all but by guitarist Robby Krieger.

Being a charismatic frontman does not equate to being a great lyricist, and Morrison is the evidence: neither his songs nor poetry have stood the test of time. As a vocalist he was merely offering style, no substance. Listened to today, The Doors' brand of psychedelic-infused cock rock sounds horribly dated. Because of their lack of a bass player there is no "bottom" to the sound. Combined with their overuse of bottleneck slide and substituting a bass guitar for a Moog keyboard, The Doors sounded like classic rock fodder even when they were brand new.

Fans, of course, will argue that his appeal isn't just the music he made. That's because they've fallen for the myth - such as the story that at the age of four he witnessed a family of Native Americans killed in a grisly traffic accident somewhere in the desert.

The blood of noble savages flooded the streets. Body parts, heads and feathers were scattered everywhere. The incident is often cited as a defining moment in Morrison's life. He has repeatedly referenced it in song, poetry and interviews.

Unfortunately, the tale is patently untrue, and was disputed by his own family. His sister Anne said in the book *No One Here Gets Out Alive*, "He enjoyed telling that story and exaggerating it. He said he saw a dead Indian by the side of the road and I don't know if that's true." This was the same sister Morrison claimed not to have.

Morrison's father George said in the same book, "We went by several Indians. It did make an impression on him," which contrasted with Jim's fanciful account of "Indians scattered all over the highway, bleeding to death".

**S**ome call it self-mythology or misinformation, but that's just a polite way of calling something a lie. Morrison not only claimed to be an only child, but his band bio stated that his entire family was dead. They were not, and went on to outlive him.

His penchant for lying proved that Morrison was a self-absorbed narcissist. View the old footage: adoring females mobbed him, touching his hair, grabbing his wang, stealing a kiss on his cheek. Morrison remains unfazed throughout.

He wasn't just deceitful in the way he presented himself; he was a full-on egomaniac. In 1960 he founded a publishing company called Zeppelin Publishing. According to promotions, "Jim wanted to get his hands on the trademark 'Zeppelin' before Led Zeppelin [could]." He did this when The Doors were arguably the biggest band in the world and very few knew of Led Zeppelin. Shrewd business manoeuvring or the act of a desperate narcissist about to be out-Morrisoned by Robert Plant?

Bottom line, Morrison was an egomaniac and it was written over his smarmy face: I am sexy, I am smart and complicated, and everyone loves me. So the secret is out. Morrison was an over-rated tool, fraud and charlatan, and his body of work is mediocre at best, completely irrelevant and hopelessly dated at worst.

Not only that, but we have him to thank for every boho shirtless twat in sweaty leather pants trying to be all dark and brooding and sexy and shit and that is not OK. The whole Morrison mystique is based on lies.

**T**he fact is, the self-described Lizard King, James Douglas Morrison, died at the age of 27 on July 3, 1971 in Paris. He was found ass-naked in a bathtub by his longtime companion Pamela Courson. Because no foul play was suspected, no autopsy was performed. His official cause of death was ruled heart failure. Although unproven, it is widely speculated that he died by accidentally overdosing on heroin, of which Courson was an enthusiastic consumer. She too would fatally overdose in less than three years.

Immediately following Morrison's death there was a three-day media blackout. With no-one able to question his close friends on the circumstances of his death, wild conspiracy theories sprung into life. Everyone from French Intelligence, the CIA, the National Security Agency, Interpol and various occult groups have been implicated in his death. That anyone gives the conspiracy theories a cent of kudos is as tedious as his lyrics, but it's quite funny to run through them anyway.

Some claim Morrison was a James Bond-like creation posing as a rock'n'roll singer. Others posited that there were multiple 'Morrison's', that the James Morrison "idea" was really several different actors playing a character in some insidious cloak and dagger role.



*"He enjoyed telling stories and exaggerating. He said he saw a dead Indian by the side of the road and I don't know if it's true"* ANNE MORRISON, SISTER

Clockwise from above: Jim hangs out with the bums on Skid Row, LA in 1969 - how prophetic is that?; Jim with partner Pamela Courson; smokin' on the set of *Critique*, May 23, 1969





Always looking  
for something: The  
Doors in Venice, LA,  
December 1969

## The word of god

*Jim's greatest quotes*

*"I don't  
remember.  
It must have  
happened  
during one of  
my blackouts"*  
ON HIS BIRTH

*"I was testing  
the bounds of  
reality. I was  
curious to see  
what would  
happen. That's  
all it was:  
curiosity."*  
ON DRUGS

*"When you  
make your  
peace with  
authority,  
you become  
authority"*

ON  
REBELLION

*"I don't know  
what's gonna  
happen, but I  
wanna have  
my kicks before*

*the whole  
shithouse goes  
up in flames"*  
ONSTAGE  
IN LA

*"I see myself  
as a huge  
fiery comet,  
a shooting  
star. Everyone  
stops, points  
up and gasps,  
'Oh, look at  
that!' Then –  
whoosh, and  
I'm gone... and  
they'll never see  
anything like it  
ever again  
– ever"*

ON HIS  
PLACE IN  
HISTORY

*"I believe in a  
long, prolonged  
derangement  
of the senses in  
order to obtain  
the unknown"*

ON HIS LIFE  
PHILOSOPHY

exposure. That evening, under the influence of the Living Theatre Company's radical avant-garde work that he had been revisiting all week, Morrison had already been baiting the audience for being sheep – "You're all a bunch of slaves," he taunted. "How long you gonna let them push you around... with your face stuck in the shit?" A friend handed him a lamb. A woman poured a bottle of champagne over his head. "Alright, you wanna see something? Well, here's my cock..." The ensuing court case for indecent exposure left him, for the first time, feeling vulnerable. It was, friends recalled, as though for the first time he had realised that he wasn't immortal. The four months of hard labour he was sentenced to were only postponed by numerous appeals by his legal team, still ongoing at the time of his death.

He had gone full Dionysian, but by now he was caught in its riptide – the ugly side-effects of mistaking a gifted but flesh-and-blood human being for an aspect of the divine. Already, as he began taking less acid and drinking more, a different side had begun to emerge to his character – an alter-ego that Manzarek ended up dubbing 'Jimbo': the booze-hound psycho-bozo

who snarled and punched and lacked any of the soft-spoken, sensitive starchild qualities that had made Jim a philosopher-king. "I drink to talk to assholes," he wrote around this time in his poetry scrapbooks. "This includes me." He piled on weight, grew a beard to disguise it, became moribund. Halfway through what was to be their final concert, in New Orleans, Morrison sat down onstage. There, Manzarek claims, he saw the renegade shaman inside leave his body for the last time. Somewhere, it seemed, Morrison had shattered the only illusion worth having – that there was something beautiful and true and infinite underneath the frenzy.

Until that moment, Jim Morrison strove every day to push his consciousness to the next level: to feel more, see more, go further, burn brighter. In that sense he is every inch the heir to Rimbaud, Blake, Shelley, Kerouac, or any fire-eyed dreamer you care to name. He was a hero who lived for us, at a speed that we could barely comprehend, and who was punished for doing so by the cold, lumpen facts of reality. If you're going to cock a snook at people like that, then you deserve all the anodyne Apollonian pop monkeys we are heirs to. ■



## Strange days Jim's brain-fried patter

*"In the womb  
we are blind  
cave fish"*

YOUR GUESS  
IS AS GOOD  
AS OURS...

*"I used to see  
the universe as  
a mammoth  
snake, and  
all the people  
and objects,  
landscapes,  
as little  
pictures in the  
facets of their  
scales. I think  
peristaltic  
motion is  
the basic life  
movement"*

ON BEING  
THE LIZARD  
KING

*"Think of  
us as erotic  
politicians"*

DESCRIBING  
THE DOORS

*"I had  
this magic  
formula to  
break into the  
subconscious.  
I'd lay there  
and say over  
and over, 'Fuck  
the mother, kill  
the father'"*

OH HOW  
HE WROTE  
THE SONG

*"Adolf Hitler  
is still alive... I  
slept with her  
last night"*

ON YACHT IN  
SEATTLE

*"Being drunk  
is a good  
disguise. I  
drink so I can  
talk to assholes.  
This includes  
me"*

AT LEAST  
HE WAS  
HONEST...

A fringe group of fans postulated that Morrison wasn't dead at all. It was an elaborate hoax: he faked his own death, they claimed. Suddenly there was a rash of sightings. He was all over the US, at petrol stations, grocery stores and – as recently as three years ago – in Oregon, where he was said to be breeding horses and enjoying the occasional beer.

According to James Riordan and Jerry Prochnicky, authors of the biography *Break On Through*, Morrison was spotted at gay underground leather bars in Los Angeles. They also wrote that, "At an obscure radio station in the Midwest, Jim supposedly showed up in the dead of night and did a lengthy interview that explained it all. After the interview he vanished into the darkness again." No recordings of the interview exist and no reliable source remembers hearing that broadcast.

In 1973, the *LA Free Press* reported a sighting at the Bank of America in San Francisco. But the witness, Walt Fleischer, was "far from sure that this was the 'dead' artist". Then, in 1981, *Rolling Stone* reported that a telephone operator called asking, "Will you accept a long distance collect call from Jim Morrison?" Journalist Jerry Hopkins said, "It was an interesting conversation."

The Doors keyboardist and founding member Ray Manzarek added fuel to the conspiracy theorists' fire, stating, "If there was one guy that would have been capable of pulling off his own death, getting a phony death certificate and paying off some French doctor... and putting a 150 pound bag of sand into a coffin... it is Jim Morrison who would have been able to pull it off."

Really, if you are among those who think Morrison

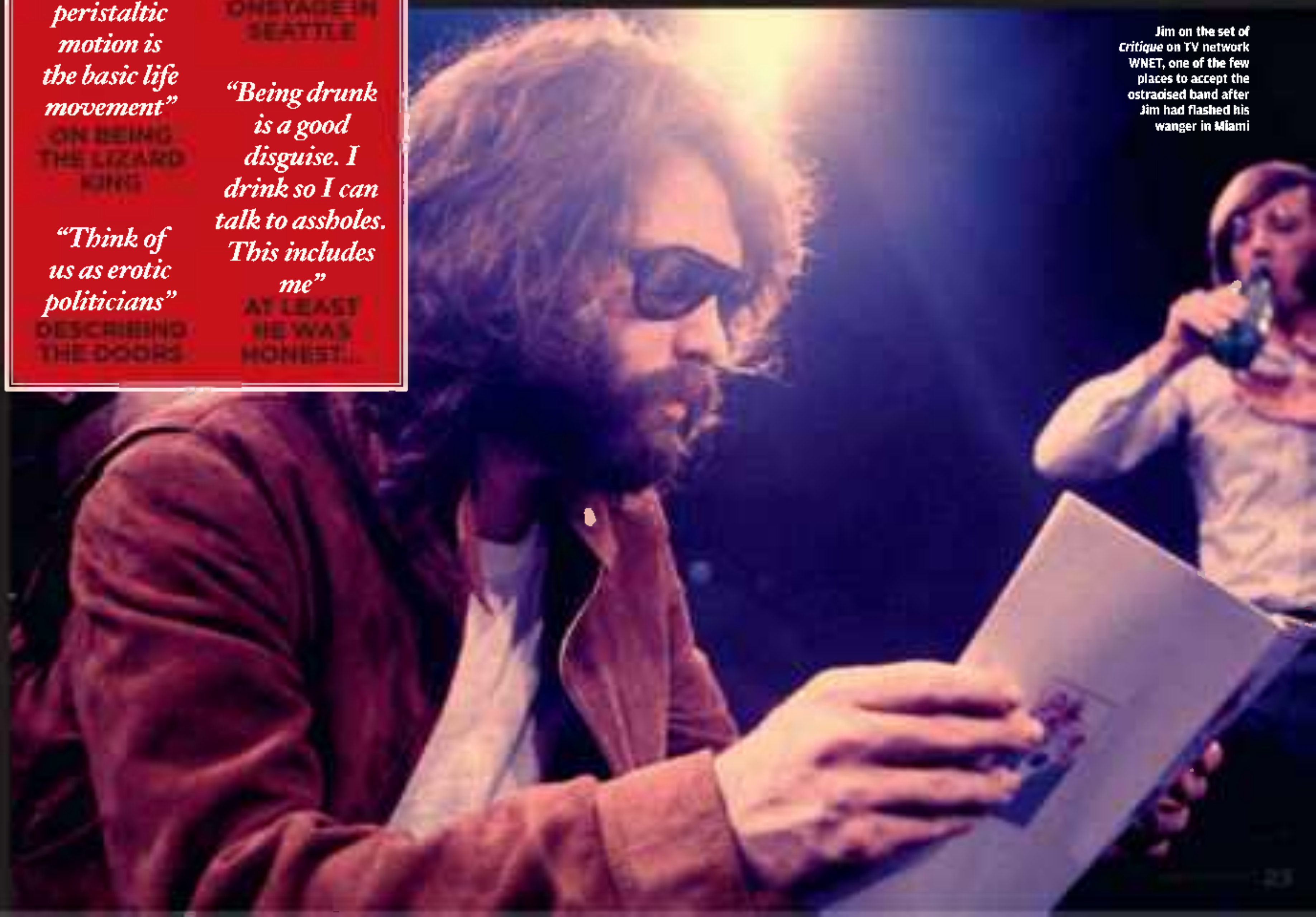
was a God or mystical shaman, or a secret double agent, you need more help than modern medicine can provide.

**M**orrison's shenanigans – much of which he was lauded for – seem like child's play today. He had the audacity to defy Ed Sullivan by singing the word "higher" despite the protests of network censors. His arrests are for crimes that range from college pranks to indecent exposure.

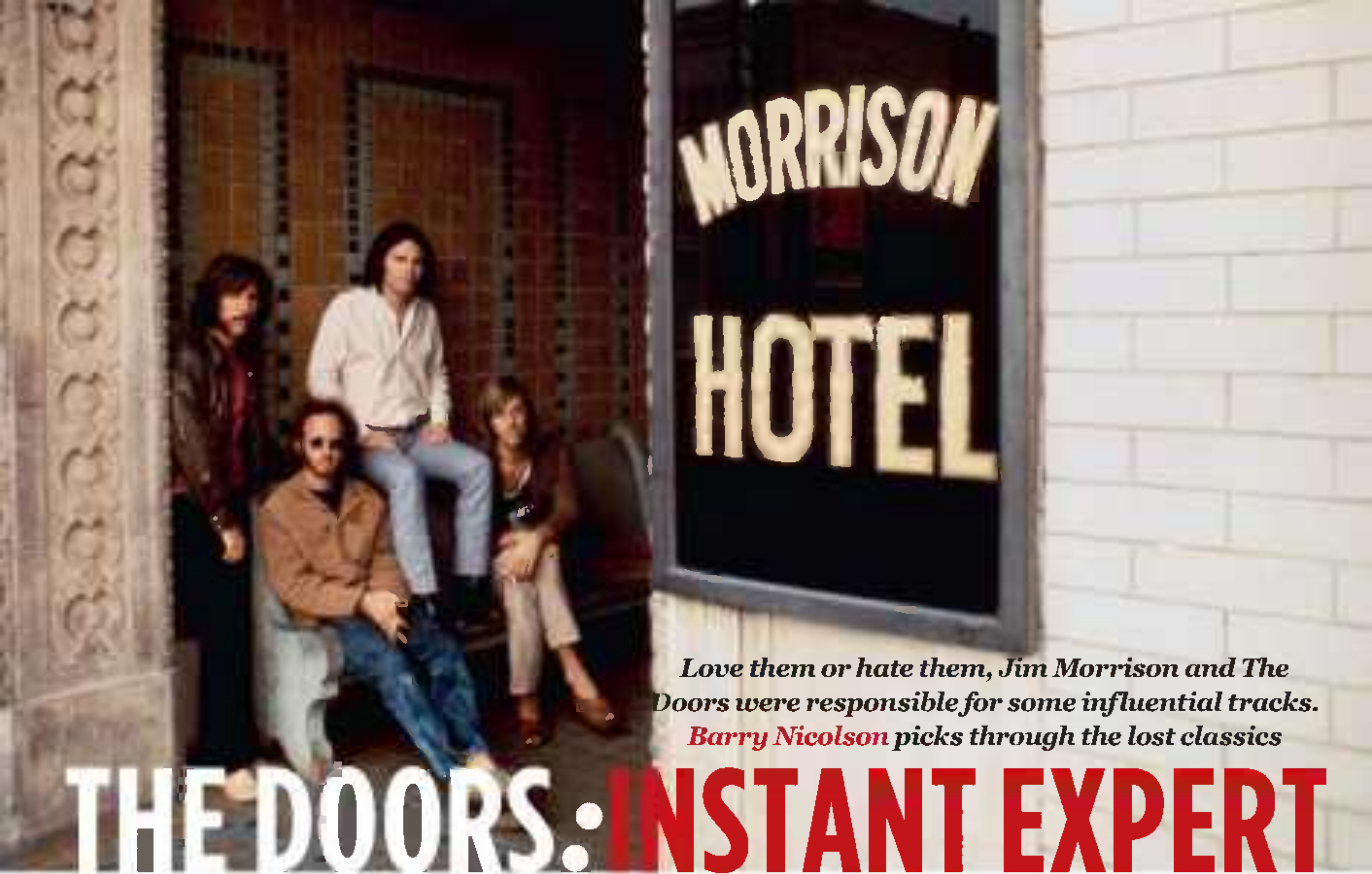
Those who admire Morrison's sex appeal should pay heed to rumours that he had a case of gonorrhea so severe it developed into cancer of the cock. In 1991, writer Queen Mu wrote in *Mondo 2000* that they "obtained a rare medical file detailing Jim Morrison's various sexually transmitted diseases. There was mention of 'cancer of the penis'." According to Mu, Morrison was being treated for gonorrhea in the fall of 1970 and "knew of the biopsy that confirmed adenoma of penile urethra," often a consequence of repeated gonorrhea. The only known treatment would have been radical castration, for which he was supposedly in Paris seeking treatment.

Ultimately, the greatest thing Jim Morrison could have done for his legacy was to die young. It defined him; it made him a legend. Along with Brian Jones, Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joplin and Kurt Cobain, Morrison is part of the 27 Club of influential musicians who died at the age of 27. If he hadn't died at a young age, his death would never have been romanticised to the extent that it was – and popular culture would have been all the better for it.

Jim on the set of *Critique* on TV network WNET, one of the few places to accept the ostracised band after Jim had flashed his wanger in Miami







Love them or hate them, Jim Morrison and The Doors were responsible for some influential tracks. **Barry Nicolson** picks through the lost classics

# THE DOORS: INSTANT EXPERT

**TIGHTROPE RIDE** (1971)  
If you didn't know The Doors released two albums of new material after Jim's death, don't worry: they've all but forgotten them, too. This Ray Manzarek-sung single from 1971's 'Other Voices' is worth checking out, though.

**ORANGE COUNTY SUITE** (1971)  
The last great song that Morrison wrote, this haunted (and apparently ad-libbed) lament was demoed in Paris, and filled out by the rest of the band years after his death. Proper stunning it is, too.

**TREETRUNK** (1972)  
Arguably stranger than anything they did with Jim, this 'Full Circle'-era B-side sums up The Doors' post-Morrison makeover: unashamedly commercial, it sounds like Fleetwood Mac.

**IS EVERYBODY IN?** (2000)  
Literary giant William S Burroughs recites Morrison's poetry over a medley of classic Doors tracks for the 'Stoned Immaculate' tribute album. Weirdness ensues. Jim would be proud.

**WHEN THE MUSIC'S OVER (LIVE AT THE MATRIX)** (1967)  
A performance in San Francisco's Matrix Club in March '67 is one of the best Doors bootlegs, and this epic 10-minute rendition is its improvisational centrepiece. Just brilliant.

**THE END (LIVE AT THE MATRIX)** (1967)  
There are loads of live versions of 'The End' floating around, but this one - from the Matrix Club bootleg - is the best, capturing the band at their full primal potency.

**WOMAN IS A DEVIL/ME AND THE DEVIL BLUES** (1969)  
Jim's love for Robert Johnson is evident on this spartan blues number, which is taken from a February 1969 session, and is one of The Doors' more coherent blues jams.

**LITTLE RED ROOSTER** (1970)  
Taken from the 'In Concert' album and featuring a guest spot from The Lovin' Spoonful's John

Sebastian, this is a lean cover of the Willie Dixon standard popularised by Sam Cooke and the Stones.

**VERDILAC** (1972)  
Likeably daft jazz-funk from the band's final album 'Full Circle', this is definitely more of a curio than a classic, but not without its redeeming features. What Jim would've made of it is anyone's guess.

**THE LOST PARIS TAPES** (1971)  
A rough, unedited collection of songs and poems - snatches of which turn up on 'An American Prayer' - the entire album provides a fascinating (if indulgent) insight into Jim's final days.



**UNDER WATERFALL** (2000)  
A hodgepodge of edited-together snatches of poetry and stage banter underpinned by a specially recorded backing track, this impressionistic cut from 'Stoned Immaculate' is actually quite enjoyable.

**QUEEN OF THE HIGHWAY (JAZZ VERSION)** (1970)  
Exactly what it says on the tin: a jazzed-up (and arguably superior) retooling of the 'Morrison Hotel' track, interpreted as being about Jim's turbulent relationship with Pamela Courson.

**I WILL NEVER BE UNTRUE** (1969)  
On this disarmingly sweet soul ditty, Jim promises to, "never stay out drinking/No later than two" before slyly muttering, "Two thirty..." Greatest ad-lib ever.

**GLORIA** (1969)  
An improvised cover of the Them classic (from the 'Backstage And Dangerous' rehearsal album) which is elevated by Jim's inebriated ramblings.

## Beyond the music

*Jim documented by others*  
**'Morrison, 47'** (1970)  
Quite why the poodle-haired arch-parodist decided to sing 'Craig's List', his ode to the online classified advertising service, in the style of Jim is anyone's guess. But what Ray Manzarek is doing playing organ on it is even more baffling.

**The Doors Is Back**  
Ray Manzarek casts Jim as a rock star who has faked his own death and lives out his days in sobriety on an island in the Indian Ocean. A bizarre little book.

**The Doors**  
Oliver Stone's 1991 biopic captured the Lizard King in all his excess. As an exploration of the myth, it's wildly entertaining. As a portrait of the man, it is deeply flawed.

**William S Burroughs**  
Narrated by Johnny Depp, this 2009 documentary is the definitive cinematic portrait of The Doors. The DVD extras also contain a revealing interview with Jim's father, Rear Admiral George Morrison.



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# VIVA

**The TV's in the pool, girls are running scared, and the local drug dealer thinks it's Christmas. They may have a new name but, as *Barry Nicolson* discovers, nothing can change *Viva Brother***

PHOTOS: TOM OXLEY

**T**owards the end of *NME*'s two-day Balearic odyssey with Slough's goggiest sons, when the rider has run dry, the wraps of cocaine have been consumed and frontman Lee Newell has confessed to us that, "I don't even know who I am anymore" – we ask them to name the most rock'n'roll thing they've done recently.

It's been one of those interviews. Conducted before the band added the word Viva to their name – they were handed a writ by a US Celtic rock band also called Brother – our chat starts out all diplomatic and about the music, but ends 90 chaotic minutes later with the band asking us to "try and avoid ruining our career". Perhaps sensing this, bassist Josh Ward offers some hackneyed old cliché about the gig in Ibiza they've just played. Lee, meanwhile, tries to swat the question away by saying, "I don't like being asked that, because it makes us sound try-hard, and as much as people like to think we are, we're not."

For guitarist Sam Jackson, though, such half-measures simply will not suffice. He knows what he's done recently that's rock'n'roll, and it happened just this afternoon. "I was stood on top of a table out on my hotel balcony," he proudly informs us, "naked as the day I was born, shaking my junk at some blondes across the street. But did they come over? Did they fuck!"

If this were any other band, we'd be inclined to believe they were taking the piss. But this is Viva Brother, and they're not. They're really, really not.

**I**t was in Magaluf that this particular spiral began 24 hours earlier, and has been heading downwards since. We meet as they walk offstage at the Mallorca Rocks hotel, after a rapturously received set in support of tour headliners The Wombats. Lee's first words to us are directions to the dressing room fridge. He promises to conduct our interview after everyone is pissed because, "You wouldn't want us to be boring, would you?"

So begins a night of debauchery that starts awkwardly (Murph Wombat does not like sharing a cab with the journo who gave his new album 4/10) and ends with us falling up the stairs to our hotel room at an hour of the morning we can only place somewhere between four and seven. Everything in between isn't so much a blur as an abstract jigsaw puzzle we have to piece together the next day, along with the shards of broken psyche.

After posing for photos outside the hotel with the local drug dealer (turns out he's a big fan), we're whisked off to the VIP lounge of some anonymous superclub, where the band proceed to gorge themselves on gin, lager and cocaine. A bleary-eyed Lee confides in us that, "The sort of people we are, coming from little old Slough, everything that's happening is just fucking surreal for us. We went over to America and did the big TV shows, Letterman and all that. Sam got romantic with a girl under the Hollywood sign in L.A. Being in this band is the most fun you could ever imagine... times seven."

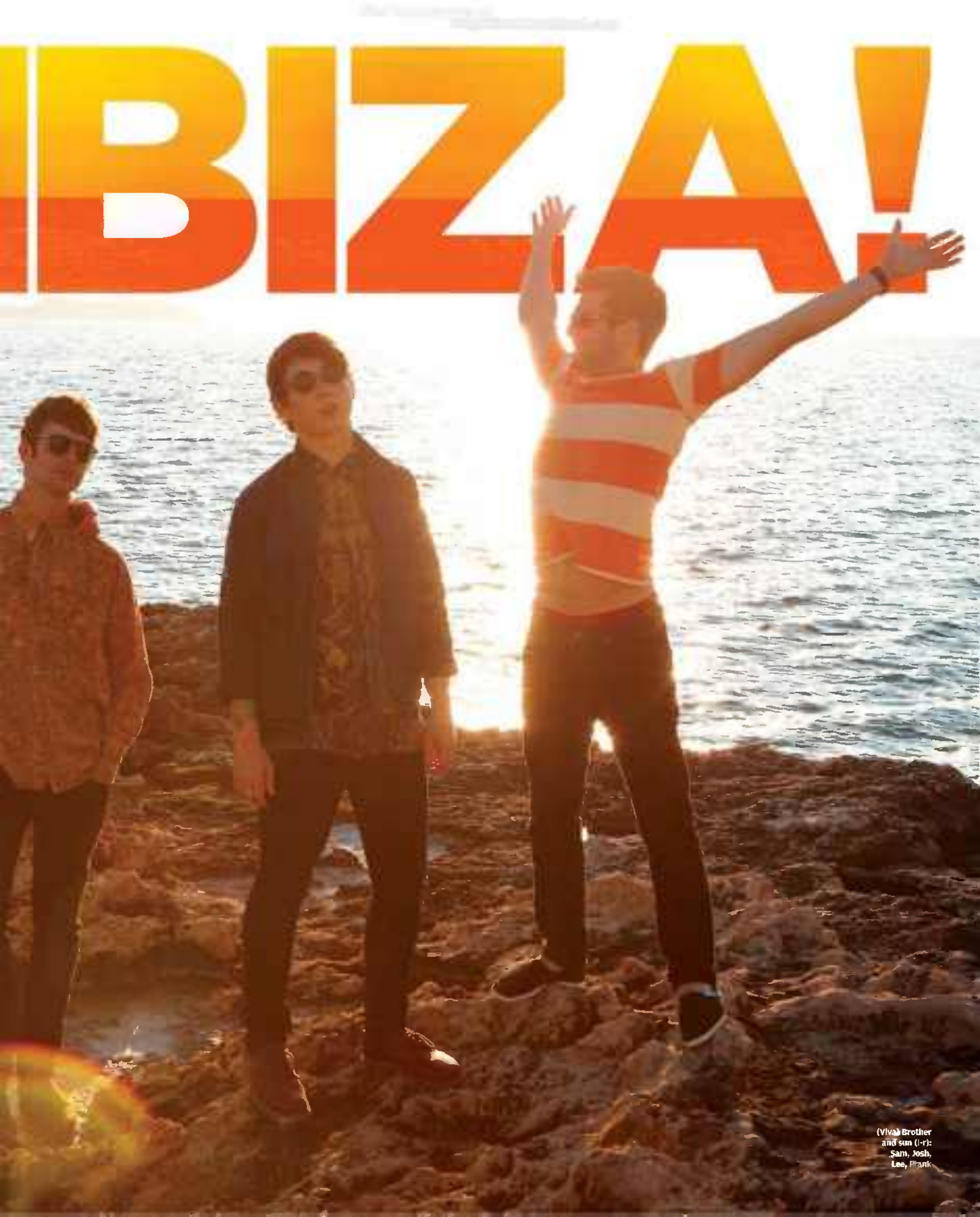
We don't doubt it. But for how long? Right now, Viva Brother are probably the most divisive band in Britain, loved and loathed in not-quite-equal measure. Back at the start of the year, they were tipped to drag guitar music back into the charts, proclaiming themselves "the future of music" and predicting they'd be headlining Glastonbury within two years. But summer's here, and they've found themselves waging a guerrilla war that's yet to register a blip on Darth Gaga's radar. The ever-shifting release date for their debut album, 'Famous First Words', hasn't helped: first it was September, then July, now August. Rumour has it that their record company wasn't exactly thrilled with the finished product, either. "Bollocks," snaps Lee. "They're absolutely chuffed with it. I don't know what fucker told you that, but they're wrong, and they need to be lynched."

It turns out the reason behind the delay is the re-release of debut single 'Darling Buds Of May' but, having heard the album, we can't see why their record company would be dissatisfied. The band have made the record they were always going to make: a big, primary-coloured slab of nouveau-Britpop, full of festival-ready choruses and moments for tossing lager over the heads of strangers. It certainly has the potential to be big, but Glasto-headliner big? The next night in Ibiza, with everyone manfully drinking through their hangovers, we ask the band if they really think that's still on the cards. Lee: "Well, that's the dream, isn't it? The festival season is going to be important for us, because there are going to be hundreds of thousands of people out there that we need to win over. Everyone says we're arrogant bastards – which we are – but we put on a fucking great live show. The album was made for festivals: when we were writing it we had pictures of the Glastonbury crowd up on the wall."

**"WE GET BOTTLES THROWN AT US, BUT IT'S WHO WE ARE"**  
*Lee Newell*







(Viva) Brother  
and son (l-r):  
Sam, Josh,  
Lee, Frank



It's not necessary to put your hand up to go to the toilet, Lee

It's a marathon, not a sprint, Lee

Chicken drumsticks from the takeaway?

Ah, the English abroad

## BROTHER Vs LIAM

*Because we had to ask...*

"Can we talk about Beady Eye now?" asks Sam Jackson excitedly. "When's that question coming?"

Truth be told, we hadn't planned on asking about the low-level feud that's been simmering between Viva Brother and Liam Gallagher since the start of the year. But, given they're gagging to talk about it, we do so anyway.

Lee says, "We were supposed to be doing a *Live From Abbey Road* session with Beady Eye, but apparently once he found out that we were on the bill, he pulled out. He moved to another date."

Could Liam be running scared of the band he once described to *NME* as "little fucking posh lads with tattoos"? Lee is playing things faux-diplomatic. "All I would say to Liam Gallagher is, 'Thank you for that free press in *NME*.'"

"Noel likes us anyway," he adds. "He's friends with our friend Mike and we've heard he's really into us."

► Josh: "Perhaps we won't be headlining within two years... but you've got to aim big, haven't you?"  
Lee: "If all else fails, I'll shoot myself in the head at 27. We'll be fucking massive then!"

For a band with designs on global domination, you'd think that their last single, 'Still Here', failing to scrape into the Top 100 would have them thinking again. Instead, Lee insists: "We're not the sort of band who are bothered. I imagine the album will go Top 10, at least. If we want to, we'll re-release the song after that."

Do you think your penchant for making, ahem, 'bold' proclamations might make things more difficult for you? I mean, you're not the only indie band who aren't setting the charts alight, but you are the only ones pimping yourselves as the future of music...

Lee: "We don't get a rough time because we're ambitious. We get a rough time because we talk shit. But we're cool with that."

Occasionally we'll get a bottle thrown at us, or a shoe, but I'll take it because that's who we are. We're quite happy to say ridiculous shit."

Josh: "And we're not gonna bite our tongues just because someone might not like us saying it. Fuck that. We'll say what we want."

Lee: "Yeah, I'll happily say that I think we're fucking brilliant, and that I find the band *Mona* terrible and completely irrelevant, but I'll also happily say that I love *Tame Impala*, even though no-one will ever print that because it's boring..."

Sam: "I'll happily say that I think *Florence* looks like a bloke in a ginger wig."

Josh: "Let's be fair, we were all thinking it!"

The beer keeps flowing. The tape keeps rolling (even through a drug deal, which, Josh admits, "maybe wasn't the best idea"). Viva Brother keep talking. We nudge them towards the subject of 'gripop', the neologism that, for better or worse, has come to define them.

"People always ask us about that," sighs Lee. "Some interviewers have asked us how we managed to get our 'gripoppy' sound. How did we get it? We fucking invented the word, you dick! We meant it as a joke, but

we've actually seen new bands pop up, describing their sound as 'gripop'. Maybe you should ask them what it is. All we did was combine two already-existing English words. It could've been 'carrotbump', or 'humpsmack'."

"Long live drip plop!" declares Sam, before everyone realises what he's done and cries out in unison: "EGYPTIAN DRIP PLOP!"

"I'm not gonna rip into Egyptian Hip Hop," says Lee. "It's too easy. I heard one of their songs recently and it sounded like someone had recorded the demo on a Casio keyboard. Hear this: gripop is dead, long live rock'n'roll!"

The band bemoan the fact that people only ever ask them about what they hate, but when they hate in such quotable language, you can understand why it happens. Yet Lee also talks rather solemnly about how 'Famous First Words' is,

"The culmination of the last two years of my life. For the people who love us, we want to put on the best show we can. For the people who hate us, we want to go out there and change their minds. A lot of people hate us before they've even heard our music, but what ever anyone might say, I'm really proud of this album."

It's not an album to change the world, but it might be an album to change opinions, and right now that's what Viva Brother need most. We've harboured our doubts about them – mostly centred around a gig in Glasgow where several audience members repeatedly heckled them by

**"IF ALL ELSE FAILS, I'LL SHOOT MYSELF AT 27. THEN WE'LL BE BIG"**  
*Lee Newell*

shouting out "Menswear!" between every song – but take your own prejudices out of the equation, and it turns out the band can be a helluva lot of fun. We'll wager every festival audience they play to this summer will walk away thinking the same thing.

The interview over, *NME* steals our liver for a night of decadence on the streets of Ibiza. As it turns out, however, The Wombats – still sore from that album review and threatening that "something might kick off" – have rather hilariously had their tour manager bar us from the club everyone is headed to.

Instead, we retire to our room, where we are woken around 9am by a commotion. We head downstairs to buy cigarettes, but on our way past the pool we spy a beleaguered hotel employee fishing out a flatscreen TV, assorted pieces of furniture and what looks like an Xbox. His face tells the whole story: those wanger-waving maniacs on the ninth floor have been at it again. Oh, *Brother*.

Suddenly, we're reminded of something Lee told us the night before. "We're not here to please everyone," he grinned. "If you try to do that, you'll please no-one."

Maybe one day we'll be as big as U2, but I promise you we'll never be as boring."

By their own admission, Viva Brother talk a lot of shit. But truer words than the above statement were surely never spoken.

*Viva Brother discuss their name change exclusively at [NME.COM/blogs](http://NME.COM/blogs)*



# RAY-BAN AND NME'S ISLE OF WIGHT TAKEOVER!

*We teamed up with the makers of the famous shades to get the backstage party started for one lucky reader*

## SO THE FOOS STORMED IT,

Pulp were mesmerising and Ricky Wilson split his first pair of jeans since about 2005 (thanks to all that jumping around onstage). Yup, Isle Of Wight Festival 2011 was a roaring success by all accounts... but how was it for the lucky backstage few, you might wonder?

Well, NME and Ray-Ban teamed up to give one lucky reader (and a mate, of course) the best VIP access possible. Sean Camp won the prize, and he got to blog exclusively for Ray-Ban and NME throughout the weekend, as well as being interviewed by We Are Scientists and hanging out with festival head honcho John Giddings. What's more, he was able to spend the weekend sheltering from the outside storms in the retro Ray-Ban Rooms, mingling with the likes of Brother, Pixie Lott, Alison Mosshart, Kaiser Chiefs and The Vaccines and sampling exclusive acoustic performances throughout the festival.

Here's what he had to say about the whole VIP experience: "The weekend was superb, from the hospitality to the people to the performances. From start to finish I was treated really well and the backstage area Ray-Ban had was beyond awesome. They thought of everything: a cool '50s style diner area, great DJ sets and all manner of fun and games."

And of that snazzy, backstage area? "It was a great place to chill out and have fun. I couldn't believe I was able to rub shoulders with the likes of We Are Scientists and Noel Fielding! I can safely say it was one of the best weekends of my life and going to a festival will never be the same again now I've tasted VIP treatment."

Head to [Ray-ban.com/uk](http://Ray-ban.com/uk) now to check out a series of exclusive NME videos from the festival. There you can also relive the setlists and celeb photos and also check out the Ray-Ban Festival Sessions from the Camden Crawl.



Sean Camp, lucky winner of the NME and Ray-Ban competition hobnobs backstage at the Isle Of Wight Festival, getting a lift with organiser John Giddings (top) and being interviewed by We Are Scientists (above). Meanwhile Freddie Cowan from The Vaccines (below) proves that Ray-Bans are still essential facewear for the discerning rock'n'roller while DJing in the Ray-Ban Rooms



Ray-Ban

GENUINE SINCE 1937









# “HOW FUCKING MENTAL IS THIS?”

No wonder **Hurts** are shocked. Chased by insane fans, courted by dodgy gangsters, dating supermodels... life's pretty nuts when you're European megastars. **Jaimie Hodgson** joins the mayhem

**N**ME is sat in the Hurts Chamber, aka room 501 at Berlin's boutique Weinmeister hotel. To our right are two giant canvases bearing the stern, monotone faces of Adam Anderson and a disturbingly lip-licking Theo Hutchcraft. To our left is a purple velvet trunk containing the Manchester duo's most beloved cultural artefacts, including a CD of Prince's 'Purple Rain', a paperback of Bret Easton Ellis' *American Psycho* and, amusingly, a DVD of the 1966 World Cup Final.

Behind us, above the cavernous bath tub, the wall is emblazoned corner-to-corner with ornately scripted lines from their song 'Evelyn': "I don't mind the lullabies from the machines". This is a poignant, if surreal example of just how massive the winners of Best New Band at this year's Shockwaves NME Awards have become in mainland Europe during the past 18 months.

Critical acclaim in all the right places and sturdy album sales may have confirmed mid-level fame for them in the UK, but away from cynical British muso glares they've turned the rest of Europe upside down, grossing nearly a million record sales and garnering Beatlemania-esque scenes everywhere from Kiev to Athens. Back in Blighty, as reports came in of the icy couple's European hysteria, it may have felt easy to shrug off their fame as a quirky glitch, but sat in the cool glow of the Hurts Chamber it feels very real indeed.

**T**en hours earlier and we're standing stunned amid Hamburg's awesome Stadtpark, an idyllic open-air 6,000-capacity estate that resembles a National Trust retreat more than a venue. Either side of the monstrous stage are banners proclaiming the name of its recent headliners: Bob Dylan, Bruce Springsteen, Depeche Mode... and tonight's guests, Hurts.

Standing here, taking it all in under the fading daylight, we see the band's frontman attempting to trot across the expanse of lush turf to greet us, only

to get ambushed by a gaggle of squealing female stewards too overcome at the sighting to maintain any air of professionalism. In off-duty charcoal Armani suit and tight black T-shirt, Theo Hutchcraft efficiently dispatches them in fluent Mancunian Deutsche and dashes over, smiling.

"All A-level!" he answers, when we ask if his vocabulary is a hasty recent acquisition. "They fucking love it when you speak German to them, especially in an English accent. It's perfect. Ham it up a bit, y'know, 'Ty up, *danke schön*', all that."

The last time NME talked pre-gig butterflies with Theo it

was prior to Hurts' NME Radar Tour headline stint in 2010, pre-empting the testing terrain of the likes of Stoke and Wrexham. Tonight, unsurprisingly, any nerves seem charged with a very different type of energy. "It's nice to have a Brit here, because it allows us to bask in just how fucking insane what's happened

to us is," he beams, wide-eyed. "We played to 80,000 people at Rock Am Ring yesterday. But we're in this bizarre bubble because we virtually never come home now. Me and Adam spend every moment of our downtime just grabbing each other by the shoulders and screaming. 'How fucking mental is this?'" He's not wrong either. A few hours later, as the sky turns dark and the heaving conga of punters wraps round the expansive park, we experience what's become of the Hurts Spectacular – and let's just say we're a long way from Wrexham.

A 12-strong cast featuring a string section, towering opera singer and Scottish Widows advert-alike avant-garde dancers showcase Theo and Adam's stern-faced melodrama in a way most bands spend their whole careers daydreaming of. As Theo tosses a fistful of white roses into the front rows, the throng of hysterical red-faced girls implodes.

**“WHEN YOU HEAR  
YOUR SONG IS  
NUMBER ONE  
SOMEWHERE YOU’VE  
NEVER EVEN BEEN,  
WHY WOULDN’T YOU  
GO AND PLAY TO  
THESE PEOPLE?”**

*Theo Hutchcraft*





upon itself in volatile form, the few lucky females that catch them reeling in semi-conscious euphoria. Inspect the crowd and you notice no crap-suited Hurts-a-likes, no ironic synth-hipsters and few archetypal indie kids. Instead there are spruced-up housewives, families, sad old bearded goths and giddy teenyboppers. This is not a fad, but a genuine international pop phenomenon.

**A**fter the boys have attended to the swarm of 100-plus fanatics who apparently refuse to leave the venue in every town of the tour until they've met the band, we adjourn to the sleek black 20-sleeper tourbus. The dancers transform from velvet-cloaked spectres to beer-swilling, cackling Croydon blondes and we begin to take stock of what's brought them to this head-spinning juncture.

"There was one week, not long after we'd put the original trailer video to 'Wonderful Life' up online, when we started getting these really weird calls," Adam remembers, reclining across the black leather seats of the lounge. "First we found out that in Greece they'd ripped the audio off YouTube and it had gone to Number One in the airplay charts, then in Denmark, the same thing. Then Russia... the label were like, 'Hang on, something's happening here...'"

Hurts aren't the first new British band to experience early flares of excitement from lesser-gigged European territories. But they're the first in a long time to make sure those flares burned brighter. "We'd sat on our arses flogging bands around Manchester for about six years," Theo scoffs. "When you hear that your song is Number One somewhere you've never even been, why on earth wouldn't you want to go there and play to these people?"

"These often aren't places where record sales even exist in the traditional sense," Adam laughs. "But when you go to these places and show them that you value their support then, well, just look what happens..."

From awards shows in Greece to 50 per cent gangster, 50 per cent police crowds in Kiev, Hurts have made second homes of places most bands never visit. And they've watched the clubs turn to theatres and the theatres turn to arenas (a 20-date arena tour kicks off in September crossing seven European countries).

"The Ukraine is such a beautiful place, but you can see that the people there are so desperate 'cos they've had a lot of trouble. Serbia is the same. They're just longing for an escape and the music gives them that; something they can believe, you really see it in their faces," says Theo. "When we got off

the plane in Serbia we were handed a personally written welcome note from the President and First Lady and told that the venue we were playing hadn't been used in a year, since Deep Purple came to town. The guy apologised to us, as if we represented music as a whole..."

Hurts' relationship with Germany, however, is the Special One. It was a slew of German imprints that first contacted the band's management begging for their signatures. And at a time when most new British buzz albums fall on deaf ears when venturing anywhere near that country's ever-impossible market, Hurts' debut, 'Happiness', is about to go double-platinum, with 'Wonderful Life' the most played song of 2010.



From top: Adam and Theo show their true colours and then get lost on their way to the stage before playing to an intimate crowd in Germany. That merch needs some work, though, eh lads?



We probe Michael, the band's German A&R, as to where he thinks this connection stems from. "It's the sadness," he deadpans. "I guess it just makes us happy."

"When someone writes a song that mirrors your emotions it takes a weight off your shoulders," Theo muses from the Weinmeister's bar after we arrive in Berlin. "I've always thought Hurts tread the line between hope and despair, so when a weight like that is lifted off your shoulders, it's an amazing feeling."

"You realise that there are very big, direct emotional messages in our music but very simple lyrics," Adam says, a dancer sat either side of him as he tucks into some sam chilli. "Here and in eastern Europe they don't refer to us as a synth-pop band, or an electronic band, just a band. People still totally believe in the power of a good pop song in the most literal, honest sense."

**T**he next night, the baying throngs are replaced by the towering trannies and voguing fashionistas of a Calvin Klein party in a downtown warehouse. Hurts are guests of honour. The event also doubles as a presentation ceremony for yet more platinum plaques.

Before long, the clatter of flashbulbs backstage as the boys politely pose with shiny discs gives way to another marathon drinking session behind the venue's velvet rope. Theo's engrossed, gazing up at a stunning six-foot tan-skinned brunette sporting little more than a lace bustier. Eventually she makes a swift dart for the exit, engulfed in entourage. Theo rejoins the gang for a final double vodka Red Bull before bus call, and detects the 'WTF' look slapped across our face.

"I know, I know. You couldn't make it up," he chuckles. "She's a lovely girl. Miss Germany, actually. Things got a bit sticky because she was dating the chap from *Twilight* and a load of paps caught us getting out of a taxi. But, she's not going out with him any more..."

Go on then, what could possibly be next?

"We're playing a Swiss festival tomorrow lunchtime," Theo shuffles. "But I'm slightly wary a certain group of scarfaced Russian chaps of, erm, alternative means of employment, may be attendance."

In Switzerland?

"We played on a beach in Bali and they showed up with a group of girls in tow. They're nice guys, they always try and fly us to where the next show is in their helicopters, but you've got to be in the right frame of mind."

And with that, the black landshark snakes off into the rain, and Hurts' unstoppable pop voyage continues; one giant locomotive of blissful broken hearts. The only thing getting in its way? Those too scared to believe.

## LOVE HURTS

*Theo's five funniest/scariest fan encounters*

### THE DONNIE DARKO ONE

"Recently a figure who reminded me of grandma death from *Donnie Darko* emerged from a crowd of fans. She greeted me by saying, 'I'm researching genetic modification so we can celebrate together forever.'"

### THE ALL-FEMALE STAMPEDE

"I was standing on a fire escape of a venue in Madrid and a stampede of teenage girls burst through trying to get at me. They knocked me down two flights of metal stairs and I ended up in hospital with a punctured eardrum."

### THE ESTONIAN STARER

"I had a terrifying one in Estonia. I gave each girl a small amount of attention, and this one girl was just staring the whole time. When I stayed with one girl for longer the starrer came over and grabbed the girl by the throat. I called the bouncer over and he threw her out. Then, five minutes later, there's an ambulance and a load of policemen. Suddenly she burst back in, blood down her face, eight guys chasing her, everyone screaming. She smacked the bouncers out cold."

### THE LETTERBOX SCREAMER

"There was another Estonian girl who just sat outside my flat in London, constantly posting weird things and screaming through the letter box. 'Theoooh, Theoooh!' Eventually I had to call the police and she moved on."

### THE IRISH TATTOO

"There was a classic one in Ireland, this girl ran up to me in the street with a marker and bent over to show me her back and said, 'Sign here.' So I just did some squiggle right across her whole back. Then the next day on Facebook, she's gone and got it tattooed. If I'd known I would have put some effort in."



GLASTONBURY 2011

BEYONCE

Photo: Andrew Whitton

NME





ALASTOR BURN 2011

# THE VACCINES

By Richard Johnson



NME



GLASTONBURY 2011

**LAURA MARLING**

*Photo: Andrew Whitton*



**NME**



GLASTONBURY 2011

KAISER CHIEFS

*Photo: Danny North*

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# Ronnie V's KILLER DRUMMERS



**W**hile some sticksmen are happy to sit at the back and quietly choke to death on their own vomit, others are determined not to let their frontmen take all the glory. So, as Brandon Flowers is busy deciding which feathery jacket he should sport for the next album, The Killers' **Ronnie Vannucci Jr** has stepped into the limelight with his rather brilliant side-project, **Big Talk**. An admirable ambassador for tubthumpers everywhere, we caught up with Big Ron to find out who are his favourite drummers of all time...



## TRAVIS BARKER

### *Blink-182*

Barker cheated death in 2008 when a plane he was on crashed into the runway. He married a former Miss USA in a *Nightmare Before Christmas*-themed wedding. Other notable achievements include a fling with Paris Hilton.

**Ronnie:** "Travis and I grew up touring together. We were on the same label and we used to do the same tours. He has a great sense of hip-hop for a skinny punk rock kid. And he's got very fast, powerful hands."

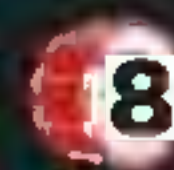


## RICK ALLEN

### *Def Leppard*

'Thunder God' Allen lost an arm in a car crash in 1984, but was soon back to work on an adapted kit.

**Ronnie:** "This dude, one arm or two arms, has a thing going on. You listen to Def Leppard and they're full of drum hooks. Drums are just as hooky as any fucking guitar line or lyric."



## CHARLIE WATTS

### *The Rolling Stones*

When Mick Jagger described Watts as "my drummer", Watts went round to Jagger's hotel room, punched him and said, "No, you're my singer." In 2008 he revealed: "I've sketched every bed I've slept in on tour since 1968."

"The drummer is kind of naked as far as their personality goes. When you're really into it, you're making weird faces, everything's moving, so you can't fake it - and Charlie is one of my favourites to watch."





## 7 LARS ULRICH

### *Metallica*

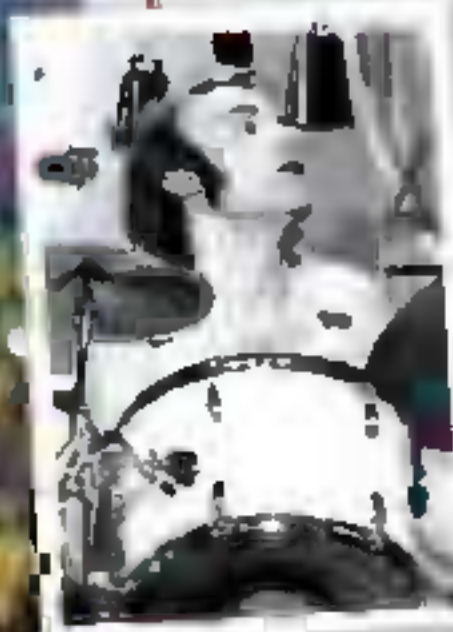
The son of a famous Danish tennis player, Ulrich almost ended up thumping tennis balls rather than drums for a living. He was instrumental in helping Metallica file a lawsuit against Napster in 2000, the big spoilsport, although he's since said he regrets it.

**Ronnie:** "Lars is really good. When he practises! He helped define a sound. To say a drummer has a sound is probably the highest compliment. There are lots of drummers who can play fast. I don't see any of them, but to have an actual sound, a defining characteristic, is the ultimate compliment."



## 6 PHIL COLLINS

### *Genesis*



Namechecked in Eminem's 'Stan', Collins' work is probably best known in modern times for that gorilla banging out the 'In The Air Tonight' solo in the advert for Dairy Milk. I has recently gone on record to apologise for everything he's ever released.

**Ronnie:** "Talk about hooks (does the drum roll from 'In The Air Tonight'). I mean, who doesn't love that? Who the fuck is behind the drums? Oh, it's Phil Collins, you'd better fucking believe that."

## 3 STEWART COPELAND

### *The Police*

Copeland's drumming is so precise that he's been scientifically proven to be more accurate than a drum machine. Famously scored the theme to 1980s TV cop show *The Equalizer* and, less famously, all the music for *Spyro The Dragon* on the PlayStation.

**Ronnie:** "He turned the beat around by putting the bass drum where the snare drum should go to give it that reggae feel. It's because of him people now consider that style mainstream."



## 5 MEG WHITE

### *The White Stripes*

Meg's simple style has been described as both "essential to the sound of The White Stripes" (by Jack White) and "a bit shit" (by lots of cloth-eared people). Meg was believed to be an unlikely home porn star when a sex tape appeared online in 2007, although turns out it's not her. In her spare time (of which she's got a lot now), she's a keen taxidermist.

"Meg kind of drums like a girl! There's definitely a kind of attraction to her level of playing that gave The White Stripes their signature sound. It's cool, I think she was following Jack most of the time."



## 4 RENI

### *The Stone Roses*



Pete Townshend described Alan 'Reni' Wren as "the most naturally gifted drummer I've seen since Keith Moon". Left the band when John Squire apparently wanted to replace him with a drum machine.

**Ronnie:** "That Manchester sound is undeniable. Everyone was listening to it in the ninth grade. I was even in a band called Elephant Stone!"

## 1 MITCH MITCHELL

### *The Jimi Hendrix Experience*

The English drummer was Hendrix's sticksman while The Jimi Hendrix Experience carved out their reputation as one of the most influential three-piece rock'n'roll outfits of all time. Mitchell also drummed for The Dirty Mac, featuring Eric Clapton on guitar, Keith Richards on bass and John Lennon on vocals, and once auditioned for Paul McCartney's

Wings – but he didn't get in. Shame.

**Ronnie:** "He had it all: style, finesse, swing. And he was so understated. He was my favourite dude because of how he is. I owe it all to Mitch. I basically ripped him off!"



## 2 KEITH MOON

### *The Who*

Keith dressed up in costumes as varied as Hitler and a nun. He was once thrown out of a hotel after nailing all the furniture to the ceiling (Moon was estimated to have caused £250,000 of hotel damage around the world). Apparently he was also the inspiration for Animal in *The Muppets*.

**Ronnie:** "I have a kinship with that crazy motherfucker. Keith had no veil of coolness. His thing was being expressive and making the song go. When you're in a band and you're the drummer, you've got to make that song go. The other guys just have to follow suit."





# REVIEWS

CRYSTAL ANTLERS, WASHED OUT, JON FRATELLI

Edited by Emily Mackay



little, there's rare footage of Caleb and Nathan singing gospel, juxtaposed with lots of city-slicker journalists condescending to ask them about their faith (Caleb: "I still talk to God a lot." Hack: "Does he reply?"). Is it a primer, a retrospective, or a narrative?

The unifying theme to all this, insofar as there is one, has to do with the Kings returning to the annual bash of the Followill and Brown clans in Talihina, Oklahoma. Deeply rural Southerners who catch grass snakes, host horseshoe-chucking contests, end their days with a rousing 'Star-Spangled Banner' and thoroughly enjoy praising Jesus, their relatives are what you might patronisingly call 'colourful', and it's seldom clear where the at/with balance lies in the laughs they generate. The Kings

have ascended so far into the stratosphere they sometimes feel more like an extension of the military-industrial complex than a band of brothers, so it's heartening to be administered this sort of perspective refresher; their preacher-daddy isn't just a legend, a footnote on a press release, he's real, and deep down they're all just cool young dudes with lives and pasts, remember? There's some 'Holy Roller Novocaine' UK tour footage that brings all of that flooding back, the naughty hilarity of them flying into Singapore stoned, and a flash of real drama when Caleb gets into an apocalyptic tourbus slanging match about his Jekyll & Hyde booze issues.

But no-one has held their nerve enough to find a story within all this data – indeed, as soon as it feels like Caleb's still waters might run deep, we're tugged back into things like two minutes of self-shot footage of them looking for a working vending machine in a hotel, then into Adam Curtis-style offbeat stock montages of people talking in tongues, then a song, then Caleb in his chair, drinking his Jameson's, getting all philosophical about how you just gotta do a bit of everything when you're young, y'know, 'cos you might regret it when you're old. Message: some weird stuff happened. But I guess it'll work out OK in the end. This is probably accurate, but it doesn't add up to a story worthy of cinematic release. Shorn to an hour and put on MTV2, *Talihina Sky* would be a brilliant post-pub find. As it stands, it is franked from the off with Fans Only. But given how many fans they've got, that shouldn't be a problem, right?

Gavin Haynes

6

## KINGS OF LEON

TALIHINA SKY REVOLVER ENTERTAINMENT

*All the usual on-the-road footage, but it's only when it leaves the tourbus and delves into the family baggage that this doc takes off*



**Y**ou remember when Kings Of Leon did that video for 'Radioactive'? The one that has been subtitled in the popular imagination as 'The Followills' barbecue with cute black children'? And you remember how everyone wondered what exactly they were trying to say? Was this an attempt to beef their authenticity by casting themselves as down-home folk who still know where their roots are despite the three-trillion album sales? Or was it merely an attempt to sell the gritty glamour of the South to their newly global audience? And why were they playing 'soccer' with these sprogs anyway? Was that another attempt to go global, by embracing *futbol mundial*?

Well, 87 minutes of *Talihina Sky* leaves you with a lot of the same questions. Not about the purpose of the black kids – they've been sent back to the casting agency – but about the message we're being sold here. It's a lumpy but not unlikeable mish-mash of about four

different documentaries. One – a boring On Da Road tour documentary for a stadium rock band, complete with 'band larking about on Segways' and 'roadies load out equipment' sequences. Two – a colour piece about just how goshdarned salt-of-the-earth the good ol' boys who make up the Followill clan are; how the Kings effectively own the values brandspace of 'Southern'. Three – a VH1-style narrative press release on the rise and rise of

*Their preacher-daddy isn't a legend, he's real, and these guys have lives and pasts*

the Kings Of Leon. Four – (certainly the most interesting) the story of their relationships with their preacher dad, believer mom, and the sheer weight of JC baggage they're still struggling to find a place for. Their father gingerly tells the cameras that he still believes they'll probably go to hell. Mom explains how Caleb talked in tongues loads when he was



## SHONEN KNIFE

FREE TIME DAMNABLY



Osaka, Japan's beloved Shonen Knife have now been churning out mini pop-punk masterpieces for bang on 30 years – not that you'd be able to guess from the youthful pep of 'Free Time'. As ever, the all-female pop-punk trio finds its inspiration in the seemingly mundane. Whether celebrating gastronomy of the sugary sweet kind on 'Rock'N'Roll Cake', immortalising their school hangout on 'An Old Stationary Shop' ("it opens every day except Sunday! You can buy anything you need at school") or squaring up to villainous sea creatures on 'Monster Jellyfish', the heroic ladies sound just as fresh and enchantingly boisterous as they ever have. **Tom Edwards**

DOWNLOAD: 'Rock'N'Roll Cake'

7

## GLASS ROCK

BABY BABY BABY

GLASS ROCK RECORDINGS



Sometimes it takes time to get really good at what you do – luckily for us, Glass Rock, a supergroup of New York alt-rock veterans, have finally burst into flower on this, their second album. From the first crystalline notes of acoustic and chiming electric guitar on 'Better Than Me' we're plunged into a beautiful, placid sea of interweaving guitars, currents of rolling drums and a honeyed, reverbed voice, courtesy of Kathy Leisen, purring out cryptic lyrics. It's all a little like Beach House if they only listened to Pavement. Glass Rock have made a minor masterpiece. Now you need to give it some of your time. **Tom Pinnock**

DOWNLOAD: 'Wasted'

8

## ELEANOR FRIEDBERGER

LAST SUMMER MERGE



Fiery Furnaces, Eleanor's usual 'day job', are a sibling duo as dotty as a pensioner in leather chaps – a twosome generally hailed for their otherness but too often queasily off-putting with albums that feel like something to endure rather than enjoy. Eleanor's solo debut album is different. It's still wordier than a second-hand bookshop and the screwy mental tics remain. But it's also one of the most heart-lassoing '70s radio-pop records since the death of flares, its psychedelic oddness leavened with big gnarly hooks, the emotional thwack of a shattered heart and intimate and bloodied narratives. In lieu of our own summer, enjoy this one. **Chris Parkin**

DOWNLOAD: 'My Mistakes'

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## JON FRATELLI

PSYCHO JUKEBOX ISLAND



"Rhythm doesn't make you a dancer". Quite true, Brother Jon, and possessing vocal cords doesn't make you a singer, as you're proving quite expertly here. Breaking out solo from that group who had those hits – the ones which saw you instantly bludgeoned into a neck muscle-ripping, arm-round-shoulder embrace as soon as that bastardised first note hit – 'Psycho Jukebox' isn't so much the frenzied mix of eclectic styles its title suggests, more another singularly shit-beige palette of classic-songwriting-for-the-people hokum that quite rightly saw the likes of Milburn and Little Man Tate taken out back and shot long ago. Ghastly. **Simon Jay Catling**

DOWNLOAD: The silent bit between the last and 'bonus' track

1

## FACES TO NAMES...

What the reviewers are doing this week



**TOM EDWARDS**

"Crushed by the removal of Rebecca Black's 'Friday' from YouTube, I had to live my vicarious end-of-week thrills via the bonkers new Katy Perry video. Easy come, easy go..."



**SIMON JAY CATLING**

"After gorging on a third-eye opening extravaganza of Gnod and then Boris over the weekend, it was a relief to find NME sending me Jon Fratelli's LP to resolutely shut it again. And to think, I was just one day away from enlightenment."



**TOM PINNOCK**

"I helped save a poorly baby hedgehog. I'm now determined to set up a sanctuary for sick hoglets (yes, hoglets) in my one-bedroom flat."

# WASHED OUT

WITHIN AND WITHOUT WEIRD WORLD

*Ernest Greene caresses with his woozy dreampop but his debut would benefit from a dose of heavy frottage*



Soon after the artwork for Washed Out's debut proper appeared online, someone noticed that the photo – two beautiful people fucking on rumpled bedsheets – was a stock

shot also recently used in a *Cosmopolitan* article which asked "Is This The Most Satisfying Sex Position?". To the untrained eye, it looked like bog standard Tuesday night missionary, but promised to "increase female orgasm by 56 per cent" (unlikely). It seemed an incongruous fit for Ernest Greene – there was nothing visceral about the woozy, caressing strains of his previous EPs – so suggested that 'Within And Without' might be different, Greene shaking free of his eternal dreaminess.

Alas, it wasn't to be. 'Amor Fati' ('Love Of Fate'), the title of one of the tracks here, was Nietzsche's formula for human greatness: "...that one wants nothing to be different, not forward, not backward, not in all eternity". The idea of living in a blissful moment forever is tempting, but the willful stasis and lack of imagination of 'Within And Without' makes like a clammy hangover to the Great Summers Of Chillwave (2009–2010).

That's not to say that Greene should be expected to change his modus operandi – there are definitely moments of tingling beauty within his cloudy palette. A nervous violin cries softly under 'Far Away', where loss floats palpably from Greene's usually unintelligible, drowned vocal, offset by sparks

of hope from sparingly used xylophone. The production's relatively brazen – unlike before, this material was written to play live, and each part bears a specific role. The shatter at the start of 'Echoes' heralds a slippery house-y wooze followed by fizzing percussion, as if to alleviate the dirge-like bleach through blocked pipes. Individually, certain tracks work like shots of liquid vitamin D laced with barbiturates – the beachy Harmonia vibe of 'Eyes Be Closed' is delicious – but the effect of nine incredibly samey, perpetually shuffling songs in a row is like having sunscreen massaged into your facial orifices while being forced to look at a stranger's godawful holiday snaps. 'Within And Without' hangs oppressively, saved only by fleeting moments of clarity like the title track's stabbing outro, or the jump-rope glitter that opens 'Before'.

It's been written into oblivion that Washed Out's "sunbleached bedroom jams" (next blogger to write that gets a turd in the post) conjure the sounds of "imagined teenage summers past", and really, nothing's changed. But the wan haze of 'Within And Without' should be no-one's idealised adolescence; it should be all about the unpredictable, hormone-drunk joy and the ripe, sweaty carnality of the cover. That shagging position might promise heaven in a hip movement, but it's hard to see how it could work – just as it's hard to grasp the allure of Washed Out's debut. **Laura Snapes**

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DOWNLOAD: 'Eyes Be Closed', 'Far Away', 'Echoes'







# CRYSTAL ANTLERS

**TWO-WAY MIRROR** RECREATION LTD

*These Californian DIY dudes are mixing up punk thrills and psych overtones, with weird and wonderful results*



What better symbol of DIY self-reliance than the tourvan? Ever since the Merry Pranksters painted a school bus in psychedelic colours and burned out east to

introduce the squares of middle America to this new thing called LSD, piling into a cramped vehicle and hitting the freeway has been a key ritual of the US counterculture. With their Raymond Pettibon artwork and pedigree on punk label Touch And Go, Crystal Antlers would seem to be rockers of a Black Flag vintage. But the news these Long Beach long-hairs have toured the country in a vegetable-powered vehicle connects them to an earlier, earthier ethos. We're talking punks *and* hippies. It's 2011 – who said you had to choose?

'Two-Way Mirror' captures this collision. Their impulse on 'By The Sawkill' and 'Séance' is towards a raggedy post-hardcore

with echoes of weirdo punk groups past – think Les Savy Fav, Meat Puppets and ...Trail Of Dead, all hoarse vocals, flailing drums and guitars in a state of distress. What's curious is the way they infuse this chaos with strange prettiness. On 'Always Afraid', organist Cora Foxx makes like The Doors' Ray Manzarek, drizzling the riffs in groovy Mellotron before a free-jazz saxophone turns up and things get really silly; 'Summer Solstice', meanwhile, mints a style *NME* can only describe as 'tropical Sonic Youth'. The final ingredient is a pair of slowies, 'Fortune Telling' and 'Knee Deep', which sound like '60s psych cuts recovering from a blow to the head. All in all, a weird brew, set to confound anyone who likes their music to fit neatly in a box. Still, it's hard not to admire these out-there dudes – still beholden to no-one, still chugging around leaving the odour of Brussels sprouts in their wake. *Louis Pattison*

**DOWNLOAD: 'By The Sawkill', 'Summer Solstice'**

## THE BERG SANS NIPPLE

**BUILD WITH EROSION** BLACKMAPS



The 'erb must've been strong when The Berg Sans Nipple concocted up that god-awful name. However, shit sixth-form art student band-titling

aside, there's actually a lot to take from the French-American duo's debut LP. 'Dead Dinosaurs Rule The Earth' comes up like Animal Collective using toy instruments, while 'Weatherman' juts along like a skipping Yeasayer track, pop sensibilities rattled and disorientated. They pack their well-blogged influences together best on the minimalist percussion-led 'Sunday Morning,' though, a new wave/electronica crossover that proves, although they might be lacking teats, their creative juices are nevertheless overflowing. *Simon Jay Catling*

**DOWNLOAD: 'Sunday Morning'**

## DAVE ID

**RESPONSE** !K7



When we say 'bedroom producer', we imagine Londoner Dave Hedges' 'bedroom' to be a little like Buffalo Bill's lair from *The Silence Of The Lambs*, but with synths instead of women trapped down the well. Darkly eccentric, he weds post-dubstep and hip-hop production values with malevolent post-punk intent and ends up at a unique address in the same street as These New Puritans and Tricky (before he went rubbish). The clanking, rattling evil of 'When Everything Is In Its Place' and the concussive beats and malevolent vocals on 'SMR' are blackly seductive, while 'His' adds a mournful, cathedral beauty. Make sure you've got your night-vision goggles. *Emily Mackay*

**DOWNLOAD: 'SMR'**

**THE RIDER**  
*What we're reading, doing and watching*



**Event**  
**Wayne's World**  
**Schwing Along**  
Not only is London's Prince Charles Cinema showing this classic, they're also organising a singalong and drinking games...  
London Prince Charles Cinema, July 9



**Film**  
**Harry Potter And The Deathly Hallows: Part 2**  
The trailer looks awesome and, as you couldn't be arsed to finish the book, here's your chance to find out whether Voldemort really is Harry's dad. What, wrong franchise?



**Book**  
**Seven Deadly Sins**  
by Corey Taylor  
"I was 22 years old, a hard-on with a pulse" – what an amazing opening line. Whatever you think of his bands, Slipknot and Stone Sour frontman Taylor's memoirs are wild.

## THIS WEEK'S SINGLES

reviewed by *NME's*  
**ALEX DENNEY**



## I LIKE TRAINS

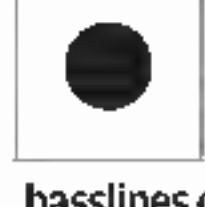
**SIRENS** ILR



Picking through the New Yorkshire ruins like hollow-eyed madmen, these Leeds anoraks continue to find beauty among the rubble. Happily, British Sea Power's grumpy younger brothers have found time to format their fuck-awful name properly in the process. 'Sirens' is grimly hypnotic, like the wind whistling through viaduct arches, or Lord Alan Sugar's face.

## DANGER MOUSE & DANIELE LUPPI FT NORAH JONES

**SEASON'S TREES** EMI



Famously the 'Rome' album was five years in the making, but one listen to the lush strings and suave-as-all-hell basslines of 'Season's Trees' will tell you it's been worth every last nanosecond (you can make your own 'wasn't built in a day' joke, thanks). Makes God's seven-day construction of all heaven and earth look frankly piss-poor. And He had a rest on Sunday.

## MILES KANE

**INHALER** COLUMBIA



With his three-piece suits and his Macca looks, Miles Kane might not be the most forward-thinking indie clothes horse on the block, but there's no denying his rock instincts are sound. The rapier-sharp riffing here is pure early Arctic, but the electric whammies and lusty, cage-rattling vocal are all model's own. Dust this boy down with a lint roller; Miles is back in his pinstripes and looking buff as ever. Whitwhoo!

## BIRDY

**SHELTER** ATLANTIC



T4's Steve Jones once sang Fearnie Cotton 'Happy Birthday'. She dubbed it single of the week. It's an honour Fearnie also saw fit to bestow on Birdy's cover of 'Skinny Love', a Top 20 hit earlier this year. But we mustn't blame Birdy for this xx-covering follow-up, though, the equivalent of Sneezing YouTube Panda duetting with Ellie Goulding. That would be like kicking newborn puppies. **BLAME COTTON.**

## THE JOY FORMIDABLE

**A HEAVY ABACUS** ATLANTIC



You know that bit at the student disco when you've danced to MIA and Pixies and a track comes on that's OK, but so unimaginatively indie of stripe that your arms lose momentum and you mill about a bit, looking over at your dance partner to see if they fancy nipping to the bar for another quadruple whisky and coke? This sounds a bit like that.

## YACHT

**UTOPIA** DFA



YACHT are a band capable of doing perfectly good things, but unfortunately this isn't one of them. In fact, with its rictus-grin bassline and prattling hi-hats 'Utopia' is one of the worst things off their new album 'Shangri-La', so lord knows what it's doing representing the record in public. It's like sending Barry Chuckle out as our earthly ambassador when the aliens arrive.



OUT  
WEDNESDAY  
JULY 13

*Coming Next Week*

# FOO FIGHTERS

GOD DESCENDS  
ON SCOTLAND AS  
GROHL & CO HIT



IN THE  
PARK

THE FULL  
FESTIVAL  
VERDICT

*Starring*  
ARCTIC MONKEYS  
PULP  
THE STROKES  
CRYSTAL CASTLES  
THE VACCINES

*Plus*

THE MUSIC DOCS YOU  
HAVE TO SEE

FEATURING OASIS, LIBS...  
AND LIL WAYNE

STRAIGHT OUTTA CAMDEN

PARTY TIME  
WITH TRIBES

IGGY POP, LOU REED

& MORRISSEY

HOP FARM'S MEGA  
LINE-UP REVIEWED



# LIVE

GALLOWAYS TV ON THE RADIO, WHITE DENIM

Followed by Ben hi Moeet ay



## ARCADE FIRE

HYDE PARK, LONDON THURSDAY, JUNE 30

*Cheerleaders, The Vaccines, Beirut, Mumford & Sons. Epiphanic singalongs. This was some party*

**I** do have a once-a-year drunken morning where I'm like, 'What am I doing with my life? I could own a house by now!' Four years ago, Owen Pallett stopped touring with Arcade Fire to concentrate on his own thing: the superlative but commercially less successful *Final Fantasy*. Today, he's doing his solo stuff at the bottom of his old band's Hyde Park bill. "But to answer your question – no, there's no twinge of jealousy. I feel more like a proud parent. The problem these days is they're getting too big for me to open for them. I used to be able to come along as a hype man, get the crowd riled up. Now – well, my violin just doesn't carry that far."

True, Hyde Park is not renowned for its smallness. But where else is feasible these days? Back in December, when *The Suburbs* was still in its first flush of glory, Arcade Fire did two nights at The O2

that sold out in the requisite 'record time'. Now, with global demand for their services so high, like a divorced dad who breezes through on Saturdays for ice cream and Laser Quest, Win, Régine and friends are having to emphasise quality time, not quantity. So, they've hired Hyde Park and filled it with a few of their favourite things. There are free screenings of Spike Jonze's spanking-new tie-in film *Scenes From The Suburbs* rotating half hourly in a tent behind the stage. There's a croquet pitch. Pom poms for sale for a quid – and every quid goes to help Haiti, a cause about which the band (and Régine, with her Haitian ancestry) have been massively vocal. A whiskey tasting bar. A Don Letts soundsystem. A photobooth with a massive snaking queue where you can get free snaps of yourself and friends superimposed onto *The Suburbs* album cover. And an arcade (DO. YOU. GET.

IT?) stocked with retro video games, air hockey, and table-tennis tables.

"We have a friend of mine from high school, who's sort of like our creative director these days," Win Butler explains backstage, around 6pm. "She's in charge of helping us to achieve our ideas. We always come up with so many ideas, but we have a really lousy batting average of actually making them happen. She's got us up to about 30 per cent." Both Win and bandmate Jeremy Gara seem to be in a perfect state of relaxed alertness this evening – exhaling all that nervous energy by laughing at pretty much everything, as they map out the thought process behind the show. "They open the gates at 2pm, and there's two hours of no

music. So she organised the cheerleaders who were cheering people on as they made their way into the main arena." Win, wearing a positively un-Win black and orange baseball cap, looks like a pro-athlete lounging around in the media green room before his next tennis

*Win and co have hired Hyde Park and filled it with a few of their favourite things*

tournament. "There were a couple of our ideas that got nixed on grounds of health and safety," Jeremy adds. "We'd say, 'We want to cover the top of the stage in fairy lights', and they'd be like, 'No, you can't do that, you'll burn people's faces off.'"

Outside, Régine is warming up her accordion-playing fingers by working





A captive audience means only one thing: holiday snaps



Mumford & Sons: luckily the flies stayed away



The Vaccines' Justin Young trying out an ill-advised raindance

## VIEW FROM THE CROWD



Constance Millar, 16, London

"We've been here since three o'clock because our teachers were on strike today. It meant we could get right down the front. I was really impressed by Beirut's new tracks."



Lee Kozlowski, 23, Stoke-on-Trent  
"The best bit was when someone set off a Chinese lantern in 'Keep The Car Running', and Win said, 'Someone hire that guy.' It was a sublime act of timing."



Table football and arcade fire go together



...Arcade and swingball

through a jaunty version of Black Sabbath's 'Iron Man'. She was scheduled to be part of our conversation, but is saving her voice, on account of having picked up a nasty cold in Europe that has been doing the rounds of the band. That's the problem with a band this big – it's an epidemiologist's nightmare.

They've been criss-crossing Europe for the better part of a year now, and so today is the big goodbye to Britain, well, certainly to the southeast – Edinburgh and Manchester still have shows scheduled for August – before they piss off again for a couple of years: regroup, recharge, write, record, repeat.

"We get to spend our whole summer at festivals," Jeremy points out. "And you notice pretty quickly that some are just better than others, and it has a lot to do with what else is happening. When the only things happening are music and beer – I would hate to walk around that

as a fan. That's my idea of hell. But if there's other stuff happening, great..."

"Like, I've always wanted to have a steel drum band playing at a show," Win enthuses. "And before we come on tonight, there's gonna be a steel band entertaining the crowd." He personally trawled through loads of clips of steel bands on YouTube to source the perfect one.

Owen, of course, came pre-sourced. As soon as they found out they were all going to be in town at roughly the same time, he was rostered in for his usual shift as violin-toting hype-man. Mumford & Sons they knew already

from both having worked with producer Markus Dravs (also bouncing around the backstage area, looking like a particularly proud parent). Beirut they're long-time fans of/ friends with. The Vaccines they'd never even heard before today (Win: "Our manager really liked them"), which is OK, because bassist Arni Hjörvar confesses that he's never seen Arcade Fire play live, and still won't today, because they're all jetting off to Switzerland by 8pm.

"We're just so glad the weather's held out," Win laughs; by 10 to 11, the whole mad scheme had looked like it might be

a soggy affair. Rain started to piss rapidly from darkened west London skies. Owen's set-up was soaked. Roadies were running squeegee brooms along the stage. Then, with the divine intervention that Win can summon at will, just as suddenly as it arrived, the storm cleared, and for the rest of the evening Wi is marinated in balmy June temperatures.

Beirut parp their orchestral awesomeness all over the place, playing a fistful of great new songs from the forthcoming 'The Rip Tide', all with a more pop, less overtly ethnic tincture than 2007's 'The Flying Club Cup'. The Vaccines issue their standard set to a slightly muted response – the more folkie side of the AF fanbase have turned out tonight, going by the reception delivered to Mumford & Sons. Honestly: what is up with the human race and Mumford & Sons? Even playing new stuff doesn't seem to stop them being barn-danced up



Arcade Fire Presents  
Some Very Drab Bunting

## ARCADE FIRE PRESENTS THE SUBURBS



The band came straight from their decorating jobs



Bassist's Zach Cochrane is a capped-up man



It's amazing people will do to get a good view at gigs

Owen Pallatt playing his bow-tiful songs



'Keep The Picard Running' is this guy's favourite song

## VIEW FROM THE CROWD



Sophie Bastow-Dormon, 22, London

"It could probably have been a bit louder, but it was still amazing. I'm so glad they can come here, play the big stages and get the recognition they deserve."



Josh Bourne, 16, London

"The idea of pulling your own little festival together is a really good one - so many of these big gigs can come across as a bit soulless, so why not pull lots of different stuff together?"



Arni and Pete from The Vaccines: don't quit the music just yet, guys

at all corners. "Let's have a hoedown," Marcus tells everyone, and somehow you just know he's not referring to the shooting of a prostitute in the Bronx.

When Arcade Fire do stream on, with Owen returning to back them on violin, it's to audio clips from Spike Jonze's half-hour sci-fi suburbanite creepfest, onto a stage trimmed with aerial photos of chillingly anonymous suburban hinterlands. The suburbs are here, too, in the form of the many office workers who've clearly spilled out of the West End, still in their day clothes.

A nod, a grin, and they tear into 'Ready To Start', their equivalent of Oasis' 'Hello'. It's the same opener as in France on Tuesday. But any ideas that they'll be treading through their standard headline show setlist are rapidly dashed when Win announces traditional final-act tub-thumper 'Wake Up' as the second song in. "We wanted to play this

one while we could still see you," he announces, as the sun sags low over the Serpentine.

Regine, clearly bearing up well, her tropical punch-flavoured print dress a definite hit tonight, stakes out an early high-water mark with a celebratory 'Haiti', before retreating to the drumkit as a wan, greenlit 'Rococo' pulls the temperature back down in a way that feels as though they're pacing themselves.

"We've only played this song in soundcheck before," Win announces by way of introduction to 'Speaking In Tongues', the song they recorded with David Byrne for 'The Suburbs', but

ultimately left off the album. Its soft cooings are an interestingly wayward diversion, but don't have the sort of primal power needed to wake up the packs of office workers jawing with their mates round the arena fringes. Win has a few digs at the "rich neighbours" for passing bye-laws keeping the decibel levels down to typically low Hyde Park levels, and it's difficult to work out whether he's more half-serious than half-joking, as the crowd's energy levels stall. It's only over halfway in, in the back half of 'Month Of May', that everything very suddenly, really quite

remarkably, kicks into overdrive. Somewhere in its piston guitar chops, Win uncovers the key, and from then on in, the whole audience are singing along, clapping, having epiphany after epiphany, as they motor through 'Rebellion (Lies)', 'Neighborhood #2 (Laika)' and 'We Used To Wait', before coming back to encore through 'Keep The Car Running' and 'Neighborhood #1 (Funnel)'. As the never-less-than-exquisite Regine show-stopper 'Sprawl II (Mountains Beyond Mountains)' peals out and Arcade Fire's UK ascendancy reaches what, by any logical metric, surely must be a peak, it's extraordinary to look back on how far they've come in seven years. "I always knew," Owen told us earlier. "From the moment I went into the studio and heard what they were doing with 'Funeral', I was like, 'OK, so they're going to be the biggest band I'll ever meet.'" *Gavin Haynes*



## THE KOOKS

BOWERY BALLROOM, NEW YORK MONDAY, JUNE 27

**B**etter the devil you know, they say, and after the sonic growing pains of their, ahem, 'uneven' second album 'Konk', it appears as though The Kooks are burrowing back to the safety of their landfill-indie Hades roots for album number three. Recording wrapped for the forthcoming 'Junk Of The Heart' in March, and since then our demonic quartet have been on the road testing the new material.

The fresh works aired tonight are a masterclass in the dark arts of insipidness. The title track is essentially a feeble, watered-down impression of The Kinks, 'The Saboteur' comes across like a honky-tonk version of The Strokes but without a shred of the sass and skill, while 'Eskimo Kiss' follows the shamefully lazy "stick some la-la-las in and it'll be fine" school of songwriting.

Sadly, it's impossible to completely dismiss them for their staggering lack of ingenuity, because each of these tunes comes encrusted with the kind of infuriatingly catchy chorus that embeds itself inside your head like a filthy pornographic image that you know you shouldn't find arousing. Luke Pritchard's knack for carving out melodies that the world can sing absent-mindedly while they push shopping trolleys around Tesco remains his - and indeed the entire band's - trump card, and they're playing it relentlessly. These devils may not have all the best tunes, but they've certainly got some hellishly effective ones. *Hardeep Phull*

## WHITE DENIM

THE GARRISON, TORONTO TUESDAY, JUNE 28

**S**omeone alert Marcus Mumford, plaid shirts have finally been reclaimed. True, it'll take more than just four Texan gentlemen dripping sweat and nostalgia to undo the damage bro-folk has done to the good ol' boys' favourite garment, but for one evening, all is forgiven as the lightning-fast vocals of White Denim frontman James Petralli make it hard to remember why Americana's become a dirty word. But let's not devalue "dirty" either; this set oozes grit and dust, and White Denim's weird earthiness is the quality that's raised them out of the country-rock oil vat. Amid the howls of 'Shake Shake Shake' and



'Bess St Mix', fourth album 'D' now seems a shadow of the band conjuring their Southern psych in front of us. For their duel with genre, they're armed with flying fingers and seamless transitions, and it's a victorious set, redeeming the rock mythology of the South from ballads banged out over banjos. Good boys, gone plaid. *Anne T Donahue*

## GROUPLOVE

BARFLY, LONDON TUESDAY, JUNE 28

**D**ressed like extras from *The Royal Tenenbaums*, LA's Grouplove take to a stage hotter than hell's greenhouse in the Barfly. The crowd are involuntarily stuck to each other. Manic grins fixed on their faces, the group launch straight into newbie 'Dancing Away', and all of a sudden the room is drenched in optimism. It's like The Brady Bunch decided to make music to soundtrack their home movies. Tonight they're showcasing tracks from their debut album, 'Never Trust A Happy Song'. Due out in September this year, it's similar in style to their 2010 self-titled EP, only the ideas are more fleshed out. Live, 'Gold Coast' picks up on 'Colours' grungy Butthole Surfers vibe - complete with middle-eight rock-out and headbanging. 'Spun' has a riff like 'Reptilia' and segues into a Vampire Weekend vibe. 'Don't Say Oh Well' sits happily alongside newer track 'Lovely Cup', with its chorus of "You're such a lovely cup/I wish you'd fill me up", and its performance filled with more joy than a birthday party at the zoo. The group shout out to their friends in the audience, and thank London for feeling like "home". All this boundless happiness should come across as twee at best, but instead it feels natural and organic. Why *wouldn't* you be having the time of your life? The crowd seem to agree and, as set-closer 'Colours' ends, with waves of guitar reverb and a triumphant drum solo, it's like summer is washing all over us. *Ailbhe Malone*

## WHAT'S ON YOUR RIDER?



### The Naked And Famous

- A stepper to burn off all the burgers, pasta and pizza
- Kiddie locks on kettles so Alisa doesn't burn herself
- Five pairs of track pants, for David
- Advance copy of *Batman: Arkham City*
- Awkward food that requires preparation or more than one utensil to eat, for Alisa
- Clean socks
- Multivitamins
- Old Spice for David because he always forgets to put deodorant on before he leaves for soundcheck
- Box-set of *Trailer Park Boys* and *Curb Your Enthusiasm* but no TV
- A copy of 'Rant In E-Minor' by Bill Hicks and 'Something To Take The Edge Off' by Doug Stanhope
- Tazer for management
- Large tub of Cetaphil



# GALLOWS

MOHO LIVE, MANCHESTER MONDAY, JUNE 27

*The Hertfordshire punk heroes are angrier than ever as they return after 'Grey Britain's slump*

"Forget yourselves/You're all going to burn in hell/You have no redeeming features" snarls Britannia's most vicious straight-edge warrior. To be fair, it's not the first time we've been told we have no redeeming features on a Monday, but somehow Frank Carter mouths these words with such sincerity that we'll feel shit about ourselves all week. That's part of the fun with Gallows.

It's the Watford quintet's first date of a short UK tour and adrenaline is everywhere. 'London Is The Reason' rings out and a sea of wet T-shirts battle for prime position in what can only be described as a Sloppy Joe-style pit. It is stiflingly hot. A wall of body heat is the only thing differentiating the Mancunian sky from the ceiling inside, which still insists on raining - with sweat. Despite the minimal air supply, Gallows repeatedly punch out thunderous tunes and monstrous glares. It's not quite as gruesome a picture as the image of being stuck inside the belly of a shark, but more of that later.

'The Vulture', layered in gothic ancestry, carries the howling of doomed souls upon its wings, a lyrical horror alongside guitars that could rip your guts out. Charming! Next up, 'The

Great Forgiver' is a true blast of British anarchy if the Church Of England ever heard one. "It's about God Almighty - and what a fucking fake he is," insists Carter after telling the crowd they're not so bad after all.

'Misery' is choked-out fighting talk, a love/hate relationship with life and all it has to offer. In an instant, Carter is climbing the stairs towards the fire escape, as a surge of fans follow. "So fucking cold/So fucking dark", screams the fiery frontman on 'In The Belly Of A

Shark', his words seeming to hiss out from the snake tattoo that engulfs the back of his skull.

The projectile offensiveness of 'Orchestra Of Wolves' finishes the set in epic proportion ("I don't want you passing out, I want you sucking my dick" - in case you were curious) gathering enough momentum to invade a small country. Gallows may have been encouraging disorderly conduct in our venues for a few years now, but it's safe to say their fans have grown with them. And as for Carter, the band's disobedient pit bull, his bark continues to mature into one worthy of these sinister stories. In fact, we can't think of anyone we'd rather have remind us of our own worthlessness. *Kelly Murray*

## BIG MOUTH

*What the punters thought*



**Russ Giles, 26, Manchester**

"Gold Dust" was my absolute highlight - it was so raucous! They played as strong as ever, so they've started the tour on a real buzz. Hearing them play live again definitely makes me excited for the new album. Hurry up lads!"





## TV ON THE RADIO

**ACADEMY 2, MANCHESTER** MONDAY, JUNE 27

*Despite festival fatigue, Sitek and co pay fitting tribute to Gerard Smith. By being themselves*

"This is a performance where *we* give *you* the information," retorts vocalist Tunde Adebimpe to a song-demanding punter at a hot and humid Academy 2. This is exactly how TV On The Radio have carried themselves since bassist Gerard Smith died from lung cancer. There's no wallowing, no public display of struggle – instead there's a sense that they knew Smith's sad fate long before the media and decided that the respectful thing was to commit themselves with a driven focus lightened by buoyant enthusiasm.

In fact, if anything has subdued tonight's headliners it appears to be post-Glasto malaise; this is their first gig since, and if 'Young Liars' and 'The Wrong Way' are a welcoming and nostalgic beginning, they're slightly lacklustre in delivery. When Adebimpe asks on completion of the latter, "Were any of you at the muddy place?", a resounding "fuck Glastonbury!" is his curt rebuttal. Suitably chastened, the band throw themselves into 'Blues From Down Here's' biting industrial disco, and by the time of 'Dreams' both they

and audience are taking visible glee in rousing each other to greater emotional and physical expenditure.

It's not necessarily what's played that marks this evening as a success – only 'Red Dress' and 'Dancing Choose' from 'Dear Science' make the cut against a clutch of weaker new tracks – it's

the case with which they interweave their work together. Tracks such as 'Repetition' fit snugly between staple follicle-raisers 'Staring At The Sun' and 'Wolf Like Me'.

Best of all is an encore beginning with a cover of Fugazi's 'Waiting Room' and ending with 'Satellite' from 'Young Liars'; both are nestled in among the slick grooves and fluid movement that lift the entire set.

Even at a post-festival comedown gig, TV On The Radio's benchmark is so high that they still leave us in a happy haze. This is not about a band trying to overcome a member's demise; it's about a group of people coming together as a unit and resolutely sticking to the script – a credit to them and a great tribute to Gerard Smith. *Simon Jay Catling*

### IN THE DRESSING ROOM



*Paul Hallows, 27, Manchester*

*"I thought it was absolutely amazing. TV On The Radio have been the soundtrack to the best moments of my life; there's just something about them, they're funk, jazz... just everything. To finish with 'Satellite' was just so beautiful."*

# ALICE COOPER

**100 CLUB, LONDON** SUNDAY, JUNE 26

*The 63-year-old rock legend manages to outshine his guest guitarist – one Johnny Depp*

Only a true, *true* rock'n'roll star could sneak on Johnny bloody Depp for their two most famous tunes while still remaining the centre of attention, and that's exactly what Alice Cooper is and does. "Johnny Dee from Kentucky" is wheeled out to play guitar on 'I'm Eighteen' and 'School's Out' –

"I think we could use another guitar player," Alice tells him. "If this whole movie thing doesn't work out, call us" – but by this point, the main attraction's smallest audience in aeons are in the palm of his hand anyway. This is because we've had our faces bitten off by a set comprised of his own classics ('Under My Wheels', 'No More Mr Nice Guy', 'Billion Dollar Babies'), plus a host of British invasion covers ('You Really Got

Me', 'Train Kept A-Rollin', a version of 'Brown Sugar' that has more swagger to it than the Stones have managed in 20 years) that hark back to his band's high school days.

Alice looks like he's having a ball, and his between-song shit-talking is just as

*It must be some seriously fun-packed gig when you forget to mention the snake*

sharp and entertaining as his singing ("I'd like to introduce the band. Er, what are your names again?"). Oh yeah, and I almost forgot, he had a live snake draped around his neck for 'Is It My Body': must be some seriously fun-packed gig when you almost neglect to mention things like that. *Hamish MacBain*



## SHANGAAN ELECTRO

**RICH MIX, LONDON**

SATURDAY, JUNE 25

**L**et's cut to the chase: there are clowns on stage. Two fucking clowns, with orange hair and cushions stuffed down their boiler suits – and they're gurning and flinging their limbs to music even more bizarre than they are. Half of Shoreditch is here to see this brainchild of a South African musician called Nozinja who decided to reinterpret rural Shangaan music, on midi keyboards, at 180bpm. A deranged shunt of whistles and beats like a hummingbird having a coronary, it transcends novelty to become some of the most joyful music you'll ever hear. Unless you hate clowns, in which case it's terrifying. *Louis Pattison*

## FLYING LOTUS

**HENRY FONDA THEATER,**

**LOS ANGELES** THURSDAY, JUNE 23

**T**onight's venue is only a javelin toss from the Hollywood Walk of Fame. But the Flying Lotus-helmed Brainfeeder crew has never concerned itself with that sort of star. This squad of sativa-strafted beat junkies steer themselves towards the psychedelically celestial and Lotus himself is their Alpha Centauri, the blinding light liquidating Radiohead, dubstep and J Dilla into cosmic gumbo. Backed by an all-star band including Thundercat, pianist Austin Peralta and Autolux drummer Carla Azar, he cobbles together a jazz-beat fusion rocketship for your ears. "Is anyone here high?" he asks. No-one could get much higher. *Jeff Weiss*



## COLLECTORS' CORNER RADIOHEAD

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



### MEETING PEOPLE IS EASY (1998)



Grammy-nominated and compellingly cynical Grant Gee documentary

about band's 1997-98 world tour. A collage of video clips and backstage scenes shows the band suffering from fatigue as the dates progress. It's also notable for featuring clips of several unreleased recordings, as well as snippets of songs for which the band eventually found a home.

### 'AIRBAG/HOW AM I DRIVING?' (1998)



Eight-song EP featuring a host of B-sides from the

'OK Computer' era, as well as 'Airbag' itself. Highlights include the two-part prog of 'Polyethylene', and the crunchy pop of 'Palo Alto', which Jonny Greenwood has said was originally named 'OK Computer'.

### 'I MIGHT BE WRONG: LIVE RECORDINGS' (2001)



The group's first live album culled its tracklisting from the recently released 'Kid A' and 'Amnesiac', as well as providing a welcome release

for fan favourite 'True Love Waits'. The live versions differ considerably from the more sterile studio takes, particularly on the muscular versions of 'The National Anthem' and 'Idioteque'.

### THOM YORKE - 'THE ERASER' (2006)



The band's frontman released his Mercury-nominated debut solo

album when Radiohead were on a long break. Its sound strongly resembled that of the band's 2000 album 'Kid A' - 'Black Swan' actually dated back to those sessions. Indeed, that and the title track (co-written by Greenwood) used samples of recordings made by other members of Radiohead.

### JONNY GREENWOOD - 'THERE WILL BE BLOOD' (2007)



The soundtrack for Paul Thomas Anderson's Oscar-

nominated film was widely admired, but was deemed ineligible for an Academy Award itself as the score featured elements of Greenwood's previously released music. It did, however, get nominated for a Grammy. Greenwood's wife, the conceptual artist Sharona Katan, devised the cover art.

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PRIMATE • BURY THESE SKIES • BLIMUS • ELEPHANTIS  
THE TOLLHOUSE DROVERS • SURREY AD BOB WINNER  
THE SPOILERS

BLACK IRIS • SECOND TIME AROUND • ALBANY DOWN • THE SIGNAL FIRES  
DROPOUT LUKE • PASSENGER SMITH • UNDERVIEW • ACCORDING TO YOU  
THE TONIKS • SHATTERED INTENT • TWO TYPES OF CLOTHING  
THE BRAM STOKERS • FORTY 45 • HALF TIME • QUARREL

THE AFTER AFFECT • AVENUE DISPUTE • TWISTED VIRTUE  
EMPIRE • DOOMED FROM DAY ONE • THE ROYAL CARTEL  
RAISING THE HUNTER • THE GOLDTONES • UNITED STOATS OF AMERICA  
THE MAYS • TWO STOREY SMOKER • COMA 69 • KILL THE WEEKEND

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BLACKWATER OUTFIT • LOOK! NO HANDS! • DELILAH'S EYE  
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THE FAN JETS • SHOTGUN HOUSE • VODOO RISING • SUMMERS  
THE FOUNDERS OF • MAY CONTAIN NUTS

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VERY NICE HARRY • FROM FORESTS • VIA THE VOID • KILL CLAUDIO  
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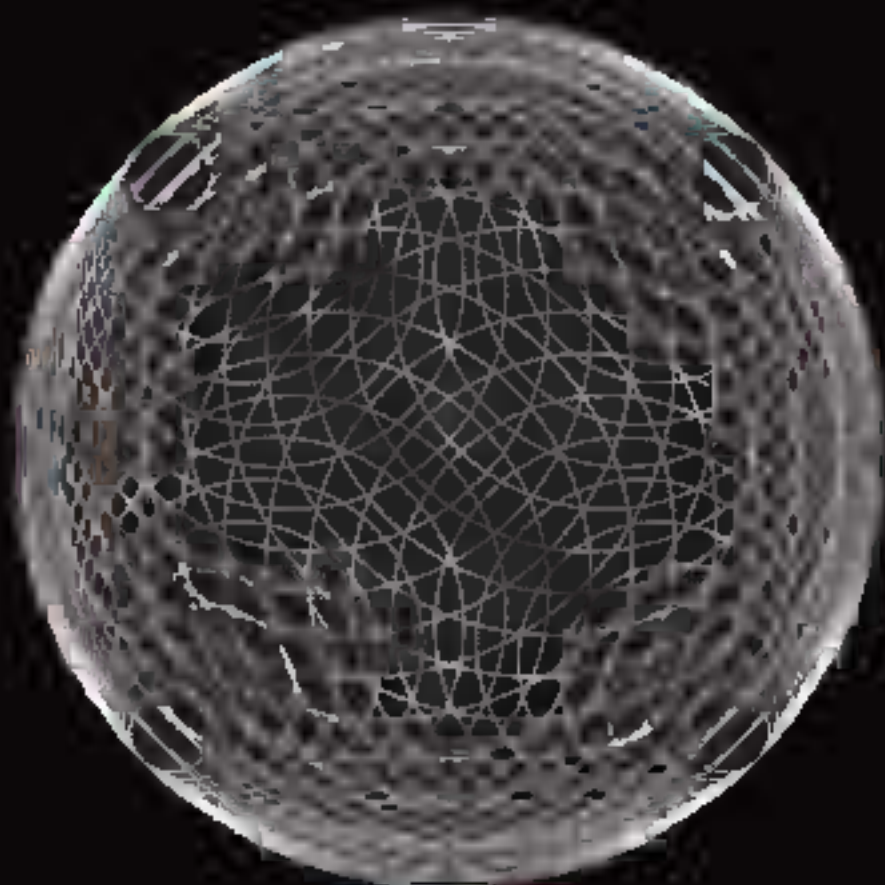
**TICKET HOTLINE: 0871 230 1106**  
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SUN 13	LEAMINGTON SPA ASSEMBLY	0844 871 8803	SAT 26	DUNDEE FAT SAMS	0844 847 2487
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FRI 04	LONDON HMV FORUM	0147 2485	TUE 28	WOLVERHAMPTON WULFRUN MALL	0878 320 7000
SAT 05	MANCHESTER ACADEMY 2	0161 832 1111	WED 30	CAMGRIFF COAL EXCHANGE	029 2048 8020

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**Lloydspharmacy**  
**TESCO**

**Waitrose**

**HOLLAND & BARRETT**  
**Waitrose**

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# GIG GUIDE

THE UK'S BIGGEST GUIDE TO THE WEEK AHEAD

*Edited by Laura Snapes*

# BOOKING NOW



## SWN

STARTS: Cardiff various venues, October 20

DON'T MISS

Like all the best cult happenings, Cardiff's epic new music festival Swn is slowly raising its head, rolling up the sleeves of its homemade woolly jumper and taking its place on the roll call of the UK's finest festivals. Back for its fifth year, this time there's an extra day, meaning there's four days of scouring the Welsh capital for brilliant underground music. Last year boasted 'I swear I was there!' gigs from Islet and The Vaccines, and highlights of the 50 bands announced so far for '11 include Leeds throat-shredders Eagulls (above), south Wales math-rock annihilators Samoans, Sunderland's Dirty Projectors-a-likes Let's Buy Happiness and tons more, with The Joy Formidable and old hands The Fall at the bigger end of the scale. There are heaps more still to be announced, and it's selling fast, so don't miss out on a peerless weekend of amazing tunes and no bullshit in one of the nation's most close-knit music communities. [NME.COM/festivals](http://NME.COM/festivals)



### LATITUDE

STARTS: Suffolk Henham Park, July 15  
The bookish festival expands as Cat's Eyes (above) make their festival debut. James Blake and Alabama 3 also join the bill. [NME.COM/festivals](http://NME.COM/festivals)



### VIVIAN GIRLS

STARTS: London XOYO, July 21  
Equally bitching of eyeliner and songs, Vivian Girls are joined by Veronica Falls at this one-off London date. [NME.COM/artists/vivian-girls](http://NME.COM/artists/vivian-girls)



### FIELD DAY

STARTS: London Victoria Park, Aug 6  
Visions Of Trees, Darkstar, SCUM (above), Star Slinger, Still Corners, Echo Lake and more join the London day trip. [NME.COM/festivals](http://NME.COM/festivals)



### LOSTPROPHETS

STARTS: O2 Academy Oxford, Aug 11  
In between working on the follow-up to 'The Betrayed', the Welsh rock stalwarts plan an intimate tour. [NME.COM/artists/lostprophets](http://NME.COM/artists/lostprophets)



### HOWLING BELLS

STARTS: Portsmouth Wedgewood Rooms, Sep 14  
The London country-doomers tour around the release of their new album, 'The Loudest Engine'. [NME.COM/artists/howling-bells](http://NME.COM/artists/howling-bells)



### THE SUBWAYS

STARTS: O2 Academy Oxford, Sep 17  
Prompting jokes that the title is something they're wholly unfamiliar with, The Subways take 'Money And Celebrity' on the road. [NME.COM/artists/the-subways](http://NME.COM/artists/the-subways)



### MAZES

STARTS: Leeds Nation Of Shopkeepers, Oct 13  
Heading off on their first UK headline tour after a summer on the road supporting White Denim in the US, it's London fuzz-mongers Mazes. [NME.COM/artists/mazes](http://NME.COM/artists/mazes)



### CITY AND COLOUR

STARTS: Cardiff St David's Hall, Oct 13  
Alexisonfire frontman Dallas Green brings his folkier solo album, 'Little Hell', to Blighty. [NME.COM/artists/city-and-colour](http://NME.COM/artists/city-and-colour)



### ARCTIC MONKEYS

STARTS: Nottingham Capital FM Arena, Oct 28  
They've just added another date at London megadome The O2 Arena (30). [NME.COM/artists/arctic-monkeys](http://NME.COM/artists/arctic-monkeys)



### THE KING BLUES

STARTS: London Roundhouse, Nov 2  
Straight to the point, the Londoners have called their new LP 'Punk And Poetry', which they tour in autumn. [NME.COM/artists/the-king-blues](http://NME.COM/artists/the-king-blues)



### YUCK

STARTS: Leeds Constellations Festival, Nov 12  
Yuck finish off a triumphant year - acing SXSW, mass acclaim for the album - with a victory lap round the UK. [NME.COM/artists/yuck](http://NME.COM/artists/yuck)



### FOSTER THE PEOPLE

STARTS: Birmingham HMV Institute, Nov 21  
Find out if the summer anthems of 'Torches' still burn bright as winter bites. [NME.COM/artists/foster-the-people](http://NME.COM/artists/foster-the-people)

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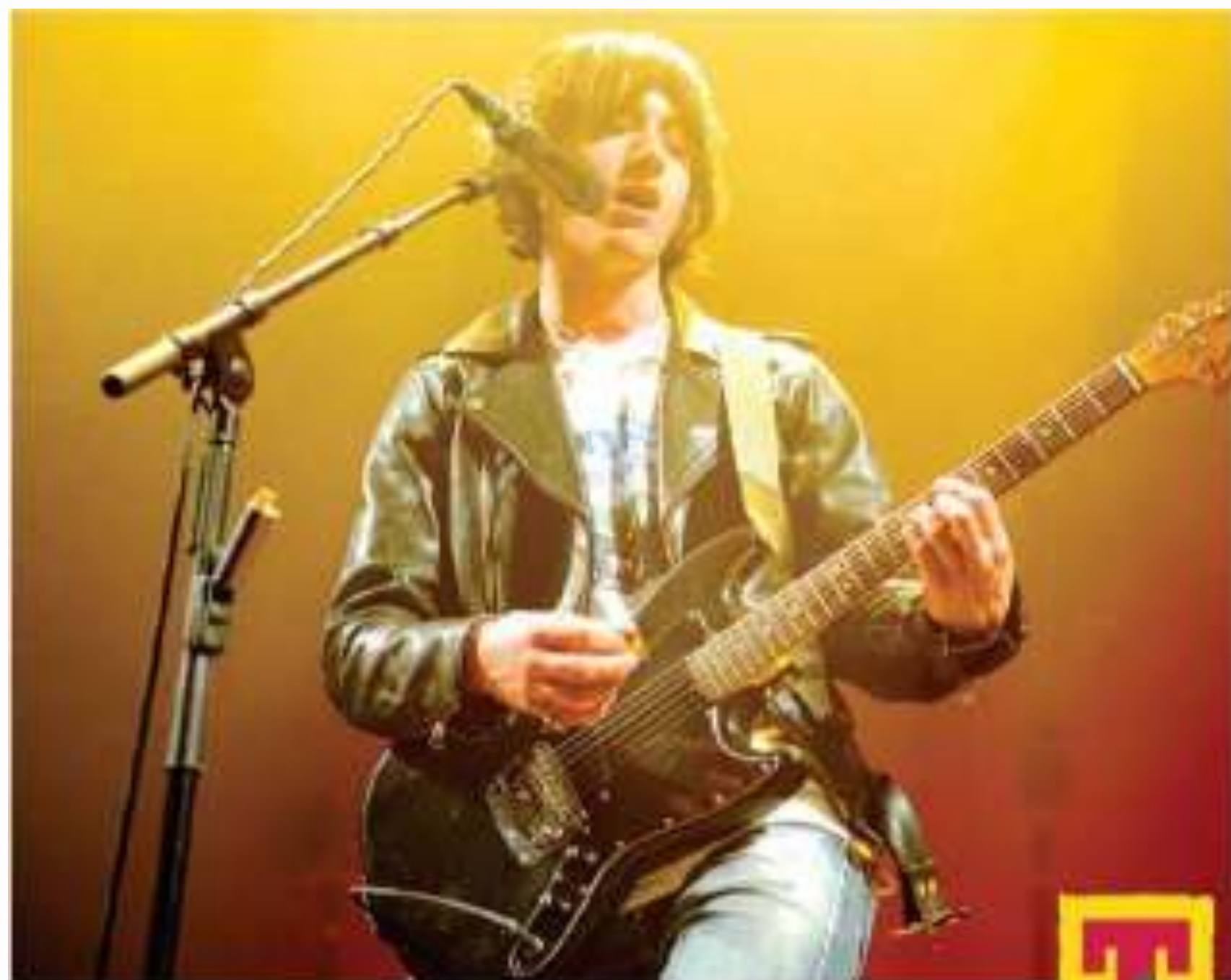
Text PRIORITY to 2020 to register. When Priority Tickets are gone, they're gone. Terms apply.

# O<sub>2</sub>



# PICK of the WEEK

What to see this week? Let us help



## T IN THE PARK

STARTS: Balado, Kinross, July 8

NME  
PICK

You might think you know T, the reliable, rainy stalwart in the festival calendar that it is. But while the headliners are trusted, steady old hands in the form of Arctic Monkeys, Coldplay, Beyoncé, The Strokes and Foo Fighters, further down the bill T's got something of a giddily thrilling roster going on. Where else are you going to see the insane sight of Odd Future followed by Bright Eyes and, err, The Saturdays this summer (can't wait to see Tyler's take on 'Just Can't Get Enough'...)? Or Glasgow's new dream-rave hopes Discopolis dallying with indie faves Frankie & The Heartstrings on the T Break Stage? Or Dundee heroes The View opening for Tom Jones? Nowhere, that's where, making T the essential dates in your summer diary for a brilliantly unpredictable weekend.

[NME.COM/festivals](http://NME.COM/festivals)



### Everyone's Talking About SCUM

STARTS: Sheffield Forum, July 6

Three years after debut single 'Visions Arise', SCUM finally seem to be having their moment. Leaving dark brethren such as An Experiment On A Bird In The Air Pump back in 2008 where they belong, they're joining the critically regarded ranks of The Horrors. Just in case you'd written them off, here's a golden chance to let them prove you wrong.

[NME.COM/artists/scum](http://NME.COM/artists/scum)



### Don't Miss CONGOTRONICS VS ROCKERS

STARTS: London Barbican, July 12

You read our review from the opening night in Brussels back in May (didn't you?!). Now catch the soon-to-be legendary Congotronics Vs Rockers compilation performed live in London, where Deerhoof, Wildbirds & Peacedrums and Juana Molina face off with the Kasai Allstars and Konono No 1 in a supreme bongo-bashing get-together.

[NME.COM/artists/deerhoof](http://NME.COM/artists/deerhoof)



### Radar Stars MARIA & THE MIRRORS

STARTS: London Macbeth, July 6

Admit it - you read the name and thought of a diamante-toting prune with kook for brains, right? Best not say that to Maria & The Mirrors' faces. After their music - think Factory Floor having an aneurysm in a Berlin techno club, or Visions Of Trees with a backbone - is done slashing your eardrums to ribbons, they'd probably happily cut yo' face too.

[NME.COM/newmusic](http://NME.COM/newmusic)

# WEDNESDAY

July 6

## BIRMINGHAM

Eastern Moon/Sunset On  
Suburbla/Bloom O2 Academy 3  
0870 771 2000

## BOURNEMOUTH

Gallows Ibar 01202 209727

## BRIGHTON

Dead Rock West/Robbie Skitmore/  
The Spanish Harlem Incident The  
Hope 01273 723 568  
Eels/Jesca Hoop Dome 01273 709709  
Safehouse Open House 01273 880102  
Tribes Prince Albert 01273 730499

## BRISTOL

The Beacons/Operation ARD/  
The Great Inventor Croft Front Bar  
0117 987 4144

The Peteblox Croft Main Room  
0117 987 4144

## CARDIFF

Evan Dando The Globe 07738 983947

## CHICHESTER

Smoke Fairies Cathedral  
01243 780192

## DERBY

Tides Of Virtue Victoria Inn  
01332 740091

## EDINBURGH

Friendo/Cold Pumas Sneaky Pete's  
0131 225 1757

Gregg Allman/Tift Merritt Usher  
Hall 0131 228 1155

The Sundancer/Frank Burditt/  
Jonny Downie Voodoo Rooms  
0131 556 7060

## GLASGOW

Alex Cornish 13th Note Cafe  
0141 553 1638

Babeshadow King Tut's Wah Wah Hut  
0141 221 5279

Roger Daltrey SECC 0141 248 3000

## GUILDFORD

The Hype Theory Boilerroom  
01483 440022

Terakal Star Inn 01483 532 887

## LEEDS

City & Colour Irish Centre  
0113 248 9208

## LEICESTER

Wake The President Firebug  
0116 255 1228

Will Scott Musician 0116 251 0080

## LIVERPOOL

Dangerous! O2 Academy 2  
0870 771 2000

## LONDON

Arctic Monkeys/Miles Kane  
Roundhouse 020 7482 7318

Ben Howard Tabernacle  
020 7243 4343

Cloud Control/Dry The River/  
Monument Valley Social  
020 7636 4992

Darren Criss Garage (Upstairs)  
0871 230 1094

Dennis Hopper Choppers St Moritz  
020 7437 0525

Ed Sheeran Scala 020 7833 2022

Flirty Whisky/The Chakras/The Din  
93 Feet East 020 7247 6095

French Revolution Queen Of Hoxton  
020 7422 0958

Ghostlight/The Overdrafts  
Nambucca 020 7272 7366

Jessie Moncrieff/Emily & The Woods  
Old Queen's Head 020 7354 9993

John Butler Trio O2 Shepherds Bush  
Empire 0870 771 2000

Kristeen Young Monto Water Rats  
020 7837 4412

Long Tall Shorty The Bowery  
020 7580 3057

Look Stranger!/The Rubicon/Little  
Signals Proud Galleries  
020 7482 3867

Maria & The Mirrors MacBeth  
020 7739 5095

Markus Mann/Derailed/PRIS Dublin  
Castle 020 7485 1773

Memory Tapes XOYO  
020 7729 5959

Neverest Songs Tamesis Dock  
Odd Future Electric Ballroom  
020 7485 9006

Rams Pocket Radio Barfly  
0870 907 0999

Sharon Jones & The Dap Kings  
Barbican Centre 020 7638 8891

Stephen Dale Petit 100 Club  
020 7636 0933

Tennis/The Gentle Mystics Cargo  
0207 749 7840

Title Fight/Basement Old Blue Last  
020 7613 2478

The Virginmays Borderline  
020 7734 5547

Weezer O2 Academy Brixton  
0870 771 2000

Xeno & Oaklander The Lexington  
020 7837 5387

## MANCHESTER

Amy LaVere Ruby Lounge  
0161 834 1392

Nell Diamond Evening News Arena  
0161 950 5000

Tame Impala Sound Control  
0161 236 0340

Vintage Trouble Academy 3  
0161 832 1111

## NEWCASTLE

Jimmy Barnes O2 Academy  
0870 771 2000

## NOTTINGHAM

Vetiver Glee Club 0871 472 0400

## OXFORD

Alex Clare/Megan Goodwin Jericho  
Tavern 01865 311775

Chris Ayer Wheatstheaf  
01865 721156

Stereophonics O2 Academy  
0870 771 2000

## SHEFFIELD

The Orbitsuns The Greystones  
0114 266 5599

SCUM Forum 0114 2720964

## SOUTHAMPTON

Hayseed Dixie Brook 023 8055 5366

Marcus Foster Joiners 023 8022 5612

## ST ALBANS

The Repeat Offenders Horn  
01727 853143

## WOLVERHAMPTON

Diamond Head Slade Room  
0870 320 7000

## WREXHAM

All The Young/The Suzukis/The  
Kayas Central Station 01978 358780

## YORK

Glamour Of The Kill/Beyond All  
Reason The Duchess 01904 641 413



Odd Future,  
Electric Ballroom,  
London



## THURSDAY

July 7



## BATH

Jennifer Crook/Boo Hewerdine  
Chapel Arts Centre 0122 5404445

## BIRMINGHAM

The Counterpoints/Revol/The High  
Jinks Scruffy Murphy's 0121 333 3201  
False Pretence/Breaking  
Satellites/No ID 02 Academy 3  
0870 771 2000  
Nell Morris Asylum 0121 233 1109  
Rams Pocket Radio Hare & Hounds  
0121 444 2081

## BRISTOL

Alex Clare/My New Favourite Tribe  
Green Door Store 07894 267 053  
James Walbourne Prince Albert  
01273 730499

## CAMBRIDGE

Woh Corner House 01223 352047

## CARDIFF

Tribes Arts Institute 0871 230 1094

## CARLISLE

Slab The Club Victoria 01228 533 476  
Vintage Trouble Brickyard  
01228 512220

## COVENTRY

White Lies Kasbah 02476 554473

## CREWE

Wirespider The Box 01270 257 398

## DERBY

The State Lottery Victoria Inn  
01332 740091

## EDINBURGH

Alex Cornish The Caves  
0131 557 8989

## EPSOM

The Beach Boys Racecourse  
01372 470047

## GLASGOW

Big Country King Tut's Wah Wah Hut  
0141 221 5279  
Cavalera Conspiracy Garage  
0141 332 1120  
Lydia Lunch/Sick Of Desire Stereo  
0141 576 5018  
Sisters Of Mercy 02 ABC  
0870 903 3444

Tom Gibbs/Will Vinson Art Club  
0141 248 5210

## INVERNESS

The Quirks Ironworks 01463 718555

## LEEDS

Death By Stereo Brudenell Social  
Club 0113 243 5866  
Morrissey/The Heartbreaks 02  
Academy 0870 771 2000

## LEICESTER

Stacie Collins Musician 0116 251 0080

## LONDON

Adele Roundhouse 020 7482 7318  
Amy LeVere Borderline  
020 7734 5547  
Atlases/Killingtong Fall The Bowery  
020 7580 3057  
Austra Cargo 0207 749 7840  
Bal-Sagoth/Ethereal/Eastern Front  
Purple Turtle 020 7383 4976  
Bob Downe Royal Vauxhall Tavern  
020 7582 0833

The Boom Bap Hoxton Pony  
0871 9624530

Budos Band 02 Academy 2 Islington  
0870 771 2000

The Castells Old Queen's Head  
020 7354 9993

Cordella & The Wolf St Pancras  
International 020 7843 4250

Death Cab For Cutie/The Head  
& The Heart 02 Academy Brixton  
0870 771 2000

Ed Sheeran Scala 020 7833 2022

Eels Somerset House 020 7344 4444

Evans The Death/Warm Brains/  
Dead Slow Windmill 020 8671 0700

Internal Skars Hope & Anchor  
020 7354 1312

Jamie West Band North London  
Tavern 020 7625 6634

J-Pegs/Paul Bevoir Dublin Castle  
020 7485 1773

Kano/Talay Riley/Ghetts Hackney  
Empire 020 8985 2424

Karlina Francis The Lexington  
020 7837 5387

Lulu & The Lampshades Dalston Roof  
Park 020 7275 0825

Mele/New Look/Visions Of Trees Old  
Blue Last 020 7613 2478

Me'sha Bryan/Rosie Wilby/Jasmine  
Rodgers Good Ship 020 7372 2544

Motorcycle Display Team New Cross  
Inn 020 8692 1866

Nosaj Thing/Becoming Real XOYO  
020 7729 5959

OSR Garage (Upstairs)  
0871 230 1094

Randy Brecker Barbican Centre  
020 7638 8891

The Raphaellites CAMP Basement  
0871 230 1094

Terror/Alpha & Omega Underworld  
020 7482 1932

Thousand Sins Nambucca  
020 7272 7366

Transfer Monto Water Rats  
020 7837 4412

Trumpets Of Death/Lovely John  
Shacklwell Arms 020 7249 0810

You Animals Barfly 0870 907 0999

## FRIDAY

July 8

## ABERSOCH

WAKESTOCK Ellie Goulding/Kids In  
Glass Houses/Lethal Bizzle/Neon  
Trees/Wolf Gang/Ben Howard/  
Chase & Status/Chiddy Bang  
Cardigan Bay 01758 713466

## BELFAST

Third Man Theme/Not Squares  
Auntie Annie's 028 9050 1660

## BIRKENHEAD

The Jokers Revolver 07871626557

## BIRMINGHAM

Bright Eyes HMV Institute  
0844 248 5037  
Hymns/Shoes & Socks Off Rainbow  
0121 772 8174  
NEEMA 02 Academy 3 0870 771 2000  
Penguin Cafe Orchestra Town Hall  
0121 605 6666

Sylvia/Vault Of Eagles Sunflower  
Lounge 0121 632 6756

## BOURNEMOUTH

Sonic Boom Six Ibar 01202 209727

## BRIGHTON

Austra The Haunt

Buffo's Wake Cobblers Thumb  
01273 605 636

## BRISTOL

The Computers/Radio Nasties Croft  
Main Room 0117 987 4144

Nosaj Thing Start The Bus  
0117 930 4370

Skuse Mr Wolf's 0117 927 3221

## CANTERBURY

LOUNGE ON THE FARM The Streets/  
Devlin/The Vaccines/Cornershop/  
Cast/Totally Enormous Extinct  
Dinosaurs/Jess Mills/Summer  
Camp/Peggy Sue/Benjamin Francis  
Leftwich/Marcus Foster/Ellen &  
The Escapades/Paper Crows/Pearl  
& The Puppets/Reset/Daughter/  
Eliza Newman/Hannah Peel/  
Joshua Casle/Kyla La Grange/  
La Shark/Leah Mason/Lulu & The  
Lampshades/Roxanne De Bastion/  
Tom Williams & The Boat Merton  
Farm 0871 230 1094

Famous/Metronomy/Madisuns/Her  
Majesty & The Wolves Punchestown  
Racecourse 00353 1 456 9569

## KINROSS

T IN THE PARK Arctic Monkeys/Plan  
B/Pendulum/Jessie J/2ManyDJs/  
White Lies/Tom Jones/The View/Big  
Country/Imelda May/Twin Atlantic/  
City & Colour/Eliza Doolittle/  
The Airborne Toxic Event/British  
Sea Power/Wretch 32/Kassidy/  
Miles Kane/Mona/Labrinth Balado  
0870 169 0100

## LEEDS

Alex Cornish/Paul Gillbody Cockpit  
Room 2 0113 244 3446

Cold Flame Duck & Drake  
0113 246 5806

The Head & The Heart/Paul Thomas  
Saunders/Hunting Bears Cockpit  
0113 244 3446

## LIVERPOOL

Sea Of Bees Scandinavian Church  
0151 709 7763



## SATURDAY

July 9

## ABERDEEN

Torridon Lemon Tree 01224 642230

## ABERSOCH

**WAKESTOCK** The Wombats/  
Beardyman/The Joy Formidable/  
Fenech-Soler/Little Comets/All  
The Young/Bare Left/Kells/Totally  
Enormous Extinct Dinosaurs  
Cardigan Bay 01758 713465

## BELFAST

Chris McCormick/Garrett Jackson  
Stiff Kitten 028 90238700

## BIRMINGHAM

The Splitters Actress & Bishop  
0121 236 7426

## BRADFORD

Kobra & The Lotus Rio 01274 735549

## BRIGHTON

**Bastions** The Hydrant 01273 608313  
**Mark Ronson (DJ set)/Example/  
Freemasons** Stanmer Park  
01273 709 709

**Pissed Resistance/The Cherry  
Reds** The Hope 01273 723 568

**The Scam And Guest** World's End  
01273 692311

**Surfer Joe & His Boss Combo** Prince  
Albert 01273 730499

## BRIGHTON

The Atomic Rays Prom  
0117 942 7319

**Howlin' Lord** Golden Lion  
0117 939 5506

**Reuben Richards & The Odyssey**  
The Tunnels 0117 929 9008

**The St Pierre Snake Invasion/  
Minotaur & The Maze/Flights** The  
Cooler 0117 945 0999

## CANTERBURY

**LOUNGE ON THE FARM** Eille  
Goulding/Example/Katy B/  
Graham Coxon/Jamie Woon/  
Johnny Flynn/Slow Club/Liam  
Bailey/Fujiya & Miyagi/Justin  
Robertson/Adamski/Egyptian Hip  
Hop/Trophy Wife/Chad Valley/  
Jagga/Pete Roe/Spector/Alpines/  
D/R/U/G/S/Laura J Martin Merton  
Farm 0871 230 1094

## CARLISLE

**Section II** The Club Victoria  
01228 533 476

## DERBY

**The Struts** Victoria Inn 01332 740091

## EDINBURGH

**Minnie & The Victors** Whistlebinkies  
0131 557 5114

## FALMOUTH

**The Dolphins** Fly Miss Peapod's  
0871 230 1094

## GLASGOW

Cast King Tut's Wah Wah Hut  
0141 221 5279

**The Cave** Flying Duck 0141 564 1450

**Words Per Minute** The Arches  
0141 565 1000

## HUDDERSFIELD

**The Bluefiles/The Jon Strong  
Band/JB Goode** Holmfirth Picture  
Drome 01484 689759

## KILDARE

**OKEGEN FESTIVAL** Foo Fighters/  
Arctic Monkeys/Paolo Nutini/  
Brandon Flowers/Deadmau5/  
Beady Eye/Plan B/Two Door  
Cinema Club/Imelda May/Bruno  
Mars/Jessie J/Eels/The Vaccines/  
Professor Green/Peter Doherty/  
The Bloody Beetroots/Hurts/  
Mona/Big Country/The Pretty  
Reckless/Eiliza Doolittle/Miles

**Kane/City & Colour/The Minutes/  
Frankie & The Heartstrings/  
Consumer Love Affair** Punchestown  
Racecourse 00353 1 456 9569

## KINROSS

**T IN THE PARK** Coldplay/Beyoncé/  
The Strokes/The Script/Swedish  
House Mafia/Slash/Primal  
Scream/Manic Street Preachers/  
Jimmy Eat World/Chase & Status/  
Ke\$ha/N-Dubz/Friendly Fires/  
Crystal Castles/Ocean Colour  
Scene/Chipmunk/The Saturdays/  
Bright Eyes/Odd Future/Fun  
Lovin' Criminals/The Saw Doctors/  
Villagers/Jenny & Johnny/The  
Twilight Singers/Devlin/Everything  
Everything/The Pierces/Tame  
Impala/Her Majesty & The Wolves/  
Patrick Wolf/Fight Like Apes/Wolf  
Gang/Grouplove/Clanadonia Balado  
0870 169 0100

## LEEDS

**Crooked Tongues** Cockpit  
0113 244 3446

**The Hypes/Six O'Clock Showdown/  
Kinky Monkey** Brudenell Social Club  
0113 243 5866

**Race Horses/Gold Nation Of  
Shopkeepers** 0113 203 1831

## LEICESTER

**Superevolver** Firebug 0116 255 1228

## LIVERPOOL

**Bryan Kearney/Rob Harnetty/Andy  
Cain** Masque 0151 707 6171

**Cheap Thrills/Hippies On The Hill** 02  
Academy 2 0870 771 2000

## LONDON

**1-2-3-4 FESTIVAL** Black Lips/The  
Raveonettes/The King Blues/  
Lydia Lunch/Damo Suzuki/The  
Chapman Family/Black Strobe/  
Autokratz/Brown Brogues/Warm  
Brains/The History Of Apple Pie/  
Sex Bees/Stay+ Dam Mantle/Echo  
Lake Shoreditch Park 0871 230 1094

**Adelaide/Burn So Bright/Piper  
Saint** New Cross Inn 020 8692 1866

**The Apocryphallites/Lee Willz/  
Trademark** Dublin Castle  
020 7485 1773

**Bohemian Embassy/Dirty Kiss/  
Bite** The Buffalo Fiddler's Elbow  
020 7485 3269

**The Correspondents** The Horatia  
020 7476 7766

**Future Islands** Plan B 08701 165421

**Giles Likes Tea/Ben Goddard/  
Brightlight City** Barfly  
0870 907 0999

**House Rules** East Village  
020 7739 5173

**Jackdaw4** Borderline 020 7734 5547

**Johnny Foreigner/My First Tooth/  
LightGuides/Jumping Ships/Ute**  
Windmill 020 8671 0700

**Joseph Coward/Replicas** Old Blue  
Last 020 7613 2478

**Lil'ygum/The Paper Men** Monto Water  
Rats 020 7837 4412

**Look Stranger!** Silver Bullet  
020 7619 3639

**My Chemical Romance** Roundhouse  
020 7482 7318

**Nell Diamond** The O2 Arena  
0870 701 4444

**Penguin Cafe Orchestra/Beth  
Jeans** Houghton Hackney Empire  
020 8985 2424

**The Priscillas/Bad Wolf/Section 3**  
Purple Turtle 020 7383 4976

**Shulchi Chino Cafe** Oto 0871 230 1094

**Stornoway** Somerset House  
020 7344 4444

**Tantrums/The Carpets/  
Deadbeat Echoes** Queen Of Hoxton  
020 7422 0958

**The Wave Pictures/Unknown  
Mortal Orchestra** Royal Albert Hall  
020 7589 8212

## MANCHESTER

**The Black Lights/Pistola Kicks**  
Academy 3 0161 832 1111

**Hayseed Dixie** Academy 2  
0161 832 1111

**The Motion Theory** Roadhouse  
0161 228 1789

**Mr Scruff** Band On The Wall  
0161 832 6625

**Steve Martin & The Steep Canyon  
Rangers** 02 Apollo 0870 401 8000

**UK Subs** Moho Live 0161 834 8180

## MILTON KEYNES

**Alex Cornish** Stables  
01908 280800

**Evita/Giants/Shadow Factory** Pitz  
01908 660392

**NEWCASTLE**  
**Review Your Disaster** 02 Academy 2  
0870 771 2000

**NORWICH**  
**Hocus Pocus/Missy Malone/Beau  
Rocks** Arts Centre 01603 660352

**The Olympians/Tortoise Family**  
Connections/Solko Waterfront  
01603 632717

**NOTTINGHAM**  
**Martin Simpson** Glee Club  
0871 472 0400

**Roger Daltrey** Royal Centre  
0115 948 2525

**Ronika** Stealth 08713 100000

**PONTYPRIDD**  
**Fatty's Leg** Clwb Y Bont  
01443 491424

**SHEFFIELD**  
**The Last Standing/Bluehearts/  
The Old Whores Of San Pedro** Plug  
0114 276 7093

**Playground Mafia/Without Our  
Crowns/Season Of Secrets** 02  
Academy 2 0870 771 2000

**Steve French** Band New Barrack  
Tavern 0114 234 9148

**SOUTHAMPTON**  
**Title Fight** Unit 02380 225612

**STEVENAGE**  
**SONISPHERE** Biffy Clyro/Weezer/  
You Me At Six/Bad Religion/  
Cavalera Conspiracy/Architects/  
Sylosis/The Mars Volta/All Time  
Low/Sum 41/Kids In Glass Houses/  
Gallows/Richard Cheese/Sisters Of  
Mercy/Paradise Lost/One Minute  
Silence/Periphery/Pulled Apart  
By Horses/Grinspoon/Cherri Bomb  
Knebworth 01438 812661

**STOKE ON TRENT**  
**Operation Error** Sugarmill  
01782 214991

**SWINDON**  
**Fossil Fools** The Victoria  
01782 214991

**WOLVERHAMPTON**  
**Wilcox** Slade Room  
0870 320 7000

**WREXHAM**  
**Stringer** Bessant Frenzi  
01978 350 432

**YORK**  
**Allstair Griffin/The Bronze Medal/  
James Daykin** Fibbers  
01904 651 250

## SUNDAY

July 10



## ABERSOCH

**WAKESTOCK** Biffy Clyro/The  
Cribs/Nolsettes/Charlie Simpson/  
Pulled Apart By Horses/Example/  
Wretch 32/Ed Sheeran Cardigan Bay  
01758 713465

## BIRMINGHAM

**Poison Planet/Harbour Wagon &  
Horses** 0121 772 1403

**Sea Of Bees** Hare & Hounds  
0121 444 2081

**BRIGHTON**  
**US Bombs** The Hydrant 01273 608313

**BRISTOL**  
**Black Breath/Flayed Disciple** Fleece  
0117 945 0996

**Bound By Exile/Black Polaris/  
Inlmis** Croft Main Room  
0117 987 4144

**CANTERBURY**  
**LOUNGE ON THE FARM** Echo & The  
Bunnymen/Everything Everything/  
The Joy Formidable/Caravan/  
Bob Log III/CW Stoneking/  
Dananananaykroyd/Syd Arthur/  
Adrian Sherwood & Congo Natty/  
Pete & The Pirates/Goodnight  
Lenin/The Milk/Little Comets/  
Flashguns/Fixers/Dog Is Dead/  
Barker Band/Beans On Toast/Let's  
Buy Happiness/Marques Tolliver  
Merton Farm 0871 230 1094

**CARDIFF**  
**Maya/The Street Orphans** 10 Feet  
Tall 02920 228883

**COVENTRY**  
**Fun Lovin' Criminals** Kasbah  
02476 554473

**GLASGOW**  
**Herculean** Slouch  
0141 221 5518

**KILDARE**  
**OKEGEN FESTIVAL** Coldplay/  
Beyonce/The National/Slash/  
Pendulum/Primal Scream/Manic  
Street Preachers/Jimmy Eat  
World/Odd Future/Ke\$ha/Friendly

**Fires/Bright Eyes/The Saturdays/  
Crystal Castles/Ocean Colour  
Scene/The Airborne Toxic Event/  
Chase & Status/Afrojack/Fight  
Like Apes/Ryan Sheridan/Jenny &  
Johnny/Royseve/Brother/Bipolar**  
Empire Punchestown Racecourse  
00353 1 456 9569

**KINROSS**  
**T IN THE PARK** Foo Fighters/Pulp/  
My Chemical Romance/Deadmau5/  
Brandon Flowers/Beady Eye/Tinie  
Tempah/Weezer/Bruno Mars/All  
Time Low/Calvin Harris/Blondie/  
KT Tunstall/You Me At Six/Hurts/  
Eels/Cast/The Vaccines/Kids In  
Glass Houses/The Pretty Reckless/  
Professor Green/Noah & The  
Whale/Stornoway/Clare Maguire/  
The Naked And Famous/Cherri  
Bomb/Metronomy/The Phantom  
Band/Fenech-Soler/Roddy  
Woomble/Kitty Daisy & Lewis/  
Rival Sons Balado 0870 169 0100

**LIVERPOOL**  
**Aloe Blacc/Dionne** Bromfield/  
Yasmin Somerset House  
020 7344 4444

**Bad Religion** HMV Forum  
020 7344 0044

**Beatsteaks** Roundhouse (Studio)  
020 7482 7318

**Effort/Chapter 24/Not Made In  
China** Windmill 020 8671 0700

**French For Cartridge/Kaz  
Simmons/Sibylla** Meienberg Cable  
Street Studios 020 77901309

**Glasvegas** Roundhouse  
020 7482 7318

**Her Name Is** Calla Vibe Bar  
020 7377 9880

**The Last Boys/The Doll** Mechanics/  
The Rainband Dublin Castle  
020 7485 1773

**Markus Mann** Bull & Gate  
020 7485 5358

**Storm** The Walls/Diet Pills/  
The Conflict Within Purple Turtle  
020 7383 4976

**Trans Am/Part Chimp/Bo Ningen/  
Teeth Of The Sea/The Koolaid  
Electric Company/Black Daniel/  
Gallop/Race Horses/The Neat/  
The Cult Of Don Keller** Corsica  
Studios 0207 703 4760

**Young Athletes League/Million  
Young Old Blue** Last 020 7613 2478

**MANCHESTER**  
**Bjork** Campfield Market Hall  
0161 876 2198

**NEWCASTLE**  
**Alex Cornish** Cluny 0191 230 4474

**Arcs & Trauma/Shucks** The Tyne  
0191 265 2550

**Rob Waters** Mr Lynch 0191 281 3010

**Stan** The Tyne 0191 265 2550

**NEWQUAY**  
**John Butler Trio** Lusty Glaze Beach  
01637 872444

**PORTSMOUTH**  
**Dirty Sky Jones** Cellars  
0871 230 1094

**PRESTON**  
**Lydia Lunch** The Continental  
01772 499 425

**READING**  
**The Fall** Sub89 0871 230 1094

**SHEFFIELD**  
**Danny Schmidt** The Greystones  
0114 266 5599

**STEVENAGE**  
**SONISPHERE** Slipknot/Limp Bizkit/  
Motorhead/Mastodon/Parkway  
Drive/Arch Enemy/Volbeat/The  
Bill Baileys/Opeth/Airbourne/  
In Flames/Black Tide/Four Year  
Strong/The Answer/Cancer Bats/  
Anberlin/InMe/Alestorm/Kylesa/  
Turbowolf Knebworth 01438 812661

**SWANSEA**  
**Gallows** Sin City 01792654226

**YORK**  
**Dream Of Apollo** Fibbers  
01904 651 250

## GET IN THE GIG GUIDE!

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



## MONDAY

July 11

## BIRMINGHAM

Babeshadow Rainbow 0121 772 8174  
Victoria Perks Patrick Kavanagh  
0121 449 2598

## BRIGHTON

Braids Prince Albert 01273 730499  
Fighting Fiction Hobgoblin  
01273 602519

Toy Hearts The Greys 01273 680734

## BRISTOL

Avi Buffalo/Admiral Fallow/  
Tripwires Thekla 08713 100000  
The Hype Theory/Show It Off  
Croft Front Bar 0117 987 4144  
Trans Am/The Naturals/Amka Fleece  
0117 945 0996

## CARDIFF

Athlete The Globe 07738 983947  
Ice Cube University 029 2023 0130

## GLASGOW

Big Country King Tut's Wah Wah Hut  
0141 221 5279

## GLOUCESTER

Gallows Guildhall Arts Centre  
01452 503050

## LEEDS

Unsane/The Blacklsters Brudenell  
Social Club 0113 243 5866

## LONDON

Anvil O2 Academy Islington  
0870 771 2000  
City Stereo O2 Academy 2 Islington  
0870 771 2000

Dexter Dextrous Silver Bullet

020 7119 1639

Foo Fighters/Jimmy Eat World

Roundhouse 020 7482 7318

Imelda May Somerset House

020 7344 4414

Kill Van Kulls Social 020 7636 4992

Mike Badger/The Shady Trio

Slaughtered Lamb 020 8682 4080

Millionyoung/Pet Scenes MacBeth

020 7739 5095

Nell Diamond The O2 Arena

0870 701 4444

Zero Boys Boston Arms

020 7272 8153

50 Lions Purple Turtle

020 7383 4976

## MANCHESTER

Alex Cornish Band On The Wall  
0161 832 6625

The Black Crowes Academy

0161 832 1111

Ke\$ha O2 Apollo 0870 401 8000

Paris Sult Yourself Night And Day

Cafe 0161 236 1822

US Bombs Moho Live

0161 834 8180

## NEWCASTLE

Alex Clare Cluny 0191 230 4474

Eels O2 Academy 0870 771 2000

## NORWICH

Ed Sheeran/Random Impulse

Waterfront 01603 632717

Sea Of Bees Arts Centre

01603 640152

## SOUTHAMPTON

Deaf Havana Joiners 023 8022 5612

## TUNBRIDGE WELLS

Cerebral Ballzy Sussex Arms

01892 549 579

## YORK

SCUM The Duchess 01904 641 413



Cerebral Ballzy,  
Sussex Arms,  
Tunbridge Wells

## TUESDAY

July 12



Brandon  
Flowers, Eden  
Project, St  
Austell

## BATH

The Street Orphans St James Wine  
Vaults 01225 310335

## BIRMINGHAM

City Stereo O2 Academy  
0870 771 2000

The Kings Of Spain Patrick Kavanagh  
0121 449 2598

## BRISTOL

Jester/Area 51/Molly's Confession  
Fleece 0117 945 0996

Roger Daltrey Colston Hall

0117 922 3683

The State Lottery/Bangers/L

Morgan Croft Front Bar

0117 987 4144

## CAMBRIDGE

SCUM Haymakers 01223 367417

## CARDIFF

Braids Clwb Ifor Bach 029 2023 2199

The Fine Line/Alternative

Expression/My Gambino Clwb Ifor

Bach (Upstairs) 029 2023 2199

## DUBLIN

The Computers Victoria Inn

01332 740091

## EDINBURGH

Arbitrary Funk/Cameo Colours/  
Tom McConnell The Store

0131 220 2987

## EXETER

Deaf Havana Cavern Club

01392 495370

## GATESHEAD

Bright Eyes Sage Arena

0870 703 4555

## GLASGOW

Alex Clare King Tut's Wah Wah Hut

0141 221 5279

Bad Religion O2 ABC 0870 903 3414

Isobel Campbell & Mark Lanegan

Grand Ole Opry 0141 429 5396

## LEEDS

Decayed Messiah/Kill To Gain/  
Waking Theo The Well 0113 2440474

Eels/Jesca Hoop O2 Academy

0870 771 2000

Rival Sons Cockpit 0113 244 3446

Title Fight Cockpit Room 2

0113 244 3446

## LEICESTER

Her Name Is Calla Musician

0116 251 0080

## LIVERPOOL

Graduate Nobili Static Gallery

01517078090

## LONDON

Avi Buffalo/Admiral Fallow/  
Tripwires Scala 020 7833 2022

Beady Eye Somerset House

020 7344 4444

The Beautiful World Slaughtered

Lamb 020 8682 4080

The Black Crowes O2 Shepherds Bush

Empire 0870 771 2000

The Blockheads Monto Water Rats

020 7837 4412

Cerebral Ballzy Shackwell Arms

020 7249 0810

Corey Taylor Garage

020 7607 1818

Cymbals/Fists/Mammal Club Old

Blue Last 020 7613 2478

Deerhoof/Konono No 1/Juana

Molina/Wildbirds & Peacedrums/  
Skeletons Barbican Centre

020 7638 8891

Dirty Beggars Windmill

020 8671 0700

The Hype Theory The Bowery

020 7580 3057

Kyla La Grange/Cave Painting/Cold

Specks The Lexington 020 7837 5387

Marc Carroll Social 020 7636 4992

O Emperor/The Mariner's Children

Borderline 020 734 5547

RoxXan/Lioness/Bugsy Queen Of

Hoxton 020 7422 0958

The Script/Lolck Essien Roundhouse

020 7482 7318

The Storm/Silvatone Scruffy

Murphy's 020 8770 0009

Tribal Riot/Listing Ships Nambucca

020 7272 7366

Unsane Underworld 020 7482 1932

## MANCHESTER

Black Breath Star & Garter

0161 273 6726

Frankmusik Deaf Institute

0161 330 4019

Odd Future Academy 2

0161 832 1111

Primus Academy 3 0161 832 1111

50 Lions Alter Ego 0161 236 9266

## MILTON KEYNES

Grouplove Xscape 0871 200 3220

Richard Thompson Stables

01908 280800

## NEWCASTLE

Heights Trillians 0191 232 1619

## NORWICH

Ed Sheeran/Random Impulse

Waterfront 01603 632717

## NOTTINGHAM

Alex Cornish Rescue Rooms

0115 958 8484

## READING

Athlete Sub89 0871 230 1094

## SHEFFIELD

The Head & The Heart Harley

0114 275 2288

## SOUTHAMPTON

All The Young Joiners 023 8022 5612

US Bombs Talking Heads

023 8055 5899

## ST ALBANS

Voodoo Rays Horn 01727 853143

## ST AUSTELL

Brandon Flowers/Mystery Jets/  
Brothers & Bones Eden Project

01726 811911

## YORK

Anberlin Fibbers 01904 651 250

Babeshadow The Duchess

01904 641 413

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O<sub>2</sub>



**T**wo days after Brian Jones is found dead in a swimming pool, the Stones are playing a free concert in tribute.

Onstage, Mick Jagger reads an excerpt from Shelley's *Adonais*, releases 3,500 butterflies, then the Stones – with 20-year-old Mick Taylor now on guitar – launch into one of Brian's favourite songs, Johnny Winter's 'I'm Yours And I'm Hers', in front of an estimated 250,000 people.

Or as NME's Nick Logan puts it: "Someone from backstage came front with the story of the Stones arriving in an armoured army truck and suddenly they were onstage led by a young girl in a white dress with matching trousers. The girl, it transpires, is Mick Jagger." He continues: "The sound was good and strong, and among the best... were 'Stray Cat Blues' and 'No Expectations'." The day is far from just sweetness and light, however, with the Hell's Angels on security duties, and conditions such that "it became an effort to survive the heat and pain, let alone bring two hands together".

But the day is won by a finale of '(I Can't Get No) Satisfaction' and 'Sympathy For The Devil'. "The best rock'n'roll band in the world?" asks Nick Logan in conclusion. "Or any advance on a quarter of a million?"

- A small advert on page 5 offers "a unique moon-topical musical trip that should blast off" in the shape of new artist David Bowie's single 'Space Oddity'.

- Pentangle have been commissioned to compose, arrange and perform the theme tune for the BBC's first colour drama series.

• Number One in the **NME** Singles Chart is 'Something In The Air' by Thunderclap Newman, closely followed by Elvis Presley's 'In The Ghetto'.

• A news report tells of John Lennon and Yoko Ono's recent accident: "They flew back to London on Sunday by chartered helicopter and executive jet, after being discharged from hospital in the north of Scotland. They have been spending the week convalescing."

- Another ad, for Aero Dry Shampoo, is headlined: "Dry Clean Your Hair!"

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Still to come in 1969 are the classic singles 'I Second That Emotion' and 'Someday We'll Be Together', but the single that's got *NME*'s Derek Johnson in a tizz at present is 'No Matter What Sign You Are'. "It swings madly along," he writes, "as the provocative Diana Ross positively vibrates with sensuality, while the other two girls maintain a constant clanging of zodiac signs. It's virtually sure of a chart placing."

## THE FAB FINALE

It will end up as The Beatles' less-than-grand finale 'Let It Be', but it currently has no title and is shrouded in mystery... until this report. "The album is titled 'Get Back', 'Don't Let Me Down' And Nine Other Songs', and the present plan is to open with 'One After 909', which will lead into a brief link track - a revival of The Drifters' hit 'Save The Last Dance For Me.'" None of which turns out to be true on the eventual release!



# THE LEGENDARY NME CROSSWORD

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

Compiled by Trevor Hungerford

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## A BAG OF NME SWAG



### CLUES ACROSS

- 1 What did you expect from The Vaccines? Technicolor music? (3-2-5)
- 6 A rather pedestrian performance from Foo Fighters (4)
- 10 Fetch Ann for a sort out! Nothing is to be included by The Wombats (6-3)
- 11 Angus Andrews' New York dance punk band who are unbelievable (5)
- 12 Following Young Marble Giants' split in 1980, Stuart Moxham's next set-up was part of the logistics (4)
- 13 "Sweet Loretta Martin thought she was a woman, but she was another man", 1969 (3-4)
- 15 "The morning sun when it's in your face really shows your \_\_\_", from Rod Stewart's 'Maggie May' (3)
- 16 Hard-Fi man certainly has a point, but what he's aiming for is just bull (6)
- 18 Make local tour around the north doing Kings Of Leon music (2-4)
- 19 James Brown has a genuine belief in himself (2-4)
- 20 Funny man in the royal household includes an EP by T Rex (8)
- 23 Tough! Roy's arranged for Kristin Hersh to do a number (4-5)
- 25 (See 24 down)
- 27 Elton live version of a Nick Cave album (3-4-2)
- 29 Pearl Jam performance in the Echo Arena, Liverpool (5)
- 30 Member of Portishead spotted in Pizza Hut, Leyton High Road (5)
- 31 "See the \_\_\_ set in your eyes, see the thorn twist in your side", from U2's 'With Or Without You' (5)
- 32 A bit of material coming from Suede's bass player (3)

### CLUES DOWN

- 1 The Blue Aeroplanes' new album has a built-in property to keep them flying high (4 7)
- 2 The Rolling Stones' logo must have been applied to two of their albums, 'Forty \_\_\_' and 'Live \_\_\_' (5)
- 3+9D In 2005 this band found that 'Not Everyone' was 'Unsatisfied' with their music, 'Just Friends' (4-5-4)
- 4 Indie band on Too Pure label who sang of 'Good Fruit' and 'The Greedy Ugly People' in 2000 (6)
- 5 Singer famed for 'I Left My Heart In San Francisco' who appeared at Glastonbury in 1998 (4 7)
- 7 Mr Yauch or Mr Horowitz of The Beastie Boys (4)

- 8 Rapper who takes nothing away from snooker, somehow (1-1-1-3)
- 9 (See 3 down)
- 14 (See 27 down)
- 15 The whole being of Santana in an album or Elvis Presley in a song (3-4-1-2)
- 17 My Morning Jacket taking new album around on tour (9)
- 21 It was due and was paid to Aretha Franklin (7)
- 22 Was Morrissey pants at fighting them? (6)
- 24+25A Time to honour Bruce Springsteen (5-4)
- 26 (See 28 down)
- 27+14D He had a Number One hit in 1999 with 'Mambo No 5' (3 4)
- 28+26D No, we've a different album by Silver Sun (3-4)

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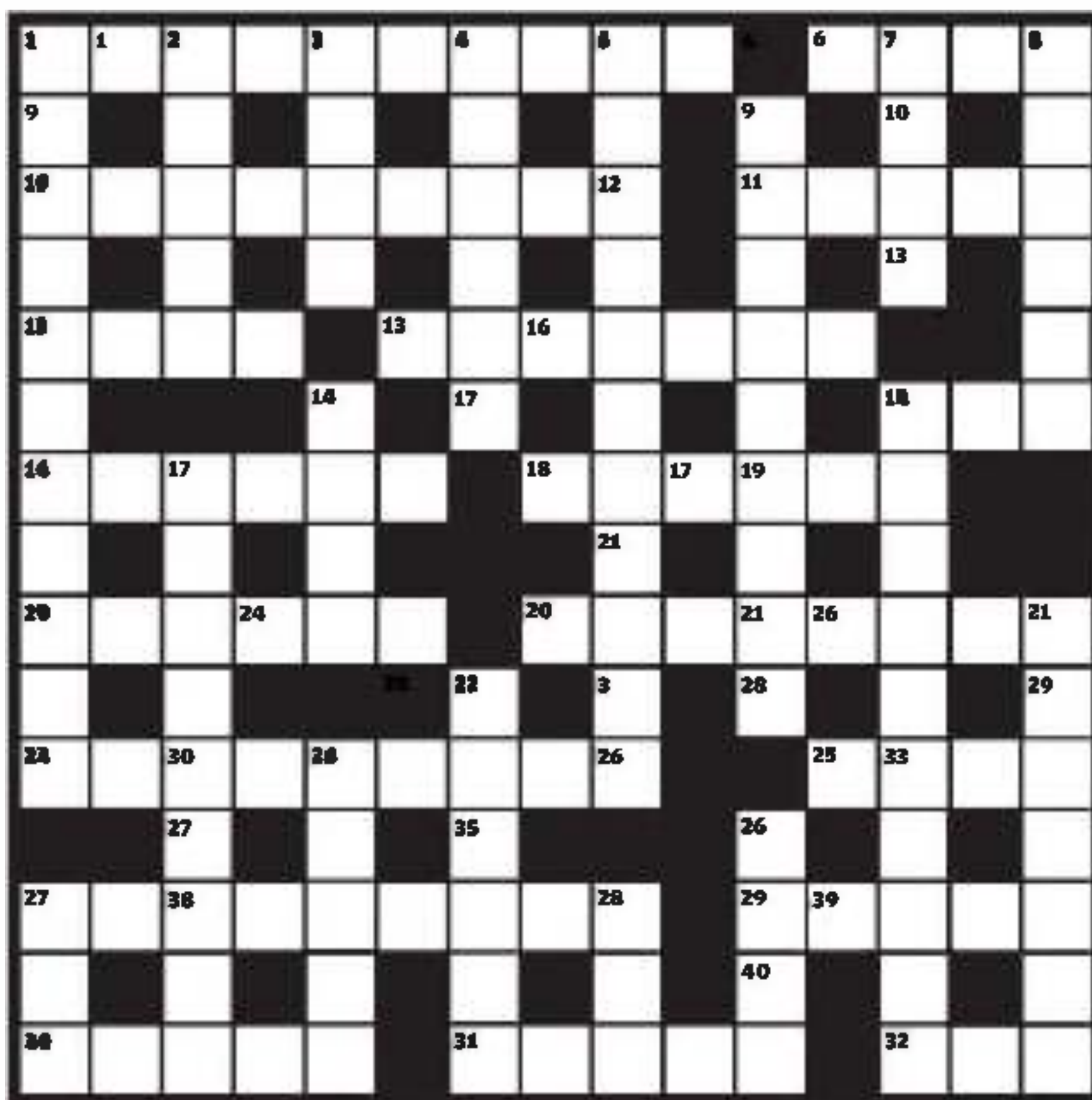
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### JUNE 18 ANSWERS

**ACROSS**  
1 Cemetery Gates, 8 Palace, 9 Dean, 11 Langer, 15 Tide, 20 Son, 22 England, 24 Shy, 25 Bis, 26 Holy, 28 Racer, 30 One, 32 Elsie, 33 Ear, 35 Lad, 36 Eyes, 37 Sea, 39 Tea, 40 Morrissey

**DOWN**  
1 Capote, 2 Malady, 3 Reel, 4 Gran, 5 Time, 6 Sad, 7 Panic, 10 Exams, 12+18D Alain Delon, 13 Grey, 14+17A Rough Trade, 19 Ugly, 21 Nose, 23 Air, 24 Street, 25 Blighty, 26 Hollow, 27 Leeds, 29 Closer, 31 Dream, 34+16A Joan Of Arc, 38 Us



## POP- A COMPLETE HISTORY!

LIVE COVERAGE IN THE EARLY DAYS OF GLASTONBURY WAS VERY DIFFERENT FROM WHAT WE'RE USED TO TODAY.



THE PERFORMANCE ON STAGE WAS RELAYED BY A CRICK TEAM OF SEMAPHORISTS TO "FLAG HUTS" ACROSS THE NATION.



THIS INFORMATION WAS THEN TRANSLATED INTO A PUPPETIZED VERSION OF THE FESTIVAL IN TOWNS AND CITIES ALL OVER THE UK.



ALTHOUGH, THIS METHOD WAS LESS THAN PERFECT.





# FANMAIL

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

Edited by Jazz Monroe



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## PILTON PARADISE

From Ben Cranborne

To: NME

Well, the mud was a bugger but this year's Glastonbury was surely the best ever! After Janelle Monáe's jaw-dropping set (definitely the female James Brown!), the surprise Pulp show, the brilliant new tunes from The Horrors, I'm still in a state of shock. Even Coldplay were actually alright! OK, I may have been slightly out of it at that point... But my main reason for writing is that while I know people always complain about the festival losing its sense of identity, I've been every year since 2005 and I think it's getting better each time. The calibre of acts this year was mindblowing, the staff put up with the atrocious weather really well and my phone had full reception all weekend. And that's not even mentioning the atmosphere, the Green Fields, The Wombles and the amazing Primal Scream.

NME's response...

From: NME

To: Ben Cranborne

Acts of mind-blowing calibre! Decent phone reception! COLDPLAY ACTUALLY ALRIGHT! Ben, when it comes to Glasto, there's no need to exaggerate. Seriously, though, Janelle Monáe tearing up West Holts! Beyoncé turning 'Sex On

Fire' into something actually decent! Radiohead not creating a black hole as The World rushed to The Park stage! It's too much! Not to piss on your clearly already sodden parade, but spare a thought for those of us who couldn't wrangle a ticket (or press pass). Indeed, cramped inside my square-metre of bedroom

last Sunday night, partially submerged in a pool of 17 housemates' faeces and vomit, furiously tapping away at a typewriter as a midnight deadline thundered into view, the sound of Beyoncé's wibbling thighs emanating from the living room was enough to drive a man insane - and that's before considering it's

basically my job to attend such events. Regardless, I'm chuffed everyone had a great time, and er, guess I'll (cough) see you after the fallow year. Anyways, at least you didn't bump into this next guy... - JM

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

## MORE GLASTO RUMMAGING...

From: Will

To: NME

Forget all the accusations of U2 being self-indulgent, cringeworthy arseholes - there's a far better reason why NOBODY should have seen their set at Glasto. They're too old. No-one over the age of 50 should legally be allowed to headline a festival, no matter how successful or popular. They need to make way for the younger lot, who can still perform an awesome set without busting a hip. I'm not just talking about U2: Morrissey should be banned because he's too old now, and this year's Glastonbury should have also been Primal Scream's last. As I'm being a musical fascist here, I will also go ahead and say that Friendly Fires and Cee Lo Green should be mandatory at every festival going.

From: NME

To: Will

While you sound like a scrupulously delightful breed of music fan, and demonstrate a fine line in delicately salient and thought-provoking diatribes, your super-opinionated, relentlessly ageist, half-baked LOLocaust attitude frankly SUCKS. "Ooh, I'm a musical fascist!" You, my friend, are forgetting one thing. Imagine this, if you will: the prospect of, say, Mark E Smith striding onstage at 10pm on the Sunday night, whip in hand, launching into a stonking run-through of '50,000 Fall Fans Can't Be Wrong' and doing the Bouncy dance. Quite appealing, isn't it? See, I could suffocate a small animal under the weight of my arguments as to why U2 were an all-round

lame pick for Glasto, but the fact they're a mega-experienced rock band? That's not one of them - JM

From: Ryan

To: NME

Fuck Glastonbury! The Killers at Hard Rock Calling on Friday were the BEST thing EVER! They rocked my socks off!

From: NME

To: Ryan

Hands down the most passionate and caps lock-bothering mail we've had regarding The Killers since about 1987. We've stapled a new pair of socks to a carrier pigeon and fired it out of a cannon your way, to hopefully make up for the depressing fact you enjoy such lacklustre music - JM

From: Mark

To: NME

Good call on the Glasto organisers for all the secret slots this year. I was lucky enough to see both Radiohead and Pulp, and both bands could have easily headlined the festival in their own right. It's exactly this kind of thing that makes Glastonbury the best festival on the planet. I'm gonna really miss that muddy place next year!

## HORROR-BLE TRUTH

From: Sid

To: NME

Sometimes it is alright to be proven (a bit) wrong. When The Horrors first appeared I thought that the songs on the first album were OK, perfectly acceptable on the radio or whatever, but not enough to make me want to investigate further. I thought they were a bit of a style-over-substance band, but after reading the good reviews of 'Primary Colours'



I took a chance on it, and wasn't disappointed. On hearing 'Still Life' they seem to have taken another leap of progress, and coupled with the interesting work Faris has done with Cat's Eyes, he and his band look like one of the groups around at the moment who may stand the best chance of having a long, interesting and varied body of work ahead of them.

**From: NME**

**To: Sid**

Getting your own opinion wrong is great, isn't it? Here at NME we do it all the time – only difference is, the bosses pay us not to admit it. Regarding the gleeful trajectory of The Horrors, you're spot on – any so-called 'substance' to be found in 'Strange House' snuck out the back door of Hedi Slimane's catwalk exhibition leaving 'style' to masturbate furiously in its own dank corner – yet, for all intents and purposes, 'Primary Colours' stormed back in the front entrance with the dog's bulging bollocks served on a silver platter. Much as I love 'Still Life', there are a couple of things that bug me, primarily the thought that Faris Badwan sounds like a bored mid-life crisis on LSD. But hey, to ascend from soaringly awful to plain 'Skying' in the space of four years isn't bad



## STALKER

**From: Adam O'Sullivan**

**To: NME**

"Here's me and my mates meeting Florence Welch after the Cosmic Love tour. She was lovely and gave us kisses."

going. Hoorah for The Horrors! – JM

## AN OBSERVANT NIRVANA FAN WRITES

**From: A Very Angry Sam Pryce**

**To: NME**

I was recently listening to Nirvana's album 'Nevermind' and appreciating the grungy drone of the late Kurt Cobain. I was inspecting the legendary artwork when, suddenly, I spotted a very dirty, perverted feature. If you look very closely underneath the baby, you can see a miniscule, circumcised penis. What were Nirvana thinking? They must have been paedophiles to put such profanity on the artwork of their album! I feel incredibly dirty for spotting such an obscenity. I would like to speak to Dave Grohl at once! Tell him to

# Web Slinging

The highlight of this week's NME.COM blogs

## COLDPLAY'S MAJOR RELEASE

Sneaky of Coldplay to unveil a new track when almost every music journalist in the country is busy getting sloshed at Glastonbury – but here it is: surprise! The follow-up to 'Every Teardrop Is A Waterfall'.

It's actually taken from the EP of that name, which – cunningly – is released digitally on Sunday, June 26, just hours after Coldplay's headline appearance on the Pyramid, when presumably the 'buzz' will be at its peak. Interestingly, it's also 11 years to the day since the release of the band's breakthrough single 'Yellow'.

A cynic might point out that 'Every Teardrop...' is no 'Yellow' – in fact it might well be Coldplay's least enthusiastically received single to date – but 'Major Minus' is a decent enough B-side, powered by a chunky U2,



'Elevation'-style riff. Indeed, the signs are that Coldplay are becoming more like U2 with every release, their guitars set perennially to "anthemic chime" mode.

However, 'Major Minus' also finds them channeling another influence: Radiohead. From the paranoid, finger-pointing lyrics ("They got one eye watching you...") to Martin's wobble-headed, Gucci-little-piggy-style falsetto wigout at the end, it's pure Thom Yorke circa 'OK Computer'.

That's no bad thing. You get the impression Coldplay's album will find them dialling back the ambition to return to the simpler, more heartfelt charms of 'A Rush Of Blood...'.

Read Luke Lewis' full article at NME.COM/blogs now.

### Best of the responses...

Love it. Not some commercial made-for-arenas la-la song.  
**Ron Sterstyle**

I actually really like it. It's certainly an improvement over 'Every Teardrop...', which was borderline atrocious. Reminds me of

their 'Blue Room EP', only poppier and with more production. I'm still very, very apprehensive about the album.  
**Bailey Marie Orr**

This should have come out instead of 'Every Teardrop Is A Waterfall',

pretty groovy for them, like. Sounds like The Verve loads but it works.  
**Will Begley**

I can hear a proper early '90s 'baggy' influence after Jonny's crunching guitar thing at the start of the chorus. They're

rocking out just a tad more than usual, which is never a bad thing!  
**Arion Xenos**

Let me go ahead and say it: OMG OMG OMG OMG ILLUMINATI! ILLUMINATI! There. No more please.  
**Edgar Gomez**

come as he is. (That sounded dirty too!)

**From: NME**

**To: Sam Pryce**

Au contraire, Prycey Pryce. Oddly enough, after pruning through your wildly righteous email with Prez Obama's personal Geiger counter, the only perverse item we could detect was one shonky pun inelegantly thrust up its arse with a splintered broom handle. In fact, a little Wikipedia research tells me that when major label heads demanded the wee 'Nevermind' baby's penis be censored, Kurt – ever the musical invertebrate – would oblige only if the replacing sticker read: 'If you're offended by this, you must be a closet pedophile'. C'mon, Sam, a little willy never hurt anyone... – JM

## COOPER TROOPER AND DEPP

**From: Barny**

**To: NME**

Whoa. Johnny Depp just played with Alice Cooper at the 100 Club?! Legendary! Depp's always been a bit of a dude – hanging out with Oasis and whatnot – but I never knew he liked the amazing Mr Cooper too. That guy practically invented punk (it was he who John Lydon impersonated during his Sex Pistols audition). Wish I was at the gig [We were, and you can read the review on page 48 – Reviews Editor].

## FACE IT, LIAM

**From: James**

**To: NME**

I'm so pissed off right now. Liam Gallagher's stupid face is greeting me wherever I go. All 40-feet of it, with

some stupid docking station stuffed inside his oversized, under-talented gob. Honestly what a fucking sell-out. Singer of a generation advertising music systems? Fucking lamo. He used to be about rock'n'roll, but not now. I hate rock stars who sell out and do stuff like this.

**From: NME**

**To: James**

Decent people like you and I, James, are good to our word. We know this, and we sleep at night. Alas, rock stars are to their word what wanking is to shagging, which is to say, a far sight worse, and by this point we've received enough emails about this sort of nonsense to build ourselves a sturdy e-raft and escape the idiocy of the music biz once and for all. Ah, just playin'... Sure, rock stars are

spiritually crippled, snot-nosed, money-hoovering delinquents just like the rest of us – but isn't that what we love about them – relatability? And y'know, what's so wrong with that? Are you so great yourself? Huh? SOMEBODY SEND ME TO GLASTO 2013 – JM



## STALKER

**From: Ellie**

**To: NME**

"I met the ever-endearing Seasick Steve at the Ocean Fest in North Devon. He was so friendly."

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# DOES ROCK'N'ROLL KILL BRAINCELLS?

TESTING MUSICIANS' MEMORIES AFTER A LIFETIME OF ABUSE

*This Week*

## COLE ALEXANDER BLACK LIPS

### QUESTION 1

When he was producing for you, what did Mark Ronson eat that nearly killed him during the recording of 'Arabia Mountain'?

"The official answer is liver sashimi, but we have our doubts."

*Correct. But what are these doubts?*

"Well, we didn't say at the time, but we also ate the hottest chicken wings in the world. They were billed as 'suicide wings' and we had extra hot sauce too. The liver sashimi isn't totally in the clear, but there's another contender..."



### QUESTION 2

What was the name of the BBC television show on which you made your debut British TV appearance?

"Well, I wasn't here for it, but was it The Culture Show on your fine BBC?"

*Wrong. It was panel show The Wall that was on BBC3*

"The show with Alexa Chung? That was fun, but the fuckers ran the credits over our performance! I guess that shows how important rock'n'roll is these days!"

*If it's any consolation, critics called it "the worst panel show in TV history"*

### QUESTION 3

What are you doing on the cover of the July 2011 issue of Spin magazine?

"I have no idea, and we constantly ask ourselves the same question. When are we going to be on the cover of NME? Oh, you mean what are we doing literally? We're burning a guitar."

*Correct*



### QUESTION 4

To the nearest 5,000, how many 'likes' do Black Lips have on Facebook?

*Wrong. But good guess. You have 46,593 at the time of this interview*

### QUESTION 5

What is the name of the main character in the silent film Les Vampires, who featured on the cover of your debut album (pictured left)?



"Wow, that's a great question! But that was eight years ago. No idea, what was it?"

*Wrong. It was Irma Vep, which of course is an anagram of vampire*

### QUESTION 6

Who designed the artwork for the cover of your debut album?

"My favourite. Bradford Cox from Deerhunter!"

*Correct*

### QUESTION 7

Complete the following Black Lips lyric: "At home, he throws a hissy fit..."

"Oh man, er, 'He doesn't give a shit... Time out, he doesn't give a shit!' That would be fucked up if I got that wrong!"

*Correct. That would be from 'Bad Kids'*

### QUESTION 8

Name two other artists other than Black Lips who appeared on the Scott Pilgrim Vs The World soundtrack.

"We were in such good company on that album, but the first two names that spring to mind are Beck and The Rolling Stones."

*Correct. Plus we would have accepted Plumtree, Frank Black, Beachwood Sparks, Broken Social Scene, T Rex, The Bluetones, Blood Red Shoes, Metric or Brian LeBarton*

### QUESTION 9

Where are the band Black Lace from?

"Black Lace? Jeez, let me guess. Manchester?"

*Wrong. They're actually from Leeds in West Yorkshire and they had an infamous 1984 hit called 'Agadoo'*

"Aga-what? Are they any good? I'm off to look at them on YouTube right now..."

### QUESTION 10

At which venue were you credited with inciting a riot in 2008?

"Heaven in London. And we're thinking of doing a sequel. Should we? (Speaks to some other people in the room). Fuck it, yeah, we're gonna do another one and make it even messier this time! (Laughs)"

*Correct. And see you there!*



## Total Score

# 6/10

"Really? I figured I'd be more braindead than that! Well, thank you for quizzing me. There's a man standing at my door with some Chinese food now, so I'm going to go!"



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