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EVERY ALBUM RE-REVIEWED INSIDE





10 NEW TRACKS YOU MUST HEAR MUSE+BIG PINK ALBUM REVIEWS UK'S BIGGEST & BEST GIG GUIDE







JAMIE.T KINGS & QUEENS OUT NOW

"A 43-minute, all-killer, no-filler set of stunners" OMM ★★★★



BEATLES











ROLL UP FOR THE MYSTERY TOUR!

rom those early singles that shook the world, through the spliff-addled majesty of the mid-'60s albums and right up to the final, much-squabbled-over chords of 'Let It Be', this week sees the long-awaited release of The Beatles Remasters series. To celebrate, this very special issue of NME has 12 different covers, one for each album, and if you head over to that lovely website of ours, you can complete the set and get your hands on the strictly limited 13th cover – 'Magical Mystery Tour'. The pages contained within, meanwhile, are a celebration of every last second of music ever officially released by the Greatest Band Of All Time, bar none. Anyway, that's quite enough talking. "Mach schau!" as they used to say back in Hamburg...

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We hit a warehouse party, MIA-style, then on to Tokyo for Julian Casablancas' solo debut

PLUS

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THE UK'S No 1 GIG GUIDE STARTS p75



YOU HAVE TO HEAR THIS WEEK WAIT! THERE'S MORE THE HORRORS Whole New Way And you thought you knew 'Primary Colours' Inside out... Well, our favourite crow-haired, Mercury-nominated goth hottles are now releasing this bonus track from the Japanese issue of the album on October 19, and we can't help but wonder why it didn't make the cut. With vibrant, quiggly guitar, a Joy Division bassline and strange underwater anime sounds, it's bright, beautiful and instantly beloved. On MAC Rando new



OU EST LE SWIMMING POOL Dance The Way I Feel

Failing at French (that should be 'Où Est La Piscine?', chaps) but winning at electropop, Camden trio OELSP take Hearthreak's catchy melodramatics and Passion Pit's doe-eyed euphoria and throw it around the dancefloor like a ragdoll made of synths and stitched together with spun glee. On NAME TV now



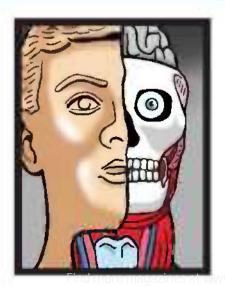


EROL ALKANWaves

No-one likes giving others the glory the whole time, and this banging single sees our Erol finally stepping from the über-producer/superstar DJ shadows to scream, "MEEE! MEEE! IT'S ALL ABOUT ME!" via the medium of demented, niggly synths that bore through your cochlea and into your reptillan brain to trigger some crazy dancing.

On MySpace now









5 DELOREAN Deli

If The Horrors think they've got the drop on the reinvention thing, they might want to have a chat with these lads. From the Basque region of Spain, they started out as emo rockers before morphing into euphoric trance-pop meerkats.

Snapped up by hypercool French bloggers Fluo Kids for their Fool House label. This highlight from their 'Ayrton Senna' EP is like mainlining gitter.

On MySpace now

6 LOU BARLOW The Right



The lo-fi hero and lovable Dinosaur Jr bassist's solo output, whether as Sebadoh, Folk Implosion or, as here, under his own name, has always been every bit as compelling as that of the slacker-rock legends that made his name. This single, with freight-train drums by Dale Crover of Melvins. is so

sweet and nostalgic you just want to ruffle its hair.

On NME Radio now





There were some emotional scenes for muscular goths as industrial legends Nine Inch Nails shuffled off the gigging coil at their 'Wave Goodbye' shows at the Hollywood

EVERYTHING EVERYTHINGMY KZ YR BF

We prefer not to let bands speak for themselves as they talk rubbish, but, in the case of this melodic

post-punk/math/prog-pop Manchester quartet, we can't think of much better to say than that this song

"imagines what it would be like to try and have a relationship if your country was being bombed by an

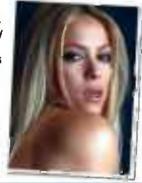
occupying nation, from the point of view of a post-traumatic stress disorder-ed R&B lotharlo". Yep.

Palladium last week. Trent Reznor and his black-clad minions were joined onstage by their gloomy teen pinup and inspiration Gary Numan for a rendition of the Numanoid's own 'Metal' and a brilliant romp through 'Cars'. Reznor has never looked so camp, or so cool. On YouTube now

10 SHAKIRA She Wolf (Calvin Harris remix)

PERKY PROG-POP

We've long been admirers of Colombian pop goddess Shakira, her mad lyrics and her resolutely non-mountainous breasts. Her lupine and loopy new single does not disappoint, with saucy wolf cries and diamond lines, such as "I'm starting to feel just a little abused, like a coffee machine in an office". Our chum Calvin adds DFA-ish cowbell and Saturday night synths for extra RRRRR. On YouTube now

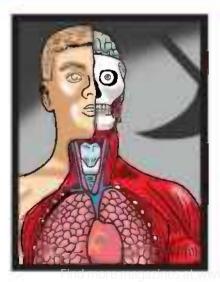




The supergroup to end 'em all (Queens! Led Zep! Foos!) are teasing us with this mere snippet of a taster from their forthcoming album, but rogues though they are, we actually love it. Bluesy, bruising and, yes, utterly every bit what you would expect, but how is that a bad thing?

On The mercal caval terms can in











6 11 12 September 2009

Meanwhile, Joakim Krane Bech from

it's not an experience he wants to repeat.

Norway has seen a Noel-less Oasis, when the

guitarist briefly left in 2000, and warned fans

You can be in with a chance to win one of the unseen Oasis prints. Simply head to NME.COM/win for a chance to bag a

Michael Spencer Jones snap worth around £800.

"I reckon a swift 'cheerio' tour would be in order," he said. "They could say cheers

and sorry to all the people who have been

left disappointed by a no-show."

John Lydon waves goodbye to butter adverts and says hello to his reformed *second* band

ohn Lydon is reviving Public Image
Ltd (PiL) for a series of shows to
celebrate the 30th anniversary
of the band's massively influential
second album 'Metal Box'.

Although inactive since 1992, the former
Sex Pistols frontman – PiL's only constant
member – has always insisted his second
group have just been "on hiatus" and is now
returning with a line-up featuring Damned
guitarist Lu Edmonds, former Slits drummer
Bruce Smith and bassist Scott Firth
[whose clients include The Spice Girls!].

"I've always loved doing this more than the Pistols. PiL is from the head – deeper, darker, more fun and more angst," he told NME. "I'm only doing a few gigs with this [the dates run from Birmingham 02 Academy on December 15 to London Brixton 02 Academy on 21 – see NME.COM for details]. That's it. This is an act of pure joy."

A fusion of dub, abrasive guitars, electronics and raw emotion, Public Image Ltd were formed by Lydon in 1978 after the Pistols imploded, but have become just as influential as the punk legends. This, Lydon explained, was one of his motivations behind the revival.

"Is it by fault or design that I'm ahead of the game?" he asked. "Everything I seem to do is copied later by lesser models. Only then I'm given a nod and a wink."

With this in mind, Lydon added he's keen to show off the less celebrated parts of PiL's back catalogue, as the imitators never get it right.

"You've got these PiL-esque bands who pick certain periods and claim that's the sound and the other stuff isn't. Once you make that faux pas, you're fucking with it," he declared. "Don't bother with any of it if that's your attitude. Leave well alone. Or come up with something of your own. Do not be looking back and dictating the terms to the originator."

NANO.

STOME AND STRIPES UNITE

Jack White is working with The Rolling Stones' Keith Richards. The veteran Stones guitarist sald they have worked on "a couple of songs" together and did not rule out the White Stripes man as a possible producer for the band's next album.

HOME FIRES

Friendly Fires played a hometown show in St Albans last week (September 4). The band returned to the city, despite it not hosting regular gigs, to play the Alban Arena. "This is definitely one of the most bizarre days of my life," frontman Ed Macfarlane explained after being able to take the stage and say "Hello St Albans" for the first time ever. "I'm loving it!"

CHARITY STOP GIGS LAUNCH OXJAM

Editors, Fatboy
Slim and Basement
Jaxx are helping
to launch Oxfam's
Oxjam month of
music by playing
secret gigs in the
charity's shops.
Head to NME.COM
for more
information.



COURTEENERS PLAN HUGE HOMETOWN SHOW

he Courteeners have surprised fans by planning to make their comeback with a 10,000 capacity hometown show.

The band play Manchester Central on December 11 to kick off their second album which they're currently recording. "It's going to be a massive party. It's Christmas time and we're coming back with a bang," Liam Fray said of the gig which also features Buzzcocks and The Whip. "This is the gig that's going to set us up for a good year. I'm already really excited."

WINNER'S SPEECH?

Barclaycard Mercury Prize-nominee Speech Debelle has admitted she's aiready enjoying seeing the reactions her nod for 'Speech Therapy' has brought.

"It's not like fast food, my album, it's like a three-course meal that I'm providing you," she declared, adding that she's in it to win it at this week's ceremony (September 8). "I would prefer not to be nominated than to be nominated and not win!" she says. See NME.COM for coverage of ceremony.



Florence + the Machine DRUMMING SONG

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HOT GUSSIP

Gossip are set to play an exclusive gig for NME. The show at London's HMV Forum is on November 28, see **NME.COM** for ticket details. The show is part of a special series of nationwide gigs we're putting together, so stay tuned for more dates, bands and info.

NEW N : VANA ALBUM

Nirvana are finally releasing their iconic 1992 Reading Festival set officially. The band headlined the festival that year and the show is regarded by many fans as their best in the UK. A DVD and live album of the show, sanctioned by the band's label and Courtney Love, will come out on November 16.

ARCTIC ARENAS

Arctic Monkeys. who bagged all second week at Number One with 'Humbug' this week, tour the UK In November, The band kick off a series of arena shows at Liverpool Echo Arena on Friday 13. Tickets go onsale at 9am on Friday (Sept 11), see NME.COM for details.

MUSE 80 INCOME OF THE PROPERTY home

Sleepy Devon town plays host to supermassive trio's homecoming

use played a spectacular homecoming in Teignmouth last weekend (September 5-6). The double bill of shows, dubbed 'A Seaside Rendezvous' saw the band perform on a specially erected stage on the seafront in front of 7,000 fans each night, the largest rock show Devon has seen in recent history and their first in the town since 1995.

A stage was erected on The Den, a site more used to bowls tournaments than epic rock shows, with the nearby Carlton Theatre doubling as a box office and The Bay Hotel playing host to the band's aftershow party.

As night fell on Teignmouth at 9pm on the Friday, the lights went down and Muse took the stage, powering up with the Bolan-esque comeback single 'Uprising'. They debuted another three new songs from forthcoming fifth album 'The Resistance': the epic 'United States Of Eurasia', the electronic, Timbalandinfluenced 'Undisclosed Desires' and, for the encore, 'Unnatural Selection'.

There were also a few surprises up the band's sleeve. Midway through the show they covered Hot Butter's 1972 instrumental disco classic 'Popcorn', and then paid tribute to their early days with debut album track 'Cave'.

Speaking to NME before the show, bassist Chris Wolstenholme admitted that nerves were getting to the band, "I'm totally shitting myself," he said. "We're very nervous. We've not played for over a year, so we're probably completely unfit and will have a heart attack after two songs! There's going to be shitloads of people we know there as well. It'll be the first gig we've done where it's like that. I still live in Teignmouth so I'm gonna recognise most of the people in the crowd. Part of me's

"WE'RE VERY NERVOUS..." THERE'S GOING TO BE SHITLOADS OF PEOPLE WE KNOW WATCHING" going to have to switch off a bit and pretend

it's just a normal gig."

Although the gig had initially faced obstacles with council licensing issues, the triumphant gigg served as an olive branch between the band and the town. In their early days, the band dubbed the town a "living hell" and wrote the damning 'Falling Down' about the place, prompting the mayor to be photographed throwing their debut album 'Showbiz' into a bin. However, relations have clearly softened, with councillor David Corney-Walker saying: "We are absolutely delighted to be welcoming Muse back home to Teignmouth for these two special shows. We've been working closely with its organisers over the past few months. Today we are satisfied that the benefits outweigh the risks associated with such an event."

After playing their largest-ever gigs at Wembley Stadium two years ago, and now raising their game with the homecoming weekender, fans have speculated that the band may not have anywhere else to go from here. Yet Wolstenholme was adamant that there is still plenty to achieve. "Wembley was only one country," explained the bassist. "We've only played stadiums in England and France, that's not a lot. There's a lot of places we're playing where it would be great to get to that level. There's a long way to go."

Turn to page 53 for the NME verdict on their new album 'The Resistance' and get NME next week for an exclusive Muse interview







Teign there, done that: Matt Bellamy rocks his hometown





MY MUSIC

HAYLEY WILLIAMS

Paramore

Right now I'm loving...

ALL HAVE TO OFFER IS OWN CONFUSION RE WORKS



"They're from Detroit, they've toured for a bit. and they've just put this full-length record out. It's very passionate and

I love that you can hear every inflection in Dave's [Mackinder, singer] vocals when he's singing. I love the sound of that record, everything about it!"

I wish I'd written...

'A SUNDAY KIND OF LOVE' ETTA JAMES



"I don't think I'm very good at writing love songs, but every time I hear this I think, 'Oh my gosh'. It's not necessarily

her speaking to a guy about how much she loves him; it's her talking about how she wants a certain type of love that lasts. She's so classic and her voice is so perfect. I wish I had written that -I wouldn't want it to change in any way."

To make me dance...

'SHE IS BEAUTIFUL' ANDREW WK



Tm not a crazy Andrew WK fan but a lot of my friends are. Over the past few months I've been hearing his music for the

first time and really listening to it. Anyone in a band has probably heard Andrew WK, but to really listen to it... it's amazing he plays those riffs himself. Every song is anthemic. So when you ask me for an anthemic party song, how am I not gonna say Andrew WK?

Everyone should hear...

FANTASTIC PLANET



of the guys have older brothers who were into Failure. It's droney, it's heavy and the guitar tones are outrageous. It's the

epitome of mid-to-late-'90s alternative rock. I like their band mostly because his [singer Ken Andrews'] vocals sound like he doesn't care, just singing about things he's passionate about."

For when I'm angry...

'KNIFE PARTY' DEFTONES



"This song makes me pretty angry and it helps me channel it when I am. But I love Deftones. I think I first heard that

song over at Taylor [York, guitarist]'s house. We were practising in his basement and he played 'Knife Party'. I probably shouldn't have been listening to a song called 'Knife Party' as a 13year-old girl, but oh my gosh, it's good!"

A tearjerker...

LIKE SOMEONE IN LOVE



"It's too good, how vulnerable she sounds and her voice. When you hear her singing about something so pure it

gets to you the way no-one else could, so I love that song. I love The Sugarcubes as well, but I listened to Björk for a long time before I got into them. I love their song 'Hit', which is also about not understanding why you feel a certain way."

A record by a hero...

'PACIFIER' KID DYNAMITE



One of the lines is 'So why don't we throw away the hate and rock tonight'. I heard that song at a particular time in our

band's life when that was kind of our one wish. We weren't getting along, we were touring forever, there was all kinds of weird pressure and we took it out on each other. That song gave me a lot of hope, a lot of grit to fight through whatever issues we were dealing with. All their songs make me feel like the underdog and there's everything in the world to fight for."

My first gig...



Listen to Hayley's choices at WWW.NME.COM/BLOGS

"I hadn't even heard them, I just liked the band name and I wanted to go to a show. Can't remember where or when it was.

I love when a band has an interesting drummer. He [drummer Rickie Mazzotta] drums like he's talking to you with his drums - very tribal and heavy. Then there's the lyrical side – Aaron [Weiss, singer] has always written things I relate to. Maybe it's because we share a similar faith, and he's not afraid to talk about some of his worst flaws. They showed me it's important to do what you love for a real purpose."

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IN CINEMAS NOW







SKIN (Skunk Anansie
She almost thinks
'Charlie Big Potato'
is better than any

Leona Lewis effort...

ello, Skin. So, it's exciting news: the comeback of Skunk Anansie.
"Yes! We're back. Yes. It's something I've always said we'd do – we just had a break and didn't expect that it would be nine years, you know? Then we got to the point where we were all ready at the same time. Last year it all kind of came together."

Is the public ready? Is there demand for all this?

"Huge, yes. Also, we're doing a Greatest Hits and we've never done a Greatest Hits before. There were lots of people moaning on the internet going, 'When are you going to do it?"

Do you still like your own songs? Let's say, for example, 'Charlie Big Potato'.

"I defy a band to say they like every song they've ever recorded. We just have a rule that we're only going to play the songs we love. And the thing is it's not as if we fell out, it's just that we weren't all together at the same time..."

A bit like Take That! They were seeing each other individually, then they got in the same room and it was amazing.

"Are you comparing us to Take That?"

All I'm saying is that there's a much-loved band from the '90s who, through sheer genuine public demand, are now back. It felt right.

"The thing about what we're doing is that none of it is nostalgic. We've said, 'Forget everything we've done before, we'll start this off as a new vibe and a new project'."



"(Laughs) Well, we have to do that. But we've got three new songs."

Do you think you'll ever do a song as good as 'Bleeding Love' by Leona Lewis?

"I think we already have!"

Have you? Is it on your Greatest Hits? I can't see anything. I would say 'Bleeding Love' Is better than 'Charlie Big Potato', 'I Can Dream'...

"You're talking rubbish!"

I'm not talking rubbish. 'Hedonism', that's not as good either...

"It is!"

be there, I mean music is there for all people." I think you're letting the fact that Leona

didn't write that song get in the way of your enjoyment of it, and you're denying your own primal reaction to music.
"I'm just saving that I enjoy the song

"I'm not saying those people shouldn't

"I'm just saying that I enjoy the song but I don't use it as an inspiration for what I do."

So what are you saying?

Where's the relationship?"

Well the connection is in the

performance, isn't it.

"I'm just saying that, like, Britney is connected to the songs that she sings.

the connection. I mean I think the song's really good but there's no connection. Where's the connection?

They're about her life or whatever. But Leona Lewis' songs... I just don't see

Are we going to have to agree to disagree on this?

"(Laughs) It's just that I'm a songwriter, so I have a different perspective, and emotion and connection and soul."

FYI...

This text arrived five minutes after the Interview took place:



You're just disagreeing with me for the sake of it now, Skin.

"I'm not! I mean, 'bleeding love' – what does that mean?"

What do you mean what does it mean?

"Well, what does it mean? There's no connection between the artist and the song! It's like, it doesn't make any fucking sense to me."

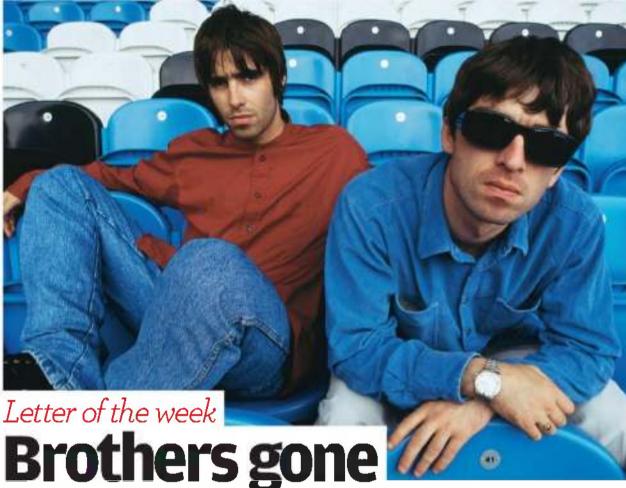
To be totally clear on this, are you saying that the performer needs to have written a song for the performance of it to mean anything?

"No."



YOU WRITE IT, WE PRINT IT, EVERYONE ARGUES Falled by Hamish MacBain





hat's it, then? This is really how it ends? A scrap backstage in Paris, a post on a blog – a fucking blog – and then nothing? Noel, Liam: come on. You can't leave us like this. Put aside your stubbornness, sit down and talk this through. The spark between the two Gallaghers is what drives Oasis, what makes them still the best band in the universe. Now it is destroying them. But they have to get past this, surely? They need to carry on forever.

Donna, Chesterfield

Yeah, Liam and Noel have fought in the past, but the truth is this time it feels like it's no longer a case of "getting past this". No-one's more sad about this than me, but at least Oasis ends with that spark you talk about still there. Better to burn out, and all that... – HM

CRYING YOUR HEARTS OUT

Gutted one of the best bands Britain has produced are gone. The line is broken: Beatles – Stones – Who – Led Zep – Floyd – Pistols – Jam – Smiths – Roses – Oasis. Note to all new bands: grow some and show some attitude, have an opinion and self-belief. I don't wanna hear, "We ain't worthy to be where we are". I wanna hear, "We are great, we deserve to be here, we are the bollocks!" Thanks for the tunes Noel, they have soundtracked my life, genuinely. Thanks for introducing me to music. Enjoy making records with Weller at the retired rockers' club.

Manwithaplan, via email

Quite simply, Oasis have been the BEST band in the world since 1994 by a country mile. You people who claim they only released two good albums obviously have never really listened to their other albums. Go back to your over-produced, over-rated Coldplay and the rest of your arty-farty bands. Sadly, there is not one band on the scene now which comes close to the brilliance of

Oasis. Noel – thank you for the hundreds of wonderful songs you put out there for us all to enjoy. They will live forever and will continue to dominate music polls for years to come. I look forward to your solo career (if that's the direction you decide to go). Georgia, via email

The last great band this country had has gone. And now all the little indie shitheads can go and listen to all their electro-indie shit music. I guess it's down to Kasabian. Arctic Monkeys and The Enemy to fend off all the little prancy boys. But enough of that, I will never forget Oasis and what they have done for music, in a time of music depression, along with The Verve (who are also splitting up AGAIN!) they brought rock and roll back to the charts. They bought real music back! Thanks for six great albums (note: they made seven - HM)! My fave band of all time. Bubz, via email

The worst thing about Oasis going is that it signals the death of the rock'n'roll star. Fuck the music for a minute: think about how many times you've shat yourself laughing at one of their interviews, or how just a picture of Liam looking sharp says more than a million Arctic Monkeys songs ever could. They killed off the anti-rock star, indie bullshit thing. Now they've gone and everyone is going to vote Animal Collective their album of the year. Great.

Janiejones, via email

Just a handful of the zillions of letters we got expressing anguish at Noel leaving Oasis. Lots of these were from people much, much too young to have bought 'Supersonic' back in April 1994 or even 'Heathen Chemistry' in 2002 – proof that the Gallaghers were





It can't be illegal if it's love... right?



JENESSA WILLIAMS. STEVENAGE "Me with Kapil from Mystery Jets at this year's Underage Festival.



REBECCA-LOUISE, COVENTRY "This is my boyfriend and I with Andy Hopkins from The Enemy who we bumped into at Reading!"



LEWIS BROWN, DARLINGTON

"Me and my friend Becky had to push past security to get this photo with Beth Ditto at the signing tent"

far from done inspiring young people. And individually: we ain't heard the last of either of them yet - HM

AND NOW...

About time! Oasis had been steadily declining for years, and their influence can still be seen in some of the worst bands around. Face it, they haven't made a decent record since (Can you guess which one he said, people? - HM), Liam can't sing anymore (Er, are you deaf? -HM) and they've turned into the sort of band they would have hated when they started out (Yeah, they never said they wanted to be one of the biggest bands in the world, did they? - HM). More sympathy goes to can go stick one o up his arse. Mark, via email sympathy goes to Noel, of course - Liam can go stick one of those 'pointy shoes'

Oasis are the most overrated piece of shit Just back from Leeds and wanted to say band ever. Bigger than the Beatles? You pompous fucking cunts. This should have happened over 10 years ago. Both Gallaghers are wankers and I hope I never hear another recording from either one of them.

Anonymous, via NME,COM

Who gives a fuck about Oasis!? The fact is they haven't made a decent album since (Oh please, CHANGE THE FUCKING RECORD!-HM)... Steve, Aldershot

Oasis suks!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Anonymous, via NME.COM

Yup, there were also zillions of letters expressing glee at Noel leaving Oasis. The funny thing about these letters, of course, being that they demonstrate as much as the positive ones that Oasis MATTER. I'm willing to bet my signed copy of 'Standing On The Shoulder Of Giants' that when the band that you. the haters, love most call it a day, noone will write a letter to anyone. They will slump to a halt in the face of blanket disinterest from everyone apart from people like you, who they probably find a bit scary anyway. Worst thing is for you douchebags, you've missed out now - HM

FINISHED MONKEY **BUSINESS?**

And to think, I had such high hopes for them.... I'm sorry, NME, I know you love them, but that Arctic Monkeys set at Reading was boring, self-indulgent wank. OK, Alex, so you want to be 'mature', I can accept that, but with 'Humbug' you've just gone and thrown away the charm and wit that made me love your first album. I struggled through twothirds of the set, then gave up and watched Glasvegas.

Mark D Collett, via email

The amount of people that complained how bad the Monkeys were at Leeds was unbelievable. There were only about three of us in a group of 50 people that appreciated the awesome talent that is the Monkeys and their amazing performance on the Main Stage. It's like, people are complaining that they didn't turn up and play their first album? Well, of course not, you pricks; why make new albums if you're just gonna gig your debut abum for the next 50 years? I'm only just getting into the new album 'Humbug' after listening to most of it live - it was just awesome and I really love it now. Alex Turner is one of the best lyricists alive. So stop complaining about the Monkeys and just fuck off. Yeah? It means that the band get to see just the true fans coming along to watch their gigs, OK?

Joe, via email

LET US KNOW WHAT YOU THINK AT:

what a load of crap Arctic Monkeys' set was. Droves of people started walking back through the crowds - sorry, it was shit! I know NME constantly try to support them, but I think at last their popularity bubble has burst. Adrienne, via email

Fast-forward to the Letters Page. 2018: "I'm glad Arctic Monkeys have split up! They haven't made a decent album since Favourite Worst Nightmare'!" etc, etc... - HM

OTHER FIELD **BUSINESS**

Just got back from a great weekend at Reading, although that had nothing to do with any of the music, as it was pretty much inaudible. The sound on the Main Stage was so quiet I would have been better off listening to my iPod while watching the big screens. It really was unacceptable, so to the organisers, please, sort it out.

Dougal, Southampton

I feel the need to voice my opinions. There were a lot of awesome acts at Leeds this year (The Prodigy), but why do dumb fucking twats think it's funny to riot on the last night? People were seriously hurt. Love not riots, people, love not riots.

Michelle, Leeds

Well it wouldn't be the same without letters about either of these things, would it? - HM

SEND US YOUR LETTERS

Email: letters@nme.com Post: The Letters Page, NME, Blue Fin Building, 110 Southwark St, London, SE1 OSU Oh, and LOTW winners should email the same address to claim their prizes



In case you've still not made your point

HEART OF STONE

If The Stone Roses did reform for a series of free gigs for a load of good causes, I'm sure that John Squire and Reni could still claim their Jobseekers' allowance as the shows would constitute unpaid voluntary work! That way everyone's happy! EUAN LEES. VIA EMAIL Lovely thought - HM

PRIMATE TARGET

Is it just me, or is the Arctic Monkeys' new album the most... (SNIP! – HM) JENNIFER, VIA EMAIL Nope, it definitely is NOT just

you - HM

MONKEY MOANING

The new Arctic Monkeys album is great but it's just too wide to fit into my CD rack. Can you please tell Mr Turner and co to start making normal-sized CD cases!

RACHEL, MIDDLESBROUGH

SLAGGING SHAGGY

Can I just point out that the Arctic Monkeys' Nick O'Malley, Jamie Cook and Alex Turner all have absolutely IDENTICAL hairstyles. It's like seeing triple (if that's a phrase). They probably think that having longer hair is more 'rock' or omething like that – how original. HANNAH, LEICESTER

Who'd be a Monkey right now, h? - HM

GAGA FOR GAGA. BLAH BLAH

was hoping to maybe put an end to the Lady Gaga row once and for all (I think I may be aiming a bit high there knowing this magazine). The truth is that if I wasn't 17 (is that too much of an age gap, do you think? Any feedback is welcome), I'd have proposed to her by now because she fascinates me more than any guy I've ever come across, and she is quite frankly the most interesting thing to join the music scene since Kings Of Leon's hairstyles/crotches (oh, maybe)... LISA FLANAGAN, VIA EMAIL

"-HM

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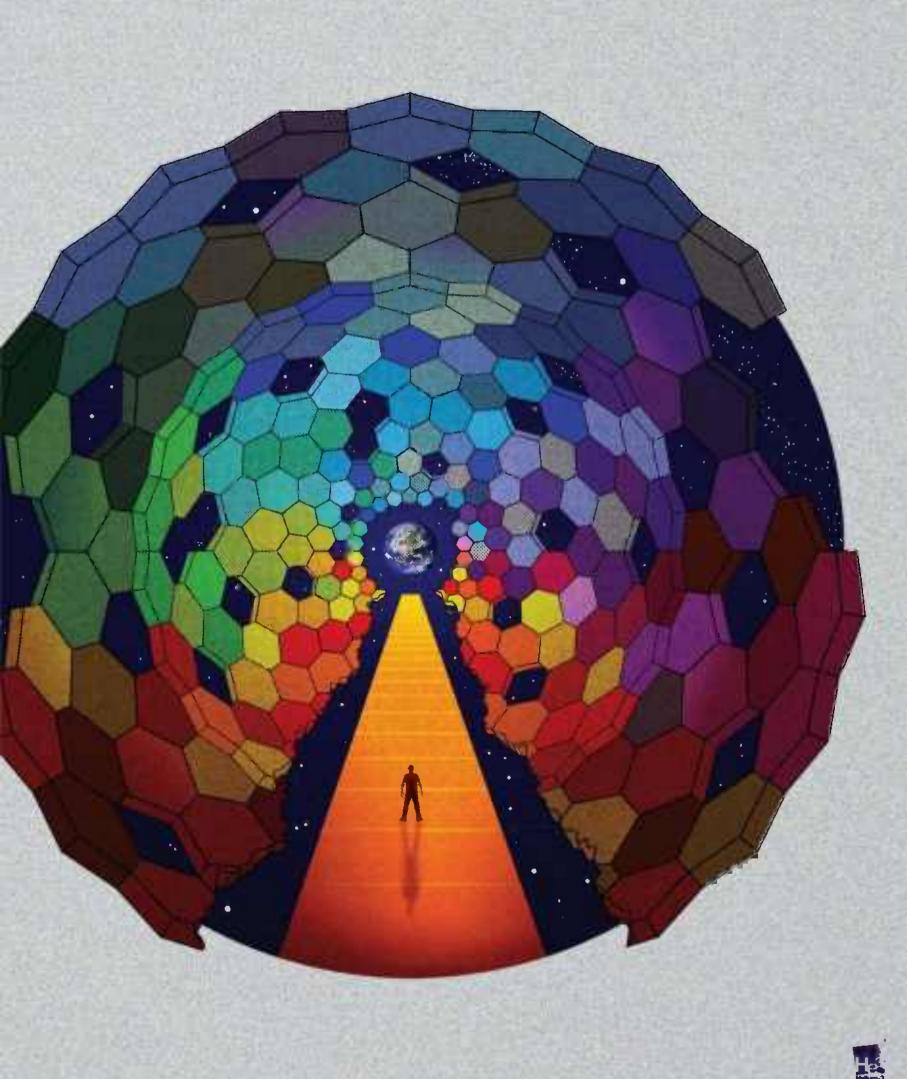
"AN ALBUM OF GENIUS, BRILLIANCE AND BEAUTY" SUNDAY TIMES

"TOO FEW BANDS HAVE THIS LEVEL OF AMBITION" Q ****

"EXACTLY THE QUALITIES NEEDED IN ROCK MUSIC RIGHT NOW" UNCUT ****

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"I suddenly got t

NME travels to Dallas to talk reissues and Rock Band with the legend that is Paul McCartney. But can he remember which is his favourite Beatles record?

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BEATLES PAUL MCCARTNEY

aul McCartney?" The
Texan security guard
scratches the sweat
from his goatee.
"I haven't really heard
of him. He was with
The Beatles, right?"
The greying couple with
the placard reading 'Sir
Paul, I Wanna Shake Your
Hand' nod as unpatronisingly as they
can as the guard herds them back onto
the sidewalk, shrugging. "I'm 22 years
old I don't listen to that old rock'n'roll."

Has the world come to this? That a grown human in the Western hemisphere can have reached the age of 22 without 'really hearing' of Paul McCartney? Is parental neglect at such a horrifying level in the Southern states that kids can grow up to work within the Dallas entertainment industry vet consider The Beatles just another 'old rock'n'roll' act, like so many Jerry Lee Lewises, Showaddywaddys and Oasises? Can Ol' Plateful here really have no inkling that all the chundering great throttlecore rock bands he likes would be playing 'Blowin' In The Wind' on tin whistles today if Paul McCartney hadn't written 'Helter Skelter'? Or that, if he'd had the same job in 1965 - maintaining order at the backstage entrance of Dallas' Cowboys Stadium until Macca is safely inside - then rather than keeping a dozen polite ex hippies in home-made 'Sgt. Pepper's...' jackets confined to a sweltering grass ridge as he does today, he'd have swarms of teenage harpies screeching themselves unconscious with raging hormonal Fab-lust? Like, really.

It's time for a new education. A decade ago the majority of people buying Beatles CDs were under 14; even into the '90s, the Fab Four remained one of the first ports of obsession for anyone serious about music. But the digital age has changed all that. Label wrangles at EMI have prevented The Beatles' music from being sold via iTunes, and this alone has sent the band hurtling towards anachronism; teenagers no longer bought CDs but there was no other way to buy into The Beatles. The most all-encompassing band in history was finally falling into a technological generation gap. It's resulted in The Beatles' first real backlash in youth culture since the Sex Pistols sacked bassist Glen Matlock for liking 'Paperback Writer'.

Well, that's all about to be changed significantly. This week sees the release of the entire Beatles back catalogue, remastered to a stunning, ear hugging shine, the real Immaculate Collection. At the same time, *The Beatles: Rock Band* is released, bypassing the iTunes squabbles and allowing netheads and gamers access to the Fabs' tunes online at last. Is this Odysseus returning home to crush all pretenders? Have The Beatles come to stamp their name across the title deeds of rock once and for all? *NME*'s in Dallas to hear it from the walrus' mouth...









"Come into my Arabian boudoir," says Sir Paul 'Thumbs Aloft' Wacka-Macca, gesturing through a set of long black drapes into his inner sanctum. The outskirts of the McCartney backstage metropolis conforms to expectations -vases of flowers strategically placed along every concrete corridor His Macness might tread, a strictly vegetarian catering menu (NME goes for the lentil cottage pie, and pays for it later in bowel-lining). But Paul's private dressing room is a veritable Maharishi's nest of soft furnishings and Eastern decoration. It couldn't be more Beatledelic if they'd got a local school to decorate it as an octopus' garden.

Paul himself is a vision of sky blue pre-gig wear. Now some way past 64, he's well maintained. His hair is a thinning tussle miraculously free of grey and beneath the mild sag at the jaw lies an ineffable trace of that boyish charm. Our time is short - electrical problems at Cowboys Stadium have pushed our interview back until we're staring showtime in the face; 80,000 margarita-chugging Texans are already in their seats and backstage bustles with stressed tour managers tapping their watches. So Paul settles into another velveteen sofa and launches straight into the remastering spiel. "People said, 'We can do remastering', and we said, 'Why?' and they said, 'Well, we can get it much better now'. You know those



DVDs where they've restored them? You see Bambi dirty, and then Bambi clean. It's a bit along those lines, they show us it and go, 'Here's the new thing' and we go, 'Wow!' We just make sure it's right, that's really our involvement."

Was there anything you were desperate to correct about those old recordings?

Paul shrugs. "Not really. I'm very happy with The Beatles' output. That's probably an understatement. I think we were a pretty hot band, really. I'm not a high-tech kind of person, they always sound good to me even if it's on a trannie on the beach."

Indeed, most people first fell in love with these records on crappy stereo turntables that made them sound like they were printed on asbestos rather than vinyl.

"I can handle them on that, that's how I listened to all my early Elvis and rock'n'roll, on a crappy little record player. But the technology is now advanced to the point where if they want to get them absolutely pristine and





sounding the best they can sound, then that's what's been done to them. In the old days it was just to get rid of the hiss, now you can bring out so much more. It reminds me of being in the room, the better the quality gets. When The Beatles sat around and played on the sessions I could actually hear John's strings vibrating, and now they're remastered it sounds closer to that reality. It's like an old snapshot being... what do they call it? Not remastered but... made wonderful, made shiny."

at at a mixing desk resembling a Virgin Galactic cockpit in Abbey Road Studies in London three days later, NME can hear what he means. Project Co-Ordinator Allan Rouse – dazed at this being his 400th interview for a project he only thought Studio Weirdo Weekly would want to ask him about talks us through the remastering process: seven people oversaw the project, four years in planning but completed within a year, each album taking a painstaking fortnight to rework. "Anything to do with The Beatles' performance," he explains, "breaths, coughs, squeaky chairs at the end of 'A Day In The Life' – all those things we would leave alone. But if it was something technical, like vocal sibilance or vocal pops, we'd attempt to do something about those."

The results are astounding. The riffs of 'Hey Bulldog' roar out, rabid and ravenous. Buried tambourine tracks swirl out of the undergrowth of 'Tomorrow Never Knows'. 'Martha My Dear' sounds like a whole new song so many fresh levels of instrumentation have been unearthed. In fact, the only disappointment is that, despite intricate polishing to get them sounding as immaculate as they can possibly be, on several of these songs Ringo is still singing. Not that Paul will fathom the technical wizardry involved, as his approach to his own avatarial debut in The Beatles: Rock Band demonstrates. What's your highest score, Paul?

"Zero," Macca laughs. "I haven't tried it.



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ake r Jack's birthday a memorable one. Please drink responsibly.

Is Rock Band an appropriate use of The Beatles' legacy?

"It's a difficult call. If you're a superpurist then you'd just say, 'You shouldn't touch The Beatles' music, you should just leave it, it is what it is.' I think that's fair enough, but that isn't everyone. So when Rock Band came up it was like, 'There's this game' and I thought, 'Well, why?' But it's a bit like saying, 'I only want to travel on the old trams or an old bus because I like old buses'. There's new trains you can get on, and why not?

"I started noticing lots of young kids were playing it, and for me the most interesting thing is that it will introduce Beatles music to people who might never have heard it because they game all the time, they don't listen to the radio, they haven't got much of a record collection. Then the other interesting little side-effect that's come up is that we were having problems with iTunes – well not iTunes, EMI was the problem – with downloading, which we'd like to do because that's how a lot of people get

was very exciting to get in the studio and make an album. It took all day but that was half the thrill."

And all that stands out from the making of 'With The Beatles' is the cover shoot: "I remember making the cover with Robert Freeman which was done very quickly in a hotel corridor. People talk about it now, but he banged it off in, like, half an hour. Similarly, we just made the record. I think we thought we could do better than that first one. That's what we thought about all the Beatles albums. 'OK, that's there, there's that benchmark, now we've got to do better'."

was one of the good things about being in The Beatles. Whereas now if you get Pop Idol, American Idol, The X Factor, there's no steps. You just come right from your bedroom into superstardom and it goes for people, as we saw with Susan Boyle and stuff, it's not a great method. Whereas we had millions of steps – Liverpool, clubs, England, ballrooms, Hamburg – not in that order, but we had these things that were all delicious steps."

'Revolver' really is the best album ever, isn't it?

Macca laughs. "Hmmmm! You can come again."

Is it your favourite Beatles record?
Macca ponders. "It's difficult to choose your favourite child. I like 'Revolver'.
The strangest thing about it I remember is, after we'd made it we were in Germany on tour, and we were listening to an acetate of it and I suddenly got the horrors, I thought it was all out of tune. The strangest thing! It panicked everyone, I said, 'We're going to have to remake it!' Everyone went, 'No, you're kidding!' Then everyone overruled me, saying, 'It isn't', and then the next time I heard it, it wasn't!"

A flustered tour manager calls time on our interview; the stadium's 80,000 whooping Texan Beatle-freaks are drunk and restless. They want 'Hey Jude', they want 'Get Back', they want 'Yesterday', they want massive fireworks and ranks of flames on 'Live And Let Die'; they will get all this and so much more. There's no chance to chat about the psychedelic years, the Maharishi's wandering hands, the acid trips with Peter Fonda, the fights, the acrimonious split, the final rooftop gig. The remasters will have to speak – loudly, brilliantly – for themselves.

Is it still the best music ever made? Of course it is, it's The Beatles. We just hope that, for the sake of rock, they're taken as a challenge to today's bands to shake off the respectful yoke and take on the legend. Refuse to release any song that isn't at least the equal of 'While My Guitar Gently Weeps'. If you can't knock out a hit a day like Lennon and McCartney did, get the fuck out of music, you're not good enough. If you write 10 ballads and not one of them is as beautiful as 'Julia', give up, you're shit at ballads. Enough making do: it's time to set The Beatles as the qualifying speed and see if any rock Usain Bolts come tearing up on the outside.

You've got 20 years to go, from today.

"I'm happy with The Beatles' output. I think we were pretty hot..." Paul McCartney

their music. We've kind of bypassed that because now you can do it on *Rock Band*. I always liked that, when you're told you can't do something, and suddenly there's a little route round the back."

lus, it gives you the chance to pretend you're in The Beatles. Which is a helluva lot more memorable than the real thing...

"Beatles For Sale'?" Stumped, Paul McCartney checks the countdown to stage time, increasingly confused by his own chronology. "People know much more about this than I do. What were some of the tracks on that?"

'No Reply', 'Baby's In Black', 'I'm A Loser'...

He nods. "OK, now I've got it. I remember sequencing that one when we'd made everything and sitting down saying, 'Should it open with 'No Reply'?' I think it does, doesn't it? 'It happened once before...', yeah, that's a great opener."

And then on 'Help!'... "What about 'Revolver'?" No, that's later. Taking a chronological gambol through your favourite-ever records with the man who wrote them, it turns out, is a frustrating experience: you know far more about them than their maker can possibly remember. NME's attempt to discuss each Beatles album in order repeatedly comes up against a stone wall as Macca's memories of them are long lost in the spliff fog of time. The experience of recording 'Please Please Me' in a single day, for instance, is summed up with: "We were young, we were foolish and we did what we were told, so it was kind of fun. It was tiring fun, is how I'd sum that up. I haven't listened to it forever. We were kids who didn't know how you did it, so it

It's unsurprising, perhaps, that The Beatle Years are a blur to Paul. A skim through the remasters is a face-slapping reminder of just how quickly their genius took wing. Five albums in their first three years, plus two films - an impossible work-rate in today's elephantine 'three-year album cycle' industry. Even when they slowed down, their achievements were staggering: between 1965 and 1968 - the time some modern bands take over one lacklustre album - The Beatles went from the proto-Monkees pop of 'Help!' through their psychedelic masterpieces 'Rubber Soul', 'Revolver' and 'Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band' to the eraquaking 'The Beatles' (better known as 'The White Album'), arguably the record to which all modern musical styles (bar hip-hop) can be traced. In the time it took Radiohead to knock out one measly 'Kıd A', The Beatles invented dance ('Tomorrow Never Knows'), metal ('Helter Skelter') and psychedelia (everything else) and left their image, music itself and the world in general, changed forever. That's why The Beatles will never be equalled; today's rock stars simply wouldn't stand (as Lennon and McCartney repeatedly did) for being called up with a fortnight's notice of a recording session and told to write an album for it, then record it in a week. And still come up with the album of the year.

"It was very quick," Macca nods. "We did what we were told, but in a good way. We liked it, we were looking for things to do. If they said, 'You're going in the studio,' we'd go, 'Yeah!'. If they went, 'You've got to write it now,' we'd go, 'Yeah!'. There was none of this, 'Oh, we need longer'. It was like, 'Yeah, sure!'.

"The minute we finished a record we'd go and listen to other stuff, going, 'Oh God, that's great! Otis Redding, oh yeah!' They all felt like turning points in their own little ways... It was steps. That NME.COM 5

NME.COM is running a Beatles special all week, featuring 100 Things You Never Knew About The Beatles, a Rate Your Greatest Beatles Tracks feature, a video special, blogs, galleries and much more. Head to NME.COM to see it all...

12 September 2009

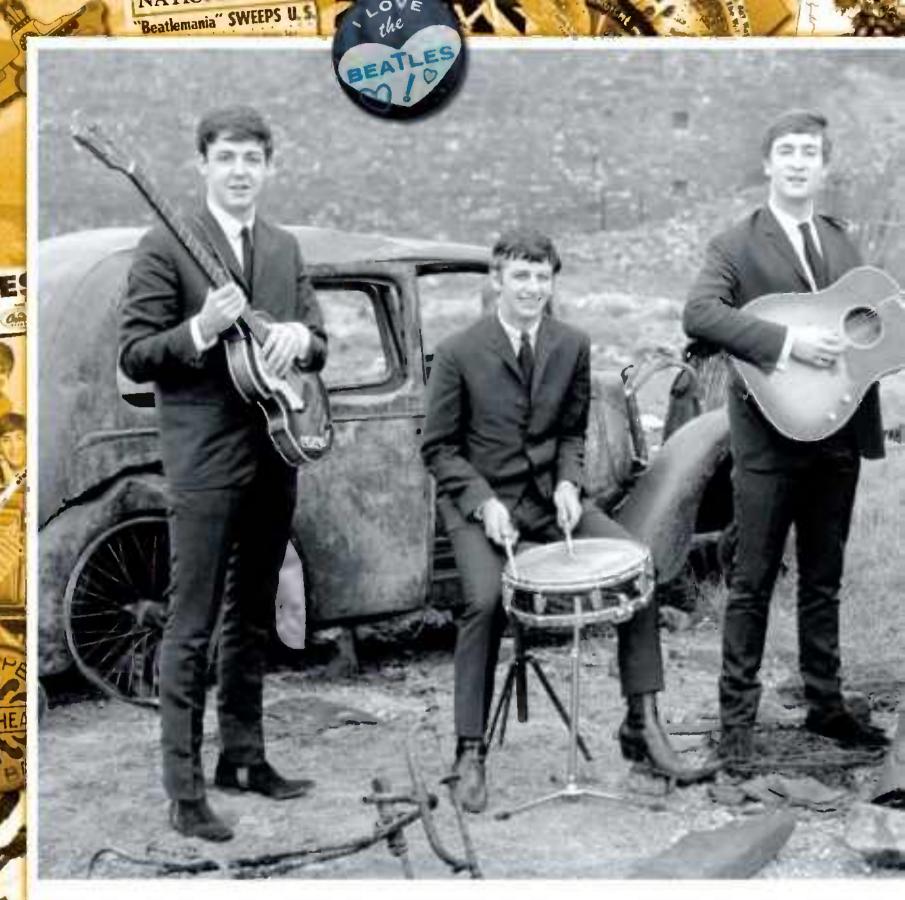
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BEATTES FAN

A hastily arranged beginning to their catalogue, hampered slightly by inexperience, but ultimately defined by the charm that would soon conquer the whole world. **Hamish MacBain** looks back...



n 2009, if you're a new band, breathing almost takes too long. You get together, you knock up a tune, it goes up on MySpace. Next day, a couple of trendy types flip out, and all of a sudden, you're in the public eye. Your first gigs are full of people who think you're the sound of now, so you disappear into the studio to make 'The Album'. Inevitably, unless you're the one-in-a-million band who arrive fully formed, nothing you come up with is as good as that first fix, and by the time you're done, people have moved on to the next bunch of hopefuls anyway. See you later, innovators The era of luxury, of bands utilising months/years of studio time to create



their magnificent artistic statements (ushered in by The Beatles later taking a whopping 129 days to realise 'Sgt Pepper's...' and continued by prog rock) is over. Take even six months to make your debut album and there's a high likelihood people won't give a shit. The key now is capitalising on the buzz, and quickly

So could it be 'Please Please Me' - hurriedly rushed out following the success of the single of the same name, thus recorded in a matter of hours over three sessions and released a mere two months after - rather than any other Fabs LP, that ends up being the template for the modern rock'n'roll band album?

Upon its release, The Beatles were in no way assured of their legendary status. They had made one alright, fairly successful single, 'Love Me Do', and one great, hit single, 'Please Please Me'. The hundreds of gigs they had done up until this point had largely been made up of cover versions, and the tracklisting here is filled out with seven of these. A sobering thought, had their manager/record company waited until 1964 to release the first Beatles album, these could have been replaced by: 'From Me To You', 'She Loves You', 'I Want To Hold Your Hand', 'All My Loving', 'This Boy', 'It Won't Be Long' and 'I'll Get You'. In other words, it could have been a stone-cold classic, entirely written by the band who created it in an

era when bands were barely even expected to write their own names. But that was not the way things rolled back in 1963. Pop music was not considered 'art'.

Many even still thought it might be a passing fad. Just get something out there, cash in while people are still vaguely interested.

And so The Beatles' first full-length broadcast to the world is - in the best possible way - a disjointed, ramshackle, wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am kind of a record. Their own songs show flashes of brilliance, from John's early lyrical hints of what was to come on 'There's A Place' ("There's a place where I can go when I feel low/When I feel blue, and it's my mind") to Paul's python-like bass on I Saw Her Standing There'. 'Please Please Me' itself, as the single that necessitated this album in the first place, is pop genius - its sophisticated middle eight an early sign of the worldchanging talent in the room. 'Love Me Do' is fine, as is 'Misery'. But venture in to 'Ask Me Why', 'Do You Want To Know A Secret' or 'PS I Love You' and you have the albeit charming, hastily-assembled sound of magicians learning how to do a trick (which at this point amounts to ripping their heroes off without anyone noticing)

And also...

The two singles that signalled the start of Beatlemania's unstoppable primal scream



FROM ME TO YOU!

The Fabs' first foray into minor chords ("I got aaarms!") was also their first proper Number

One single, and signalled the Lennon/Macca songwriting machine hitting its stride. Its flip is merely a servicable slice of Beatle-pop.



You can literally feel

their charisma, honed

through all those shows

Ringo's brief drum roll, then those gang harmonies... this is where the whole wide world started to lose its mind to the

tune of The Beatles. Less celebrated is John's macho-man flip, its arrogant lyrical bent showing the difference between him and Paul.

In truth, the real magic on 'Please Please Me' lies in the cover versions. The Beatles at this point were born interpreters. Here is where you can literally feel their charisma and their character, honed over those million nights in a million shitty clubs, emanating from the speakers: the way George's lead vocal gets swamped by his over-keen bandmates' harmonies on 'Chains'; the Fabs' lapdog humour in giving Ringo a song called (and about) 'Boys'; Paul's doe-eyed balladeering on 'A Taste Of Honey' and John's ever-so-slightly over-egged, throat-shredding attempts to stamp his 'I'm a rebel, me!' credentials over soppy ballads 'Anna (Go To Him)' and Burt Bacharach's 'Baby It's You'. Where the magic is most potent here is on 'Twist And Shout' where all of these things beautifully combine to present the world with the two-and-a-half minutes that evoke the image of Beatlemania, and thus the earliest peak of pop culture better than any other. Perfection that is all

over the shop Anarchy you could take home to mum. Rock'n'roll that is about fuckall and absolutely everything at the same

time. They'd make better records, and better recorded records, and more perfectly realised statements, and get Ringo to get rid of the not-verymoptop-at-all quiff he sports on the cover. The Beatles were learning as they went, but the resulting, snapshot nature of their first foray into albums is exactly what makes it so great. It is, and was, buoyed by the excitement of 'Please Please Me' the single, for certain Had they spent, as is so routine these days, another 12 months in the studio re-jigging things and making it 'just right', the world may well have moved on to something else. Yet it just came out as it was, imperfect but beautiful enough, then a month later there was another new single, then a couple of months after that another new single, and then a couple of months after that another, better album, and so on. Repeat ad infinitum. They wouldn't let people forget them. Thank God.

Maybe that's the way it has to be now.







It might still have included a host of cover versions, says Barry Nicolson, but the Fab Four's second long-player sees them spread their wings and defy expectations

here were no difficult second albums in 1963, only unlikely ones. The very early '60s had relatively few musical fixtures, just a wealth of fly-by-nights and one-hitwonders that came and went with dizzying regularity and who had little choice but to enjoy their three minutes of fame and accept their own disposability when it ran out. Anyone lucky enough to actually make a second record certainly didn't spend months secreted away in a studio, agonising over new directions; they knocked it out in a couple of days and had it on the shelves within a couple of months, spurred on by the knowledge that the bubble might burst at any time.

Following the unprecedented success of 'Please Please Me', there can have been little doubt that The Beatles were going to be around for slightly longer than that, but nobody knew just how long. Their second album, then, was the sound of a band progressing, of four young men mastering their craft with supreme

confidence in their own abilities. And if that all sounds a bit worthy and joyless. well, just listen to Ringo's sonorous, lustful roar on 'I Wanna Be Your Man' and

stand corrected

This is a baby-step towards the greatness that would soon follow

The idea of the album as artistic statement was still a few years off, but everything about With The Beatles', from the iconic black-and-white photo that adorns the cover to the fact that the band insisted on spending three months in the studio - as opposed to the nine-and-a half hours it took to record its predecessor - feels refined and sophisticated in a way that much pop music of the time simply wasn't. From the propulsive opening rumble of 'It Won't Be Long', it's clear that they had at least mastered the art of being The Beatles; it positively fizzes with energy

and excitement, to the point where you can almost hear the teenaged screams that buzzed in their brains like tinnitus. Meanwhile, the flourish of harmonies at the song's climax - so tight you couldn't even squeeze a cigarette paper between them - only serves to remind you of the band's supreme musicianship and vocal intuitiveness

But it's when the band start thinking outside the box

that 'With The Beatles' really comes alive. They're only little things - like George Harrison's country-tinged guitar break on 'All My Loving', or the jazzy inflections of 'Money (That's What I Want)' – but they're important all the same for being early signs of an openness to experimentation that would eventually lead to records like 'Revolver' and 'Sgt. Pepper's ..' and songs like - ahem - 'Revolution 9'.

The album is also notable for including George Harrison's songwriting debut, 'Don't Bother Me'. It's often Harrison's post-'66 output that gets lauded by critics, but even his earliest offering hinted at hidden talents; sullen, sour-faced and delivered in a droll Scouse burr, it's actually one of the best tunes on here, and easily holds its own against the Lennon/ McCartney compositions.

But hey, there's a reason this album isn't spoken of in the same reverential tones as 'Revolver' or 'Rubber Soul', and that's because of its over reliance on covers. It was simply standard practice for bands at the time,

and The Beatles were generally quite canny with their choices. but the six nonoriginals on here are a hit-and-miss bunch. Their interpretation of The Marvelettes'

1961 hit 'Please Mr Postman' falls into the former category on the strength of a rasping Lennon vocal and the sheer cockiness of its peerless girl-group harmonies, but McCartney's sickly take on 'Till There Was You' flutters a few too many eyelashes, and Harrison's rendition of 'Roll Over Beethoven' feels oddly lifeless and insipid

No, the real meat of 'With The Beatles' lies with the eight originals, which showcase a band growing in stature as songwriters. From the shuffling, Smokey Robinson-esque white soul of 'All I've Got To Do' to the stunning 'All My Loving' via the daft, brash and kind-of-brilliant 'I Wanna Be Your Man' - covered previously by the Rolling Stones and later inexplicably dismissed by Lennon as "a throwaway... we weren't going to give them anything great, right?" - they're among the best of the band's early output.

It's no slight to say that The Beatles would go on to make better albums than this; such was their



And also...

The most perfect of all the early Beatles singles, and yet more incendiary covers



I WANT TO HOLD YOUR HAND/ THIS BOY

Contains about a thousand attention-seeking ideas all competing against each other

for your love: sudden falsettos, hand-claps, begging lyrics, 80 Diddley guitar, an almost evil melodic genius. 'This Boy', meanwhile, is a doo-wop re-write lifted out of parody by a piercing, yearning John Lennon vocal.



LONG TALL SALLY/I CALL YOUR NAME/SLOW DOWN/ MATCHBOX

This four-track EP filled the gap between 'With The Beatles' and

'A Hard Day's Night'. The boys loved their '50s rock'n'roll, and Little Richard's brand of raucous camp was a particular favourite. It's as good as their version of 'Twist And Shout' thanks to McCartney's hysterical vocal. The other songs are less convincing: "I Call Your Name' an unremarkable original, John's 'Slow Down' pales in comparison to his other interpretations and 'Matchbox' is Ringo miles out of his singing depth.

preternatural talent and prolific work-rate, there are really only a handful of their albums that you couldn't say that about. But for all its foibles, 'With The Beatles' is far from being lightweight; indeed, of all the early records, it's this one that rocks most like the proverbial bastard, a boisterous mid-point between the sugary balladeering of its predecessor and the folksy Rickenbacker jangle of 'A Hard Day's Night'.

The Beatles were a band who knew the value of learning to walk before attempting to run, and 'With The Beatles' is the first baby-step towards the greatness that would soon follow. That alone is enough to recommend it.

Film stars now as well! **Mark Beaumont** celebrates the moment the veil was lifted and the public got their first glimpse of the not-quite-so-squeaky-clean Fab Four

AAAANGGG! One chord, priapic with promise, throbbing with threat, left hanging in a recorded void forever more to be filled with the screaming of girls. One chord – struck boldly from George Harrison's 12-string Rickenbacker – that set the Sound Of The '60s, defined an era, cemented a phenomenon. One chord that twangles through the decades to this day, the sound of the match being struck on the gunpowder fuse of modern rock.

Then: "It's been a hard day's night/And I've been working like a dog..."

The song that followed was pure, filthy, perverted, contorted, hard ramming, super-lubed, dressed-as-aporno-coalminer, swinging-from-the-lava-lamp SEX. "But when I get home to you/I find the things that you do/Will make me feel alright". Screw all of this coy first date 'I Wanna Hold Your Hand' pissing about. Sod all the soppy "I'll write home every day" courtship bullshit. The Beatles had knocked out three albums in just over a year, they had every teenage girl in existence eating out of their hands and now they were movie stars too. They'd worked hard for their taste of honey; now they were coming home knackered and ready to throw the world onto the Formica breakfast bar, rip off its underwear and fuck it until its legs fell off. "You know I work all day to get you money to buy you things/But it's worth it just to hear you say you're going to give me everything". Everything? Full steam ahead Mr Boatswain! Bop-diddly-dip-bop!

'A Hard Day's Night' wasn't the only snarl that appeared on the Fabs' lips in July 1964. Its accompanying soundtrack album to The Beatles' first feature film,

released the same day, came with a hefty dose of tough-hearted cynicism that was notably absent from their first two puppy-eyed boy band albums.

Side One is the parentpleasing numbers; Side Two is *dangerous*

BEATLES FAN

There's a devastated John, so sad at losing his girl on 'I'll Cry Instead' that he's considering getting himself committed and vowing vengeance by heartlessly shagging every other girl on Earth: "You'd better hide all of the girls/Because I'm gonna break their hearts all round the world". On 'I'll Be Back' he's playing the emotional doormat to pitiful perfection then, several male assertiveness courses and the complete reversal of feminism later, he's come over all Captain Caveman on 'You Can't Do That', threatening his missus with a ticket to ride to Dumpsville simply for talking to the same bloke twice. None of this made the movie, obviously (side one contains the seven parent-pleasing numbers from the film, featuring Paul offering diamond rings around like wine gums on 'Can't Buy Me Love' and George declaring 'I'm Happy Just To Dance With You' like he's got the groin of Action Man), but the message was clear. The Beatles weren't the wet, sappy puppies



they at first appeared; they were complex, sexually charged, fucked up, dangerous.

The twitch growing in their trouser, however, was a minor development compared to the seismic effect that 'A Hard Day's Night' had on the art of albummaking as a whole. Stitched to its movie counterpart—with its staged girl-chases that polished the true mania out of Beatlemania, its novelty appearance by Old Man Steptoe and its general air of an ace-sounding Benny Hill sketch—it's easy to dismiss it as a static document of a bygone world, as distant and dusty as footage of the Second World War or the latest Billy Childish

album. But 'A
Hard Day's Night'
revolutionised pop
music on the spot
with one simple
innovation: The
Beatles wrote all
the songs, Sounds
pretty basic, but in
1964 it changed

everything. Until then, standard practice (adhered to by The Beatles themselves until this point) was to pack pop albums with familiar covers to spread a few original songs over as many albums as possible. 'A Hard Day's Night' set the bar, called time on such shonky songwriting practices, enriching rock forever; the first of The Beatles' many miraculous reinventions of music at its core level. It's tough to suggest a modern equivalent: perhaps if Radiohead put out a 12-disc album so incredible that any band ever putting out a record running less than five hours again would be stoned to death as work-shy charlatans, it might come close. Put simply, with pop music still very much in its infancy, 'A Hard Day's Night' was the ecstatic sound of the rulebook being written for the first time.

> Sad to report, then, that it's suffered the most from remastering. As the unclean, fuzzy, hissy garage mess

And also...

One only Americans could get hold of, plus a sure sign that things were getting interesting



BAD BOY

Another Larry Williams cover, and more screaming from Mr Lennon. This particular song curiously only appeared

on the American-only 'Beatles VI' album, before finally surfacing back home on 1966's 'A Collection Of Beatles Oldies'.



I FEEL FINE/SHE'S A WOMAN

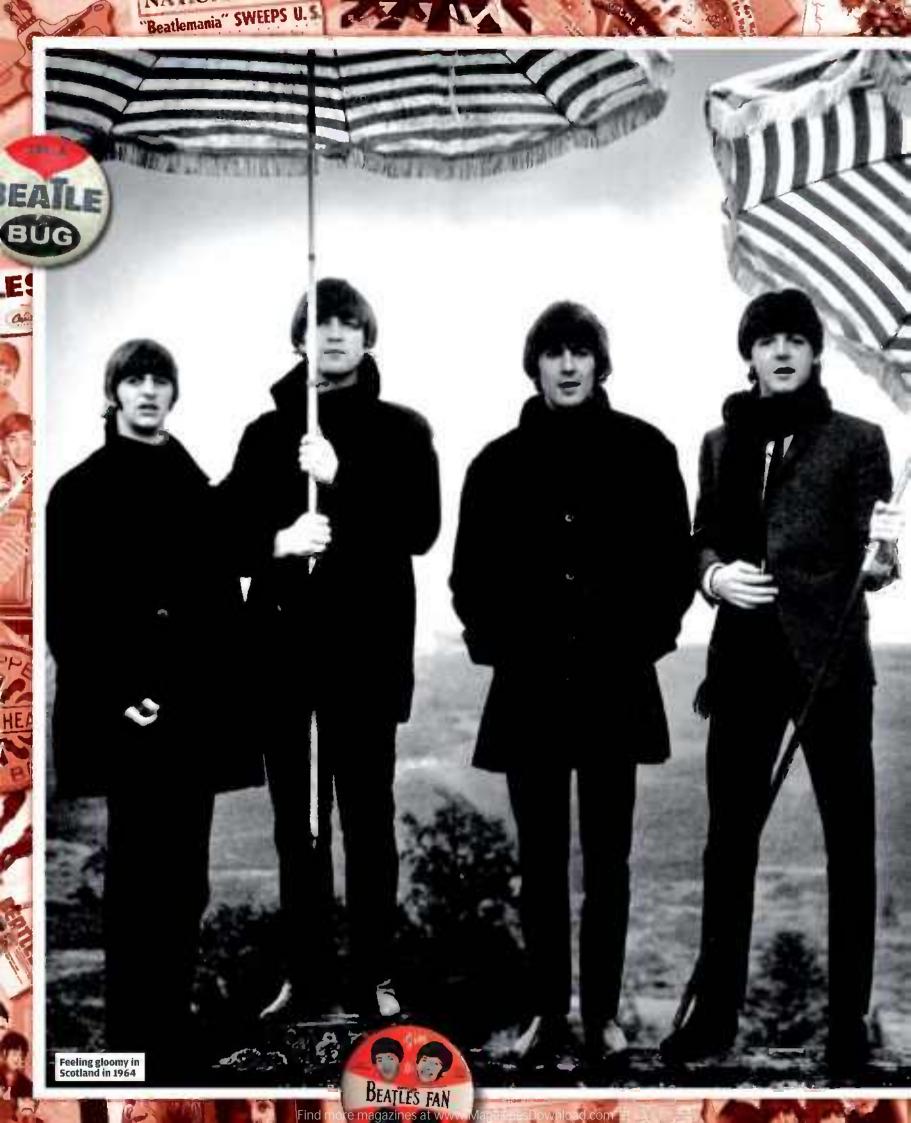
Opening with the first bit of feedback to ever be heard on record (take that, The Who!), this single is the Fabs taking

their first tentative step into completely re-writing rock'n'roll's rulebook. Intro aside, it's another irresistible Lennon classic, laden with the exquisite three-part harmonies that were at this stage a firmly established Beatles trademark. Macca's 'She's A Woman' is a little more workmanlike, but saved by a beautiful chorus and a swampy, rough guitar sound. The lyrics – "My love don't give me presents/ I know that she's no peasant" – suggest the Fabs were running out of angles with the whole 'writing about girls' malarkey.

stinking of The Cavern's toilets it once was, 'A Hard Day's Night' felt like it'd dropped from the sky cloaked in crackly thrill and magic. Perfecting its signal/noise ratio has drained it of its raw energy and microscoped the sparseness of the recording – 'I Should Have Known Better' is nothing but a shaky harmonica, a sodden drumbeat and a twangly guitar, and the thudding drum they've randomly decided to pull to the fore of 'I'm Happy Just To Dance With You' is distracting and obtrusive Suddenly you can see how they wrote it in a month and recorded it in four days; it's like one of those shows where they reveal where magicians hide their rabbits.

Nonetheless, even in 2009's sprawling, ultramodern scene, these songs would still stun. 'If I Fell' could give a Terminator goosebumps, there's a shiver of thrill to hearing George's fingers slide across the frets of 'And I Love Her'. 'Any Time At All' sounds, in the best way possible, like it was written in two minutes and, even at its most retro – on the wartime ballroom swing of 'Tell Me Why' – the record pulsates with a confidence, gutsiness and breezy tuneful thwack that would soil a million seats, invent The La's and set rock a new range of minimum entrance requirements. Not bad for a day's night's work.





BEATLES FOR SALE



By this stage the Fabs had started to flag, and **Chris Parkin** thinks cracks were definitely starting to show

hey might bitch about their lot and put up with impertinent hotel staff who won't cater to their every ludicrous whim, but being in a rock'n'roll band isn't much of a hardship, let's be honest. Even for bands on £15 and a packet of crisps a day. The bass player doesn't have to get up and scrape grease from a chippy's deep fat fryer every day, or make cold calls to infirm pensioners about their last will and testament just to pay for their Friday night. Even in a band's lowest ebb, bands are free to behave like a tower of six-year olds in a flasher's mac wielding the keys to Lemmy's booze cabinet. What a life.

But the Fabs' fourth outing is trial-hardened evidence of the bone-wearying, brain-draining, spirit-siphoning slog that was all their flitting between recording studio, bus, matinée performance, television set, train station, Royal Variety Show, club gig, Bob Dylan's hotel room... well, you get the picture. It can be (or, at least, it used to be) a nightmare. For certain, however unkindly the human brain takes to having spark plugs attached to the frontal lobes, Lennon and McCartney could have done with a boost on 'Beatles For Sale'.

Releasing a fourth album in 20 months, not to mention filming A Hard Day's Night, breaking the

US and peddling a string of awesome singles, the Fabs' 1964 itinerary would cause today's pop stars to cry "slavery!" and strike like dockers. It would be like Take That and the Spice

This fourth album is evidence of the slog their career became

Girls at their peak doing all that dancing, charming and knicker-flashing – and churning out three albums of breath-catching quality every year. Our biggest today seem to take a third of a decade off between offerings, citing rare viral diseases or a groundbreaking genius that needs nurturing – and then sound the same, but with reyboards played by Brian Eno Stress just bums the vibe, man

Like a precursor to the hard-working ethics of hardcore punk, then, The Beatles' 1964 was nuts. And so, wielding sympathy like an apologists' sword, this is the last of the remastered bunch to fork out your



dole on. There are no stone-cold classics here, nor any dizzying new heights scaled, just a welcome change in emotion, albeit something that's akin to despondency. From a cover that sees them glaring out at us drawn and moody, their moptops growing out, to a song as self-descriptive as Lennon's Dylan-

informed 'I'm
A Loser', the folksy,
railroading
'Beatles For Sale'
sees the band
letting slip their
permanently
grinning mask.
Macca's 'What
You're Doing'

is a delightful dig at Jane Asher ("Please, stop your lying") and rolls along on a trebly, lilting guitar hook that pops up in most modern country-psych-pop these days, 'Baby's In Black' is a heartbroken lament rendered in polluted Merseybeat and 'Follow The Sun' is pretty, misty-eyed melancholy of the kind only Macca can nail.

But, four albums in, The Greatest Songwriting Duo Ever fill much of the rest with covers, most of them more obvious to us now than they would have been even just a few years after the rock'n'roll explosion. Ringo, whose appearances on Family Guy and The

And also...

Just one little lyrically obtuse flipside to contend with in this transitional period...



YES IT IS

Aside from George's first foray into the wah wah pedal (a toy he loved so much that his 'All Things Must Pass' solo LP

featured a song called 'Wah Wah'), this 'Ticket To Ride' flipside is essentially an inferior re-write of the earlier 'This Boy', which itself was a doo-wop pastiche. Of some significance, though, are Lennon's lyrics. "If you wear red tonight/Remember what I said tonight," he pines. "For red is the colour that my baby wore, and what's more it's true". It's a first glimpse into the sometimes scary, obsessive personality of the most complex Beatle - warning a new lover that, by wearing one particular colour, she might remind him of his previous interest and cause him to snap. This is maybe the first sign of the brutal honesty that characterised his finest work.

Simpsons make his goofy drawl sound dafter by the minute, sings a spare, backbeat version of Carl Perkins' 'Honey Don't' - his chants of "rock on George! One time for Ringo!" have, needless to say, not aged well. Buddy Holly's 'Words Of Love' is too sickly, Lennon's ballroom take on 'Mr Moonlight' is both nerve-jangling and grey, and when Lennon sings "I've got no kick against modern jazz unless you try to play it too darn fast" on Chuck Berry's 'Rock And Roll Music' there's an urge to jump in a DeLorean, hit 1964 and tell him to hurry up and join the sonic sprint - those years when The Beatles and the rest competed to make new sounds out of kitchen scourers. With John Coltrane and Albert Ayler tearing open holes into new dimensions and The Beatles' own change on the horizon, it's a disappointing lull.

But with bugger-all control nor much time to think, chances are at least one record was going to sound as deep and epoch-defining as each one of most bands' – and this is it. But, you know, it's still The Beatles and 'Eight Days A Week' alone justifies its purchase

Martin Robinson has little time for the movie. But the band, now full of insecurities, love for Bob Dylan and something much stronger? Well, that's a different matter...

s disjointed as the film it soundtracked, both having been made on the hop at the height of Beatlemania, 'Help!' the album stands up far better than its awful celluloid counterpart. Sure, it doesn't hold together the way subsequent albums did when the estre to make one coherent 'piece' became app 11+11, but some individual moments here match anyth non their career. It's dominated by two Lennon songs. The first, the title track, shows the first crack in his formidable front. Written with uncharacteristic honesty (at that time), it was a genuine cry for help from a deceptively sensitive young man experiencing unfathomable fame. Not that it particularly sounds like it. In 1965 The Beatles were still in the business of writing hits and though this would soon change, 'Help!' was sped up from the Roy Orbison-style slowie Lennon originally conceived it as, given some inspired harmonies by McCartney and transformed into an irresistible pop smash. This is no criticism. While we have a modern desire to seek out darkness as a sign of true artistic worth, The Beatles' ability to project exuberance and hope through their songs was surely their greatest, most instinctive, achievement - they were instrumental in transforming and uniting societies on both sides of the Atlantic. Still, we saw how the '60s went tits-up, and us smirking 'oos folk will be more drawn to Lennon's second masterpiece here, 'Ticket To Ride'. Although it's often credited with

dramatically inventing hard rock or accused of ripping off Phil Spector, neither's quite true; its origins lie closer to home in the proto-metal of the

their drug experiences directly into the music previous year's 'You Really Got Me' by The Kinks and 'Anyway, Anyhow, Anywhere' by The Who. Shel Talmy's 'live' production on both was a clear influence on the loud, shimmering sound of 'Ticket To Ride', but the Beatles took things further, creating a powerful,

Monkeys album seems like a brave move into heavy weirdness, consider that 'Ticket To Ride', with its altered state of depression -"She said that living with me was bringing

despairing song which was longer, slower and far

darker than anything they'd done. If the new Arctic



her down/She would never be free when I was around" was the follow-up single to 'I Feel Fine'.

The woozy intensity of 'Ticket To Ride' has been ascribed to the LSD that Lennon and Harrison had recently taken for the first time, but it was marijuana, which they'd all just been introduced to by Bob Dylan, that perhaps affected the whole album more (it's

incredible, and hilarious, to see how unafraid The Beatles were of putting their drug experiences directly into music which even the Queen was listening to). As

its scene in the film makes explicit, Lennon's 'You're Gonna Lose That Girl' is a played through a fog of pot, giving it a dreamy quality in contrast to the sharp focus of earlier songs. Harrison's 'I Need You' is a similar progression, full of melancholy marked by pained psychedelic punctuations on his effects pedal.

Even more than the joints he handed over. Dylan himself was important to 'Help!', and to the band's future. He proved inspiring to Lennon in particular. OK, the poetic, acoustic 'You've Got To Hide Your

And also...

The title track's other half is a nod to the past by a group now firmly looking forward



I'M DOWN

A pretty transparent attempt by young McCartney to write his very own 'Long Tall Sally'. this 'Help!' single flipside is

nonetheless a blast, with all four Fabs firing on all cylinders. Famous as the song during which John 'lost it' onstage at Shea Stadium.

Love Away' verges on pastiche, but indicated he had begun to take his music more seriously.

Importantly, it also indicates that The Beatles were not geniuses plucking ideas out of thin air, as some revisionists would have it. Indeed, their biggest gift was their willingness to let the world in, and be influenced by the sounds, people and drugs out there. In the early footage their infectious curiosity is right on the surface. They both influenced and mirrored the '60s.

Of course, this being the contradictory world of The Beatles, occasionally songs did drop fullyformed from the Gods. Most famously, a little song hidden away on side two of 'Help!', 'Yesterday'. Up until then, McCartney is curiously off-form; 'Another Girl' is pleasingly breezy in its cruel sluttishness, and 'The Night Before' catchy with its angry betrayal (Lennon wasn't the only one developing lyrically), but 'Tell Me What You See' and 'I've Just Seen A Face' are basically filler. Then he woke up one morning with 'Yesterday' in his head and the most covered song of all time entered 'Help!'. It's hard to listen to it now, the years of abuse by lounge singers and karaoke mewlers, weighing it down with molten cheese. But listen without prejudice and it's still capable of taking your breath away. It's simply perfection

'Help!', on the other hand, is a far from perfect album but, as a base camp for their future, it's both fascinating and exhilarating. To move through and beyond Beatlemania they needed help, and this album shows them giving it to themselves - with a little help from their friends.

BEATE S FAN

Now they were putting





RUBBER SOUL

On the cover of their sixth album, those four famous faces were stretched. Inside, Emily Mackay rediscovers, so was their sound, their worldview and everything else

ou can make too much out of a title. It's unlikely anyone pondered long over the words 'With The Beatles', but this, being the first album sleeve on which this by now hyper-iconic band chose not to bother putting their name on, perhaps justifies placing more than usual significance on those two words: 'Rubber Soul' Lifted by McCartney from 'plastic soul', a description he'd heard of Mick Jagger's singing style, the pun succinctly encompasses The Beatles' self-deprecating humour and their growing unease with their constructed nature as a pop act. Most importantly, though, it suggests a willingness to push the plasticity of their sound, to see how far they could stretch their accomplished pop expertise in unexpected ways before it would snap back on them.

A confused, sometimes uncomfortable threshold between perky, prize-fighter pop and the point where they started writing their own rules, 'Rubber Soul' is uniquely and strangely engaging for just that reason: it's an album that constantly, immediately sounds like it's trying to find itself. Here, the lovable teen-mag moptop mask slips and the ugly emotional truths of sex and sentience in the mid-'60s are suddenly disrobed A multiplicity of influences come into play all in a flood, leading to a disparate and disorientating ride, indebted variously to Elvis Presley, Otis Redding, Motown, The Byrds and Bob Dylan, but never in thrall to anything but the band's own need to break free.

It marks a number of firsts: the first time producer George Martin used tape manipulation to create a sound effect (the sped-up, harpsichord mimicking piano on 'In My Life'). The

Here, they stopped settling for craft and took a shot for art

first song they wrote that wasn't stuck on love

time a sitar was ever used on a pop record ('Norwegian Wood (This Bird Has Flown)'). And yet the emotional tone of the album is irritable, confused. The exuberant, lusty optimism, the bright

(Lennon's darkly hymnal 'Nowhere Man'). The first

vision of a world of bright-eyed young things 'holding' each other's 'hands' into the wee small hours is swapped for the more frustrating realities of actually dealing with liberated independent women ('You Won't See Me', 'Girl'), failed one-night stands ('Norwegian Wood (This Bird Has Flown)', 'If I Needed Someone') and satires on superficial scene girls ('Drive My Car').

The influence of Dylan's waspish, bitchy 'Like A Rolling Stone' on the strange, poetic slant of the folksy, dreamlike 'Norwegian Wood. 'was clear. The Beatles were upping their game in a war of attrition; I'll see your boundary-pushing beatnik wordplay and raise you a bloody SITAR, my son.

'Norwegian Wood ..' in particular marks the moment The Beatles - a no-nonsense, match-fit performing



band from the outset - stopped settling for craft and took a shot for art. They hit home cleanly - the Indian instrument, much as it later became a token instrument of plug-and-play psychedelia, sounds subtle and folksy, played free of cliché and as surprising as it must have been on the day of release. It remains one of the most weirdly, quietly enchanting Beatles song, its mystical elegance interacting oddly with the deconstruction of sexual liberation - boy

> meets girl, boy doesn't get any, boy burns girl's furniture in revenge. Nasty, funny, beautiful. It's not all venom and negativity, of course 'The Word' anticipates

the birth of Haight-Ashbury idealism, with its assertion that "the only word is love/It's so fine, it's sunshine", but a sharp, solid rhythm guitar vamp, raw vocal harmonies and brazen harmonica keep it far from the vomit-inducing likes of 'San Francisco (Be Sure To Wear Flowers In Your Hair)'. Even so, it's unconvincing: the real politics of 'Rubber Soul' are personal; the real harmony, if there is any, is to be found on an individual level. The late highpoint of Lennon's 'Girl' is a weirdly beautiful, dissipated, country-folk thing, the sharp intake of breath dangerously sexy, the Greek-style guitar incongruously, doomedly romantic against the disillusioned, dissipated and hopeless vocal of a distant dream woman His nakedly elegiac 'In My Life' as well, with its gently melancholic musings on the transience of childhood memories, is a subtle glory. In contrast, the relative inanity of McCartney's 'Michelle', more in keeping with the rose-tinted pop simplicity of earlier days, is balanced by the cool gorgeousness of the chanson-style melody, the barber

And also...

At the same time as arguably their finest album, came arguably their finest single



DAY TRIPPER/ **WE CAN WORK IT OUT** ...and people say the Stones

had all the riffs. Released as a Christmas single in 1965,

'Day Tripper' is the Fabs at the absolute peak of their powers: an effortless, cast iron riff, a breezy groove, a genius crescendo in the middle and Lennon's sly mockery of 'weekend hippies' in the lyrics. Phenomenally exciting, and equalled in a totally different way by 'We Can Work It Out'. By this point in time, though still crediting all their songs to Lennon/ McCartney, John and Paul were writing songs separately. Here they segued two half finished compositions together seamlessly you'd never have known unless they'd told us. The lyrics are oddly prophetic: Macca begging someone to give up their way of thinking and follow his, Lennon stressing that there is "no time for fussing and fighting", Paul pining that "we can work it out". They'd squabble from pretty much this point in, but manage to turn their squabbling into something totally genius. Literally, in this case.

shop "oooh"s and the delicate summer-evening fingerpicking, and offset by his rough-edged, lusty cry of "I want you, I want you, I want you".

'What Goes On', on the other hand, feels slapdash, makeweight: an older song resurrected to fill the album out, its countryish blues feels directionless, lazy and dated, the lyrics of the 'what rhymes with 'why'? Oh yes, 'lie" school. Also, Ringo sings it.

'Run For Your Life' might cause winces to the modern listener; few male songwriters today would consider writing lyrics threatening their girlfriend with murder if she's caught cheating. You could qualify that distaste by pointing out that it follows in the blues tradition, but you're better off calling it a damn catchy, Elvishly hipshaking error of judgement and just leaving it there.

For all its inner frustrations, 'Rubber Soul' remains one of the most Jatisfying end-to-end listens in The Beatles' canon: full of variety, full of struggle. At the highest points, there's a perfect balance between tradition and experimentation; the sound of four young men trying to define themselves. The rubber might snap back and hit you in the face sometimes, but it doesn't mean you should stop stretching.

REVOLVER

Not without good reason is it often declared their most perfect album. And no, says **Alex Miller**, it doesn't matter that 'Yellow Submarine' is on it

t's weird to think how little I actually listen to The Beatles. When NME asked me which Beatles album was my favourite I quickly typed 'Abbey Road'. Then deleted it. Bollocks to 'Abbey Road'. No album with 'Octopus's Garden' and 'Maxwell's Shitty Hammer' can be my favourite. 'The White Album' then? Nope, 'Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da' is the fart in that Garden Of Eden. One of the early ones? 'Help!' maybe? 'Please Please Me'? No, they're really more singles albums and we need to get as far from 'Roll Over Beethoven' as possible. 'Sgt Pepper's...'? Ha ha ha ha, what a crappy record So it was between 'Revolver' and 'Rubber Soul'. And 'Revolver' has 'Tomorrow Never Knows' on it. So, 'Revolver' is my favourite Beatles album. That's good to know should anyone at Uncut ever invite me for dinner.

It's weird, isn't it, that my favourite album by probably my favourite band is merely the least sucky one? But, I guess when you're knocking out an album and a half a year, there's room for songs about raccoons, funny hats and whatever else those whimsical Scousers were going on about.

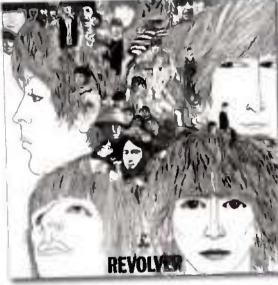
Of course, I didn't have 'Revolver' on my iPod: who needs The Beatles on their iPod? They're everywhere Stick a pin in a British corpse and 'Mean Mr Mustard' vrhistles from the tiny hole. I dug out the record I nicked from my Dad when I was about 14 (it's not as decimated as 'Sgt Pepper's ..'; I cut the shit out of those little cardboard figurines he'd left untouched

for 30 years) and flipped it over. God, have you looked at the tracklisting to 'Revolver' recently? It's amazing.

Opener 'Taxman' became my favourite Beatles song when I got

a little older and became interested in post-punk and new wave. Sure, moaning about taxes is the most horrible of all the fat (Ringo), establishment (Paul), hippie (George), prick (John) clichés, but listen to George's – sorry, Macca's – guitar. These aren't louche '60s psych sounds, but they're not rock'n'roll either; they scissor and slice as sharply as anything Gang Of Four ever put together. If they'd been playing gigs, some kid would have invented Ian Curtis' dance about 10 years earlier to this upbeat white man funk.

If "Taxman"s an enjoyable feast of self-important moaning, 'Eleanor Rigby' is its antidote. It's terrifying that so few people have managed to so eloquently paint depressive portraits of those kids life left behind, considering that those poor souls are supposed to be indie's base. Morrissey is too self-obsessed, perhaps Blur's 'He Thought of Cars' came close and Final Fantasy's 'This Lamb Sells Condos' shares a similar DNA, especially within the beautifully



arranged string sections. But while history remembers this landmark track as a tearjerker, its tempo suggests that the Fab Four were more interested in neuroses and madness, something that clangs with the slow, pastoral imagery of Father McKenzie and poor old Eleanor. 'For No One' is just as brilliant; songwriting has become harder in The Beatles' wake because the simplicity of these heartbreak lyrics is unlike anything contemporary. It's so lovely and seductive that listening to this while obsessing

about exgirlfriends could pretty much take over my life if I let it.

OK, so further along the line it does have 'Yellow Submarine' on

it but, if you're going to have to put up with a wacky Beatles song, it might as well be the wackiest of the wack. Similarly, 'Here, There And Everywhere' may be sappy, but compared to 'The Long And Winding Road' it's positively abrasive.

It's strange how many genres this band managed to sit on one album; housing both 'Got To Get You Into My Life' and 'Tomorrow Never Knows' is the equivalent of The Chemical Brothers doing a split seven-inch with Ike and Tina, but they sit together at this record's climax happily. The former is as upbeat and rocking as anything they ever did, a song which could have easily fallen from the Motown hit factory. The latter, however, is very

different. Not just from the rest of the album, but from pretty much everything. Christ knows if John was immersing himself in some Exploding Plastic Inevitable (if

And also...

Another quite astonishingly inventive seveninch wonder, each side a giant leap forward



PAPERBACK WRITER/RAIN

Released two months before 'Revolver', in every sense The Beatles' 10th Number One was a staggering stylistic leap

into the unknown. Firstly, 'Paperback Writer' was their first single not about love. Secondly it opened with a mindblowing set of Beach Boy-indebted harmonies and continued with the heaviest Beatles riff to date. Thirdly, despite all this, in comparison to its flipside 'Rain', it sounds positively conservative. Anyone who ever claims that Ringo cannot play drums should be directed here: nice and high in the mix for once, his machine gun fills are what characterise this druggier-thandruggy Lennon song. They work beautifully with Paul McCartney's upper octave bassline, which itself is one of the most copied bottom end grooves in the history of rock'n'roll. And that's just the rhythm section. Atop all this are the most droning guitars you'll ever hear and Lennon's most explicit forays thus far into acid-laced psychedelia. He himself was utterly fascinated by George Martin's backwards recording of his own vocal in the outro, which is a fittingy weird climax. This B-side was so good, in fact, that a certain bunch of Burnage lads decided to name their early attempts at a band after it.

you want historical facts read Ian MacDonald's Revolution In The Head), but something darkly psychedelic is happening here - it seems the poster boys of flower power were poisoning the hippy vibes with freakout realities a year before The Velvet Underground got themselves in gear. Still, if Lennon was already gnawing at the dream, Harrison was just starting his endless and frequently humiliating dives into Indian music on a positive note on 'Love You To'. And, from that cue, 'Revolver's pop songwriting and playing is both populist and borderline psychedelic on 'I'm Only Sleeping' and 'Doctor Robert', with George's guitars on the former already doing that cheeky backwards thing that pretty much summed

up LSD for a decade.
So yeah, The Beatles are my favourite band, but to be fair every album they ever made couples its bangers with clangers. Every album except 'Revolver'. It's their 'Definitely Maybe'.

BEATTES FAN

Even now it's amazing

to find so many genres

sitting on one record

tvy*nn w. j*pgr.cg. uk Nastemed versions of the 'And Also...' tracks feature on the 'Past Masters' Coi



SGT PEPPER'S LONELYHEARTS **CLUB BAND**

Could there possibly be anything left to say about the ridiculously revered "act you've known for all these years"? James McMahon digs deep...

fter The Beatles released 'Revolver' they decamped to a shed at the bottom of George Harrison's garden to make a concept record about wasps. They decided to call it 'Sgt Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band' after Dr Pepper's superior in the army. Ringo Starr came up with the drum fill on 'Lucy In The Sky With Diamonds' by banging spoons on the back of Paul McCartney's knee while, infamously, John Lennon kicked producer George Martin in the face for putting his flute solo too low in the mix for 'A Day In The Life'. And if you look closely at the record's iconic sleeve, you can see Muhammad Ali's cock (just behind Ken Dodd's ear).

Of course, all of the above is bollocks, yet so much has been said about The Beatles that it's more fun just to make stuff up. You, as intelligent, passionate music fans, will most likely know all you need to know about 'Sgt Pepper's...'. It was The Beatles' eighth album, their psychedelic introduction, the moment they became a purely studio-based band, and the barely realised concept record that came out of that decision to stop touring (they gave up on the idea of releasing an album by their alter-ego 'Lonely Hearts Club Band' two songs in, shortly after McCartney's introduction of Starr - who sings lead vocal on 'With A little Help From My Friends' - as "the one and only Billy Shears"). If you want to know any more facts, I suggest you visit Wikipedia - it'll tell you what guitars the band used, the backwards,

"Will Paul come back as Superman?" Being on top of so many message that furthered the 'Paul is dead' urban myth and explain the process of varispeeding, the

then-pioneering

process of speeding up and slowing down instruments and vocals to alter sound textures. Meanwhile, let me tell you a story about Michael Bolton.

I'm from Doncaster in South Yorkshire, more specifically, Armthorpe, a village about 10 miles outside of the town. There's a great library there. and back in the day, my formulative record-listening experiences came from hiring CDs from there. I'd heard about 'this band', The Beatles, from more 'on it' kids at school and I thought the sleeve looked pretty



interesting. So I picked it up... and thought it was the most insipid pile of shit I'd ever heard. That was until I realised the librarian had mixed up the 'Sgt Pepper's...' CD with Michael Bolton's 1989 release 'Soul Provider'. A couple of days later, and the correct record taking Michael Bolton's place in the CD tray, I had a new

best album polls has

favourite band. Y'know, any album that can leave off 'Strawberry Fields Forever', 'Penny Lane' and 'Only served to its detriment A Northern Song' (three songs that were recorded

> during these sessions) and still achieve the peerless excellence spread across the record, is worthy of reverence. Yet, perhaps more than any other Beatles release, 'Sgt Pepper's. "omnipresence near the top of brain-dumb 'Best Album Of All Time Ever, Ever, Ever' polls has served to its detriment. Sure, no-one likes to be told what to like, and it's important to pop's growth and evolution that the conventions of rock hierarchy are constantly questioned. But I've heard idiot know-itall music fans - idiots, but still people who should know



better – proclaim the record is overrated. That Starr's vocal (as Shears) is ropey. That George Harrison's Indian odyssey 'Within You Without You' is perhaps contrived. All are trivial complaints with only a smattering of credibility to them. Yet isn't it enough that the record contains a never-bettered back-to-back run

of 'Getting Better', 'Fixing A Hole' and my favourite ever Paul-sung composition 'She's Leaving Home'? I guess not. Shame.

I should probably say something about the record's sleeve, given that the enjoyment of opening up an album's artwork and it offering something to the experience of listening to music is almost dead because people would rather have an iPod with a million songs on it, rather than a nice talking point of plastic in the corner of their bedroom Bleh. But when I was younger, I was captivated by 'Sgt Pepper's...' sleeve - it was like a pop culture Where's Wally? and I'd spend hours looking at the assorted politicians, artists, writers, sports people and Lenny Bruce, looking up who they were and why they'd made it into the montage. It says much about my favourite Beatle, John, that he antagonistically wanted to include Hitler and Jesus in there. People who say punk came about in 1976 might want to look back to the terraced house arrival of the man in 1940, in terms of spirit at least.

Ah, fuck this shit, I'm going to go listen to it again. It's mega.

MAGICAL TOUR MYSTERY TOUR

Their 1967 soundtrack was the group's last brush with psychedelia, and also one of their most adventurous collections of genius doggerel, says **Leonie Cooper**

ay what you like about The Beatles, but don't ever accuse them of being too damn serious. For certain, they had more than their fair share of sombre moments; see Eleanor Rigby', the aching 'Julia' (written by John Lennon for his mother, who was killed by a car when he was 17), 'The Long And Winding Road' and plenty of other maudlin Macca ballads. Largely, however, even when they were supposed to be redefining rock'n'roll, The Beatles were about being a little bit daft and quite a lot silly. They were bloody good at it too, semi-legitimising said daftness with a movie every time someone came up with an idea ludicrous enough to pass muster. There were the cash-in early japes of 'A Hard Day's Night' and 'Help!', the Blue Meanies of 'Yellow Submarine' (which the band had little to do with) and, sandwiched between these, 'Magical Mystery Tour'. The one where they were given total control and, rather than make a 'serious' art statement, indulged their stupidest fantasies. John Lennon had a dream about being a waiter and endlessly shovelling spaghetti onto a blubbering fat woman's plate: into the movie that scene went, saying a lot about how seriously The Beatles took themselves and their position. The hour-long feature was not seen as one of their better celluloid efforts - in fact, it was critically panned - but its soundtrack is a different matter. Originally released in the UK as a six-track double EP, but in America as an 11-track LP, each song opens the door onto another idiosyncratic facet of a band who'd realised

there was much more to music than perky pop and holding girls' hands. The rousing title

track opens the album with skipping drums and excitable brass toots, making

it seem less like a song and more a call-to-party-arms. And where do the band take us after such an all-out stormer? Back down to earth and to Paul McCartney's contemplative, poetic "The Fool On The Hill", that's where. It's a genre-shifting skip that shouldn't work, but somehow just does. From its lilting flutes to the soft compa stylings at the end of the track, there's a subtle but seamless link to the carnival-esque atmosphere that opens the album. It might be a sensitive song, but it seems The Beatles still couldn't shake their sense of crazy. You half get the feeling if they weren't all members of the biggest band in the world ever, the four of them would have probably ended up as only-just-tolerated office jokers, spinning their flashing dickie



bowties in grey Liverpool industrial estates.

It straddles a line

between perfect pop

and perfectly crazy

'Flying's bluesy shuffle – the first-ever track credited to all four Beatles – is, aside from some layered chants from the Fabs, an instrumental, and one which twists itself up into the psychedelic knots that the band had discovered on their previous album, 'Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band'. The George Harrison-penned 'Blue Jay Way' carnes on in the same vein with

spooky and most probably stoned sonics, while 'Your Mother Should Know' harks back to music hall with its bar-room piano and barbershop backing vocals. Then comes 'I Am

The Walrus' and all that talk of "sitting on a cornflake" and "Crabalocker fishwife/Pornographic priestess/Boy, you've been a naughty girl/You let your knickers down" – oddball Lennon-speak for, y'know, getting a bit frisky. Frankly, they could have left it at that and still come away with a blistering and pleasantly bizarre selection of tunes, but in America – and, in time, over here too – the record was padded with the songs and B-sides The Beatles released in 1967, arguably their best ever year for singles. A euphoric selection, it includes the languorous, expertly crafted 'Strawberry Fields Forever', with its dusting of super-strangeness and precision confusion, its trumpeting double A side 'Penny Lane' and the more straightforward 'Hello

And also...

George's first contribution to a Beatles single, and a barroom stomper from Macca



LAD' LATITUTE /

At a point where The Beatles were being almost comically inventive, Paul took time out

to revisit the records of his boyhood heroes and out came this effortless Fats Domino boogie-woogie, with John chipping in the "see how they run" line. 'Lady Madonna' is notable for being the last Fabs single to be released on Pariophone (it was Apple from here on in) and for featuring a sax solo from Ronnie Scott, as in the jazz club. On the other side, though, lay something far stranger: by 1968 the public had of course been privvy to two of George's forays into indian music ('Love You To' from 'Revolver' and 'Within You, Without You' from 'Sgt Pepper's...'), but never before on a single. The instrumental track was recorded during the sessions for George's 'Wonderwall Music' (which also gave its name to ... something or other), and features a beautiful melody from the youngest Fab. "The farther one travels/ The less one knows." Yeah, man...

Goodbye'. There's the San Franciscan soul-packed stomp of 'Baby, You're A Rich Man' which, with its proto punk chorus, could very well be a long lost Sly And The Family Stone track. In fact, this bizarre song is one of the record's unsung heroes

Meanwhile, cloying but utterly marvellous at the same time, a band today simply wouldn't be able to get away with lyrics as straight-out corny as the ones in 'All You Need Is Love'. Context, however, is everything, and the track's simple, universal message was the perfect choice for a song to be broadcast across the world as part of the first-ever live global television link-up. Ending the album in the same celebratory fashion in which it began, with its triumphant brass section and sloping strings, it's nothing less than beautiful. Straddling a line between perfect pop and perfectly crazy with a healthy dose of that stupid fun, this oddball collection remains one of The Beatles' most entertaining and endearingly madcap records. Magical? Damn right it is.

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That the 30 songs on 'The White Album' are of such varying style and quality is what makes it the most interesting Fabs record to revisit, says Alan Woodhouse

n being interviewed for The Beatles Anthology documentary in the early '90s, Paul McCartney responded gruffly to critics of the length of his band's eponymous 1968 double LP by saying, "Shut up, it's 'The White Album'!" This may have seemed arrogant to some, but the fans who cherish it know exactly what he was talking about. It's common knowledge that the Fab Four's producer, George Martin, suggested at the time that a spot of judicious editing of the material would have made a fine single album; George Harrison, meanwhile, has admitted that he was in favour of the group's eventual decision less as an artistic statement and more as simply a way of clearing up the backlog of songs the four-piece had accrued at that point. More than 40 years on though, The Fab Four's instincts have ultimately provided the world with the most enduring Beatles album. Yes, its imperfections are numerous, but that is exactly what makes it so endearing.

When listening back to 'The White Album', it's easy to reflect on the irony of seeing The Beatles and their label Apple spending so long umming and ahhing about whether to make their songs available in digital form on iTunes. The wrangles may well be mainly of a financial nature, but the fact is that breaking up the likes of this record into individual tracks wouldn't make any sense at all. In isolation, the likes of 'Piggies' - Harrison's baroque take on corporate greed - the mad campfire singalong of 'Wild Honey Pie' and the sound collage 'Revolution 9' are simply irritating, but

sat among the likes of Macca's plaintive, US Civil Rightsinspired 'Blackbird' and Lennon's surreal, druggy 'Happiness Is A Warm Gun', they make some kind of weird, twisted

Each time you go back to it, something new reveals itself

sense. Point is, as a whole, 'The White Album' takes you on a fascinating, genre-hopping journey into where the band's collective heads were at in those turbulent, fascinating days. Finding something new with regard to The Beatles' music is pretty difficult in 2009, but this record, more than any of their others, somehow always reveals something extra Its just that its joys are longer-lasting and take a little while longer to unravel. While 'Sgt Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band' and 'Abbey Road' - the grand, eloquent studio albums released either side of it - may have seemed

more palatable to the Fab Four-adoring public at the time, it's because of its sprawling, epic nature that 'The White Album' has had the most longevity of the band's records from their later period. Plus, despite the record's now iconic nature, a lot of its most enduring songs remain surprisingly low on the general public's radar. Its worst track, McCartney's ham-fisted reggae pastiche 'Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da', is probably the bestknown tune here. But to delve deeper into this sprawling mess of an album is to be very well

The BEATLES

rewarded.

The restrained psychedelia of Harrison's 'Long, Long, Long' and 'While My Guitar Gently Weeps' are two of The Beatles' most moving moments, while

Lennon's acerbic put-downs ('Sexy Sadie', 'Yer Blues') and silliness (the pummelling 'Everybody's Got Something To Hide Except Me And My Monkey') are hilarious, not to mention staggeringly good straight up rock'n'roll And when he pays tender tribute to his late mum on the simple but gloriously effective 'Julia', or tries to cheer up Mia Farrow's sister on the sweetly pretty 'Dear Prudence', it's reassuring to know that he had not completely given his heart over to Yoko yet. He even has a dabble in postmodernism, with the selfreferencing 'Glass Onion' (with its famous "the walrus

And also...

There's a high likelihood you will have heard of this one already...



HEY JUDE/REVOLUTION Strange to think of 'Hey Jude'

as groundbreaking but, if only because of its eight-minute length, for a single it was.

Even the most casual of Beatles observers will likely know eveything about this most ubiquitous of Fabs singles - the "movement you need" line coming from John, the fact that it was written for Julian Lennon and so on. The flip is an explosive reworking of the track from 'The White Album', which finds John primal screaming his way through his most political statement to date. He was desperate for it to be the A-side - how different karaoke nights would have been.

was Paul" lyric). Macca, meanwhile, popular culture sponge that he was back then, is into a bit of everything One of his best rockers (as they used to say), 'Back In The USSR', makes for a cracking start to the album, but his most obvious personal triumph was and still is the incendiary 'Helter Skelter' - an attempt to go one louder after seeing the impact Cream and Jimi Hendrix were having on audiences in swinging London. It still sounds amazingly fresh - anyone who saw his performance of the song while headlining the Pyramid Stage at Glastonbury in 2004 will attest to that.

Let's not get started about the influence all these songs had and continue to have on almost every band in history ever because, frankly, we won't have enough space in this magazine. And to think at this point The Beatles were a fragmented mess, the making of this record contributing to the downward spiral that would lead to their break-up in 1970. No band, no matter how big, would be allowed to get away with releasing a record like this today. Or be allowed to have a sleeve like that. It's all a self-indulgent mess, but what a glorious mess. Too long? Shut up, it's 'The White Album'.

YELLOW SUBMINE

From silly children's songs to their deepest, darkest forays into LSD-drenched experimentation. For **Anthony Thornton**, the further out the Fabs go, the better

he Beatles' 'Yellow Submarine' album
has always been perceived as the runt
of an otherwise near perfect litter. The
soundtrack to the classic animated film
where the moptops battle the Blue
Meanies has been treated in a desultory
way by critics and even The Beatles themselves.

The Fab Four may have been at pains, either through contractual inertia or indolence, to leave their recorded legacy alone, but even they managed to mess with this one, putting out 'Yellow Submarine Songtrack' in 1999 In fact, in so little regard was the original held that it was treated without mercy. First, EMI expunged the half of the album comprising George Martin's seven elegantly maudlin and inventive instrumentals. Then it was subjected to the turn of the millennium's sonic fashion: a mauling that set everything at ear-splitting volume and killed nuance in favour of a blustering mix for the bass-boost masses. They treated the album as though it were by an XFactor contestant.

So no-one loves 'Yellow Submarine', not least because the title song and 'All You Need Is Love' had already appeared elsewhere. Yet it actually contains some of their most mind-blowing compositions (in both the 1967 and 2009 senses of the word).

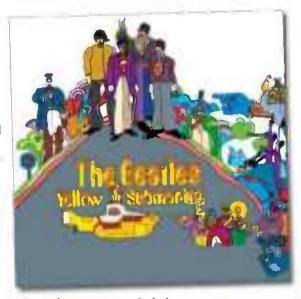
Chief among these are the George Harrison songs. Left over from the 'Sgt Pepper's...' sessions, 'It's All Too Much' is a sonic psychedelic tower of feedback, handclaps, organ and unbridled proto-metal riffing.

The acid-soaked excesses of its lyrics aside, with distance it's clear that the overblown psych nugget effectively captures the sensation of a headlong love rush far more effectively

Contained within are some of their most mind-blowing songs

BEATE ore magazines

than the faxed-in E dance anthems of the last 20 years Harrison's other contribution, 'Only A Northern Song', is an uncharacteristic expression of boiling emotions every bit as visceral as the Manics at their most morbid or The Libertines' 'Can't Stand Me Now'. But where The Libertines nakedly express their emotions, Harrison attempts to demolish The Beatles' songwriting mythology brick-by-brick. It's chiefly an invective against the tyranny of living under the yoke of Lennon/McCartney's Northern Songs publishing company ("It doesn't really matter what chords Iplay. it's only a Northern song") So it's not so much a song as an exercise in self-immolation to a



sinister beat. Staggeringly dark, it essays its contrariness as the song unfolds ("You may think the chords are going wrong/But they're not/He just wrote it like that", "If you think the harmony/Is a little dark and out of key/You're correct..."). If it was released by a band now it would, like Eminem's 'Stan' or PiL's 'This Is Not A Love Song', be labelled by critics as a triumph of post-modernist pop poetry, back then it was just one

more bauble of head-melting acid-rock. George was howling, but they thought he was just a pothead

Perhaps the centrepiece.

centrepiece, though, is Lennon and McCartney's

'Hey Bulldog'. Written and recorded while recording a promo film for 'Lady Madonna', it bounces with a grooviness uncommon to The Beatles, who throughout their career were more in thrall to melody. Aside from a brilliant riff and infectious rolling piano, it's crowned by an outro of spoken nonsense and dog impersonations, showing that even when they were messing about they produced music the equal of any other major artists' best work. Even

McCartney's 'All Together Now', while no 'Penny Lane', has a refreshing faux naïve charm. Beatles aside, George Martin's

And also...

The flipside to the single that would signal the start of The Beatles decline...



A searing declaration of love for Yoko Ono, this Lennon song, much like its A-side 'Get Back' was lifted significantly

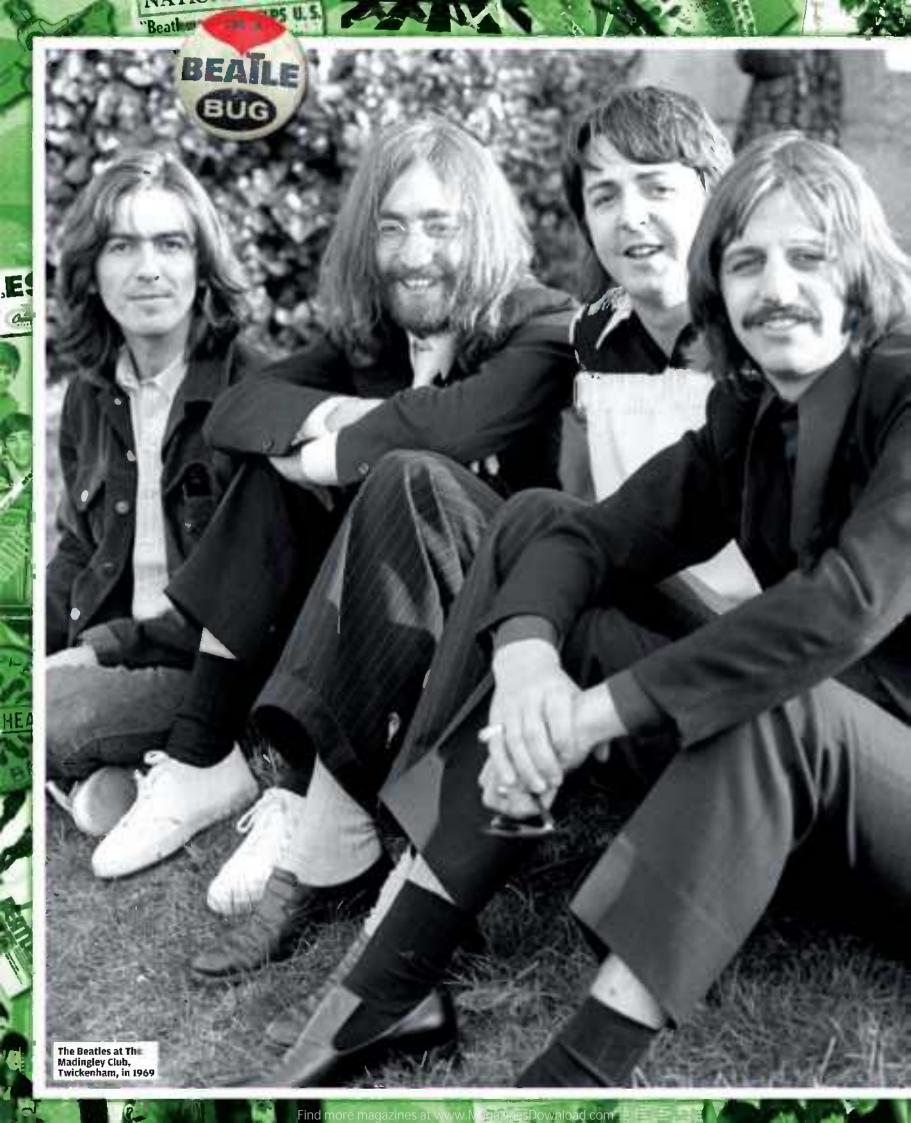
by the organ-playing of Billy Preston. It's one of the finest Lennon songs from this period, his passion regularly exploding into screams and Macca providing some powerful but not overbearing backing vocals. It was performed twice at The Beatles' famous rooftop concert in January 1969 and during it you can see John and Paul exchanging gleeful smiles, just as they must have done all those years previously in Hamburg.

instrumental reworking of the title track ('Yellow Submarine In Pepperland') is an unheralded classic. It's at turns full of joy – like sunlight trapped in your speakers – and introverted nostalgia, giving a new emotional depth that was never quite captured on the original. Ringo did, after all, paw the melody with the guileless enthusiasm of a pissed uncle at a wedding chatting up a bridesmaid.

'Yellow Submarine', warts and all, is testament to how The Beatles, even when in offhand and offcuts mode, could deliver brilliance across a vast range of emotions. In the last 40 years perhaps only Radiohead and Oasis have managed the same trick when not trying. It would be fitting, therefore, if the soundtrack had earned enough kudos to be left quietly to accumulate the laurels it deserves. That's not to be, however. Unfortunately, the film is about to be re-made in 3D with computer animation in time for a release in 2012. And given the low regard the album is held in we'll see, without doubt, a massively hyped 'updated' version released.

Prepare yourself for a grime re-imagining of the soundtrack by Mark Ronson with a guest duet by Miley Cyrus and the Jonas Brothers. So it won't, after all, be the Blue Meanies who crush Pepperland, but the massed 3D computer drone forces of Disney and Robert Zemeckis, Suddenly that 1999 album doesn't seem so bad.

REMASTERED VERSIONS OF THE JAND ALSO...' TRACKE FEATURE ON THE 'PAST MASTERS' COMPILATI





ROAD

Over that crossing and into the future they walked. **Tim Chester** marvels at one final upping of the ante

f all The Beatles' impeccable catalogue, with the exception perhaps of 'Sgt Pepper's...', there's no album as ensconced in myth and symbolism as 'Abbey Road'. An LP, a studio, a zebra crossing, a graffiti-clad wailing wall for a world full of Beatlemaniacs, a badge of credibility for a string of artists since, those two words have become – like it or not – a brand.

The black and white crossing even has its own 24/7 webcam, and suffers the brunt of millions of footsteps every year (including mine with three friends many years ago), even though it's been moved from its 1969 location. Those six white paint strips have been used and exploited, we can probably safely say, more than any other pedestrian feature before or since.

The traffic of Abbey Road, London NW8, has been stopped by naked Chili Peppers, Jerry Seinfeld and the cast of *The Young Ones*. The crossing's featured in *The Simpsons* and *The Powerpuff Girls*. Even SpongeBob SquarePants has hauled his square ass across the quiet street. And if you're lucky enough to get inside Studio Two itself, where The Beatles recorded 90 per cent of their material, it makes you feel like a pilgrim in Mecca, ready to drop to your knees and praise the gods of rock'n'roll.

But strip back all the extraneous stuff and what are we left with from the last album. The Beatles ever recorded? Their most coherent, not coherent enough, the band at the top of their game,

They threw in all they'd learned over the previous decade

the band evidently ruptured and barely holding it together – it's been reviewed and reappraised infinite times. Let's just say it's up there- 12 million sales, 17 weeks on the top spot broken only by 'Let It Bleed' for one week, many fans' favourite.

Maybe it's best judged by its 'worst' tracks. Well, even the iffy numbers display a depth and charm lacking in numerous records made



since. Case in point: 'Maxwell's Silver Hammer'. Lennon dismissed it as "granny music" and Ringo moaned, "It was the worst track we ever had to record" Despite that, it's still a masterclass in wrapping dark

lyricism into jovial musicianship, and featured Ringo playing an anvil. Another: 'Octopus's Garden'. Ringo's bedtime story voice, the happily plodding bass, Harrison's flying guitar—it's

pop perfection. And that's before you get into the studio trickery: the running guitars through compressors, the blowing through straws, the astonishing 32 takes they took until they were happy. And this for what was essentially a kids' song.

Good vibes, destroyed completely by 'I Want You (She's So Heavy)'. It's still the darkest piece of unrequited love ever committed to

And also...

Only John Lennon and Paul McCartney play on the last ever non-album Beatles single



THE BALLAD OF JOHN AND YOKO/OLD BROWN SHOE

Lennon once claimed songs should be like newspapers, and this was certainly that: wittily

(and accurately) documenting his attempts to wed Yoko. Macca plays both bass and drums on it, as only he was around at the time. The flip is a much-underrated Harrison boogle.

tape, replete with death-heavy guitars, early use of a Moog and some truly twisted keyboard lines from Billy Preston. Heavy metal music when the genre was still in a stroller, it cuts off midway through a bar at 7.47. End of part one. It's time to sweep your nerves off the floor, and stitch them back together for the flipside.

'Here Comes The Sun', composed in Clapton's back garden, is one of the sweetest and most optimistic pieces of music ever, and a complete contrast to the previous track – evidence of the almost lost art of a well-structured, seamless album.

Indeed it's hard to think of a more coherent suite of popular music than the medley on side two, without poking around in prog's contrived conceptualism. The foursome knew this was it and they threw in everything they'd learned over the previous decade. 'Mean Mr Mustard', 'Polythene Pam', 'She Came In Through The Bathroom Window' – each track clocks in at just over a minute and cuts its predecessor unfairly short. It's a taster menu for everything that's gone before, and a glimpse at what they still had in them

'Abbey Road' was the only Beatles album recorded onto eight-track (the rest only on four) The mind is kind of obliged to boggle at the thought of what they could achieve in 2009.

And so with the album drawing to a close (and no time to wax lyrical over 'Come Together', 'Oh! Darling' or 'Something') we turn the sleeve back to the cover photo. The foursome marching from left to right on August 8, 1969, shortly before the final sessions finished, off into an unknown future.

Prescient medley closer "The End' rings out, a frantic and fitting swansong replete with a solo from each, including a drum solo from Ringo at long, long last. The last track they recorded together and – if you exclude quasi-hidden track. "Her Majesty" – "Abbey Road"s closer, it leaves us with the kind of timeless epigram only The Beatles could throw out: "And in the end, the love you take is equal to the love you make".

It became their epitaph, but Louis Pattison wonders if these rancour-ridden recordings are really a polished turd, or whether there is wisdom in their words

et's start with a bit of context. When NME's Alan Smith reviewed 'Let It Be' back in 1970 he wrote, "If the new Beatles soundtrack is to be their last then it will stand as a cheapskate epitaph, a cardboard tombstone, a sad and tatty end to a musical fusion which wiped clean and drew again the face of pop "Which probably sounds like a harsh appraisal but then, as John Lennon himself said of Phil Spector, the producer given the job of sifting through some of the most frustrating and rancour ridden recording sessions of The Beatles' career and piecing together a soundtrack album out of it: "He was given the shittiest load of badly recorded shit with a lousy feeling to it ever - and he made something out of it." With this in mind, then, there's the worry that

reappraising 'Let It Be' is a little bit like answering the question 'Exactly how well can you polish a turd?' As no-one will tire of telling you, The Beatles were one of the most talented, innovative and (particularly important, this last one) charismatic British pop groups of, y'know, all eternity. But if this record teaches us anything, it's that even superhumanly great groups are subject to the sorts of ridiculous feats of internal bickering, creative stagnation and self-sabotaging recriminations that occur when musicians, be they glittering virtuoso or total nobodies, get their ego on.

And yet... playing it start to finish right now, it's hard to deny that 'Let It Be' remains a great, if flawed,

record It lacks the fearless forward thinking that powered The Beatles' mid-period work 'The Long And Winding Road' and the ragged rockabilly of 'One After 909' more

Their last album may be a flawed record, but it's also a great one

than give the impression of a band looking over their shoulder to see how far they've come. In the context of the time, it's easy to see why that might have felt like capitulation As a cap on a career, though, it's cut quite neatly: a bit of nostalgia, a bit of raw rock'n'roll and a couple of the greatest songs the band ever recorded.

To understand why 'Let It Be' is how it is, it's important to understand how it came to be. It grew out of an idea mooted by Paul McCartney to shelve the overdubs and studio trickery and get the formerly Fab Four playing as a live band again, with the results documented on film and released as a multi-media extravaganza. The sessions were a disaster, though, mired in apathy and passive aggression, and the recordings sat in limbo until they found their way



into the hands of Phil Spector, girl-group production pioneer and architect of the 'Wall Of Sound'. Spector's radical reworking of the tapes remains controversial not for nothing did they release a 'Let It Be... Naked' that stripped away his contributions a few years back. Lennon was right, though: Spector not only made this record exist at all, but his contribution has created an album that sounds different from anything else in the

> band's catalogue. What's initially striking today is that how little of it sounds like The Beatles - or more accurately, any of the images of The Beatles that have seeped into

our popular culture: the loveable mop-tops, the schizophrenic 'White Album' experimentalists, the music hall entertainers - on acid! 'Two Of Us' is wonderful in its simplicity, a folksy Lennon and McCartney duet on acoustic guitar and a thunking Ringo backbeat. 'I've Got A Feeling' is raw-knuckle blues that's lean and stodge-free. And 'Get Back', the last song on the last ever Beatles album, is a galloping rocker that sounds nothing like the work of a band on their last legs.

There's a fair bit of filler, of course -'Maggie Mae' and 'Dig It' are little more than throwaway interludes. And there are missteps here and there, chiefly, 'The Long

And also...

The greatest pop group in history end their recording career on a suitably stupid note



ACROSS THE UNIVERSE

A different version of this beautiful Lennon song was released on a Spike Milligan charity album for the World

Wildlife Fund in 1969, the only difference being some bird noises in the background. Needless to say, they neither hamper nor enhance the fragility on display here.



YOU KNOW MY NAME (LOOK UP THE NUMBER)

'Let It Be' would have been a slightly teary end to The Beatles on record - fortunately.

the flip of their last ever single was so stupid as to make 'Yellow Submarine' sound like 'I Want You (She's So Heavy)' by comparison. Essentially the same verse repeated over and over again in a number of different comedy styles, replete with comedy vocals on top. It's the sound of the most important band in the world ever treating the position of being in the most important band in the world ever with the contempt that it probably deserves, and the sound of a band falling apart having one final knees up together. Of particular note is the bit where it goes all lounge-jazz and John starts essentially grumbling in French. Among all the things The Beatles invented, add Vic Reeves' club singer.

And Winding Road', wherein Spector drenches McCartney's already slightly schmaltzy lyric in Hollywood strings and a choir, like a man who sugar-glazes an ice cream But the peaks are more than worth waiting for - specifically, Lennon's 'Across The Universe' and McCartney's 'Let It Be', two songs that function like a snapshot of their makers' personal, spiritual philosophy. Revolving around the Buddhist chant "jai guru deva om", 'Across The Universe' is brain-expanded folk that potholes in black holes and surfs big dippers, but somehow retains the crisp, clear-headed feeling of a great high. 'Let It Be', meanwhile, is just perfect; a song to Paul's deceased mother - "Mother Mary" steeped in religious overtones, that functions as a sort of a valedictory farewell, laying The Beatles' name to rest for good

'Let It Be', the album, is not a masterpiece. It might even be their weakest. But even on a bad day, The Beatles beat your year. Looks like that

turd polishes up pretty well.







DEATLES AT LES









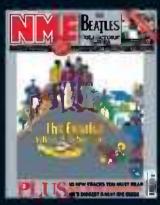


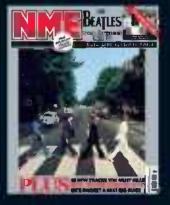














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It's that time of year again: Jack Daniel's birthday. And as ever, the Birthday JD Set in London will be amazing

ack Daniel's month-long birthday sherantzans continue apace this week and the world's most famous distiller recently announced a very special guest for his Birthday JD Set party in London on October 8.

SEPTEMBER IS

The one and only Mr Carl Barât has RSVPed and will be making his first musical appearance for a while playing exclusive tracks at the event to celebrate what would have been the master distiller's 159th birthday. As a founding member of The Libertines and of course frontman of Dirty Pretty Things, Carl has been at the forefront of the country's best music for half a decade now. He's set to bring the rock'n'roll attitude to the party and we're sure Mr Jack would approve.

Alongside some other famous names, Carl will be performing a series of solos, duets and collaborations with the specially assembled New Silver Cornet Band, a collection of über-talented artists from Nashville gathered in homage to Mr Jack's original 'Silver Cornet Band' formed back in 1892. Made up of towns folk and distillery workers their job was to draw the crowds to Lynchburg, Tennessee and bring peopl together to share great music. These days we've moved on from Mr Jack's band to The JD Set.

If you were lucky enough to see in endary Pixies , frontman Frank Black at 2006's Birthday JD Set, you'll

know this will be an unmissable experience. Alongside Richard Hawley and Elbow's Guy Garvey, who did a phenomenal cover of Bob Dylan's 'Lay Lady Lay', Succe thrilled the crowd by playing an extensive set bursting with Pixies classics and

his own solo material, including a '50s surf version of fan-favourite 'Wave OF Mutilation'. Not only that, but at the end of his set he invited Garvey and Hawley up onstage to perform 'Cactus' – and it was truly stunning. But if you weren't there, you can catch all the action online at www.theidset.co.uk.
You too could be at the Birthday JD Set with Carl Baration on October 8. Just tune in to NME Radio's Drive show

from 3pm on weekdays or head over to www.theidset.
co.uk to be in with a chance of winning tickets to this
invite-only event. And even if you don't, be sure to
raise a glass of JD to the birthday boy.

drinkaware co uk







MUSE
THE RESISTANCE
(WARNER)

6

There is of course no lack of stupidity and scale, but beneath all of that? Well...

reetings, citizen of Eurasia, resident of colony GBv6.o.
Please state serial code and expiry date to any hovering micromonitor and proceed to Aquadome for daily cleansing. The State reminds all citizens to keep their ResUmts appropriately free of contraband; more pertinently, any citizen harbouring the works of the known fugitive gang referred to as Muse will be re-educated. And the State will again reiterate its commitment to the eradication of emotion: in Eurasia, to love is to die.

And that's just it, dear citizen, that's the point of Muse's barmy, overblown, often hilarious, sometimes stunning fifth record. Actually, 'opus' is more apt: by now you'll know about the grand themes of state control, unjust war and marauding Thought Police, maybe you took part in the treasure hunt that stretched from Dubai to New York, and you'll certainly know there's something on this record that's 15 minutes long and called 'Exogenesis Symphony', But beneath the bombast lies Muse's most coherent and focused record yet, a treatise on the ineffable power of love. But it sure takes a while to get there. Muse have always been ambitious,

but 'United States Of Eurasia' pushes the envelope clean off this sphere of existence: it's like 'Bohemian Rhapsody' crossed with the anthem of an entire planet, all hoofed up with ultrasteroids. strings and guitars that zoom like spaceships. It's deliriously unhinged, shamelessly grandiose and, best of all, superb. And, as the chorus-line hamming twinkles into a borrowed Chopin nocturne, the scope changes to something graceful, tonally redolent of 'Citizen Erased' in parts, and Muse remind us why we loved them so much in the first place: because when they go unapologetically batshit insane they're untouchable. And it's a shame there's not more like it. 'Uprising' and 'Guiding Light', for example, are just myriad ideas thrown at a wall and expected to stick.

Lyrically, the album's a love letter from 1984's Winston Smith to Julia, or rather Bellamy to his fiancée. "Love is our resistance" goes 'Resistance' (surprisingly), and the abiding message is that forbidden romance against the odds will, even in this dystopia, triumph. The controlling-state leitmotif gets tired quickly, what with all the bollocks about Thought Police and such, but the references to "my guiding lightning bolt"

suggest that behind the musical lunacy is just a guy in love with a beautiful woman. Perhaps because this is the first time he's opened himself up emotionally Bellamy felt the need to cloak his feelings in metaphor, and, once past the overcooked imagery, 'The Resistance' feels resolutely human throughout.

Chris Wolstenholme's bass doodles in 'Resistance' and the barrage of Dom Howard's drums in 'Guiding Light' add texture to otherwise garishly bright canvases, even though the latter feels like Muse on autopilot save an atomic solo ripped straight from the Van Halen school of subtlety. 'MK Ultra', too, could be any B-side from the last couple of albums. 'Unnatural Selection', on the other hand, is another that makes no bones about its craziness and is all the stronger for it; heralded by a massive organ and guided by a typically frenetic Bellamy riff, it's boiling and brilliant. But such supernovae of genius are all too rare, as much of 'The Resistance' is predictable in its insanity. Maybe they've painted themselves into a corner - now we expect billion-piece string sections and falsetto rock-lord histrionics and backing vocals performed by a holy choir of visiting angels and acrobatic guitars powered by NASA and obelisk drums and and and and - so the schlock of the new has been lost. So when, on 'Undisclosed Desires' and the terrible 'I Belong To You', they try to reignite the low-down R&B of 'Supermassive Black Hole', it backfires. The former sounds like something Timbaland might find down the back of his mixing desk and the latter is a sleazy romp with an ill-advised section where Bellamy sings in French. And then, when it can't get any more laughable: clarinet solo. It's times like this that 'The Resistance' isn't much of an album, more a prayer to the prog gods plodding around Rick Wakeman's subconscious after a heavy night playing wizard.

Speaking of which, it's time to talk 'Exogenesis Symphony'. Comprising 'Overture', 'Cross Pollination' and 'Redemption', slapped at the end it feels like a concession rather than a dramatic centrepiece. Having rattled around Bellamy's mind for years and dealing with nothing so weighty as, y'know, life on Earth having its roots in the stars and humans taking an exodus from the planet to repopulate another world (obviouly), it's almost unbearably pretentious. For all the bluster, it's far too reliant on Bellamy's string arrangements (an astonishing achievement, yes, but not as accomplished as his work on the ivories and fretboard; the next album will be a killer, though) rather than the symphonic peaks and troughs the trio themselves are capable of creating

It's symptomatic of 'The Resistance' as a whole: conceptually impressive but musically all too familiar. And while not their best, it's decent enough to ensure there'll be more – even though the truly off-the-wall moments are either rare or misguided, meaning the record feels slightly anonymous. So next time, guys, can you just go nuts? Ben Patashnik

DOWNLOAD: 1) 'United States Of Eurasia' 2) 'Unnatural Selection' 3) 'Resistance'



HEY FRIEND! WHAT YOU DOING? (DESTINE)



The word on PENS - at least, if you're an overserious fretboard-watcher with a deep-seated suspicion of women in

bands - is that they're a hipster joke, more fluff than substance, a girl band that only get gigs because they look cute and not because they can, y'know, play. If that describes you, the news that PENS signed to an US imprint known for its top-drawer scuzz-pop is probably making you blue in the face. But maybe they just know a good thing when they hear it. 'Hey Friend! What You Doing?' mines a similar seam to Stateside cousins Times New Viking, forcing buzzy organ, skinny guitar and rascally tales through amps that sound rather too sucky to take the strain... but of course, that's precisely the point. Louis Pattison DOWNLOAD: 'High In The Cinema'

THE VICTORIAN ENGLISH **GENTLEMENS CLUB**



LOVE ON AN OIL RIG (THIS IS FAKE DIV)



These past few weeks. shock blonde VEG Club frontman Adam Taylor has been spouting off to fans about how much he hates

the Cardiff band's 2006 self-titled album. Which is a bit harsh - in 'My Son Spells Backwards' it had one of the best punky-funky should-have-been-hits around. Still, he'll be much happier with 'Love On An Oil Rig' - on which he and his spiky four-piece (two girls and two guys following drummer Emma Daman's departure) harness clattery Fall-esque drum tumbles ('Parrot'), Slits-y female backing yelps ('Bored in Belgium') and in epically swirly closer 'I Say What I See' boast one of the best songs driven only by a girl tunefully whooping "Awoo!" repeatedly ever. Good enough for you, Adam? Jamie Fullerton DOWNLOAD: 'Pull The House Down'

STRICKEN CITY SONGS ABOUT PEOPLE I KNOW





If this was the early '80s Stricken City would be labelmates of Orange Juice, as this mini-album features eight of the

prettiest, shambling C86-style pop nuggets since the Postcard era. Intentionally angular and amateurish, 'Pull The House Down', 'Five Metres Apart' and 'Killing Time' offer skittish, playful guitar fines, fidgety bass and one-finger keyboards, all deliciously cut with Rebekah Raa's striking, spectral chirrup, which is more than a little reminiscent of Sugarcubes-era Björk. With gawky, naive charm in abundance. this will be an album to make many a student sigh dreamily as they lovingly รู scrawl I Heart Stricken เหมู เก pencil cases in Tippex. Tessa i DOWNLOAD: "I Say What I See" scrawl I Heart Stricken City onto their pencil cases in Tippex. Tessa Harris





THE BIG PINK A BRIEF HISTORY OF LOVE (4AD)

Debut from the scenesters du jour drips with distortion, anthems and... soul

Brief History Of Love'? That's a big undertaking. Love's infinite and sublime vicissitudes have proved a draw for creative sorts since time immemorial, its landscape mapped by every artist who ever felt the rush of oxytocin to the brain's prefrontal cortex. Not that Robbie Furze and Milo Cordell are daunted. This year's recipients of the Philip Hall Radar Award, they've crafted a sound that could variously be described as 'big' and 'fuck-off massive'. This is evident from the first minute of their debut, when 'Crystal Visions" ambient atmosphere of chiming guitars is exploded in a wave of gristly feedback and droning vocal - if anyone's got the scale to 'do love', then it's probably them.

They may have named themselves after an album by The Band, but their influences lie closer to home, with the spectre of The Jesus And Mary Chain casting a shadow over the record like a smack dealer at a house party. You can see it in the press shots, leather of jacket and red of eye, you can hear it in the casual nihilism of their lyrics (sample: "We're better off dead" Furze sings over and over again on 'Count Backwards From Ten'). But most of all, you can hear

it in the music, when these guys aren't thinking about love they're thinking about effects pedals. Single 'Dominos' sees them taking casual heartlessness to new levels over a bank of guitars that the Reid brothers would have given their Wayfarers for.

However, on repeated listens the broad strokes of shoegaze peel away to reveal muscular subtleties. There may be shades of lad-rock in Furze's inebriated croon, but it's Milo Cordell's history as honcho of Merok Records - the achingly hip early adopter of music by Klaxons and Crystal Castles - that gives a truer indication of the progressive electronic leanings at play. 'Tonight' is saved from baggy anonymity by a shower of 8-bit bleeps and a sandblast of distortion more suited to HEALTH than The High, while 'Velvet''s stadium-shaped indie is given character by the digitised twangs and metallic, Autechre-style percussion. Listen to 'Golden Pendulum''s two-step syncopation and call these boys retrofetishists, we dare you. Indeed, The Big Pink never sacrifice their anthemic properties for cerebral navel-gazing. Like My Bloody Valentine's 'Loveless', this is an album created from a sensual palette of sound, with the emotional

resonances deriving from the method of its construction.

Yet, for all the bluster, the album's most satisfying moment comes when the boys drop things down a gear and call in vocalist Valentine Fillol Cordier for the woozy title track, a song that captures that heart-crushing feeling of a night-long talk followed by a break-up at dawn. Among the sea of distortion and skewed emotion that characterises 'A Brief History Of Love', it's a moment of clarity that grabs you by the aorta and forces you to feel. It's this ability that makes The Big Pink so special for, beneath the dissonance, the artful posturing and the pop hooks is something far more enduring: these guys have got a soul and they're not afraid to bare it. Louise Brailey

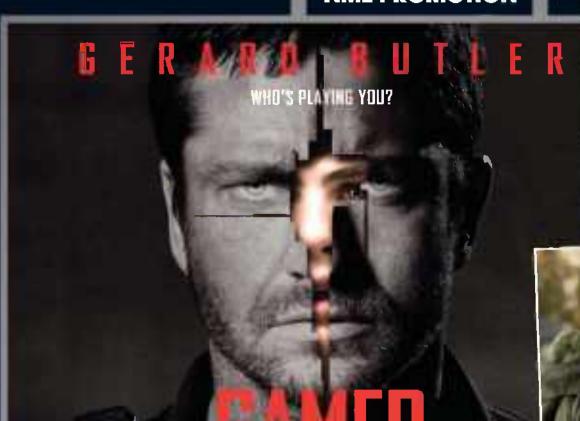
DOWNLOAD: 1) 'A Brief History Of Love' 2) 'Crystal Visions' 3) 'Velvet'

DID YOU KNOW? The album artwork, as well as that

for all the singles, was done by legendary 4AD sleeve artist Vaughan Oliver, responsible for classic sleeves by The Breeders and Pixies

Watch an exclusive interview with The Big Pink backstage at Leeds Festival at NME.COM/video

NME PROMOTION







IT'S ALL IN THE

An awesome new film is coming out starring Gerard Butler that blurs the boundaries between reality and fantasy...

f you've ever wanted to control the mind of your favourite rock star, well... um... that's a bit worrying really. Thankfully, this technology isn't yet available, and is only a fantasy for the kind of people who responded affirmative to our opening question...

Still, you might be interested in knowing about the exciting new film Gamer, starring 300's Gerard Butler, a non-stop action thriller set in the near future, in a time when mind-control technology has taken society by storm. In the film, humans control other humans in a mass-scale, multiplayer online game. The

plot goes thus: reclusive billionaire Ken Castle (Dexter's Michael C Hall) has created the controversial form of entertainment, Slayers, a savage, ultraviolent reality game which takes place on a multiplayer battlefield. Gaming has evolved into a terrifying new dimension... mind control... manipulation... people playing people!

At the centre of the film is Kable (Butler), the superstar and cult hero of Slayers. Kable is controlled by Simon, a young gamer with rock star status who continues to defy all odds by guiding Kable to victory each week. Taken from his family, imprisoned and

forced to fight against his will, the modern-day gladiator must survive long enough to escape the game to free his family, regain his identity and to save mankind from Castle's ruthless technology.

All of which makes the movie Gamer the XBOX generations own take on classic Man Vs The Man movies like *The Running Man* and *Total Recall* and the exciting point where gaming and movies align. Until someone invents a way to get inside the brain of Johnny Borrell for the day, it more than works for us...

IN CINEMAS SEPTEMBER 16



STOUPLLE AND LINES CATEFOLDS (IC. A)

LEMONADE LEMONADE (SUNDAY REST)





Emigrating from West Coast to East, Rob Da Bank's latest signings are the cowbell-clacking nexus between Cisco's

free-mindedness and a Williamsburg party that shakes rump to the sound of twitchy DFA electro, PiL and their dubby punk-funk peers and the Balearic renaissance - especially so on the armsaloft 'Bliss Out'. If all that sounds messy on paper, the audio version is equally (agreeably) batty, bursting at the seams on the Oud-assisted 'Nasifon' and scaring us off our shimmy on the skunkrock of 'Unreal', during which Callan Clendenin channels the quiver of John Lydon. But for all these experiments, the simple, thrilling point of it all is hedonism on a scale not seen since !!! hit their punk-house stride. Chris Parkin DOWNLOAD: 'Bliss Out'

THOMAS DYBDAHL THOMAS DYBDAHL (LASTSUPPA)





Norway's answer to Nick Drake, Thomas Dybdahl has established himself as the prodigal son of the Scandinavian folk-rock

scene, with four albums to his credit. A round-up of previous cuts, this is his first UK offering. Lubricated by a voice fit to make tyrants teary, 'All's Not Lost' is heart-wrenching folk delivered with beguiling whispers redolent of Tim Buckley, while 'I Need Love Baby, Love, Not Trouble' is a dark affair, with sinister lyric "I'll cut you up and leave you dying" sounding like the crazed thoughts of a red-misted lover. Not all songs hit the spot, mind; 'Cecilia' and 'One Day You'll Dance For Me, New York City' are forgettable. However, the best bits are stripped-down and sprawledout stargazing music. Sam Rowe DOWNLOAD: 'All's Not Lost'

PERE UBU "LONG LIVE PERE LIBU!" (COOKING VINYL)



David Thomas and his ever-changing band of Cleveland cult heroes have always pushed sonic boundaries, from 1978's

classic debut 'The Modern Dance' onwards. This 16th album is inspired by tibu Roi, the absurdist play that gave the band their name. During its recording Thomas got into character, refused to speak to anyone else in the band and began referring to himself as 'Mr Ubu'. If there was real madness behind his Method, then this album is living proof; it's absolutely bonkers and definitely not the place to start with Mr Ubu and co (go for 'Dub Housing' or 'New Picnic Time'). However, if you can get past the pantomime dame vocals of Sarah Jane Morris then tracks such as 'Watching The Pigeons' still rock the avant garage. Nathaniel Cramp DOWNLOAD: 'Watching The Pigeons'

THOUGHT FORMS THOUGHT FORMS (INVADA)





Explaining why he signed them, Portishead's Geoff **Barrow said that Thought** Forms' appeal lay in the fact they preferred to gaze

at their shoes rather than in the mirror. Unfair perhaps, yet you can't doubt their substance. Hazy atmospherics, grungy guitars and eerie ambience: My Bloody Valentine's ear-shattering shadow looms far too heavily to make it uniquely exceptional. That shouldn't. however, mar perceptions of its finer, more destructive moments. From the beefy 'Mr Steve Has Eaten Your Dog' to 'David, 18"s climax of rampaging roars, it's at its most visceral that this debut truly swaggers with the confidence of a band that could look up from its shoes and grab you, screaming, by the throat. Stephen Kelly DOWNLOAD: 'David. 18'

ZOOT WOMAN



The 'witty' play-on-words title made us heave. But on this third album the electroclash survivors are at their most impressive

yet; combining rip-your-heart-out lyrics with instantly singable melodies and frosty synths, all tinged with the occasional flurry of strings and disco riffs. But it's when they go properly bonkers that things get really interesting: 'Lust Forever' is a bizarrely crunchy nod to 'Supermassive Black Hole', the title track is techno with a sinister twist and 'Witness'? Well, that sounds like a chorus of deranged dentist drills. This is a masterclass in modern electronic music, finessed by innovation and emotional depth. Frankmusik, is that you taking notes? 'Cause you damn well should be. Camilia Pia DOWNLOAD: 'Memory'

TYONDAI BRAXTON CENTRAL MARKET (WARP)





The son of a pioneering free-jazz musician, and a former scholar of composition, Tyondai **Braxton's prodigious**

talent only came to be broadly recognised when Battles lit up every festival a couple of years back. While that band fine-tune their next album, **Braxton continues to push personal** envelopes: 'Central Market' finds him linking with the Wordless Music Orchestra to create his first work with a classical ensemble. As much as this clearly betrays a wish to operate outside Battles' confines, it shares a primary-coloured playfulness and a near-constant avoidance of anything dry or 'challenging'. Its most obvious recourse to 'rock', the grungey vocals on 'J City', are the only black mark against 'Central Market'. in fact. Noel Gardner DOWNLOAD: 'Platinum Rows'







AMANDA BLANK I LOVE YOU (DOWNTOWN)

Filthy Philly rapstress ropes in famous mates, but falls short of rap superstardom

ith Lil' Kim last seen on Dancing With The Stars, rap retiree Roxanne Shante turning psychologist and Foxy Brown making more court than chart appearances, old-school female rap had long been croaking out for a new class when it finally checked in last year. Hoping to join the new queen bees. club-tunes maestro Kid Sister and Ed Banger baby Uffie, is Amanda Blank.

You might not remember her previous work, which includes the line, "I got you riding my jock... I keep it dirty, not like Fergie/Ain't the Black Eyed Peas" on Spank Rock's 'Bump', and appearing in Bangers And Cash's 'Loose' video, in which she squats on a toilet, lobbing obscenities at naked girls. After several years of similar gross-out guest spots and rolling on and offstage with her Philadelphia homies Santigold, Diplo and Spank Rock, Blank has finally released a full-length.

Or rather half-length, for 'I Love You' is deep-filled with input from her glitzy affiliates. 'A Love Song' nabs Santigold's 'I'm A Lady' chorus and creamily mashes it with a cheesed-down version of LL Cool J's '80s ballad, 'I Need Love'. Romeo Void's minor hit 'Never Say Never' also gets a dusting off in single 'Might Like You Better', now writhing with Trina-type porno lyrics about flashing and horny cats. Plumping this and 'Something Bigger, Something Better' up is Diplo, XXXChange (Spank

Rock) and Switch's three-pronged production. It's all undeniably fun, but the sounds and influences of both dustbiting and still-current hip-hop legends are visibly busting out of Blank's swagbag. She is, however, the first to admit this in 'Lemme Get Some': "I'm Beyoncé, independent woman, handle that"

Though she redeems herself slightly for flicking this coin into the honesty box, Blank's best moments come when she twinkles alone. Aided by the cooling echoes of Lykke Li, she finally drops the sexed-up lines, in-your-face rapping and heavy breathing in 'Leaving You Behind' and we catch a glimpse of the raw deal. It's a beautiful sight and, although we don't love her just yet, if she stays in this undraped state we might really quite lust her. Camille Augarde

DOWNLOAD: 1) 'Leaving You Behind' 2) 'Might Like You Better' 3) 'Lemme Get Some'

DID YOU KNOW?

Blank is also part of performance art group Sweatheart. Check them out at www.myspace.com/sweatheartsweat



Head to NME.COM/video to view 'Might Like You Better'



THE MERCURY PRIZE NOMINATED ALBUM





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SHORI SEIS

TUBELORD
MADAME JOJO'S,
LONDON, 01/09/09

Contrary to popular belief. Tubelord aren't a band at all. They're musowizards who tonight turn head-spinning tempo changes, twinkly bits that sound like stars winking from the sky and thudding chords into colossal pop. 'Your Bed Is Kind Of Frightening and a skewed, crisp 'Somewhere Out There A Dog Is On Fire' are confusing, thrilling and tea ing all at once, turning corners seemingly at random but staying almost heroically catchy. And in 'Night Of The Pencils' they are approaching a real anthem; "We're bigger than Memphis" howls Joe Prendergast, and soon they will be. Can't wait. Ben Patashnik

MAGAZINE ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL LONDON, 01/09/09

"I am angry, I am ill. and I'm as ugly as sin", growls Howard Devoto as the genteel RFH plays host to the foul emotions of 'The Soap Show: Episode 2009'. Following stunning reformation gigs one of the most thrilling bands of the post-punk era tonight draw mostly from their third and maybe finest album 'The Correct Use Of Soap'. That means massive, malicious tunes such as 'Philadelphia' land 'A Song From Under The Floorboards'. source of that selfdeprecating lyric. "I'm proud as hell of that!" continues Devoto, and who can blame him? Michael Chapman



His official solo debut it may be, but Julian isn't firing on all cylinders

t's beyond us why Julian Casablancas would waste a golden opportunity like this: when someone asks you, Jules, where you want to make your official solo performance debut, you say 'Casablanca'. Not bleeding Tokyo. Of all the venues, in all the towns, in all the world, why here? No offence to the world's most futuristic city or anything: perhaps he saw it as a chance to test material from 'Phrazes For The Young' in front of a loyal and forgiving audience, some 7,000 miles from home? Is it because the man just seriously can't get enough sushi? Or is the real purpose of his trip the star-studded private party he played for fat-walleted fashion brand Opening Ceremony two days earlier? Hmmm...

Whatever the motivation, the young audience tonight have forked out 6,000 yen (£40) with nothing more to go on than the short video preview on Jules' website of Ratatat-style, electro-tinged, prog-poppy sounds. Rather than offering a new machine-tooled dance vision, though, the songs unveiled tonight are born from timeless country, blues and AOR – albeit with some very strange sonic architecture on top.

Opener 'Out Of The Blue' combines a repetitive country groove in the vein of Johnny Cash with a psychedelic keyboard embellishment. While it doesn't really seem to be going anywhere, perhaps it isn't supposed to: the songs from 'Phrazes.' mostly seem to accentuate atmosphere over structure: as such, tight pop tunes are more or less out of the window.

In the dark confines of Duo Music Exchange - a small venue co-owned by Jay Kay of Jamiroquai, nestled among the 'romantic' surrounds of the Shibuya district's Love Hotel Hill (where you and your beloved can rent a room for a couple of hours to 'rest') Julian seems barely present. His voice is almost inaudible, his back often turned to the audience, and it's his bandmates who really steal the show, guitarist Blake Mills cracking out freak-out solos while The Strokes' 'quru' JP Bowersock focuses on atmospherics and Zappa hair. Thickening the rich mix of sounds, keyboardists Jeff Kite and Nelson Freeman handle basslines and dreamy synths while Danielle Haim adds texture with percussion, digital devices and her SG guitar; and Alex Carapetis, one-time session drummer with Nine Inch Nails and, er, Robbie Williams, offers lightweight but tight rhythms.

Thankfully, tonight's crowd are more than prepared to listen: even if Julian had come out naked and riding a triple-breasted unicorn, Tokyo audiences are hard to whip up. Some fans shout out questions to Julian between songs or just wave for his attention (most were ignored, though he does announce that, "I fucking love the shit

out of you guys"), but, mostly, the vibe is of rapt attention to the new sounds unfolding.

'Glass', the song from the prograstic video trailer, begins with ringing synth harmonics that ease the audience into its warm electronic depths. Blake's electrified classical guitar solo draws gasps from the crowd, while Julian's voice reaches a small climax that was nonetheless hushed, like a pulled punch. 'Left & Right' and 'River Of Brake Lights', meanwhile, lifts the mood a little. The former has a Strokesy flavour, with a choppy, clean guitar line, an urgent chorus of "Oh my god, wake up!" and a face-slappingly abrupt ending. The latter gambols like a frisky alt rock puppy as Nelson whacks a cymbal and Danielle and Jeff bring the guitar count up to four.

But it's when Julian fully embraces soulful country that he shines brightest. A Hank Williams-style melody on the boozy, blue 'Ludlow St' fits his voice like a dusty glove, while set-closer 'X-Marks' sees him finally let go, channelling '70s AOR crooner James Taylor as he pours emotion into the song's cavernous spaces with lines such as "Ihear it in your silence/When you don't speak", subtle electronics and a histrionic guitar solo from JP crackling over the top. Finally cracking out a massive grin, Julian high-fives the crowd and walks offstage, his 'Phrazes...' so far having won round these young at least. Play it again, Jules. Daniel Robson

oaramore

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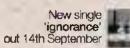
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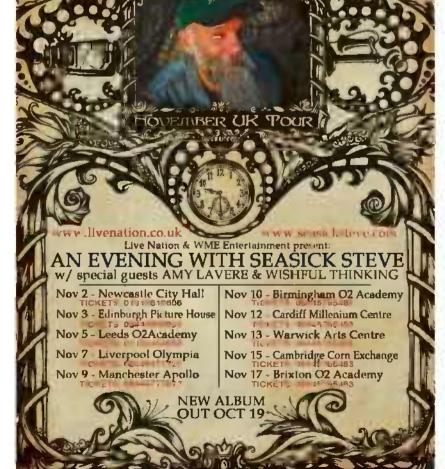
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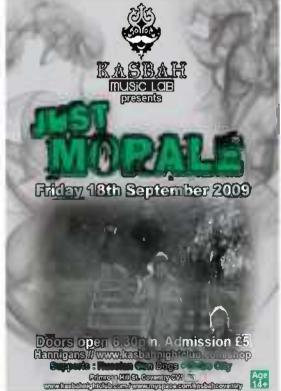
If you're in an unsigned band and fancy going head-to-head with Blaine, email letters@nme. com with a link to your MySpace page plus a contact email and phone number and the subject line "A&R wanker"



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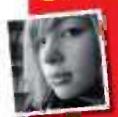
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WANT TO SOUND LIKE...



Lauren Broughton, 17, Chesterfield: "I'm trying to make songs like the 'Santogold' album, but don't know about production. Can you help?"

The self-titled album by the all-round musical wizard born Santi White is an idlosyncratic mix of new wave guitars, African percussion, funk rhythms and good old-fashioned pop music. Among her influences are Grace Jones, Blondie, James Brown and Fela Kuti.

The temptation to say "get hold of everything you can" is overwhelming. but a mixture of the electronic and the traditional is the key. Get something like GarageBand or equivalent, as well as a Tascam MF P-01 four-track cassette portastudio. Get hold of some cheap synths as well as some cheap guitars. And get some cool percussion: a shekere (beaded gourd-like thing you shake) and a Ghana bell will give you a lot of flavour. Some of the nice gadgets and gizmos worth forking out for are a Boss RE-20 Space Echo (perfect for cavernous reggae-style moods) and a Shure SM57 microphone.

IN THE STUDIO

Santi co-produced the album with a number of people, including long-time collaborator and bassist John Hill, Freq Nasty and the late Disco D. The key thing to note here is not to have one set approach. Some of the tunes on the record were worked up from Just a bassline and a drumbeat, while others were fully fledged tunes that were passed through many hands and mixed around. One approach to try is if you've got, say, a melody line that's pure rock'n'roll, add Instrumentation from

NEXT WEEK: Arctic Monkeys

Words by John Callaghan from...



another type of music to stop going down the traditional paths. The other thing to get your head around is going back and rewriting things. Once you've built up a track don't be afraid to go back and record the part played by a guitar on a glockenspiel, for example.

THE TECHNIQUE

Make a little melody you can think of out of three or four notes. Then find a drumbeat to go with it. Then think of something that can provide a drone to go through it. For basslines, if you're stuck lust hit the same note as the lowest note of your melody every time that note comes around. Now add everything else you can think of...

Collaboration. Santi's known for her creativity and musical vision, but actively seeks other people to help her get there. Get as many people in as possible, whether they be musicians, producers or DJs. They'll help inspire you to do things you would never have thought of yourself.

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THE UK'S BIGGEST GUIDE TO THE WEEK AHEAD Edited by Ash Dosanjh

PICK OF THE WEEK ...



FISTFUL OF FANDANGO

The independent label celebrates its commitment to the indieverse with this four-day lovefest. Headlined by Future Of The Left, Art Brut, Pete & The Pirates and Herman Dune, with additional support from Factory Floor, Kong and Kasms, you'll be punching yourself if you miss out on this. WWW.NME.COM/artists/future-of-the-left

VERYONE'S TALKING

Expect some prime new wave pop ditties as French four-piece Plastiscines make their way via LA for



a one-off visit to the capital. If new album 'About Love' is anything to go by you'll certainly need to get your dancing shoes on. WWW.NME.COM/ artists/ plastiscines



PICK OF CLUB NME

WHERE: CLUB NME LONDON, KOKO (FRI)

These Manc sons mix electronica with indie - if Friendly Fires got dumped at the carnival and wept neuroticeuphoric anthems into their synths, it'd sound this way. WWW.NME.COM/clubnme

WHERE: ISLE OF WIGHT, BESTIVAL (FRI), LONDON MADAME JOJÓ'S (TUES)

The Australian instrumental, experimental noiseniks help the legendary indie club stalwart White Heat celebrate its sixth birthday, appearing alongside The Oscillation and Hind Ear.

WWW.NME.COM/artists/pivot

RADAR STARS THE LOW ANTHEM



WHERE: BIRMINGHAM GLEE CLUB (WED), **OXFORD BULLINGDON ARMS (THURS),** DORSET END OF THE ROAD FESTIVAL (FRI-SAT), ISLE OF WIGHT, BESTIVAL (SUN)

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020 8222 6955 Plastiscines Proud Galleries 020 7482 3867

The Scraes Buffalo Bar 020 7359 6191 Stacev De Looze Underbelly

0207 613 3105 Tobacco Road Rhythm Factory 020 7247 9386 Tori Amos Apollo 0870 606 3400 Jet Ritz 0161 236 4355 Mammal Moho Live 0161 834 8180 Neko Case Royal Northern College Of Music 0161 273 6283 The News Night And Day Cafe

To The Moon Alice Good Ship

T Mandrake Troubadour Club

Your Twenties Bordedine

020 7372 2544

020 7370 1434

020 7734 5547

0161 236 1822 The Noise Upstairs Fuel 0161 282 6040

Steve Earle Bridgewater Hall 0161 907 9000 We Have Band Ruby Lounge 0161 834 1392

You Me At Six Roadhouse 0161 228 1789

Twenty Twenty 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

Juliet Turner Arts Centre 01603 660352

The Computers Rock City 08713 100000 Okkervii River Rescue Rooms 0115 958 8484

The Low Anthem Bullingdon Arms 01865 244516 Nice Peter Wheatsheaf 01865 721156

The Light Divided Wedgewood Rooms 023 9286 3911

Illuminatus/Rise To Addiction The Vault 0871 230 1094

The Flying Squad Grapes 0114 249 0909 Jon Allen Plug 0114 276 7093 Martin Carthy Soardwalk 0114 279 9090

Trouble With Tuesday/Redwire Horn 01727 853143

Heavens Basement/Counterpoint 12 Bar 01793 535713

The Sweet Plums The Vic 01793 535713

The Drifters Wulfrun Hail 01902 552121 Ray Lamontagne Civic Hall

01902 552121

Lost Effect Fibbers 01904 651 250 Tiny Vipers/Sleepingdogz City

Screen Basement Bar 01904 541144



Liane Carroll Trio Black Box 00 35391 566511

Sunset Rubdown Sonng & Airbrake 028 9032 5968

Electric Wizard Hare And Hounds 0121 444 2081

On Screen Hernes Actress & Rishon 0121 236 7426

The Twang 02 Academy 0870 771 2000

Jeremy Jay Freebutt 01273 603974 Peter Bruntnell Grevs 01273 680734

The Atomic Rays Cat And Wheel 0117 942 7862

Blackhole O2 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

Gemma Ray Louisiana 0117 926 5978 The Hats The Cooler 0117 945 0999 Sleening States Cube Cinema 0117 907 4190

Yes Rebels Croft 0117 987 4144

Little Sister Clwb Ifor Bach 029 2023 2199

Turbowolf/The Computers Barfly 029 2066 7658

Rig Up Explosives The Box 01270 257 398

The Blow Monkeys Flowerpot 01332.204955

Hudson Super Six Rockhouse 01332 209236

The Lemonheads Academy 00 353 1 877 9999

Chris Heime The GRV 0131 220 2987 Neko Case Voodoo Rooms 01315567060

Popof The Electric Circus 0131 226 4224 Svengali The Ark 0131 228 9393

The Black Hand Gang Nice'n'Sleazy

0141 333 9637 Fei Comodo O2 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

Jet/Detroit Social Club ABC 0870 903 3444

Matthew Malone City Hall 0141 339 8383

The Ocean Fracture/Your Tragic Silence Classic Grand 0141 221 4583

Sam Baker Royal Concert Hall 0141 353 8000 Where's Frenchie? Stereo

0141 576 5018

Mark Morriss Square 01279 305000

My Pet Junkie Club 85 01462 432767

Restival: Massive Attack/MGMT/

Friendly Fires Robin Hill Country Park 0871 230 1094

Fran Rodgers Joseph's Well 0113 203 1861 Kid Cola Nation Of Shopkeepers The Old Romantic Killer Band

Faversham 0113 245 8817 Tokyo Heat Elbow Rooms 0113 245 7011

The Voices The Owl 0113 256 5242

The Ruling Class Sumo 0116 285 6536



CHELMSFORD

HOLDEAST 01245 356811

LONDON

DELPHIC + GHOSTCAT 0207 388 3222

PARIS

MIX HELL HOUSSE DE RACKETT 00 33 155 07 06 05

LIVERPOOL

We Have Band Korova 0151 700 7047 LONDON

Anison/This Life Scandal/Flakes The Fly 0870 907 0999

Average White Band Camden Centre 020 7974 5633

Awkward Arm Bar Rumba 020 7287 2715

Blackchords/Little Ghosts Good Ship 020 7372 2544 Brooklyn 93 Feet East 020 7247 6095

The Capers/Bizzy/The Chambers

Monto Water Rats 020 7837 4412 Connan Mockasin Buffalo Ban 020 7359 6191

Orystal Fighters Cargo 0207 749 7840 **Deaf School** Garage 020 7607 1818 Death Before Dishonour Hoderworld

020 7482 1932 Fact Barfly 0870 907 0999 Fred Borderline 020 7734 5547

Gene Drayton Unit 100 Club 020 7636 0933 Gran Cassa Purple Turtie

020 7383 4976 The Impersonals Hope & Anchor

020 7354 1312 Magistrates/Riff Raff Proud Galleries 020 7482 3867

The Pack AD/BugGirl Windmill 020 8671 0700

A Fistful Of Fandango: Pete & The Pirates/Goldheart Assembly 229

Club 020 7631 8310 Soul Parade Underbelly 0207 613 3105

SCUM/Factory Floor Whitechapel Art Gallery 020 7522 7888 Tori Amos Apollo 0870 606 3400

Trailer Trash Tracys/A Grave With No Name The Lexington

020 7837 5387 **Turbulence** Forum 020 7344 0044

The Twang Bangers Ace Cafe 020 8961 1000

T-Model Ford Lummaire 020 7372 7123

William D Drake

Bull & Gate 020 7485 5358

The Wintermans Famous Three Kings 020 76036071

Dalsy Goes Green Retro Bar 0161 274 4892

Emiliana Torrini Academy 3 0161 832 1111

Engelbert Humperdinck Bridgewater Hall 0161 907 9000

Fleet Fores Anolio 0870 401 8000 Fol Chen Islington Mill Hank III Night And Day Cafe

The Honeyfeet Fuel 0161 282 6040 The Music Moho Live 0161 834 8180 Tidy Hooker Ruby Lounge

0161 834 1392

End Of The Road Festival: Explosions In The Sky/Herman Dune/Vetiver/The Dirty Projectors/ Shearwater/The Low Anthem Larmer Tree Gardens 0871 230 1094

Whispertown2000 Roadmender Centre 01604 604222

The Briggs Rock City 08713 100000 Trioxin Cherry Rescue Rooms 0115 958 8484

Willard Grant Conspiracy Bodega Social Club 08713 100000

Okkervil River 02 Academy 0870 771 2000

Chris Jagger Cellars 0871 230 1094 Emptifish Wedgewood Rooms 023 9286 3911

Sleepingdogz King's Arms 0161 832 1111

The Janskys Granes 0114 249 0909 La Folie 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000 The Men They Couldn't Hang Plug 0114 276 7093

Stop! Drop! Roll! Leadmill 0114 221 2828

The Beat Joiners 023 8022 5612 Viva Machine/Canterbury Hamptons Bar 07919 253 508

Dustmites The Rolleston 01793 534738

Son Of Kirk The Forum 08712 777101

Kalenko Escobar 01924 332000

Goldblade/Comply Or Die/By Default Fibbers 01904 651 250

SATURDAY

SEPTEMBER 12

Twin Atlantic/Avoid The Morning Moshulu 0844 847 2319

The Lemonheads Queen's University 028 9024 5133 The Wholigans Soring & Airbrake 028 9032 5968

Coplous Actress & Bishop 0121 236 7426

The Movement Roadhouse 0121 624 2920 The Streets 02 Academy 0870 771 2000

BRIGHTON An Freebutt 01273 603974

Dan Sartain Thekia 08713 100000 Flectric Wisawd Trinity 01179 351 200 Rorscharh Louisiana 0117 926 5978 The Wild Guiloots/The Fvxx Fleece 0117 945 0996

Sachanovak Portland Arms 01223 357268

Bob Log III The Farmhouse 01227 456118

CLETTHORPS

Hadouken!/Lightning Seeds/Mpho Meridian Park 0871 230 1094

CHEWE Swav The Box 01270 257 398

Deborah Bonham Flowerpot 01332 204955

Stace Gill The Purty Kitchen 00 353 1 6770945

EDENBURGH CH Fel Comodo The Electric Circus 0131 226 4224

lain Bruce The Ark 0131 228 9393 You Me At Six Bongo Club 0131 558 7604

EXETER Gecko Cavern Club 01392 495370

The Hamsters Phoenix 01392 667080 Scar My Eyes Tiggas 01392 437929

BMX Bandits Classic Grand 0141 221 4583 Honest Thief 13th Note Café

0141 553 1638

The Lonely Souls 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

Lost In Oxygen ABC2 0141 204 5151 The Men They Couldn't Hang Arches 0141 221 4001

Mumford & Sons/King Charles King Tritis Wah Wah Hut 0141 221 5279 Ocean Reid Nice'n'Sleazy 0141 333 9637

Jairus/Betty Pariso Boileroom 01483 440022

HITCHIN

ponda police C th 85 Gt452 432767 ISLE OF WIGHT

Bestival: Kraftwerk/Klaxons/ Little Boots/Lily Allen Robin Hill Country Park 0871 230 1094

Clinic/Shearwater Brudeneli Sociali Club 0113 243 5866 Crippled Black Phoenix

Rios 0844 414 2182 Fine Before You Came Santiago 0113 244 4472 Idola Royal Park Cellars 0113 274 1758

Marseille Joseph's Well 0113 203 1861 On Histories Of Rosenberg Fenton 0113 245 3909 Porkfarm The Subculture

0113 245 0689 The Part Brothers New Roscoe 0113 246 0778

Solus Locus Packhorse 0113 245 3980

The Briggs/The Strawberry Blondes Sumo 0116 285 6536

David Geraghty Dolans Warehouse 00 353 61 314493

Future Islands Korova 0151 709 7097 Martin Simpson Philharmonic Hall 0871 230 1094

The Anomalies Cargo 0207 749 7840 Arabella/Junkvard Choir/This Beautiful Thief/Telegram Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773

Arrows Of Love/Junkstar/The Fins/Heavy On The Levee 93 Feet East 020 7247 6095

A Fistful Of Fandango: Art Brut/ Hatcham Social/The Molotovs/ The Chanman Family/Televised Crimewave/Lion Club 229 Club 020 7631 8310

Cookin' On 3 Burners 100 Club 020 7636 0933

The Debonaires Ace Cafe

020 8961 1000 The Destroyers The Thames Festival 020 7928 8998 East Strikes West The Lexington

Sigue Sigue Soutnik Buffalo Bar 020 7359 6191

T-Model Ford Luminaire 020 7372 7123

Coldplay/Jay-Z Lancashire County Cncket Club 0870 062 5000 Fact Roadhouse 0161 228 1789 Flashguns/Video Nastles Night And Day Cafe 0161 236 1822 Gerry Potter Fuel 0161 282 6040 Skinny White & The Goods

End Of The Road Festival: Fleet Foxes/Okkervil River/The Horrors/ Efterklang/The Broken Family Band/The Low Anthem Larmer Tree Gardens 0871 230 1094

The Sweetheats Acts Centre 01603 660352

Green Room 0161 236 1677

Joe Black Bodega Social Club 08713 100000

Thunderclap Newman Jericho Tavern 01865 311775

Megson Cellars 0871 230 1094

Mike Dignam 53 Degrees 01772 893 000

The Colours Oakford Social Club 0116 255 3956

Stu Page's Wild Hogs New Barrack Tavern 0114 234 9148



Fol Chen/Russ Chimes/A.Human Proud Galleries 020 7482 3867 Hank III Garage 020 7607 1818

The Hvads/Buildings/Super Gasoline/The Saracens Good Ship 020 7372 2544

Kubia Khan Underbelly 0207 613 3105 Laura Izibor Jazz Cafe 020 7916 6060 Litmus Bull & Gate 020 7485 5358 Mr Big UK O2 Shepherds Bush Empire 0870 771 2000

Orange Goblin Underworld 020 7482 1932 Same Old Yesterday/Shiver

Section 60 Hope & Anthor

020 7354 1312

Barfly 0870 907 0999

We Have Band Plug 0114 276 7093

Rury Tomorrow Jamers 023 8022 5612 Thee Uncomfortables Hobbit 023 8023 2591

The Black Apples Sugarmill 01782 214991

Fattyhoombastic The Vic. 01793 535713

Jesse Davey 12 Bar 01793 535713 Sound Of Guns Escobar

01924 332000

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SEPTEMBER 13

ABERDEEN

You Me At Six/Not Advised/ Me Vs Hero Moshulu 0844 847 2319 BEDFORD

Thunderbird 5 Esquires 01234 340120 BELFAST

Glyder Limelight 028 9032 5942 BIRMINGHAM

Memphis Yandbird 0121 212 2524 Ocean Colour Scene 02 Academy 0870 771 _000

Stee! Panther 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000 Twenty Twenty 02 Academy 3

0870 771 2000

BRIGHTON

She's Abstract Pavilion Theatre 01273 700747 RRISTOL

The Computers/Turbowolf The Cooler 0117 945 0999

Dent May & His Magnificent Ukulele Thekla 08713 100000

Guiltless Adam/Meet Me Today Louisiana 0117 926 5978 Heavens Basement/Bluemoth

Fleece 0117 945 0996 Out Of Sight Croft 0117 987 4144

CAMBRIDGE Charlotte Hatherley The Soul Tree

01223 477900 City Seventeen Politia Arms

01223 357268 CARTE Blitzen Trapper/Martin Carr

Clwb Ifor Bach 029 2023 2199 **Bury Temorrow** Barfly 029 2066 7658

Efterklang The Globe 07738 983947

Nobody's Fool The Victoria Inn 01332 740091

Sanzkrit Whelan's 00 353 1 475 9372 FDINBURGH

The Chapman Family Bongo Club 01315587604 Crippled Black Phoenix The GRV

0131 220 2987

ELETER

Alela Diane Phoenix 01392 667080 Spraynard Cavern Club 01392 495370

The Duke & The King King Tut's Wah Wah Hu# 0141 221 5279 Fact work Blacks 0141 221 7871 Mammal Rockers 0141 221 0726 Mando Diao Oran Mor 0141 552 9224 Sonny Marvello 13th Note Café 01415531638

Spy Movie Classic Grand 0141 22L 4583 HITCHIN

Bad Head Club 85 01462 432767

ISLE OF WIGHT

Bestival: Elbow/Fleet Foxes/Doves/ The Low Anthem Robin Hill Country Park 0871 230 1094

LEEDS

Future Islands Royal Park Cellars 0113 274 1758

Jeremy Jay The Library 0113 2440794 Killing Fields Of Ontario Milo

Sunset Rubdown Brudenell Social Club 0113 243 5866 LEICECTE

Terrordactyls Criterion 01162 625418 LIVERPOOL

The Blow Monkeys Baby Blue 0151 702 5830 LONDO

The Briggs/The Strawberry Blondes Barfly 0870 907 0999 The Dirty Projectors Scala

020 7833 2022

Esoterica O2 Shepherds Bush Empire 0870 771 2000

Hank III Garage 020 7607 1818 Hitlist Youth Bull & Gate 020 7485 5358

Menace/The Scrags/Atomic Suplex Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773 No Erilis Band Windmill

020 8671 0700 Paper Horse/Victoria & Jacob The Lexington 020 7837 5387

Serpentcult Underworld 020 7482 1932 That Nadeen White Experience/

Raz/L Tee Good Ship 020 7372 2544 MANCHESTER Deaf Havana/The Casino Brawl/

Young Guns/Every Word is Yours Moho Live 0161 834 8180

Ray Lamontagne Bridgewater Hall 0161 907 9090

NORTH DORSET

End Of The Road Festival: The Hold Steady/Steve Earle/Neko Case/ Archie Bronson Outfit/Richmond Fontaine/Magnolia Electric Co Larmer Tree Gardens 0871 230 1094
MOTTINGHAM

Mumford & Sons/King Charles Bodega Social Club 08713 100000 PORTSMOUTH

John Otway & Wild Willy Barrett Cellars 0871 230 1094 SHEFFIELD

Blackhole Corporation 0114 276 0262 Dale Storr Bath Hotel 0871 230 1094

SOUTHAMPTON Terrathorn Joiners 023 8022 5612

STOKE ON TRENT Paige Sugarmill 01782 214991

SWENDON Napoleon in Rags 12 Bar 01793 535713



ONDAY SEPTEMBER 14

Firaz is filling in for Chris Martin at NME Radio this week, so expect to hear the best indie dancefloor fillers around





RIDMINGHAM

The Voice Roadhouse 0121 624 2920 BRIGHTON

Whispertown2000 Freebutt 01273 603974

Hockey/Deastro/Little Comets hekla 08713 100000

CAMBRESO Willard Grant Conspiracy Portland Arms 01223 357268

CARDIFF She Keeps Bees 10 Feet Tall 02920 228883

GLASGOW Paloma Faith King Tut's Wah Wah Hut. 0141 221 5279

Theoretical Girl Captain's Rest. 01413312722

Alina Oriova/Geoff Farina Café Oto Biltzen Trapper/Sparrow And The Workshop/Kurran And The Wolfnotes Barfly 0870 907 0999 Charlie Parr/Trevor Moss & Hannah-Lou/Thee intolerable Kidd Windmill

Crippled Black Phoenix Dingwalls 020 7267 1577

Dan Edelstyn & The Orchestra Of Cardboard 12 Bar Club 020 7240 2622 **David Gray Roundhouse** 020 7482 7318 Deaf Hayana Underworld

020 748° 1932 Die Trip Computer Die/Regolith 93 Feet East 020 7247 6095 The Ding Dong Daddios 100 Club

020 7636 0933 The Generators Monto Water Rats 020 7837 4412

Imightdisco/The Goodtimes/ Shutter/Thirty Degrees Everywhere Hoxton Square Bar & Kitchen 020 7613 0709

Marvel/The Heathers/ The Swing Movement Dublin Cartle 020 7485 1773 Muscle Gub/The Blueskies/Jamle Ley The Lexington 020 7837 5387 Okkervii River Scala 020 7833 2022 Pat Monahan/Luke Toulson/Rob Coleman Good Ship 020 7372 2544 Shearwater Luminaire 020 7372 7123 Speak Your Heart/Lets Talk Daggers Bull & Gate 020 7485 5358

Stardeath 02 Academy 2 Islington

0870 7/1 2000

William Elliott Whitmore Garage 020 7607 1818

Mumford & Sons Ruby Lounge 0161 834 1392

Nueva Etica Star & Garter 0161 273 6726

Steel Panther Academy 0161 832 1111 Sunset Rubdown Deaf Institute 0161 330 4019 NEWCASTLE

Blackhole 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

NORWICH

Neko Case Arts Centre 01603 660352 MOTTINGHAM Future Islands Bodega Social Club

08713 100000

SHEFFIELD Bury Yomorrow Corporation

0114 276 0262 SOUTHAMPTON

The **Briggs** Jomers **023** 8022 5612 TUNBRIDGE WILLS

Zigomar The Forum 08712 777101

Miseria Lost Escobar 01924 332000 WOLVERHAMPTON

Jet Wulfrun Hall 01902 552121

TUESDAY SEPTEMBER 15

AREDDEEN

Fei Comodo Çafé Drummond 01224 624642

BIRAMMGHAM

Blues Basement Roadhouse 0121 624 2920 The Lemonheads Irish Cub

0871 230 1094 Hammal 02 Academy 3

0870 771 2000

The Craze Axe & Cleaver

01205 367300

RRIGHTON Future Islands Freebutt

012 3 603974 The Magic Numbers Concorde 2

Von Kleet The Albert 01273 730499

Jet Anson 900ms 0117 954 5810

Mumford & Sons/King Charles The 0a713 100000

She Keeps Bees The Cooler 011 945 0999

CAMBRIDGE

LoveLikeFire Portland Arms 01223 357268

CARDIER

Fact/All The Damn Vampires Barfly 029 2066 7658

Raised By Drunks The Victoria inn 01332 740091

DUBLIN

Mike Bartlett Whelan's 00 353 1 475 9372

Theoretical Girf Sneaky Pete's

0131 225 1757 GLASGOW

Anavels Ivory Blacks 0141 221 7871 Blackhole/The Plight/Throats King Tut's Wah Wah Hut 0141 221 5279 Codeine Velvet Club Classic Grand 0141 221 4583

Jeremy Jay Captain's Rest 0141 331 2722

Kayo Dot Stereo 0141 576 5018 Steel Panther Garage 0141 332 1120

Nueva Etica/Heart Of A Coward/ Hang The Bastard/Black Polaris Club 85 01462 432767

LIVERPOOL

Hockey 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

LONDON

Blakfish/Bats/Jairus Buffalo Bar 020 7359 6191

Bob Log #1 Luminaire 020 7372 7123 Brother Ali/Dels Barfly 0870 007 0999

The Buck Brothers/The Cubical/The Second Line Good Ship 020 7372 2544 Cherry Shost Borderline

020 7731 5547 Coppers For Karma The Fly

0870 º07 0999 Dan Sartain/Toe Hammer The

Lexington 020 7837 5387 Emily Barker & The Red Clay Halo

r r 11 ii ih 020 8682 4080 The Foreign Office/Mascot

Fight/Biltz & The Sheets Catch 020 7729 / 197

Good Weather Girl/Romeo Down 12 Bar Club 020 7240 2622 Heart Beats/ In Silhouette

Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773 Mando Diag 02 Islington Academy 0870 7/1 2000

Micah P Hinson Cargo 0207 749 7840 New Kid In Town Bull & Gate 020 748 + 358

Pivot/The Oscillation/Hind Ear Madame Jojo's 020 7734 2473. Pleasure Mob Rhythm Factory

020 7247 9386

Second Hour/Ross Bowditch/ The Guitty Ones Hope & Anchor 020 7354 1312

Sunset Rubdown Garage 020 7607 1818

Talo Cruz Heaven 020 7930 2020 Twenty Twenty 02 Academy 2 Islington 0870 771 2000

UnderDrone Comedy 020 7839 7261 What Would Jesus Drive? Garage (Upstairs) 0871 230 1094

MANCHESTER

David Gray Ritz 0161 236 4355

The Mission District Roadhouse 0161 228 1789

Paloma Faith Ruby Lounge 0161 834 1392

Swing Kids Moho Live 0161 834 8180 NORWICH

Willard Grant Conspiracy Arts Centre 01603 660352

NOTTE CRUS

Charlotte Hatherley/Mellow Rebellion/Silent Devices

Bodeg i Social Cli b 08713 100000 Jon Allen Piscue Rowis 0115 956 6484

The Park AD/The Telegrams/ Hot Fiction The Social 0115 950 5078 Richmond Fontaine Maze 0115 947 \$650

READING

The Hi-Fidels Old Orleans

0118 951 2678 SOUTHAMPTON

Plastic Toys Joiners 023 8022 5612

STOKEON TRENT

Romeo Must Die/Seven Year Kismet

Sugarmill 01782 214991 CT ALBANC

Entrofeed Horn 01727 853143 YORK

Terrordacty's City Screen Basement Bar 01904 541144



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NME RADAR TOUR

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INVADA INVASION STARTS: BRISTOL GO HALL,

SEPTEMBER 26

Portishead man Geoff Barrow offers some of the best emerging talent on his Invada label, with the addition of post-rock outfit Mogwai as headliners.

WWW.NME.COM/artists/mogwai



10 YEARS OF ATP

To celebrate its oncoming 10th year, ATP is reeling in Breeders. Yeah Yeah Yeahs, Fuck Buttons. Tortoise, Shellac and many more to the party. Don't miss out on your invite.

WWW.NME.COM/artists/festivals



HEADLINERS FESTIVAL

The last of the summer's mini festivals with a line-up including Biffy Clyro, Official Secrets Act and Doves performing in various venues around the capital. WWW.NME.COM/artists/festivals

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1+1D Men's needs? Tick. Women's needs, whatever? Don't mind me but i'm unenlightened (6-3-8) 6 Their albums include 'Nightfreak And The Sons

of Becker' (5)

9 Forty five years on and as promised the Rolling Stones are still going (3-4-4) 10 Brazilians let 'Off The Hook' (3)

11+17D Ringo sad about some of Tom Waits' music (4-4) 12+4D+24D American who charted with 'if You Let Me Stay' and 'Sign Your Name' (7-5-5) 14 He's turning wrong way with a Sly & Robbie / Simply Red collaboration (5-5)

19 The Chemical Brothers giving a call to both sexes (3-3-3-4) 22 "The __set out like a pathway, but who decides which route

we take", from White Lies'
'Death' (3) 23 (See 3 down) 25 Creepy type that includes a hit (5-3) 29 Their hits included 'Pinball

Wizard' and 'Substitute' (3) 30 Modjo escorted her to number one in 2000 (4) 32 Andrew WK took the plunge

with "I Get ___ ' (3) 34 Shattered by Mark Lanegan's vocals on Soulsavers' album (6) "Finding out what you're called and repeating your

name", 2007 (4) 36 Record label that had the slogan If it Ain't ____, It Ain't Worth A Fuck (5)

CLUES DOWN

1 (See 1 across) 2 Gilbert O'Sullivan song; great lyrics but for some reason didn't

work as poetry (7-6) 3+23A "The teenage queen, the loaded gun, the drop dead dream, the Chosen One".

2007 (4-2-4) 4 (See 12 across) 5 (See 7 down)

6 Tearful get together of Roy Orbison and kd lang (6)

8+31D Someone's gone missing with Peaches' new single (4-3) 13+27D Doubled-up with Bloc Party's 'Banquet' and so still overweight (7-3)

15 (See 28 across) 16 Their debut single in 2006 was the limited vinyl edition '40 Days And 40 Nights' (5)

17 (See 11 across) 18 The Scissor Sisters on army manoeuvres (4)
20 Blur's double A-side with

'She's So High' repeated ad nauseam in 'Ain't No Sunshine' (1-4)

21 Miles different to The Beach Boys' legendary 'lost' album of the '60s (5)

24 (See 12 across)

25 Van Dyke ____, singer-songwriter who was co-lyricist on album in 21 down (5) 26 Cocteau or Thompson (5)

27 (See 13 down) 31 (See 8 down) 33 Vic Reeves and Bob Mortimer collaborated with this group on

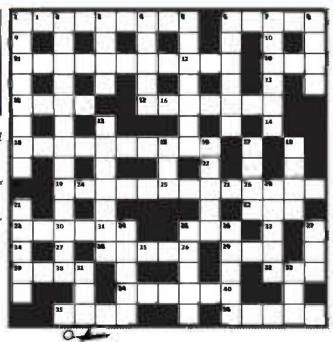
hit 'I'm A Believer' (3)

Compiled by Trevor Hungerford

AUGUST 15 ANSWERS

ACROSS 1 Heads Will Roll, 8+22D Never Forget You, 9 View, 10 Nico, 11+16A Stand By Me, 12 Cass, 18 On Call, 19 Coldplay, 23+24A Shed Seven, 27 Far, 29+5D White Riot, 30 Mr Jones, 33 On, 34 Chic, 35 Yes Please.

1 Heavy Cross, 2 Don Was, 3 Waving Flags, 4 Lyric, 6+14A Light My Fire, 7 Stan, 13 Secret Kiss, 15 Recover, 16 Bad. 17 Eva, 20 London, 21 Perfect, 25 5way, 26 Deal, 28 Ash, 30 Mya, 31 Joe, 32 Ace.



PICK OF THE WEEK



PARAMORE'S TOP 20 TRACKS

With new album 'Brand New Eyes' out, the Franklin, Tennessee five-piece take *NME* on a journey of the 20 greatest rock anthems that have helped shape their sound and the band as they are today.

Sunday, September 13, 5pm

PLUS...

WEDNESDAY MINI VIVA PRESENT CLUB NAME

The duo pick their faves.

September 9, 8pm



THURSDAY NON-STOP ANTHEMS

Expect to hear the likes of Dizzee Rascal and Nirvana. September 10, 1pm



FRIDAY EXAMPLE PRESENTS CHIR NMF

The rapper takes control.

September 11, 9pm



SATURDAY THE TAKEOVER

Passion Pit curate the star-studded playlist. September 12, 10pm



SUNDAY TIME FOR HEROES

Playing out the best Oasis videos sans fighting. September 13, 2pm



MONDAY EMINEM VS JAY-Z

Let the battle of the hip-hop egos commence. September 14, 9pm



TUESDAY

Milke Snow spin the tracks that changed their lives.

September 15, 9pm



Full listings: NME.COM/NMETV





ARCTIC MONKEYS 'CRYING LIGHTMING'

BLOC PARTY
'ONE MORE CHANCE'

LITTLE BOOTS

BIFFY CLYRO
'THAT GOLDEN RULE'

YEAH YEAH YEAHS

BAT FOR LASHES

COLDPLAY
STRAWBERRY SYNING

WHERE DID ALL
THE LOVE GO?

FRANZ
FERDINAND
CAN'T STOP FEELING

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IN OUR STUDIO



JULIAN PLENTI

When Interpol frontman Paul
Banks first told us about his alter
ego Julian Plenti we thought he
was one cracker short of a box of
Ritz. But his synth-driven, Gary
Numan-esque rock'n'roll has
turned out to be not so bonkers
after all. Banks came into the
NME Radio studio to chat about
his new album 'Julian Plenti Is
Skyscraper' and his future plans.
Session played: Tuesday, August 11

COMING UP...

CRIBS DAY

The Wakefield outfit take over the station for an hour playing some of their favourite tracks. Then they head into our studios for a session and interview in front of an audience. Friday, September 11, 2pm

FIRAZ COVERING CHRIS MARTIN

While Chris is on holiday, taking charge of the NME Radio decks on Monday night is Firaz, playing some of the newest indie rock tracks and danceable disco anthems.

Monday, September 14, 7pm

ON THE PLAYLIST...



- Dominos
- THE RAVEONETTES Bang!
- WILD BEASTS
 All The King's Men
- FRIENDLY FIRES
 Kiss Of Life
- BOMBAY BICYCLE CLUB
 Magnet



- NOAH AND THE WHALE
 Blue Skies
- WOLFMOTHER
 New Moon Rising
- THE VIVIANS
 Just Two Girls
- ALBERTA CROSS
- FLORENCE AND THE MACHINE Drumming Song

A OXLEY/ED MILES/ANDY FALLON/DEAN CHALKLEY/GLY EPPE/ DAVID EDWARDS



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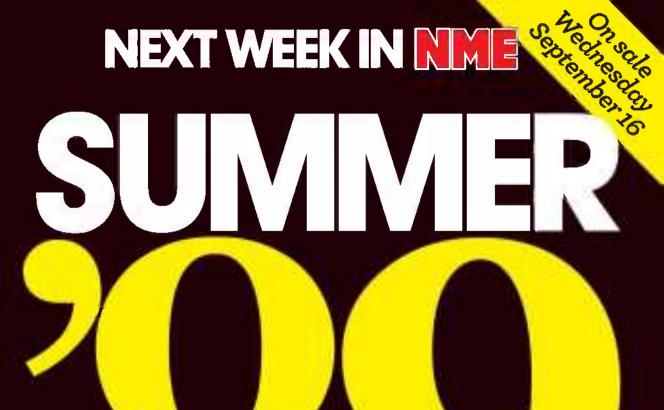
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