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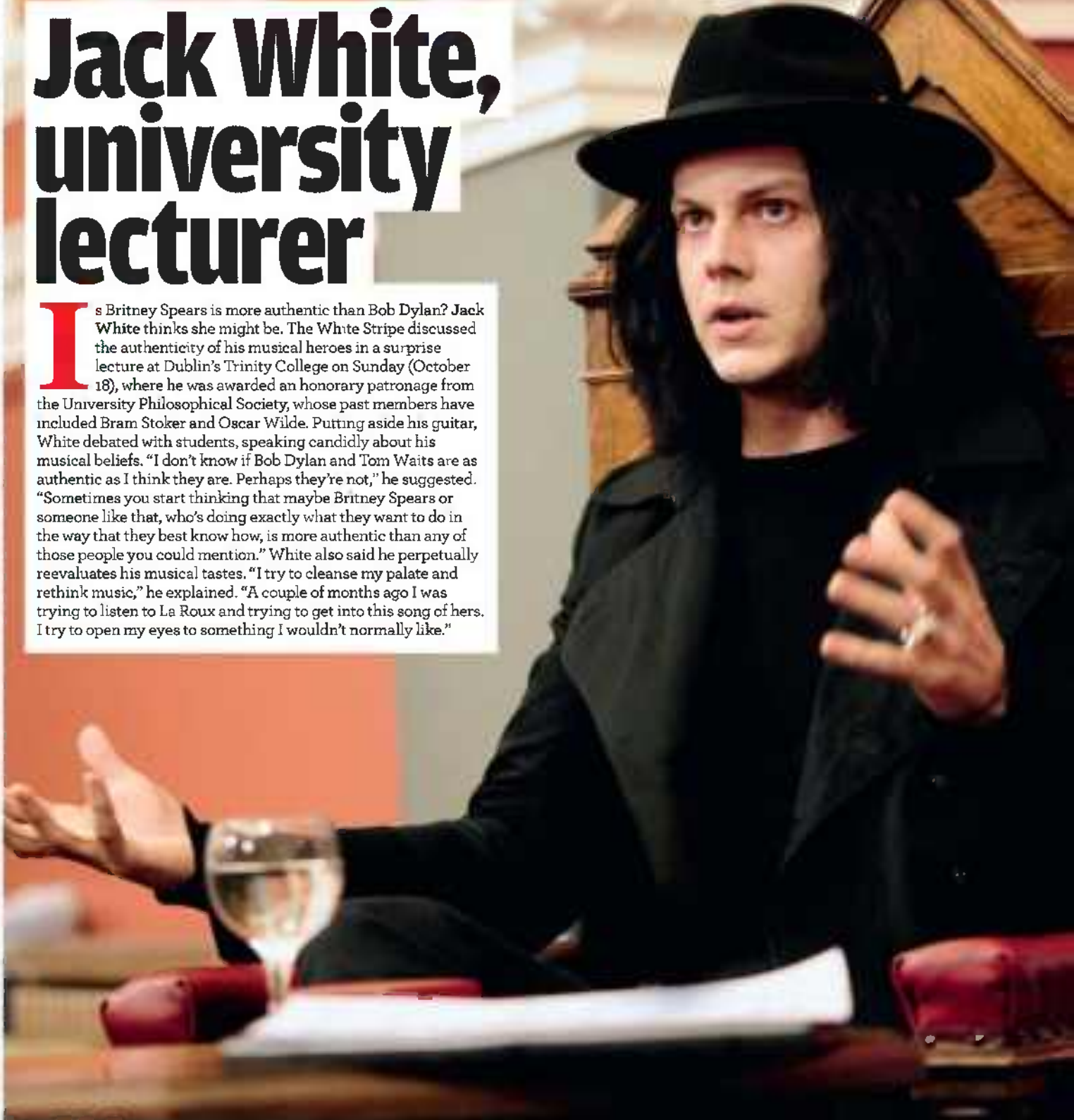
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SNAPSHOT

TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN, 18/10/09

Jack White,
university
lecturer

Is Britney Spears is more authentic than Bob Dylan? Jack White thinks she might be. The White Stripes discussed the authenticity of his musical heroes in a surprise lecture at Dublin's Trinity College on Sunday (October 18), where he was awarded an honorary patronage from the University Philosophical Society, whose past members have included Bram Stoker and Oscar Wilde. Putting aside his guitar, White debated with students, speaking candidly about his musical beliefs. "I don't know if Bob Dylan and Tom Waits are as authentic as I think they are. Perhaps they're not," he suggested. "Sometimes you start thinking that maybe Britney Spears or someone like that, who's doing exactly what they want to do in the way that they best know how, is more authentic than any of those people you could mention." White also said he perpetually reevaluates his musical tastes. "I try to cleanse my palate and rethink music," he explained. "A couple of months ago I was trying to listen to La Roux and trying to get into this song of hers. I try to open my eyes to something I wouldn't normally like."



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WHAT'S ON THE NINE STEREO



1 BATTLES Sanford And Son

Battles' new album, *The Battles*, is a collection of songs that range from the experimental to the straightforward. The album is a mix of the band's signature sound and new material. The album is a mix of the band's signature sound and new material. The album is a mix of the band's signature sound and new material. [On YouTube now](#)

2 SONIC YOUTH Star Power

It's weird enough that Sonic Youth are on *Gossip Girl*, but an extra surprise is that Kim Gordon properly acts in it. No cringing, though: the band's acoustic version of 'Star Power', that eerily pretty track from *Evol*, suddenly gives the episode the atmosphere of *Twin Peaks*. Get 'em on *EastEnders*. [On Videogum and iTunes now](#)



3 TODDLA T Rebel (Skream Remix)

Toddla T, aka Toddla T, gives himself to the sound of the approach to follow. He's a mix of the band's signature sound and new material. The album is a mix of the band's signature sound and new material. [On NME.COM now](#)

4 CANT Ghosts

Reverse psychology is dangerous if left in the wrong hands. Thankfully Grizzly Bear's Chris Taylor has a handle on it judging by his new side-project CANT. With debut single 'Ghosts', a whimsical Beach Boys-esque dream-pop number, out on his own Terrible Records, it's clear that Taylor most certainly can. [On iTunes now](#)



5 ALEC EMPIRE 1000 Eyes

Well, Mr Empire, little 'sonic terrorist' that he is, has come out with a new download-only single. And, surprise surprise, it sounds like the post-Apocalyptic sobbings of a man/cyborg hybrid, but there's a Lou Reed-y vocal strut and a degree of Gary Numan campness. It's not what you'd call poppy, but in goth terms it's as approachable as his good mates The Big Pink. [On MySpace now](#)





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"It's not just another collaboration"

The Shins' James Mercer and super-producer Danger Mouse have been recording in secret, now the pair are ready to talk for the first time about 'Broken Bells'...

Serial project-hopper Brian 'Danger Mouse' Burton has finally made a commitment. The man known for being one half of Gnarls Barkley, splicing The Beatles and Jay-Z together and producing everyone from Gorillaz to The Black Keys has formed a band with The Shins' James Mercer, and both are keen to stress it's much more than "just another collaboration".

"It is – for me – a priority. Right now, this is what I'm concentrating on," Mercer explains during a joint interview, drawing a steadfast "Me too" from his bandmate, who confirms that he's "definitely" in it for the long haul too.

In fact, both Burton and Mercer are even gearing up to audition for other members to take the 10-track album they've recorded (titled 'Broken Bells') on the road. "For live stuff, yes, we are going to be looking for more people. We're just trying to figure out what's best at the moment," says Burton.

"Watch out Brian," interrupts Mercer. "Now you're gonna get tons of phone calls!"

"Oh no!" Burton laughs. "Honestly, I don't know how it's gonna take shape yet, but James and I are gonna start to mess some stuff together ourselves, sooner rather than later. We just don't know when, because everybody has different schedules. But we are going to do it live, we just need to work out how."

The duo initially got together in early 2008, hooking

"This is my priority. Right now, this is what I'm concentrating on"

DANGER MOUSE

up in secret at Burton's home studio in Los Angeles, where they amassed 20 completed tracks without even informing their record labels of the project. "It was the most enjoyable record I've ever made," Burton declares of 'Broken Bells'. "And I guess there've been a few of those over the last few years! But it definitely is. And

KICK IN THE SHINS?

With James Mercer busy with 'Broken Bells' for the time being, what does that mean for The Shins' future? The singer explains: "It's definitely going to postpone the next Shins thing, because I'll be invested in this."

'Broken Bells' is such a different thing, but it doesn't mean the end of The Shins. I've worked hard at building what fanbase we have as The Shins and I respect that."



that's why we didn't tell anybody – there was no real pressure or anything."

With 'Broken Bells' now completely finished, and although the pair are being tight-lipped on what it sounds like, their collaboration on 'Dark Night Of The Soul' gives a few clues. However, unlike that record which, due to legal issues, couldn't be released, Burton insists there will be no problems this time.

"I made sure of that," he says. "I can't really go into details about the other one too much, but I can say that actually releasing 'Broken Bells' is not going to be an issue at all." The album will be out, he says, "on CD and digitally" just as soon as the label [Columbia] is ready. "The last I heard was either January or February," adds Mercer. "It's kind of driving me crazy!"

However the pair admit that not quite everything is sorted. "Is the band called Broken Bells? We haven't decided yet!" admits Burton. "The record is called that, but it's not one of those things where somebody's said 'We need a name right now.' As long as people know it's James and me, that's all they need to know for now."



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LONDON CALLING

Coxon goes to War

CAMDEN

Graham Coxon is digging out his "only" anti-war song. Former single 'Sorrow's Army' will appear on 'Camden Heroes', a War Child collection compiled by the charity together with annual music festival the Camden Crawl.

"It's my only anti-war song really," admitted the Blur guitarist, who features on the record alongside the likes of Bleech, Emmy The Great and Madness. "It's about a soldier being shot, his thoughts and that's it. It's a millisecond extended to three minutes."

The compilation marks a new collaboration between

the festival and War Child, which will see £2 from every ticket purchased for next year's event (May 1-2) going to the charity. "You can't not be emotionally affected by it," declared Coxon of War Child's work.

A gig featuring some of the acts on the CD (see NME.COM for full tracklisting) and other artists will take place at the Blue Kitchen venue in Camden on November 4 and is free to those who buy early bird Camden Crawl tickets from October 29.

Meanwhile, Camdenite Coxon admitted he's already looking forward to next year's event. "I like the whole idea of just walking up with my guitar, you know?"

CARL IN THE DOCKS

ALBION = Carl Barât is to try his hand at narrating. The singer will be heard on *No Place/Good Places: The Rise Of The Modern Mariner*, a documentary on the decline of London's dockyards. It will premiere at the East London Film Festival next April, with his former DPT bandmate Anthony Rosomando writing the score.



MUSIC TO WATCH COWS BY

WORTHY FARM = Glastonbury tickets sold out early and it seems the habit of artists accidentally announcing themselves has kicked off too. American crooner Andy Williams was first, telling fans he'll be bringing his 'Music To Watch Girls By' to the festival in 2010.

KINGS O2 LEON

NASHVILLE = Nathan Followill used Twitter to tell fans to "wear something pretty" because Kings Of Leon were filming their O2 Arena gigs in June - and now we can see the results. The shows will feature on a live DVD out November 23.



MGMT RIDE THE WAVES

MALIBU = Wondering why MGMT's second album has taken so long? Blame Andrew VanWyngarden: the singer got hooked on surfing in Malibu. "I'm from New York, where you can go surfing but it's an excursion. I finally did it; I'm happy I did, and Malibu's where I figured it all out."

JUST CAN'T GET A MAP

LIMA = What does Depeche Mode's Dave Gahan need for Christmas? An atlas. The singer ended a recent gig by telling 30,000 fans "Thank you very much, Chile!" Unfortunately he was in Peru.

ANARCHY IN THE 99

LONDON = Sex Pistols are considering suing an ice-cream maker for their 'God Save The Cream' ads. The punks' lawyers suggest Icecreamists' ad campaign copies the Pistols' iconic Jamie Reid-designed blue artwork.

WHITE BACK WHERE WE STARTED



DETROIT = Outtakes from The White Stripes' debut recording session are being released for the first time. Alternative versions of 'Let's Shake Hands' and 'Look Me Over Closely' - the tracks on the band's 1998 debut seven-inch - are available online to subscribers of *The Vault*, the online service run by Jack White's Third Man record label.

"My wish is that it would sound like Thin Lizzy, but if they could peer into the future and kind of have '80s melodies"

JULIAN CASABLANCAS REVEALS INFLUENCES FOR STROKES ALBUM #4

Fear of a bank planet

NEW YORK

Chuck D has described Public Enemy's plans to raise money for albums through fans as being like "the Radiohead model on steroids". The hip-hop pioneers want to raise \$250,000 by using fan investment service SellaBand - and say it's the future for all bands. "I think in order for artists and producers to continue working, sponsorship is going to be inevitable," said Chuck D. "This is like going at the music business in reverse. It's kind of like the Radiohead model on steroids."



TURN TO NEXT PAGE FOR MORE



ALBUM NEWS

Hadouken! grow up!

GRONINGEN

Hadouken! frontman James Smith has laid into his own band's 2008 debut album *Music For An Accelerated Culture*, describing it as "immature", admitting he can't listen to it any more. The Leeds five-piece are now keen to put the final nail in new rave's coffin, trading computer-game bleeps for Euro-inspired house-based dance-rock on their second album, due out next March.

To that end Hadouken! have decamped to the unlikely location of Groningen in Holland to work with Dutch dance production kings *Noisia*. The trio were the same team who helped Pendulum flesh out their initial ideas, although Smith says his band won't be following them down the drum'n'bass route.

"I've got respect for Pendulum, but I'd be careful to align myself with them," he said cautiously, adding that songs set for the album include 'Turn The Lights Out', 'Mic Check One Two', 'Rip Groove' and recent download 'MAD'. "This is a radio-unfriendly record in the way that Leftfield's 'Rhythm And Stealth' is," he explained. However, thanks to a nifty financing deal, the band no longer have to worry about what record labels say as they will put the album out themselves. "[It will be an album] like 'Poison' by The Prodigy," Smith explained, citing dance's elder statesmen as the benchmark. "It's a dark record but they break through because the song is so strong. Your mum's not going to like our record, basically!"

NICK CAVE BEGS FOR MERCY

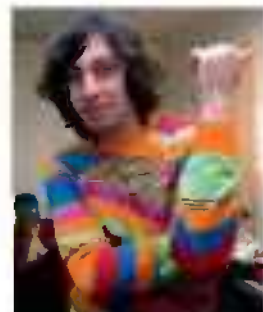
BRIGHTON ■ Nick Cave wants to apologise to Avril Lavigne after featuring her in his new novel. Cave said he felt bad about her role in *The Death Of Bunny Munro*, because "the writing about her is darker and more invasive". He also said sorry to Kylie Minogue, although Cave is confident she'll "take it in the spirit it was written".

CAN'T STAND UP NOW

SWINDON ■ Pete Doherty was admitted to hospital last week with "exhaustion and breathing difficulties". He postponed a series of solo dates in Ireland.

CHART PIONEER DIES

SPRINGFIELD ■ US singer Al Martino passed away last week (Oct 13), aged 82. The crooner, who appeared in *The Godfather*, claimed Britain's first ever Number One, topping the inaugural NME Chart back in 1952 with 'Here In My Heart'.



ADAM GREEN'S HIGHWAY TO HULL

LONDON ■ Adam Green has honoured a unique inhabitant of Hull with a tune. The former Moldy Peach has co-written the track, inventively called 'Ladyboy From Hull', with locals The Paddingtons. "I visited Hull for the first time on this tour and met the one hermaphrodite in the town, named Michelle," he said after he was joined onstage in London by The Paddingtons to perform the song live last week (Oct 14). "I even signed an autograph for the bird and her sister. Hull actually turned out to be one of the best places I've been!"

Crikey, E's back already

LOS ANGELES

It took them four years between records last time, but there's no slacking for Eels again: they are already preparing to release a new album. Frontman E has recorded new record 'End Times' in his basement in LA and it's ready for release on January 18.



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Dizzee gets burnt alive!

Rapper gets political and suffers for it – in video for 'Dirtee Cash'

It's Saturday afternoon, and rather than the usual hordes of snap-happy tourists that swarm around Tower Bridge, an altogether different crowd is massing at the London landmark. There's a bunch of greedy city bankers gone feral, Margaret Thatcher looking ready to punch someone – and forget Happy Meals, Ronald McDonald is looking positively psychotic. Perhaps most surprisingly of all, dressed like a Victorian in a red velvet coat and a top hat, is **Dizzee Rascal**. Remarkably, among the crowd of lookalikes and actors, it is actually the rapper who is for real, leading the mob through the streets like a dandified Pied Piper. Not that Dizzee is really in charge, and as the procession winds on the rapper is led towards a fiery execution by the rabble of ravers.

We're on the set of the video for forthcoming single 'Dirtee Cash' with Dizzee and hotshot director **Wiz** (real name **Andrew Whiston**), the man behind Kasabian's similarly insane 'Fire' clip. However, despite the carnival feel, the video is also Dizzee's most politically motivated statement to date.

"When you first see the mob you kind of assume it's some G20 or Poll Tax political protest," explains Wiz between takes, "but in actual fact it's the opposite, it's a celebration of money and greed and lust. But it has a jovial and inebriated quality to it. Dizzee is the kind of prophet, the soothsayer, he's trying to teach this horde the error of their ways but obviously he gets carried away by the tide of this mob. Eventually they find him intolerable and he's burnt. It's very *Wicker Man*!"

The parade also boasts various caricatures of consumerist icons, including a *Spitting Image*-style Karl Marx and Prince Philip, a Page Three girl, footballers and people carrying inflatable genitalia, who eventually leave an effigy of Dizzee atop a bonfire



"'Holiday' wasn't that bad guys!"



Stills from Dizzee's video to 'Dirtee Cash'

with a sign bearing the word 'Traitor'.

As the scene plays out, the real thing looks on, grinning from behind the camera. "Dirtee Cash" is basically explaining our social and economic situation," he explains of the song and video's sentiments. "How capitalism is pretty much the basis for this country, how it runs this country and how I'm as much a part of it as everybody else. I'm saying too many home truths and it's not going down well."

While it's Dizzee rapping about "dirtee cash" on album 'Tongue N' Cheek', the rapper and director had initially hoped to add one more element to their baying mob: **Jordan**, who would have mouthed Dizzee's lyrics in the video. Remarkably, the glamour model was up for it after a personal invite, that

was until she realised the shoot clashed with Simon Cowell's 50th birthday party. "I felt she was an iconic figure," says Dizzee of his so-near-yet-so-far cameo star. "You know, milking the system and becoming a multi-millionaire."

Wiz, though, is adamant Jordan will regret her non-appearance. "She wasn't very aware of the irony of playing this character," he suggests. "Maybe in the future when she looks back on her career, she'll be like, 'Dizzee Rascal, credible project and interesting

artist, turn left; or Simon Cowell, coming to the end of his shelf life, turn right.' I think she made the wrong decision." Still, it leaves the rapper and director with more time for the key business of the day, torching the fake Dizzee. Toasty...

The video boasts a Karl Marx, a Page Three girl, footballers and inflatable genitalia



MIKE SNOW

"AN ALMIGHTY FORCE OF ARCHAIC-FUTURISM" NME

"ONE OF THE YEAR'S BEST AND MOST REWARDING POP ALBUMS" SUNDAY TIMES CULTURE

IN THE STUDIO

Soft Pack sign up indie hero

San Diegans recruit
Girls Against Boys man to
produce their debut album

The Soft Pack have called on US indie-rock royalty to make their debut album. The band have been in the studio in New York for the last month or so with Girls Against Boys' Eli Janney, who the San Diegans credit with helping them blend a punk snarl with their poppier instincts.

"Eli was a perfect choice, he comes from that DC punk background, but he's also been in a band who were pretty poppy; they were sort of like a 'next Nirvana' kind of thing in the '90s," explained guitarist Matty McLoughlin. "He understood both ends of the spectrum. We do write pop songs, but we come from more of a punk background and he made sure we didn't sound cheesy or lame."

Having stepped into the spotlight thanks to their early EPs when they were still known as The Muslims, the album will see the band cutting all ties with their past incarnation. Only one existing song makes it onto the record, to be released early next year.

"Parasites" is the only song that's been out before, everything else is new. We felt we made that record [the EP] then and we aren't that band now," said McLoughlin, who hailed the impact made by bassist Dave Lantzman and drummer Brian Hill, who joined

as full-time members at the start of the year. "I think re-recording those songs would've been lame, but 'Parasites' was the first song we all wrote together. It was a turning point for the band, it's the bridge to the new stuff. You can hear how the transformation came."

The record features the likes of 'C'mon', 'More Or Less', 'Down On Lovin' and new single 'Answer To Yourself' (out November 2), which "have a darker vibe".

"There was a great attitude and it was fun recording with Eli, we weren't labouring over it, there was a sense of urgency," explained McLoughlin of the tracks. Now they just need to agree on a title.

"We have a 14-hour drive to Nashville soon, so we'll have plenty of time to work it out then!"



Nikolai: going on a New York City trot

BORN TO RUN

The Strokes' Nikolai Fraiture is running New York marathon

We knew it: The Strokes' gym kit just had to include a cool pair of shades. Bassist Nikolai Fraiture is making his final preparations to run this year's New York Marathon (November 1), hence the natty green vest and sweatband.

"I signed up in mid-August. I guess you're supposed to do it earlier," admitted Fraiture, who is splitting training with recording The Strokes' fourth album. "I run every day and on weekends I do a long run. Last weekend I did 25 miles in Central Park."

Fraiture is aiming to raise \$5,000 for the charity Team For Kids and, while he's confident about lasting the distance, the musician said he has one unexpected issue to overcome when he hits the streets.

"You're not actually allowed to run with any music [in the race], I found that pretty surprising," he explained. "So it's actually a really funny time in your head, because so much goes through it. Sometimes you think, 'Why am I doing this?' Then you remember it's for a charity."



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WE WANT ANSWERS!

This week:

JOE LEAN & THE JING JANG JONG

NME: Your album got ditched, and now you've been dropped. What the hell's going on, Joe?

Joe: "It's not so much a kind of dropping thing, it's more of a... a kind of... well, we've definitely parted ways with Vertigo and Universal. We didn't just sit down and get told, it was very much a communicative and amicable thing. It's mutual vibes. We sat down and had a meeting, I think they wanted to speak to us, know what I mean? It was evident that the band weren't happy with working with them and they could completely sympathise. They've wiped our debt and given us our album – they don't want to fuck us!"

So you were dropped then. Did you drown your sorrows?

"Well, I'm a very passionate person, I was the one drinking whisky a bit fast. But you know what? There was a certain thing that happened, this moment came and I looked round at essentially my brothers, and a few of them were quite relieved, excited. They were immediately talking about what to do now. I was sitting there going, 'What the hell is happening?' because it seemed so sober. I was almost in suspended animation. Randy, our

newest member, just went to me, 'Well, we're still a fuckin' band!'"

Are you? Surely it's got to be splitsville from here?

"No! This is what we do... it's fucking ridiculous. We've still been doing this [being a band], we haven't been lazy. We've been writing music. A year from now there'll be at least an album and a few songs out."

So you're definitely not quitting as an artist? NME heard rumours you'd gone into band management...

"There are a few bands... I'm not managing them, but there was talk of it. I helped them in earlier days – Is Tropical and Egyptian Hip Hop. How did I come across them? We were at this night in Manchester called Hot Club, I was DJing. There were these two kids, they were the only people sitting down, so I got them up and said, 'What are you doing?' They were like, 'We thought we'd come and see what music you played.' I said, 'Well, where are your drinks?' 'We haven't got any money,' they replied. So I gave them 20 quid and told them to go and get some drinks and talk while I DJed. I realised they were too young to be in the club, and they were in a band called Egyptian Hip Hop.

"We haven't been lazy. A year from now there'll be an album out"



We took them to a massive

rave. They ended up being managed by the guy who ran Hot Club."

You released a new song, 'One Woman', online last week; after all the faffing, why not just give the album away online?

"That's one of the options, nothing is set in stone. We're talking new year, that's when stuff will be happening. If it were up to me I'd stick a track up every single day. I don't think I could really say which indie label I'd like to go with. I could only go on what artists I like. I'm a big fan of Deerhoof, their label [ATP] I'd probably

go with. But they'd probably put my album in the bin – ha ha!"

You released your debut single 'Lucio Starts Fires' over two years ago and recorded your album twice. Do you worry it's too late for you now?

"Yeah, massively. That's been a constant source of frustration. We were only together 10 months before we got signed: 12 gigs! We were asked to record our first LP before we'd even played 25 gigs. I'm a musician, and now I haven't got someone telling me I can't release my songs for a year. I'm not tired, I haven't even started."

WOLFMO

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GAZ COOMBES Supergrass/The Hot Rats



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A tearjerker for me...

'PACIFIC OCEAN BLUE'
DENNIS WILSON

WILSON "I first heard this album about five or six years ago and it's just a really fucking sad record. It's got this... not desperate, but really lonely sort of feeling about it. I remember talking to [Foo Fighters drummer] Taylor Hawkins when we were on tour with them and he was really into this record. We had a massive chat about it and one of the things he said was that Wilson kind of bled all over the album. These days, records are so calculated and produced that you don't often hear albums like this."

My first gig...

'HAPPY MONDAYS'
MANCHESTER G-MEX
MARCH 23, 1990



"Me and Danny [Goffey, Supergrass drummer], must have only been about 14 at the time, but we hopped on a bus to Manchester and had a mad old night. Inspiral Carpets were supporting and I actually thought they were better. I was a bit disappointed with the Mondays because when 'Kinky Afro' kicked in, it wasn't like the album, there wasn't this three 12-string guitar sound like on the record. But if I saw that performance today I think I'd appreciate it more."

My first record...

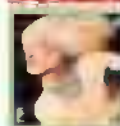
'INTO THE GROOVE'
MADONNA



"I remember buying this when I was about nine from the music section in the supermarket. I was in love with her at the time so when I heard it on the radio and saw her face I just had to buy it. I can still see the appeal of this track even now. There is something so commercially accessible about it right from her appearance down to the production."

My guilty pleasure...

'FREE RIDE'
THE EDGAR WINTER GROUP



"It's a really cheesy classic rock song which is perfect for driving down California's Highway 1. I spent four weeks visiting little places along that coastline about 10 years ago and this song always reminds me of those times. There is such amazing scenery all the way down to LA and this is the perfect soundtrack."

Everyone should hear...

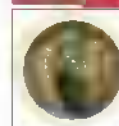
'ROBUSTED AND PAINLES'
TALKING HEADS



"This song works in any situation. I've done a bit of DJing over the years and it's a real favourite. It's got a spark that ignites a room. Me and Danny did some DJing last year in little clubs for a laugh. We never covered this for The Hot Rats' album, but doing those DJ sets helped us pick the songs for it. It's funny to see how these chain of events come together."

To make me dance...

'SURE 'NUFF 'N' YES I DO'
CAPTAIN BEEFHEART



"When this track comes in, it has this amazingly raw, loose but really thoughtful groove which is typical of Beefheart but also not as strange as he normally is. I was in the studio the other day and in-between recording sessions we put a few songs on. When this came on, I did this little jig and a bit of head-bopping. It's an amazing track."

A record by a hero...

'ON THE BEACH'
NEIL YOUNG



"This is probably my favourite record by Neil Young. The fact it was missing and never released on CD until after about 30 years is incredible. I first heard it on vinyl about 10 years ago. It has great sound, great songs and it's got this character and emotion all over it. 'Revolution Blues' and 'On The Beach' are the best two songs he's ever written."

Right now I'm loving...

'MEET THE RESIDE'
THE RESIDENTS



"It's an odd little record. I found it in my CD collection a month ago. Somebody gave it to me while we were on tour in Japan and America. It's experimental and a bit weird but you occasionally stumble across a song and go, 'Wow, that's fucking mental.' It's pretty fucked up but the more I listen to it, the more I hum bits while I'm making dinner."

THE
'NEW MOON RISING'
'BEST HEARD LOUD' Q
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LETTERS

YOU WRITE IT, WE PRINT IT, EVERYONE ARGUES *Edited by Dan Martin*

LETTER OF THE WEEK WINS A SAMSUNG Q2 MP3/MP4 PLAYER TO LISTEN OR WATCH THE LATEST MUSIC VIDEOS ON

SAMSUNG



Letter of the week

About a boy

I am writing to congratulate you on an excellent article about Kurt Cobain and the soiling of his legacy (*NME*, October 10). After seeing Kurt staring back at me on your cover my initial thought was, "Is there anything left to write about this man?" But after reading the well-written piece I was very impressed. Now don't get me wrong I've nothing against a bit of merchandise but Kurt dolls, video games, and trainers just don't sit right with me. Surely when he was pouring his heart out in his journals he never once thought, "These notes and scribbles will look fab on a pair of high-tops". The 'selling-out' of Kurt Cobain is one of the biggest musical crimes around and it must stop before Courtney and the rest of the money-makers cash the cheque made out for 'In Utero The Musical starring Chad Kroeger' (although a chorus line singing 'Tourettes' would make interesting viewing).

Warren Jon Hughes, Hednesford Town

The first thing to say here is that judging by how many angry letters we're still getting about all this, it's reassuring to see how many people out there still *do* remember Kurt for the right reasons – DM

There are of course those who say Kurt relinquished any right to say what happens to the image of his face when he killed himself, but anyway... looking at what's been done with the legacy of most dead rockers, it could have been a lot more tasteless. There are fizzy drinks companies falling over themselves to use Nirvana's music. As for the Guitar Hero thing, surely they can lock the code back into future runs so the Kurt sprite can only play his own songs? That would seem the decent thing to do – DM

THE ONES THAT GOT AWAY

OK, first of all, the day that Lux Interior is more missed, and was more of a tragedy to lose, than Buddy Holly is the day that Thom Yorke covers 'Good Day Sunshine'. Seriously, the man could have been bigger and better than The Beatles, and he loses out in your special issue to the guy responsible for 'Human Fly'?! Wonderful. On a more positive note, however, cheers for the heads-up on The Drums (*Albums*, October 10) – I am addicted to the single and am counting down the hours to the EP release; which is more the I can say for The xx, which, despite Mark Beaumont's repeated assertions, are gimmicky and rubbish.

Mark Collett

MORE ABOUT A BOY

People's capacity for greed never fails to amaze. While alive Kurt Cobain was idolised as the true rock-god he is and, for me, pioneered the grunge genre, yet despite declaring their love to a man they willingly bestowed near-deity status, these people think it's acceptable to essentially sodomise and sully the legend. It wasn't enough that last year Cobain's ashes were stolen by someone (probably trying to edge out his title as Number One Fan through pointless territorial pissings) and in the process reducing Kurt's ashes to nothing more than 'merch', but now we see Courtney allowing his image to appear on *Guitar Hero* singing other people's songs?! Simon Neil advocated the honesty of Cobain's lyrics as being one of his best qualities, so why would we want to associate him with something as fake as *Guitar Hero*? Isn't it best to remember him as a troubled genius and mourn that we'll never see a Nirvana reunion?

Daniel, Liverpool

Just picked up *NME* in Southampton Airport – thought the 'Rock stars we miss the miss the most' feature looked great. I'm still double-checking, but I can't seem to find an entry for Elliott Smith anywhere. Does my copy have some pages missing?

Andy, Southampton



Buddy Holly: dead

STALKERS

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



ROBERT, CANADA

"Yo! Here I am backstage with Pharrell in Toronto! Fressshhhh!"



ANTY, HUNTINGDON

"I met Ryan Jarman before The Cribs played in Cambridge. He's a funny guy"



SIOBHAN, MANCHESTER

"Here's me and my friends with Adam Green from The Moldy Peaches in Manchester"

at the same time." Or maybe "I look back on the blogs from the drummer of Fall Out Boy in sheer fucking awe." What else can we expect when today's stars seem to see music as a career or we have a talent show where losing contestants are faced with the so-called humiliation or returning to their teaching jobs because Dannii Minogue doesn't think they can sing. It seems that real rock'n'roll stars are, quite literally, a dying breed.

Neil Renton, via email

Yeah, but there is something actually kind of amazing about the way Frankie from The Saturdays sings and shakes her bum, is there not? - DM

STILL NOT BORED OF THE WHOLE FILESHARING THING YET?

Just wanted to say all this illegal downloading crap is making me sick. Don't we pay enough as it is travelling to gigs, gig fees etc without paying for their sometimes dodgy material? I say if you're worth seeing live then your CDs/downloads must reflect that. I pay £2.30 to NME as it is, just to find out if your album is shit or not. Stop using NME to air your grievances or let NME reimburse me the £2.30 towards your CDs/downloads rather than listen to your spoilt millionaire bitching.

Jackie Ross, Wakefield

Nobody likes paying for shit music Jackie (and believe me it's not exactly fun to be paid to listen to shit music either). But as the enterprising chap behind the next letter points out, this isn't about David Vs Goliath anymore. As Falco from FOTL pointed out, we need to be careful, else we just might end up with the music we deserve - DM

So after reading about Miss Allen's revelation in NME October 3, I couldn't help but want to throw my two pence-worth in. We're quite clearly not on her scale, but we too as a band [Pint Shot Riot] have been on the receiving end of the old filesharing debate. Having sold out our hometown venue of 1,000 twice up here in Coventry, we have a great following, and with both of our first two singles selling out at also 1,000 a-piece, we had a nice building anticipation set for our album, which was due for release this year. But that's too easy, I hear you cry?? Well, not to worry about that, because a lovely soul decided to share it for us, ta. So now as much as I enjoy hearing on nights out, "The album's class, mate," we've decided to fight back by retreating to Devon to the studio to lay down two new songs we have just written, which will replace two

of the songs on the leaked album, remix, final master and Robert's your dad's brother: it's rescheduled for spring 2010. So yes, it seems to be killing artists, especially if you aren't of a certain status enough to ensure a great big live earning, but move the goal posts! Fight back!

Rocket, Pint Shot Riot

AND TO RETURN TO THE SUBJECT OF DEAD PEOPLE FOR A MOMENT

Do you think if Stephen Gately had died a couple of weeks before NME released an issue on lost legends that he would have got a mention? Why not? To be a homosexual yet hide this from your mainly teenage female fans in a bid to help sell records must have been a burden. To finally come out took a lot of guts. There's a few stars who won't discuss their sexuality if they are thought to be gay, as they state it has nothing to do with the music. Maybe not. But if you are gay, then why not admit it, especially when you have fans who'll be confused about their own sexuality? He might not be as legendary as Kurt Cobain or Elvis, but at least Stephen was honest with his sexuality in a homophobic environment, and for that he should never be forgotten.

Sarah, via email

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Email: letters@nme.com Post: The Letters Page, NME, Blue Fin Building, 110 Southwark St, London, SE1 0SU Oh, and LOTW winners should email the same address to claim their prizes

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AND ANOTHER THING...

In case you've still not made your point

SHOOT HIM DOWN

No disrespect to the man, and he's earned the right to look whatever way he likes, but Ian Brown does look a bit like a hobo standing next to Jay-Z in last week's issue of NME (October 3).

DAVID SMYTH, VIA EMAIL

I think any of us here would struggle not to look like a hobo stood next to Jigga. It's the price we pay for being indie - DM

XX HITS THE SPOT

Bugger, Basshunter has a new single coming out, God help us! I'm going to have to lock myself in my room with nothing but an xx and The xx album until he leaves again.

WILL SOER, VIA EMAIL

An axe and an xx CD? That sounds like an average Thursday night round mine, mate, maybe we should be friends - DM

LUST FOR PRUDENCE

Just wanted to point out that the guitar part at the very end of 'Lust For Life' by Girls is almost completely ripped off from 'Dear Prudence'. Am I right?

MARC PACITTI, EDINBURGH

Um, yeah. It's still bloody awesome though - DM

AND ANOTHER THING...

Please can anyone confirm if Vic Reeves' club singer is now singing for Editors?

GEORGE, SLOUGH

We put a call in to the BBC. Their response was "Mwuuuu-mwuuu, nganganga, driiiiing-druuuung, nmba-nma-zonk." So that sort of settles it, no? - DM

AND ANOTHER ANOTHER THING...

Am I the only one to think Calvin's new album is complete shit? And his music just isn't any good? I used to like it and now once I've heard it more than three times I'd rather let my ears burn?

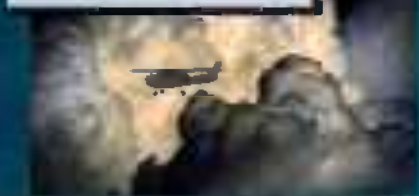
ABBI, IPSWICH

Sorry Abbi, we've given up talking about Calvin, because whenever we do he goes on Twitter and makes us cry - DM

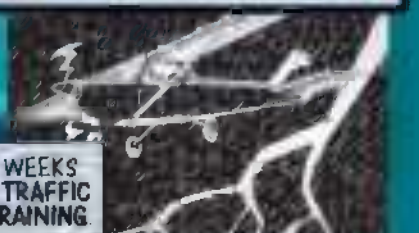
OK, we knew we'd get letters on this, and thank you for them. But of course as James McMahon pointed out on this very page last week, this is the line to say that this wasn't the '27 Best Dead Rock Stars Of All Time... Ever!' This was the 27 people we, us sitting round an office, just about came to a peaceful resolution on without killing each other. You'll all have your own and that, readers, is the beauty of democracy - DM

Bobby Gillespie summed it up best when speaking of the death of Lux Interior when he said "There's a little less rock'n'roll in the world." With the passing of music legends, there's less than adequate replacements ready to step into their shoes. In years from now I wonder what the stars of tomorrow will say about the acts around just now. "It was amazing how Frankie from The Saturdays could sing and shake her bum

A RUSSIAN PILOT OFF THE
MORAY FIRTH IN A STORM.



A LIGHT AIRCRAFT LOST AND LOW ON FUEL.



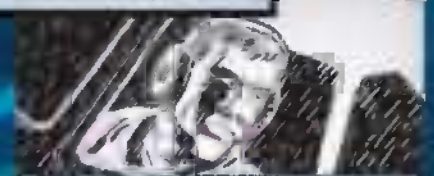
AND ME - 2 WEEKS
OUT OF AIR TRAFFIC
CONTROL TRAINING

I DIRECTED THE PILOT TO AN
AIRFIELD... BUT THE STORM
KNOCKED HIM OFF COURSE!



THEN IT KNOCKED OUT
HIS INSTRUMENTS AND
HALF OF MY RADAR...

HE WAS HEADED FOR SOME RADIO
MASTS - I HAD TO ACT QUICKLY.



I GOT HIM BACK ON COURSE,
KEPT HIM CALM, GUIDED HIM DOWN.

THEY CHECKED HIS FUEL
TANK - IT WAS EMPTY...



A FEW WEEKS LATER I RECEIVED
AN AWARD AT DOWNING ST.

AMAZING - BUT SAVING
THE PILOT'S LIFE WAS
REWARD ENOUGH.

10



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Men and boy:
(l-r) Carl, Jem,
Huey Lewis, Mike

RADAR

FINDING THE BEST NEW MUSIC *by Jaimie*



NME LOVES

UK DIY fun-punk
just got great

MEN

A mutual friend of ours came to see us, but had real trouble after the show," says Men's Mike. "He kept wanting to say, 'I love Men' but kept giggling." Such are the difficulties when you've chosen a name this good – they used to be Norwich's most cheerful weird-punkers Fun! Yeah!, but a departing keyboardist and crunchier sound necessitated a beefier moniker. "We evolved into Men, as it were. What a quote!" *NME* likes Men, regardless of poor baby Huey Lewis' cries. Yes, Mike named his son Huey Lewis. Amazing.

"Maybe we're... no, we're really not crossing any social boundaries," continues Mike. "We toyed with websites, like *ILoveMen.com*, but decided against it." Maybe wise.

Isn't it about time fun-loving UK punk kids had some natives to believe in? Well, now a trio, two thirds of whom – Jem and Mike, with the triumvirate of power

completed by Carl – also play in East Anglian post-hardcore princes Pennines, it's Men's melding of big cartoon-popped punk with small-town frustrations that's pricking up flesh-tunnelled ears. There's elements of gruff, throaty tirades à la Latterman and Hot Water Music, but it's the energy of the likes of Dillinger 4 and the new wave playfulness of Devo and Talking Heads all cooked in a big Desperate Dan-style posi (positive hardcore) pie that make Men such a delectable dish.

You know when we said in our Future 50 issue that Norwich was fostering the biggest hotbed of DIY indie heroes per square-mile in the UK? It's because of the likes of Men; not because they dress up like space-wizards and invent new instruments, but thanks to the fact they have their priorities in the right order: write music, play music, repeat. Thanks in part to the city's evergreen DIY community, they've come up with some

of the sweetest odes to boredom and frustration and are giving every single note away for free online. Cheers, the future.

Trouble is, leaving the city is proving problematic: "What would we love?" ponders Mike. "We'd love for somebody to give us a gig! In Pennines, people throw them at us. In Men? Dryyyyyyyyyy. So we sit here and write more and more."

Promoters of the world: come on, you know what to do. *Ben Patashnik*

NEED TO KNOW...

What: Throaty, melodic fun-punk

For fans of: Dillinger 4, Devo, Latterman, being cheerful, shouting

Download: Their entire catalogue from NME.COM/notesfromtheunderground



EURO CURRENCY

Danish disco funk that's too sexy for majors

PRIVATE

Hot on the heels of Miike Snow comes another Scandi pop svengali swapping mixing desk for mic stand. Thomas Troelsen is the evil studio mastermind behind Europop starlets *Monrose* and *No Angels* – and also produced *The Raveonettes*' latest album – but when his more disco-oriented efforts were rejected for being too “funky” or “androgynous”, he formed *Private* to sing them himself.

The trio is completed by guitarist Asger Tarpgaard and singer Tanja Simonsen: “She doesn't have a big voice but she sings like a piano,” gushes Thomas. Already stars in their native Denmark, *Private*'s first UK offering is the pristine electro-funk of ‘My Secret Lover’,

on *Relentless*. Live shows are promised soon. “The idea is to throw events and parties. Usually you go to a show, and then you go home – unless you're invited to the afterparty! I think people are ready to get more.”

You've gotta be intrigued by a chap who claims food is a big influence and whose ultimate ambition is to produce *Metallica*. Ulrich and co's macho sludge would be improved no end by a dose of funky androgyny. *Sam Richards*

NEED TO KNOW...

What: Early 80s groove-centric sexy disco
Download: ‘My Secret Lover’ remix from *NME's Radar blog*

INDIE FRINGES

Third time lucky(ish) for NE shm indie types

LITTLE COMETS

You may have come across *Little Comets* before. Remember *Stouffa*? No? *Freerunner*? Maybe? Short lived boy band *V* of ‘Blood Sweat & Tears’ fame? Yeah, you thought you knew the drummer from somewhere. With a past that tells the story of one ‘ouch’ incident after another it's hard not to raise an admiring eyebrow at the slog these *Geordies* have endured

They've been through more incarnations than a Buddhist Madonna tribute act and the result, as you can imagine, isn't exactly the most natural-sounding. Hours spent at home with a Maccabees chord book, some safety scissors and a Pritt Stick have produced totally boppable hooks that feel so laboured their infuriating tendency to wallow in ‘quirky’ rhyming couplet

banter is only their second most trying trait. This time last year they sounded like Orson and wore bad trainers. Yet plenty let them off. “We played this gig in a flat in Edinburgh,” beams guitarist Mickey, “Everyone was really off their face dancing and a bed got broken. We were like, ‘This is amazing!’ But then we had to sleep on the bed.” Uh-oh

They've grafted for nigh-on 10 years and will probably do reasonably well. We're waving the world's teeniest flag. *Rebecca Robinson*

NEED TO KNOW...

What: Fairly likeable indie disco boppers
by *NME's*
Download: ‘Adultery’



MAJOR INVESTMENT

The dull cred-pop solo chaps keep a'comin'...

ERIK HASSLE

After the *New Pop Vixens* (© Everyone) have coshed open 2009's charts and filled their handbags with the stuff inside, trailing behind them are their consorts: the *New Pop Chaps*. These amiable synth-toters specialise in being basically nice, having cheekbones, and so on. Skills these certainly are. But are their skills in demand? Dan Black, Frankmusik, Tommy Sparks: it's not exactly a list studded with outrageous success, or outrageous anything...

We wouldn't be telling you about Sweden's Erik Hassle if he didn't have the potential to change the game for the *New Pop Chaps*... for better or worse. On the one hand, he does ‘bangers’ better than any of the above: ‘Don't Bring Flowers’ is his Daniel Bedingfield

moment – a piece of funk-pop splazze dreamed into existence by a suburban bedroom producer who's grown up on way too much Michael Jackson. On the other, even corkscrew flame hair can't quite make Erik Hassle dynamic. Most of his tracks are the sort of rabble-pleasing midground-steering stuff you hear on Radio 1 eight hours a day for six weeks before you bother to find out what it is. In those terms, he could be this year's Daniel Powter. Yes. That big. And that anonymous. *Gavin Haynes*

NEED TO KNOW...

What: Angel-faced bleepy-pop from *Candicinge*
Download: ‘Don't Bring Flowers’

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THE 4 MILLION ALBUM SALES SMILE

Franklin, Tennessee, described in a brilliant oxymoron as “the Mecca of Christian music”, is a 20-minute drive from “the Mecca of country music” – Nashville, Tennessee. For a town of only 40,000 people, it packs some heavy celeb ballast: LeAnn Rimes, Miley Cyrus, Sheryl Crow, Alison Kraus, Michael W Smith. Crowning these glories, it’s also where Paramore went from adolescent pupa to global emo butterfly.

“It’s a quaint town,” Hayley Williams ponders, “very family-oriented. The part where I live is very historic. It’s very homey, if you know what I mean...” The site of the bloodiest 15 minutes in the US Civil War, it’s steeped in the lore of the South. And so, holstered to its Bible Belt status, is the obligatory gun.

“People’s idea of the South is ‘God and guns’, but it’s not a big deal. People just have a gun in their house. We used to have a gun, but after my mom and me moved out, we didn’t.” When they return home, the boys in Hayley’s band still shoot skeet on a friend’s 100-acre farm.

They pray to God, they’re partial to shooting a gun and they always, always eat their greens. They are the anti-My Chemical Romance. They are **Paramore**

WORDS GAVIN HAYNES PORTRAIT TOM OXLEY

“Yeah, we still do that,” drawls Josh Farro, guitarist and Hayley’s songwriting partner. “We used to be really big on it. We haven’t done it so much recently, though. We own guns, yeah. The thing is,” he emphasises, “it’s actually very common in the South to own guns.”

So much so that in a 2008 interview Hayley was pondering aloud over whether to buy a revolver, although she seems to have dropped the idea today. As a child, she and her brother would load up their BB guns and stalk out into the woods to shoot at leaves. They still go out to have a blast, but these days they prefer targets. (“All I know is that it’s fun to be a little hillbilly sometimes.

I mean, you grow up in the country and everyone’s got a gun.”)

It’s a red state kind of world out there and, for all their beta-carotene hair dye and piercings, Paramore are indubitably children of the gun-totin’, Jesus-enjoyin’ red states. Just look at them. Look at their bright eyes. Allow your gaze to trail down towards their bushy tails. They’re not your typical soused deadbeat punks who dreamed of escaping their one-horse town, are they? They call things “super-sweet”. They generally avoid unnecessary profanity. Paramore are practically made of nice. They, like, pray and stuff...

“We pray, yeah, before shows,” Josh volunteers. “I lead the prayer usually, but everyone takes turns.”

“I know that, for me personally, I pray randomly throughout the day,” Hayley considers. “Whether it’s about stress and I’m worried and just need relief, or if I am in really high spirits and want to show gratitude. The main thing for me is that I have to know that it’s genuine.”

Josh: “We don’t all go to the same church. About three or four of us were going to the church three or four years ago – I think that one used to be a baptist church, but it changed to non-denominational. The church I go to now is non-denominational. I don’t really like to put a label on it – I think that’s when you start to get in trouble.”

Is it what you might call a ‘charismatic’ church?

“Yeah. It’s definitely charismatic at certain points. Some people get blessed by the spirit, speak in tongues. I don’t do that myself – it’s considered a spiritual gift. Not everyone is blessed with that.”

They have, however, cannily avoided being labelled as The Paramore Look At Those Christians With Their Whooping And A-Hollering For Jesus Aren’t They Weird Band. In fact, consciously or

JACK DANIEL'S



BEST JD DAY EVER!

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Jack Daniel's birthday is celebrated in style as the event in London features a host of stars and shock collaborations

Onstage three silhouettes line up as the magic of The Velvet Underground's 'Venus in Furs' swirls around. Jon McClure's silk-spun vocals cut against the anthemic croon of Brett Anderson, Carl Barat playing down the melody with his gruff rock bark. It's the climax to the Jack Daniel's Birthday JD Set 2009 at London's Village Underground, and tunes have been flowing as freely as Barat's head-swooning Libertine locks - and have been just as gratefully received.

The concept is thus: each year three of the best musicians in the world come up with a setlist of their own songs and covers for a unique gig backed by the Jack Daniel's New Silver Cornet Band - which this year features a newcomer, Wayne Carson, who co-wrote Elvis' 'Always On My Mind', and who opens the JD Set by singing it! The Jack Daniel's Old No. 7 brand is poured, the guitars are tuned, the competition winners file in, and we're go.

First up is McClure, The Reverend welcoming the Silver Cornet lot as his new Makers band. His 2007 single 'Heavyweight Champion Of The World' is bulked with a new heaviness, while Love's classic 'This House Is Not A Motel' is given a new twist that the song's writer Arthur Lee, who sadly passed away in 2006, would

happily raise a glass to.

Having already proved he's happy to go up against the classics, McClure pushes affairs further with the surprise appearance of Sex Pistol Glen Matlock - inviting him onstage to blast through the punk legends' classic 'Pretty Vacant', which is anything but.

Anderson, wearing a torso-clasping designer shirt, is a daunting sight, yet his iconic croon is as strong as ever. The ex-Suede man rips through 'The Wild Ones' and mini-set closer 'Trash', and we're reminded of what a musical force he still is.

As it is with Barat - a veteran of two generation-defining bands, The Libertines and Dirty Pretty Things, here offering an understated reminder of how special his back catalogue is by playing The Libs' 'What Katy Did' as part of his set before McClure and Anderson bound on for the unforgettable finale.

Another year, another Birthday JD Set triumph... glass of No. 7, anyone?

*Know when to unplug.
Please drink Jack Daniel's responsibly.*

drinkaware.co.uk



'Trashy' Brett Anderson



Preacher man
Jon McClure

unconsciously, they've played a guileful game on the subject of faith, treading softly but nobly. Paramore's 'people' advise us that they don't like to talk God. "Hayley probably won't answer your questions about her Christianity," we're told. Josh, however, doesn't seem to mind.

"No, man," he enthuses, "I don't mind talking about it at all. It's not a burden – it's a joy."

But, historically, you've tended to keep it on the down-low a bit?

"Well, we didn't wanna, like, shove our faith down people's throats, so we were more careful about how and when and where we talked about it. It's kind of just known now."

"When have we not repped our faith?" Hayley chides us. "There's a difference between respecting people's own personal beliefs and opinions and not representing what you yourself believe in. There have been plenty of interviews where we've talked mostly about God and the things we believe and how all five of us share the same faith. It's what has kept us together. If not for the grace we found through faith we would have given up on each other long ago."

Churl if you want to but, in Britain, where religion most often means crumpled old men fustling the majesty and mystery of the Holy Eucharist



The crowd at Toronto's Kool Haus, October 15, 2009

sales since their 2005 debut 'All We Know Is Falling', their prodigious workrate and general child-prodigy vibes have lead them to the tippermost of the toppermost.

Another reason they suddenly seem to be making waves is that – look around – there's just a dearth of good, honest emo fun around at the moment. PATD have washed their hands of the whole thing, MCR's album hiatus is dragging on into its fourth year and Fall Out Boy's career has rightfully been drowned under the gales of derisive laughter that greeted 'Folie à Deux'. Within that vacant context, Brand New Eyes' stands out – it's never trying to be more than it is – a fun, frothy emo-punk piece to soundtrack Friday night mall dramas. But unlike many of their contemporaries, its authors still have

"I'M NOT INTERESTED IN BEING A ROLE MODEL. I TALK TO OUR FANS LIKE THEY'RE MY FRIENDS"

HAYLEY WILLIAMS

down to a parable about sharing and a bake-sale, the notion of Christianity as something unbowed, something that stokes deep passions, seems perversely dangerous. Britain's flock is sheepishly faithful and dwindling. Paramore are the ambassadors of the bullishly believing young USA that seldom finds its way into our pop charts.

So when they barged Madonna's bony bum off the top of the UK album chart at the start of October, it was a bit of a surprise all round. In Britain, Tony Blair always used to hide the full extent of his religious light under a bushel. In America, presidents can't get elected if they don't believe in God. That heartlands USA is what Paramore have channelled, what's worked for them; they've taken a culture that essentially still believes in such outmoded ideals as – *phthooey!* – respect and – *bleurgh!* – family values, dressed it up in its best secular emo-trousers and mined the values of what you might call the 'silent moral majority' into a career as the Biggest Non-Christian Christian Band In The World. The market is huge and under-served – it's just that we in Broken Britain are blinkered to it by our compulsive liberal-secularism. Now, 4 million album

the full weight of sincerity that good emo needs if it is to find its target. Two ballads to show off their progressive, thoughtful pain, then back into the manic pain, then power-out with the tumbling tumbrel of 'All I Wanted', the song that comes dangerously close to Evanescence, but still manages to be the best thing on the record.

Now that the emo mainstream has seemingly entered its dotage, well, who should pop along to revive a seemingly exhausted musical movement but the little emo band that could? The one that always potered somewhere in the background, quietly harvesting the faithful, but perhaps was considered a bit too dry to appeal to British sensibilities. Paramore are unlikely heroes.

Hayley, some have described you as having a whiff of Mouseketeer in your character. Would you take that as a compliment?

"I'm not interested in being a goody-goody role model to our fans, I talk to them like they're my friends. But, just because I don't curse every other word... I mean, that's not me." She considers her point. "Maybe when I'm pissed off I will. I've heard a lot of people comment, particularly in the UK, that I don't swear at shows, but... that's a good thing."



Paramore (l-r): Taylor, Josh, Hayley, Zac, Jeremy



The band at home in Nashville, 2006



Not just decorative, but instructional: one of Hayley's tats

Another reason for Paramore's overwhelming success is – as she correctly acknowledges – that this Williams girl has become a proper cult figure. Tango-haired girl in a band of boys, she's strong and mature in a way that makes you think that her mum must be a really good person. Funky but klutzy, she gives off just enough vulnerability to make her grounded toughness seem attractive.

Yeah, so she has tendency to frame her thoughts in quite a PG way – ask her about their recent UK success and she'll come out with a Birtspcak gem like, "Being able to keep the core audience and still build onto it and expand our fanbase is really special," as though there's a unique cove in her heart for audience demographic pie charts. But there's also a tang of the bad girl gone good. Not only in her precociously acerbic lyrics – 'Playing God's lines

PARAMORE: THE MUSIC

ALL WE KNOW IS FALLING (2005)
Where it all began, and a scrappier version of what they would become. Sold 400,000 in the US.

RIOT! (2007)
Spawned four colossal singles including 'Misery Business', this put Paramore on the map.

THE FINAL RIOT! (2008)
Recorded on the last night of their 'Riot!' world tour, this is the definitive Paramore live experience.

TWILIGHT SOUNDTRACK (2008)
Muse and Linkin Park also feature, but it's all about Paramore's 'I Caught Myself' and 'Decode'.

BRAND NEW EYES (2009)
Paramore headed to California to grow up, with Green Day super-producer Rob Cavallo.



Hayley onstage:
more than what?

“WHEN I LOOK OUT ON A CROWD, I REALISE HOW LUCKY WE ARE TO HAVE MADE IT PAST 2008”

HAYLEY WILLIAMS

about how “next time you point a finger, I might have to bend it back or break it”. Just out of sight, there’s the poetically tortured Anglophile (although she says she doesn’t know what an Anglophile is), the girl who moons in her room to Morrissey and adores Robert Smith. “Yeah,” she qualifies, “I got into Morrissey when we started touring. ‘Bona Drag’, that was the first album I had. The way he expresses his feelings sounds really strong, even if he’s talking down about himself.” She retains a whiff of the outsider – the girl who gets on better with boys, the displaced teen whose mum encouraged her to join proto-Paramore The Factory because she was struggling to make friends in Franklin. It’s left a lingering taint of originality that bloomed into out-and-out star quality.

Among the myriad Hayley fansites, there are constantly updated blogs devoted entirely to her fashion choices; this, despite the fact that she’s not exactly dressy – tomboyish even. But the same instinctive approach that saw her widely mocked for turning up to the Grammys in a see-through cocktail-dress-and-socks combo are the same instinct that’s turning her into an icon – a sort of grungey passion for the mix’n’match, the odd-pairing, the great flourish of thrift-shop pissing-about. In both her utterances and in her sensibilities she’s never showy, never calculating, keepin’ it real, making sure everything comes from a good place.

On the high days and holidays that she makes it back to Franklin, she does her unwinding by heading into Nashville to watch gigs, or going to hang out at the movies with bassist Jeremy Davis, travelling in her Chrysler – a big auto for a lil’ lady that she’s customised with an adorably ramshackle attitude to *les*

beaux arts. The back is plastered with bumper stickers of bands she digs: American Nightmare, The Swellers, No Doubt, her long-term boyfriend Chad Gilbert’s New Found Glory. The dashboard is given over to a war between Blu-Tacked army figurines and a horde of plastic zombies. The inside roof is Michaelangeloed with a Slipknot poster she tore out of a music magazine and a messy crayon doodle drawn by Chad. The sunguard is studded with buttons. It’s a glorious, garish, fruit-loops mess – basically what would happen if eight-year-olds were allowed to own motor vehicles.

“I think those kinds of things show my personality,” she speculates. “I have a thing – it’s a bit of a problem – when I own something, I have this compulsion to customise it.” Indeed, her home has

a similar, though less freeform, air of razzle. She’s decoupage her own bedside table. “I’m in the process of looking for a new roadcase. When I get one I’m going to decoupage it. It’s going to be white and I’m going to cover it in pictures of other bands we’ve met on the road, or of fans we’ve met touring. I enjoy, um, expressing myself...”

Even her limbs haven’t escaped flippanant customisation. Among her three tattoos is one on the inside of her right ankle that says ‘Shave Me’. It’s not a pun, particularly. “The shaving one; that was my first. On all the other tours we’ve done, when I hang out on the bus, after a week of touring and not showering or shaving, my legs are not necessarily that clean-shaven. So the guys would write ‘shave me’ on my ankle when I was asleep. I kept saying to them, ‘If you’re not careful, I’m going to get that tattooed on my leg.’” Half-joke, half-sentimental memento, it fits perfectly with her slightly goofball character. “I don’t regret any of my tattoos – I only have three, but they’re all very much connected to my life; they’re my memories of touring and my youth.”

Pop psychologists, flapping in from over the hills in their long white coats, might speculate that the reason Hayley is such a compulsive customiser is that she’s always had to make her psychogeography portable. An immigrant to Franklin, and back out on the road before she’d been there too long, without a proper teenage kingdom of her own Hayley seems to simply engrave herself on the things that happen to be close at hand. Back in 2005, Paramore’s debut album, ‘All We Know Is Falling’ contained the song ‘Franklin’, in which a 16-year-old Hayley complained of barely remembering their hometown (“And when we get home, I know we won’t be home at all/ This place we live, it is not where we belong”). All of the band’s founding members were born elsewhere and it wasn’t an overly long sojourn for anyone, because by the time drummer Zac was 13, they were already out touring.

None of them has exactly ‘done’ high school. Instead, like The Osmonds before them, they’ve caught maths tutorials in-between soundchecks, and

perused periodic tables during phone interviews. That ultimate emo realm – carnivorous high school social circles – is entirely foreign to them. Hayley reckons she would’ve been lousy at dealing with high school anyway “with all the social ranking and the drama”.

In December, Paramore return to the UK to play a sold-out Wembley Arena, followed by the MEN’s thunderdome. Between now and then, they’re touring megaplexes all across the United States, for, like, the 50,000th time. Hayley will spend most of this intervening period selling crack out of the tourvan and punching kittens. Maybe.

After the well-documented implosion of 2008 – climaxing in a blog post by Hayley in which she announced the cancellation of a European tour due to “a lot of internal issues that have been going on in this band for quite a while now” – her favourite track to play on Brand New Eyes is, fittingly, ‘Looking Up’. “It sums us up really well. Not to mention it gets me really pumped and puts me in a really positive place. When we’re playing that song onstage and I look out on a crowd of all these people that are so stoked to be there, squished and sweaty and screaming at the top of their lungs, I realise how lucky we are to have made it past 2008.”

In December, she’ll turn 21. Three albums in, she makes Alex Turner look as old as Lady Gaga. They really are still a part of their own audience and it’s that youthful exuberance that, as many have noted, gives their music its unfakeable extra gear of pep. Paramore are the band your mother warned you about... if your mother is Lydia Lunch. They’re some of the nicest people you could hope to meet and there’s nothing at all wrong with that. Nice is underrated. Nice is punk rock. Cute is what they aim for, and they pull it off marvellously.

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IF WE HAD AMERICA HEARD THE TRUTH FOR ONE DAY...

Manic Street Preachers were set to break the US in 1995. Then Richey went missing. Now, they face their demons and take his lyrics over the pond

WORDS: DAN MARTIN
PHOTOS: PETER M VAN HATTEM

Tonight we beg the question: if a band in their 19th year, having all but neglected the USA their entire career, suddenly decide to give it another go, will anybody give a shit?

You join us at Philadelphia's World Café Live, a bizarre combination of dinner theatre and rock venue. Upstairs there's a refined whiskey tasting. Downstairs, the Manic Street Preachers are playing to a room of little more than 500 fans. The stage isn't big enough for their 'Journal For Plague Lovers' banner, so the bloodied face is cut off at the nose. Philadelphia won't exactly die of devotion, but for the pockets of people here who have been waiting 10 years to see their heroes in action, it's like an occult benediction in eyeliner. There are calls for obscure B-sides such as 'Sculpture Of Man'.

One 16-year-old girl has driven the 12 hours from Kentucky to this, the nearest show. With her girlfriend. Wearing a Russian Communist Party T-shirt. The fact there are communist lesbians in Kentucky is more surprising than the fact they will be drawn to the Manic Street Preachers like flies to shit. After the show, the band – who play enormodomes and stay in plush hotels back home – stand outside signing things for almost every single member of the audience before trudging into the bus which has been their home for the past three weeks. It's most irregular.



“IT WAS NICE TO FOIST RICHEY UPON PEOPLE AGAIN IN A DIFFERENT COUNTRY”

JAMES DEAN BRADFIELD

JOURNAL FOR ROAD LOVERS...

Earlier today, sat on the bus, we asked the most obvious question: why after 10 years would three 40-year-old men willingly spend three weeks living on a bus playing to crowds a fraction of the size they're used to?

“I don't know if there was a greater bit of symbolism, but genuinely I think there's a bit of guilt involved,” says Nicky Wire. “The small but loyal following we have are extremely dedicated, and it's really brought it home how much people care. We've driven all the way from the west coast through Middle America, some nights have just

been 300 or 400 people. We're just putting it on every night, you know, pretending we're young.”

Nicky reckons that their absence for so long stems from a combination of economics and laziness. “We'd never have broken the country anyway, so we just didn't bother.” And playing Cuba so pointedly in 2001 didn't exactly help their visa situation. But this being Manic Street Preachers, nothing is ever quite that simple. Yes, they did return briefly during the ‘This Is My Truth..’ period, but as any fan will know, the United States is tangled up in the tragedy that has always defined them. Strange to think now, but 1994's ‘The Holy Bible’ was supposed to be the Manics' big American push.

“It was the one time our record company were like, ‘We can do this, we know how you do this,’” says James. “They said, ‘This is college radio and you're super weird guys and there's a super-weird punkiness.’”

There was even a polished US mix of the album (later released on the deluxe edition) and they looked like having a real shot. On February 1, 1995, James and Richey were set to fly over for a promotional tour. This was the day Richey vanished.

James nods. “I think it was a tiny bit of a bad memory of America, me getting on the plane, Martin [Hall, the band's



Clockwise from top left: Nicky meets the American Manics fans, all 10 of them; Nicky applies the eyeliner; James and Nicky - finally - rock New York; the queue outside Manhattan's Webster Hall



manager] saying, 'Just get on the plane and I'm sure when you get to the other side Richey will have called me. And of course he never did. It's there in the background, I suppose.'

What's really going on here is the next stage in a process of redemption that began when they got their groove back with 'Send Away The Tigers', prompting us to give them the Godlike Genius Award, which then fuelled their confidence so they felt comfortable unearthing the cache of lyrics that Richey left behind to form 'Journal For Plague Lovers'. Wittingly or not, the Manics are on a mission to make peace with their past.

"Definitely," says James, "and there was a bittersweet irony of coming back to America with Richey's record. And that felt nice. It was nice to foist Richey upon people again in a different country. I didn't think about it like that, but for these last four years or so we've been happier as a band. So, maybe with that happiness we've disavowed ourselves of certain insecurities."

Nicky agrees. "'Send Away The Tigers' was the turning point. From 'Know Your Enemy' to 'Lifeblood' there was a stoic bitterness about us that didn't connect with people. I still think there's moments of brilliance on the records, but after that gig at the Millennium and then 'The Masses Against The Classes' going in at Number One, that was our Knebworth moment, 'This is as subversive as we're ever gonna be.' And we just struggled for five years. We were just wandering around trying to find our voice again."

What changed?

"I think us getting back in the studio in Cardiff and not listening to anyone else but ourselves, really. We reconnected with the people that we were in 1992; we reconnected with ourselves and everyone else followed."

And so, while the UK 'Journal For Plague Lovers' tour was an intense and draining experience (Nicky's prolapsed disc adding physical pain to the already painful memories) this could not be more different. The band are having a hoot, watching Larry Sanders DVDs, bitching about bands and, as Nicky announces with glee, "listening to 'Gold Against The Soul' and marvelling at the sheer awfulness of it!"

"It's just made me realise we just get on so well. It's bizarre, we're 40 years old and we're still sitting on a bus together for fucking three weeks."

Shorn of the meathead element that came with their British enormity, these are perhaps the purest Manic Street Preachers gigs you could ever hope to see. Nicky explains, "There's everyone from the straightest of straight guys wearing shirts to the freakiest of the freaks. I was in Minneapolis, and I'm a big American football fan, and they were just really surprised that the guy in eye make-up and a dress likes [legendary quarterback] Brett Favre!" In Los Angeles he spends hours walking invisibly down Sunset Strip, fantasising. "I still feel like I could actually go there and live in the hills for six months and try and write a script," he says.

James was more moved by the dignity of Detroit. We do wonder, though, having reconnected with their essential fagginess, if they copped any shit in the more 'conservative' Midwestern towns. But not at all.

"The Midwest is notoriously accommodating," says the singer. "People will stare at you and ask you questions but wouldn't let you go without. I do see how artists become obsessed with American life because you realise you're not touring a country, you're touring a series of territories. The way people talk, the way they act, what they call a certain cut of steak, it's all fucking different. Why didn't we come back for 10 years? It's one of the most insane things we ever did."

A VERY SERIOUS QUESTION...

To paraphrase an old Richey lyric: in the age of Obama, can whiteamerica tell the truth for one day without its world falling apart?

James: "Only if Hillary helps him to stop being vainglorious in his 'I have a dream' speeches. His Olympic speech was really bad. It was terrible, it was hokey and it had nothing to do with the

Olympics, and he's just got to cut down jutting his jawline out. If Hillary can balance him and say, 'We need nuts and bolts politics, we just need you to be a really good politician, we don't need you to be a posterboy any more,' then I think we'll be OK."

Nicky: "It's a really good question because I must admit, over here, I do think the humbling of America, economically over the last few years, the end of the superpower and obviously then electing Obama... I'm not expert enough because I haven't been here enough, but it does feel like a slightly nicer country. I don't know about the TRUTH! (laughs). I just think it seems slightly more at ease with itself, they realise that they're not the only country in the world. Whether it's China, whether it's Russia with gas and oil whether it's the European Union... I do think the humbling has been a good thing."

LAST, WE TAKE MANHATTAN...

A two-hour drive and we find ourselves at soundcheck at Webster Hall in Manhattan's East Village. The Manics could not look more nervous. See, New York has the worst memories of all. Their first show, Nicky told the stunned crowd "the only good thing about America is that you killed John Lennon". The second time went slightly better, with two shows at the Bowery Ballroom, until James got a bout of disco laryngitis and had to pull the second night. They returned to record 'Lifeblood' with Tony Visconti, a process Nicky describes as "fucking awful". "We stayed in the Soho Grand and wasted about £30,000 walking round SoHo having a brilliant time but not getting anything done. Tony's original mixes were really good, we just bastardised them and went mad. I think we just thought we were Depeche Mode!"

Visconti hasn't held it against them. He's here tonight, as is Rob Stringer, the man who first signed them, now ascended to the King Of All Sony Music. As are, erm, The Ting Tings. As are 1,500 people who never thought they would ever get to hear 'La Tristesse Durera' and 'Faster' and 'Jackie Collins Existential Question Time' performed live. Dressed in blazer, badges and sailor hat, Nicky scissorkicks with all the gusto he did at the Millennium Stadium. The afternoon of nerves and the 10 years of troubles burn away with every re-energised powerchord.

James has to warn the audience that they're not being rude, it's just band policy to never do encores. And as they chime into 'A Design For Life', an emotional Bradfield bellows, "thank you New York, we love you from the bottom of our filthy Welsh hearts!" and promises they'll be back in two years.

A strong Manic Street Preachers is essential to rock'n'roll's health. And here is a band energised, limbering up for a staggering fifth act of their career.

You love US. And the US loves them.

THE BITCH IS BACK! NICKY WIRE ON THE STATE OF POP

There's some good pop stuff out there. Guitar bands, it's dead. They're all shit! This superband stuff is really getting on my nerves, this idea that you just chuck people together and collaborate and make something good. The Dead Weather has proved that you can't.

"That Arctic Monkeys album was an absolute fucking disaster. Just awful. I just hate the way they play guitar. That's like an indie kid's idea of trying to be a rock act and it still sounds like a fucking bunch of indie kids trying to grow up. 'Gold Against The Soul' is a shit album but the fucking guitar solos are out of this world. And I don't understand this Josh Homme thing, when's the last time he made a good record? Everyone is running away from their own bands. **Then Crooked Vultures** is a perfect example. What's the point? It's the height of decadence.

"This year's been all about female electro and the urbanisation of British pop. **Dizzee Rascal** is a brilliant shining pop star, he's incredibly bright and a really good symbol for Britain. And **La Roux** is genuinely weird and interesting. The music is almost too severely cold, but I think there's a dark heart beating there.

"I can't help but be interested in **Lady Gaga** 'cos some of the lyrics about fame are pretty interesting. She was brilliant, we were on a plane with her and she was totally living the dream. I always admire a pop star when they live it full time."

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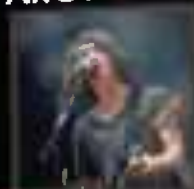
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A VERY BAD TRIP

Christopher Owens spent years in the Children Of God cult before eventually escaping. Now he's making up for lost time in the San Fran drug-rock band **Girls**. Here, the singer tells **Gavin Haynes** about his extraordinary journey



If you want to get a fix on the lasting legacy of the Children Of God, consult a video available on the internet starring the child of the sect's present leader. Ricky Rodriguez, 29, looks matter-of-factly as he sits at his kitchen table, clicking bullets into the magazine of his handgun one-by-one. As he does so, he looks down the barrel of his home-video camera and documents the reasons that lead him towards the murder-suicide he's hours away from perpetrating. "Where's our apology?" he says, "They're not even fucking sorry..."

Another crater in California's '60s mind-war that turfed up the Manson Family, the Children Of God operated on a similar meshing of Bible-bashing, paranoid anarchist politics, end-times Revelationism and hippie free love. Christopher Owens – singer/songwriter in Girls and this year's May-faced lo-fi sunchild sensation (pictured left, sitting) – was once one of their number. Occasionally, he talks about it. The look on his face as we attempt to broach the subject... well, it's an odd mingling of wariness, bashfulness and bemusement. He doesn't, it transpires, understand why this has become such a big deal.

"Well, let me ask you this – why is it interesting to you?"

It is very different, unusual... isn't it? "I suppose so. But for me it was just my life. I have very little frame of reference." He hesitates. "I didn't talk about it for about nine years when I came back to America. All that time, if someone asked me what I was doing back then, I'd just sort of say something vague. Only when I came to San Francisco did I start talking about it again. I decided it was a part of me, so I should..."

Before Chris was even born, his older brother fell ill with pneumonia. Saving him would have been easy, a few antibiotics, were it not for saving his soul. The church – under the leadership of an unseen guru who communicated with members only in letters – didn't believe in modern medicine. So he died.

Unable to deal with the tragedy that had befallen his family, Christopher's dad split. His mother, however, kept the faith, and as the Feds began to ratchet up the heat on the Children Of God, the family fled into exile. First to Puerto Rico, then to Hong Kong, where his mother taught English at a university while subtly luring fresh converts. For Chris, however, travel did not broaden his mind. This was because he was permanently imprisoned inside their apartment, being home-schooled by other cult members. "I remember being about four years old and being asked to say grace by my mum's boyfriend. Even then, I had no idea why you'd want to do that. I couldn't think of anything to say. So he beat me."

His mother's relationship with her boyfriend crumbled. Eventually, she fled to Japan – the Children had established a much bigger commune out there, passing themselves into the country on student visas ("My mum's one was to

study flower-arranging"). The larger set-up brought Chris into his first real contact with a range of kids. There were the suckers who blithely followed the teachings of the sect, but there was also a small group of dissidents: long-haired teen sulkers who'd loiter at the back of church meetings. Though his middle sister was submissive, Chris' oldest sister was always a bit of a tearaway. "There would be these meetings where they'd denounce some of these rebels – make them stand up and pray for them. Then my sister would turn to me and go, 'Yeah, that's my boyfriend...'"

It was among these backsliders that Christopher started to pick up his first flickering readings about the wide world of pop culture that existed somewhere beyond the compound gates. "Some of them would tape songs off the radio, then the tapes would be smuggled around the compound for whoever was interested." The only supplement to these were The Leader's own compilation tapes. "They were mainly old rock'n'roll hits – Roy Orbison and Elvis. Some were The Leader singing gospel songs solo..."

By the time he arrived in Japan, the worship music had at least improved a bit, thanks to the addition of Jeremy Spencer – Fleetwood Mac's former guitarist and a longtime Children

already left the sect, married a British man and settled in Paloma, Texas. So it was to there that he flew, when, aged 16 and living in France, he finally returned to his unremembered homeland.

Deeply conservative, decidedly pokey, Paloma wasn't exactly the bright-lights USA he had yearned for. Now, with no high school education to his name, he seemed destined to sink into small-town mediocrity. He found a job stacking groceries. In the shop, local punks would come in and blatantly steal things. He didn't call the cops. In fact, he secretly loved them – they had exactly the insouciant cool he yearned for. Gradually, they brought him on board, but it took a tragedy in their backyard for Chris to cross the threshold and become a punk himself.

Brian Deneke was 19 and punk when he was deliberately run over by a local jock – Dustin Camp – and subsequently died. But Camp received only 10 years probation, because the good burghers of Paloma weren't willing to put away one of their own. The case became a national sensation. "Immediately, the whole town became a question of 'Whose side are you on?' That was the day I shaved my head, got a mohawk. Got these tattoos," he says, holding up a skinny wrist collar, in red and green ink. "I traded in my Cranberries records and bought

"I REMEMBER BEING ASKED TO SAY GRACE. I DIDN'T DO IT, SO THEY BEAT ME"

GIRLS FRONTMAN CHRISTOPHER OWENS

member. He became friends with Chris' mum and it was he who gave Chris his first guitar. Him and his friends would covertly teach each other riffs. "Someone would look around to check no-one was coming, then say, 'OK, here's a bit of 'Stairway To Heaven'..."

But it was River Phoenix – an actor, not a musician – who was still his biggest hero. Phoenix had once been a Child Of God too, and the fact he could not only make it out but be successful too blew the minds of the young dissenters. "When he died, they said that it was God's punishment because he left. And because in *My Own Private Idaho* he'd played a gay man."

Throughout her time in Japan, Chris' mum would be periodically engaged in one of The Leader's other tactics to secure a fresh supply of converts – Flirty Fishing. It meant engaging in short-term physical relationships with a succession of random men – sex-acts, whatever it took to 'win souls'. Often, he'd find himself kicking his heels in hotel lobbies while she fished.

At this point, with The Leader dead and his widow in charge, the ties that had bound the Children Of God were starting to fray. As Chris grew to an age where he could make good on his yearning to escape, his eldest sister had

a bunch of punk ones. It really was that sudden. I went to the record shop and came back with a new soundtrack..."

At the same time he nursed dreams of becoming a painter. He and his friends began shifting some of their work. "Some of it went for as much as \$500, which was unheard of in Paloma. The local paper ran a story on us." Which was how he gained what every struggling artist needs: an extremely eccentric multimillionaire patron. In his case, it was Stanley Marsh 3 – actually Stanley Marsh III, but it's the mark of his eccentricity that he uses the Arabic numeral instead of the Roman one. Marsh inspired him, gave him a cushy job, a place to stay and his first proper book to read: *The Catcher In The Rye*.

Eventually, though, even working for a patrician boho multimillionaire couldn't keep him in Paloma. He moved to San Francisco to develop his art. It was a fucking disaster. He knew no-one, had rented a room in the cheapest area he could find, which turned out to be suburbia, miles from nowhere. For six months he didn't have a single friend. Only a girl who called out to him as he walked through a park finally returned him to the land of the living. She would become his girlfriend, they'd start a band, they'd break up, he'd write many

of Girls' most tender songs about their break-up, he'd get sucked into playing with local godhead Ariel Pink's Holy Shit and JR – the production whizz who makes up the other half of Girls – would gradually fall into his social orbit. For his part, by the time he arrived in San Francisco (from Santa Cruz), JR had already foresworn making music. But when Chris showed him some of the songs he'd been working on, JR convinced Chris to let him give those songs the production treatment he knew he was capable of.

And even though the resulting record was made with an ancient, dicky computer and a handful of teetering outboard effects, as JR promised, 'Album' crackles with life. It's the record you'd make if you've had your teenage sense of starry-eyed wonder postponed to an age where you had the wherewithal to realise it sonically. If, say, you had spent the first half of your life sequestered from the world. The songs divide into two categories – sharp, fizzing little pop songs that take as their starting pistol the rockabilly and surf-rock era, then even-better graceful, dazed space-lullabies that swim through your head and twist in your guts. Mid-way, it's cantilevered on 'Hellhole Ratrace' – a yawling, Jason Piercing infinite-dive into weariness, lost in a limbo between resigned and defiant.

Chris' mum has since left the Children Of God. They still talk, just not about the past. In San Francisco, though, they're more kings of the hills these days. The San Fran they inhabit is a party town, where everyone is always hanging out.

When they first traipsed into our world at the start of the year, Girls arrived rich in tales of hanging out at 'pill hill' – a block in San Fran where dealers hawk their wares by shouting out prices on street corners. Their white-coat knowledge of the obscure markers and likely effects of a host of prescription pharmaceuticals only added to their mystique. MDMA has often been linked to the pleasure of their company. As has methadone, morphine. It's a rep they're suddenly keen to play down. "I'm not sure I'm comfortable," Chris ponders, "with people trying to hang the 'drugs band' tag on us. I think people often take drugs because they're bored. But right now, we're a lot busier."

Some people are just lightning rods for luck, good and bad. Chris is exactly that: a willowy presence who's never more than three feet from getting poleaxed through the ribcage by a big dumb bolt of luck. People with a vague air of vulnerability often have that – he's very 'open', and it's a quality that is seductive to both fellow-dreamers and conmen in equal measure. As Girls toddle off, you want to ask him to watch out. There, after all, goes one special dude...

NME.COM
Watch Girls perform 'Laura' live in the studio at WWW.NME.COM/video

MUMFORD VS GOLLIATH

Last week **Mumford & Sons** shocked everyone by gatecrashing the charts with their banjo-driven rock. **Leonie Cooper** was on hand to witness their breakthrough week

In an industry that's no stranger to hype-ola, it's fair to say that Mumford & Sons represent the little guy. The little guy who has their album launch party in a barn rather than a swanky private members' bar. The little guy who decides to get freaky with a mandolin and a double bass rather than an electric guitar and a wah peddle. The little guy who'd rather be John Martyn than Liam Gallagher. Just in case you've forgotten, everybody loves the little guy.

For whatever reason – and we're betting their unfashionable penchant for banjos has something to do with it – at the dawn of 2009, Mumford & Sons found themselves at the back of the queue when the major labels decided which new acts to chuck their cash at. As such, the London band have spent the year recording debut album 'Sigh No More' in relative obscurity, racking up the tour miles, while the more ritzy likes of

Florence and Little Boots were dumped in the centre of mass-marketing whirlwinds. Yet at some point along the way, something peculiar has happened. A band which originally looked set to be no more than a cult concern poked their noses above the parapet and got big. Silly, devotional, get-a-tattoo-of-them-on-your-arse big. Taio Cruz-covering-their-song-*'Little Lion Man'*-on-Radio-1 big. How the hell did that happen?

NME joins the band the week of 'Sigh No More's release, at the end of a sold-out, month-long UK tour, during

When we meet them on Sunday afternoon, they've just found out that 'Sigh No More' has gone into the album chart at Number 11. "Socks. Blown off," states the band's double bassist Ted Dwane, at a suitable level of astonishment. That said, we're guessing the reaction is probably somewhat lower down on the awe-o-meter than it would have been if they'd stayed at the position they'd crashed into the midweek chart at, a flabbergasting Number Four, where they were outselling Muse, Jay-Z and Dizzee Rascal. For a band who, even two

That said, with their Depression-era facial hair, they also don't seem like the kind of chaps who'd bring up teen-rom-com *10 Things I Hate About You* when trying to place Mr Williams and his repertoire. Or the kind of men who'd start singing the praises of Calvin Harris' songmanship. But they do.

Unsurprisingly, considering the way they rock the boxcar-jumping, hobo-chic look, 'on the road' is where Mumford & Sons feel most at home. "We know the road better than we know the charts or the studio," explains Marcus of why their gigs matter more to them than the Top 10. "To us, 700 people buying tickets in advance in Northampton is almost a bigger deal." "It's a language we understand," agrees Ted. And one they speak fluently too. "People are often surprised that four dudes are willing to sweat their arses off and sing their hearts out, because we do," explains Marcus.

Drawing a line from Fulham to Folsom, weaving together traditional UK folk, stoop-squatting country and epic Americana, 'Sigh No More' is all kinds of wonderful, a balls-to-modernity remedy to shiny, Teflon-coated pop. Yet you can see why their paymasters Island decided the plug-in fresh glamour of Florence, VV Brown and more recently, Amy Winehouse's goddaughter and protégée Dionne Bromfield, were safer bets for the big time. Even if, like in the case of VV, whose album peaked at Number 30, they haven't made half as big a splash as Mumford's earthy stomping.

"EVERYONE AT THE MOMENT SEEMS TO BE INCLINED TO WANT TO HOEDOWN!"
WINSTON MARSHALL

which interest in the band has snowballed to such an extreme that the Northampton Roadmender had to put an extra 400 tickets on sale to cope with demand for tonight's show.

Somewhat charmingly, the band are largely oblivious to all the fuss. There might have been minimal advertising for 'Sigh No More', but the album's first single 'Little Lion Man' has been nigh-on suffocating the airwaves. Keyboardist Ben Lovett looks more worried than thrilled. "I hope that people aren't getting sick of us already," he murmurs.

months ago, most folk would have assumed were the guys you got round when your drains were blocked, it's impressive stuff. In the end though, geriatric crooner Andy Williams kept Mumford out of the official Top 10.

Any hard feelings towards Andy, guys? "Mmhmm!" murmurs a not-entirely-serious Ted to chuckles from his bandmates. Mumford & Sons you see, aren't the kind of chaps who could hold a grudge against anyone, not least an 81-year-old man; albeit one who has stopped them getting in the Top 10 by just 250 sales.



At Northampton Roadmender: "Anyone here hate Andy Williams? No. oh. OK then..."



Barnstorming: the band spark a huge hoedown at their album launch



Mumford & Sons (l-r): Winston Marshall, Marcus Mumford, Ben Lovett, Ted Dwane

UK Posn	Posn	CDs	% Vol	TRIP	ARTIST	Label	Chart Posn	Digital	Digital Mobile
1	1	10000	24.8	LOVE IS THE ANSWER	BARBARA STRESSBAND	COLUMBIA	928	0	0
2	2	12991	-54.4	CELEBRATION	MADONNA	WARNER BROS	551	0	0
3	3	10753	-71.3	BRAND NEW EYES	PARANORZ	TUELED BY RABBIT	2122	0	0
4	4	10214				ISLAND	1829	0	0
5	5	9687	-41.2	THE RESISTANCE	MUSE	MILJUM 3/WARNER	1845	11	0
6	6	9668	-14.2	WE'LL MEET AGAIN	VERA LYNN	DRUGA	58	0	0
7	7	9819	-18.2	THE BLUEPRINT 3	JAY-Z	ROC ATELIER	2596	0	0
8	8	9577	-36.8	REUNITED	CLIFF RICHARD & THE	EMI	152	0	0
9	9	8622	-45.9	TONGUE TIE	DIZZEE KASCAL	OUTER STANK	1293	0	0
10	10	8445	-36	REBELLY BY HUMANS	NEWTON FALLOWS	UGLY TRUTH	1842	0	0
11	11	8318	-19.7	ONLY BY THE NIGHT	KINGS OF LEON	HAND ME DOWN	1010	0	0
12	12	8186		STILL SO FAR TO GO	CHRIS REA	WIND			
13	13	7171		THE VERY BEST OF	THE BOY BAND KNEW	SONIC BOOM			
14	14	6547	-42.6	THE BOY BAND KNEW	SONIC BOOM	KISS			
15	15	6401	-18.4	SONIC BOOM	KISS	TOTAL MADNESS			
16	16	6084	-62	MY WAY	RAYMOND	UNION SQUARE			
17	17	6030							

Dare to dream - that midweek chart in all its glory

As a bunch of young guys in their early to mid-twenties, their love of music more suited to double-denim-wearing middle-aged men is somewhat peculiar. "It's not cool," starts Marcus of his love of hay-bale bashing country music. "It's not about worrying what you look like or worrying how you look. It's the kind of music that just grabs you and just pulls you toward it."

Though they've now smashed through the folk glass ceiling like some outstanding mixture of Martin Carthy and Rambo, Will Street of Chess Club Records was there at the start, putting out the band's very first material, a string of three EPs, starting with 'Lend Me Your Eyes' in July 2008. "They're very authentic, it's not contrived, it's not conceited at all," he enthuses. All of which is true, but wasn't he still a little stunned by them slipping into the top end of the midweeks?

"That high, yeah, I was a little bit surprised, breaking into the Top Five... but the way that they've done it, they've constantly been on the road. They have a massive fanbase nationwide because they've taken their time. The people have come to them, rather than them chucking their music at the people."

It's not just punters who are drawn to Mumford & Sons' glorious sound and captivating live shows, but their fellow musicians too, including The Maccabees, who handpicked the band to join them on their last UK tour. Maccabees bassist Rupert Jarvis is in agreement with Will Street about what makes them quite so enchanting. "There's a lot of people trying to do folk music where they get a bit too stuck up

their own asses in a way that kind of makes it not listenable, but the Mumford boys, they're so genuine about it."

It's this authenticity which meant their barn dance wasn't ridiculous but entertaining. Fans flew in all the way from Sweden just to see them play and Laura Marling, Marcus' ladyfriend, came out to sing Dolly Parton's 'Jolene' as everyone gleefully made tits of themselves on the straw-scattered dancefloor. "Everyone seems to be inclined to want to hoedown," says the band's dobro and banjo player Winston Marshall. *NME* nods in agreement, kicking up our own boots, still dusty from Monday's frantic dosey doe-ing.

Tonight's show in Northampton is another triumph, especially for a band that initially seemed far more likely to skip across the mainstream than float merrily down it. The biggest show of the tour, the raucous crowd stamp and shout along with every single song, catching their breath during the fragile 'Timshel', and willingly making rowdy pirate noises along with 'White Blank Page'. The tour might be over, but the band aren't stopping for long. They're off to New York soon and then India in December. "We're getting our jabs tomorrow," says Ben, before telling us about the musical exchange trip they're taking alongside Laura Marling, which will see them gigging and recording alongside the band Indian Ocean, before tackling Europe and Australia at the start of 2010. Turning it up to 11 in the charts is just the beginning; these little guys are taking global strides.

Keep it up, and you'll be a star soon, my son



The Scala crowd loudly applaud Marcus' efficient 'tache



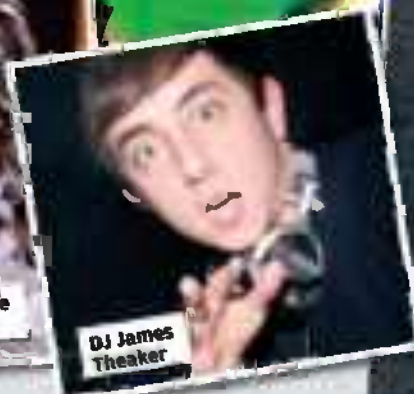
Sweaty checked shirts are available at the merchandise stall



Is that a banjo case or are you just pleased to see us?

WE CAME, WE CLICKED, WE CONQUERED

When NME Radio and Hewlett Packard took the brightest bands and most cutting-edge technology on the road, we never realised it was going to be this much fun...



It's around about 9pm on Thursday, October 8 when we realise that Freshers' Weeks will never be the same again. Does It Offend You, Yeah? are onstage. Derby Uni is one big, sweating mass of moshing bodies.

The opening riot-riffs of 'Let's Make Out' are shuddering out of the speakers as beanle-behatted frontman Dan leaps along the back of a nearby booth and plucks members out of the audience to join him. Equipment fizzles as the venue's sound system frazzles hundreds of students and the whole place descends into anarchy.

It was quite a night and it happened again and again on the NME Radio Presents HP Uni Tour, which saw **DIOYY, Reverend And The Makers, VV Brown, Bombay Bicycle Club, Band Of Skulls, The Mighty Boosh's Naboo** and loads more tear up student unions across the nation. NME Radio's very own James Theaker took it up a notch every night too with his huge DJ sets powered by powerful HP technology.

The gigs were brought to these lucky students by HP, whose new ultra-slim HP Pavilion dv6

Artist Edition is the must-have laptop. Whether you're currently working your way through the student bar - sorry, library - or still at school, or out in the world of work, you need this piece of kit now.

Stylish on the outside (its blue and green swirls make it the most stylish PC on the market) and humming with technology on the inside, it's full of new features: Intuitive MediaSmart software tools keep your precious pictures and MP3 files in one place and the in-built Magix Music software is a one-stop-shop for budding DJs. Packed full of sounds, samples and instruments, it makes making music easy. Within weeks you'll be remixing like a pro and fielding offers of DJ sets in halls.

For more details and the lowdown on HP's impressive technology - plus everything you need to know about the HP Tour - head over to nme.com/hptour.



Bradford Cox – aka **Deerhunter** and **Atlas Sound** – doesn't like British music or his band's name. **Kev Kharas** asks why

SEALS, L&C

ALBUMS

ALL THE RELEASES THAT MATTER *Edited by Emily Mackay*

Crown Jules



JULIAN CASABLANCAS
PHRAZES FOR THE YOUNG
(ROUGH TRADE)

8

It may be a little short, but it's oh so sweet

Somewhere along the way, my hopefulness turned to sadness/ Somewhere along the way, my sadness turned to bitterness..."

Suffice to say, the first two lines that slur out of the speakers after pressing 'play' on 'Phrazes For The Young' will be instant red flags to any Strokes fan combing Julian Casablancas' solo debut for portents of doom. As the verse progresses, his bitterness then leads to anger, his anger inextricably to vengeance and his vengeance – oddly enough – to an unabashedly euphoric, Paul Simon-esque mardi-gras gallop of a chorus that, like a lot of things about this album, you'll never see coming.

After four troubling years of collective inactivity, individual Strokes have all of a sudden been going rogue left, right and centre: Fab Moretti and Nikolai Fraiture are both off working on their respective side-projects Little Joy and Nickel Eye, while Albert Hammond Jr's solo albums have found him a niche as a sort of lo-fi Albert Hammond Sr.

Casablancas, on the other hand, seemed content to lay low, occasionally lending vocals to one-off collaborations with Pharrell and Danger Mouse, and offering frustratingly ambiguous Strokes album updates such as, "We're pretty much ready to go, but at the same time we don't want to rush anything." And then, somewhere along the way, 'Phrazes For The Young' was born, complicating matters further still.

Recorded under the radar with producer Jason Lader and Bright Eyes collaborator Mike Mogis, it's a strange little album, just eight songs long but deceptively dense with ideas. Certain parts of it are unmistakably the work of the man who wrote 'Is This It', certain others you'd swear were anything but, and one part in particular – the inspired 'Ludlow St' – is a bawdy, boozy waltz through the Lower East Side locale that's quite simply stark raving.

After aforementioned opener 'Out Of The Blue' establishes that all bets are off with a joyous shrug of the shoulders and Casablancas' cathartic proclamation

that "Yes, I know I'm going to hell in a leather jacket/But at least I'll be in another world while you're pissing on my casket", things take a darker turn on 'River Of Brake Lights'. Sharing the ominous, industrial vibe of 'Reptilia', its latticed web of interweaving guitars mark it out as the most obviously Strokesy song on here, though it still takes a few listens to draw you in.

These are the songs Casablancas apparently felt wouldn't work for The Strokes, although on '4 Chords Of The Apocalypse' he does seem to take the smoky, '60s-soul aesthetic he briefly explored on 2003's 'Under Control' and runs with it, piling on drama and bombastic production where before there would have been rough-hewn garage-rock minimalism.

The halogenic synth-pop swagger he employs on '11th Dimension' and 'Left And Right In The Dark', meanwhile, sugar-coats some interesting lyrical themes. The former's pragmatic, post-Obama take on America ("Where cities come to hate each other in the name of sport" and "Your faith has got to be greater than your fear") in particular feels cheekily subversive, but best by far is 'Ludlow St'. Not only does it take the Native American history of New York and turn it into a metaphor for the area's yuppie invasion, it's delivered in the form of a drunken country and western croon. And as a love song to the Lower East Side, it even manages to be quite touching.

Events do feel rather abruptly curtailed by the fade of 'Tourist's minor-key march, and you're left wishing that Casablancas had a few more of these square-peg songs lying around. In fact you feel – perhaps appropriately for an album announced by a teaser trailer – a bit cliff-hung.

Our appetite is whetted. Let's have part two quickly, please. *Barry Nicolson*

DOWNLOAD: 1) 'Ludlow St'
2) 'Out Of The Blue' 3) '4 Chords Of The Apocalypse'

DID YOU KNOW...

Julian drew inspiration from classical music when writing this album, which was then recorded in New York, Los Angeles and Nebraska

NME.COM

Watch the video to '11th Dimension' at NME.COM/artists/julian-casablancas

BEAK>
BEAK> (INVADA)

7



Geoff Barrow cuts an uncompromising figure. His tenure in Portishead since the early '90s has singled him out as a man

unwilling to play the media game, instead letting the music speak for itself. It seems fitting that he'd do the same with BEAK>, an exercise in pecking at the boundaries of experimentation and testing the limits of restraint and the aural senses by recording live in one room. Combining the efforts of Matt Williams, aka Team Brick, on keyboards and Fuzz Against Junk's Billy Fuller on bass, it's hardly surprising there's a doom-like quality to BEAK>'s debut, as heard on the cacophonous 'Ham Green', the brooding 'Blagdon Lake' and the caustic in-joke of 'Barrow Gurney'. Submissive this is not. *Ash Dosanjh*
DOWNLOAD: 'Blagdon Lake'

THIS CITY
WE WERE LIKE SHARKS
(EPITAPH)

6



You know what? On paper, tattooed London types This City's blend of dance beats, fuzzcore guitars and Iron Maiden-esque

gallops shouldn't really work. By rights the results should sound like something left on the Yo Gabba Gabba! cutting room floor, but once you get past the slightly soppy sixth form lyrics ("Please crush my ego, not my heart") and the incessant jerking of 'We Move' and 'With Loaded Guns', it all clicks. More than just melodic post-hardcore-hungry zombies, This City give us a fresh take on the genre by making music we can also move to. Album highlight 'Black And Blue' looks set to double their fanbase alone – they're gonna need a bigger boat. *Edwin McFee*
DOWNLOAD: 'Black And Blue'

PELICAN
WHAT WE ALL COME TO NEED (SOUTHERN)

8



It's funny that in the era of targeted corporate rawk with BIG PERSONALITIES, it takes four anonymous

Chicagoans to remind us of The Way Of The Riff. And while this superb fourth album retains much of what has made Pelican so consistently ace (the bassy punk-out of 'Specks Of Light', the gut-wrenching sludge of 'An Inch Above Sand' and 'Ephemeral's needled paranoia that blooms into a sunrise of noise like ink in water), there's enough new to ensure their continued relevance as they approach a decade of sonic dominance. Witness: 'Glimmer' takes a standard rock song and buries it under layers of obsidian heft, and on 'Final Breath' vocals from Allen Epley of Shiner add an Isis-like ghostliness. So yeah, it rocks. Hard. *Ben Patashnik*
DOWNLOAD: 'Ephemeral'



FOREIGN BEGGARS
LIMITED COLOURS OF BEGGATRON
(DEMENT)

6



Foreign Beggars mangle everything from classical to death metal and have established themselves as a grime force that defies expectation. A fact proven further by the we-don't-give-a-Diplo title of their latest album. Six years on from their lyrically accomplished and raw debut, 'Asylum Speakers', have they managed to recreate its urbane freshness? Well, it's hit and miss. At times the production feels flabby, and it's disappointing to see them in well-trodden 'thugs and bling' territory. But there are also moments, such as 'Contact', when their creativity and ability to surprise makes them reminiscent of mould-crushing pioneers Danger Doom. **Elizabeth Sankey**
DOWNLOAD: 'Keep It Comin' (Featuring Jehst, Kyza & Dr Syntax)

FUCKPONY
LET THE LOVE FLOW
(SPITCH CONTROL)

8



When you've got as much to say as Jay 'Fuckpony' Haze does about the limited creative ambition of much current house and techno; when you consider your own music a quasi-political force – he gave his last album, 'Love & Beyond', away for free – you'd better deliver. Otherwise, you just look like a mouthy twonk. Happily, this, the Berlin-based American's second Fuckpony album, is deeply special. Warm, abstract, sleek modern house music, with a pronounced pop sensibility, it sounds brilliantly torn between the jacking delirium of Heidi's Radio 1 show and the sweet machine soul of Hot Chip's 'The Warning'. A gift horse that's more than just mouth. **Tony Naylor**
DOWNLOAD: 'I Know It Happened'

CYMBALS EAT GUITARS
WHY THERE ARE MOUNTAINS
(JENKINS INDUSTRIES)

8



The lead singer of this Staten Island quartet used to go by the name of Joe Ferocious. He told *NME* earlier this year that, although his name originates from when he was in high school, he "wasn't really that ferocious". Although Joe has now reverted to the boring D'Agostino, the feral noise-pop his band creates is as vicious as ever. '...And The Hazy Sea' heads the album with a claustrophobic freak-out of crashing cymbals, dying guitars and maddening screams. It pummels our brain into the Pavement-y distorted indie (best: 'Indiana') and lo-fi orchestrated wail-outs (best: 'Like Blood Does') that make up the rest of the album. 'Why There Are Mountains' is delightfully savage. **Jamie Crossan**
DOWNLOAD: 'Like Blood Does'

FLOOD OF RED
LEAVING EVERYTHING BEHIND
(DARK CITY)

7



On this, their debut LP, Flood Of Red have sidestepped their screamo past in favour of a more mature sound. And guess what? It's not bad. 'Leaving Everything Behind' neatly avoids the pitfalls of the group's erstwhile genre of choice; faux-American accents are replaced by Caledonian tones, and overblown emotion is pushed to one side to make way for quiet vulnerability. Jordan Spiers' vocals soar on 'Hope Street' as he sings "This is how it feels to be a ghost inside your skin" over a combative rhythm section that yearns to break free. Not sure how Mr Weller would feel about it but, as a coming-of-age album, it's the post-screamo Scottish 'Town Called Malice'. **Ailbhe Malone**
DOWNLOAD: 'Hope Street'

ELLIOT MINOR
SOLARIS (REPOSSESSION)

2



Even if Elliot Minor performed this on kids' TV goof-fest *TMI*, people would be rolling their eyes and calling it excessively puerile and obvious. 'Solaris' is so massively cringeworthy it leaves us contorted and twitching on the floor with a jaw that looks like it's been dislocated by a sledge hammer. They sound like baroque sex offenders and have taken self-indulgence to an almost comical extreme. Combining a mess of hormones (mainly oestrogen), a lifetime of obvious rejection and an almost psychotic desire to be Zach Braff, it's exactly the kind of dogshit that you would expect from a bunch of conceited faux-flagellators who count The Used among their influences. Irrelevant music for idiot children. Next barrel of fish, please... **Rebecca Robinson**
DOWNLOAD: 'I Believe'

LIGHTNING BOLT
EARTHLY DELIGHTS (LOAD)

8



For the uninitiated the mighty Bolt are art students from Providence, Rhode Island. Brian Gibson plays bass and Brian Chippendale plays drums, often with a mask made out of a pillowcase on his head and a mic in his mouth so he can 'sing'. Together they make a sound not unlike an angry volcano god jizzing hot magma into your ears. Live they are kings of the guerrilla gig, playing at intense volumes in the middle of their crowd, often causing pandemonium. On record some of this context is lost, but the band make up for it by plumping for overdriven, live-in-the-studio performances. Out of the lo-fi punk/hardcore/black metal bedrock clatter of sound they create, lysergic and buzzing riffs clarify gloriously before melting back into chaos. **John Doran**
DOWNLOAD: 'Funny Farm'



Storm coming

**RAIN MACHINE**
RAIN MACHINE
(ANTI-)

7

The TV On The Radio guitarist shines in the dark, but he's best when he's angry

With the advent of 'Dear Science' TV On The Radio finally conjured a pop record that critics – both the sort who hail

David Guetta and those who enjoy Einstürzende Neubauten – could hold up as an offering to the skies. Before, their phosphorescent soul had always been more interesting than listenable, but '...Science' saw them pitch their stall on that heavenly nexus where texture, groove and melody join perfectly.

That Dave Sitek is credited with all that was good about it was exaggerated by the hi vis jacket he wore after undertaking the job of making Scarlett Johansson sound slightly less dreadful than she does in reality. Really, it's Kyp Malone, their fleet-fingered guitarist, who shines most brightly on '...Science', his silvery, Talking Heads jams and burning falsetto soul lighting up the album like a match to magnesium.

Moving out of the shadows, Kyp is involved in his own extra-curricular projects these days, twiddling the knobs on Miles Benjamin Anthony Robinson's recent album – a record of absolution that this, Kyp's own solo offering, shares a turbulent spirit with.

'Rain Machine' is introspective – to the point of being painfully earnest. This is a man who balances the theories of anarcho primitivist Derrick Jensen with raising a nine-year-old daughter. He's certainly never got much of a kick out of people going on about him being

a hirsute kind of guy ("It's just fucking hair," he said recently). With nary a sonic chuckle, then, he swings between hope and desolation.

Half of it's as good as anything TVOTR have ever done. Kyp utilises the same sonic tricks in digital ballads infused with banjos and a raging, tribal 'Give Blood', while others come chock-full with handclaps and tambourine, as on the exultant 'Free Ride', where Kyp's soulful refrain "It'll be alright" warps into something nightmarish. 'Smiling Black Faces' is a damning exposition of the shooting of a young black man.

Where Kyp falls short is when he's kicking dust in the gloom. Unlike that first half, which packs an empathetic punch, he fails to remember the solution to Jensen's argument (a more harmonious way of life, man) and we're left with glum-struck meanderings and growling laments that fall well short of shit-kicking. It's fine to get the blues and everything, but Kyp sounds better when he's seeing red. **Chris Parkin**

DOWNLOAD: 1) 'Free Ride'
2) 'Give Blood' 3) 'Smiling Black Faces'

DID YOU KNOW...

Kyp Malone drew the sleeve for 'Rain Machine' which he says is an attempt to tap in to the psychedelic aspect of African cultures



Lupine foul



WOLFMOTHER
COSMIC EGG
(MODULAR)

1

Pinch your snout: the new incarnation of Wolfmother have laid a rotten egg

From Faith No More to collaborations with a weird and wonderful cast on a baffling range of musical projects, Mike Patton has been responsible for much that is righteous. But arguably topping all of these is the YouTube clip where, backstage at a music festival, the cod-Zeppelin shredding of Australian mock rockers Wolfmother trickles into his ears like effluent into once-virgin water. "Are you hearing this shit?" Patton thunders, a look of horror upon his face. "What year are we in? Wolfmother: you suck!"

In 2008 Wolfmother split, to much rejoicing from sane persons the world over. Then singer Andrew Stockdale announced he'd be continuing with the moniker to record a new LP. But could Wolfmother Mk II be a different beast, returning with a sound far removed from the canonical pilfering that was their eponymous debut? Perhaps the reason for the band's implosion was disagreements about Stockdale's intended industrial direction?

Course it bloody wasn't. It's all in the name, of course. Who names their album after a yoga position? I mean, *really*. And then there are the lyrics, tedious, bong-addled piffle about the "kingdom of the sun" and so on. The music? Well it's harder and faster than their debut, that's for sure, owing more to Black Sabbath than the pastiche of Page and Plant that still remains in the likes of 'In The Morning'. But 'Cosmic Egg' remains nested in a time long ago, with the only 'progress' coming in 'Far Away', which sounds like it was expelled by Axl Rose

during an enema in early sessions for 'Chinese Democracy'.

You could argue Wolfmother's ballsy and carefree hi-octane music is all just innocent fun, ideally washed down with a six pack of tinnies. Yet it's utterly devoid of soul and intelligence. Even basic craft is at a premium. All too often, this kind of luddite rock'n'roll is excused by the proficiency of the players. Who cares if they haven't an original idea between them if fingers blur on fretboards, tubs are thumped hard, and the singer can raise a bat-perplexing wail? But there's no excuse for such mindless effrontery. Are you still with us, General Patton? Let all those who believe with zealous hearts in the importance of forging something new and fearsome in fire and molten steel join forces, and blast this execrable troupe back to the Stone Age from whence they came. **Luke Turner**

DOWNLOAD: In the Stone Age there were no downloads

DID YOU KNOW...

The new line-up of the band played their first gigs under the name White Feather. Andrew Stockdale reverted to the original name when he feared it'd "irritate" fans

NME.COM

Judge for yourself by listening to Wolfmother's new album at NME.COM/artists/wolfmother

EXCEPTER
BLACK BEACH (PUNK TRACKS)

2



In the wrong hands, minimalism can be dangerous. Consider New York's Excepter, an "improvisational performance group" who last year went to Big Sur to record themselves mucking about on the beach. Flutes and percussive toys were clumsily assailed. The result is an album so tedious its deployment as a means of torture seems possible. Most of the tracks consist of random parping, rustling and rattling, rendering them evocative of *The Fast Show's* inept Patagonian buskers. The exception is 'Castle Morro', during which trance music starts to rumble in the distance, recreating the experience of an early-hours wander across a festival site. This, depressingly, is as good as it gets. **Niall O'Keefe**

DOWNLOAD IF YOU MUST: 'Castle Morro'

DIONNE BROMFIELD
INTRODUCING DIONNE BROMFIELD
(LOWESS)

6



Firstly, anyone who has Amy Winehouse as a godmother and turns out to be any kind of functioning individual is remarkable. And 13-year-old Dionne is not just functioning; she's soaring, and not in a 'just-come-out-the-pub-toilets' way either. While a record by someone so young, especially one consisting of girl-group and Motown covers (taking in 'Beachwood 45789' a kind-of-awesome 'Ain't No Mountain High Enough' and a saccharine 'My Boy Lollipop') is always going to lack depth, her voice has huge range and character. "She's so much better than I was at her age," says Amy. Let's hope she makes different life choices, eh? **Duncan Gillespie**

DOWNLOAD: 'Ain't No Mountain High Enough'

KINGS OF CONVENIENCE
DECLARATION OF DEPENDENCE (VIRGIN)

5



Kings Of Convenience are obvious lambs for the *NME* slaughterhouse, where hacks in filthy aprons smash their acoustic guitars, gag their harmonies and sneer them to death. Well, that's inhumane. To slag KOC off for being too wet is like yelling at a tortoise for not barking. And really, while the Norwegian duo are very much stuck on relashunships, they're often bitterly penetrating: the struggle for control and self-preservation cut deep on '24-25' and 'Rule My World'. OK, their lightweight bossa nova songs grate, but when they go all funereal, you get great lines such as "We move like knives through scars on land". It's Nick Drake for the over-30s, basically. So now they've been spared, anyone know an unhappy couple who'll give them a good home? **Martin Robinson**

DOWNLOAD: 'Scars On Land'

JOHNNY FOREIGNER
GRACE AND THE BIGGER PICTURE
(BEST BEFORE)

7



Johnny Foreigner have made it big! At least you'd be forgiven for thinking that, considering the tight security around their second album, distributed to press via a tiny run of watermarked CDs and password-protected web streams. OK, it doesn't quite hark back to the days when major label bigwigs sent out priority releases welded into Discmans, but let's run with the hype and its inevitable question: is this their 'OK Computer' or a glorious folly like 'Be Here Now'?

The answer is, slightly disappointingly, neither. Last year's debut arrived at one of those rare moments where the band's grassroots fanbase swelled to match the fawning hyperbole from webzines, pushing them into the public eye. This left the trio with two routes to take on 'Grace And The Bigger Picture': stick with their winning formula and risk plateauing or go for the big budget makeover, and possibly alienate their fans. The good news is that while 'Grace...' takes the former route, it feels like a consolidation of their strengths.

Listening to a Johnny Foreigner album is much like quaffing a McDonalds meal quickly: it seems like a good idea to start with, but halfway through the stomach cramps kick in. It's fast, sugary and adrenalinised, a relentless rollercoaster of jostling melodies, math-pop guitars and yelping vocals. Yell-along crowd-pleasers such as 'Criminals' and opener 'Choose Yr Side And Shut Up' push the right buttons to keep the kids pogging in their droves. While it's a tad disappointing there isn't anything here that will challenge their audience or send them skyrocketing into the mainstream, it'll do just fine until next time. **Tom Edwards**

DOWNLOAD: 'Choose Yr Side And Shut Up'

LUCAS RENNEY
STRANGE GLORY (BILLY)

9



You've heard of the pink pound. Now, produced by Cocteau Twin Simon Raymonde, with session backing from Midlake's rhythm section, comes a record in pursuit of the kind of beige pennies people who wear tank tops spend on ATP tickets. Or not. Like a hand grenade hidden in mashed potato, the genius - and make no mistake, songs such as 'These Same Stars' are genius - of this singer-songwriter's debut, is that beneath the plucked acoustic melodies and above the lush Cohen-esque instrumentation, is a brutal, barbed wit. In layman's terms, 'How I Wanted You' is basically about wanting to fuck someone else more than the person you're actually fucking. It's that kind of dank emotional honesty that will garner a few quid of the metallic stuff. **James McMahon**

DOWNLOAD: 'How I Wanted You'

CHERYL COLE
THREE WORDS (POLYDOR)

6



Cole's come a long way from her beginnings as a pointy-toothed teenager in nylon, warbling in front of the *Pop Idol* judges.

Having taken a sabbatical from her band, Cole's debut solo album features 11 tracks dripping with blood. Her lyrics are intensely raw, proudly discussing (well, we presume that's what she's talking about) Ashley sex-and-vomit-gate ("I'm pretending I got something in my eyes/Just so you won't see me cry"). At times the production is too dense, all jumbling trumpets and vocoder vocals, but pared-down tracks such as 'Parachute' are more successful, as simple strings smooth over staccato beats. If only the Coles had never reconciled - we could have mentioned the 'Ex Factor'. *Elizabeth Sankey*

DOWNLOAD: 'Happy Hour'

FLIGHT OF THE CONCHORDS
I TOLD YOU I WAS FREAKY (SUBPOP)

8



It's the CD-based return of the socially inept Kiwi strummers, containing all the best songs from Series Two: 'Hurt Feelings', 'Sugalumps', 'Friends'. Even shorn of their comedic context, the best of these tracks *still* have the power to rupture internal organs at 20 paces. OK, they have included 'Petrov, Elena And Me', which wasn't funny the first time, but it's counterbalanced by an affectionate *Trapped In The Closet* piss-take ('We're Both In Love') and lush LOLsome twee-pop ('Carol Brown'). What separates this from any other comedy pastiche is the quality of the songs. Undeniably the highlight is 'Too Many Dicks', especially for the blessed line "Make sure you know before you go/The dance floor bro-ho ratio". *Jamie Crossan*

DOWNLOAD: 'Too Many Dicks'



Bite club

VARIOUS ARTISTS
THE TWILIGHT SAGA: NEW MOON ORIGINAL
MOTION PICTURE SOUNDTRACK
(ATLANTIC)

6

A patchy soundtrack for the hugely popular movie franchise

At a conservative estimate, around 30million people saw the first *Twilight* film (and that's from the base of 70million who bought the novels) worldwide, and the figure will surely rise for *New Moon*. Think about those numbers: there isn't a single media outlet around that can reach so many kohl-eyed young consumers.

Just as the curators of *Guitar Hero* etc have become the new kingmakers, Alexandra Patsavas, 'music supervisor', is turning the movie soundtrack into a 21st century Peel Session of sorts. So - phew - this collection doesn't suck.

Thom Yorke's unsettling rumble 'Hearing Damage' is dark without layering on the pathos, and Anya Marina's 'Satellite Heart' is all sweetly

plucked acoustic guitar and tales of being lost in love. Grizzly Bear and Beach House's Victoria Legrand imbue 'Slow Life' with a glow of aching longing, and 'Possibility' from Lykke Li is an evil joy dusted with Li's breathy vocals, but the biggest treat comes from the unlikely source. 'Shooting The Moon' from OK Go (!) is both introspective and massive, with planet-sized drums thumping behind the heartsore musings of what sounds like one dude plucking a guitar as the apocalypse rains down.

It's a shame, then, that The Killers' 'A White Demon Love Song' sounds half-finished and limp, while 'No Sound But The Wind' from Editors is so textbook it boggles the mind how the miserablists can cannibalise themselves again. Moreover, Muse's remix of 'I

Belong To You' only adds more baroque madness to an already overwrought canvas. As an album, the moments of intelligent beauty aren't quite obscured by the gloom-by-numbers and, considering how rabidly commercial this really is, that's something of a little victory. *Ben Patashnik*

DOWNLOAD: 1) OK Go, 'Shooting The Moon' 2) Grizzly Bear feat Victoria Legrand 'Slow Life' 3) Thom Yorke 'Hearing Damage'

NME.COM

Listen to Yorke's song, 'Hearing Damage', at NME.COM/theoffice

UNSPUN HEROES

DIGGING UP BURIED TREASURE FROM THE DEPTHS OF OUR COLLECTIONS

THIS WEEK...

Features editor James McMahon sings the praise of some ill-fated US indie with an inspiring story

SCARCE
DEADSEXY (PARADOX, 1995)

For all of rock'n'roll's great yarns, sometimes the best stories come from that place located between 'almost' and 'making it'.

The story of this Rhode Island, New York band is in turns tragic, inspiring, and quite unlike that of any other rock band ever.

Formed in 1993, fittingly, Scarce also sounded quite unlike any rock band ever. Sure, theirs was a sound rooted in US independent rock's early '90s purple patch - singer Chick Graning was once engaged to Belly pin-up Tanya Donelly, while bassist Joyce Raskin was more-or-less a founder member of the late, great Nation Of Ulysses. But their often swaggering, often sensual collection of songs - 12 of which are available on this 1995 debut, although I'd recommend their eight-

song EP 'Red' from the previous year as well - suggested they were stitched-on to achieve the kind of mainstream success rarely awarded to citizens of the underground.

That wasn't to be. Shortly after

Their story is tragic, inspiring and unlike that of any other band

supporting Hole on tour in 1994 Graning suffered an almost fatal brain aneurysm - doctors gave him a 10 per cent chance of survival and he was in a coma for some time. After a lengthy period of rehabilitation, he found himself having to learn to walk, talk and play guitar again. When he did, the band rerecorded an inferior US version of

'Deadsexy' with new drummer Joseph Propatier (the version I'm recommending to you had long been released in the UK). Yet relations between Raskin and the singer had broken down. The band broke up in 1997, victims of cursed luck and wasted potential.

Yet here comes the inspiring bit: Raskin wrote her account of events in the 2005 memoir 'Aching To Be', and contact between Graning and Raskin was subsequently re-established. The band reformed in 2008 and are currently on tour in the UK promoting a new EP and *Days Like These*, a documentary chronicling their story. This almost great band has a chance to be great again. One spin of their sensational debut will assure you why that's a good thing.



LIVE!

UPFRONT AND BACKSTAGE

Edited by Emily Mackay

Nike? Not exactly in keeping with the whole Ivy League image, Ezra

Further education



VAMPIRE WEEKEND

KCLSU, LONDON,
THURSDAY, OCTOBER 15

‘Contra’ may be the Brooklyn boys’ brave step away from past glories, but they must try harder...

Ezra Koenig is feeling perky, even if he is not quite sure where he is. “Wow! This feels like singing for grandma in the living room!” he beams enthusiastically, while fey-boy Rostam Batmanglij sits down to play a little toy-like keyboard, while wrapped up snugly in a bodywarmer his granny probably knitted him so as not to catch a nasty cold. THAT’S RIGHT HARD ROCK FANS, VAMPIRE WEEKEND ARE BACK, BACK, BACK!

OK, so no-one was expecting a Cradle Of Filth-inspired makeover from New York’s hottest pop swots. But with the second album due in January, people are expecting something fresh from tonight’s one-off intermission showcase.

“You’re catching us in a transition stage,” admits Koenig, justifying the natural uncertainty that playing a glut of new songs for the first time brings. But a transition into what exactly, one might ask. Can we really expect anything decidedly progressive from a band so fundamentally mild-mannered?

Set opener and new song ‘White Sky’ is infectious tweet-and-shout refrain is playful on the ears and sets the night in motion, but offers few signs that what’s to come will be epoch-defining brave new sounds (though, fuck me, Koenig’s kid’s party hand-clap antics are seriously off the chain). ‘Holiday’, similarly, is great for dancing along to, with its nutty, skank-infused ska-sonics orchestrating a crowd-led two-step tremor. Both blend in comfortably with older tracks such as ‘M79’ and ‘I Stand Corrected’, although after the rapturous reception that greets ‘A-Punk’, new track ‘Run’ falls a little flat.

Before the singalong of ‘One (Blake’s Got A New Face)’, the frenetic, nervous jive of ‘Cousins’ surprises everyone by kicking in with the same adrenaline rush you’d expect from being trapped in the passenger seat of a car speeding backwards down an unlit road at night; its Tarantino trill transporting us from this student union building to some far-off B-movie back lot.

Not that Koenig wants to take us too far from where we are. He reminds us three times that he thinks it’s really cool to be playing at “King’s College University” – evidence of the Ivy League-educated band holding on to their

amorous affections for academic institutions, a little too much, perhaps...

Look, we get it, you guys know shitloads about anthropology and stuff, and we really dug all the hot Soweto beats and Congolese soukous funk you hit us with first time around. But is ‘Horchata’ really necessary? Wheeled out as part of the encore, the new one we’ve all heard is so painfully smug in its self-knowing manhandling of an ‘ethnic’ sound that it single-handedly undermines all the brilliant use of influences on older tracks. And even though horchata may be the name of a traditional drink from Spain, live, the song’s sound is the spark of Africa turned into a weak piece of kitsch, conjuring up little more than tourist board adverts for package holidays to the rainforest and *The Lion King* musicals.

What stands out most from the evening, however, especially in the context of the new stuff, is how beautifully formed their early singles really are. Of course, unfamiliarity has to be factored in, but at the moment little debuted tonight matches up to the simple, persistent arrangement of set-closer ‘Walcott’ – a brilliant reminder that Vampire Weekend’s true success has been in making such a dramatic and engaging sound from apparently so few tools. The paradox, then, is that if the band’s success is in its simplicity, then adding to it will only ever subtract. So how on Earth are they supposed to progress? Perhaps, for Vampire Weekend, it’s a simple case of less being more.

Alex Hoban



Vampire Weekend:
the sun shines out
of their behinds

SHORT SETS

RACE HORSES

CARGO, LONDON, 10/10/09
While it is easy to see why this Welsh four-piece have been compared to Gorky’s Zygotic Mynci, this fast-paced set is delivered with such force that their wonky pop songs take on the gritty backbone of ’60s garage. Complex four-part harmonies give them the air of a creepy barbershop quartet, while a surf-guitar ode to Glenn Miller’s ‘Pennsylvania 6-5000’ leads into an operatic solo with the confidence of a backwater ‘Bohemian Rhapsody’. Race Horses are fearless experimenters and the fast-slow-fast-again approach keeps the audience shouting and dancing ‘til the feedback fades.
Frieda Freeman

TEITUR

BUSH HALL, LONDON, 08/10/09
This Faroese songsmith’s tales of love lost, found and unrequited are perfectly suited to the beautiful Bush Hall. Supported by a three-piece backing band and string quartet, the songs occasionally feel a little ramshackle – key song ‘Catherine The Waitress’ lurches awkwardly from verse to chorus, a far cry from the sprightly album version. Yet when the arrangements are stripped back to their bare bones, the singular talent of the man shines through with brilliant luminosity.
Laura Foster



CLAP YOUR HANDS SAY YEA



YEASAYER
OZ ACADEMY, OXFORD,
THURSDAY, OCTOBER 8

Yeastayer have rubbed just as many people up the wrong way as they have the right since arriving in 2007. Even tonight, supporting mystic pal Bat For Lashes, it’s easy to see why: bassist Ira Wolf Tuton persists in wearing an awful session-man vest, a porkpie hat sits askance one of two (temporary) new percussionist’s heads and to certain cloth-blocked ears, the band’s sound could evoke a particularly whiffy Danish blue.

In ours, however, it’s a jubilant noise that keeps us guessing what they are. Rendering much of Bat For Lashes’ set a lighter shade of beige, their whole is much greater than the sum of their provocative parts: a painstaking fusion of sun-dappled meandering so proggy the dry smoke is conspicuous by its absence, and the sort of smooth ’80s pop to which Patrick Bateman would disfigure his latest lay. Acknowledging the potential for misjudgement, even the band call their sound “Enya with bounce”. We prefer something more like Toto’s expanding head music.

Since they were last here, plugging ‘All Hour Cymbals’, the Brooklyn outfit have dragged the synths to the fore along with fist-waving ’80s anthemia – and the result is indeed a resemblance to cheese-ball power-balladeers Toto, especially in the first of three as-yet nameless new songs the band road-test tonight. With enough widdly quirks, heads-down riffing and tribal percussion skewering this MOR heart, it stays just the right side of naff.

Another celebratory newbie suggests Elvis Costello singing from somewhere amid Gang Gang Dance’s forest of rhythm, while a third is a giddy-pop triumph, veering from Sparks to Animal Collective via Queen. And with ‘Sunrise’ towering ever higher, the band’s upcoming second album, set for release in January, might put a full-stop next to that beef with Vampire Weekend. Chris Parkin

Trailer Trash Tracys
reinvent shoegaze
as ceiling-gaze



The future sounds of London



NAIL THE CROSS
VARIOUS VENUES, NEW CROSS, LONDON
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10

The zeitgeist plays catch-up to this mini-festival

Nail the Cross is a mini festival. In the south London hinterland of New Cross. In October. Limitations aside, it boasts a line-up so ahead of the curve that most of these artists – from dubstep's new blood to the more esoteric fringes of indie – could look over their shoulders and thumb their noses at the zeitgeist trailing wheezingly in their wake.

Up early are **Trailer Trash Tracys**, whose opaque shoegaze is bolstered with clarity in a live setting, giving songs such as 'Candy Girl' a finer point on which to impale your heart. Frontwoman Susanne Azoria's despondent lilt recalls Camera Obscura's Tracyanne Campbell slurring over JAMC guitars, especially on 'Strangling Good Guys'. "This is our soundcheck so I hope it sounds OK," says the bassist, apprehensively. It does, you know.

With the exquisitely depressing mood set, it's over to the Amersham Arms for **A Grave With**

No Name. The frontman wears a Weezer T-shirt and sleeveless denim jacket, which is a clue to their weirdly beautiful sound: stoner riffs fed through distortion pedals and woozily high vocals that sound like they were recorded in a room with the door shut, the studio being in the neighbouring country. The serrated techno loops and washes of white noise that remove portions of your hearing spectrum add to their slackerish alienation, but there's an endearing quality in how they craft careful perfection from the nervousness which sees them abandon a song midway through. It's a pity this fragile/aggressive equilibrium goes to shit thanks to the punk posturing of **Male Bonding**, who only stop the No Age-by-numbers to remark on their drunkenness. Sweaty guys in plaid shirts love it, but just a hop, skip and violent mugging away a true pioneer is at play...

Well, sort of. On the Hyperdub stage, **The Spaceape** has halted proceedings until the stage lights are turned off ("We don't want no foolishness," the bespectacled MC explains). Too right and, as Hyperdub founder **Kode9** is plunged into darkness, his set takes in the rib-cage imploding pressure of The Bug's 'Poison Dart', the nu-garage of Joy Orbison's massive 'Hyph Mngo' and the pitch-bent wonk of Joker's 'Stash'. Amid the blackness is The Spaceape, spouting aphorisms to a crowd of art students and bassheads in baggy T-shirts who, just a while ago, were moshing to lo-fi noise. But it doesn't feel contrived. In fact, it feels kind of like the future. *Louise Bralley*



SUZIE BLAKE/NEEN AMER

SHORT SETS

SPIRITUALIZED
ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL,
LONDON, 12/10/09

As gig equations go (Patrick Wolf + amplification = agony; Music Go Music/hype = Bjorn Again), Spiritualized performing their seminal 'Ladies And Gentlemen We Are Floating In Space' is textbook stuff. J Spaceman + band + eight strings + six brass + 12 gospel singers to the power of RFH's impeccable acoustics multiplied by twinkling lights and lighthouse-strong strobes equals #7 in this reviewer's top 10 gigs (ish). Throw in the gospel singers singing the Elvis sample 'Can't Help Falling In Love' from the title track on the original pressing of the album (as they did), and it's probably #6. *Tim Chester*

BADDIES
THE BORDERLINE,
LONDON, 12/10/09

With their matching shirts, infectious chants and hooks sculpted for Radio 1 buggery, Baddies are destined for contempt. Yet it's hard to think of many acts that could imitate their stagecraft. Frontman Michael Webster, unhinged, unpredictable and unable to stand still, breathes life into songs that are brimming with urgency already. Some songs (such as 'Handshake') fall flat but within the huge-sounding 'Battleships' and 'We Beat Our Chests' we might've heard the future. And the future is catchy. Until it gets annoying. *Stephen Kelly*



NORTHERN STAR



EDWYN COLLINS/1990S
FUSION, KIRKWALL, ORKNEY
WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 14

As sharp-threaded leader of Orange Juice in the early '80s, Edwyn Collins was the epitome of cultured Edinburgh/Glasgow cool. Who'd've known that beneath the suave exterior beat the Highland heart of a boy with roots in remote Helmsdale? Fitting, then, that's he's launching a tour of the first new material written since his 2005 brain haemorrhage in northern Scotland's less-gigged reaches.

Thanks to the internet's chattering tentacles, and to the Scottish Arts Council's Tune Up scheme, there's no such thing as a cultural backwater anymore, even five hours' drive and a ferry trip from Inverness. The glorious 1990s, sharing long, laugh-filled scenic van journeys with Collins, might seem a tough sell in this harbour-front nightclub, but dirty, slinky rock'n'roll like 'The Box', the cheeky, smart thrills of 'Everybody Please Relax' and the twisted disco of 'Balthazar' make perfect sense anywhere, anytime. Plus, the moment where Jackie McKeown yells "My cult status keeps me fucking your wife!" is probably Orkney's finest comic moment since Viking martyr St Magnus took an axe to the head in 1116.

It's all about one man tonight, though. Collins is in fine voice, and Orange Juice classics such as 'Falling And Laughing', and effortlessly louche art-rock classic 'Rip It Up', backed by a formidable full band, sound fresh and hungry, while the sweetly jaunty 'One Track Mind' inspires delirious dancing. Collins is too mischievous, too driven to rest on laurels or goodwill, though, as the first new song, 'What Is My Role?', proves. A taut, mean and moody number in which Edwyn shares vocals with Barry Cadogan and Carwyn Ellis, it's crackling with energy, as is the soul-tinged, sax-soloing insouciance of 'I'm Losing Sleep'. Just two of a stock of 10 Collins has written, they herald a vibrant future. Bawled and stamped back onstage by an adoring crowd, he closes with a rattlingly euphoric 'Blue Boy'. Kirkwall's going to find this rock'n'roll habit hard to shake... Bands, better get driving. *Emily Mackay*

The new guy's
fitting in, then...

The Marr the merrier

THE CRIBS
ANSON ROOMS, BRISTOL
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10

The expanded band seem a much calmer bunch now, but it wouldn't be a Crib's show without some drama

Peeep Show's Super Hans once asserted that "We're backstage – someone's got to suck someone off". Well, tonight we're at a Crib's gig – someone's got to pass out. Usually it's Ryan Jarman during his shoeless crowd-dive. Tonight, however, it's a lad in the front row, slumping out in the sweaty crush, his girlfriend's disturbing screams snapping the intro to 'Save Your Secrets'. Ryan, Gary, Johnny and Ross let their instruments hang as security haul the deadweight over the barriers. His eyes flick open as the guards hug-pull him to safety. "He's alright," Ryan phews.

It had been feared that these tinges of danger which made the band arguably the most essential live act in the UK had been ironed out for touring new album 'Ignore The Ignorant' – Johnny Marr providing a big-

brotherly calmness and the new songs boasting layers of sophistication beyond the usual frenetic punk-bursts. Are the bloody-chinned Crib's mellowing? "I've been ill," Gary splutters after a singalong 'Girls Like Mystery', combating a phlegm-y chest. "There was no doctor in Bristol who could see me." So, while it might be crowd members rather than singers collapsing at Crib's shows these days, there's clearly still the element of the runaway ambulance to this tour – their biggest with a full-time tour bus bunk for Johnny.

"We're The Crib's from Wakefield, Manchester and Portland," is now Ryan's intro, but their expansion, both literally around the globe and on record, clearly didn't stop when the new album was completed. The gloomy intro to the pre-Johnny 'Men's Needs' now boasts a delicious glow of Marr guitar before

Ryan's needly riff skewers in; set closer 'City Of Bugs' is bulked from an album curveball to a euphoric bluster-rush, and even rip-ups like 'Hey Scenesters!' are delivered with the four-man freshness of the vegetarian spread on the dressing room sideboard.

Later, backstage, we see that the brotherly bickering of earlier tours has been replaced with grinny chit-chat. However, we're reassured that The Crib's haven't quite traded grazed knees and bags under the eyes for Ainsley Harriott cous-cous dinners. Ross, still hazy from a 6am party, points out a member of support Lissy Trullie's band who "tore a big chunk" from her knee during last night's zoning. Gary coughs up another phlegm ball, Ryan sups another beer. The bus leaves for Glasgow at 1am – complete with siren and flashing light, we presume. *Jamie Fullerton*

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L'AMOUR LAMORQUE
HOUSEF

10PM-7AM

[TIME*]

The Paris Independent Music Event in association with Track1 / LiveZone Presents:

The [T.I.M.E.*] 2009 UK tour

TALK TO ANGELS GLORIA CYCLES A JOKER'S RAGE THE NIRO

Wednesday 21st October GLASGOW Pivo Pivo

Friday 23rd October BRIGHTON Jam

Thursday 22nd October LONDON The Gramophone

Saturday 24th October LEEDS The Cockpit

Extra date post [T.I.M.E.*] event with
DEDEMOLISE

Tuesday 24th November 11th CROSS KINGS London

Tickets through website or call 011 888 2424 for pre-sale and information
For information about [T.I.M.E.*] the independent music event, go to www.time2009.net

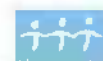
[T.I.M.E.*] The Independent Music Event Paris Nov 20/21 2009

Gibson

Orange

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Hard Rock



Wed 21st Cardiff Hard Rock Sun 25th Edinburgh Caberet Voltaire
Thu 22nd Birmingham The Flapper Mon 26th Newcastle The Other Rooms
Fri 23rd Liverpool The Cavern Tues 27th Leeds Brudenell Social Club
Sat 24th Glasgow The Box Thur 29th Sheffield The Plug

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A&R wanker

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offers unsigned bands the chance to pitch themselves. If they can survive Blaine, they're ready for anything...



OK, LET'S NONCE THIS. TELL ME HOW I CAN FIT YOU THROUGH A SALES PIPELINE.

Christine (singer): "We're called Dirty Amps and we're a Swedish guy, a Norwegian girl and an English guy. We're now based in London, and we play dirty, fun and sexy music..."



DIRTY AMPS

AH, THE OLD THREE-POINT TRIANGLE OF ROCK MARKETING. YOU'RE NOW ON MY RADAR, SO LET'S TOUCH BASE MORE ON YOUR PRODUCT.

"We're really honest and pretty graphic in our songs, they're all about experiences we've had. I think 'Fingertips' would be our debut single. It's, er, surrealist and it's about sex, basically. Loud sex."

I AM FIRMLY BEHIND THAT OUT-THE-BOX-AND-ABOUT-THE-GIRL-BOX THINKING. THERE'S PLENTY OF BANDWIDTH FOR EXPLICIT PRODUCT.

"Music and sex are things people enjoy, so we thought we'd jump on that wagon."

POSITIONING BRAINSTORM: WHERE COULD WE LEVERAGE YOU INTO THE SHOP WINDOW?

"We sound a bit like Black Rebel Motorcycle Club, but I guess we come in-between. Well, we have that electro rhythm but at the same time it's dirty rock, so we could get people from both sides."

WHAT STRATEGIC STAIRCASE COULD WE CLIMB ON THE NORWEGIAN ANGLE?

"Ida Maria is the biggest act from Norway and she's brilliant. We'd like to follow in her footsteps."

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PITCH YOUR BAND

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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9TH OCT COALITION, BRIGHTON

10TH OCT THE SWAN AND MITRE, BROMLEY

16TH OCT YARDBIRD, BIRMINGHAM

17TH OCT THE CELLAR, OXFORD

18TH OCT MOLES, BATH

19TH OCT CONCORDE 2, BRIGHTON (JUST F+W)

21ST OCT VENU U, HASTINGS

22ND OCT TAP N TIN, CHATHAM

23RD OCT THE STUDIO, ISLE OF WIGHT

5TH OCT THE DRILL HALL, HORSHAM

26TH OCT THE ROCKHOUSE (CLUB NME), DERBY (JUST F+W)

26TH OCT VISIONS, BOGNOR REGIS (JUST MPL)

27TH OCT THE MARTLET, BURGESS HILL

28TH OCT THE SOUL CELLAR, SOUTHAMPTON

30TH OCT THE LANES, BRISTOL

31ST OCT WEST COAST BAR, MARGATE (JUST F+W). THE STEVEN PIMLOTT BUILDING, CHICHESTER (JUST MPL)

1ST NOV THE HAWTH, CRAWLEY

5TH NOV HOBGOBLIN, STAINES

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13TH NOV VIBRATIONS, LEEDS (JUST F+W)

14TH NOV THE MAGNET, LIVERPOOL. THE ELBOW ROOMS, LEEDS (JUST MPL, EARLY SHOW)

NOV 20TH 93 FEET EAST, LONDON (JUST MPL)

NOV 21ST BANGERS AND MASH, THE GARAGE (JUST F+W)

Sheryl Crowe

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www.shotwithsound.com

www.myspace.com/breakfastwithwolves

WORDS: MARTIN ROBINSON

NME SAYS: Progressive alt.indie

CALL THE DOCTOR

October

Fri 09	BRISTOL	Mothers Ruin
Fri 16	NUNEATON	The Crew
Sat 17	BRISTOL	Start The Bus
Sun 18	BIRMINGHAM	Scruffy Murphys
Mon 19	CARDIFF	Ten Feet Tall
Tue 20	BATH	St James
Wed 21	YEOVIL	Quicksilver Mall
Thu 22	PLYMOUTH	Skiving Scholar
Fri 23	LONDON	Dublin Castle
Sat 24	PLYMOUTH	The Winchester
Sun 25	BRISTOL	The Crew

"like the kids playing a blonde cover to pay their respects to the passing of CBGBs"
FIERCE PANDA

www.myspace.com/cdoctor

NME SAYS: Jerky girly post-punk

THE HYPE THEORY

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NME SAYS: Powerful female fronted rock

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I ♥ MJ

SHIPSHEWANA
INDIANA

Bad Brains
LAS word by the Kings of Loam

Clowns
Are Evil

Rock Out
WITH YOUR COCK OUT

MILK BAR

I WANT TO SOUND LIKE... THE DUKE SPIRIT



Steve Fairclough, 18, Swansea: "Our band love The Duke Spirit's 'Neptune' and want to know how they did it and what electric guitar they used."

THE SOUND

Lovers of drone-fuelled rock and sassy soul reverb in equal measure, The Duke Spirit widened out their sound for their second album. References to some of their sonic cousins, such as My Bloody Valentine, Pixies and Spiritualized, still don't go amiss.

THE GEAR

If you're looking to get the right gear get a **Gibson ES-335** and an **Epiphone Sheraton**. And if you're looking for amps and pedals, the band use so many (more of this later) it's hard to pin them down. If you're doing this on a budget our advice is to get a fine and affordable modelling amp like a **Peavey Vypyr 30** and/or a **Boss ME-20** multi-effects unit and play around - it's a great way of working out what types of amp sounds and effects you like without breaking the bank.

IN THE STUDIO

The Duke Spirit decamped from London to Rancho De La Luna studios in the Mojave Desert with producer Chris Goss (Queens Of The Stone Age). Their pre-studio preparation involved writing various parts to songs on guitar, before cut and pasting things together in ProTools rather than working out the songs in full. In the studio they took advantage of the time (there was nothing else to do but play music) and tried most of the equipment knocking around.

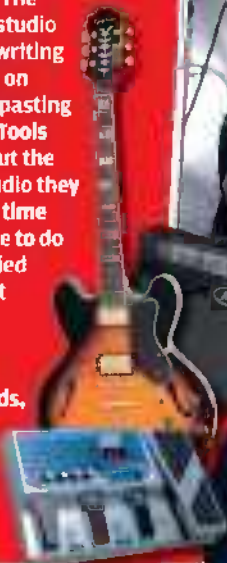
THE TECHNIQUE

Stick to the basic chords, and keep your attack sharp - and then let the notes ring out every now and again to add emotion and

power with very little effort. When you've got more than one guitarist in the band work out what each likes about music. If people are unsure, listen to what they like strumming when they're watching television and not paying attention - that's their musical DNA. It's important that people like whatever they're playing and that it fits their style. If not you'll end up having lots of arguments about those mythical 'musical differences'.

BEST TRICK

Like The Duke Spirit did when recording their album, it's always a good idea to have as many instruments to hand when recording - you never know when inspiration is going to hit you. Something like a kazoo solo could be the thing that makes your song the feel good hit of the summer.



WHO DO YOU WANT TO SOUND LIKE?
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**NEXT WEEK:
Wolfmother**

Words by John Callaghan from...

Guitar

November Issue
out now



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

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PICK OF THE WEEK...



PICK OF THE WEEK

THE DEAD WEATHER

WHERE: NEWCASTLE O2 ACADEMY (WED), EDINBURGH PICTURE HOUSE (THURS), LEEDS O2 ACADEMY (FRI), BRISTOL O2 ACADEMY (SUN), BIRMINGHAM O2 ACADEMY (MON)

The alt-rock supergroup featuring The White Stripes' Jack White and The Kills' Alison Mosshart polish off their UK tour.

WWW.NME.COM/artists/the-dead-weather

EVERYONE'S TALKING ABOUT



LES SAVY FAV

WHERE: MANCHESTER DEAF INSTITUTE (FRI), GLASGOW ABC2 (SAT), LONDON FORUM (MON), LEEDS TJ'S (TUES)

Indie rockers kickstart screenings of the ATP film.

WWW.NME.COM/artists/les-savy-fav



PICK OF CLUB NME

MALE BONDING

WHERE: NEW YORK THE DELANCY (THURS)

The final round of Club NME's dalliance with CMJ. With a secret double-x-rated headliner backed up by the likes of Male Bonding, Bear Hands, The Antlers, Delorean, Reni Lane and Yes Giantess, you would be a fool to miss out. WWW.NME.COM/clubnme



DON'T MISS

SONIC YOUTH

WHERE: LONDON FORUM (FRI)

Time to get into the groovy. Following on from the release of their 16th studio album 'The Eternal' the New York quintet of no little excellence head back to the UK for this criminally short tour.

WWW.NME.COM/artists/sonic-youth

RADAR STARS

YETI LANE

WHERE: LONDON LEGION (MON), LONDON PHILIP GROOVE RECORD STORE (TUE)

The Parisian trio play their first ever UK shows. If their wonderful debut single 'Lonesome George' is anything to go by, expect upfront rhythms and vintage synths aplenty - kinda like Grandaddy in the krautrockin' chair.

WWW.NME.COM/artists/yeti-lane



The Dead Weather are playing O2 Academy Newcastle, Leeds and Birmingham. O2 customers get Priority Tickets to gigs at O2 Academy Newcastle, Leeds and Birmingham up to 48 hours before general release. Just register at o2.co.uk/priority

When Priority Tickets are gone, they're gone. Terms apply.

O₂

WEDNESDAY

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This Town Needs Guns/Talons Moles
01225 404445

Rue Royale Harpurs Cellar Bar
0871 230 1094

Asakusa Jinta Hare And Hounds
0121 444 2081

Gary Moore O2 Academy
0870 771 2000 **WA**

Franz Ferdinand Opera House
01202 399922

Puncture Kit Concorde 2 01273 673311
Tommy Reilly Freebutt 01273 603974

Black Stone Cherry O2 Academy
0870 771 2000 **WA**

Fightstar Junction 01223 511511
The Unthanks Junction 2 01223 511511

Nine Black Alps Barfly
029 2066 7658 **+16**

Delorentos Cyprus Avenue
00 35321 427 6165
Theo Parrish The Pavilion
00 35321 427 6228

The Defiled The Box 01270 257398

Fiona Regan Balor Arts Centre
074 91 31840

Green Day The O2 00 3531 819 8888
Josh Ritter Whelan's
00 3531 475 9372
The Rifles Academy 2
00 3531 877 9999

Amoriste Cabaret Voltaire
0131 220 6176
Attic Lights Picture House
0844 847 1740 **WA**
Clues The Electric Circus
0131 226 4224

Wallis Bird Town Hall Theatre
00 35391 569777

Basshunter O2 Academy
0870 771 2000 **WA**
Juliette Lewis Garage 0141 332 1120
Tinarwen ABC 0141 204 5151 **WA**

Spring Offensive Boilerroom
01483 440022

Bear Driver Brudenell Social Club
0113 243 5866

Calvin Harris O2 Academy
0870 771 2000 **WA**
Confide Rios 0844 414 2182
Daybreakers Hi-Fi Club
0113 242 7353

Mike Snow Mine 0871 230 1094
Paul Thomas Saunders Sandinista!
0113 305 0372

Sylvia Powell Wardrobe
0113 222 3434

Unfinished Drawings Shed Bar
0113 244 1198

The Hordes Sumo 0116 285 6536

Electric Eel Shock O2 Academy 2
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Stiff Little Fingers O2 Academy
0870 771 2000 **WA**

Arthur Walker/Telesterion/
The Motherload Dublin Castle
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AT8 Underbelly 0207 613 3105
Bad Lieutenant Heaven
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Empire 0870 771 2000 **WA**

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The Broken Family Band Garage
020 7607 1818

Cerys Matthews Union Chapel
020 7226 1686

Colin MacIntyre/The Loose Salute
The Lexington 020 7837 5387

The Dash Bar Music Hall
020 7613 5951

Dead By April Monto Water Rats
020 7837 4412

The Delays Borderline 020 7734 5547
Dizze Rascal Roundhouse
020 7482 7318

Editors Apollo 0870 606 3400 **+14**
Epic45/Malory/The Workhouse
Queen Of Hoxton 020 7422 0958

Hypnotic Brass Ensemble Dingwalls
020 7267 1577

Isis KOKO 020 7388 3222

Kasabian Forum 020 7344 0044 **+14**
MUCC O2 Islington Academy
0870 771 2000 **WA**

Rachael Travers Good Ship
020 7372 2544

Spandau Ballet The O2 Arena
0870 701 4444

Spectrum 7 229 Club 020 7631 8310
This Will Destroy You/And So I
Watch You From Afar Underworld
020 7482 1932

Tiger Blossom Bull & Gate
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Trash Kit Barden's Boudoir
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Tweed 100 Club 020 7636 0933

VNV Nation Scala 020 7833 2022

Wildplum O2 Academy 2 Islington
0870 771 2000 **WA**

Wolfmother Coronet 020 7701 1500
Worriedaboutsatan Buffalo Bar
020 7359 6191

Young Rival/Deer Park Windmill
020 8671 0700

12 Stone Toddler 93 Feet East
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The Big Pink Academy 3
0161 832 1111

Crocodiles/Mazes/Egyptian
Hip Hop Night And Day Cafe
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DevilDriver Academy 2 0161 832 1111
No Drones For Leopold Roadhouse
0161 228 1789

Sonic Boom Six Club Academy
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The Twilight Sad Ruby Lounge
0161 834 1392

The Dead Weather O2 Academy
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Little Boots/Elle Goulding
Roadmender Centre 01604 604222

Kurran And The Wolfnotes
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Hjak Oscar Maze 0115 947 5650
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Editors,
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O2 Academy 0870 771 2000 **WA**

Hecuba Start The Bus 0117 930 4370
The Kabedies Croft 0117 987 4144

Maevyn Fleece 0117 945 0996
Saving Aimee O2 Academy 2
0870 771 2000 **WA**

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Dubh 00 35391 586540

Amoriste Box 0161 236 4355

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Cryoverhillionaires/I See Shapes
13th Note Cafe 0141 553 1638

Fleetwood Mac SECC 0141 248 3000
Indigo Girls ABC 0870 903 3444 **WA**

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LightGuides Oran Mor 0141 552 9224

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O Children Harpers 0871 230 1094

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Chris Helme Verve 0113 244 2272
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Frank Turner Metropolitan
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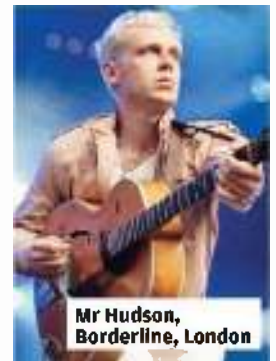
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Mr Hudson,
Borderline, London

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The Soundcasters/Moral Soul
Hope & Anchor 020 7354 1312

Spandau Ballet The O2 Arena
0870 701 4444

Tom Brosseau/Lay Low/Taxi Taxi!
Windmill 020 8671 0700

999 Underworld 020 7482 1932

Chipmunk Academy 0161 832 1111
Colin MacIntyre Night And Day Cafe
0161 236 1822

Delphic Club Academy 0161 832 1111
Hjak Oscar Roadhouse
0161 228 1789

Juliette Lewis Academy 2
0161 832 1111

Nine Black Alps Academy 3
0161 832 1111

Basshunter O2 Academy
0870 771 2000 **WA**

Passion Pit University Of
Northumbria 0191 232 6002

Camera Obscura Waterfront
01603 632717

Jackie Oates Arts Centre
01603 660352

Reverend & The Makers UEA
01603 505401

Dananananykroyd/Dinosaur Pile-
Up Bodega Social Club 08713 100000

DJ Yoda Rescue Rooms
0115 958 8484 **+14**

Slaid Cleaves Maze 0115 947 5650
Teeth Chameleon 0115 9505097

This Will Destroy You/And So I
Watch You From Afar Rock City
08713 100000

Noisettes O2 Academy
0870 771 2000 **WA**

Therapy? Wedgewood Rooms
023 9286 3911

The Broken Family Band
O2 Academy 2 0870 771 2000 **WA**

Editors O2 Academy 0870 771 2000
Walter Trout Boardwalk
0114 279 9090

Los Campesinos! Joiners
023 8022 5612

Bloc Party Hall For Cornwall
01872 262466

Uranium Cranium Escobar
01924 332000

3 Daft Monkeys Fibbers
01904 651 250 **+14**

KEY **+14 = 14 AND ABOVE +16 = 16 AND ABOVE**
AA = ALL AGES
WA = UNDER 14S WITH AN ADULT
UNLESS

FRIDAY

OCTOBER 23

Avoid The Morning Warehouse
0844 847 2319 **WA**

Amys Ghost Jaz At The Station
01344 876006

Trenton And Free Radical Moles
01225 404445

Oxjam: Fifth Season/Raising Giant
Various Venues 0871 230 1094

Charlie Winston O2 Academy 3
0870 771 2000 **WA**

I Thee Lothario Sound Bar
0121 2362220

Noisettes O2 Academy
0870 771 2000 **WA**

Alaska In Winter Freebutt
01273 603974

Camera Obscura Komedia
01273 647100

DJ Yoda Concorde 2 01273 673311

The Elevators Loft Club
01273 208678

Taint Engine Room 01273 728999

Babel Croft 0117 987 4144

Kurran And The Wolfnotes
Louisiana 0117 926 5978

Maleficent Fleece 0117 945 0996

CAMBRIDGE
Frank Turner 01223 821511

CANTERBURY
SCUM The Farmhouse 01227 456118

CARDIFF
Johnny Foreigner/Pulled Apart By Horses Clwb Ifor Bach 029 2023 2199

Master Shortie Barfly 029 2066 7658

Hypnotic Brass Ensemble
The Pavilion 00 35321 427 6228

Underground Heroes The Box
01270 257 398

Nine Black Alps Rockhouse
01332 209236

Sean Webster Flowerpot
01332 204955

Buzzcocks Academy
00 3531 877 9999

Josh Ritter Whelan's
00 3531 475 9372

The OK Social Club The Hive
0131 556 0444

Bellowhead Cheese & Grain
01373 455420

The Black Hand Gang ABC2
0141 204 5151 **WA**

Chipmunk ABC 0870 903 3444 **WA**

Day Of Days Nice'n'Sleazy
0141 333 9637

The Law King Tut's Wah Wah Hut
0141 221 5279

Passion Pit Garage 0141 332 1120

The Plimptons 13th Note Café
0141 553 1638

This Will Destroy You/And So I Watch You From Afar Ivory Blacks
0141 221 7871

Bob Fox Grove Inn 0113 243 9254

The Correspondents Faversham
0113 245 8817

The Dead Weather O2 Academy
0870 771 2000 **WA**

Delirium Theory Primrose Bar
0113 262 1368

Delphic Nation Of Shopkeepers
0113 203 1831

Does It Offend You, Yeah? Cockpit
0113 244 3446

Forever Never Rios 0844 414 2182

Lowtown Blues The Owl
0113 256 5242

Sawsound Carpe Diem 0113 243 6264

Suds & Soda Elbow Rooms
0113 245 7011

Young Rebels Joseph's Well
0113 203 1861

Yours Cockpit Room 3 0113 2441573

Desert Monkeys Sumo
0116 285 6536

Foreign Beggars Superfly
0871 230 1094

The Coronas Dolans Warehouse
00 35361 314483

The Broken Family Band
O2 Academy 2 0870 771 2000 **WA**

Clues Korova 0151 709 7097

Gary Moore O2 Academy
0870 771 2000 **WA**

Ambassadors Of Morocco Rhythm
Factory 020 7247 9386

The Coronets Coronet 020 7701 1500

Cougar/Electric Electric/A La Fu
The Lexington 020 7837 5387

Dels Cargo 0207 749 7840

Domino Bones Luminaire
020 7372 7123

Echo Chamber/What Would Jesus Drive? Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773

CLUB NME

CHELMSFORD

KUNT AND THE GANG
+ CAV OK + BOYS + EN
BARHOUSE
01245 356811

LONDON

BLEED + THE DRUMS
+ LE CORPS MINCE DE FRANÇOISE
KOKO
0207 388 3222

Franz Ferdinand O2 Brixton
Academy 0870 771 2000 **WA**

Fred Eaglesmith Garage (Upstairs)
0871 230 1094

The Gates of Slumber Borderline
020 7734 5547

Green Day The O2 Arena
0870 701 4444

Julia Crowe/Laura Jenkins/Fiona
Fox Constitution 020 7387 4805

Juliette Lewis O2 Shepherd's Bush
Empire 0870 771 2000 **WA**

The Lost Cavalry Buffalo Bar
020 7359 6191

Max Ritcher Union Chapel
020 7226 1686

The Molotows The Fly
0870 907 0999

My Passion O2 Academy 2 Islington
0870 771 2000 **WA**

Purescence O2 Islington Academy
0870 771 2000 **WA**

Shirley Bassey Roundhouse
020 7482 7318

Sonic Youth Forum
020 7344 0044 **+14**

Waylayers 93 Feet East
020 7247 6095

Wilko Johnson 100 Club
020 7636 0933

Young Rival Barfly 0870 907 0999

Bring Me The Horizon Academy
0161 832 1111

The Comsat Angels Academy 3
0161 832 1111

The Delays Night And Day Cafe
0161 236 1822

Les Savy Fav Deaf Institute
0161 330 4019

Pink Evening News Arena
0161 950 5000

This City Is Ours Ruby Lounge
0161 834 1392

Tinariwen Academy 2 0161 832 1111

Calvin Harris O2 Academy
0870 771 2000 **WA**

Pretty Dead Girls Labour Club
01604 634756

Black Stone Cherry UEA
01603 505401

Dananananykroyd Arts Centre
01603 660352

Colin MacIntyre Rescue Rooms
0115 958 8484

Dan Le Sac Maze 0115 947 5650

Editors Rock City 08713 100000

Goldblade Bar 7 0115 970 4662

Dreadzone O2 Academy 2
0870 771 2000 **WA**

Fightstar O2 Academy
0870 771 2000 **WA**

Bloc Party Pavilions 01752 229922

Earl Gaines Cellars 0871 230 1094

Bowling For Soup O2 Academy
0870 771 2000

Electric Eel Shock O2 Academy 2
0870 771 2000 **WA**

Elton John Hallam FM Arena
0114 256 5520

Indigo Girls Plug 0114 276 7093 **+14**

Joe Carnall & The Book Club
Independent 0191 565 8947

Adrian Edmondson & The Bad
Shepherds 12 Bar 01793 535713

999 The Forum 08712 777101

Dirty Twister Escobar
01924 332000

3 Daft Monkeys Civic Hall
01902 552121

SATURDAY

OCTOBER 24

Cassidy Warehouse
0844 847 2319 **WA**

Hey Negrita Moles 01225 404445

Blemish Actress & Bishop
0121 236 7426

Bring Me The Horizon O2 Academy
0870 771 2000 **WA**

Oxjam: Dinosaur Pile-Up/Jake
Flowers/Tantrums/James

Summerfield Various Venues
0871 230 1094

Dreadzone Hare And Hounds
0121 444 2081

My Passion O2 Academy 3
0870 771 2000 **WA**

Pama International Sound Bar
0121 236 2220

Gary Moore Opera House
01202 399922

Devotion Concorde 2 01273 673311

Clues/The Longcut Start The Bus
0117 930 4370

Jeremy Warmisley Louisiana
0117 926 5978

Juliette Lewis Anson Rooms
0117 954 5810

Nine Black Alps The Cooler
0117 945 0999

Our Brother The Native Croft
0117 987 4144

The Wave Pictures Thekla
08713 100000

The Broken Family Band
Chapter Arts Centre 029 2031 1050

Gaggle/Beth Jeans Houghton
Clwb Ifor Bach 029 2023 2199

Tubeford Barfly 029 2066 7658 **+16**

The Coronas Cyprus Avenue
00 35321 427 6165

Fionn Regan The Pavilion
00 35321 427 6228

Imelda May Savoy
00 35321 425 3000

Saving Almee The Royal
01332 36 77 20

Fleetwood Mac The O2 01 819 8888

The Saw Doctors Olympia
00 3531 679 3323

Chantel McGregor Queen's Hall
0131 668 2019

Oxjam: Roscoe Vacant/Billy
Liar/Tragic History Tour/

Jimmy Richards Various Venues
0871 230 1094

Big Ned Nice'n'Sleazy 0141 333 9637

Gerry Lyons ABC 0870 903 3444

Les Savy Fav ABC2 0141 204 5151 **WA**

Mayer Hawthorne King Tut's Wah
Wah Hut 0141 221 5279

Sorry And The Sinatras Stereo
0141 576 5018

Subsource Boilerroom 01483 440022

The Lines Square 01279 305000

Rob The Rich Quattro 01279 425875

Kunt And The Gang Club 85
01462 432767

Abandon New Roscoe 0113 246 0778

Albert Ross & The Otters
Elbow Rooms 0113 245 7011

The Brownies The Library
0113 2440794

Chipmunk O2 Academy
0870 771 2000 **WA**

Eighth Wave Rios 0844 414 2182

Gary Stewart Adelphi 01943 468615

Jack Peñate Metropolitan University
0113 283 2600

Johnny Flynn Brudenell Social Club
0113 243 5866

Left Hand Drive The Owl
0113 256 5242

Optimo Nation Of Shopkeepers
0113 203 1831

Talk To Angels Cockpit
0113 244 3446

Travelling Riverside Grove Inn
0113 243 9254

The Ukrainians Sumo 0116 285 6536

Wallis Bird Dolans Warehouse
00 35361 314483

Black Velvetens Bumper
0151 707 9902

Cancer Bats Barfly Loft @ Masque
0151 707 6171 **+14**

The Drellas O2 Academy 2
0870 771 2000 **WA**

Basshunter O2 Shepherd's Bush
Empire 0870 771 2000 **WA**

Bear Hands The Lexington
020 7837 5387

Ben Waters 100 Club 020 7636 0933

Bluesmix Troubadour Club
020 7370 1434

Brian Finnegan Luminaire
020 7372 7123

British Intelligence
Monto Water Rats 020 7837 4412

The Comsat Angels O2 Islington
Academy 0870 771 2000 **WA**

Delooze 93 Feet East 020 7247 6095

The Disrupters 12 Bar Club
020 7240 2622

The Down And Outs Underworld
020 7482 1932

Exit Avenue The Fly 0870 907 0999

Factory Star/The Shills/Vital Signs/
The Interventions Hope & Anchor

020 7354 1312

Franz Ferdinand O2 Brixton
Academy 0870 771 2000 **WA**

Green Day The O2 Arena
0870 701 4444

Hijak Oscar Barfly 0870 907 0999

Jonquil Proud Galleries
020 7482 3867

Lego Castles 333 Mother Bar
0872 148 3679

Le Corps Mince De Françoise
Monarch 0871 230 1094

Michael Nyman Union Chapel
020 7226 1686

Mr Scruff KOKO 020 7388 3222

Nought Point Sevans/The Spiral/
Rosa Alchemica/Red Star

Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773

Paloma Faith Forum
020 7344 0044 **+14**

The Rebs Borderline 020 7734 5547

Smokey Robinson Roundhouse
020 7482 7318

The Sultans Of Ping Garage
020 7607 1818

The Tailors Windmill 020 8671 0700

Tom Jones Wembley Arena
0870 060 0870

Calvin Harris Academy 0161 832 1111

David R Black Roadhouse
0161 228 1789

James Yorkston Night

SUNDAY

OCTOBER 25

Electric Eel Shock Warehouse
0844 847 2319 **WA**
Oxjam: Gerry Jablonski & The Electric Band/Captain Face/Headlights/Shotgun Dawn/The Catch/Engraved/Incrediboy And The Forget Me Nots Various Venues
0871 230 1094

Three Chord Trick Esquires
01234 340120

Polar Bear Glee Club 0870 241 5093
Tommy Reilly O2 Academy 2
0870 771 2000 **WA**

Screaming Lights 41 King Street
0871 230 1094

Eshen And The Witch/Our Brother The Native Freebutt 01273 603974

Camera Obscura Thekla
08713 100000
The Dead Weather O2 Academy
0870 771 2000 **WA**
James Yorkston/Mary Hampton
Fleece 0117 945 0996
Oxjam: Kid Carpet/Boca 45/New Rhodes/Bare Threads
Various Venues 0871 230 1094
Stornoway Louisiana 0117 926 5978

Gyratory System Portland Arms
01223 357268

The Defiled Barfly
029 2066 7658 **+16**

Brian Diddy The Pavilion
00 35321 427 6228

The Treehorns Arts Centre
0871 230 1094

Billy Talent Olympia
00 3531 679 3323
Fleetwood Mac The O2
00 3531 819 8888
Funeral For A Friend Academy
00 3531 877 9999
Youves Whelan's (Upstairs)
00 3531 475 9372

Little Boots/Elle Goulding Picture House
0844 847 1740 **WA**

Fell Silent Cavern Club 01392 495370

Cassidy King Tut's Wah Wah Hut
0141 221 5279 **+14**
Edwyn Collins ABC 0870 903 3444

Isis Stereo 0141 576 5018
Jakii/The Starlets Nice'n'Sleazy
0141 333 9637
La La Vasquez 13th Note Cafe
0141 553 1638
Phoenix Arches 0141 221 4001
Roachford ABC2 0141 204 5151 **WA**

The Inmates Club 85 01462 432767

Mermakids In The Basement
The Ringside 01482 226 698

Ben Pike Sandinista! 0113 305 0372
Mayer Hawthorne Hi-Fi Club
0113 242 7353
Rodina Sela Bar 0113 242 9442

Oxjam: The Missing People/Kids In Cars/Neon Sarcastic/Kickback/Hotel Zulu/Smokin' The Profit/Freudian Slip/Formal Warning
Various Venues 0871 230 1094

Peter Green Dolans Warehouse
00 35361 314483

The Ambush Zanzibar 0151 707 1558
Cancer City/Monroes Fall/A Tainted Sky/Serenity/Acts Of Sorrow Barfly
Loft @ Masque 0151 707 6171 **+14**
Therapy? O2 Academy 2
0870 771 2000 **WA**

Altan Jazz Café 020 7916 6060
Take The High Road: Arrows Of Love/Broadcast 2000/Celestial Bodies/Connan Mockasin/Dynamo Garage/Innecity Pirates/The Laurel Collective/Lion O'Brien/Planet Earth/Sixtoes/Slow Club Various Venues 020 7372 8668
Bring Me The Horizon Roundhouse
020 7482 7318

Busy Signal O2 Brixton Academy
0870 771 2000 **WA**

Clues/Munch Munch/Colours
The Lexington 020 7837 5387
Dead Swans Underworld
020 7482 1932

Indigo Girls O2 Shepherds Bush
Empire 0870 771 2000 **WA**

Mostar Sevdah Reunion Garage
020 7607 1818

Nick Cave Palace Theatre
020 7434 0909
Phantogram The Fly 0870 907 0999

Oxjam: Right Turn Left/James Kieran Fanning/Henry Brille
Various Venues 0871 230 1094
Terry De Castro Union Chapel
020 7226 1686

Tinariwen KOKO 020 7388 3222

The Ukrainians 100 Club
020 7636 0933

Bellowhead Academy 2 0161 832 1111
Bowling For Soup Academy
0161 832 1111

Does It Offend You, Yeah? Club
Academy 0161 832 1111

Kamal Arafa Night And Day Cafe
0161 236 1822

My Passion Roadhouse
0161 228 1789

Pink Evening News Arena
0161 950 5000

Magnum O2 Academy 0870 771 2000
Sonic Boom Six O2 Academy 2
0870 771 2000 **WA**

DevilDriver Roadmender Centre
01604 604222

Basshunter UEA 01603 505401
Kid British Waterfront 01603 632717

Calvin Harris Rock City
08713 100000

Jack Peñate Trent University
0115 848 6200

John Otway & Wild Willy Barrett
Rescue Rooms 0115 958 8484

The Broken Family Band Jericho
Tavern 01865 311775

Chipmunk O2 Academy
0870 771 2000 **WA**
Danananaykroyd O2 Academy 2
0870 771 2000 **WA**

Yesterday's Heroes Wedgewood
Rooms 023 9286 3911

Dizzee Rascal O2 Academy
0870 771 2000 **WA**
The Tennessee Three Corporation
0114 276 0262

The Wildcats Boardwalk
0114 279 9090

The Taming Joiners 023 8022 5612

Hollow Limit Hobgoblin
01784 452012

Stiff Little Fingers Subscription
Rooms 01453 760900

Oxjam: Hurricane Joe/Kiddo 360/Cookie Monsta/Juggernaut/The Otarios/Tidal Various Venues
0871 230 1094

Editors Civic Hall 01902 552121

MONDAY

OCTOBER 26

Be sure to tune into NME Radio from 10am to catch Jon Hillcock as he plays all of the latest indie-rock anthems

NME
RADIO



Chipmunk & Ironik, KOKO, London

Chris T-T The Tunnels 01224 211121

The Dead Weather O2 Academy
0870 771 2000 **WA**
Jon Allen Glee Club 0870 241 5093
Strangle Kojak Sound Bar
0121 2362220

Morrissey Opera House
01202 399922

Indigo Girls Concorde 2 01273 673311
Portugal The Man Freebutt
01273 603974

David Ford Thekla 08713 100000
Frank Turner Anson Rooms
0117 954 5810

Phoenix O2 Academy
0870 771 2000 **WA**

The Scissors Portland Arms
01223 357268

The Ukrainians Junction 01223 511511

James Yorkston Club Ifor Bach
029 2023 2199

Sights & Sounds Barfly
029 2066 7658 **+16**

Jeremy Warmley The Royal
01332 36 77 20

Peter Green Academy
00 3531 877 9999
Tom Jones The O2 00 3531 819 8888

Wallis Bird Academy 2
00 3531 877 9999

The Sun Seekers Roisin Dubh
00 35391 586540

Francis Dunnery King Tut's
Wah Wah Hut 0141 221 5279

Trademark ABC2 0141 204 5151 **WA**
Stick Shift Boilerroom 01483 440022

All Forgotten Cockpit Room 3
0113 2441573
Deadseacolour Carpe Diem
0113 243 6264

Dizzee Rascal O2 Academy
0870 771 2000 **WA**

The Rakes Cockpit 0113 244 3446
Reverend & The Makers Stylus
01132 431751
Sylosis Rios 0844 414 2182
The Wave Pictures Nation Of
Shopkeepers 0113 203 1831
The Young Republic Brudenell Social
Club 0113 243 5866



Does It Offend You, Yeah?
O2 Academy 2 0870 771 2000 **WA**

Babylon Circus Jazz Café
020 7916 6060

The Bizmark/Hair Traffic
Control/Steed Lord Dublin Castle
020 7485 1773

Brett Dennen Dingwalls
020 7267 1577

Cheka/Leaves On Fire/My Pet Shadow/Helen Green
93 Feet East 020 7247 6095

Chipmunk & Ironik KOKO
020 7388 3222

Chris Haskett 12 Bar Club
020 7240 2622

Declan Hickling The Old
Queen's Head 0207 839 7261

Hanne Hukkelberg Borderline
020 7734 5547

Health Garage 020 7607 1818

Jail/The Lights Hope & Anchor
020 7354 1312
King Charles The Lexington
020 7837 5387

Les Savy Fav Forum
020 7344 0044 **+14**

The Lost Brothers Slaughtered Lamb
020 8682 4080
Maps Cargo O207 749 7840
Noisettes O2 Shepherds Bush Empire
0870 771 2000 **WA**
Our Brother The Native/Zun Zun
Egui/Freeze Puppy Luminaire
020 7372 7123

Victor Deme Tabernacle
020 7243 4343

Yeti Lane/The Soundcarriers/Trailer Trash Tracys Legion
020 7729 4441

Billy Talent Academy 0161 832 1111
Roachford Club Academy
0161 832 1111

Silent Film Project Night And Day
Café 0161 236 1822

Therapy? Academy 3 0161 832 1111

Camera Obscura Library
0871 230 1094

Bring Me The Horizon UEA
01603 505401

Stiff Little Fingers Waterfront
01603 632717

Amon Amarth Rock City
08713 100000

The Cheek Bodega Social Club
08713 100000

Fola Mize 0115 947 5650

Passion Pit/The Joy Formidable
O2 Academy 0870 771 2000 **WA**

Scholars Cellars 0871 230 1094

Little Boots/Elle Goulding
53 Degrees 01772 893 000

Stereo Decade Boardwalk
0114 279 9090

Tonight We Fire/Make My Day/More Than You'll Ever Know
Escobar 01924 332000

The Eighties Matchbox B-Line
Disaster Civic Hall 01902 552121

Nine Black Alps The Duchess
01904 641 413



Little Boots, Picture House, Edinburgh

TUESDAY

OCTOBER 27

BIRMINGHAM

Billy Talent O2 Academy
0870 771 2000 **WA**
Indigo Girls O2 Academy 2
0870 771 2000 **WA**
Roachford Glee Club 0870 241 5093

BRIGHTON

The xx Audio 01273 624343
Burning Love Engine Room
01273 728999

The Holloways

O2 Academy
0870 771 2000 **WA**
Jack Peñate Anson Rooms
0117 954 5810

Johnny Flynn

Cube Cinema
0117 907 4190

The Rakes

Thekla 08713 100000

Stiff Little Fingers

Junction
01223 511511
The Twilight Sad Portland Arms
01223 357268

Accident Music

Barfly
029 2066 7658 **+16**
Solus Solus 0871 230 1094

The Eighties Matchbox B-Line

Disaster The Box 01270 257 398

Winch House

The Victoria Inn
01332 740091

Handsome Furs

Academy
00 3531 877 9999

Our Brother The Native

Pete's 0131 225 1757

Alesha Dixon

ABC 0870 903 3444

Chris T-T

Nice'n'Sleazy 0141 333 9637

The Sky Mangle

13th Note Cafe
0141 553 1638

Therapy?

King Tut's Wah Wah Hut
0141 221 5279

The Tennessee Three

Ironworks
01463 718555

Camera Obscura

Cockpit
0113 244 3446

Les Savy Fav

TJ's 0871 230 1094

My Passion

Cockpit Room 3
0113 2441573

Delphic, Joiners,

Southampton

Sights & Sounds

Joseph's Well
0113 203 1861

Stereo Decade

Brudenell Social Club
0113 243 5866

Tigers That Talked

Packhorse
0113 245 3980

LEICESTER

Glen Matlock Musician
0116 251 0080

LIVERPOOL

Imelda May Dolans Warehouse
00 35361 314483

LITTLE BOOTS/ELLIE GOULDING

O2 Academy 0870 771 2000 **WA**

LONDON

Air Castles/Boy Mandeville
Catch 020 7729 6097

Bowerbirds/Dry The River

Cargo 0207 749 7840

Circle Round The Park

Bull & Gate 020 7485 5358

Dananananaykroyd

Scala 020 7833 2022

The Drums/Lion Club/Egyptian Hip

Hop Barfly 0870 907 0999 **+14**

Elton John

Wembley Arena
0870 060 0870

Ezra Bang And The Hot Machine

The Flowerpot 02074856040

Free Energy

Monto Water Rats
020 7837 4412

Fuck Buttons

Heaven 020 7930 2020

Georgina Brownlow With Her

Orchestra Bush Hall 020 8222 6955

Japandroids/4 Or 5 Magicians/

William Madame Jojo's
020 7734 2473

Jose Feliciano

Jazz Cafe
020 7916 6060

Kathryn Williams

Dingwalls
020 7267 1577

The King Blues

Garage
020 7607 1818

Language/The Glitches

Buffalo Bar
020 7359 6191

La La Vasquez

Barden's Boudoir
0770 865 6633

Mark Hole

Slaughtered Lamb
020 8682 4080

Mayer Hawthorne/Lizzie Parks

Queen Of Hoxton 020 7422 0958

Milberg/Spencer McGarry Season/

Barefoot Dance Of The Sea Social
020 7636 4992

Noisettes

O2 Shepherds Bush
Empire 0870 771 2000 **WA**

Nylø/John Devlin And The

Revolvers/Rachel Collins
Hope & Anchor 020 7354 1312

Oysterband

Union Chapel
020 7226 1686

Passion Pit

KOKO 020 7388 3222

Phantom Limb

The Lexington
020 7837 5387

Portugal The Man

Hoxton Square
Bar & Kitchen 020 7613 0709

Record Department/Vivian Volta

93 Feet East 020 7247 6095

Rough Science

Comedy
020 7839 7261

The Wild Mercury Sound/Nila

And The Rajas/The Hell I Am
Rhythm Factory 020 7247 9386

Yeti Lane

Pure Groove 020 7281 4877

Babylon Circus

Night And Day Cafe
0161 236 1822

Edwyn Collins

Deaf Institute
0161 330 4019

Fightstar

Academy 0161 832 1111

Fleetwood Mac

Evening News Arena
0161 950 5000

Isis

Club Academy 0161 832 1111

Phoenix

Academy 2 0161 832 1111

Y & T

Academy 3 0161 832 1111

Idlewild

Empire 01642 253553

Alphabeat

O2 Academy 2
0870 771 2000 **WA**

Wishbone Ash

O2 Academy
0870 771 2000 **WA**

Amon Amarth

Waterfront
01603 632717

Funeral For A Friend

Rock City
08713 100000

JB Conspiracy

Maze 0115 947 5650

Eagles Of Death Metal/Sweethead

O2 Academy 0870 771 2000 **WA**

David Ford

South Parade Pier
023 9273 2283

MC Lars

Wedgewood Rooms
023 9286 3911

Bear Driver

The Mad Ferret
01772 257180

Mardigras Bombers

Dog And
Partidge 01772 252217

A Storm Of Light

Corporation
0114 276 0262

Charlie Winston

O2 Academy 2
0870 771 2000 **WA**

Nine Black Alps

Leadmill
0114 221 2828

Delphic/Two Door

Cinema Club
Joiners 023 8022 5612

Eskimo Doll/The Intruders

Horn
01727 853143

Cerys Matthews

Talliesin Arts Centre
01792 295438

The Zombies

12 Bar 01793 535713

ZZ Top

Civic Hall 01902 552121

Fred Eaglesmith

The Duchess
01904 641 413

TICKETS ON SALE!

BOOKING NOW



That's what they
call a Blank
expression

AMANDA BLANK

STARTS: SHEFFIELD LEADMILL, OCTOBER 28

Forget Lady Gaga. The world of salacious electro just found itself a new Queen Bee in the form of this sassy Philly rapper with a potty mouth.

NME.COM/artists/amanda-blank



THE PAINS OF BEING PURE AT HEART

STARTS: LONDON ICA, NOVEMBER 28

Soaring higher than the stars. The former Radar darlings from New York city tour their sublime brand of indie-pop.

NME.COM/artists/the-pains-of-being-pure-at-heart



PHANTOM BAND

STARTS: LEEDS BRUDENELL SOCIAL CLUB, NOVEMBER 2

Making all the right moves. The Scottish folk-rockers continue to tour their exquisite debut album 'Checkmate Savage'.

NME.COM/artists/phantom-band



ANDREW BIRD

STARTS: LONDON ALEXANDRA PALACE, NOVEMBER 4

Ready to take flight. The enigmatic American singer-songwriter heads back to the UK following the release of his astounding fifth studio album 'Noble Beast'.

NME.COM/artists/andrew-bird

O₂ customers can get Priority Tickets to thousands of gigs nationwide up to 48 hours before general release. Just register at o2.co.uk/priority

When Priority Tickets are gone, they're gone. Terms apply.

GEAR

STUFF WE LOVE Edited by Leonie Cooper

FIRST AID KIT

Swedish sisters First Aid Kit make a habit of healing shattered souls with their sweet, folksy sounds, and, if their medical kit is anything to go by, they're probably pretty good at helping out with low level scratches and cuts too. Stuffed with a bandage, cleansing wipe and cotton balls and buds, the sets are exclusively available at the band's gigs. There's another excellent reason to see them live, then...

MySpace.com/thisisfirstaidkit

£4



BICYCLE SPEAKER

Bicycle-riders of the world, pay close attention, because this genius gizmo will pretty much change your life. The Lavod MP3 Speaker and Flashlight is essentially a slick handlebar-mounted mini-sound system – and torch – which you fill up with 2GB's worth of tunes from your computer via a USB cable. Then you can have them blaring them out while you ride, making your trip 10 times less dull. Firebox.com



£99.95

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DIZZEE T-SHIRT

Dizzee Rascal is – as your gran might say – quite the dapper young chap. From the looks of his latest tee, he expects his fans to be pretty sharply turned out as well. This slick black-and-gold number sits neatly on the tasteful side of flashy. Very nice indeed.

NME.COM/store



£19.95



SNIFFIN' GLUE BOOK

The king of all fanzines, Mark Perry's *Sniffin' Glue* was a paper version of punk that was just as exciting and ramshackle as the music it covered. This book contains all 12 issues of the black and white 'zine and features the likes of the Sex Pistols, The Clash and Buzzcocks in all their snotty-nosed, system-smashing glory. Three cheers for the photocopy machine!

Omnibuspress.co.uk

GAGGLE CAPE

Oops! is the fashion label baby of Brighton-based designer Emily Bosence, whose psychedelic threads are currently gracing the backs of rowdy grrrl choir Gaggle. The band's bespoke gowns are based on these amazing reversible capes, which mash up tweed and African prints to give you the most fun item of clothing, like, ever. Seriously, if it means we get to wear stuff like this, we don't mind that a chilly winter is imminent. Oopsfashion.co.uk

£80



Manuscript received 12 May 2006; revised manuscript received 12 July 2006; accepted manuscript received 12 July 2006.

NME TV

SKY CHANNEL 382

PICK OF THE WEEK



BIFFY CLYRO TAKEOVER ROCK'N'ROLL RIOT

Simon Neil and the boys dropped by to take the reins at NME TV and dust down their favourite hard-rocking tracks from our vaults. Expect vids from Weezer, the Beasties and Foals.

Saturday, October 24, 5pm

PLUS...

WEDNESDAY

NME LOVES IAN BROWN

Nothing but the best Brownie.

October 21, 8am



THURSDAY

CLUB NME

Two hours of classics with La Roux, Friendly Fires n'more.

October 22, 9pm



FRIDAY

BIFFY CLYRO

The band talk us through their videophonic career.

October 23, 9pm



SATURDAY

THE ROCK CHART

With Paramore, You Me At Six and Green Day.

October 24, 8am



SUNDAY

WEEKED ANTHEMS

KOL, The Strokes and t'Monkeys keep Sunday loud.

October 25, 12pm



MONDAY

LEGENDS OF THE FUTURE

Ou Est Le Swimming Pool count down their picks.

October 26, 9pm



TUESDAY

SKUNK ANANSIE TAKEOVER

With SMD and QOTSA.

October 27, 9pm



The NME Chart TV



1 BIFFY CLYRO
THAT GOLDEN RULE

2 THE TEMPER
TRAP
SWEET DISPOSITION

3 THE BIG PINK
DOMINOS

4 JAMIE T
CHAKA DEMUS

5 FLORENCE AND THE MACHINE
DRUMMING SONG

6 COLDPLAY
STRAWBERRY SWING

7 IAN BROWN
STELLIFY

8 REVEREND & THE MAKERS
NO SOAP (IN A
DIRTY WAR)

9 BAT FOR LASHES
SLEEP ALONE

10 LA ROUX
I'M NOT YOUR TOY

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DON'T MISS



THE XX

With their take on Florence And The Machine's cover of 'You Got The Love' currently the talk of the blogosphere and with the four-piece being a permanent fixture on our playlist, we thought it was high time we got the minimalist Londoners in for a live session and interview. So we have...

Thursday, October 22, 4pm

ALSO THIS WEEK...

■ JON HILLCOCK

Jon's giving away a signed copy of Richard Hawley's new album, 'Truelove's Gutter', plus there's the chance to win an all-expenses-paid trip to see him perform in Sheffield.

Friday, October 23, 10am

■ METAL HAMMER MELTDOWN

Resident din-heads Gill and Beez keep Sundays noisy with a mix of metal, punk and industrial. Plus, their MTA (Music To Avoid) feature lets you know what you need to steer clear of.

Sunday, October 24, 7pm

ON THE PLAYLIST...



■ FENECH-SOLER
Lies

■ WHITE BELT YELLOW TAG
Remains

■ THE XX
Islands

■ DEVENDRA BANHART
Baby

■ MIRRORS
Into The Heart



■ KASABIAN
Underdog

■ VAMPIRE WEEKEND
Horchata

■ JULIAN CASABLANCAS
11th Dimension

■ PHOENIX
Fences (Friendly Fires Mix)

■ THE ASTEROIDS GALAXY TOUR
Around The Bend



■ CHAPEL CLUB
Surfacing

Full listings: NME.COM/NMETV

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NEXT WEEK IN NME

ESTABLISHED 1952

On sale
Wednesday
October 28



“Our dressing room’s
gonna be like the Titanic”

KASABIAN

gear up for the **tour of the year**

[that’s their roadie, Rick, by the way]

{PLUS}

Them Crooked Vultures The Drums Noah And The Whale
Cold Cave Echo & The Bunnymen Glasvegas The Maccabees

PETER ROBINSON VS

PETER HOOK

The ex-New Order man on how to write a book about how not to run a Manchester club

Hello, Peter. We're here to discuss your book.
 "Yes. I'm in a hotel in London and I'm here doing a session with [New Order-collaborating producer] Arthur Baker. We're doing a tune with a young girl called Liela Moss [from The Duke Spirit]. It's Arthur's gig, I think he's doing the theme tune for a fashion show, and he's asked me to come play on it."

On a scale of 'Blue Monday' to 'the last New Order record', how good is it?

"I'd put it up there... Oh, hang on, 'Blue Monday' being the nought, is that what you're saying?"

I'm suggesting, perhaps controversially, that 'Blue Monday' is better than anything on your last album.

"Taste is a wonderful thing, isn't it?"

So your book about The Hacienda arrived yesterday - did you write it all yourself, or was there a ghostwriter?

"Hmm... well, not a ghostwriter, but what happened was that the endless stream of anecdotes needed breaking up to give people a breather, so the endless stream comes from me and the plain-speaking bits were put in by - as you charmingly say - a ghostwriter. However, I can categorically state that I did not 'do a Jordan'. Or 'a Kerry Katona'. I wrote it and it was fucking hard work. It's taken me three years! It's been one of the toughest things I've ever had to do - as Lou Reed says, it's not the writing, it's the 2,000 rewrites. I thought it would be cathartic, but I've lived the fucking thing over and over again like a nightmare! It's like *Groundhog Day*!"

How much did you pay for The Hacienda brand?

"It was £5,000. It was 1996, we were nearly bankrupt, so it was hard to come by. I wanted to be rid of it as much as everyone else did but it was [late New Order manager] Rob Gretton who saw the opportunity. I couldn't give a flying fuck about it. He told me I needed to buy it and sort it out, then I paid for it, then he gave me half of it. (Laughs) Another lesson to be learned there, that was quite interesting. But what is life like if you don't live and learn?"



"AM I TEARING THE ARSE OUT OF THE BRAND? YOU DON'T SEE HAC UNDERWEAR!"

What have you learned?

"Not a fucking thing."

So you own the Hacienda brand now, and now you are - I'm not sure if this is the correct phrase in terms of brand management - tearing the arse out of it.

"Well, I'm not sure I'd put it like that, you don't see Hacienda underwear do you?"

The press release in front of me lists CDs, T-shirts, shoes, posters, club nights, a fine art project and a bike frame...

"Well, the bike frame... what happens is that these kids who used to go to The Hacienda - lots of people met their partners there, had the best night of their life there - and that stays with people, and..."

And they'll pay over the odds for stuff with yellow and black stripes on it.

"Well, to be honest, unfortunately one of the things I inherited from Rob Gretton is that I don't do it for the money, so a lot of the money we get from licensing goes to charity. Like the kid with the bike frame, he said, 'Is it alright if I do this?' and I just went, 'Tell you what, whatever you make, just send 20 per cent to the NSPCC.' The last thing I want to spend my time worrying about is a fucking bike frame."

If I just made some yellow and black striped ironing board covers and called them 'Manchester' or something, would I have to pay you anything?

"No, but I'd come round and kick your teeth in."

After losing so much money, some people would have grown to resent the Hacienda name - you're still strangely fond of it.

"My accountant quite cleverly said as

long as you can keep on earning money, it won't be a problem. He said though that, once your life finishes, and you don't earn money any more doing something you love, that's when you'll resent it. 'So the thing is,' he said, 'keep working, Hooky.'"

Isn't it odd that there's no permanent club at the centre of the Hacienda brand?

"The responsibility is the killer. The thing that got sad towards the end of The Hacienda was that there were a thousand people in there and you couldn't guarantee their safety. Now, by DJing at Hacienda nights around the country, I get the good bits - the recognition, the enjoyment - but you don't have to pay the toilet cleaner and you don't have to worry about someone getting assaulted in the cloakroom. And after all the bad bits we went through I think we deserve some of the good bits now."

How legendary would the Hacienda have been if nobody took drugs there?

"Well, we do work out, in the book, that most of the people in the club weren't actually on drugs. The only ones we could figure out who were completely off their fucking trees were us lot. In those days, odd as it seems, drugs were a lot more hard to get and you had to be 'in the know'. When we worked with Lifeline, the drugs charity in Manchester, they reckoned that about 20 per cent of people were on drugs in The Hacienda. So, like I say, just us lot."

MY HOOKY BOOKY

'The Hacienda: How Not To Run A Club' for those in a hurry

PAGE 14

"The Hacienda pretty quickly became a massive success story..."

PAGE 44

"I was one of the first to tell you a thousand times that it was a hell of a lot of money..."

PAGE 45

"I was paid £5,000 to do a book about the Hacienda..."

PAGE 125

"I was paid £5,000 to do a book about the Hacienda..."

PAGE 170

"The Hacienda was a hell of a lot of money..."

PAGE 209

"The Hacienda was a hell of a lot of money..."

PAGE 314

"The Hacienda was a hell of a lot of money..."

the twilight sad

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NME

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