

PLUS PAVEMENT ROLO TOMASSI KELE MIGHTY BOOSH MATT GROENING'S ATP PENDULUM LCD SOUNDSYSTEM WASHED OUT FRANKIE & THE HEARTSTRINGS



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"WE'VE GOT A STUDIO IN A SOUNDPROOFED GARDEN SHED" NO EXPENSE HAS BEEN SPARED FOR THE MIGHTY BOOSH'S ALBUM SESSIONS



"We're the last of the romantics" FRANKIE & THE HEARTSTRINGS SWOON OVER THEMSELVES

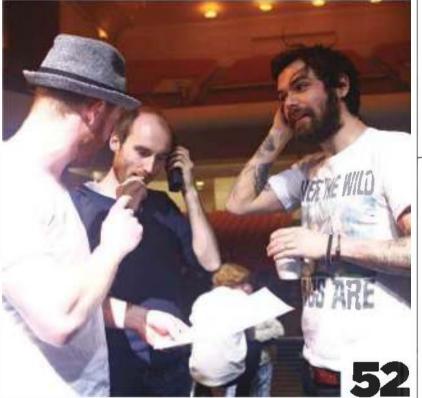


"THEY COMBINE INFLUENCES FROM REFUSED TO MISSY ELLIOTT"

NEW ALBUM ASSESSED

WEEK

22/05/2010



"Vodka, beer or wine?"

ALL THREE AS IT TURNS OUT. WELL, WE ARE ON THE ROAD WITH TOPLESS POP BEHEMOTHS BIFFY CLYRO



"IT ISN'T ANY EASIER TO TAKE"

BERNARD SUMNER LEADS OUR SPECIAL TRIBUTES TO IAN CURTIS, 30 YEARS ON



"WAS SLASH GOING TO JOIN THE STONE ROSES? I HAVEN'T A SCOOBY DOO!" MANI TRIES DESPERATELY TO REMEMBER HIS PAST

PLUS

ON REPEAT

UPFRONT

TALKING HEADS

PIECES OF ME

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THIS WEEK IN...

FANMAIL



"PEOPLE ARE EITHER REALLY INTO IT OR THEY THINK IT'S TERRIBLE"

WASHED OUT ON THE MOST DIVISIVE GENRE AROUND: CHILLWAVE



"THE STRENGTH OF MATT GROENING'S ATP COMES IN THE TWISTS AND THE STRANGENESS" THE STOOGES, THE XX, LIARS ET AL AT THE SIMPSONS-ENDORSED FESTIVAL



ON REPEAT

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





WARPAINT

Elephants

Burn them! Burn them for the wicked witches that they are, luring us with their fey, backwoods-dwelling spectral harmonies, then hexing us with their sudden fits of osvchy rage. Los Angeles' Warpaint number four in their cabal, but their trance-inducing, eerie and delectable songs summon up a spirit world of sound haunted by the spooky folkiness of Cat Power and strengthened by the feral backbone of fellow LA-dwellers Liars. Now signed to Rough Trade in the UK and working on their debut album (after last year's 'Exquisite Corpse' EP charmed us dumbstruck with the seductive likes of

They're dangerous ladies to be around if you own a pair of ears

'Billie Holiday'), they're dangerous ladies to be around if you own a pair of ears. And yet, this song, ending as it does in a roiling cauldron of

psych-folk, appears to be a hymn of protection for you (if what they're shielding you from is only their dark intentions). "I'll break your beart to keep you far from where the danger starts", they coo, "they call me a beast". Less witches, more fairy godmothers, then? Just keep those wands where we can see 'em, girls.

Emily Mackay, Reviews Editor On NME.COM/radarmixtape now



MARK RONSON

Circuit Breaker

If The Like's 'reincarnation' seemed like production-line pop-soul business as usual in the world of Ronson, this offers up a few electro-shocks. Giving Gnarls Barkley's futuresoul a good seeing-to with a NES cartridge, it's bleepily, shuntingly compulsive. Don't even mention the word 'h*rn'.

Duncan Gillespie, writer On stereogum.com now

MIA

XXXO

It references iPhones and Twitter, and its title is basically textspeak: MIA's new tune could be no more flawlessly now were it to be released via Foursquare and feature a verse about the Tory/Lib Dem coalition. However, its self-evident awesomeness is timeless. 'XXXO' is a song about the impossibility of romance in a heartlessly technological world that pivots on a huge chorus. MIA's first UK Number One? Luke Lewis, Deputy Editor, NME.COM Hear it on neetrecordings.com/blog now

THE CORAL

Butterfly House

We long since gave up on The Coral ever returning to the weirdness of their 2002 debut, but 'Butterfly House' is still a spookily ambient treat, with '60s Elektra-esque finger-picking giving way to a booming voiceover declaring "The seaside was magic". Jamie Fullerton, News Editor Free download from Thecoral.co.uk

PHOSPHORESCENT

The Mermaid Parade

One of the highlights of Matthew Houck's new album 'Here's To Taking It Easy'. A tear and reverb-soaked country lament for a broken marriage which has left our protagonist skipping LA for Coney Island to watch the naked women in the annual mermaid parade. Guess there's nothing fishy in that cheery tail. Nathaniel Cramp, Sub-Editor On MySpace now

RUSKO FT AMBER COFFMAN

Hold On (Sub Focus Remix) From dubstep opinion-splitter Rusko's debut album 'OMG!' comes this OMFGIMSWFTB ("ohmyfuckinggawditsmassivesonwaitforth e-breakdoogown") remix from d'n'b man Sub Focus of lead single 'Hold On' featuring

Dirty Projectors' Amber Coffman, Demented. dirty and louder than the chants of "Tory scum" outside number 10.

Tim Chester, Assistant Editor, NME.COM Hear it on YouTube now

HOT CLUB DE PARIS

Free The Pterodactyl 3 Upping the word count with EP 'The Rise And Inevitable Fall Of The High School Suicide Cluster Band', these Liverpudlians fit maximum syllables into their shouty Indie. This slower track (presumably to prevent onstage heart attacks) is about a quest to free a plastic pterodactyl from a circus. Obviously. Abby Tayleure, writer

On the Dally Download at NME.COM/blogs

LIARS

The Overachievers

Their new single sees Lians reviving the dying art of yuppie-balting. This is Radiohead's 'No Surprises' as a rocket-propelled punk grenade hurtling at a duel-fuel car smugly cruising to an organic-filled fridge in gentrified LA. This essentially makes 'Sisterworld' this decade's 'OK Computer' but you already knew that, right? Luke Turner, writer On the Daily Download at NME.COM/biogs

WE ARE SCIENTISTS

Nice Guvs

With great banter, and YouTube-ably goofy videos, we've enjoyed laughing along with WAS' Keith and Chris. Judging by this chunkyriffed single from fourth album 'Barbara', though, there's nothing comical about their music. Urgent and assured, the edgy guitar and Keith's assurance of "If you want this, I want it more than you" suggest these jokers are maturing into a damn fine indie band. Paul Stokes, Associate Editor Hear it on NME Radio now



VERONICA FALLS

Beachy Head

Veronica Falls announce themselves as contenders with a 'death disc' that sounds like a lost Joe Meek psych-garage classic. Wall-ofsound drums give way to moaning harmonies, and a vocal that swoons over a suicide spot, crooning, "I'm gonna miss you when you're gone". Shangri-Las + Cramps = YES. Martin Robinson, Deputy Editor

Hear it on NME Radio now











KELE: "I USED TO BE IN THE BAND – I WILL BE AGAIN"

Last Friday (May 14) Kele Okereke played his first solo gig in front of 200 fans. Alex Hoban went to Limerick to find out how he flies alone and what this means for Bloc Party

n one year's time I don't know where I'll be, and I don't know who I'll be. But I do know that after doing this, Bloc Party won't be the same again." Kele Okereke is happy to leave us with this cliffhanger as he abruptly ends his conversation and returns to the post-show celebrations with his new bandmates, moments after departing the stage for his rapturouslyreceived debut solo show in Limerick. Tonight he's unveiling himself as the dance-orientated, shape-pulling, maracas-shaking solo Kele, the fully-realised manufestation of the Kele who was crying out to be heard in Bloc Party's most recent dance-tinged digressions.

The man is noticeably beefed up "exercising is part of the new regime," he admits after much goading - a few hours earlier having given the excuse of working out to make him unavailable for a chat sooner), completely relaxed and even playful at times "I've become a real fun boy," he winks with a pantomime smile. It's clear that his transformation from misunderstood indie sage to sexually-empowered, clubland caterwauler has happened at such a pace that the only reason he's being enigmatic now is because even he doesn't quite know where this new path will lead him. Still, he's already had the thumbs-up for his forthcoming debut album 'The Boxer' from Bloc bandmate guitarist Russell Lissack. "Russell's had a listen and he started breakdancing on the kitchen floor," he explains. "It was quite surprising because he's usually being too precious about his hair to do that," Tonight's location isn't the obvious

choice for the big reveal. We're out in the wild west coast of Ireland, holed up in Dolan's Warehouse. The 200-capacity venue is sandwiched between abandoned factory buildings, a large scrap heap and the crystal glare of the city's lifeblood, the sparkling River Shannon. On the venue's approach the streets are silent and empty, except for the sound of one middle-aged transvestite who paces back and forth, mumbling. But inside, the atmosphere's quickly going rave. Keen to toast his new endeavour, Kele buys everyone in the room a shot of lägermeister, which he and the fans neck in unison as the show begins. "Bloc Party missed out on Ireland altogether on our last tour," he says adoringly, "so I felt I owe it to you all to come back and tour it thoroughly this time."

Despite this being his first ever live solo show (well, almost, he admits he did a secret one in his rehearsal room last week for a gang of his friends, although none of his Bloc Party comrades were crowd suddenly seem caught short. With very little of Kele's new material having reached the wider world they are visibly taken aback by the extent of his musical departure from Bloc Party, and are unsure whether to dance or mosh. Afterwards Kele admits he had his reservations, "I'm so used to everything leaking these days, I was almost worried going onstage knowing that this time it hadn't," he says. Yet by the song's climatic drop - the first of many that Kele has peppered liberally across all his new material - and with

his new material – and with the excited singer's encouragement, everyone's over it and letting go. Following up with 2-step circuit breaker 'On The Lam', the crowd bounce obediently in time, while Kele makes the

> most of not having to hold a guitar by letting his freed-up arms lead him, shape-shifting back and forth across the stage

with such vigour it's as if he's unleashing a power he was holding back before.

After another handful of upbeat new tracks—including the conga-infused 'The Other Side', which is momentarily delayed after he fears a crowd member has stolen his maracas—Kele includes the Bloc fans who, to be fair, have taken something of a leap into the unknown by buying a ticket. For their loyalty they receive a trio of remixed Bloc Party

THE SETLIST

- Walk Tall
- On The Lam
- Meet Me In The Middle
- The Other Side
- Everything You Wanted
 - Blue Light
- The Prayer
 One More Chance
- Tenderoni
- Unholy Thoughts
- Rise
 All The Things
 Flux

songs: 'Blue Light' gives way to 'The Prayer' with the medley culminating in a rendering of 'One More Chance', a song designed for Ibiza, 4am (he'll be playing on the island later in the year, fittingly).

Egged on by the crowd's willingness to embrace these new rules, the massive cheer that greets solo debut single 'Tenderoni' sends Kele clambering up a worryingly tall and precarious speaker stack. Inevitably he nearly loses his balance and the glittering renaissance is almost cut short by a fall. After regaining his cool he climbs back down, slowly and surely.

Only once during the show, on 'Unholy Thoughts', does the singer perform on guitar, and in this new context it seems an unnecessary concession. Better received is the preacher call-and-response of 'Risc' and its monstrously conceived final drop. Returning for an encore Kele closes with Bloc Party's 'Flux', referring to it as "a song by a band I used to be in".

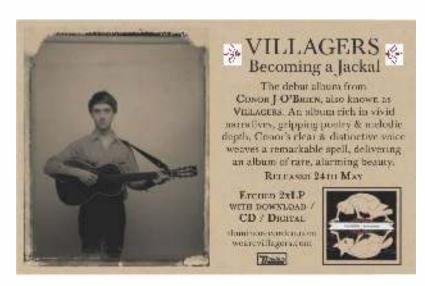
Afterwards, beaming from the show's success, Kele clarifies this statement. "I used to be in the band, and I will be again. I'm looking forward to seeing the other guys and making music with them. I just don't know when that will be. Now is about now, and it's all about having fun—it's the only reason I'm doing this. The last year of Bloc Party was really hard work. I don't have anything to prove and I have nothing to be nervous about. My only worry these days is that I don't eat too much before a gig—or otherwise there's a serious risk I might puke"

"Now is all about having fun – it's the only reason I'm doing this"

able to attend) tonight's show is nothing if not thorough. Kele and his new bandmates – drummer Min, keyboardist Lucy and electronics whizz Daniel, who Kele keenly points out are all from his inner circle in London and not simply hired hands – appear confident and accomplished together. There are few first night nerves

Yet despite the warm-up shot, during buzz-saw opener 'Walk Tall' the excited







IN THE WORKS This is not what we expected. We'd heard that sessions for Giggs' debut album for XL Records were taking place in a makeshift studio known as The Workshop, where spliff smoke filled the vocal booth like a fresher's dorm room and vocal takes were interspersed with gulps of brandy.

But now, as the album enters an intensive final mix, the rapper has moved to a plush studio in northwest London. Here the strongest narcotic is lager from the local offic and Peckham's Public Enemy Number One takes care to mind his F-words because his eight-year old son is sat nearby, watching WWE on a laptop. It's – whisper it – respectable.

Giggs nevertheless promises, however, that the final product will be "too per cent raw". He sacked the producer and scrapped the first mix because "he was doing it the pop way, and it takes all the fatness out of it – I didn't like my album anymore." Mixing restarted with Gan, an engineer from The Workshop at the controls. Never mind that he'd never produced a record. "He was feeling it," shrugs Giggs. "That's important."

There's range here, though. Tracks such as 'Bus Commercial' and 'Hustlin' ("I don't give a fuck about Trident") hit hard, based on our sneak preview listen. February single 'Don't Go There' is also featured. But 'The Way

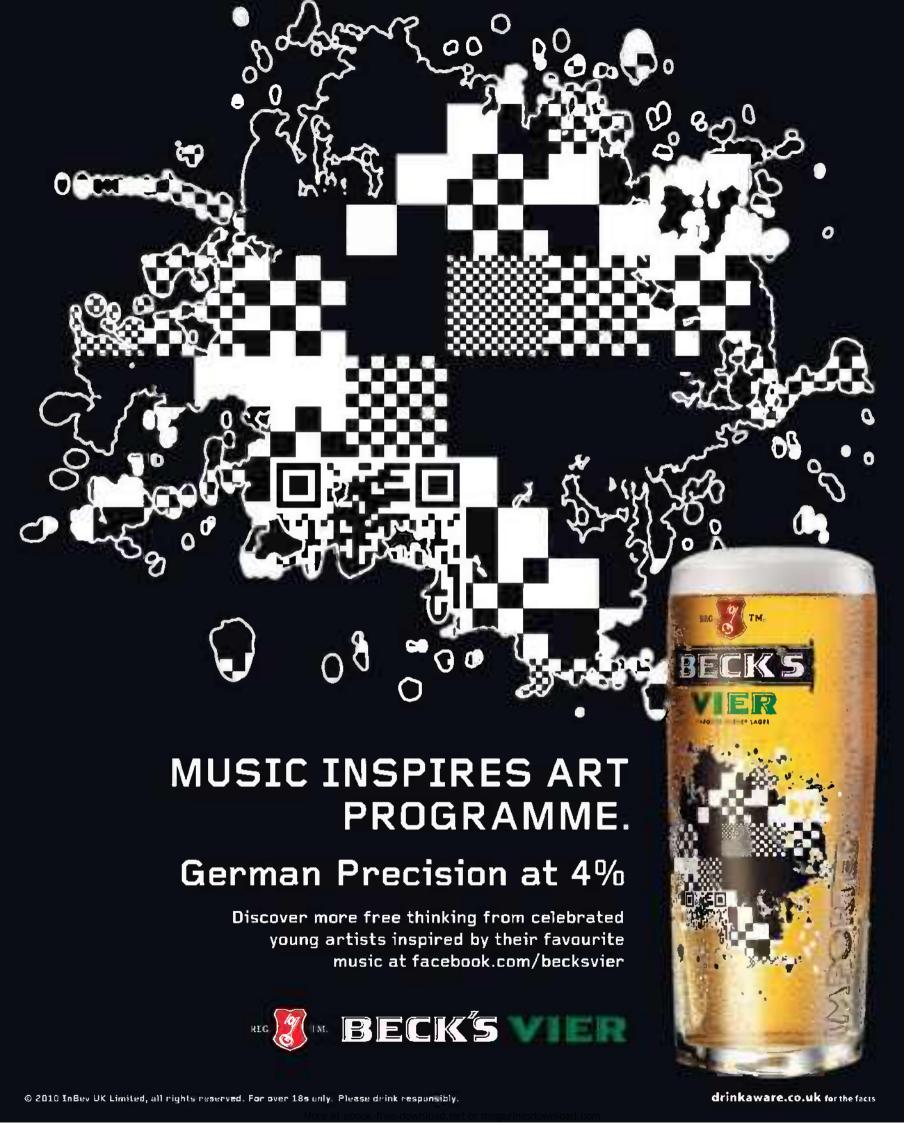
THE DETAILS

Title: 'Let Em Ave It'
Songs including:
'Look What The Cat
Dragged In', 'Hustle
On', 'Ner Ner', 'Life'
(see NME.COM/
artists/gigs for full
tracklisting)
Released: June 21
Recorded: The
Workshop, Canalon
Studios

It Is' is strangely beautiful, a story of grinding poverty ("I've never had it easy/Im talkin' bout days that we had hangers on our I'Vs") set to a twinkling G-funk production by one of Giggs' SN1 protégees, the 17-year-old Pablo. An as-yet-untitled track, meanwhile, features a vocal cameo from Giggs' son, as Dad promises, "I'm all about supporting my family." So will the youngster get a writing credit?

Giggs turns to the sofa. "You don't

want any money for that, do you?"
"Me?" says the eight-year-old, looking up from the wrestling. "Yeah," he announces, solemnly. Just like Dad, he's a go-getter.



The fast-rising rockers aren't hiding their influences as they begin debut album sessions

Hotly tipped and heavily haired Londoners Yuck have briefed us on the somewhat shoddy nature of sessions for their debut album, which they've just started making.

Guitarist Max Bloom (pictured above left) has moved the band – minus drummer Jonny Rogoff – back to his parents' house in north London to record their parts between gigs on their hyper touring schedule. "I want it done my way because it just sounds better when it's done my way," he said of the decision, adding that the still-unsigned band are aiming for a late-summer release for the album, produced by fellow Londoner Amir (Marina & The Diamonds, N-Dubz).

In terms of the sound, Max did little to distance the band from comparisons to the US indie likes of Pavement *et al*, waxing lyrical about meeting his "guitar idol" J Mascis when Yuck support Dinosaur Jr in London this month. Mascis should be a little worried. "I'm just completely not worthy," Max gushed. "He's like this god... and I'm his son! I'll break down and cry!"

It's not all good news in the guitar'n'plaid stakes though, as Max revealed they were forced to sell their chalet place for this year's Pavement-curated ATP festival because of touring commitments. Max: "I bought those tickets a year ago... I'm gutted. We flogged them on MySpace in the end."

At least their album sessions are going well, though – which is more than could be said of Max's recording experiences with his old band Cajun Dance Party. "In Cajun I'd just come in, record bass for 15 minutes and then smoke weed the rest of the day," he admitted. "I swear it's not like that now!"

News Round-up



Illicit Wayne
Lil Wayne has been
busted with
contraband in jail. A
shank? Dope? Porn?
Nope: an MP3
player hidden in a
crisp packet. "Some
discipline can
follow," says a
prison source.

You What?

"There would be a lot more swearing and fucking"
Dizzee Rascal describes what he would bring to the James Bond role, after being voted best potential black Bond





FOUR LIONS STAR'S NEW RAP BOMB

Dubstep project to debut in June

Riz Ahmed, who exploded onto cinema screens this month as bungling suicide bomber Omar in Chris Morris' Four Lions (pictured below), has another assault on the UK public planned.

The actor raps under the name Riz MC and is now returning to music by releasing single 'Hundreds + Thousands' on June 14 and playing a show at London's Fabric on June 17 named 'MICroscope' – also the name of his upcoming album. "It looks at how music is used to control behaviour, from the jingle on a TV commercial to the high-pitched mosquito noises they use to keep teenagers away from shopping malls," he told us.

Riz also laughed off the controversy surrounding Four Lions, "I read a review by a soldier who had experienced a suicide bomb attack," he said, "and he absolutely loved the film. And that was in the Express."



WIN VIP DOWNLOAD TICKETS!

ven the hardest rockers in the land like a bit of preferential treatment. Angus from AC/DC?
Loves a rose petal bath. Che from Deftones? Lives for an exfoliating pampering. Lemmy? All about the Radox deep bath. And while those particular treatments aren't widely on offer at this year's Download Festival, we do have a pair of better-than-coach-class guest area weekend passes with guest area camping to give away. Both AC/DC and Deftones plus Rage Against The Machine and Motörhead are playing the Donington Park bash (June 11-13). See NME.

COM/win to enter.





NOEL FIELDING & JULIAN BARRATT

The Mighty Boosh pair give us the details about the album they're making. And the film. And the Bryan Ferry installation...

So what exactly is going on with the Boosh album?

Julian: "We've got a studio in a soundproofed garden shed - it's foam-lined - in Kentish Town. We've been there about three months. We've got a mate of ours, Dave Westlake [ex-Sneaker Pimps], producing demos."

What's the concept? Noel: "Life. Cats."

Julian: "There are various concepts, each character has a story to tell." Noel: "More like a psychedelic concept album with a slight narrative, like a Bonzo Dog Doo-Dah Band album."

Are there any straight songs? Julian: "Not 'straight' in the sense of We're a band now'. Often it'll be in character - that's as straight as they are." Noel: "Hopefully they're like the Mothers Of Invention or Beefheart."

Give us some song titles...

Julian: "Love Games'...'

Noel: "The Ape Of Death' is now a psychobilly, Johnny Cash surf song." 'Electro Boy"s much more Kraftwerk." Julian: "Charlie"s gone into some sort of abstract...'

Noel: "...dark place. 'Crack Fox' is like the Aphex Twin."

Iulian: "There's no unifying genre, but it's all pretty Boosh-y. We're trying to re-invent the tunes."

Julian: "There are other Old Gregg tracks [not from the TV show], like 'Mangina' and a punk track."



Are there any guests on it? Noel, you're pally with Kasabian...

Noel: "We've been talking to La Roux - she said she'd do something, if we wanted that. Adam Ant's strongly obsessed with 'Eels'..."

Julian: "Mark Ronson wants to do 'Captain Cabinets', which is a crimp. He told us at the NME Awards he was obsessed with it. We'd like to do remixes or different versions."

Noel: "We just don't want to get people in for the sake of it, because they're mates. We were thinking about female vocals on something and I happened to

bump into La Roux and got on with her and was thinking she'd be quite interesting. Say Gary Numan, it'd be good if he did something, because we know him a bit now. It'll definitely be out this year."

You've been talking about EPs... **Julian:** "We just thought we might want to release something bit by bit.

Each character would have a different EP and a story to tell. So there'd be like three or four songs, and there would be a narrative linking,"

Noel: "Gregg could have four songs, and then there's a sort of apocalyptic. Last Man On Earth side where there's four songs for that and there's about four or five psychobilly goth songs that are quite weird - like The Damned or something - so they could go out together."

studio shed

from?

Julian: "Shed

U Love."

you don't love

see the album

shed more than we

go in it. They just

pull all the padding

off the walls.

They've written a

few techno songs."

Julian: "There's a whole backlog of stuff, tracks that are part of the shows. Fans want to hear them and we want to get them out, but... we need another album really. Doing this has made me realise that we could do a whole new album of much more weird stuff."

Also, you've been busy working on the Mighty Boosh film...

Noel: "It's a long process writing a film. We have about three or four options, so we want to make sure the thing we pick is the thing we really want to do."

You've also released books, an iPhone app... anything else going on? Noel: "I'm doing an art show in June then another TV thing and stand-up. I might just do a Bryan Ferry

installation. I might do a bed, like Tracey Emin's bed, but with a Bryan Ferry duvet and an ironing board with a tuxedo on it and an iron left on. I'm doing an audio thing with Chris Morris and Richard Ayoade. I just start projects then leave them, it's like setting fire to towns then running away."





MONKEYS MODEL REVS UP

Fag-chugging cover star steps out from the album sleeve to front his own band

"I watched the

Monkeys and

wanted that"

Four years after he appeared on the front of a record sleeve for the first time, Chris McClure, cover star of Arctic Monkcys' 2006 debut album 'Whatever People Say I Am, That's What I'm Not', is set to release one of his own.

Sheffield resident Chris, brother of Jon 'The Reverend' McClure, releases 'Bright Or Better', the debut single by his band The Violet May, on seven-inch vinyl on Monday (May 24). But why has it taken him so long to go from ciggie-puffing

cover model to becoming a singer in his own right?

"I always wanted to be a singer in a band, but I never found the person I wanted to write songs with," Chris mused to us. "I watched the Monkeys and my brother, and in my head I was thinking, 'I want that me sen, I want that" I had to get an office job, I went on tour with my brother for a bit, then I met our guitarist, we went for a fag outside and he played me this tune ['Bright Or Better']. I was like, 'Yes, it's clicked!" And the sound of The Violet May? Guitar indic influenced by Arctic

Monkeys but vocally similar to
Reverend And
The Makers,
naturally. Listen
to the single at
NME COM/
artists/arcticmonkeys.

THE DATES

JUNE 7

The day Apple are rumoured to be unveiling a new online music streaming service, presumably in an attempt to kill off Spotify. We haven't even held an iPad yet.

JUNE 8

The release date of the next Twilight film soundtrack, featuring The Dead Weather, Vampire Weekend and a Muse newie 'Neutron Star Collision (Love Is Forever)'. Not a very Muse-sounding title, that one.



THE CORAL'S SPANISH SAHARA

Band return to their psych roots with '1000 Years' video – here are exclusive pics from the shoot...



Described by frontman James Skelly as a "jazz costume drama", the video involves a group of strange characters stuck in a limbo dream sequence. The single is out on July 4 but the title track from their 'Butterfly House' album is out now (see page 5).



The films *El Topo* and *Lucifer Rising* inspired the video, directed by James Slater. "He filmed it all on an old Super 8 camera. You have to send all the film off to America to get developed," explained James.



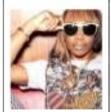
The four-piece supplied many of their costumes, including drummer ian Skelly's crow mask, which they bought in Venice. The three-day shoot took place in Almeria, Spain, known as the 'Spanish Hollywood' because of the spagnetti westerns shot there.



"There's mormons, chickens, spacemen, leather squids and a demon dog - average stuff!" James laughed. The homemade "mutated chicken" outfit is a homage to The Beatles' Magical Mystery Tour as well as "Keith Richards' hair in the '70s."

KEEF ON SCRIBBLING

lash's 2008 self-penned tales of grog, drugs and people having sex with people they don't love are all well and good, but now the prospect of Keith Richards' long-awaited biography has us thinking that he may outdo even the Guns N'Roses guitarist in the debauched autobiography stakes. The Rolling Stones' legend has said that his own book will finally be out in October, the guitarist having started scribbling in 2007. "Correlating it all was interesting, a kind of kaleidoscopic bunch of experiences," he said, adding: "It's kind of weird writing about your own life. Who'd be interested in that?" Us well, we have seen Cocksucker Blues...



GOLD LP

One reason that Santigold hasn't made a new album yet is that she's been producing Devo's next one. It's got a release date now - June 14 meaning she can work on her own...

LILY ALLEN'S GOING GREEN

f this situation carries on any longer, Lily Allen will have backtracked on musical retirement more times than Jay-Z. The 'LDN' singer previously put off stepping away from the music biz by getting herself booked for London's Wireless Festival on July 4 at Jigga's request. Now, although she says she won't make any more albums, the good news is she's agreed to sing on Professor Green's next single, 'Just Be Good To Green'. The rapper, who recently hit the Top Ten with 'I Need You Tonight', said the pair got chatting on Facebook and Lily offered her services for the song, out on July 12. She said she'd given up social networking a while back, too...



TRACK

€X EED To

Fact: The album's

previous joke

working title was

'Internet Sensation!'

Recorded: A rented

LA studio/mansion

Video: James chats

at NME.COM/artists/

Icd-soundsystem

NOW

ever sung... I'd vowed never to write anything that high for myself. But then I got excited about a synth sound and forgot all about my vocal range, and had to sing it with a voice that was blown out, but I took lots of steroids"

DRUNK GIRLS

"When we were in Los Angeles we had this amazing chef. This girl was a fan of the label and a DJ. She called us her 'girls'. So it's a song about funny genders and people who are drunk trying to relate, which I always find hilarious. Nothing is more fun to me than two drunk people trying to negotiate."

ONE TOUCH

"Philadelphia used to have this almost Belgian darkwave punk scene. There was a band called the Executive Slacks. There's a song called '30 Years' and one called 'The Bus'. I always wanted to make a song that sounded like that."

ALL I WANT

"I kept oscillating back and forth between this John Cale version and this I hated it, then fell back in love with it"

I CAN CHANGE

"I was constantly listening to the 'Sweet Dreams'-era Eurythmics stuff and Bronski Beat and the first couple of OMD records. I was like, 'What's the worst that's gonna happen? People think I'm a simpering idiot? Fine.' But I panicked about it and I had Pat [Mahoney, drummer] come in. He loved it, and I trust Pat."

YOU WANTED A HIT

"That came about because I was surfing with a guy who's in a much more successful rock ensemble. He asked, 'Are you gonna make a radio hit on this record I v anted to be like, 'You think I'm not trying?' I suddenly thought, 'Well, why don't I make hits?' I kind of like that we don't make hits, [but] it'd be fun to have one. This probably won't be because it's eight minutes long."

POW POW

"The core of this was in my head for about five or six years. It all kind of

even tell him I was doing it because I was late with the record.'

SOMEBODY'S CALLING ME

"I was feeling a little bit taxed by humans and was having panic attacks about working on 'All I'V ant'. I inebriated myself with anti-anxiety medication and went swimming. In the middle of the night I had a song in my head, and luckily I had a rolling 909 drum machine with a little tiny guitar amp on my piano in my bedroom. I didn't actually remember recording the song at all."

HOME

"I wanted to make something with a happy ending. I wanted it to be about being in a band and how much I like it. [Although] I don't like leaving my life. You leave your home, your friends, your dog. It was always supposed to be a nonprofessional experiment. I think it is still a non professional experiment, but it's a non-professional experiment that takes up a much bigger part of my life than I expected."

lames Murphy goes quietly after being ndicted for ripping off

Peter Robinson Us **MARINA DIAMANDIS**

Much less of the "obvious sexual tension" here than the last time these two talked...



· After the interview, Marina rated the experience a 7.5

* There was some other chat about 'I Am Not A Robot' but that single release has now been and gone so it seems a hit out of date

. She's on tour. though, a-warblin' her popular tunes to the people of **Great Britain**

Hello, Marina. "You're so on time."

I am a professional.

"(Lengthy chortling) Today I have been doing the Frock Me TV show with Henry Holland. They asked me what was my fashion faux pas from the last year, and everything I wear is gross."

You know the title of that show? "Yes..."

It's actually a little bit of a play on words because it sounds similar to 'fuck me', but it's got 'frock' in it instead, and frock is another word for dress and obviously a dress is fashionable and it's a fashion show. So that's how the show's title works.

"D'you know what? What's hilarious is that whenever I read the column we're doing now, in my head you're talking exactly how you are right now. I had it spot on. Obviously, last time you interviewed me I couldn't tell because the sexual tension was just killing everything."

NME readers should be aware that prior to our last phone interview I fell asleep having written no questions, was woken up by the phone ringing and then when it went badly I declared that it was due to 'obvious sexual tension'. "Oh dear."

That said, you did tell me that an appearance in Versus would be a career landmark. "It really is!"

How's it going so far? "As I expected."

Talk me through why you've managed to get only a Top Five album while Ellie Goulding, for example, managed to get a Number One.

"I think she's more pop. And just for some controversy: she's BETTER."

I'm glad we agree on that. "(Unconvincing laughter) But I do think she is more pop than me."

Are you enjoying being famous? "Well number one, I'm not famous, and number two, I think about it so much that it's unhealthy. I don't like the idea of trying to be famous. I was thinking about the whole MGMT



thing and the 'We really hated being commercial and everyone liking our music' business. And I thought, 'Why would you ban GMTV from using your music just because their audience isn't what you want your own audience to be?' It's very snobby to have that point of view."

It's also stupid because there could have been a brilliant 'MGMTV' soundclash with Lorraine Kelly singing 'Kids'. "Yes."

Is it difficult being you? "No."

Is it easy?

"That's a difficult question because I am me and nobody else is me."

Do you want to be someone else? "No! I have an opportunity that is quite rare."

How's this interview going now? "It's much better than the last one."

Wouldn't you rather be on the cover though?

"This is better than the cover!"

Well we've quickly come to the end of the interview. The End.

"This isn't a book. You're talking to a human being. You don't need to say 'The End'."

But don't you find conversations drag on? Sometimes you just need to say, 'THE END', then everyone knows where they are. "Peter, I think humans say 'goodbye'."

The end. "Goodbye!"



PENDULUM 'WATERCOLOUR'

TIME TEMPAH 'PASS OUT'

FLORENCE + THE MACHINE 1006 DAYS ARE OVER! 4

5 FAITHLESS 'NOT GOING HOME'

FOALS. 6 SPANISH SAHORA

FOAL5 THIS ORIENT'

DARWIN DEEZ "RADAR DETECTOR"

THE DRUMS

KATENASH 'DO-WAH-DOO'

THE HX

LAURA MARLING 'RAMBLING MAN'

"WOO BOOST"

PAUL WELLER 'NO TEARS TO CRY'/ 'WAKE UP THE NATION' COST

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'It's Working' CLOCK-OI

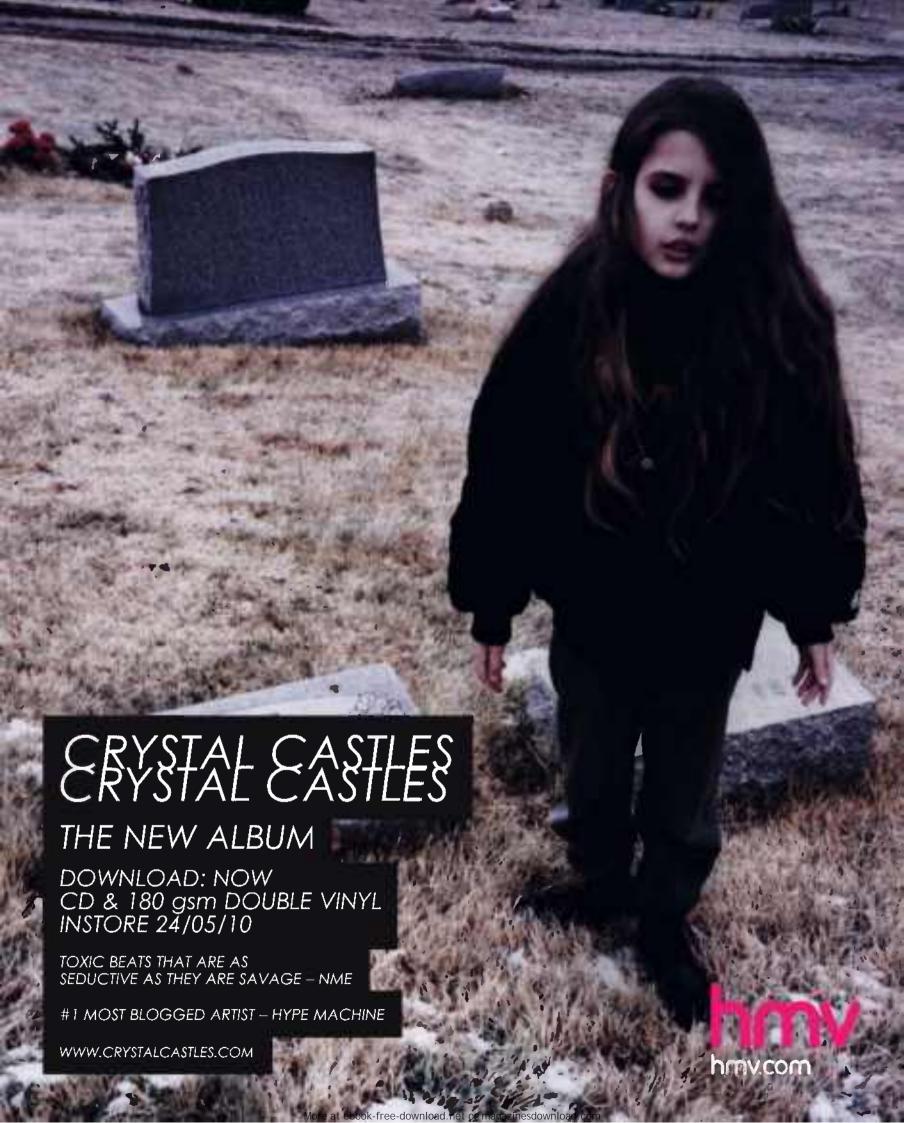
'A Piece Of String'

'Warning Bells' VERONICA FALLS

"Beachy Head" * RICHARD WARREN

This half. Chart is compiled on a point of track from the mine of pitch. eights integrate through through hour in givernative datum, internative of eights in and on other provides country in the eights from the measurement. In we found on the playing of our after track on the country and a Martin track of the vertical and country is of the country track on the country and a Martin track of the country of









SLASH: WHY I'VE MADE THE **DECISION TO EMBRACE POP**



Pop records are now outselling rock ones in the UK for the first time since 2003. Guitar legend Slash says he's not surprised – he thinks real rock'n'roll is dying out

usually hate talking about the state of rock music, because there's nothing positive to say about it. The whole vibe of new, exciting hard rock bands seems non-existent right now. I always say that the heavy metal spirit is alive and well and holding its own, but that broader rock'n'roll thing of bands like AC/DC or Guns N'Roses seems pretty slim. The rock'n'roll spirit is

There's no shortage of bands out there trying to make it, but they're hard pressed to get a foot in the door. There's an audience for it, but the industry is so clean cut and people are so apprehensive about taking any kind of risk. There are no A&R people on the street looking for bands. There's no rock'n'roll movement on the street. When you add all these elements together what you get is a not very healthy rock'n'roll

environment. But we do have the Airbourne tour, which is cool. It's not like it's dead forever.

Pop music is bigger than it's ever been, so when I heard that it had overtaken rock in UK sales for the first time since 2003 it did not surprise me. I was looking at the album chart

at home, and between my record and the Number One, there was not one rock'n'roll artist. A lot of people in my fanbase and my contemporaries like to look at pop music as the enemy, and want to take sides. I used to mock it back in the '80s, I just thought the hair bands and the make-up were silly. And GN'R was the antithesis of all that. But looking back, at least it was a movement and an energy that I'm proud to have been part of, even in opposition. But as a musician who's played with a lot of pop artists over the years I can appreciate anyone who's truly gifted in one genre. Like in any genre, there's a couple of people in the pop world that are brilliant and then there's a lot of fluff and crap. You can't hold it against pop music for being popular. You can't blame the artists themselves, you should blame whatever's making that happen. People may have been surprised when I worked with Fergie on my new record. I first heard her three years ago at a fundraiser in LA, where I was one of many guests with the Black Eyed Peas. I was going to play

during a rock medley, and in walks this little blonde girl from Orange County, and she sang 'Black Dog' better than any guy I'd ever heard. I was just floored because I'm always in the market for great rock singers.

I befriended her and discovered she'd gone through some of the same hardcore trials and tribulations as me, of drugs and sex and jail. I realised, 'This chick's hardcore'. It turns out she originally was a rock singer and always wanted to be, but because of the way the industry is she couldn't make it as a rock singer. She ended up in pop bands

- eventually the Black Eyed Peas. Now she's doing a solo rock record. I enjoy infusing rock'n'roll into stuff that wouldn't normally have it. That said, I don't think there's room for me with Lady Gaga. There's nothing I could do on guitar that could change the trajectory of Lady Gaga.



WHY INTERPOL CAN NEVER REPLACE CARLOS D

The whole vibe of new,

seems non-existent

exciting hard rock bands

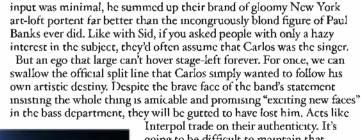
As Carlos Dengler's departure is announced, Gavin Haynes salutes the holsterwearing bassist and explains why the band won't be able to fill his jack-boots



ne of the first things I ever did for NME was to interview Carlos Dengler, He was special, Oh yes. He'd been packing to go on tour that week. "Until you've been on the road," he spouted, "I don't think you can appreciate the sort of Dostoevskian drama - the existential crisis that is precipitated by not having the right toothpaste." Amazingly, this was not even the third most pretentious thing he said in our 15-minute chat, backboned around a discussion of the romantic personality of his Italian greyhound.

In one sense, Carlos D has always been the boy in American Beauty, filming a plastic bag billowing in the wind and tarting it up as a deep artistic statement. His website (Carlosdengler.com) is pretty much a literal reworking of that scene - it's just a video of an empty rowing boat set to water noises. But, at the same time, Carlos is proof that if you believe it, then it is true: in life, the ones who actually get to be artists are often simply the ones who feel most strongly that they are artists. And Carlos always believed that his every action was invested with timeless significance.

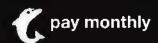
What Sid was to the Pistols – a talisman who actually contributed little to the songs - Carlos was to Interpol. While his musical



going to be difficult to maintain that last-gang-in-town vibe once there's some ringer from Dirty Projectors squatting in a Carlos-shaped hole in the line-up.

It helps, of course, that new song 'Lights' is a return to form – a glistening ziggurat of tangled angles and shimmering glissando. But Carlos is not the kind of guy who you can advertise for on Craigslist. "Bassist wanted. Must wax own moustache, wear gun holster - sans gun - as fashion statement, make minimalist synth soundtrack music in spare time, and shoot own low-budget art films about how celebrity is 'a kind of affliction, a malaise, in essence, a condition'." It's a category of one.





"I just bought broccoli! LOL!"

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Pieces Of Me **TOM FLEMING**

The Wild Beasts' singer/bassist's personal favourites include Scott Walker, lesbian love stories, Take That and AC/DC











Clockwise from top left: Oneohtrix Point Never's Daniel Logatin: the cover of The Book Of Promethea; Scott Walker's 'Scott 4' on which 'The Old Man's Back Again' appears; AC/DC live; Tom's first album, 'Take That & Party'; the DVD of Le Roi Et L'Oiseau; Darren Waterson's Night-In-Gal from 2001





My first album 'TAKE THAT & PARTY' BY TAKE THAT

"I bought it from Tovs R Us in Levland. Lancashire. It's shit, but very much of its time. After that my brother started giving me Hendrix, Coltrane and Public Enemy records, so it got better pretty quickly."

My first gig ac/dc at the men arena

"I was probably 14 or 15. They were amazing, real circus stuff. It might not be credible but I don't think it's any less so than going to see someone like The Strokes."

My favourite lyric 'THE OLD MAN'S BACK AGAIN' BY SCOTT WALKER

"It's the one about Communism: 'He'd like another name, the one he's got is a curse these people cried/Why can't they understand his mother called him Ivan then she died'. I love the way he sees the bigger picture - he realises every single gesture is important."

The book that changed me THE BOOK OF PROMETHEA **BY HELEN CIXOUS**

"It cleaved a lot of things open for me. It's a French lesbian love story and it's devastatingly beautiful, about being in love and what it does to you."

My favourite artist DARREN WATERSON

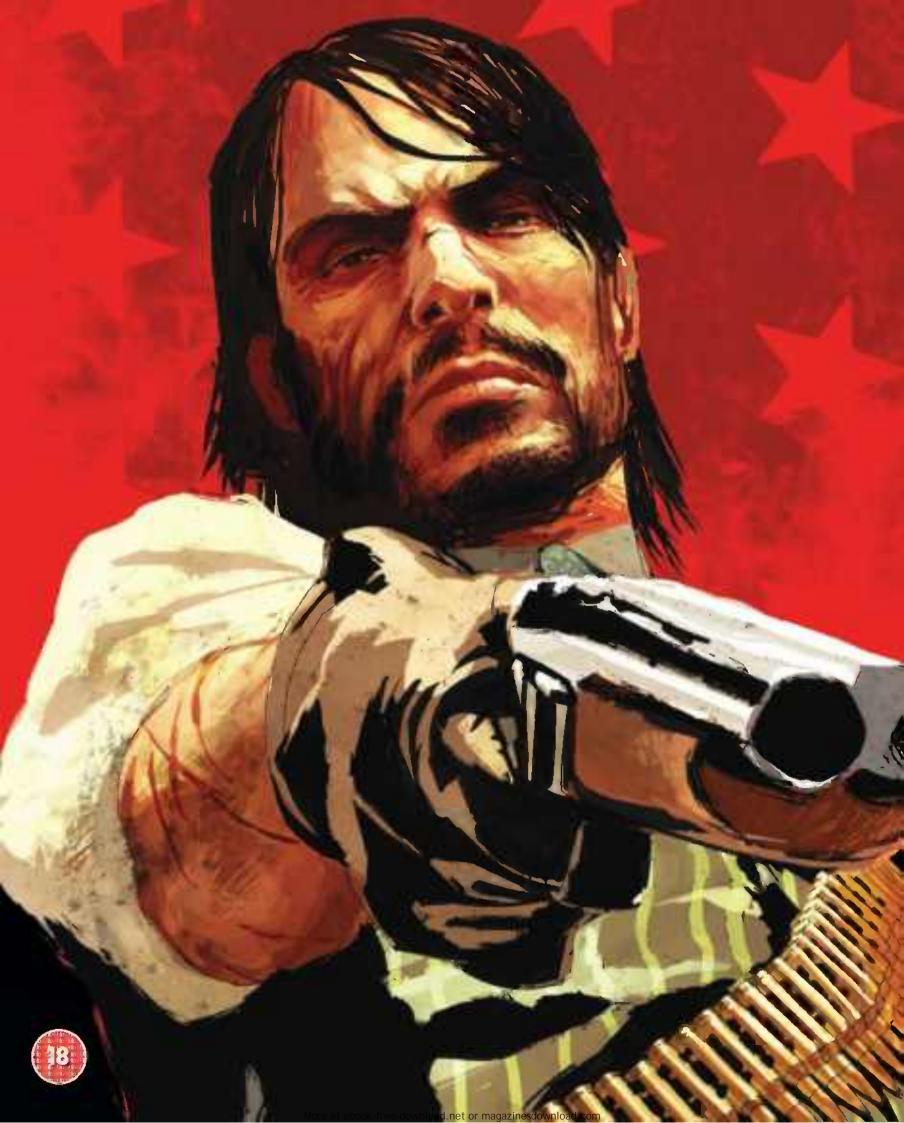
"I love Kandinsky, Paul Klee and particularly Darren Waterson, a contemporary American artist. He's a landscape painter who abstracts things. Similar to Picasso, he draws attention to the act of painting something, not just straight representation."

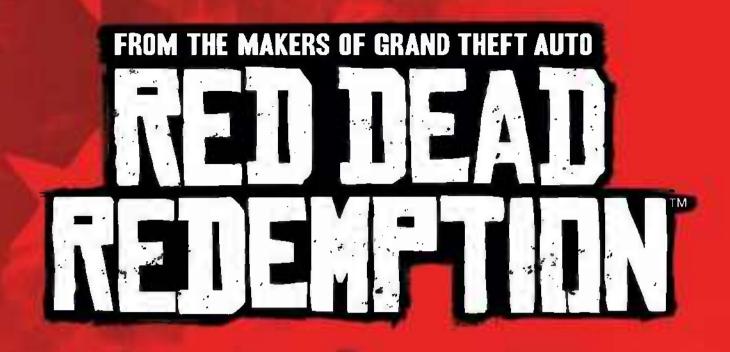
Favourite band right now **ONEOHTRIX POINT NEVER**

"They deal in synth minimalism. You know when you're getting into something and then you discover the next step? That's what this is. I've been rediscovering Swans, too. I love the spaciousness of them."

Favourite film LE ROI ET L'OISEAU

"It translates as The King And The Mockingbird and it's a French animation from about 30 years ago. There's this bird that watches a king who falls in love with his own reflection and wreaks havoc."





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SAMSUNG
TURN ON TOMORROW

FUTURE STARS, BREAKING SCENES, NEW SOUNDS...

Edited by Jaimie Hodgson



PURE ECSTASY

The Lone Star State's blissful dirge - lay back and think of Austin

ustin is a real oasis", says Nate Grace of Pure Ecstasy, the city's most vital new band. "Smalltown Texas, where I'm originally from, is on some straight-up... Chamsaw Massacre shit. If you're not in a dead-end job and spewing out kids by my age, you're screwed. I'd probably be sleeping in the gutter if it weren't for this."

Nate and fellow hedonists Austin Youngblood and Jesse Jenkins made a solid unit after years of half-arsed jamming. It's a project that's been so slow-burning it's a wonder that it didn't fizzle out altogether. Austin's little smoke-ring of liberality in the midst of the state's square-jawed conformity offers refuge from such a treadmill existence. But it is also an atmosphere conducive to a hazy life of back-porch bong rips and Taco Bell wasterdom.

Certainly Nate found himself living life on cruise-control, eschewing the rat-race for an elongated gap year/life. "I quit my job and just floated around without shoes on in Mexico.

Spent my life lying on other people's sofas," he says, discussing how the band came into (soft) focus. "I just always instinctively knew that all that other shit was getting in the way of something, I just couldn't quite figure out what.'

This tension between frustration and release, monotony and joy informs everything that Pure Ecstasy do. So, their doo-wop dirge is visceral and scorching but, true to their turf, has a country rooting in its slow, ambling and heartbroken sentiment. Any sadness is veiled with a serenity, typified by the tellingly titled 'Don't Wanna Live Don't Wanna Dre'.

"A lot of our songs are about looking at situations in life and thinking, OK, these terrible things happen. They exist. I accept that," ponders Nate. "But man, c'mon. Let's forget that. Let's move on."

He continues, frustrated, "I just want to say something, anything" Oh Nate, but what? "Well, so much music right now is innocuous. I'm trying to blast through that and make something that lasts. If only because I know I'm stuck with these motherfucking songs forever." Jack Shankly

NEED TO KNOW

- · Nate lost three toes on his left foot in a motorcycle accident
- · Jesse and Austin met in a strip club in Nuevo Loredo, Mexico
- · Jesse worked as a cook on an ocean liner that travelled around the world one and a half times



2010: A MENTAL SPACE ODYSSEY

Camera-shy Monarchy plan intergalactic gig

London-based electro-pop duo Monarchy are making one giant leap into the live arena, becoming the first band to have a gig beamed into space. The two notoriously camera-shy Aussic ex-pats, producer Andrew Kornweibel and vocalist Ra Khahn (both previously of Milke), will make a trip to the NASA Kennedy Space Center in Cape Canaveral, Florida at the end of June with a backing band to play together live for the first time. They've arranged to have the performance transmitted via electromagnetic waves into the cosmos by the same company that engineers satellite television signals. It's the first event of its kind. While The Beatles almost became the first galactic band when 'Here Comes The Sun' was nearly included on a disc sent onboard the Voyager spacecraft in 1977, and Doves bounced a guitar solo off the moon to distorted effect on a recent recording, so far no-one has attempted

such a feat. But what on Earth, we asked Andrew, do the group hope to achieve from such far-fetched activity? "We figured it was a bit like losing your virginity," he explains of their maiden live voyage. "Once you feel you're ready to make that step, you want it to be special. If we'd been beamed into space on our fifth gig it wouldn't have had the same ring to it."

What estimated turn-out are they looking at then? "Sceptics could argue none. We're not sceptics, though. The KLF's Bill Drummond had a theory that astral rays came down from space, bounced off Iceland, before being channeled down Mathew Street in Merseyside, reflecting off a manbole, and then exited Earth via Papua New Guinea. We'd settle for something along those lines I think." Radar will be joining Monarchy on the excursion for an interview conducted in zero gravity. Watch this space.

BAND CRUSH



Florence Welch Florence + The Machine

"Babeshadow have been brightening up my pre-tour rituals with their openhearted calypsostyle beautiful pop songs. Their jackets are also always pretty smashing."

> RADAR GLOSSARY

This week's impenetrable muso slang decoded

Chicago's
minimalistic hip-hop
sound centres
around double-time
snare-heavy beats
usually crafted on
a Roland 808 drum
machine, heavily
pitched-down
druggy-sounding
vocals, and horrorstruck budget
synths stabs.

The Buzz

The rundown of artists, scenes and tracks breaking forth from the underground this week



JAI PAUL'S 'BTSTU' DEMO

All Jai Paul's mates in the Asian quarter of the Rayners Lane suburbia of west London think his music's shit. No-one he knew when he was growing up was even *that* into their music. So Jai spent more time in his bedroom than most of his mates. You might say you can hear a certain loneliness on the demo that's given 'lektro bloggers a reason to get up in the morning over the past month. I doubt he'd go along with that though. "Don't fuck with me, don't, fuck, with, me", mourn the opening a capella bars of neosoul. He's dragging Esser's depressing one-man-band laptop-pop right into the rudest new chapter of UK bass culture's evolutions.



2 WISCONSIN NU-GOTH

Zola Jesus is a true nu-school goth. So far removed from lace veils and taxidermy crows it's unrecognisable. She comes from Wisconsin, where virtually nothing cool has ever happened. Yet she's the most lauded proponent of a sound so trashily spooked and unflinchingly hip it's charmed the first lady of electronic-doom Fever Ray.



3 RAVE-STEP

You might worry that when brought together, 'ardcore and garage might not mix. But, oh ye of little faith! In a heartwarming show of raver unity geezers – namely the mysterious LDN duo Hot City and new king pin Deadboy – are donning an oversized T-shirt and getting all sweaty. One foot in the rave. Just for a bubble, like.



4 TRIBES

Once Radar got past their promo snaps, it was evidently more than just Tribes' nice complexion that got palms clammy and chequebooks rustling this month. Whether we'll be looking back on their 'Maccabeesdo-a-Snow-Patrol' shtick in eight months' time and saying 'good shout' or 'ewww' - well, only time will tell.



5 MNDR

MNDR is a canny abbreviation for her birth name Amanda. She looks and dances like someone that might teach your auntie yoga. She writes for Santigold. She sings like Cyndi Lauper. She writes songs about "falling in love to Black Flag" (see this month's Radar Mixtape) and Chinese economics. She's ace.

CLENCHED FISTS & HORN HANDS

Trash Talk's Lee Spielman on the latest and greatest punk and metal



At present I'm in Dallas, Texas. I've been here a week, and before that we were in Austin. I love it there, it's awesome. Even when SXSW's not happening it's still got a really strong scene, and we've got a load of friends there too.

There are so many venues and bands to check out as well, and funnily enough the first band I wanna mention is from Austin. They're called Iron Age, and they have this record out called 'The Sleeping Eye' which I'd say is like all the best parts of Slayer mixed with all the best parts of Sleep smashed into one big crossover album. Check it out, it's awesome.

There's also this band Closure from Leeds who we met on our last tour. They're super-intense, and completely in-yourface. I remember we were in Huddersfield when they covered Black Sabbath's 'Black Sabbath' and it was just crushing. They only have a demo out right now, but it's brutal. I'd say they're a power-violence band perfect for fans of Infest, Crossed Out and No Comment.

From Brooklyn, New York is this band Nomos. They've got a demo out on Deranged Records and it's been getting a lot of

recommend.

LEE'S TOP 5 **IRON AGE** 'Sleeping Eye Of The Watcher1

CLOSURE 'Hammer'

3 **TOUCHÉ AMORE** 'Honest Sleep'

NOMOS 'Omar Hammami'

5 THE MEN 'Twist The Knife' plays in our van. It's like early '80s American hardcore. I haven't managed to see them live yet but I really want to. They've got a split coming out with a band called The Men, who I'd also

Another band I'm really excited about are Touché Amore. They're from Los Angeles, they're post-hardcore, and the shows they're playing right now in southern California are incredible. They are just taking over, They're the band right now in LA for token hardcore shows, and kids are just going crazy over them. I'd really recommend you check them out.

NEXT WEEK'S COLUMNIST: Tim Westwood



This week's unmissable new music shows

WAX FANG Zanzibar, Liverpool, May 19

SHARKS The Vic, Swindon, May 20

REAL ESTATE 93 Feet East. London, May 20

TANLINES Camp, London. May 26

SLEIGH BELLS O2 Academy 2 Oxford, May 24





THE CAPTAIN'S REST, GLASGOW SUNDAY, MAY 9



The possibilities of music are limitless. So it's funny that no matter how many nudges you give the envelope, the results are never quite as

satisfying as a four-chord adolescent pop song played at an unforgiving volume.

Or, at least, that's the conclusion Best Coast invite us to make tonight. The Californian trio, led by Bethany Consentino, specialise in marrying San Francisco drone with So-Cal surfer-rock, imbuing their sunny, Spector-ish melodies with a lo-fi punk primalism.

At the center of it all is Consentino, whose bruised chanteuse voice lends a weird narcotic heaviness to the bubblegum-pop likes of 'When I'm With You' and 'Boyfriend'. Even on their cover of Lesley Gore's 1964 hit 'That's The Way Boys Are' she sounds oddly

spectral. On 'Far Away', meanwhile, she subtly inverts the standard boy-done-mewrong lyric to saddle blame herself, sweetly cooing, "When you were my man/I treated you bad/it wasn't my plan/i was just sad'.

The songs themselves are the very definition of Tin Pan Alley simplicity, but - as on the funereal 'So Gone' - they're played with a stoned, Sub-Pop-py aesthetic that recalls Nirvana's worship of melody and love of noise.

Best Coast's name comes from Consentino's disillusionment with the brief spell she spent living in New York, before returning home to LA. They certainly sound like a musical loveletter to the US seaboard of her birth, an assimilation of all that is great about West Coast rock'n'roll. And on tonight's showing, after a decade of East Coast indie-rock dominance, perhaps it's time for the pendulum to swing again. Barry Nicolson

This week's best NME Breakthrough artist icked by New Music Editor Jaimie Hodgson BREAKTHROA

THE HEARTBREAKS FORMED: June 2009



WE SAY: Menacingly melodramatic

BAND MEMBERS: Matt Whitehouse (vocals). Joseph Kondras (drums), Ryan Wallace (guitar) Deaks (bass)

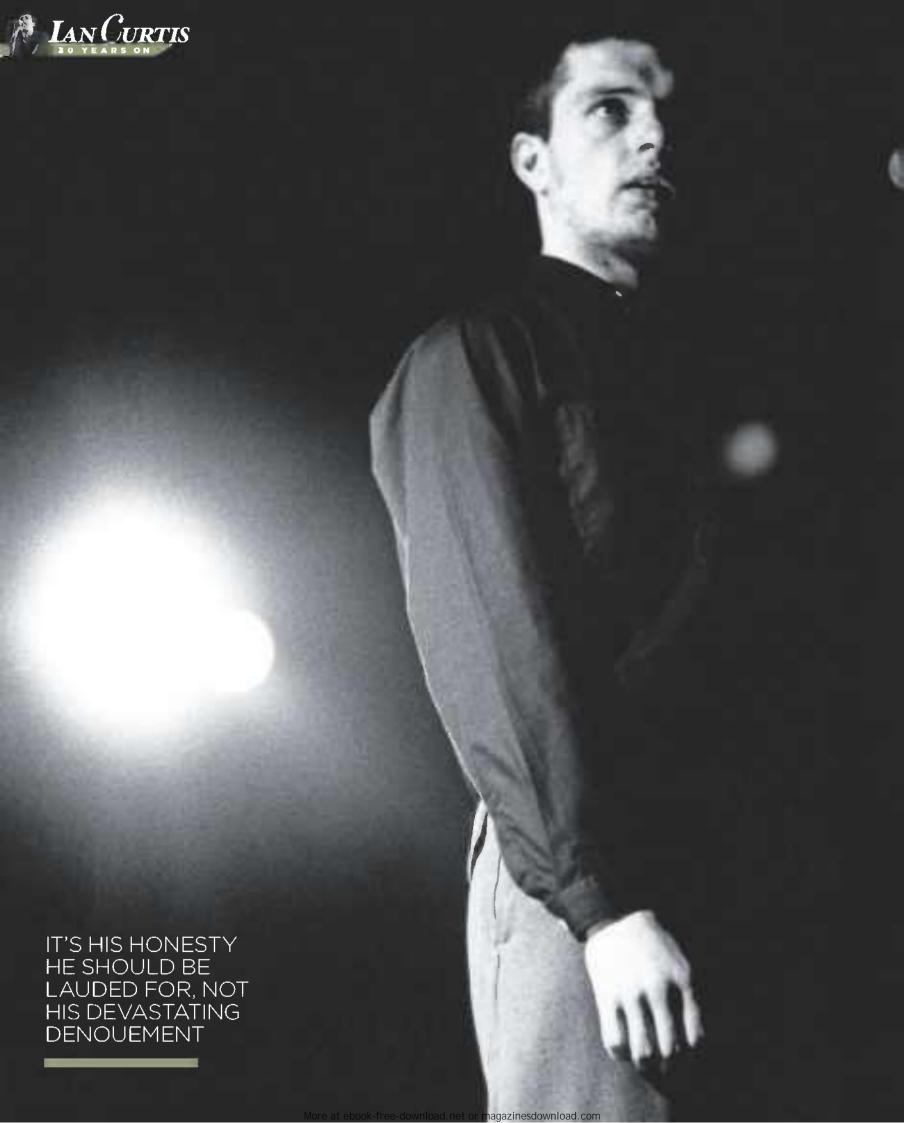
LOCATION: Manchester via Morecambe

THREE KEY INFLUENCES:

Elvis Costello, Phil Spector, Orange Juice MOTTO: Hooray for our gang! LISTEN: 'Liar, My Dear' single (April 2010. Seven Sevens) at music.nme.com/ theheartbreaks

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TON CORBIN

STILL TOUCHING FROM A DISTANCE

On May 18, 1980 Ian Curtis hanged himself, leaving a small yet powerful body of work with Joy Division that would change the face of music. Here **Barry Nicolson** examines the legacy that contines to enthrall. Then, over the next eight pages, we delve deeper into the darkness...

very year, millions of fans shuffle up the Boulevard de Belleville in Paris and chart a course through the crumbling headstones and gothic mausoleums of the Père Lachaise cemetery to pay homage at (and maybe pour a fifth of bourbon onto) the grave of Jim Morrison. Similarly, in New York, 72nd Street and Central Park West is probably one of the city's most loitered-on corners, jammed with tourists who stand in solemn contemplation at the spot outside the Dakota building where John Lennon was gunned down by Mark Chapman. And in Memphis, Tennessee, the Presley estate continues to turn a dime well over 30 years after Elvis' death by traipsing busload after busload of tourists through the gates of Graceland.

On the face of it, there's not a lot to differentiate Ian Curtis from any of those other dead rock stars, right down to the humble headstone in Macclesfield cemetery that attracts its own steady stream of disciples - including an NME journalist on page 30. The Joy Division frontman may not be a fully paid-up member of what Kurt Cobain's mother once called "that stupid club" - his application having been expedited by his own hand at the age of just 23 rather than 27 - but he certainly deserves a certificate or something. Like many members, he found far more success in death than he ever did in life - although he never gave himself much of a chance - and, like all of them, he was a complex, tortured soul who made some suspect (not to mention selfish) choices, upon whose head deification does not rest easily.

Yet, if we could have spared just one of them from their fate, it would have been Curtis. They're all keenly missed, but 30 years after his death, Ian Curtis remains possibly the most tragic figure of them all, a monumental waste of a once-in-a-generation talent.

ven by the standards of potted rock biographies, Curtis' makes for depressingly brief reading. Born in Stretford in July 1956, he was a bookish youth who showed an aptitude for poetry, but ended up married at the age of just 19, with a job in the civil service. In 1976, he met Peter Hook and Bernard Sumner at a Sex Pistols gig and formed a band called Warsaw. After the recruitment of drummer Stephen Morris, a name change to Joy Division ensued in late 1977. The band signed to Tony Wilson's Factory Records and in 1979 released their seminal debut album 'Unknown Pleasures'. After being diagnosed with epilepsy that same year, Curtis' condition worsened with the pressures and anxieties of touring, and, in April 1980, he attempted to kill himself with

an overdose of barbiturates. The next month, on the eve of Joy Division's first American tour and six weeks before the release of the band's second album, 'Closer', he succeeded by hanging himself in his kitchen.

There's an obvious answer as to why, three decades later, Ian Curtis is still so mourned by so many. It's because, unlike Lennon, Morrison, Hendrix, Jones or even Cobain, his flame was snuffed out before he'd really started. Joy Division's final album and their first EP were separated by a gap of less than two years; that's two years in which they managed to define British post-punk and change Manchester music forever. Had he lived even just a little bit longer, who knows what he may have gone on to accomplish. In any case, it seems a safe bet that we'd be writing these words in a very different musical climate.

But what its aren't enough to sustain the kind of legacy that Curtis has left behind. What endures about him isn't some misplaced romantic notion of dying young enough to have never made a shit album, either. His suicide arguably amounts to nothing more than a default on an unlimited promise and – far more seriously – giving up on his young wife and child. Only ghouls and morons will find glory in that act; for the rest of us, it was merely the most selfish decision he ever made.

As far as 'realness' – that most misunderstood of rock commodities – goes, Curtis meant it, alright. The pain and alienation he sang about, his explicit disgust and confusion with the world that drips from the lyrics of 'Atrocity Exhibition' and 'Disorder' like blood down a grey granite wall, is as authentic as rock'n'roll gets.

Lyrically, he held nothing back; his themes were wrapped in elegant, poetic phrasings, but even the most casual listener can discern the deep unhappiness and loneliness within them. Curtis placed no emotional distance between himself and the listener; listen to the lyrics of 'Love Will Tear Us Apart' and he paints you a picture of something as intimate and painful as the collapse of his own marriage, blowing the fourth wall to smithereens. The blunt honesty and brutal frankness of that song still sounds shocking no matter how many times you hear it – Curtis doesn't even try to deflect

blame; the only side he takes is against himself. We open up more of Ian's lyrics on page 34.

Yet few artists do open themselves up so willingly on record, and it's a sad fact that many of those people – like Kurt, Richey or Elliott Smith – end up taking their own lives, after making ours that bit richer. But instead of making a martyr out of Curtis and celebrating him as some sort of self-sacrificial lamb, it's his honesty and fearlessness that he should be lauded for, not his devastating denouement.

Nevertheless, Ian Curtis continues to fascinate us because we inevitably want to know more about him than we'll ever be able to. His is a well-preserved but enigmatic ghost; his pale, haunted eyes stare out at us from a finite number of starkly beautiful black-andwhite shots, a handful of television appearances, one

music video and very little else. He never lived long enough to be overexposed.

Or to explain himself. Curtis was a man of deep, deep contradictions; a sensitive artist with a taste for bohemian writers like Burroughs and Ballard, he was also a loyal Tory voter, who vehemently opposed immigration and flirted with fascistic imagery. In her 1995 biography Touching From A Distance, Deborah Curtis characterised her husband as a man who veered between good-natured generosity and selfish control-freakery, and who she suspected of having homosexual affairs.

THEN &

Prime Minister 1980: Margaret Thatcher 2010: David Cameron

Number One In The Charts

1980: Johnny Logan -'What's Another Year' 2010: Roll Deep 'Good Times'

Price Of A Pint 1980: 35p (£1.10 adjusted for inflation) 2010: £3 (Average)

Unemployment Rate 1980: 5.8 per cent (1.56million) 2010: 8 per cent (4.96million)

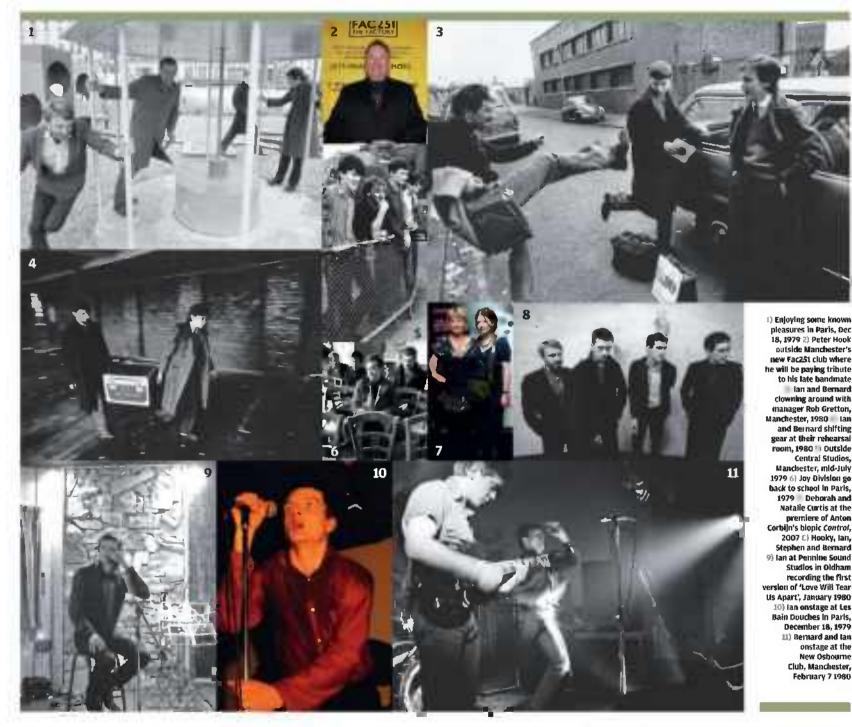
Average Wage 1980: £6,000 pa (equivalent to £19,000) 2010: £24,000 pa

National Crisis 1980: Hostages in the Iranian Embassy 2010: Economic debt

e was certainly adept at living a double life, and not just from Deborah, whom he was unfaithful to for long periods of time with Belgian journalist Annik Honoré. With the benefit of hindsight, we can see Ian's inner turmoil exert itself through his lyrics and manic performances, but away from the stage, his welling melancholy was well-hidden from the bandmates he didn't want to disappoint. Even as he was planning to kill himself, he feigned enthusiasm for Joy Division's upcoming American tour, so much so that drummer Stephen Morris has admitted that, "Looking back, I wish I'd helped him more. I think that all the time... But we were having such a good time, and you're very selfish when you're young. Epilepsy wasn't understood then. People would just say, 'He's a bit of a loony - he has fits." Peter Hook was characteristically blunt.







"I couldn't believe it," he said. "He must have been a pretty good actor. We didn't have a bleedin' clue what was going on."

nly Curtis himself can offer clarification of what went on in his head because, when it comes to the past, the truth is often subjective, dictated by those with axes to grind or agendas to protect. We'll never really know who Ian Curtis was. But that, of course, won't stop us from wondering. Even Anton Corbjin's 2007 biopic Control raised more questions than it did answers. The film was praised in many quarters for portraying Curtis in a more human light and not as a tragedy waiting to happen. But for his daughter Natalie, the film holds back. "Control doesn't go far enough to convey my father's mental health problems,' she says. "His depression and mood swings are simply not addressed. Given the fervor to discover why he killed himself, this is something of an oversight."

Yet, for all the unanswered questions, for all the failings he may or may not have been guilty of, Ian's

legacy is one of rock'n'roll's most fiercely guarded and respected, and rightly so. You certainly won't see an Ian Curtis avatar spasming awkwardly around a pixelated stage to the strains of 'Livin' On A Prayer' on *Guitar Hero*. Even something as well intentioned as Peter Hook's decision to mark the 30th anniversary of his friend's death by playing 'Unknown Pleasures' with his new band at FAC251 in Manchester was met with tuts of disapproval – although who are we do judge how Hooky chooses to celebrate his friend's life?

Ultimately however, we *should* be bothered about how Ian is remembered. If we didn't the absolute worst-case scenario would an inteless, commercialised nostalgia that cheap in this a hiercements.

Musically, Joy Division aren't quite as in-vogue as they were a few years back, when the lifes of Interpol, Editors and Bloc Party mined their brand of kinetic new-wave guitars and baritone melancholy for ideas; parado scally, it's New Order who are the big thing right now. But such is Joy Division's importance, they never stay out of fashion for very long. And with the gloom that's currently enveloping this country (if you

believe the daily papers at least), it surely won't be long before another generation of pale, undernourished and disenfranchised youths in three-quarter-length overcoats prick up their ears to the cataclysmic rumble of 'Transmission' or 'She's Lost Control'. They may well already have done so.

It seems ironic that it's the date of Ian Curtis' death – May 18 – that has been chosen to celebrate his life. As Peter Hook once said of his suicide, "It was a permanent solution to a temporary problem," and an unfortunate decision that brought him the worst kind of immortality. You can speculate endlessly on how different things might have been had he lived, what kind of person he really was, or what his final thoughts were in his still-unpublished suicide note. But in the end, the man himself remains rock n'roll' greatest unknown pleasure. The music is all that's left of him, and what a body of work he left behind.

For extra Ian Curtis and Joy Division content head to NME.COM for blogs, playlists and an exclusive video interview with Peter Hook



WE KNOW EXACTLY HOW WE GOT ALONG BEFORE EMAIL.



TENNESSEE WHISKEY

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GONE... AND ALMOST FORGOTTEN?

Macclesfield may be where Ian Curtis spent his formative years, but, trawling the town's car parks and museums, James McMahon finds there's little commemorating the singer today

egend has it that on May 18, 1980, the day Ian Curtis died, and at the exact moment the singer was lying in the morgue at Macclesfield District General Hospital, Joy Division's Stephen Morris was stood across the road, unaware of his bandmate's death, looking at a dead giant panda.

The panda is on display within a glass case in West Park Museum on Prestbury Road. It's where I stand today, reading the exhibit's display card: "the panda, shot by Captain H Brocklehurst in central China, first came to the Museum in 1941 and is one of the best-preserved of its kind in the country". It's not that well-preserved though. Next to the display card is a short footnote printed on tatty, faded paper about how the panda lost its colouring a few years back and had to have its black spots painted back on.

It occurs to me that - unlike the public memorials to Joey Ramone in New York, John Lennon in Liverpool or Joe Strummer in London - there's more reverence given to this rigid, fallen beast than there is to Ian Curtis throughout the whole of Macclesfield. Even Kurt Cobain and Courtney Love's former home in Scattle, which I visited last year, while lacking an 'official' memorial, has fan-drawn slogans Sharpie-d on the entrance to nearby Viretta Park (or Kurt's Park, as the slogans read) and two benches inside. You'll find none of that here.

In fact, you can walk for hours around Macclesfield (population 50,688) and not find mention of Ian Curtis' life and achievements. I should know, I just did. Sure, Cheshire East Council and the Silk Heritage Trust have just published a fold-over A3 walking tour (with a Paul Morley essay and a Mark Reeder photo on the flipside) called 'Unknown Pleasures: A Walk Around Joy Division's Macclesfield', to commemorate the 30th anniversary of Curtis' death. But it's a walk so obscure and so ultimately unrewarding that I find myself walking several miles in search of his childhood home (Victoria Park flats, now demolished), Joy Division's former rehearsal space (the Talbot Pub, now a roundabout next to the hospital) but ultimately end up in a deserted, potholed car park,

reading notes about how Ian may have come to a nightclub here... but he might not have.

"Macclesfield doesn't care about Ian Curtis," says Garry White, a local promoter. "But then it doesn't care about John Mayall either, and he was also born here. Part of its problem is that it was branded the least cultured town in the UK in a national poll about eight years ago. I've lived here for 50 years, and at times it seems all too content with that tag."

77 Barton Street, where Ian hanged himself in the kitchen of a house he shared with his wife Deborah, 30 years ago. The house front is recognisable from Control, Anton Corbijn's 2007 Curtis biopic, as is the distant Hovis Mill set against the rolling hills of the Pennines. As an outsider, I'm Ill-placed to comment on whether Macclesfield is particularly cultured or not. But especially if you're a fan of the wistful desolation that cloaks all of Joy

I start where it all ended, a very leafy

Division's output - it's certainly pretty. The house has changed little in the last 30 years. Sometime in the mid-'90s it got a modern door to fit its dated arched porch, while the ginnel has been given a wooden barricade to deter entry. The residence used to be a B&B, owned by one Dorothy Smith, author of local tome Past Times Of Macclesfield, Parts 1 and 2 - if you go online there's a great website that leads off from 'Joy Division - The Eternal' that features a testimonial from 'Michel' about how he stayed at the house in the mid-'80s. On it, he writes how he was amazed to find the house was still fitted with Ian and Deborah's furniture at the time of his stay. Dorothy sold up in 1990.

It's a short walk from the house to Ian's place of employment and another location featured in Control: the former Labour Exchange, now a Community Resource Centre. Ian initially worked for the Manpower Services in Manchester, but on being transferred to Macclesfield he could now, in Debbie Curtis' words, "literally roll out of bed and straight to his desk just 100 yards away on South Park Road". Ian was an Assistant Disablement Resettlement officer, helping disabled people claim benefits they were entitled to. Debbie notes in the walking tour guide: "Although Ian had epileptic fits before, they didn't become frequent until after he started work at Macc and went on a course about his illness".

A slightly longer walk away is Ian's school, Kings, on Cumberland Street, which he attended with Stephen Morris (who went on to be expelled and who Ian met after Morris replied to an advert placed in the town's long-gone Jones Music Shop looking for a drummer). Morris' children attend the school today. Ian won a scholarship to the prestigious school and went on to be a prefect. There's no mention of this fact, or Ian's alumni status on the street-facing side of the school, nor on its website, nor inside its grounds. Prior to my visit, I contacted a teacher at the school who - unprompted - put up a sign on the staff room noticeboard asking if anyone currently employed could help me reach anyone who ever taught Ian, or who could comment on what the school had to say about its most famous former pupil. I've still not heard from anyone.

One place not on the walking tour





(largely as it's a short drive rather than a walk) is the beautiful St Thomas Church in Hedbury, where Ian and Debbie were married by Douglas Haig Evans in 1975. We're not St Thomas' first visitors on the Curtis trail; Gary Bowness, the current pastor, tells us how recently he met with a couple from Sweden who came to see the church on account of its place in the band's story. He can't show us the marriage register, as it was filed long ago and, as is law, is now held in the county archive. He does point us in the direction of Macclesfield's only poignant memorial to Ian Curtis, however: Macclesfield Crematorium on Prestbury Road.

You don't need to ask where Ian Curtis' memorial stone is in the Crematorium (except perhaps in July of 2008, when the original stone was stolen and never returned); you just need to follow the Italian goths. Leila and Mirco are currently on a whistlestop tour of the UK to visit the sights they've spent their entire lives hearing about. They've just been to Penny Lane, and can't talk long, "or we'll miss the train to Salford Lads Club". I probably would have been able to find Ian's grave without their help - the replaced stone is brighter than the ones that flank it - but the very fact the young couple are here suggests there's international demand for a fitting, permanent tribute.

On the stone itself sits a dog-eared copy of Deborah Curtis' 1995 biography Touching From A Distance, which, considering that book's account of her husband's anger-management issues, his penchant for fascist imagery and proposed closet homosexuality, jars in this context. But there's also some dog tags, jewellery, euros, a dentist appointment card with 'She's Lost Control' written in Biro, and a visitors questionnaire left by a Japanese PHD student writing a thesis on Joy Division with muddled translation throughout. In it, we're asked: "When did you first learn about the Division of Joy?"

Before they catch the train to Manchester, Mirco leaves his nowfinished Lazio Football Club season ticket on the stone "as a small gift of my appreciation". Leila says, "I'm surprised it's so small. Do they not want people to remember him?"

Funny, that's exactly what I've been thinking all day, Leila.

Only half an hour down the road in Hulme, Manchester, there's no shortage of folk wishing to bestow reverence on Curtis. As of April this year, there's been a campaign gathering speed, led by Manchester Central's Green Party candidate Gayle O'Donovan and backed by all of Joy Division's surviving members and 1,000 people on Facebook, to give the city a lasting memorial to the singer. It's been proposed that Ian will get just what we will never know if he ever wanted: his own footbridge.

Even if you've never physically crossed it, The Epping Walk Bridge over

IAN CURTIS' MACCLESFIELD



ASSOCIATION HOUSE, SK10 4XJ Former site of Macclesfield Employment Exchange, where Ian worked. Nearby is South Park where Ian walked his dogs



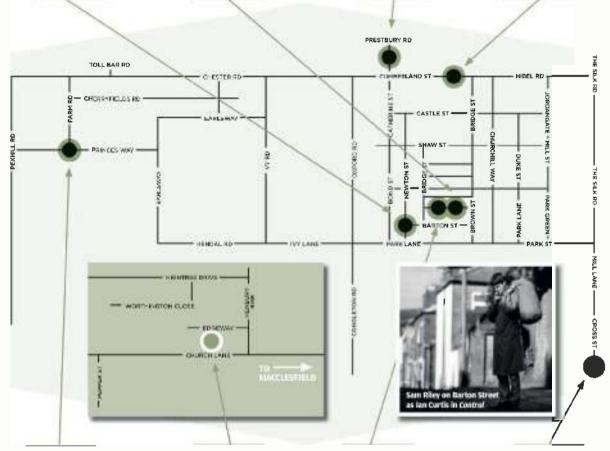
VIEW OF THE HOVIS MILL As seen in *Control*, turn right from lan's home at 77 Barton Street, down the hill



WEST PARK MUSEUM, SK10 38J Opened by Marianne Brocklehurst in 1898, the museum houses the panda her father shot, and Egyptian antiquities.



KINGS SCHOOL, SK10 SBR Founded by Sir John Percyvale, as Macdesfield Grammar School in 1502, Ian won a scholarship to the school aged 11.





WESTON COMMUNITY CENTRE, 5K11 8RL A frequent place for Joy Division rehearsals. Stephen Morris lived worth Road.



ST THOMAS, HENBURY, SK11 9NN Ian and Deborah were married here in 1975. To visit, take a five-minute drive



77 BARTON STREET, 5K11 6RX The Curtis' former home and scene of Ian's suicide on May 18, 1980, only two



MACCLESFIELD TOWN FC, 5K11 7SF Former site of Silklands Suite public house, now the football club's car park. Deborah Curtis worked here for a time.

Princess Parkway in Hulme feels so familiar you might as well have done. That's because even if you've never been to the area, you've probably seen it, albeit covered in heavy snow, on the sleeve of Joy Division's most recent 'Best Of'. It's a great Kevin Cummins photo from January 1979, taken just four months before Ian's ultimate tragedy. "People in Manchester already refer to it as 'The Joy Division Bridge'," says Cummins. "It's the

photograph that sums up the band's sound because of the sparseness, space and bleakness."

"There should be a sign on the bridge saying 'This Way To Ŭnknown Pleasures'," added Peter Hook last month. "It's very fitting for him to cross a road that leads to the Haçienda. It's right next to TJ Davidson's rehearsal rooms, the same road as where the Boardwalk club was and where Tony Wilson's flat still is."

"We believe if this campaign succeeds," concludes O'Donovan, perhaps jostling for votes, "we'd be putting Hulme back on the map, restoring some local pride, creating another reason for people to visit our city and saluting a local legend."

Upon my return from Macclesfield, I contact the town council to see if they have anything similar planned for their town, the place Ian grew up and died. I'm still awaiting a reply.

PREMIER S LEAGUES



THE JD SET

They 'Dared' to cover a classic album by The Human League - with glorious results....



The Human

Well, kind of

Infadels

Camden fills to the brim, the Jack is poured, the amps are flicked on, and as Kids On Bridges' shock-blonde frontman Christian Bragg starts crooning their song 'Anything But The Middle' the JD Set 2010 gigs are go! The play a four-song set, the Macbookderived electro-burbles of 'Check Your Head' earning the first Mexican wave of the night from the front row. But of course, tonight, along with The Shortwave Set, Shy Child, The Pipettes and Infadels, for The JD Set the band are reinterpreting songs from The Human League's classic 1981 album 'Dare'. Hence they end with 'Do Or Die' and set-closer 'Open Your Heart' ~ the latter seeing The Pipettes strut out to add extra vocals. It's thrilling stuff, but New York hipster duo Shy Child succeed in matching the heart-thump euphoria levels of their British counterparts. They go straight in for the kill with their take on 'Dare' highlight 'I Am The Law', following with 'Seconds' before a double-whappy chin-hit of their own 'Take Us Apart' and 'Open Up The Sky'. London's The Shortwave Set are up next. Their own numbers delight the cheering crowd, while The Pipettes stride out once more to help out on The Human League's classic 'Love Action'. But there's no rest for them - they soon return to the stage for a fine four-song set of their own. Their own numbers conjure up wistful images of retro café parties, while they get to close their set with The Human League's classic Number One 'Don't You Want Me' - and it's clear that the crowd really, really do, judging by the roars from the front rows. By now the standard is so high it's got

dead mountain climbers' skeletons

draped on it, but Infadels' singer

he intimate Dingwalls venue in

Bnann Watts bounds on with the energy of a recently untethered pitbull and rips through the set with snarling, thrilling vigour. Their own newies - 'Can't Get Enough' and 'Ghost' - bounce with Chemical Brothers-esque urgency, But it's their takes on 'Dare' numbers 'Things That Dreams Are Made Of' and 'The Sound Of The Crowd' that give an industrial whallop to these alreadyclassics. Not that they're competing too much though - following their set all the acts plough onto the stage for a vein-rush run-through of 'Things That Dreams Are Made Of' (making its second appearance of the night) to bring the JD Set in London to a close. Manchester and Glasgow, this is the standard - over to you now!

JD SET LONDON GIG REPORTER WINNER'S REVIEW:

A reinterpretation of the highly influential synth album 'Dare' by The Human League brought together five contemporary artists to show their respects for one the 80's finest pop albums. Headliners on the night Infadels recaptured classics such as 'Do or Die' in a furious but slightly stylised punk rock fashion. They were most certainly bold and the anthemic quality of the tunes commendably shone out during their set. Reinterpreting such a classic record takes real guts, and all the bands featured did a fantastic job implementing their fastidious take on 'Dare', New Yorkers Shy Child were a particular highlight of the night in drilling the crowd with heavy, exciting. drumming and imaginative and bouncy synth work. All five bands suitably encored together with a rendition of 'Don't You Want Me', rounding the night off very nicely! By Mike Somer ville

Fancy testing your journalism skills and maybe get the chance to see your writing in NME? All you need to do is file a review of a gig you've been to recently in 150 words or less to jdset@nme.com. One lucky winner will become NME's JD Set Gig Reporter, where you and a friend get tickets to the Glasgow gig including travel and accommodation, and the opportunity to write and talk about the gig on NME Radio, NME.COM and in the magazine.

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WHAT IAN CURTIS MEANS TO ME

Our panel of famous fans, friends and bandmates reveal what it was that made the Joy Division singer so special – and what they think he'd be doing today if he were still alive

JOHNNY MARR

Smiths guitarist, fellow Manchester rock alumni



STEPHEN MORRIS

Joy Divison/New Order drummer. Ian's schoolfriend



SIMON NEIL

Biffy Clyro singer, Joy Division obsessive



BRANDON FLOWERS

Killers singer, his band covered 'Shadowplay' on the Control soundtrack



SPIRAL STAIRS

Pavement guitarist, Ian Curtis fan



KEVIN CUMMINS

Joy Division photographer and NME legend



ADAM **ANDERSON**

Hurts programmer, the new face of Manc angst



ANTON CORBIJN

Joy Division photographer, director of 2007's Control



TOM FLEMING

Wild Beasts bassist/ singer, 'Unknown Pleasures' devotee



MOBY

In his words: "Joy Division's biggest ever fan"



CHRIS NAGLE

Joy Division engineer, Martin Hannett's right-hand man



■ What did Ian Curtis mean to vou?

SS: "He and Joy Division were a huge influence on Pavement. It's all about their sound for me, you can still listen to it now and there's nothing like it. They don't sound like late '70s or early '80s - they were a timeless band."

TF: "Joy Division arrived at a point where ordinary people became interesting and it wasn't about dinosaurs in their private jets. They were just very blunt Manchester lads making this really strange, expansive, dark music."

BF: "Lyrically he's someone that I've always looked up to. He always maintained a great integrity - and he was only making music for a short amount of time, but he was always very powerful and very concise. He seemed to have a real sense of direction and that's something I feel like I struggle with. I'm very envious of him for that."

M: "When I was in high school I listened to Joy Division every day without fail. I even started a Joy Division covers band when I was 17 - I really "I DO WONDER WHAT WOULD do think he's the greatest lyricist rock has

ever seen." SM: "When I'm sat at home in Macclesfield on a sunny day, I do start thinking of him... Recently, I've been

listening to a load of Joy Division and I have been thinking what a great band we were and how it's a shame he wasn't around to see how successful we've become. He'd have loved it."

■ What are your personal memories of Ian?

AC: "I always remember the first time I met him. Being the polite Dutch boy I was, I arrived at the first shoot I did with them at Lancaster Gate tube station and I wanted to shake their hands. But nobody would do it. To them I was just some European tosser who couldn't speak English properly. But they liked what I did because I made the photo shoot more conceptual instead of just a document [Corbin snapped their iconic subway NME cover]. It was only after the shoot that they - and Ian - finally shook my hand." them, we were all in our early 20s so we'd just talk about all the normal stuff - football, girls and music. Ian was the only one of the band who had any interest in football so we'd talk about Manchester City a lot."

KC: "When I spent my time with

CN: "The thing that sticks in my mind was when we were recording he took ages to get started. When he was in the booth, he'd get his headphones on and make sure the mix sounded OK. We'd hit record, the track would start and there'd be no vocal. All we'd hear is him lighting a cigarette. Martin [Hannett, producer] would say, 'Ian? Are you there?' then he'd go, 'I want a cup of tea'. It was like a ritual he had to do as a way of focusing - to get into the mindset. It happened like that every time."

JM: "I was once in a band that used to rehearse below Joy Division. They really were the epitome of that kind of post-punk attitude and style - I mean, they wore old men's clothes, and that was really weird! Ian's haircut was weird. The sound they made for the first 20 minutes while they were

HAVE HAPPENED NEXT. THERE'S

MORE IAN COULD HAVE DONE"

STEPHEN MORRIS

love... 'It's the grandiosity and delivery of his words which is alluring to me."

M: "Twenty Four Hours' from 'Closer'. I love the contrast between the aggressive choruses and the restrained and resigned vocals. I think it's perhaps Ian's most personal song.'

Why do you think Ian is still so missed?

BF: "Just not knowing what he could have accomplished. But then the work that he left behind really had the ability to touch your heart. That's something that nobody can take away from him. It's timeless."

AA: "For me it's all about that voice. He owns that baritone register. He closed the book on it. No-one else can sing like that."

SM: "It's the fact that it was all so... unfinished. There was so much potential with Joy Division but it was chopped off before we were done. When we were making 'Closer' we never thought it'd be the last record.

I do wonder about what would have happened. He was a one off. There's so much he could have done."

■ What do you think Ian would be doing if he were still alive?

KC: "I sometimes wonder whether Joy

Division would have become the new U2, the rock band that Hooky and Bernard wanted them to be. I certainly don't think Joy Division could have kept up that level of intensity for 12 albums. They weren't The Fall!"

SN: "I've a feeling he was the kind of guy who'd have done a Syd Barrett and disappeared, taken a step back from music. I don't think he'd have toured. It would've got too much for him no matter what."

SM: "He was really into writing and I can imagine him being involved in something literary if he were still here today. And he'd have liked the cult appeal to Joy Division because those were the sort of things he was into, like Ballard and Burroughs and those cult writers. I don't think success was the main reason he did things."

dystopian inner-city sound. If you wanted to know what their life was like you listened to how they sounded. They sounded like the place they came from."

warming up was an imposing kind of

■ What's your favourite Ian Curtis lyrie?

SM: "New Dawn Fades'. I wouldn't want to pick a precise line, but I remember the first time we did it, I thought, 'Wow, that's fantastic.' We had an argument about that, actually. I remember Ian changed a line of it and I said it was better the first way. It's a bit depressing though."

AA: "From 'Shadowplay': 'So this is permanence, love's shattered pride/What once was innocence, turned on its side/A cloud hangs over me, marks every move/ Deep in the memory, of what once was

22 May 2010 NME 33





FROM THE

His bandmates didn't realise until it was too late and he himself always denied they meant anything. But Ian Curtis' lyrics are the rawest you'll ever hear, explains Gavin Haynes

o-one was listening. Ian Curtis was out front doing his whole jerk'n'shake act. Bernard Sumner was tickling tricks from his gurtar while Peter Hook thunked out his bass riffs. But no-one in the band was paying particular attention to all those pained words their singer expelled in staccato baritone blasts. "It sounds awful," Joy Division drummer

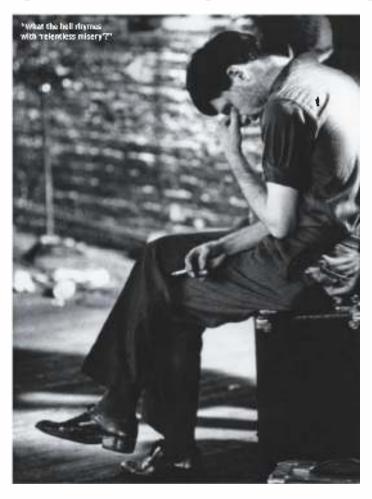
Stephen Morris agreed, around the time of Anton Corbijn's biopic Control, "but it was only after Ian died that we sat down and listened to the lyrics."

"It's a bit like reading your friend's letters, I suppose," Sumner agreed. "But when he died, I did go through his lyrics and find myself thinking, 'Oh, God.' You look at it through a different filter because of what happened.'

Since his untimely death, Curtis' lyrical worldview has been picked over meticulously by a scree of would-be brographers. That's the power of 20/20 hindsight for you. But at the time, his dark lyrical spell often appeared more like the act of an exquisite artistic imagination, rather than being drawn from life. "I always thought he was so clever, the way he could put himself in other people's shoes," Morris continued. "I didn't realise he was talking about himself."

The other reason that no-one seemed to notice, of course, was that Curtis spent a lot of time directly denying that his lyrics meant anything at all. It was all Dada, he asserted time and again - just a geometric yet random pattern, the lyrical equivalent of a Rorschach blot. "We haven't got a message really," he boldly told one reporter. "You can read into them what you like," almost as though he were in Herman's Hermits, and not the most deliberately portentous act since The Doors.

But that was Ian for you - throughout his brief life, he'd always been highly ambivalent about projecting himself. On the one hand, he was a rampant narcissist who used his personal relationships as glory-mirrors. On the other, he was an acutely needy, selfconscious figure, who couldn't bear the spotlight falling on his own life. Famously, he managed to conceal his epilepsy from his bandmates until the point where he first had a seizure in front of them.



"I THOUGHT HE WAS SO CLEVER. I DIDN'T REALISE HE WAS TALKING ABOUT HIMSELF"

STEPHEN MORRIS

In interviews he was clipped and to the point, but all anyone who wanted to get to know him needed to do was listen to his words. Not only was art his life, but his life was art. He always had an air of the tragic hero about him and he fed that into his lyrics, and his lyrics fed it back into

his life - one big circle-jerk of doomed romantic nobility: "My illusion, worn like a mask of self-hate, confronts and then dies", as he put it on 'Atmosphere'.

In his words, Curtis' extremely polarised worldview comes through in waves. There's the human-cockroach Ballard overtones, but mainly Nietzsche abounds. 'Heart & Soul' swallows both Nictzsche's bleak pessimism about the world ("An abyss that lasted creation, a circus complete with all fools"), and his belief that salvation can only lie in squaring up to this and continuing to comport ourselves with dignity. "Existence - well what does it matter, I exist on the best terms I can".

Part of him understood that this was an artful pose. But as time went on, his pose bled into his reality. As his epilepsy worsened, Ian's jerk-dance took on more sinister overtones. Indeed, fans recalled a certain frenzy among audiences by that point - a sense that they were turning up to a freakshow that offered the tantalising possibility of climaxing with a fit. 'Atrocity Exhibition' captured that prospect: "For entertainment they watch his body twist/Behind his eyes he says, 'I still exist". The ménage à trois between Curtis, his by thenestranged wife Debbie, and his new lover, Belgian journalist Annik Honoré, turns up all over, not least in 'A Means To An End"s talk of "a house somewhere, on foreign soil, where aching lovers called".

By then he was 23 and plating-up depression, barbiturate addiction and massive guilt over his marriage - a lot for anyone to handle. He was casting around for life's big answers against an increasingly bleak backdrop. 'Decades' sums up his frustrations: the sense of oscillating between hope and numbness. "Weary inside, now our hearts lost forever, can't replace the fear or the thrill of the chase".

At the same time, Curtis' fervent desire not to open up his lyrics to press dissection had a point; the line between biography and projection remains fine. On the evening of his death, Curtis spent several hours viewing Werner Herzog's film Stroszek. Closer lynchpin 'Passover' hinges on the ear-snagging line "Watching the reel as it comes to a close Brutally taking its time". Traditionally, 'Passover' is also 'the massacre of the innocents'. Ian foreshadows his own death? The future writ large for all to see? The act of a man obsessed with his own place in history's pantheon, putting down some deftly theatrical markers on his own legacy? Well, you can read anything into anything, can't you...





THE JOY DIVISION

The two former bandmates don't agree on anything any more, but the one thing that still binds them is Ian Curtis. Here, they reminisce about their memories of the man



"IAN CERTAINLY WASN'T ONE TO WALLOW IN SELF PITY, HE'D DEAL WITH THINGS EXPLOSIVELY'

Bernard Sumner

"It's been 30 years since Ian died, but that doesn't make it any better or easier to take. But I am glad that people still remember the work that we all did together and that it still has a place in

I principally remember him as a friend as well as an artist. A lot of the japes and jokes we had stemmed from me. Ian had to join in because, if he didn't, he'd become a victim of the japes himself! You'd get bored and it was a way for us to have fun - it was a relief. Like when were in our rehearsal room at TJ Davidson's [where the video for 'Love Will Tear Us Apart' was filmed]. There was a band below us and when they started playing, we couldn't hear ourselves any more. So to get our own back, when they were gone, we used to take turns pissing through a hole in the

floorboards which was right over their drumkit. Becoming a musician was sort of a licence to be a brat.

I know a lot of people look at those moody pictures of Ian and see a man who was torn apart. But it wasn't really like that. He was very friendly and pleasant, but a man with problems. If there was something that was really frustrating him, he'd deal with it in an explosive wayhe'd just do something silly as a release. He certainly wasn't one to wallow in self pity. It's strange that we didn't listen to his lyrics though.

I'm not entirely sure why that was, but, in a way, it felt like delving into his lyrics was too personal, so we shied away from it. That's the only explanation I can think of. But as soon as he died, we obviously wanted to find out what went wrong and if we could have done anything. I don't think we could have though. There were many nights I stayed up with him until four or five in the morning when he was staying at my house just before he died. I was just trying to unravel what was going on inside his head and give him a sense of optimism about what we were doing. The thing was, he agreed with everything I said, but a day later he'd be back in his old headspace. He would tell you what he thought you wanted to hear and in retrospect, I don't think anyone could have stopped him doing what he did. His mind was made up. The first time he tried to kill himself, we all thought it was a cry for help, but the only reason he called the ambulance was because he didn't have enough pills to do it properly and he thought he might end up with brain damage.

Joy Division made such an impact with so little. There was no hype, no attention paid to what we looked like, we couldn't even play very well. There was just a lot of imagination. Ian was definitely a writer though. He'd sit at home and write lyrics even on his days off. He liked to do it. I can understand why he's been deified because he was a true creative artist - the real deal. There's no doubt about that."

Peter Hook

"There's barely a day that goes by without me either hearing a Joy Division record or thinking about them, or doing something that's related to Joy Division. This year, it's been exacerbated by doing the 'Unknown Pleasures' tour with Howard Marks. I was going through all my memorabilia and it bought it all right to the forefront of my mind.

When Bernard and I met Jan, he was very quiet and straight-laced. His foray into punk was out of character to the people who knew him but once he'd spent a few weeks, then months, then years with us, he really came out of his shell and became this real live wire. It was like he'd found himself. We introduced him to drinking, womanising, japing and rock'n'roll. He used to piss himself laughing at all the jokes we used to play on everyone. He really took to it and when he got

ill, it was very frustrating for him not to be able to do that any more. I always thought that Ian was very normal. He liked a beer, he liked a laugh and he stood up for the band. Everyone has the image of him as being a book-reading intellectual but it wasn't like that. Like the rest of us, he was serious about the band, but outside the group, he was just... normal. Maybe if we'd paid more attention to the lyrics we could have

seen something disastrous coming, but because our equipment was so bad, I never even heard them until 'Unknown Pleasures' was recorded. It all seems so obvious if you look back at it all.

I often wonder what Ian would think about the spin-off projects like the 'Unknown Pleasures' tour. People have talked about that, but knowing Ian as I did, I think he would be happy about anything that was done either by me or Bernard and Stephen to champion Joy Division's music. Ian was the one that was always the most forthright and aggressive in his belief in the band. Every time we started to falter - when we didn't have a gig for a few months or when people didn't like what we were doing - it would always be Ian who would pick you up by the scruff of the neck and say, 'C'mon! We're gonna make it - we're gonna show 'em.' He'd drag you through it. He loved the band so much that I can't imagine him thinking it would be a bad idea for any of us to be doing Joy Division songs today.

Living with the music and having heard the music so much recently, I've come to realise again what a wonderful job the three of us – Bernard, Stephen and I – did together. I hope they realise that too. The chemistry was unbelievable. Ian must have been absolutely delighted too because he would have heard us play from a different perspective. The three of us, and Ian if he was here, should be stood up on the highest roof in Manchester so we can scream, 'WE ARE THE FUCKING BEST.' Because we were."



"WE INTRODUCED HIM TO DRINKING. WOMANISING. JAPING AND ROCK'N'ROLL'



WALK AWAY SILENCE

No-one is more able to close our Ian Curtis tribute than **Paul Morley**. He wrote this obituary in June 1980

o why do we get so animated and enthralled by Joy Division? Rock's such an infuriating thing it's a marvel we get so confused. Mostly rock is an unstable, stale slab of crudity and stupidity; an endless roll of superficiality and lies. Some people, though, achieve within it even more than the usual palatable, topical noise, creating something beautiful enough to sustain our faith. The rock music that is above and past the status quo and narcissism of the enduring rock tradition that reaches us through business channels, that doesn't set up as its restraining barrier the cynical elements of Good Time and consolation, can be broadly split in two.

Good rock music – the palatable, topical stuff – is in amusement and an entertainment; the perfect pastime for this current season of hell. The very best rock music is created by individuals and musicians obsessive and eloquent enough to inspect and judge destinies and systems with artistic totality and tragic necessity; music with laws and drama of its own. The face of rock music is changed by those who introduce to the language new tones, new tunes and new visions.

The very best rock music will frighten us as much as it will entertain us.

It will always be the rock music that reflects

the enormity of our struggle and our unease, that achieves a language you feel in your heart, your spine, rather than that which submits to fame, fortune and tashion, that supports our faith in rock music. It's a faith worth having. It's certainly not a problem.

Joy Division throw us out of balance. Their music is undoubtedly filled with the horror of the times – no cheap shocks, no rocky horror, no tricks with mirrors and clumsy guilt, but catastrophic images of compulsion, contradiction, wonder and fear. The threatening nature of society always hangs heavy; bleak death is never far away; each song is a mystery, a pursuit. The music is brutally sensual and melancholically tender. The songs never avoid loneliness, cruelty or suffering; they defy these things.

All this isn't out of a love for deep oppressive seriousness, we're not celebrating gloom. More it's a loathing for mediocrity and hypocrisy and complacency, the deceptions rock often seems proud to mould. There can be nothing so silly as believing that rock is a saviour, and nothing as outrageous as accepting it is an artificial attractive network of trash and flash. People tend to take rock music for granted—and never think what it could be.

Joy Division never took it for granted and pushed its possibilities to the limits.

T doesn't really need saving, but Ian Curtis

NEED TO KNOW

Paul Morley wrote for NME from 1977 to 1983

He managed the early success of Frankie Goes To Hollywood and played with Art Of Noise

We highly recommend his book *Nothing*. Never has one written on lan Curtis so deftly t doesn't really need saying, but Ian Curtis was highly emotional deeply romantic and acutely sensitive. It was these qualities, plus an irrational willingness to take the blame for things, combined with a set of problems it's not relevant to reveal, that made him decide to leave us. A change of scenery, for him, perhaps, freedom.

On Saturday, May 17, four days before Joy Division were to fly to America, he had visited his old house in Macclesfield to watch the film Stroszek by his hisourite director, Herzog. Hours later, in the early hours of the Sunday morning, he hung himself. He was 23.

That a myth will develop is inevitable, if only because of the 'type' of group Joy Division seem to be, the passions they arouse, Ian Curtis' words are vivid and dramatic. They omit links and open up perspective they are set deep in untamed, unfenced darkness. He confronted himself with ultimate realities.

However it's written, this piece contributes to the myth. Things need to be said, things that would have been said anyway, without perhaps so much unconstrained emotion. Ian's leaving gives his words a final desperate, sad edge of clarity. It's a perveise way for Joy Division to get their deserved attention.

When we listen to past and future Joy Division records the myth takes on new shape and stature. Our memories add to the myth. Ian Curtis' own myths, the myths he dragged up from the deep and tuned to our reality, inspire it.

The myth gets stronger... we might as well get on with it. Ian would love this myth. Ian Cutis was young, but he had already seen the depths. His death is a waste, but he had already given us more than we dare hope for.

We were looking towards him. And he was no longer there.

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MODERN LIFE S RUBBIS HORSE RUBB

OR, HOW SUNDERLAND'S **FRANKIE & THE HEARTSTRINGS** ESCAPED THE HUMDRUM OF THE NINE-TO-FIVE TO BECOME THE UK'S MOST DASHING NEW POP GROUP. THIS IS HOW THEY PLAN TO BRING ROMANCE BACK TO ROCK'N'ROLL

e're walking through Sunderland town centre -- past the city's favourite greasy spoon Louis café, a frozen -in-time Happy Days diner that proudly offers patrons "the best eggs and chips in town for a pound!" - when Frankie Francis, of rising surf-pop Mackems Frankie & The Heartstrings, is accosted by a schoolgirl who recognises him with a shriek. She's not the only one getting excited - Frankie himself looks about fit to burst with glee. "I've never had that in Sunderland before, like!" he beams. "We get it other places, but round here, people normally ignore you out of spite." It's the surest sign yet that the pop dream the band has been chasing for a year now is starting to come true.

Yet it's fair to say that 23-year-old Frankie was probably born to be a star. He is, after all, the genius popstar-elect who had Jarvis Cocker cooing in the front row the last time his band hit London. Typically, his first memory is of dancing; watch him onstage now and it's hardly a surprise. He's cartoon pretty, too; a Hanna-Barbera animation of Marty McFly made flesh, except one that fronts a C86 tribute band to The Supremes. His every word and pout oozes with boyish enthusiasm. And it's always been this way. When he was younger Frankie's dad ran a mobile disco and (perhaps nepotistically) Francis Inr would always win the dancing competition doing a dance to Michael Jackson "that made me look like I had something in my pants." Watch the video for the band's new single 'Tender'. The boy's still got moves.

Frankie's bandmates treat him with a mixture of awe and affection. He's epically gullible - holding court with NME in the aforementioned café, the band recount stories of how, for japes, they once told him that Bagpuss was created by the former mayor of Sunderland. Frankie put the news straight on Twitter. Then he felt like an idiot. And he's mischievous too - he recently took a photograph of the butchers' stall in '70s throwback Jacky White's market to make 'Welcome To Sunderland' postcards for his band's last single. Then he got shooed by the stall owner "on suspicion of being a terrorist". Then he was banned for life. "What was I going to blow up?" he says. "Sausage rolls?"



Frankie happily courts the attention of a local admirer

His first job was a paper round that netted him £7-a week, he once worked in a cardboard box factory and until recently he was employed in the menswear department of the local Oxfam shop. But it's hard to see Frankie ever having being destined for the daily grind. "There were three things I wanted to do when I grew up. I wanted to play for Sunderland Football Club. I wanted to read the news — I used to love watching Moira Stuart, she was my hero — and I wanted to be in a band. To

have managed one of them is amazing," he says excitedly. Actually, as a noted local hospital radio DJ he's sort of managed two of them. But a week ago, the five members of Frankie & The Heartstrings signed with Wichita and got to quit their day jobs.

That schoolgirl on the street looks like being the first of many. Destiny looks on course to make Frankie the star he was born to be.

What follows is the story of how the band's pure pop dreams saved Frankie & His Heartstrings from the 9 to 5 grind... and a lifetime of egg and chips for a pound.

underland facts: you're never more than 11 seconds away from a Greggs bakery (the band's own statistics). The place has very clean floors (today we're moved on from three separate cafés because a lady needs to mop). Fuck the Pound Shop, a Five Pence shop just opened in the centre. And it takes pride in being the first place in the UK to declare its results in most General Elections – this year's included. But, to listen to the band talk, that's about the only thing it really is proud of. They talk about it with the ambivalent affection of a drunk uncle – it may be a dump, but it's their dump.

- it may be a dump, but it's *their* dump.

"I love Sunderland," says Frankie, "but it loves to hate itself. There's an attitude here that if something doesn't work it's because it's in Sunderland. It's one of the only places in the UK where a KFC will close down through lack of interest and the place becomes full of chippies. It really gets my goat that the council will constantly be saying they're regenerating the town but then knock places down without rebuilding them. The majority overrule the minority, unfortunately—you can get stones thrown at you for having a guitar on your back, but at the same time there's so many creative people here."

Popstardom or getting pelted with stones? Hmmm...

Intriguingly, the idea of what a popstar is and should be means a different thing to each of the five Heartstrings. Before the band formed, Dave Harper, the cantankerous skeleton-thin drummer, had been trying to be one all his life. In reality, he spent his twenties shovelling up the shit of old people in care homes. "I always wanted to be a popstar. I told my careers adviser that I wanted to be a popstar and she laughed at me, but it was only as soon as I'd given up trying to be a popstar that I actually got anywhere with it."

Guitarist and principal songwriter Michael McKnight, a charming gawky man with a sense of humour just on the dangerous side of random, played in a succession of bands with

THIS IS POPSEX 024!

WHY THIS MAGAZINE FEATURE IS MORE THAN JUST A MAGAZINE FEATURE



We told you they were romantics. In a nod to the catalogue numbers issued to all Factory Records product - from the label's first poster to Tony Wilson's coffin - Pop Sex is the archival website of Frankie & The Heartstrings. You can find it at http://popsex/td.com and it's a "reflection of their interests, insights and aspirations". Excited by the

idea, we're giving this feature its very own Pop Sex number. "It's a resource between band and fans alike," explains drummer Dave Harper. "We wanted to give everything we do some form of value - tangible or otherwise. Just because you release a song as an MP3 doesn't mean it shouldn't have some form of intrinsic value attached to it. Pop Sex is our way of trying to show that." All items in the Pop Sex archive can be bought, requested, viewed or listened to. Each one has a separate Pop Sex number (currently from 001 to 024) and vary from pictures of Michael Heartstring's newborn twins, to electronica-inspired mixes by Frankie and limited, show-specific screen prints from their debut tour this spring. PopSex 001 was a hand-crafted band mixtape on cassette that revealed the group's favourite artists and influences. The band's fatest single, 'Tender/Want You Back' was also issued on the Pop Sex Ltd label, and the band are set to issue all forthcoming releases on it. So hang on to this feature - until the drummer dies, it's the band's most poignant piece of pop history.



Dave, while working as a teacher for children who'd been expelled from everywhere else. "When I worked in a school I used to go out until 6am and then have to go in," he recalls. "I'd be like, 'Kids, we're just going to sit here and watch Back To The Future. I can't really see straight so give us an hour and I'll be fine."

Frankie: "Back To The Future's kind of like a history lesson anyway."

Along with bassman Steve Dennis, a man so deadpan he says his one pleasure of being in the band is "getting out of Sunderland from time to time", they recruited Frankie to form The Heartstrings. Why? Oh, the age-old tale of escape, adventure and romance. And being the sort of people who had always spent all their time and money in record stores, from the very start they had an innate and unshakeable sense of what the band should and shouldn't be like. Everything from their name to their haircuts, as well as their sweetly coo-ed, yearning music, form a rose-tinted nod to a romantic past.

"We definitely wanted to be, like, a proper British indic band," explains the singer. "We were thinking about people like Orange Juice and The Housemartins. Not patriotic in a BNP way but still... there was a lot of crap in Britpop, but there was a lot of good as well."

But things got really interesting when they caught the attention of one Pete Gofton, a man who once was a popstar. In the 1990s, as Johnny X, he played drums in seminal glam pop-punks Kenickie, fronted by his sister Lauren Laverne. When that particular dream went sour, Lauren went on to become

"I TOLD MY CAREERS ADVISER I WANTED TO BE A POPSTAR"

DAVE HARPER

a broadcast sensation and Johnny reverted to Pete and played and produced as J Xaverre, George Washington Brown and as a member of Field Music. The one thing he didn't want to do was be in another band—until the fateful night he happened upon The Heartstrings. Three songs in, he figured he'd seen the best new pop band in the UK.

"I thought you were very different to any other band I'd seen!" he says, in the general direction of Frankie. "I didn't particularly want to be in a band. I'd had enough. But I couldn't resist. Obviously there were rough edges, but it had a spark so many other bands just don't have. I thought, 'I can produce this and shape it into what it needs to be.""

It was as guiding light, Svengali of sorts and in-house producer that Pete became the final piece of the jigsaw. A man of skill and connections, he was able to finesse the group's nascent rifforola into what it was supposed to be. He was also able to use his connections to get the demos into the right hands, leapfrog the A&R treadmill, get his music to his sister, and sign the deal with Wichita that would allow them to fast-track out of the slow-lane.

Indeed, Frankie & The Heartstrings are the latest in a stream of DIY-because-they-had-to-be bands to come out of a city long in the

Frankle & The Heartstrings and egg and chips in Louis' caré (i-r): Pete Gofton, Michael McKnight, Dave Harper, Frankle Francis and Steve Dennis

shadow of Newcastle – like Field Music and The Futureheads before them, Frankie & The Heartstrings show the town in its best light. "We don't have the facilities or the venues to be anything but DIY," says Frankie. "We all love this town but there's no opportunities here – you have to make opportunities."

Instead, in harking back to the pop culture of the '50s, they're living out a fantasy of their own making. To them, every day is Record Store Day, since they refuse to put their songs on MySpace or their singles on iTunes. That's not indic dogma, that's romance.

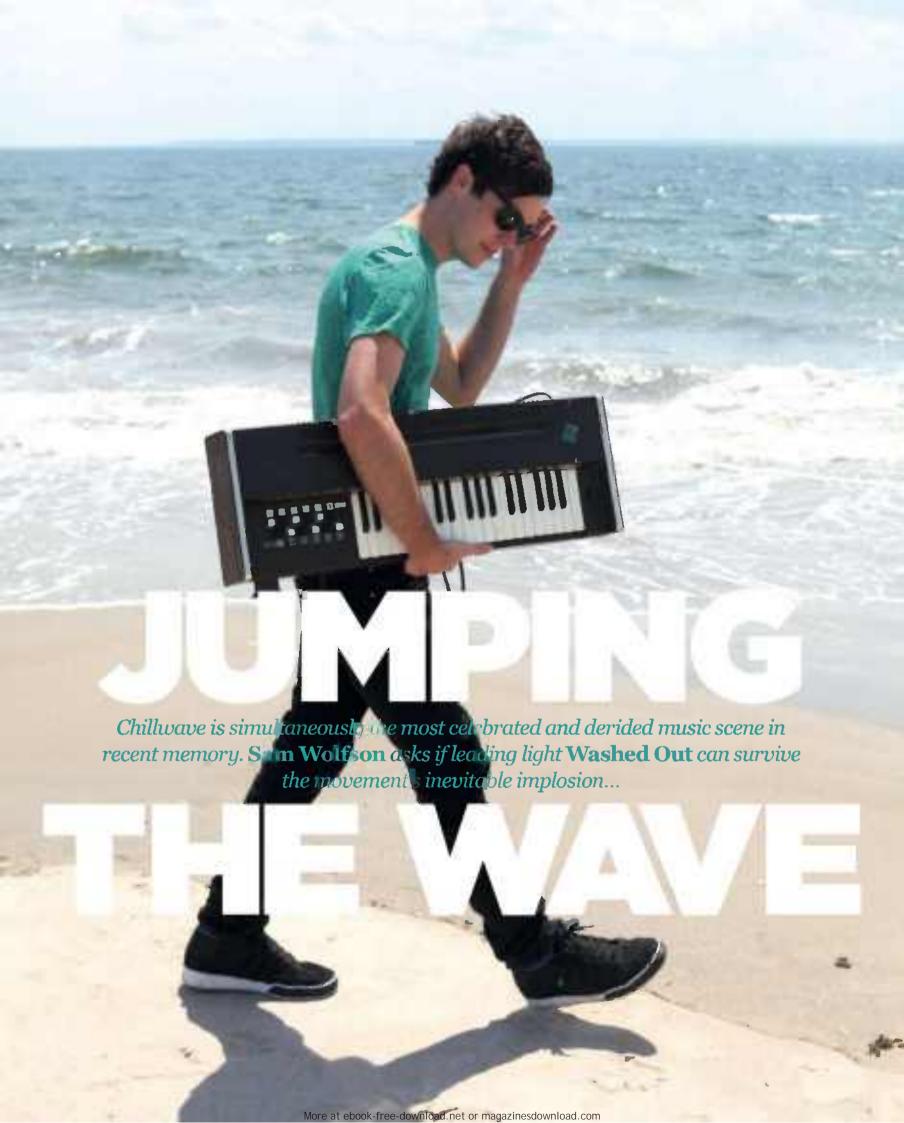
"Stuff like that is important. But we do want to be popstars too – not just a DIY indic band," affirms Frankie. "The easiest thing we've ever done is play two nights at Brixton Academy supporting Florence + The Machine. Piece of piss. It's stranger when you're in a small venue. We're best on a big stage because we can own it."

As set out on their calling-card signature song 'Hunger' ("It's about time that we made a stand and started playing together in our own band"), Frankie & The Heartstrings, the last Scooby Gang, are out to free the world of drudgery and shame, with one foot in Greggs, the other in the land of the (pop) Gods.

"The manifesto of our band is really simple. Do interesting things and have a good time," says Frankie. "Just do brilliant things and have a good time all the time. It's not like, 'If you're with us you're against us. But if you're not with us, you won't be having as much fun. We're absolutely the last of the romantics."

Hear! Hear! Right, anyone for egg and chips?

Win a pair of tickets to F&TH's 100 Club show on June 3 and a signed 'Tender/Want You Back' 7". Go to NME.COM/win



estin, Florida, USA; a slow-paced fishing town known locally for its white sandy beaches and emeraldgreen coast. The town motto? Welcome to Paradise'. A favourite haunt for Ernest Greene - the button-pushing lever-puller behind one-manband Washed Out.

"Last time we hit Destin there wasn't a cloud in the sky," recalls Ernest. "We had a day off from tour, so we thought we'd go to the beach. We just sat around, hanging out, drinking during the day, and I made a nice mixtage so we were listening to that. Then we just, like, faded out into the night. It's hard to keep that party vibe going, you know? We mellowed out, we are some seafood, we tried to play miniature golf but the place was closed so we ended up going bowling with the guys from Beach House instead..."

With sun-drenched recollections like these, it's little wonder that Ernest is the leader of the muchdiscussed chillwave sound. When we talk to him, he's being driven through Alabama in an SUV by his wife. The recently married couple have been on tour together for a few weeks, taking it in turns on driving duties as they zig-zag across the US. On the back seat is a relentlessly whirring tapedeck making copies of the Washed Out tour EP; in the boot is his gear. And that's it. Ernest doesn't have a manager to keep him in check, there's no promotional schedule to answer to; when he wants to go to the beach, he goes to the beach. And he likes to go to the beach "quite often".

Ernest is living a life he never thought he would lead. Last summer he was entrenched in his parents' house; jobless, waking up late, spending his days playing with loops and drones on his laptop. Initially he was using distorted guitar sounds, but his soundscapes gradually changed as he started to dust off some '80s synth-pads and threw them in with his fuzzed-out lo-fi aesthetic. Cheesy vocal samples, retro analogue synths and crappy MIDI choirs were kneaded flat, stretched out of shape and remoulded into something stunning. That's chillwave in a nutshell - tunes worthy of an '80s megamix only stripped to their lo-fi core. Keeping with Ernest's worldview, the production of said songs makes for a relatively laid-back way of making music.

"The beautiful thing about last summer was that I'd finish a song and then send it straight to a blog," says Ernest. "Then that song would be posted that afternoon. No strategy or three-month press window. Just writing songs and getting them out there."

Yet, of course, sending exclusive tracks to the trendiest blogs on the internet is actually quite a neat press strategy. One blog in particular, Hipster Runoff (if you've never seen it, imagine Vice meets The Onion but smothered in so many layers of self-referential irony you might want to hit someone), saw something in Washed Out that would come to define their sound. Late last year they ran a post about how Washed Out, Neon Indian and Memory Tapes were making "conceptual chill projects with pop sensibilities". They ran through a few possible titles for this new genre – 'glo-fi', 'chill bro core', 'conceptual blog core', 'conceptro', 'cum wave', 'wave wave'. Eventually, with their tongues very firmly in their cheeks, they settled on 'chillwave'.

Ernest insists he's in on the joke: "It's really funny that the name was created to make fun of the sound: this dreamy, lo-fi, '8os-indebted sound. I'm making music from a very sincere place and these songs are very personal. But I think my generation had this weird relationship with '80s music where it's always viewed in this ironic light..." he trails off. We sense a part of Ernest is proud of being at the forefront of this (basically made-up) scene - yet there's also some trepidation towards the monster he gave life to.

Chillwave, y'see, really took off. Do a Google Blog

Search for the genre and you'll find 200,000 posts. The Wall Street Journal even asked "Is chillwave the next big music trend?" in a lead arts piece. On messageboards people were getting into arguments over which bands could legitimately claim to be part of it. The xx? Apparently not; think more "sun-drenched, faded Polaroids" argued one poster on Altangst.com. Suddenly indie labels were hunting out chillwave bands - despite the bands themselves questioning whether they were actually peddling that sound – and the likes of Neon Indian were popping up on iPod adverts. Yet chillwave doesn't have universal approval; while some were frothing over it, others had already started sharpening their teeth. The New York Times blog said that



CHILLWAVE A WHO'S WHO

IT'S NOT JUST WASHED OUT GIVING THE '80S A LO-FI SPIN...



NEON INDIAN

Twenty-one-year-old Alan Palomo mucks about with Theremins, bass guitar pedals and big '80s hooks in

his hometown of Denton, Texas. See him on tour with Massive Attack.



SMALL BLACK

New York's riposte to Washed Out, since SXSW 2010 the Secretly Canadiansigned outfit have also served as Ernest

Greene's backing band.



There is much online debate over whether these Swedish guys are chillwave or in fact Balearic beat. People

sure do have a lot of time on their hands, eh?



MEMORY TAPES

This is the hybrid band of Dayve Hawk's two former projects Memory Cassette and Weird Tapes (yes, sometimes

chillwavers can go a bit overkill on the '80s nostalgia). Hawk tends to supply cut'n'paste collages from old teen magazines rather than give photographs to music magazines.



TORO Y MOI

Chazwick Bundick lucked out on the chillwave hype machine. Bundick was a student at the university of

South Carolina playing in unknown bands before Washed Out started bigging him up and he got his record deal.

chillwave bands at SXSW were making "annoyingly noncommittal music... a hedged, hipster imitation of the pop they're not brash enough to make". We'd sort of see their point if it wasn't for some of the music being so good. Nevertheless, do that Google Blog Search for chillwave and you'll find 100,000 of those 200,000 posts agreeing with The New York Times.

Ernest isn't too bothered either way. "It's been a really polarising thing, people are either really into it or they think it's terrible. Anything that blows up really fast, there's obviously going to be a backlash against it and I think that's happened."

But this hasn't even been a backlash, it's occurred simultaneously with the scene's rise to prominence. As one blog is building the sound up, another is knocking it down. As the backlash shows no sign of abating, it could get ugly for the bands involved. Isn't Ernest worried that, as has happened so often, one or two artists will eclipse the genre, and all the others will

get left behind?
"I try not to think about things like that because I freak myself out about it," he says. "It's a weird situation because I don't want to be pigeonholed into a certain sound. It's like this whole MGMT frasco where you either applaud them for doing something completely different or call them idiots for not just putting out another record with obvious singles. But over the past few years I've jumped around a lot of different styles and I'm completely OK with reinventing myself. I'm not out of ideas by any means." Does that mean you're ready to leave your old

"Oh no, the new Washed Out stuff isn't going to be that different. There's definitely a template now. I know where I'm shooting for. It's all about finding a mellow vibe pocket."

sound behind?

If you haven't worked it out already, Ernest is a bit of a stoner. He is, after all, the sort of guy who says things like "mellow vibe pocket". What's more, he says them with a deep, drawn-out southern surfer drawl, like Bill Clinton voicing the turtle from Finding Nemo.

In fact, the moment the buzz broke big, rather than bask in the glory of his new-found adoration, he immediately packed up and went on holiday. By the time he came back, his answering machine contained recordings of every notable A&R and label boss the world over. The next composition he wrote, he incorporated said recordings into the music. Which he then posted on YouTube.

And so, whatever your take on chillwave, despite its hipster origins and plummeting life expectancy, it certainly made the not-particularly-ambitious Ernest a somebody. The Washed Out album - 'Life Of Leisure', out this week with a UK tour to follow-is spectacular, no doubt, but it was this blog-joke genre that gave it a bit of purchase, helped get Ernest a deal and gave people an in to his music. Whether chillwave is nonsense or not, you can't begrudge that it helped Ernest Greene get his marvellous songs out of his head and into the real world.

"I never really envisioned myself doing any of this," he chuckles. "I just recorded music in my bedroom. But I'm definitely, kind of, starting to, a little bit, wrap my head around it. There's a naivety in these songs, a part of my personality that comes through in the mistakes. I suppose that's what I want to hold onto and what will see me through."

Chillwave is destined for the niche-genre mass grave, and most likely so are some of its proponents. But what does that mean for the scene's leading player and its biggest talent? Well, we hope he transcends the movement, he's certainly got the chops. But, whatever does happen, you can't see much bothering a guy who has to cut our interview short because he and his wife were driving through some po-dunk town in Alabama and they found an all-you-can-eat fried chicken place.

Head to NME.COM's Daily Download blog on Monday (May 24) for a free Washed Out track

BOXING CLEVER



From choosing bands to selecting setlists and more, you can be at the front of live gig action thanks to Xbox Reverb

ave you ever fancied a direct line to your favourite bands? A way to hit them up and let them know what they should be playing (your favourites) and where (your doorstep). Over the last eight months Xbox Reverb has gone some way in fulfilling these superfan fantasies. How? By staging a series of groundbreaking, intimate Reverb gigs across the UK curated by the acts and, most importantly, the fans who have helped shape all aspects of the events by getting their opinions heard on Twitter and Facebook. That's how.

So far some of the hottest acts have lined up to play exclusive gigs, including Pulled Apart By Horses, Dananananaykroyd and a very special homecoming slot by Essex's pop wunderkind Esser. "Playing at the Xbox Reverb gig in Colchester was great after a year of touring around Europe," explains Esser. "Being back in touch with my hometown, the people I grew up with and connecting with them on Twitter and Facebook before the gig was such a great experience and is what Reverb is all about!"

Oh, and did we mention a certain Ellie Goulding, who swapped her permanent residency on those Tips For 2010 lists for the







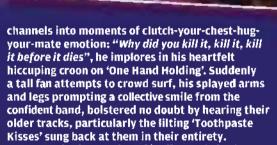
bright lights of Cardiff in February? "The Xbox Reverb gig in Cardiff was really fun," the starlet says of the experience. "It was exciting to play a night where the fans had requested exactly what they wanted from the show... even down to the cover I performed!"

Of course, this would all be nothing without the Reverb community: the fans. Xbox Reverb has provided a platform through Facebook and Twitter to interact with the bands, win tickets and have a say in all aspects of the gig. This has ranged from creating the DJ setlist for a Dananananaykroyd outing, designing posters, as well as voting for Ellie Goulding's aforementioned choice of cover version. One member designed a T-shirt, and it was left to the community to decide which of two rival venues in Essex that Esser should play, which is pretty crazy.

This journey culminated in a gig at London's Village Underground by The Maccabees, who have chosen La Shark as their support band. Usually, gig interaction involves little more than catching a glob of spittle off your fave frontman. Tonight though, there's a whole lot more. Xbox 360 consoles are posted throughout the venue. At the entrance two girls update their Twitter about what's happening RIGHT NOW. "This is nuts - I'm having the best time and I love that it's interactive," she exclaims. By the bar a guy in a checked shirt racks up a high score on DJ Hero. However, the best action is onstage, with Reverb Support Act competition winners Laurel Collective clocking up their successes in fans converted rather than pixelated numbers. And there's many swayed tonight; never has the sound of collapsing genres sounded so... tropical.

Next up is La Shark. Elegantly wasted, they bring a healthy dollop of art to their madness as rave synths are moulded around tight guitar riffs and sun-baked reggae basslines. Their irresistible wump rock is almost as engaging as frontman Samuel Geronimo Deschamps' theatrics, dancing into the crowd as people surge forward to check they're not imagining things.

Duly ramped up by the previous band, the crowd greet The Maccabees' entrance with a warrior's roar. Kicking off their set with 'William Powers', their blend of XTC nerviness and Arcade Fire expanse sounds better than it ever has or, in technical terms, bloody massive. Orlando Weeks has lost none of his easy charisma which he

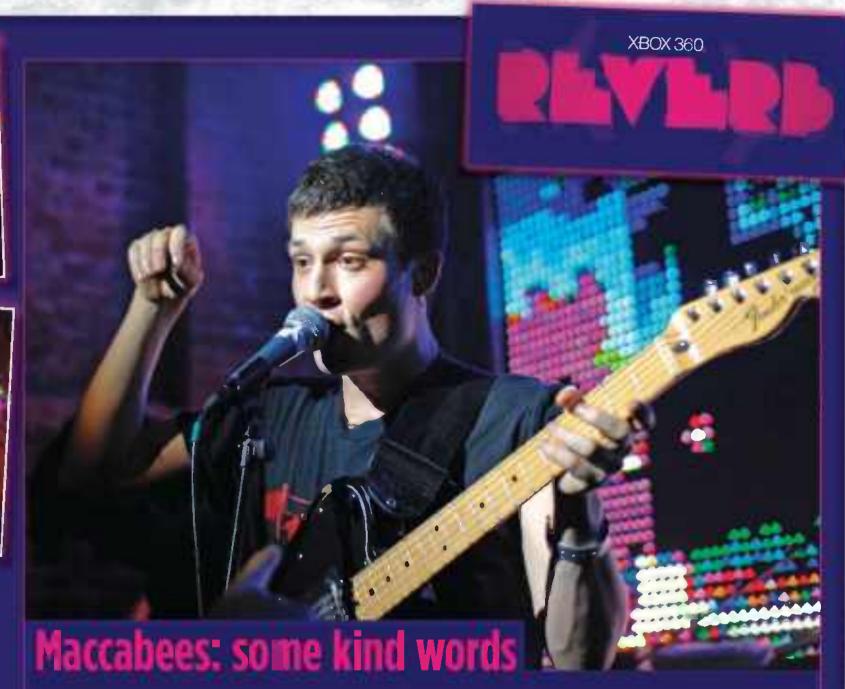


Ellie Gauthing

Swept up in the emotion of it all, people log in to Twitter through teary eyes; it becomes almost too perfect to finish on the windswept 'Love You Better', its aching, yawning guitars sounding even more powerful in the intimate venue.

Afterwards, the south Londoners are characteristically modest about the occasion. "It was better than we anticipated," smiles Weeks. You can tweet that again.





We caught up with The Maccabees before their headline gig at Shoreditch's Village Underground to see how they were feeling about it, find out how their new record is coming along and talk games

Ho are you will live

Orlando: "Actually it's been a pretty long time since we played live, we've just been whiling at home so we feel like getting out the house really!"

Orlando: "The theory is that everyone has helped curate the show. There was an Xbox Reverb competition for choosing the band who is first on so in that regard everyone has had some input. We chose La Shark to play as well."

Hugo: "We love them, we've taken them on tour a while ago – they used to be Josh Weller's backing band. We took Josh away with us once, then they both carried on separately. Their single 'A Weapon' is one of the best songs I've ever heard."

Orlando: "They are hands down my favourite new band. They sound of bounce. They make bounce music – I've coined that just now!"

Orlando: "It's that thing about convincing yourself that things are actually happening when you

haven't really got anything done despite efforts and efforts. Nothing happens for three weeks and then something happens and you feel pretty good about it! Then you come back two weeks later and start again!"

Hugo: "Everything we do has that story behind it: spending so much time, getting nowhere for two months than suddenly getting there."

Orlando: "We said the last one would be Orbison meets Pixies and it didn't sound anything like that so we could say a load of shit! I think it's impossible to know really. Because it's a band, and there's five people's opinions. Whatever one person thinks it's going to sound like it's never going to sound like that. That's part of being in a band I guess."

Orlando: "I used to live with people that played so much that it put me off for a long time! You'd have conversations with them and they didn't even know you were talking. That's the point though, it's meant to be absorbing. But our bassist Ru will spend hours and hours playing computer games!"

Orlando: "Metal Gear Solid or something."
Hugo: "He has these £200 headphones on and
these guns and he's sitting there like this (does
button mashing face). Our drummer Sam's been
playing on the Xbox just now, playing DJ Hero."
Orlando: "I'm just not very good at it. What was
that program... Gamesmaster? That was the height
of gaming with like, Tekken 1. And Patrick Moore!"
Hugo: "What did he do after that?"
Orlando: "He's gone back to the cosmos."

Hugo: "We had an Xbox on the last tour, we played a lot of skateboarding games."

Orlando: "Ru. If he finds out somebody is better than him he will get better than that person. He has a slightly obsessive compulsive approach to gaming."



REVIEWS

PENDULUM'S STADIUM DANCE, JACK'S BETTER HALF AND STORNOWAY'S PASTORAL IDYLL

Edited by Emily Mackay



ROLO TOMASSI

COSMOLOGY HASSLE

Violent howls and sweet screams as the Spence siblings and gang settle in comfortably to the sound they call home



lot of the time, logic has no place in music, and an argument could be made for Rolo Tomassi to be cited as the least logical band to make a play for the mainstream in recent times. Their apparently random blasts of alternately thick noise and shrill fast-fingered guitar blips; a frontwoman who can smile as sweetly as she can howl violently; a producer (Dîplo) best-known for his work with blog-buzzers rather than mosh-pitters: all ammunition for those who claim they're just a bunch of technically minded punk-terrorists out to shock. But as the brilliant 'Cosmology' shows, there's actually a coherent plan. Having grown up in a time when the outer limits of music have never been so readily available, it makes sense for them to combine influences from

Refused to Missy Elliott because they're both just a MySpace click away; it makes sense for Eva Spence to shock morons who think she should stand still and twang a bass string now and then because in the hardcore scene girls and boys have always been equal; it makes sense for Diplo to be involved because they're unlike anyone he's ever worked with and that's his modus operandi.

But behind simple logic lurks a ferocious drive to experiment. They can flick from 'Party Wounds" caustic satire to the frayed garage-punk of 'Unromance' without losing their musical thread. Within the latter song there's other bands' entire careers worth of ideas just in the bridge. 'Agamemnon' lets James Spence's keyboard spin tales of dread over a chunky riff, while Eva's growl of "You are NULL and VOID!" turns 'TongueIn-Chic' from a simple rock song into a warning. Of course, the expansive, melodic mid-section is enough of a curveball that it'll make the majority of listeners think they've moved onto a different song, but that's symptomatic of 'Cosmology' as a whole after spinning it from start to finish it comes as a genuine surprise to learn there's only 10 tracks on it.

But where their debut 'Hysterics' was handicapped by the relentless shock-tactics the band employed, 'Cosmology' uses Rolo's newest weapons - restraint and patience – to quite brilliant effect. Sure, 'House House Casanova' sits proud as a demonstration of Joe Nicholson's *terrifying* guitar skills (as a young musician his ability as both a player and songwriter is unbelievable), and is good in a 'shit the bed, this rocks' kind of way, but Rolo got that side of them out the way two years ago. Subsequently, what would have

if he wanted to do a

remix. He wrote back

saying no, but that he

wanted to record

"No, but the only free

October, so we just

wrote really quickly.

This record was the first

time we've recorded

with someone who actively likes our music,

rather than recording for the sake of getting

something on tape."

been a stand-out three years ago is now a pleasing diversion set amid the controlled chaos.

Why? Because they've got better: not simply as a progressive hardcore outfit, but as a band trying to work out how to shoe-horn all the weird stuff they listen to into a coherent whole. The title track in particular is a beautiful display of a band looking for a certain sound, but even that changes from second to second - it's calm, confident and infinitely more palatable than anything they've ever done before, and throughout the course of its seven wonderful minutes it's the first time Rolo have ever really felt at ease. As with the similarly melodic 'Kasıa', which sits at the album's centre like a beating heart, they're spiralling off into unknown territory by being the precise opposite of everything

that their reputation dictates. And rather than a try-hard 'hope you like our new direction' folly, it confirms they can do whatever they want and pretty much get away with it. Not because we give them the benefit of the doubt as a cool band, but because they're actually

So, for the purely logical among you, it's only right to give a band this fearless, this adept and this imaginative your time - hell, if they attracted the attention of a dude who's got MIA on speed-dial then it's a bit of a bold move to sack them off. For everyone else: do you want to be enthralled and dumbfounded by music so brilliant it genuinely defies categorisation? Study 'Cosmology' and you will be. Rob Parker

DOWNLOAD: 'Kasia', 'Tongue-In-Chic', 'Cosmology'

BECOMING A JACKAL VILLAGERS DOMINŎ



Risen from the ashes of his last outfit The Immediate, whose brief, but highly lauded career spanned just one album, Irish native Conor O'Brien has

re-emerged under a new guise and has set about reminding fans why they fell in love with him the first time around. There's depth, sincerity and beauty in abundance here, from the quietly menacing opener 'I Saw The Dead', with its swirling keys and repetitious percussion and the gently funereal 'The Meaning Of The Ritual' to the elegant backing vocals of 'Home'. The delicate acoustic number 'To Be Counted Among Men' is reminiscent of Elliott Smith in its bare. intimate vocals while the impressive 'Pieces' is five minutes of pure heartbreak. Strings swoon and a piano gently tinkles, while O'Brien's smooth, distinctive voice soars from restrained to unleashed. He artfully manages to remain playful and avoid smooshiness by descending unexpectedly into a deliciously hearty howl while an orchestral din builds until it is literally the sound of heart strings being sawn. Tessa Harris

DOWNLOAD: 'Pieces'

SILVER COLUMNS

YES AND DANCE MOSHI MOSHI



In a memo not lost on these smart fellas. Bob Dylan once said that "people have one great blessing - obscurity". Rumours as to the duo's secret identity

flew when their disco anthem 'Brow Beaten' got bloggers' bits tingling last year - was it Digitalism in disguise? A smash-and-grab raid on credibility from Erasure? A disenfranchised member of a '90s garage crew? As it turned out, Oxide & Neutrino fans would have to simmer: the Columns were, er, Fridge collaborator Adem Ilhan and The Pictish Trail, alias Johnny Lynch. Debut album 'Yes And Dance' subscribes to the Hot Chip dictum of brainy electro-pop with a heart of gold, but the comparison doesn't always flatter. 'Cavalier' sounds like Bernie Sumner channelling Axel F - only faintly posh - and the title track makes hav with a bog-standard keyboard riff and Kraftwerk-ish, treated vocals. Less pandering material like 'Columns' and 'Way Out''s soft-pedalled rave finale prevent this from being as cosily predictable as a Guardian think-piece in praise of The Wire. Alex Denney

DOWNLOAD: 'Way Out'

INTEGRITY

THE BLACKEST CURSE DEATHWISH INC



Cleveland, Ohio, 1991: a band called Integrity changed the sound and aesthetics of hardcore by foregoing their straight-edge roots and messing

heavily with LSD. Led by singer Dwid Hellion, the experiments resulted in an album, 'Those Who Fear Tomorrow', that blended metal with brutal punk rock and lyrics that praised violence and murder cults. The impact was so big that a million copycat bands formed, all of lesser quality. Integrity would go on to become one of the most loved and hated groups in the history of hardcore, with rumoured shootings, knifings and beatings attributed to their name. After myriad line-up changes, the latest incarnation is one of the strongest for years. This record is a horror film made into music. It sounds like Slayer on steroids with the Manson Family conducting a human sacrifice in the background. This month, let all other modern hardcore or metal releases cease to exist and plunge yourself into the dark heart of 'The Blackest Curse'. Andy Capper DOWNLOAD: 'Way Out'

ACES TO VAMES... What the reviewers are doing this week



MARK BEAUMONT "Last week the volcano stopped me getting to Turkey, so I've been consoling myself by buying a flat and trying to work out Animal Collective's 'visual album'."



ASH DOSANJH "Beside being miffed about the general election results, I'm gearing myself up for ATP curated by Pavement and wondering how my liver is going to cope."



EMILY MACKAY "I've been freaking out to Tobacco's 'Maniac Meat' and Sleigh Bells, dancing around my room on my own to the Stones like a weirdo and getting into fights with strange men on NME.COM."



PENDULUM

IMMERSION WARNERS

Coming to a field near you. Just remember to not look back as you're running far, far away



And so it begins. A mournful horn and an elfin tinkle give way to a martial, stringstabbed intro of Danny Elfman, nay, John Williams-level portentousness.

These beats, it promises, are going to be planetary in scope. Space-time-fabric-warping in the massiveness of their farcicality. And from the second the utterly redonkulous throb, swagger and cat-and-mouse build-and-drop of the strutting 'Genesis' kicks in, our hopes are totally fulfilled.

Well, until about the point of 'Set Me On Fire' (four tracks in). We came prepped for fun, but we're forced to admit that, like running a marathon dressed as a Womble, Pendulum just aren't that much of a grggle in the long-term.

What is The Pendulum Formula? Why are they eating worlds while, say, Hadouken! eat Super Noodles? Well... draw close. The fantastically clever blueprint they've hit upon is to totally cool-proof themselves by never having been remotely fashionable in the first place. To say their kind of drum'n'bass sounds horrifically dated is a bit like saying skiffle's not really where it's at. They've then nitroboosted their reptile-brain beat appeal by bolting on the sort of faux-heavy emotional wallowing formerly proffered by the nu-metal likes of Papa Roach and yes, Linkin Park (see 'Crush'). And so, the tribe-crossing bosh appeal that fuels the main case for Pendulum; that there must be

something in a band that all genres of music fans like to go mental to in a field.

Thing is though, if you're not park-bound, the flail-worthy likes of the (yes) Liam Howlett-featuring 'Immunize' diminish in stature. It drives up, drops out, comes back in again. And then it just... goes on. There's little, for all the grandstanding, that stands out. And when something does, as on the Balearic pace-change of 'The Island Pt 1: Dawn', Swire whispering sweatily in your ear, "What are you waiting for?/Just surrender here tonight," you rather wish it would fade away again.

The problem with trying to listen to Pendulum is that where their predecessors The Prodigy made the perfect dance-rock crossover simply by treating dance music like it was punk rock, plugging into the ravening, rabid monomania behind both, Pendulum weave an itchy and uncomfortable patchwork of the two. 'Immersion' is less fun, harder work than 'In Silico'. It feels like Pendulum are trying to be more than an anonymous CD everyone puts on at a party when everyone's too boxed to DJ any more. They shouldn't.

Still, it'd be great to go mental to in a field at 4am. It's just that like a torn tent or an empty gas canister, you'd leave it there without further thought at the end of the weekend. Emily Mackay

DOWNLOAD: No, that's one festival they're not actually playing at, mate

Watch the promo for 'Watercolour' and a behind-the-scenes video from the set at NME.COM/video

STORNAWAY

BEACHCOMBER'S WINDOWSILL 4AD

Technology takes a battering as dreams of the simple life are given a beautiful, pastoral makeover



INFESTICONS

BEDFORD PARK BIG DADA

If The La's sounded like Liverpool, Joy Division recreated Manchester's cellar scene in song and Blur were an aural Dagenham, Stornaway are by contrast

a postcard-perfect rendition of the remote Outer Hebridean town they're named after. You can almost hear the wicker man crackling.

That Stornaway are actually from Cowley in Oxford makes them more a technophobic, back-to-nature social statement than a straight-up yokel folk act. They do photoshoots in potato-famine garb and twangle pastoral folk pop songs called 'Watching Birds' and 'Zorbing' (about steering one of the titular plastic globes through Oxford town centre). "I am a seabird/ You are the Arctic Ocean/I know your seasons and your santuaries", sings Brian Biggs on the Grizzly Bear-ish 'The Coldharbour Road', a song that sounds like it was written on a tilting clipper in a Force Six sea-squall rather than 50 miles inland and within earshot of Foals' House Of Supreme Mathematics.

See, Stornaway are pent-up dreamers yearning for simpler, bygone lives - lives less burdened with career anxiety, Twitternoia and Pad envy. It's none more stark than on vivacious shanty 'We Are The Battery Human': "We need to go online each day/But inside we don't get no reception/So join the new revolution/To free the battery human/'Cos we were born to be free range".

It might all sound a bit Green Futures Field, a bit Julian Cope, a bit Norfolk, but Stornaway sure make the idea of lobbing your iPhone into the sea and going feral sound idyllic. 'Zorbing' is as exuberant as the best of Shack, 'I Saw You Blink' recalls the superlative folk pop of Stephen Duffy and The Lilac Time, while 'Fuel Up' is as tearjerking a song of chin-up-mate support as you've heard since 'Dry Your Eyes'. Throughout, 'Beachcomber's Windowsill' is beautifully rendered and melodically magnificent; a Constable landscape of a record. If anybody needs me I'll be listening to it while rolling naked down Scafell Pike. Mark Beaumont

DOWNLOAD: 'Fuel Up', 'Zorbing', 'I Saw You Blink'

Best sleeve of the week



Karen Elson, 'The Ghost Who Walks'

OK, so it looks a lot better than it sounds, but there is no denying the impact of black, white and red and a pretty face, is there?

> Worst sleeve of the week



Lights. 'The Listening' Let's hope Hello Kitty's no mouth trick works for this insipid berk.

Best lyric of the week "I was a dreamer/Staring out windows/Out in the main street/'Cos that's where the dreams go" Villagers, 'Becoming A Jackali

Worst lyric of the week "What are you waiting for/Just surrender here tonight/What are you waiting for/As we go towards the light" Pendulum, 'The Island -Pt1 Dawn'



Rusko 'OMG!' Born Ruffians 'Say It' Detroit Social Club 'Existence'

UNKLE WHERE DID THE NIGHT FALL SURRENDER ALL



While it's undeniable that James Lavelle's post-dance project UNKLE has become coffee table music... it must be said

we're talking about one liber-coffee table here. The sort of furniture that is built from human femurs and bears a pot of espresso so strong it can make you see into the future. Now fully divorced from their trip hop roots and pushing forward the neo-motorik noir of 'War Stories', their grooves are machine-tooled. onyx-black and sublime. This is a fine record and you can add an extra point to the score if your stereo cost over a grand. John Doran **DOWNLOAD: 'Natural Selection'**

WE ARE THE WORLD **CLAY STONES MANIMAL**



With their adherence to cult-ish costumes and interpretive dance, LA's We Are The World have been making their name with their live

shows. Stripped of the visual element, however, 'Clay Stones' is a difficult pill to swallow. It plays like a devilish temper tantrum, where throbbing synths are overlaid with shocks of percussion, and the vocals of Megan Gold morph from possessed baptist minister to voodoo queen. In fact if you've ever imagined what a crack comedown in a cold basement in Berlin sounds like, this is probably it. There's more hardness than beauty here, but at the same time much to admire. Priya Elan **DOWNLOAD: 'Sweet Things Are So Hard'**

WHO THE HELL ARE YOU? Are you 'The World'?

Robbie Williamson: "No, we are Megan Gold on vocals and lyrics, Ryan Heffington does the costumes and choreography with Nina McNeely and I write all the music."

Why did you choose the name?

"It was sort of a joke. We were thinking about the original charity single and thinking they weren't actually the world, WE were the world. Of course that was before they re-did the song for Haiti..."

D'oh! You've said the band value dance as much as the music, how come?

"It's an equal partnership, sometimes we write a piece that influences the other to dance and sometimes they will come up with a dance which leads us to write a song."

Like Tilly & The Wall then?

"I've never heard of them."

SLASH

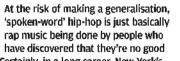
SLASH ROADRUNNER



Slash's solo debut proper raises many questions. Most pressingly: why now? The top-hatted riff lord could comfortably have defecated

this rock teambuilding exercise 15 years ago, immediately post-Guns N'Roses. Sans any singing skills, he invites old-timers from Ozzy to Lemmy to 'jack the mic with resultant chemistry of a mailorder wedding. And, back in the 21st century, even Axl Rose would likely circumnavigate Fergie and Matchbox 20's lead douchebag. Biggest irony? A trillion bucks' worth of vocal talent can't top 'Watch This', a crunching Dave Grohl-embellished instrumental jam. Sounds like a convenient juncture to give Axl a reconciliatory ring, fella. Adam Kennedy

DOWNLOAD: 'Watch This'



at rapping. Certainly, in a long career, New York's Mike Ladd has proved that he can no more rap than he can poop a Fabergé egg, and 'Bedford Park', which is both a concept album (eek!) and the culmination of a themed trilogy (double eek!) certainly rubber-stamps that assessment. OK, so it's ramshackle and raucous and sounds like it was fun to make - it's just there isn't one decent thump-beat, hook or couplet on here. Sadly, in this case, 'spoken-word' could be pretty eloquent rhyming slang. Pete Cashmore **DOWNLOAD: Some rapped words**

TRASH KIT

TRASH KIT UPSET THE RHYTHM



Expressing in just 27 terrific minutes why the have-a-go experimentalism of post-punk was always so much more vital than the three-chord

chug of punk, Trash Kit bash out a debut that's near-righteous in its single-mindedness. An all-action, all-lady trio rising from the ashes of such bands as Lesbo Pig and Electrelane, Trash Kit whip up a perfect storm of tumbling, holler-helmed chaos that settles into a precise, catchy and sweetly-plied fusion of galloping poly-rhythms, dub bass, wiry guitar lines and sax that sounds like Delta 5 inviting Pigbag and African folk music aboard the good ship riot grml. Chris Parkin

DOWNLOAD: 'Cadets'

46 NME 22 May 2010

and scamming

SINGLES

New Young Poory Club,

then you might be into them. BORN RUFFIANS

WHAT TO SAY WARP

previous incarnation.

ALIVE MUTE

GOLDFRAPP

LITTLE GIRLS

GROWING PAPER BAG

if you like things like Jay Reatard - that kind of quintessentially American angry guitar band -

They had that track on an advert ages

When 'Black Cherry' came out I thought

what Alison was doing was really

back and did all the folk stuff before Florence + The

Machine and everyone did. Maybe this is them back

compressed '80s sound to it. If you were a fan of the

had something very '90s about it and I was a big fan

of that - it was quite epic. A friend of mine sent me

listened to a lot more of APTBS' music. It's really

was really gloomy and atmospheric. Everybody

sleazy and dark. I think they'd be great at a gig if it

would wear leather jackets and smoke liquorice fags!

If you like summery music with

something that's quite emotional but really sweet

shimmery guitars then you'll like Yeti

Lane - they'd be a perfect festival band.

I can see them as a Shins-style act - the

be quite multi-faceted in their sound.

A PLACE TO BURY STRANGERS

EGO DEATH MUTE

YETI LANE

at the same time.

TWICE SONIC CATHEDRAL

another track called 'Tambourine' and they seem to

in their comfort zone. It has that Ladyhawke,

soft-rock, electro sound then you'll enjoy this.

amazing and at the forefront of that

electropop scene. Then she took a step

It sounded like New Order recording in

a cupboard, maybe under a mattress! It

was probably my second favourite track

of the lot. The muffled, distorted sound

This was definitely my favourite. It

reminds me of the bands I used to listen

to like The Jesus And Mary Chain and

Spacemen 3 and I actually went off and

ago and it sounded a lot more like

Vampire Weekend back then, They

seem to have moved on to a more

singer-songwriter, folky style. I'm not a really big

fan of folk music so I'm never sure what to make

then you'd probably enjoy this, but I prefer their

of stuff like this. If you like that kind of thing



T-shirts Domino clothing One of our favourite indie labels is teaming up with dothing store Uniglo to create some awesome band T-shirts from the likes of Fridge. Wild Beasts and The Kills. www.dominorecordco com/uniqlo



Book The Who By Numbers by Alan Parker and Steve Grantley Counting down to rock,

this is a great starting point for those looking to gain greater insight into one of the UK's greatest acts.

Looking for the ultimate festival tent this season? Gelert are excited to launch the Quick-Pitch NME tent that pitches in a couple of seconds providing instant cover from the elements! Go to







NME.COM/win

KAREN ELSON

THE GHOST WHO WALKS THIRD MAN/XL RECORDINGS

Jack White's supermodel wife doesn't really convince us of her country credentials on a stylised debut



International supermodel. Wife of Jack White. Yes, it's tempting to dismiss Karen Elson's debut as an exercise in nepotism and brand-stretching. Unfortunately it's still

quite tempting even after you've heard it.

There's plenty to suggest that Elson is merely another unremarkable recruit to White's everswelling musical gulag. Apparently, she took much cajoling to present her music to her beau, but when she did, his immediate response was to whisk her off to a studio with a custom-built backing band, comprising The Dead Weather's Jack Lawrence on bass, Jackson Smith - husband of Meg White and son of Patti - on guitar, and White himself on drums. In a recent interview, Elson admitted, "This record only could have been made with Jack." Little wonder that Elson's debut sounds very little like the work of The Citizens Band, the cabaret troupe she initiated. Instead, Mr White's fingerprints are all over it.

Elson's attempts at bluegrass and country are less Tammy Wynette than Tammy Girl, being utterly bereft of the turmoil, suffering and

struggles against adversity that you associate with those genres. 'A Thief At My Door' comes with the obligatory croons and wails, but emotionally its closet is bare. 'Pretty Babies' likewise falls flat: you're unconvinced that Elson has jostled with the conflicting emotions of heart and mind that she relates.

Frustratingly, there is the odd flash of real promise. 'The Ghost Who Walks' possesses the same mix of sugar and attitude that Noonday Underground's Daisy Martey has perfected. Most striking of all is '100 Years From Now', a return to Elson's cabaret roots, it's the only track here that totally swerves clichés to conjure something idiosyncratic, unexpected and as beguiling as Elson's red hair and alabaster complexion.

If this song's approach had been the standard, rather than a mere anomaly, 'The Ghost Who Walks' might have been a braver and more interesting offering. As things stand, it too often feels like a watered-down version of what Jack White peddles. Ash Dosanjh

DOWNLOAD: 'The Ghost Who Walks', '100 Years From Now', 'Mouths To Feed'

LIGHTS THE LISTENING

WARNERS



We didn't think it would be possible to get electro-pop more painfully saccharine than Owl City. But then along comes Lights: a Canadian cross between

that Postal Service copycat and Ashlee Simpson. Unsurprisingly there's little of value to take from her debut offering; the singer's overproduced vocals, shocking lack of decent melodies, unimaginative instrumentation and dreadful lyrics render 'The Listening', rather ironically, utterly un-listenable. "All I need is just a little emotion" Valerie Anne Poxleitner purrs during 'Ice' - one of only two passable, Ellie Goulding-ish tracks. Too right, love; come back to us when you've turned human. Camilla Pia DOWNLOAD IF YOU HAVE TO: 'Ice'

TIEFSCHWARZ

CHOCOLATE SOUVENIR



A German duo whose third album is also their first for five years, Tiefschwarz's reputation as the discerning modernist house buff's choice is reflected in their own, very particular, approach to their craft.

'Chocolate' is sleek and gleaming enough to invite overused analogies about Teutonic precision engineering and suchlike - not quite minimal, not quite deep house, but possessing a similar ability to spin hypnotic gold from deceptively simple electronics. Rarely if ever do they turn away from the dancefloor, either - a refreshing change to the screeds of bloated 'artist albums' the world has suffered through in the name of dance music auteurs. Noel Gardner

DOWNLOAD: 'Home'

sort of group you'd go and see when you'd just had loads of rose. When you want to waft and listen to

22 May 2010 NME 47



he road along the north Somerset coastline to Minchead winds past a surreal combination of giant radio masts, a hulking nuclear power station, a fairytale castle, a museum devoted to Bakelite and the steam engines of the West Somerset Railway. Such are the things that Broadcast are made of. A fascination with both technology and a folk sensibility shapes their music, and

while lovers of ancient synths often appear like real ale bores, Broadcast are no Luddites. The scattered black and white visuals, deep bass, pulses of sound and vocals distorted out of all recognition, like an alien adaptation of *The Wicker Man*, set the scene for a peculiar weekend.

By contrast, The Stooges are the most conservative act here, indulging in a sludgy run through their 1973 album 'Raw Power'. Stooges gigs are now predictable affairs, your ticket price including a guarantee of Iggy dropping a saggy arse out of his jeans,

Liars create a place for us all to escape from the cruelties of modern life

getting audience members onstage and uttering a few "motherfuckers" Given that Mr Butlins would once have set up an exclusion zone to keep Mr Pop away from this tamily holiday camp, his descent into one of Groening's caricatures is a sad thing to witness.

But there's the blues, and then there's the blues. Upstairs on the central stage, Malian kora player Toumani Diabate and his colourfully dressed troupe of musicians conjure life back into the ATP crowd in time for an extraordinary iam set for Liars. The strength of Matt Groening's ATP comes in the twists and the strangeness; Liars, now a five piece augmented by extra electronics and guitar, bring the Sisterworld to life by ripping our faces off with something

that's political, radical, and, as the crowd hanging over the barrier down the front testifie, fun with it. It's not just the blistering 'Scarcerow's On A Killer Slant' or the funk menace of 'Proud Evolution' either older tracks are additionally mangled On 'We I enced Other Gardens With The Bones Of Our Own', Angus Andrew screams, "We're doomed! We're doomed!". but perhaps he's wrong, for it the idea of a Sisterworld is a place of escape from the cruelties of modern life, Liars have created one here, even if you'd never expect it to be a Butlins.



The xx's songs are sensual, but also the saddest you'll ever hear

Saturday too is all about the rhythm. The seven drummers in the **Boredoms'** Boadrum roll forth a tattoo the likes of which has not been heard since Hannibal attempted to wake the laziest of his warriors on the morning of a particularly sticky battle. A man with a beard and bird-nest hair dances as if trying to rub his way through the centre-stage carpet... And three hours later he's still going, as **Konono No 1** bring Kinshasa's junkyards to drizzly Somerset, their sanza thumb-pianos hypnotising an entire room.

What's that siren? The sound of the perv police coming to lock up the men dribbling over Zooey Deschanel as she sings the pretty dull ditties of She & Him on the main stage? Ah, no, it's just the start of The Residents, a group who, for four decades, have made being creepy into an art form. The stage is set up like a suburban American living room wherein madness happens, which goes a long way to explain why they've been invited to play here by the creator



of *The Simpsons*, a lifelong fan. Over unearthly beats and lunging, synthesized guitar, singer Randy's terrifying voice is that of the most sinister of uncles: we are all sat on his knee, and these are the words that you do not want to hear him saying. After that, the joyous **Amadou & Mariam** on the Pavillion Stage is perhaps the biggest culture shock you'll

ever get at ATP, but no less welcome for it.

How will Sunday's more conventional groups fare in the face of such insanity? In Spiritualized's case, not well. 'Ladies And Gentlemen We Are

Floating In Space' feels dated because it's so of the '90s. While the combined brass, strings and honeyed voices of the gospel choir are powerful enough to tickle the webbed feet of any seagull resting on the Pavilion roof, they ring hollow to anyone but those of the faithful, their arms raised in adoration down the front. For the unconverted, it's akin to being in the congregation of a happy-clappy church, only the preacher's sermons are limited to soporific platitudes: our faith slowly slips away. By using five per cent of Spiritualized's carbon emissions, The xx have a thousandfold more impact. They know when to come forward and pull back; deep bass against the delicate guitar and twin vocals. The rumblings that introduce 'Shelter' abate into something smooth and sensual and yet the saddest song you've ever heard; the perfect balm with which to end three days dwelling în Matt Groening's magnificent, unusual imagination. Luke Turner



Clockwise from top left: Liars' Angus Andrew pulls off a blinding set; The xx's Oliver Sim; Jamle Smith masterminds the sound from behind the band's lightboxes; Konono No 1 weave a dancing spell over the crowd



02 ARENA, LONDON

MONDAY, MAY 11

By focusing it all on her, her, her, the R&B dominatrix has reached another level

here are moments when your eyes leap out of their sockets. Six costume changes, from a black corset with inflatable shoulder pads to a 'dress' made from strategically placed masking tape. In 'Disturbia', giant half-human, half-scrap metal mutants engulf the stage and bodypop. Between scenes there are video inserts filled with creepy Twin Peaks moments: a naked Rihanna is implanted with microchips, then she's walking around a red-curtained room repeatedly asking, "Am I dreaming?" You have to wonder.

This no-expense-spared tour is being paraded as a victory lap after a successful album campaign. In fact, sales of Rihanna's fourth album 'Rated R' have stalled and there's been no 'Umbrella'-style mega-hit. Rihanna's people have, of course, had another objective, less about selling records than undermining the public image created by the press coverage of her domestic abuse case. For months, her global press shot was of a bruised victim's face.

Rihanna's best defence has been a cocksure offensive and she's embraced sex and aggression in everything she does: songs about big willies, interviews about rough sex, fashion inspired by bondage. Tonight it's taken to the extreme. Rihanna straddles the gun of a giant rotating tank. Two acrobats, naked but for leather straps, are suspended from perspex machine guns.

But for all the phallic suggestion, what tonight proves is that because Rihanna has been selling personality rather than marketability, she's won the freedom to push the boundaries of pop music. 'Te Amo' and 'Russian Roulette' sound less like commercial R&B and more like uncompromising songwriting.

As we watch her smashing up a car with a bat during 'Shut Up And Drive', we think back to her support act, Pixie Lott, and how vapid music can be when you're just trying to reach maximum audience share. By contrast, Rihanna's troubled year has allowed her to explore music's risqué corners, making a case for her as the most forward-thinking chart act in the world.

From tonight's spectacular, we'd argue that a return to safer ground (Timbaland has been touted for the next album) would be a big mistake. We like our pop stars with a microphone in one hand and a baseball bat in the other. Sam Wolfson

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DECKS, PLUGS AND ROCK'N'ROLL

Compose your best DJ playlist and you can win a Dell laptop and tickets to an exclusive party in London this summer

ell's Sack The DJ competition came to New York last month as we flew one lucky NME.COM reader to the Big Apple with NME Radio DJ James Theaker to see his playlist played through his trusty Dell Studio 15 with the all new 2010 Intel® Core processor to a room full of discerning punters at Club NME NYC.

Keith Phillips was the winner of the first leg, seeing his online playlist at NME.COM/dellsackthedj voted top and finding himself on a plane to the US for the night. "It was an amazing Club NME night," he told us afterwards, "or at least what I can remember of it. I sort of overdid it, and ended up catching the 'magic bus' back to the hote!".

"My tracks went down pretty well" he remembers through the fuzz, "House Of Jealous Lovers' in particular got a good crowd. Americans have a brilliant, in-your-face attitude, although they don't have the lairy edge UK punters have".

After the night Keith did the sights – Brooklyn Bridge, Empire State Building, Lower East Side – or at least as much as he could handle with a monumental Club NMF induced hangover.

"Keith had a great selection of songs," NMT Radio's Jame Theaker added. "Some new choices, some old classic, something for everyone. My normal laptop DJ sets tend to cover a wide range of tracks, so his picks across the board from Soulwax to Jay-Z to LCD Soundsystem fitted well, and as the Dell Studio 15 is so well built, with huge memory to store all my music, I could really mix it up with ease."

"I actually had more tweets (@jamestheaker) in one day about people that were psyched for the show than from the previous week in London! They're really switched on and there's an inquisitiveness about music that's unique to NYC."

There's still plenty of time to get your own club playlists up at NME.COM/dellsackthedj and be in with a chance of winning a new Dell Studio 15 laptop with the all new 2010 Intel® Core processor. Plus, the people with the top 200 playlists will get to go to an acclusive party in London on June 3 at new venue Debut to see Audio Bullys live, with NME Radio's James Theaker and renowned DJ Tristan Ingram on the decks

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and tell us your idea of the perfect playlist. This could be anything from good old indie rock to hardcore gabba, we're not fussy...



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Love - 'Alone Again Or'
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Happy Mondays - 'WFL'
Duran Duran - 'My Own Way'
Blur - 'Won't Do It'/'Come Together'
Soulwax - 'NY Excuse'

The Future Sound Of London – 'Papua New Guinea'
DJ Shadow – 'Midnight In A Perfect World'
The Postal Service – 'Such Great Heights'
Jay-Z – '99 Problems'

De La Soul - 'Me Myself And I'
The Rapture - 'House Of Jealous Lovers'
Crystal Castles - 'Courtship Dating'
The Prodigy - 'Out Of Space'
The Breeders - 'Cannonball'

Aphex Twin – 'Windowlicker' LCD Soundsystem – 'Tribulations' The Pains Of Being Heart – 'Come Saturday'

The Strokes - 'Last Nite'
The Charlatans - 'The Only One I Know'
The Stone Roses - 'I Am The Resurrection'
The Courteeners - 'Not Nineteen Forever'

The Long Blondes - 'Giddy Stratospheres'

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O2 ACADEMY BRIXTON, LONDON MONDAY, MAY 10

Back, laid-back and on form, you can't help but wonder what took the indie icons so long

We're not normally ones to hold a grudge, but for the past 10 and a half years NME has had a whopping great big bone to pick with Pavement. Frankly it's just ill manners to break up on the night a 15-year-old girl goes to see you play live for the very first time after deciding that you're her favourite new alt.rock icons. So, when California's Gen X slacker-rock saviours decide to grace the south London scene of the crime over a decade later with their reformed presence, it's only right that we're here to demand atonement. In his plaid shirt and deep V-neck tee, frontman Stephen Malkmus spookily hasn't aged a bit - he's still the same square-jawed stoner-jock he always was and a refreshingly ramshackle 'Stereo' sets the tone for a happily lengthy two-hour set of lusciously lo-fi earthe short sharp giddy punk-rock shock of 'Two States' as well as the charmingly incongruous moment Spiral Stairs regales the crowd with the tale of taking uneffective ecstasy at an EMF gig at a previous visit to tonight's venue.

It's the opening show of a four-night residency, and reports filter back to NME that the following evening's show is "underwhelming" thanks to muddy, distorted sound and Malkmus's guitar drowning out the rest of the band. Yet we can't help but wonder if that's missing the point somewhat. Pavement were never supposed to be overwhelming or slick. They were never a band for people who cared about pyro and rock'n'roll mastery. They were supposed to be the kind of DIY band you and your mates could probably form given enough of your big brother's hash.

They were about anti-style, about wearing the same shirt for three gigs in a row – we're looking at you, Malkmus – baked riffing and the

occasional moment of divine perfectpop inspiration. Tonight the likes of 'Trigger Cut', 'Here' and 'Date w/IKEA' soar through the cordial clatter and unclinical clutter.

Shot through with an achingly '90s, laid-back attitude, Pavement's sweetly ragged reunion is certainly proof that you can never quarantine the past, and with tunes like theirs – added to the exultant atmosphere sweeping through the front rows of the crowd – we can't help but wonder why they have for so long. Leonie Cooper

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Their sweetly ragged reunion is proof you can never quarantine the past

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drum battering under full-size fairy

of warm, sepia-tinted sonics pouring

lights. Tonight's show is one stacked full

out from the instruments of the broadly

grinning, back-in-the-game five-piece.

opening chords of 'Gold Soundz' peal

through the room before one of many

nonchalant, semi-pro guitar noodles

from Malkmus, always swathed in a

cloak of knowing irony. Elsewhere the

scuffed romance of 'Shady Lane' and

looping loveliness of 'Starlings Of The

Slipstream' sit in amiable contrast to

Their smiles only get wider as the





LES SAVY FAV

GETTY MUSEUM, LOS ANGELES SATURDAY, MAY 8

In the most rarified of venues, wobbly Tim Harrington heroically lowers the tone

"Is this a museum? I'm confused," shouts Tim Harrington, the boggle-eyed frontman of Les Savy Fav, who has just barked out a song about the apocalypse, and pulled his trousers off to reveal a pair of shiny red cock-squashing leggings. Les Savy Fav have travelled across America because some bright spark has invited them to play a gig in the marble courtyard of a glamorous art gallery. "I thought it was a petrol station," he says. "It's my

first time in an art museum, I heard they were boring. I wanted to see some SKIN," he adds, pulling his top off.

This is the Getty, a museum built by squillionaires to house internationally treasured works of art by Rembrandt and Monet and Leonardo da Vinci, and it's on a hilltop in Bel Air, the wealthiest borough of LA. And here is Harrington, a dead ringer for Mr Jelly, that murderous clown on Psychoville, going bonkers, with blue eyeshadow under his eyes like he's been crying. On one of his countless forays into the audience he shoves his mic into a kid's face and the five-year-old boy screams along with him. He cuts wires. He breaks things.

He dances as if invisible Jedis were beating him with lightsabres.

After an attempt to scale the outside walls fails, he asks if somebody can Photoshop it to make it look like he climbed up it. You see, the thing about Harrington is that he really isn't a hard man – his adventures are rambly and vague and excitable. After climbing into some low-hanging branches near the stage he gets stuck dangling there, mumbling about whether or not "this is

a persimmon tree". And those bandmates are indifferent, knowing that however hard they try he will always make them look like bank clerks.

A new bullet blast of punk-pop is debuted; Tim caressing his belly, singing "we still got APPETITE", with his tremulous voice, sharing the mic with the guitarist. Then there's a gleeful singalong of 'Rome' - "We were there when the world got great/And we helped to make it that way" - turning things, really quite Californian. All this positive thinking! Until Humpty Dumpty here mimes fisting his hand up a rectum, all the way to the elbow. Bel Air got itself a fresh new prince tonight.

Sophie Heawood



Віс Мочтн

The noise from the crowd

Sonya Fredlov, 25
"It felt like it was comedy and musicit was awesome. There were a lot of hands dropping down the pants, a lot of pants dropping down the legs. They put on a sexy, sexy show."

We thought we'd head out on tour with the vest-phobic trio before they hit the enormodomes in November and deem themselves too big to talk to us

If we'd needed confirmation of just how big a deal Biffy Clyro have become, we get a handy reminder the day we join the trio midway though their mini set of spring gigs. A second show at the SECC has just been announced after the band sell out the mittal Glasgow date of their first ever arena tour in under half-anhour. The trio, however, are concerned about their impending massiveness. "We grew up thinking that any band that plays arenas normally sucks arse! So it's one of those weird ones," chuckles Simon Neil, before revealing seemingly irony-free plans to have an overblown Victoriana theme on their autumn tour. You would, then, expect a couple of days on the road with such big time superstars to be stacked with Sunset Strip-sized debauchery, wouldn't you? Not quite. Just between you and us, graciousgrunge's next huge thing are rather more into late nights watching animals doing the cutest things on their laptops. But more of that later...

PORTSMOUTH GUILDHALL

TUESDAY, MAY 4

"Vodka, beer or wine?" offers a genial James Johnson as *NME* steps into Biffy Clyro's dressing room for the first time. "Vodka," he decides and gets to work mixing up lime, soda and Grey Goose before we've even had a chance to take off our jacket. We've only just met this bass behemoth and strawberry ringleted host with the most, but Biffy are already in our good books and they haven't even played a note.

With its panelled walls and knock-off William Morris tapestries, there's something about Portsmouth Guildhall that makes us think a 1970s trade union conference is about to take place, but instead of a fist-pumping speech from a salt-of-the-earth Marxist, we get the rousing spiritual 'Down To The River To Pray' blasting out of the PA. As it's drowned out by yells of "Biffy! Biffy!" from the stalls, we sneak to a spot on the left of the stage to watch the show. We're advised against standing on the right by tour manager Neil, who informs us in a deadly serious tone to steer clear, as that's where Simon keeps his deafening amps. Instead we hole ourselves up next to James' eight - eight! - bass guitars and watch as Simon Neil bounds onstage in front of the band's Terminator-style lighting rig in low-slung purple jeans and little else, yowling 'That Golden Rule'



from under a hefty beard. But who needs shirts when you've got anthems? There's an appropriately incendrary 'Who's Got A Match?' and during a sublime 'Mountains' the hefty-looking double pint glasses the venue is dishing out are raised in a grateful booze salute from the middle of the audience melee. 'Saturday Superhouse' sees a solo slam dancer throwing it down like her baggy denims depend on it and the immense crowd singalong to 'Many Of Horror' is later dubbed "outstanding" by Simon, who admits to NME that playing the rather more caustic 'There's No Such Thing As A Jaggy Snake' before it probably "scares some of the newer fans... [but] I think something pretty next to something really ugly always sounds better".

After the show – and Simon's enforced vocal rest – the dressing room is awash with more vodka, lime and soda tour poison. If that's the post-show ugly, then its pretty counterpart is obvious. Numerous YouTube videos of adorable sleepwalking dogs are watched with wide, slightly reddened eyes, before the band move on to the even softer stuff,

with Simon giggling himself silly at the sight of fwuffy kittens jumping into cardboard boxes and news reports on teeny tiny micro pigs.

COLSTON HALL, BRISTOL

WEDNESDAY, MAY 5 If the Portsmouth show was good, then Bristol is even better. The afternoon starts with a shirts-on soundcheck, during which Eva Spence of support band Rolo Tomassi nips by during a run-through of 'The Captain'. Her fingers are plugged firmly in her ears, but not because it sounds bad far from it – it's just so bloody noisy. Towards the end, 40 or so competition winners are ushered into the back of the hall to gawp gleefully during a tautly slushy 'Know Your Quarry' rehearsal. The band, suddenly

political meet and greet, with campaign trail-style handshaking after a tender performance of acoustic B-side 'Breatheher' in the bar at the top of Colston Hall. "I think you've got to have some sort of nerves to get you going, get the adrenaline going," says James when it's over, admitting that it's the intense acoustic performances they've been doing before the gigs on this tour that really make him anxious. "That's way more nerve-racking – that gets me every time, every single time."

Confidence is restored in time for the

coy, then treat the fans to an almost

Confidence is restored in time for the main event, which, impossibly, seems one louder even than at soundcheck. With Mike Vennart of Oceansize helping the group out on guitar, they generate a heavy-duty noiseblast that wallops you in the chest before poking you in the eardrums until the only option is personal sonic surrender. "I think the bass is making my head hurt," gasps a punter behind NME during the sinister '9/15ths'. Yet it's this delicate pain and pleasure balance which only goes to make the show more compelling. There's brief respite from the thunderous onslaught with the reflective 'God &

Satan' and Simon's soppy solo 'Machines' but the galloping 'Whorses' actually makes our face vibrate.

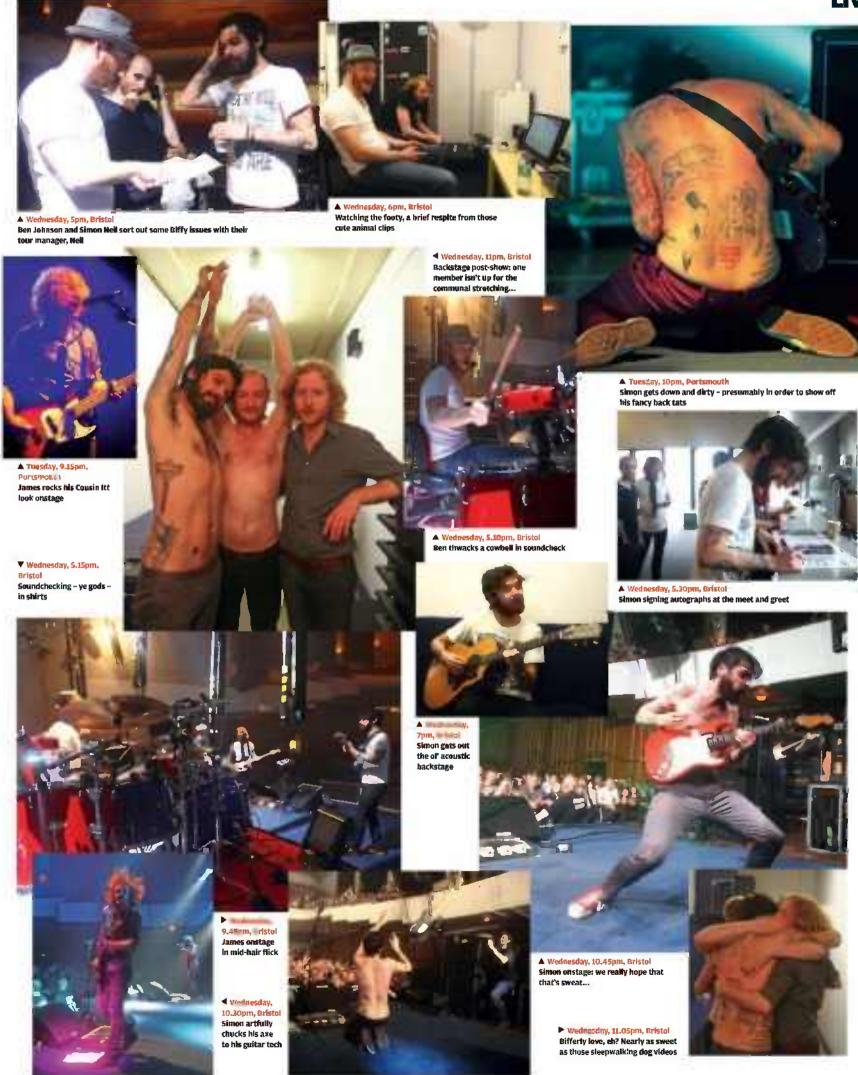
This evening's 'Many Of Horror' holleralong is perhaps even bigger than last night's and is proof positive that the band aren't just ready for arenas, but chuffing great big stadiums. Not one for onstage banter, when Simon beams "Thanks Bristol, you guys have been fucking brilliant," you know it's utterly genuine.

Post-gig, Gordon Moakes of Bloc Party is one of many who have rocked up to offer the band congratulations. As a visit from the band's very first tour manager sends James' head into a joyful tailspin, it's clear that the pokey backstage area everyone's currently squeezed into will soon be a thing of the past. So roll on gigantic dressing rooms and enormo-arcnas, because Biffy are more than ready to take them on. Here's hoping they take the kitten videos along for the ride. Leonie Cooper



Neil Anderson, tour manager

"I've been tour managing Biffy for about seven years -I started off as their merchandise person. I was just a mad fan! This tour's been wonderful: it's probably been the most significant yet. The crowds have been just incredible - the singalongs have always been loud, but they've been noticeably bigger on this tour."



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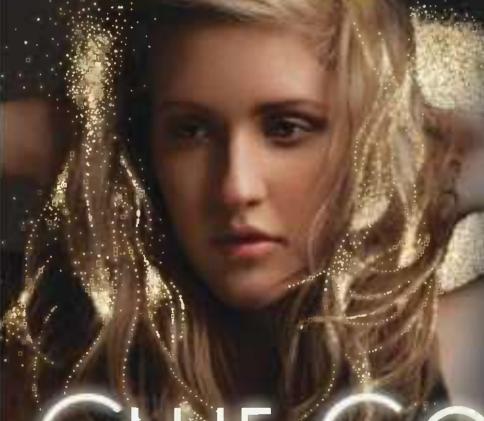
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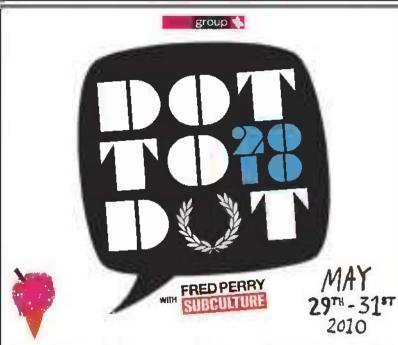
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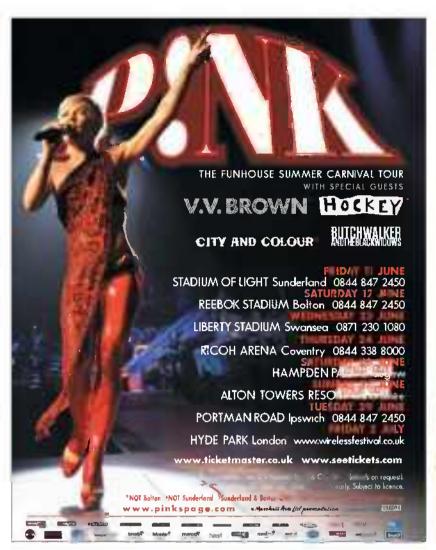




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Steve Jelbert, The Independent

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BANDeAin

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



FOLLOWEDBY A STAR

My band has got a celeb fan - problem is, it's a rubbish celebrity. How can we sever this connection? The Stalked, London

This is a common phenomenon: did you know, for example, know that Martin Clunes follows The xx all over Europe, and that Peter Beardsley is first down the front whenever Holy Fuck play Newcastle? Get all Morrissey on the celebrity's ass, and write an unnecessarily hurtful 'Little Man, What Now?'-esque number on how your celebrity chum is actually a tragic figure worthy only of pity and derision. And then keep devoting it to him. Uncle Pete

BUFFETED BY BOOZE

Me and our guitarist keep getting shit-faced, rowing, and splitting the band up. I'm worried it might stick one day. What to do? Hung Over, Leicester

What a silly question! The answer is to drink faster than you were drinking before, so that you move through that tricky "utterly hammered, but still able to speak coherent enough to argue" phase, into the "hugging, declaring undying friendship and drooling into each other's ears" phase. That is the very glue that binds the modern band, and it's probably why I heard the other day that two of The Saturdays are in AA. Uncle Pete

WE'RE TOO POLITE

My band has been criticized for not being 'edgy' enough How do we get some of that edge? We could start doing drugs? Nowbere Near The Edge, Glasgow

No good music has ever come out of drug-takers, save for The Doors, Pink Floyd, The 13th Floor Elevators, Sex Pistols, Happy Mondays, Spacemen 3, Stone Roses, Suede, Oasis, late Beatles, early '70s Stones, The Velvet Underground, The Libertines... Do you know what, I fear I may be undermining my own argument here. So yes, do it, but promise me you won't go any stronger than heroin. Uncle Pete

Fancy having your band problems solved once and for all? Just send your musical quandaries to bandald@nme.com, and Uncle Pete will endeavour to assist

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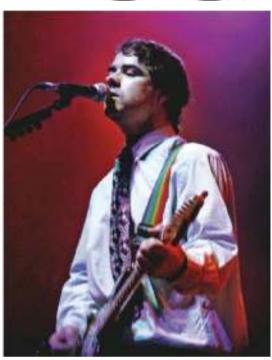
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GIG GUIDE

THE UK'S BIGGEST GUIDE TO THE WEEK AHEAD

Edited by Ash Dosanih

BOOKING NOW



STEVE MASON

STARTS: Cambridge Haymarket, June 11

DON'T MISS

Since The Beta Band's demise, Steve Mason has had his struggles, both with depression and with his artistic identity: he made an album of shamanic dance-folk as King Biscuit Time, then one of pounding electropop as Black Affair. Now, recording with pop producer Richard X at the controls, Mason has, in 'Boys Outside', produced a soulful, subtle album that takes an honest look at past emotional turmoil, but still sounds full of hope. Mason's mournful, monastic vocals remain as affecting as ever, and his knack for hypnotic melody is likewise in fine fettle. A too infrequent presence on the live circuit since The Beta Band's heartbreaking farewell tour, this festival warm-up couldn't be more welcome.

NME.COM/artists/ steve-mason



BEACH HOUSE STARTS: London Heaven, June 1 The Maryland duo head back to the UK following the release of the 'Zebra EP'. NME.COM/artists/ beach-house



STARTS: Sheffield Plug, June 11 The Bloc Party frontman takes time out from his bandmates to promote his solo offering 'The Boxer'. NME.COM/artists/ kele-okereke

KELE OKEREKE



SEVEN BELLS
STARTS: Bristol Thekla,
July 18
With new album
'Disconnect From Desire'
due for release this July,
the New York-based
shoegazers head to the UK.
NME.COM/artists/
school-of-seven-bells

SCHOOL OF



VERONICA FALLS STARTS: O2 Academy Glasgow, June 2 Following a support with Teenage Fanclub comes a new single 'Beachy Head'. NME.COM/artists/ veronica-falls



THE HOLD STEADY STARTS: London Forum, June 22 Following fifth album 'Heaven Is Whenever', the Brooklynites hit the Capital. NME.COM/artists/ the-hold-steady



CASTLES
STARTS: Belfast
Mandela Hall,
October 8
The nihilistic duo return to
the UK for a string of dates
to support their second
self-titled album.
NME.COM/artists/
crystal-castles

CRYSTAL



LEFTFIELD STARTS: Manchester Academy, June 5 The legendary pioneers of electronica head out on tour for a handful of rare dates.

NME.COM/artists/leftfield



STARTS: Bristol Thekla, June 23 The sometime Ryan Adams collaborator tours in support of his new record, 'Love It To Life'. NME.COM/artists/ iesse-malin

JESSE MALIN



THE DIAMONDS
STARTS: Norwich UEA,
October 20
Marina Diamandis builds
on the success of her
debut album 'The Family
Jewels' by announcing
a new UK tour.
NME.COM/artists/
marina-and-the-diamonds

MARINA &



GANG OF FOUR STARTS: London ICA, June 9 A series of events, talks at

A series of events, talks and gigs called 'History's Not Made By Great Men'.

NME.COM/artists/
gang-of-four



JEFF TWEEDY
STARTS: London Union
Chapel, June 30
The longtime Wilco
frontman heads to the UK
to perform a handful of solo
dates. His pedigree ensures
this is not to be missed.

NME.COM/artists/wilco



SARAH BLASKO
STARTS: Southampton
Joiners, November 16
Revered Australian
singer-songwriter Sarah
Blaso heads to the UK
following the release of
latest album 'As Day
Follows Night'.
NME.COM/artists/
sarab-blasko

Veronica Falls are playing O₂ Academy Glasgow. O₂ customers get Priority Tickets to O₂ Academy Glasgow up to 48 hours before general release.

What to see this week? Let us help



NINA NASTASIA

STARTS: Reading South Street Arts Centre (Sat)

PICK

Electro-pop, vocoder-wielding starlets may be de rigeur, but there's one chanteuse who's resisting its charms, for now at least. Hollywood-born and New York-residing singersongwriter Nîna Nastasia may be better-known for her crystalline vocals that could melt the iciest of hearts, with just a lone guitar keeping her company onstage, but having songs that are emotionally fragile and ethereal hasn't stopped her from working with caustic noise-muncher Steve Albini on her current album. Resplendent with mini-orchestra, 'Outlaster', released on FatCat, is a bombast step away from her past achievements and one that commands your full attention.

NME.COM/artists/nina-nastasia



Everyone's Talking About **GANGLIANS**

STARTS: Newcastle Head Of Steam (Wed)

Put quite simply, this lot are the best thing to come out of Sacremento since the Deftones. Psychedelic indie-pop harmonisers Ganglians take a trip (literal and otherwise) to these shores in support of superb new debut album 'Monster Head Room'. Get ready to turn on, tune in and freak out. NME.COM/newmusic



Don't Miss **AVI BUFFALO** STARTS: London Old

Blue Last (Tues)

When he was a kid, and as a form of cathartic release, Avigdor Zahner-Isenberg started writing songs to get over a girl he once knew. Under the umbrella of Avi Buffalo he's been shielding the walking wounded ever since. The Californian outfit bring their luminous indie rock to the UK following the release of their self-titled debut. NME.COM/newmusic



Radar Stars **SMALL BLACK**

STARTS: London Barden's Boudoir (Tues)

Purveyors of mournful electro-pop, New Yorkers Small Black are emotional terrorists of the best kind. Illustrious synths and sentimental vocals swell the ears leaving you in a state of dreamlike wonderment. The sometime backing band for Washed Out head to the UK ahead of an appearance at the Dot-To-Dot festival. NME.COM/newmusic

GIG GUIDE KEY:

*14 = 14 AND ABOVE +16 = 16 AND ABOVE AA = ALL AGES CS = CLUB SHOW FR = FREE ENTRY WA = UNDER 14S WITH AN ADULT UNLESS OTHERWISE STATED ALL GIGS ARE 18+

WEDNESDAY

May 19



Covering for Chris Martin today is Firas, who'll be spinning the latest remixes and the best blog mash-ups the music world has to offer, from 7pm

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Brian Jonestown Massacre Spring & Airbrake 028 9032 5968 Lostprophets Queen's University 028 9024 5133

BIRMINGHAM

Alicia Keys NIA 0121 780 4133 Jace Everett Hare And Hounds 0121 444 2081

Natty Glee Club 0870 241 5093

BRISTOL

I Am Ghost O2 Academy 2 0870 771 2000 WA

My Chloroform Louisiana 0117 926 5978

CAMBRIDGE Peter Hammill Junction 2

01223 511511

Samsons Fire Portland Arms 01223 357268

CARDIFF

Emarosa Clwb Ifor Bach 029 2023 2199

The Phenomenal Handclap Band Barfly 029 2066 7658

CHELMSFORD

Underground Heroes Barhouse 01245 356811

CORK

Peter Green The Pavilion 00 35321 427 6228

DUBLIN

Double Dagger Whelan's (Upstairs) 00 3531 475 9372

Eli 'Paperboy' Reed Academy

00 3531 877 9999

Faithless Olympia 00 3531 679 3323 Mark Knopfler The 02 01819 8888

EDINBURGH

The Delays Cabaret Voltaire 0131 220 6176

John Martyn Voodoo Rooms 01315567060

Noisettes Picture House

0844 847 1740

Soulfly Studio 24 0131 558 3758

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Peggy Sue Cavern Club 01392 495370 GALWAY

Rory Faithfield Roisin Dubh

00 35391 586540

Holy Fuck King Tut's Wah Wah Hut 0141 221 5279

The Walling Souls 02 ABC2 0141 204 5151 WA

Wolf Parade Oran Mor 0141 552 9224

GUILDFORD

Male Bonding/Pens/The Premarital Sect/Teeth & Tusks Boilercom 01483 440022

HEBDEN BRIDGE

Simon Scott The Hole in The Wall 01422 844 059

IPSWICH

Riot:Noise Pl McGinty's 01473 251 515 KILKENNY

Villagers Set Theatre 353 56 7721728

Blessed By A Broken Heart Joseph's Well 0113 203 1861

Dan Sartain Brudenell Social Club

0113 243 5866 Former Ghosts Common Place

0114 279 9090

Grown Ups Royal Park Cellars 0113 274 1758

Lauren Pritchard Mine

08712301094

Peter Katz Santiago 0113 244 4472 Roseville Grand Milo 0113 245 7101

LIVERPOO

Archie Bronson Outfit Kazimier 0871 230 1094

British Sea Power Masque 0151 707 6171

Delphic 02 Academy 0870 771 2000 The Eightles Matchbox B-Line

Disaster Krazy House 0151 708 5016 Sound City: Everything Everything/ Egyptian Hip Hop/The Paris Riots/ John & Jehn/Barbieshop/Panama

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Martha Tilston/Philadelphia Grand Jury/Voo/The Federals/ Paloma Faith/Sleigh Bells/John

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0871 230 1094 The Fall 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000 WA

Wax Fang Zanzibar 0151 707 1558

LONG

Andre Duracell Old Blue Last

The Antiers Scala 020 7833 2022 The Bundles Union Chapel

020 7226 1686 The Casting Out 02 Academy 2 Islington 0870 771 2000 WA

The Clean ICA 020 7930 3647 Crystal Castles Heaven 020 7930 2020

Defeater Underworld 020 7482 1932 Del Casher 12 Bar Club 020 7240 2622

Exit Calm Buffalo Bar 020 7359 6191 The Future Shape Of Sound

Good Ship 020 7372 2544 Hayloft Peel 020 8546 3516

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Marina And The Diamonds Bloomsbury Ballroom 020 7404 7612 Mother Mother Windmill

020 8671 0700 The New Pornographers Electric

Ballroom 020 7485 9006 The Pack AD The Lexington

020 7837 5387 Paul Dempsey Monto Water Rats 020 7837 4412

Pierre Bensusan Halfmoon 020 8780 9383

The Pineapple Thief Bush Hall 020 8222 6955

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eet Baboo Slaughtered Lamb 020 8682 4080

Tamikrest Borderline 020 7734 5547 Team Ghost/Yetl Lane/Deep Sht Social 020 7636 4992

Tim Hecker Café Oto 0871 230 1094 Tribal Law 100 Club 020 7636 0933 White Rabbits Garage 020 7607 1818 85 Bears Legion 020 7613 3012

MANCHESTER

Diana Vickers Academy 2 0161 832 1111

Example Club Academy 0161 832 1111 Hip Parade Ruby Lounge

0161 834 1392 Johnny Flynn Academy 3 0161 832 1111

NEWCASTLE

Ganglians Head Of Steam 0191 232 4379

Turbo Fruits Offshore 0191 261 0921

NORWICH

Chance McCoy Arts Centre 01603 660352

NOTTIMENAM

Fuzzbox Bodega Social Club 08713 100000

Real Estate/The Rocket Summer Rescue Rooms 0115 958 8484

Seabear/Earnon McGrath Spanky Van Dyke 0115 924 3730

Translucent Pleasures Maze 0115 947 5650

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01865 244516 PORTSMOUTH

Prolong The Agony Wedgewood

Rooms 023 9286 3911 PRESTON Chiddy Bang 53 Degrees

01772 893 DDO READING

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01924 374455 WOLVERHAMPTON

Louisiana Red & Michael Messer Slade Room 0870 320 7000

THURSDAY

May 20

Tim And Sam's Tim And Sam Band With Tim And Sam The Tunnels 01224 211121

RANGOR

I Am Austin Rascals 01248 353 511

Kyte Moles 01225 404445

BELFAST

Mark Knopfler Odyssey 028 9073 9074

Sandi Thom Spring & Airbrake 028 9032 5968

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Villagers Cyprus Avenue 00 35321 427 6165

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Droid Soup The Victoria Inn 0133274 00 91

Kent Duchaine Flowerpot

01332 204955

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Academy 00 3531 877 9999

Gavin Mee Cophlestone

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Wolf Parade Vicar St. 00 3531 889 4900

EDIMBURGH!

Pendulum Corn Exchange 0131 443 0404

GALWAY

Meon Flea Circus Roisin Dubh 00 35391 586540

GLASGOW

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Bonobo Guildhall Arts Centre 01452 503050

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Joe Worricker/Rox Various venues 0871 230 1094 Holy Fuck Static Gallery 0151 7078090 Mother Mother Korova 0151 7097097 Wilko Johnson O2 Academy 2

0870 771 2000 WA LONDON

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MANCHESTER

Justin Currie Club Academy

0161 832 1111 Pebbleridge Roadhouse 0161 228 1789

Pint Shot Riot Night And Day Cafe 0161 236 1822

NORTHAMPTON

The Snakeman 3 Lamplighter 01604 631 125

NORWICH

A Place To Bury Strangers

Arts Centre 01603 660352

NOTTINGHAM A Grave With No Name Spanky Van

Dyke 0115 924 3730 Rod Stewart Trent FM Arena 08444 124 624

PORTSMOUT

Charty Coombes And The New Breed Cellars 0871 230 1094

Headstone Down Wedgewood Rooms D23 9286 3911

PRESTON

The Blackout 53 Degrees

01772 893 000 READING

White Hinterland Oakford Social Club 0116 255 3956

SALFORD

The Antiers St Philip's Church

0161 834 2041 CHECCICI D

Clive Gregson Boardwalk 0114 279 9090

Mike Joyce University 0114 222 8777 Paloma Faith 02 Academy

0870 771 2000 WA **Underground Heroes Plug**

0114 276 7093 SOUTHAMPTON

A Wilhelm Scream Joiners 023 8022 5612

STOKE ON TRENT

Airship Sugarmill 01782 214991

SWINDON

Deep Thought The Rolleston

01793 534238 Sharks The Vic 01793 535713

Twisted Wheel 12 Bar 01793 535713

TUNBRIDGE WELLS Dreadzone The Forum 08712 777101 Imelda May Assembly Hall

01892 530613 WOLVEDHAMOTON

Peter Hammili Wolfrun Hall

0870 320 7000 YORK

Dead And Divine Fibbers

01904 651 250 Soulfly The Duchess 01904 641 413



FRIDAY

May 21

Lostboy Warehouse 0844 847 Z319 REDFORD

The Foxes Esquires 01234 340120

RIRMONGHAM

Alkaline Trio OZ Academy 0870 771 2000 WA

The Beat OZ Academy 2 0870 771 2000 WA Example O2 Academy 3 0870 771 2000 WA

BLACKPOOL

Pendulum Empress Ballroom

01253 625928 BRIGHTON

Holy Fuck Digital 01273 202407 BRISTOL

Chrome Hoof Thekla 08713 100000 The Damned O2 Academy

0870 771 2000 WA Jim Bob The Tunnels 0117 929 9008 The Rinky Dinks Fleece

0117 945 0996 CAR

InMe Barfly 029 2066 7658 Zonderhoof Buffalo Bar 02920 310312

CASTI FEORI Blackout Crimea Tavern

01977 730706 CHELMSFORD

Things We Lost in The Fire Barhouse 01245 356811

CORK The Wailing Souls The Pavilion

00 35321 427 6228

Alicia Keys The 02 01 819 8888 Dan Sartain Crawdaddy 00 3531 478 0225

Ganglians Whelan's (Upstairs) 00 3531 475 9372 Grada Button Factory

00 3531 670 9202

EDINBURGH Chapel Club/Joev Beltram Cabaret Voltaire 0131 220 6176

Grinspoon Picture House 0844 847 1740

Meursault Sneaky Pete's

0131 225 1757 EXETER Redlight Cavern Club 01392 495370

GALWAY

Villagers Roisin Dubh DD 35391 586540

GLASGOW Cotton Cake Sub Club 0141 221 1177 The Dirty Cuts 13th Note Cafe

01415531638 The Rocket Summer Garage 0141.332.1120

The Trembling Bells Stereo 01415765018 Ingrid Michaelson King Tut's Wah

Wah Hut 0141 221 5279 GLOUCESTER

Imelda May Guildhall Arts Centre 01452 503050

GRIMSBY The Needful Things Yardbirds Club 07771520374

CILL DECIM Charly Coombes And The New Breed Boileroom 01483 440022

HARLOW **Sham 69** Square 01279 305000 HARROGATE

Ray Davies International Centre 01423 537230 HIGH WYCOMBE

Justin Sullivan Nag's Head 01494521758 нитский

Arms And The Man Club 85 01462 432767

IPSWICH The Cads PJ McGinty's 01473 251 515

Big Fish Band The Owl 0113 256 5242 **Dododeaddead Royal Park Cellars** 0113.274 1758

Dr Feelgood Joseph's Well

0113 203 1861 Emarosa Metropolitan University

0113 283 2600 The Fall Baine Lane Working Men's Club 01924 215 506

Hin Parade Elbow Rooms 0113 245 7011

Malefice Rios 0844 414 2182 The Nextmen Nation Of Shopkeepers 0113 203 1831

Rochefourchat Faversham 0113 245 8817 The Scandals Cockpit 0113 244 3446

0113 246 0778

LIVERPOOL Blood Red Shoes Zanzıban 0151 707 1558

Styckleback New Roscoe



MAGNET CLUB 030 44008140

LONDON TBLAME COCO KOKO 020 7388 3222

MILAN

ONE-MAN PARTY

TUNNEL CLUB

•392 7768007

Gold Future Joy Machine Bumper

0151 707 9902 Speech Debelle O2 Academy 2 0870 771 2000 WA

Sound City: Wild Beasts/Gold Panda/Minnaars/The Staves/ Earnon McGrath/The Universal/ Reverend Sound System/Fabienne Holloway/Kush/Pony Pony Run Run/White Light/The Mountains And The Trees/Legends Of Flight/ The Drellas/The Blackout/My Passion/Chickenhawk/Forest City Lovers/Capac/The Real Kicks/ Fun/Amsterdam/The Sand Band/

Lauren Pritchard Various venues

0871 230 1094 LONDON

020 7482 7318

Alice Russell Union Chapel 020 7226 1686

Anathema 02 Academy Islington 0870 771 2000 WA Asaf Avidan & The Mojos 02 Academy 2 Islington 0870 771 2000

A Wilhelm Scream Peel 020 8546 3516 **The Chemical Brothers R**oundhouse

Die So Fluid Scala 020 7833 2022 The Dublo Cross Kings 020 7278 8318 El Schlong Bull & Gate 020 7485 5358 Eric Clapton Wembley Arena 0870 060 0870

Faithless O2 Academy Brixton 0870 771 2000 WA

Frontier Ruckus The Lexington 020 7837 5387 Gentleman's Dub Club Garage

020 7607 1818

The Guilty Ones 229 Club 020 7631 8310

Little Axe Plan B 08701 165421 Mick Pentecost Apollo 0870 606 3400

Milke 5now Forum 020 7344 0044 Stag & Dagger Radio Dept/North Atlantic Osciliation/Team Ghost/ Yeti Lane/Sky Larkin/Frankie & The Heartstrings/Dam Mantle/Cold

Pumas/Tweak Bird/Fiction Various venues 0871 230 1094 Them is Me Monto Water Rats

020 7837 4412 Translatiantic 02 Shepherds Bush Empire 0870 771 2000 WA

Two Fingers Of Firewater Luminaire

020 7372 7123 MANCHEST

Casino Zone Roadhouse

0161 228 1789 Delphic Ritz 0161 236 4355 Jace Everett Academy 3 0161 832 1111

Shanty Town Night And Day Cafe 0161 236 1822 Wolf Parade Club Academy

0161 832 1111 MIDDLESBROUGH Goldheart Assembly Westgarth

Social Club 01642 242164 MORTHAMPTON The Fernones Molly's Music Bar

01604 602442 Twelve Titans Roadmender Centre 01604 604222

MORWICH Natty Arts Centre 01603 660352

NOTTINGHAM Childdy Bang Gatecrasher 0115 910 1101

Dokta B Maze 0115 947 5650 Gelom Spanky Van Dyke 0115 924 3730

Hugh Cornwell Rescue Rooms 0115 958 8484

OXFORD Richard Walters Jericho Tavern

01865 311775 PLYMOUTH Bonobo The Hippo 01752 223737 PRESTON

Andrew Bird 53 Degrees 01772 893 000 SHEFFIELD Alvarez Kings Plug 0114 276 7093

Dead And Divine Corporation 0114 276 0262 Justin Currie 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000 WA Mr Scruff Leadmill 0114 221 2828

SOUTHAMPTON **Subdued J**oiners 023 8022 5612 STOCKTON Turbo Fruits KU Bar 07812 989537

STOKE ON TRENT The Eightles Matchbox B-Line Disaster Sugarmill 01782 214991

ST ALBANS **Brigante** Horn 01727 853143 **SWINDON** La Clique Mystique Vic 01793 535713

UTTOXETER Donovan Racecourse 01889 562 561 WAKEFIELD

Fireblade Snooty Fox 01924 374455 = WOLVERHAMPTON Lostprophets Civic Hall 01902 552121

Pete McLeod The Duchess 01904 641 413

VOICE

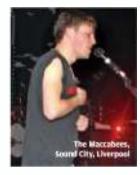
22 May 2010 NME 69

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SATURDAY



Easing us into the weekend party mood, Claire Sturgess plays out classic indie tunes and her latest record of the week, from 8am



You Love Her Coz She's Dead Moles 01225 404445

RELEAST

Ganglians Menagerie 028 9023 5678 Star Spangled Badgers Black Box 00 35391 566511

BIRWINGHAD

Rod Stewart NIA 0121 780 4133 Tweak Bird Capsule 0121 248 2252 Instrict Michaelson O2 Academy 3 0870 771 2000 WA

BRIGHTON

Boo Hewerdine Freebutt 01273 603974

Chrome Hoof Audio 01273 624343 BRISTOL

Bonobo OZ Academy 0870 771 2000 WA

Gavin Thorpe Louisiana 0117 926 5978 Speech Debelle Thekla 08713 100000 Wortex The Tunnels 0117 929 9008 CAMBRIDGE

Pifco Portland Arms 01223 357268 CARDIFF

Grown Ups Clwb Ifor Bach

029 2023 2199

CORK

Dan Sartain Pine Lodge 0871 230 1094

DERBY Dr Feelgood Flowerpot 01332 204955

DONCASTER

Pendulum Dome 01302 370999

Rihanna The O2 01 819 8888

FININGUESH

Balkanarama Studio 24 0131 558 3758 Joy Orbison Cabaret Voltaire

0131 220 6176 Justin Currie Assembly Rooms

0131 220 4348 GLASGOW

Stag & Dagger Divorce/Male Bonding/Yuck/Esben & The Witch/ Wild Beats/The Unv

Hours/Sieigh Bells/Erland & The Carnival/Chapel Club Stag & Dagger 0871 230 1094 Goosedubs 02 Academy 2

0870 771 2000 WA Lostboy King Tut's Wah Wah Hut 0141 221 5279

Nathalie Stern 13th Note Café 0141 553 1638

GRAVESEND

Here & Now Red Lion 01474 566127

Twisted Wheel Square 01279 305000 HITCHIN

Curtains Club 85 01462 432767 IPSWICH

Warlord UK PJ McGinty's

01473 251 515 LEEDS

Chiddy Bang Mine 0871 230 ID94 Desecration The Subculture 0113 245 0689

Echo Town Cockpit Room 3 0113 2441573

Lowfown Blues The Owl 0113 256 5242

Redstar Royal Park Cellars

LIVERPOOL

Sound City: The Maccabees/Los Campesinos!/Is Tropical/Eamon McGrath/Crocodiles/The Sunshine Underground/Mr Fogg/Exile Parade/Neon Lights/The Goodness/ Errors/O Children/Lonelady/ Teenagers in Tokyo/Crystal Fighters/The Ray Summers/The Kits/The Neat/Sound Of Guns/ General Flasco/Fel Comodo/The Blackout/Fionn Regan/Beth Jeans Houghton/Hot Club De Paris/Free



LONDON

020 7636 0933

Decrepit Old Blue Last 020 7613 2478 The Display Team Bull & Gate

Former Ghosts/Parenthetical Girls Luminaire 020 7372 7123

High Tone Garage 020 7607 1818 Malefice Underworld 020 7482 1932 Mr Scruff KOKO 020 7388 3222

0870 606 3400

Praying For The Rain Union Chapel

020 7226 1686 Radiokillaz Rhythm Factory

Sonja Cvitkovic Café Oto 0871 230 1094

Stereo Decade/Keston Cobblers

Club Buffalo Bar 020 7359 6191 The Tennessee Three (12 Academy Islington 0870 771 2000 WA

The Thirst Windmill 020 8671 0700 This Town Needs Guns Borderline 020 7734 5547

020 8667 0155

The Twelves Cargo 0207 749 7840 The 88's Bush Hall 020 8222 6955

Dreadzone Academy 3 0161 832 1111 Emarosa Roadhouse 0161 228 1789

Little Comets Ruby Lounge

Transatiantic Academy 0161 832 1111

NEWCASTLE

Goldheart Assembly Clury 0191 230 4474

0191 232 0430 Zeroerror O2 Academy 2

Souffly Roadmender Centre 01604 604222

NOTTINGHAM

Club 08713 100000

Heat Rock City 08713 100000 The Hubris Chameleon 0115 9505097 Johnny Flynn Rescue Rooms

The Megaphonic Thrift Stealth 08713 100000

The Lancashire Hotpots Queen's Hall 02476 642 454

0870 771 2000 WA

DODTSMOUTH

READING

Centre 0118 960 6060

The Eighties Matchbox B-Line Disaster Corporation 0114 276 0262

Leadmill Q114 221 2828

Gold Future Joy Machine

SWINDON

Mike & The Rhythm Stars

TUNERIDGE WELLS

01892 529176

Over By Dawn The Forum 08712 777101

Guy Honeymoon Escobar 01924 332000

While She Sleeps Snooty Fox 01924 374455 WOLVERHAMPTON

Generic Eric Little Civic 0870 320 700

SUNDAY

May 23

Kassidy Warehouse 0844 847 2319 BATH

Earnon McGrath Moles

01225 404445

BELFAST

Dan Sartain Auntie Annie's 028 9050 1660

The Wilders Black Box DD 36391 566611

BIRMINGHAM Lights 02 Academy 3

0870 771 2000 WA Po' Giri Glee Club 0870 241 5093

BRIGHTON

The Damned Concorde 2 01273 673311 Shonen Knife Freebutt 01273 603974 BRISTOL

Gretchen Peters The Tunnels

0117 929 9008 Holy Fuck The Cooler

0117 945 0999 Johnny Flynn Thekla 08713 100000

CARDIFF

The Delays Clwb Ifor Bach 029 2023 2199

DUBLIE

Soledad Barrio Vicar St 00 3531 889 4900

Villagers Button Factory 00 3531 670 9202

EDINBURGH

Daddy Cabaret Voltaire 0131 220 6176 Lafaro Bannermans 0131 556 3254 Samuel Chase Sneaky Pete's 0131 225 1757

GLASSON

Alicia Keys SECC 0141 248 3000 Bls Stereo 0141 576 5018 Emarosa Cathouse 0141 248 6606 Ganglians Captain's Rest 0141 331 2722

Hip Parade King Tut's Wah Wah Hut 0141 221 5279

Stellar Om Source 13th Note Café 01415531638

IPSWICH

Beat The Red Light PJ McGinty's 01473 251 515

LAMCASTER

Kld Adrift Library 01717 3942651 LEEDS Fun Cockpit 0113 244 3446 Goldheart Assembly Nation Of

Shopkeepers 0113 203 1831 Titus Andronicus Brudenell Social Club 0113 243 5866

LIVERPOO

The Rocket Summer 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000 WA

LONG

Apse The Lexington 020 7837 5387 The Chemical Brothers Roundhouse 020 7482 7318

Conjure One Drngwalls 020 7267 1577 Creche Cargo 0207 749 7840 Gravity Blue Goldhawk 0871 230 1094

Guana Batz Monto Water Rats 020 7837 4412 Lostboy Borderline 020 7734 5547

Metric KOKO 020 7388 3222 Nina Nastasia Cafe Oto 0871 230 1094

Ouimby The Hub 020 7377 1373 Ray Davies Royal Albert Hall 020 7589 8212

The Separation/Chaos:Baby Bull & Gate 020 7485 5358 Tweak Blrd Windmill 020 8671 0700

9Blind Scala 020 7833 2022

MANCHESTER

Alkaline Trio Academy 0161 832 1111 Black Eyed Peas Evening News Arena 0161 950 5000

Crocodiles Deaf Institute 0161 330 4019

Hope Sandoval And The Warm Inventions Club Academy

0161 832 1111 **Jaguar Love** Night And Day Café 0161 236 1822

Marina And The Diamonds

Academy 2 0161 832 1111 **Nell Bryden** Ruby Lounge 0161 834 1392

NORWICH

Havseed Dixle Waterfront 01603 632717 NOTTINEHA

The Needful Things The Central 0115 963 3413 Tim And Sam's Tim And Sam Band With Tim And Sam Spanky Van Dyke

0115 924 3730 OXFORD

Vileevils OZ Academy 2 0870 771 2000 WA

SHEFFIELD

John Boden & The Remnant Kings Boardwalk 0114 279 9090 SOUTHAMPTON

The Wonder Years Joiners 023 8022 5612

STOKE ON TRENT Dan Reed Sugarmill 01782 214991 SWINDON

Show Of Hands 12 Bar 01793 535713

TUNBRIDGE WELLS Andre Duracell Forum 08712 777101

WAKEFIELD Pantheon Snooty Fox 01924 374455



Dead Cat Bounce 100 Club

020 7485 5358

Natalie Merchant Apollo

Pallas Peel 020 8546 3516 The Perils Barfly 0870 907 0999

020 7247 9386

Tilt At Windmills Scream Lounge

MANCHESTER

0161 834 1392

The Needful Things Legends

0870 771 2000 WA NORTHANDTON

Graveyard Johnnys Bodega Social

0115 958 8484

MUNEATON

Holy Fuck 02 Academy 2

Domino Bones Cellars 0871 230 1094

Nina Nastasia South Street Arts

SHEET III.D

Kyte Plug 0114 276 7093 Marina And The Diamonds

SOUTHAMPTO

Unit 02380 225612

The Rolleston 01793 534238 Piemose Band The Vic 01793 535713

Ghost in Mirrors Royal Victoria Hall

WAKEFIELD

Lights Fibbers 01904 651 250

GET IN THE GIG GUIDE!

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

MONDAY

May 24



Rihanna Odyssey 028 9073 9074 Steve Harley Spring & Airbrake 028 032 5068

BIRMINGHAM

Asaf Avidan & The Mojos O2 Academy 3 0870 771 2000 WA

BRIGHTON

Dead Meadow Freebutt 01273 603974 Fuzzbox Engine Room 01273 728 999 Tanilnes Jam 0871 230 1094

CAMBRIDGE

Dirty Tactics Portland Arms

01273 557268

CARDIFF Grand Pocket Orchestra Buffalo Bar

02920 310312 Ora Cogan 10 Feet Tall 02920 228883

COVENTRY

Christy Moore Arts Centre 0871 230 1094

DUBLIN

The Antiers Academy 00 3531 877 9999

EDINBURGH

Male Bonding Sneaky Pete's 0131 225 1757

Nell Brydon Cabaret Voltaire 0131 220 6176

Sian Alice Group The Electric Circus 0131 226 4224

Trigger The Bloodshed Studio 24 0131 558 3758

GLASGOW

Alkaline Trio O2 ABC 0870 903 3444 WA Neal Casal King Tut's Wah Wah Hut 0141 221 5279

15 Times Dead O2 ABC2 0141 204 5151 WA

GUILDFORD

Swanton Bombs Boileroom 01483 440022

LEEDS.

Nils Frahm Holy Trinity Church 0 32 454268

Wax Fang Joseph's Well 0113 203 1861 White Hinterland Nation Of Shopkeepers 0113 203 1831

LIVERPOOL

Dan Reed 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000 WA Ray Davies Philharmonic Hall 0871 230 1094

LONDON

Anais Mitchell 12 Bar Club 020 7240 2622

Avi Buffalo Old Blue Last 020 7613 2478 Choc Quib Town Jazz Café

020 7916 6060 Dru Hill Indigo @ The OZ Arena

0870 701 4444 Fact O2 Academy 2 Islington

0870 771 2000 V:A Holy Fuck Heaven 020 7930 2020

Hope Sandoval And The Warm Inventions Bush Hall 020 8222 6955 Jaguar Love Hoxton Square Bar

& Kitchen 020 7613 0709 Lights Borderline 020 7734 5547 Metric 02 Shepherds Bush Empire 0870 771 2000 WA

Nina Nastasla Café Oto 0871 230 1094

Paul Weller Royal Albert Hall 020 7589 82 2

Pete Lawrie The Old Oueen's Head 0207 839 7261

Reckless Love Barfly 0870 907 0999 Rum N Monkey Underbelly 0207 613 3105

en Knife Scala 020 7833 2022 Smudge Windmill 020 8671 0700 Timber Timbre Luminaire

020 7372 7123 T Mandrake Monto Water Rats 020 7837 4412

Warpaint The Lexington 020 7837 5387 We Are Tokyo 93 Feet East

020 7247 6095

Wolves in The Throne Room Underworld 020 7482 1932

MANCHESTER

Black Eved Peas Evening News Arena 0161 950 5000 Ganglians Deaf Institute

0161 330 4019 The Rocket Summer Academy 2 0141 532 1111

Titus Andronicus Ruby Lounge Q161 834 1392

NEWCASTLE

The Eighties Matchbox B-Line Disaster Cluny 0191 230 4474 Emarosa O2 Academy 2 0870 771 2000 WA

NOTTINGHAM Derek And The Divas Maze

0115 947 5650 Midas Fall Spanky Van Dyke 0115 924 3730

OXFORD

RX Bandits O2 Academy 2 0870 771 2000 WA Sleigh Bells Jericho Tavern 01865 311775

PETERBOROUGH

Imelda May Cresset Centre 01733 265705

PORTSMOUTH

The Xcerts Cellars 0871 230 1094 PRESTON

Crocodiles The Mad Ferret 01772 257180

The Twelves Revolution

0871 230 1094 SHEFFIELD

Peggy Sue Plug 0114 276 7093

SOUTHAMPTON Chapel Club Joiners 023 8022 5612

TUNBRIDGE WELLS **Dethrone Exodus** The Forum

08712 777101

InMe Fibbers 01904 651 250

TUESDAY

May 25

ARERDEEN

Hip Parade Warehouse 0844 847 2319

BARNSTAPLE

Earnon McGrath North Devon College 01271 338210

BASINGSTOKE

Imelda May Anvil 01256 844244 BIRMINGHAM

Chiddy Bang 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000 WA Nell Bryden Hare And Hounds

BRIGHTON

Hayseed Dixie Concorde 2

01273 673311 Malefice Hector's House 01273 681228

Pendulum Centre 0870 900 9100 Quasi Freebutt 01273 603974

RRISTOL

Christy Moore Coiston Hall 0117 922 3683 In Me OZ Academy 2 0870 771 2000 WA

RX Bandits Fleece 0117 945 0996 Sleigh Bells Louisiana 0117 926 5978

CAMBRIDGE Chapel Club Haymakers 01223 367417 Gangilans Portland Arms 01223 357268

Gretchen Peters Junction 2 01223 511511

CARDIFF

Astrosnooze Buffalo Bar 02920 310312

Dead Meadow Barfly 029 2066 7658

FRINKITOGH Adelaide's Cape Cabaret Voltaire 0131 220 6176

Faithless Corn Exchange 0131 443 0404

GLASGOW

Brookside Pivo Pivo 0141 564 8100 The Eighties Matchbox B-Line Disaster Stereo 0141 576 5018 Fire And I 02 Academy 2 06/0 712000 WA Goldheart Assembly King Tut's Wah

Wah Hut 0141 221 5279

Kyte Royal Park Cellars 0113 274 1758 Lafaro Joseph's Well 0113 203 1861

Sian Alice Group Nation Of Shopkeepers 0113 203 1831

LIVERPOOL Absolence O2 Academy 2

0870 771 2000 WA Marina And The Diamonds Masque 0151 707 6171



BRIGHTON

AUDIO 0871 230 1094

LONDON

Alice Russell Union Chanel 020 7226 1686 Alicia Keys The O2 Arena 0870 701 4444 Anals Mitchell 12 Bar Club 020 7240 2622 Antiered Man Old Blue Last 020 7613 2478

A Place To Bury Strangers/ **Crocodiles** Heaven 020 7930 2020 Daara J Family Jazz Café 020 2916 6060 Emarosa Barfly 0870 907 0999 Fiction Alibi 0871 230 1094 Fionn Regan Electric Ballroom

020 7485 9006 Guy bavis Halfmoon 020 8780 9383 Heavy Trash Garage 020 7607 1818 Hope Sandoval And The Warm Inventions Bush Hall 020 8222 6955 The Intelligence Men/The Rent Boys The Lexington 020 7837 5387 Justin Currie 02 Shepherds Bush

Empire 0870 771 2000 WA The Kokos 93 Feet East 020 7247 6095

Landlocked Fighting Cocks 020 8546 5174 Lauren Pritchard Underbelly

0207 613 3105 Mayer Hawthorne III II

0207664 2000

Nils Frahm Café Oto 0871 230 1094

The Ruby Suns Hoxton Square Ban & Kitchen 020 7613 0709 Small Black/Tanilnes Barden's

Boudoir 0770 865 6633 Theophilus London White Heat @ Madame Jo Jo's 020 7734 2473 UNKLE KOKO 020 7388 3222

Vinicius Cantuaria Barbican Hall 020 7638 8891

The Xcerts Borderline 020 7734 5547

MANCHESTER Asaf Avidan & The Mojos Night And Day Café 0161 236 1822

Dirty Habit Roadhouse 0161 228 1789 Mark Knopfler Evening News Arena

0161 950 5000 NEWCASTLE

Alkaline Trio 02 Academy 0870 771 20**00 WA**

MADWICH

Peggy Sue Arts Centre 01603 660352 NOTTINGHAM

Little Comets Bodega Social Club 08713 100000 Ray Wylie Hubbard Maze

0115 947 5650

DXFORD Slow Club O2 Academy 2

0870 771 2000 WA PORTSMOUTH

Simon & Oscar Wedgewood Rooms 023 9286 3911

Swanton Bombs Cellars

0871 230 1094

Obsessive Compulsive Dog And Partridge 01772 252217 SHIFFELD

Heat Corporation 0114 276 0262 Ray Davies City Hall 0114 278 9789

SOUTHAMPTON Scott McEwan & The Candle Thieves Joiners 023 8022 5612

ST ALBANS

Screaming From The Ashes Horn



O₂ customers can get Priority Tickets to thousands of gigs nationwide up to 48 hours before general release. Just register at o2priority.co.uk When Priority Tickets are gone, they're gone. Terms apply.

THIS WEEK IN 2004

MEET UPS, KASABIAN CLIMB HIGH AND LOVE THE SAINT



OULD YOU TRUS YOUR MARRIAGE

THE PRIEST THEY **CALLED HER**

Many might say that Courtney Love has never been a saint. But here it's reported that she has become ordained by the Universal Life Church and presided over the mass wedding of 22 couples in Lake Tahoe, Nevada, who won a competition through her website. The Good Lord is unavailable for comment...



CLUB FOOT-BALL

Kasabian are riding high in the midweek charts with their new single 'Club Foot' and celebrate this - along with Leicester City's 3-1 win over Portsmouth in the last home game of the season - with a gig at the Half

Time Orange pub behind the Walkers Stadium. Five hundred fans pack in, with a further 200 turned away. A sign of things to come for Leicester's finest.

he rock-star-meets rock-star cover is a grand tradition of NME, and this week there's three of them Morrissey is introduced to Franz Ferdinand a band he was attracted to because he "can hear Sparks in their music". Elsewhere old NYC cool meets its modern incarnation as Lou Reed sits down with The Strokes at the rear of East Village drinking hole I it (and is allowed to smoke, too!). His a lyice to his heir apparents is "not to let anyone touch what you do". Albert Hammond Jr then cautiously asks whether Lou owns an MP3 player – he does – which leads to a discussion about free downloading, and the not that-shocking revelation that I ou is "against it".

Back in Blighty, young Ordinary Boys frontman Preston is asking Paul Weller what he thinks of "the commodification of celebrity and the way it seems so attainable the e days?". Weller replies that it "sends out such a shit message that life's just about being famous." Just 19 months later, Preston would walk into the Celebrity Big Brother house.

ALSO IN THE ISSUE THAT WEEK

· Jay-Z and Beyoncé are joined by Dizzee, The Streets and Mos Def for the two-day Prince's Trust Urban Music Festival at Earls Court

- Slipknot's 'Vol 3 (The Subliminal Verses)' is awarded 8/10. "Two thirds of it is still comprised of head-spinning speed metal," writes Dan Silver, "but there are signs of genuine progression"
- The Killers' 'Mr Brightside' is proclaimed Runner-Up Single Of The Week, beaten by Hope Of The States' 'The Red The White The Black The Blue'
 - · First generation 15GB iPods are advertised for sale at £249
 - · A Darkness fan writes in to complain about Justin Hawkins trying to get her thrown out of a gig because he thought she was from NME

NME EDITORIAL

NME EDITOR I AL

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TAXING THE FINEST MINDS IN ROCK'N'ROLL FOR 60 YEARS

Compiled by Trevor Hungerford



A BAG OF NME SWAG



CLUES ACROSS 1 Hole lotta Love, not by The Mamas And The

9 30 Seconds To Mars, and it's fighting talk (4-2-3)
10 Holy Fuck. This is not language used by

many (5)

11 Inane, perhaps, to get a Norwegian with 'Chewing Gum' as a hit (5)

12 A bit of a vague route taken by Beck on album (5)

album (5)
13-26D Where '60s hitmakers The Hollies were
waiting to start their journey (3-4)
14 Electronic act charged with 'Baghdad
Batteries' (3)
16-21A "Help me, help me, help me sail away/
Well give me two good reasons why I oughta stay",
The Kinks (5-0).

The Kinks (5-9)

18+28A Nirvana number recorded somehow in the toilet, Hugh (2-3-5)

20 Shack's single award for acting (5)

21 (See 16 across)

22 Sam acknowledges the inclusion of a singer from That Petrol Emotion (4) 23 Rapper who's into the niceties (3-1) 24 (See 7 down)

25 (See 15 down)
27 Albums '__ Trippin'' by Snoop Dogg or '__ War'
by Audio Bullys (3)
28 (See 18 across)

29 It's alright to make a move for a Grammy Video Award-winning band (2-2)

31 (See 2 down)

32 It's Paul Weller on the phone... oh, he's gone (4-2)

CLUES DOWN
1 It's Paul Weller again - dried your eyes, mate? (2-5-2-3)

(2-5-2-3)
2+31A Beach Boy who gave us a '5mile' (5-6)
3 US country rockers whose albums include 'Pizza
Deliverance' and 'The Big To-Do' (5-2-8)
4 Questioning the cheerless music of Manic Street
Preachers (2-3-2-3)

5 It's OK to be unmoved by Lily Allen's music (7-5) 6 A longer ring, Ed, could perhaps get you in touch with band who had '70s hit with 'Radar

7+24A The Rolling Stones on album – just a lot of pricks getting under your skin by design (6-3)

8 Bassist with The Kissaway Trail comes out of the

door unexpectedly (4)
15+25A US band unable to see the fruit of their work

such as 'No Rain' (5-5)
17 Any chance of including an Interpol number (1-1-1)

19 Desire to make a telephone call to the drummer with the Pixies (8).

22 Tom unkind to have included a Jesus & Mary Chain album (5)

25 Keith ____, drummer for The Who until his death in 1978 (4)

26 (See 13 across) 30 Sound surprised that Ciara performed with Ludacris (2)



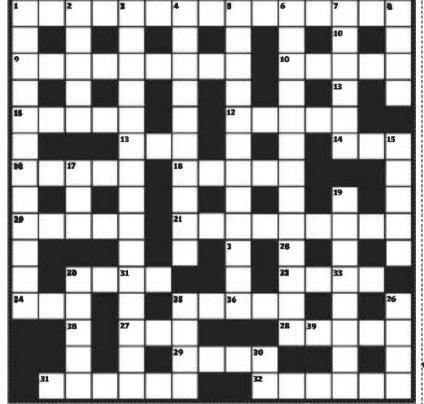
Simply cut out the crossword and send it, along with your name, address and email, marking the envelope with the issue date, before Tuesday, May 18, 2010, to the following address: Crossword, NME, 4th Floor, Blue Fin Building, 110 Southwark Street, London SE1 OSU.

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

APRIL 24 ANSWERS

1-12A The Only Exception, 8+6D Kitchens Of Distinction, 11-21A Our Tribe, 14-18D Here We Go, 17 Clinic, 19 Triffids, 23 EMF, 24 The Cave, 25 N.W.O, 27 Pilgrim, 29 Life, 30+15A Nitzer Ebb.

1+5A Take Over The World, 2+28A Enter Shikari, 3 No Hope, No Future, 4 Yankee. 5 Who, 7 Faint, 10 Spin, 13 Cult, 16+9A Brimful Of Asha, 20 Dream On, 21+26D The Time Warp, 22 LA, 27 PIL, 28 Set.





EVEN INCH STORIES BY PHILLIP MARSDEN









FANMAIL

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

Edited by Mark Beaumont







NME.COM/ FACEBOOK



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NME.COM/BLOGS



KELISTHE HYPOCRITE?

From: Sandra Busell To: NME

Ten out of to to you, Kelis for hypocrisy and a similar score for stupidity. You complain that you don't appreciate being judged for your "morals" and "guidelines", [Vi Kelis, NME May 8 in which Kelis argued she cares more about humans than animals so it doesn't matter if she wears mink], but as your "morals" are non-existent you really must expect a response. You claim to care about more important issues than cruelty to animals, such as poverty. It should be obvious, even to a moron, that one doesn't have to cancel out the other. You choose to. As for your claim about being more concerned about issues such as poverty, what about the millions of people who are starving because of the animal-based diet that you cat? By taking food that they need, but which is given instead to futten up farm animals, is not only a very inefficient way of producing food, it also contributes to the starvation and death of fellow humans. Where are your morals and guidelines there, Kelis?

NME's response...

From: NME

Toe Sandra Busall

True, Kelis claiming she wears mink because they're "nodents" and "there are tons of them" is a bit like the fishermen of the 1970s going, "they're cod, for fuck's sake, they're everywhere!" But are you really saying we should solve world hunger by giving children animal feed, Sandra? Last I heard they were feeding livestock mushed-up low brains - MB

Get in touch at any of the above addresses, plus winners should email letters@nme.com to daim their prize.

BUMS TO THE DRUMS

From: Drums Hater To: NME

Can I just say, as I seem to be the only person that feels this, that The Drums, who feature heavily in your magazine, are bloody awful. I saw them recently on a late night chat-show on BBC1 on Friday, and it was one of the worst performances ever. The bloke with crap turn-ups and a child's haircut at the front did an incredibly bad Morrissey impression and wailed like a child, the lead guitarist's guitar was not in tune, the drummer played one beat all the way through, there was no bass, and they had the cheek to do a Beatles-style bow at the end. Please stop talking about them.

From: NME

To: Drums Hater Aw, come on The Hater, how can you fail to be entertained by Jonathan Pearce's song-explaining

Pearce's song-explaining mimes – he does wave motions during 'Let's Go Surfing' ferchrissake! He's like if Lee Evans had a baby with Alan from The Rakes. And if you don't think 'Best Friend' is a cracking tune then you, sir, have ear-

drums of blancmange - MB

NO-DUBZ From: Nathan Ford

From: Nathan Ford To: NME

Why are you giving ANY space to N-Dubz? (NME, April 17) You can't sit there and tell me that a bunch of untalented chavs and scum are musicians, or even artists. Kurt Cobain, Jimi Hendrix, Jim Morrison - they were artists. As one of the few people who still listens to ROCK and not poppy crap, I beg you, cover a good band from past eras over the absolute crap of today. Kurt

would have laughed at the whole idea of artists like N-Dubz and Dizzee Rascal. They aren't music at all. Music is art, and art is expression, and expression is freedom.

From: NME

To: Nathan Ford Initial points, Nathan: 1) NME has devoted entire issues to Nirvana, Sex Pistols, Joy Division, The Beatles et al in recent years and approximately 735 words to N-Dubz, and 2) if you think that N-Dubz and Dizzee Rascal aren't 'musicians' who make 'music', heaven help you at your next Health gig. Anyway, shouldn't we spare at least a little space to write about a Number One band who paintball their own fans, smoke jazz fags at Alton Towers, start feuds with Lethal Bizzle and La Roux, send death-threat text messages to phone-in callers, rap about the benefits of teenage contraception and dress like Mickey Mouse on crack? I know what this calls for... a decision for the twittering masses, so...

From NMEMagazine To: 69,000 Twitter followers

Would you rather read about Jimi Hendrix or N-Dubz in

From: Tony2Pints To: NME

Unless one of their members does something amazing like reach puberty, I never want to read about that bunch of shits again.

From: KitsuneHendrix To: NME

Is there no way of finding a medium between the two, somehow? There's relevance to both.

From: Molliemacgregor To: NME

(Whispers) N-DUBZ! oh and some Justin Bieber. Yeah, thanks!:)

From: Aicky To: NME

I'd rather remove my ball bag with a cheese-grater than read about N-Dubz, what was the other option?

From: Cupkaykie To: NME Jimi heN-Dubz,

From: 68,995 other Twitter followers To: NME

HENDRIX, of course, you bloody idiot, N-Dubz are shite!

From: NME To: 69,000 Twitter followers

That's us told then! Dust off the Woodstock shot, predouse the Stratocaster in paraffin for the competition prize and get Gaggle to re-make the 'Electric Ladyland' sleeve! From now on, we're the New Monterey Express - MB



STALKER

From: Tara To: NME

"This is me and my friends meeting Alessi from Alessi's Ark at Laura Marling's gig."

FOAL-ED OVER From: Dafydd Haine To: NME

Since the moment I bought 'Antidotes', I've always loved Foals. Now, after reading Mark Beaumont's brilliant article. I realise how truly beautiful Yannis and co are. To me, they're everything a band could aspire to be and are making incredible and inspiring music that has a resonance I simply cannot describe. I just felt like I needed to share this love of their music with you all, and remind you that buying 'Total Life Forever' on Monday will probably be the best tenner you spend for

quite a long while...

From: NME To: Dafydd Haine

What I find most fascinating about Foals is that we're only just scratching their surface. Yannis is just now opening up about the childhood therapy sessions that left him talking like a laudanum-addled romantic poet and writing lyrics set in Mad Max and we haven't even started getting into Edwin's Jehovah's Witness nutterdom yet. They're as intriguing in interview as they are on record, and their musical adventure looks set to make Clash Of The Titans look like The One Show. What is it about them that makes you want to shiver and shake like that bloke from The Drums with electrodes clipped to his gonads, Dafydd? - MB

From: Dafydd Haine To: NME

Well, considering I just bought 'Total Life Forever' a few hours ago and have already decided it's easily the most fascinating and catchy album I've heard this year, my love for them has been solidified. And, of course - as stated in your article - the fact that Yannis is now actually singing gives a much more resonating and emotive touch to his lyrics, that are, as usual, absolutely superb. They've proved that a talented, passionate group of artists can make something not far short of a masterpiece, regardless of age. Now all I need to do is see them live...

UNCHAINED MALADY

From: Stephen Howcutt To: NME

During Foals' gig at the O2 ABC in Glasgow I managed to obtain the lead singer's chain. I was planning to keep this as a souvenir however, I found out that the chain was very close to him, since it belonged to his mother. I'm very willing to try and return this to him. but have no real idea how. I wanted to seek advice from NME.

From: NME To: Stephen Howcutt (Sniffs wetly, chews phlegm) We'll take it off your hands

From: Stephen Howcutt To: NME Nah I don't think so :L

for a tenner - MB

Web Slinging The highlight of this week's NME.COM blogs

HAS EMINEM TOTALLY

Do you remember when Eminem used to be fun? More and more, especially when freestyle 'Despieable' surfaced at the start of the week, we've been wondering when he got so dull.

A particular nadir is his reference to NF1 player Ben Roethlisberger, recently accused of sexually assaulting a college student in a nightchib toiler (the case was later dropped due to insufficient evidence). The most offensive thing about it is how casual it is. There's nothing proven, but this was a real girl.

So has he lost it? Perhaps the best answer lies in the fact that when the imminent release of 'Not Afraid' was announced, we found ourselves waiting just to see if it wasn't shit. Emily Mackay, Reviews Editor

Best of the responses... If you don't change your

style/topic in the last 10 years then people will grow tired of you and your sound becomes boring and loses the magic touch it once had.

The timing of this article would be perfect if Em hadn't just released his best single since 'Lose Yourself'. Matthew



His shock tactic lyrics used to be exciting and funny, a sharp two fingers in the face of the established order, now they just seem tired and forced, almost like they're a gimmick. Ben

Cannot believe you would take the technique he displays on this track for granted! That is the point of the song: it's an exercise in lyricism and 'flow'! If you want lyrical content, wait for the album. Brian

OK, 'Relapse' wasn't the record we were hoping for but let's not forget he's come back from a very dark place to make a brave record.

From: NMF

To Stephen Howcutt Your loss, pal. Wanna buy some speakers? Just joking, we'll help you return it - MB

BEAUMONT BOTHERER

From: Gareth Moffitt To: NME Where the fuck is Mark Beaumont?

From: NME To: Gareth Moffitt

That depends which Mark Beaumont you mean, Gareth. Mark Beaumont the veteran NME gag 'monkey' is still here, writing "brilliant" (not my words, I'll have you know, the words of Dafydd Haine) Foals features. Mark Beaumont the glory-stealing celebrity cyclist, meanwhile, is probably on an expedition to be the first man to cycle to the bottom of the San Andreas Fault while making a documentary about how much the stupid stunt hurts his arse - MB

From: Gareth Moffitt To: NME

Sorry, I was after the cyclist.

From: NME To: Gareth Moffitt You and everyone who's ever viewed my profile on match.com - MB



STALKER

From: Fraser To: NME

"Went to the amazing Foals gig at the O2 ABC in Glasgow the other night, it was a great gig and me and my friend Erin got to meet Yannis before the event. He was really nice to talk to and pretty humble."

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POLOGIES TO JESS BAJINIUNG FOR 115 SPELLING HIS MAME WROMG ON THE LEAD RADAR IN THE MAY 15 ISSUE. REALLY SORRY JESS. IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN. PHOTOS: GETTY, FILMMAGIC





Coming Next Week

Out Wednesday May 26

THE DRUMS SMITH WESTERNS HUNKS REAL ESTATE WOODS SURFER BLOOD WARPAINT GANGLIANS HERZOG APPETITE THE MAYFAIR SET PURE ECSTASY STRANGE BOYS MAGIC KIDS FREELANCE WHALES SLEEPOVER TITUS ANDRONICUS

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Why American inclination of the state of the

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THE LIVE RETURN
OF THE KIWI

20 YEARS SINCE SPIKE ISLAND, IAN BROWN SPEAKS IS MIA'S PRODUCER ABOUT TO SAVE UK DANCE?

DOESROCKIPROLL KULL BRAINCELLS? TESTING MUSICIANS' MEMORIES AFTER A LIFETIME OF ABUSE This Week Tous guitarist was rumoured and to replace John Squire WANT TOUS TOUR MANT TOUR MANT

QUESTION 1

Which famous guitarist was rumoured to have offered to replace John Squire in 1996?

"Slash. Is it true? Maybe it is, maybe it isn't. I haven't got a fucking Scooby Doo! Slash seems all right. He'd have had to not wear that ridiculous hat. And don't bring those snakes near me, boy!"

Correct



QUESTION 2

Who was presenting The Late Show when the power cut out midway through The Stone Roses' live performance of 'Made Of Stone' in 1989?
"Oooh, some blonde-haired lady, what the bloody hell was her name? Was it a Kate or a Heather or something? It was a very highbrow BBC programme, The Late Show. It was funny watching her twitch, I tell you!" Incorrect. Tracey MacLeod



QUESTION 3

Why don't Simon Pegg and Nick Frost throw The Stone Roses' 'Second Coming' at the zombies in the back garden in Shaun Of The Dead?

"Because they like it! I love that movie. I was just glad that someone finally admitted to liking the most underrated album of my career."

Correct. They throw New Order's Blue Monday', The Batman Soundtrack, Dire Straits (unspecific album) and Sade 'Diamond Life', but not 'Second Coming'

QUESTION 4

What three colours did NME paintsplatter you on the front cover in



November 1989, reprinted again in April 2009?

"Blue, white and black. We added red paint and my forehead went all scarlet, there was something in the red paint that freaked my skin out. We didn't take a change of clothes so I had to go home in a paint-splashed suit of clothing, which incidentally I found under the stairs in a bag about four years ago. It's now on display at the British Music Experience Exhibition at the O2 Arena along with the bass which I found behind the couch!"

QUESTION 5

Correct

How many trout did you catch on Scottish TV fishing show Trout'N'About in 2004? "I was credited with one but I didn't catch any. We bought mine from the trout farm!" No points for lying to us on TV

QUESTION 6

What were the exact words on the piece of artwork John Squire created to deny The Stone Roses reforming in March 2009?

"Did he do some kind of a cross or something? I don't know what it said. I could ask him!"

Incorrect. "I have no desire whatsoever to desecrate the grave of seminal Manchester pop group The Stone Roses 18.3.09"

QUESTION 7

You're a famous Red, so... Man City Vs Man United, 17 April 2010, who scored and in what minute?

"Paul Scholes scored the winner in a 1-0 victory for United in the 92nd minute. I was watching it in a bar in downtown Beijing, China where I was fucking stuck because of

the volcano."

Correct



QUESTION 8

What's bappening on the front cover of Primal Scream's 2000 album 'XTRMNTR'?

"Military images, jet fighters and a geezer in a helmet."

Correct

QUESTION 9

Where and when are Primal Scream booked to play 'Screamadelica' in full later in the year?

"The gigs are taking place on November 26 and 27 at the Olympia in London. That's all I've got to work towards this year, isn't it? I'm only joking. I shall be out doing some gigs with the Freebass thing very soon."

Correct

QUESTION 10

Freebass has three bass players. Which early '90s West Midlands band famously had two?

"The Freebass album is all done. It's not going to be world-changing; it's just some guys having fun making some music. Who had two bass players? I really don't remember..."

Incorrect. Ned's Atomic Dustbin



"That's not bad going. Surprisingly, my memory is better than ever, man. There's a lot to be said for damage done, but my brain is still as sharp as ever!"

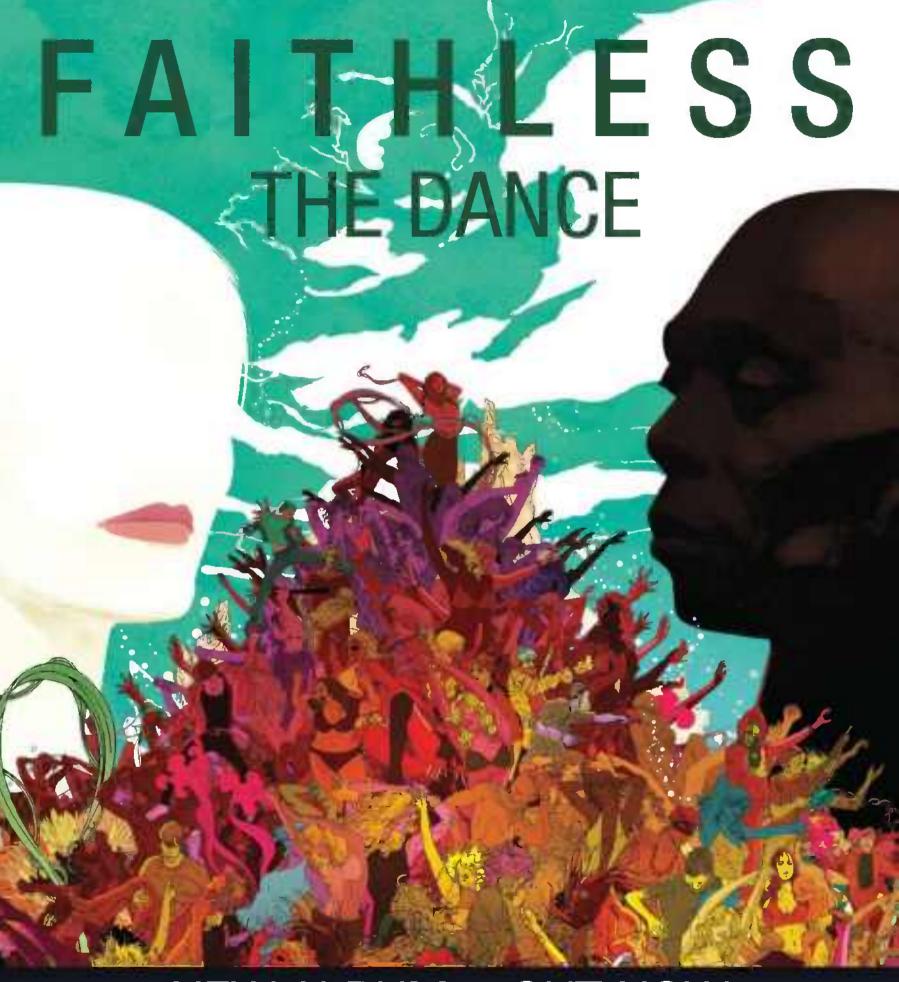
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