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OUCH. RICHARD ASHCROFT FANS LOOK AWAY
NOW. AND CRY

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ON REPEAT

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



TRACK
OF
THE
WEEK

CHAPEL CLUB

The Shore

I know, I know, I too am seriously close to grabbing the next dour-arsed Ian Curtis impersonator that comes moping and droning out of the major labels' Fritzl-style torture dungeon for pale'n'toneless streaks of piss, and dangling them off the top of Manchester's greyest municipal edifice and seeing how much they sodding well hate life then. But just as you're stocking up on meat-hooks, along come Chapel Club, breathing new life into the current wave of miserablist noir pop thanks to a penchant for Kitchens Of Distinction scascapes and the fact that Lewis Bowman can actually, like, *sing*. It's almost as if we've endured that third Editors album in order to get to *this*.

"You liar, you coward, you snake" Bowman intones – the suave bastard offspring of Nick Cave, Scott Walker, Julian Cope and hum from out of The National – while his band make noises like Scandinavian mountain ranges falling into the ocean. Or Sigur Rós being ripped into a million molecules by

the flippant gravitational pulse of a black hole. Or sperm whales having a rather marvellous shag. References to "blood on the water", Biblical characters and the use of the word "tessellate" suggest we're

They're breathing new life into the current wave of miserablist noir pop

dealing with that much maligned creature, the poetically inclined, quasi-religious goth, but 'The Shore' is so absorbing you're willing to suffer any amount of mosaic re-interpretations of *The Outsider* to remain in its company.

Like an incoming storm, it begins with a gentle lapping of waves and a chill sense of foreboding before a distant-thunder drumbeat propels Bowman through louche tales of wasted youth – "aimless train ride's", "the best hours of our lives" spent "In flower markets, on balconies". From this torpid pool of wistful inertia it builds to a high-peaked squall of a crescendo, Bowman crowing "Golden-shadowed one, you are your own god" like a Narnian Devendra Banhart. These still waters run deep, rise high and rock hard. **Mark Beaumont, writer**
Free download from chapelclub.com now



DEVLIN

Brainwashed

"They never knew what my name was, but now you're being brainwashed", sings 21-year-old Devlin in his first single proper, the perfect accompaniment to his gritty rise to grime fame. A beat and synth-filled, in-your-face taste of the forthcoming album 'Bud, Sweat & Beers' from the Dagenham spitter. **Abby Tayleure, writer**
On YouTube now

FRANKIE & THE HEARTSTRINGS

Needle In The Camel's Eye

If you can't glam up for your birthday, when can you? Celebrating Wichita's 10th anniversary, Frankie and co get their stomp on with a cover of Brian Eno's classic. Don't worry, no spandex implosions here, as the Sunderlanders infuse the 'Here Come The Warm Jets' cut with a pumping electro soul. **Paul Stokes, Associate Editor**
On the Daily Download at NME.com now

PHILIP SELWAY

By Some Miracle

Perhaps the only drummer to have his own Japanese fan club, Radiohead's Phil 'Ip' Selway's nice guy image conceals a turbulent soul, if this track from his debut solo album 'Familial' is anything to go by. A cobwebby acoustic number with a *Wicker Man* feel, it's fairly obviously a song about depression ("There's a black dog down in the basement... snapping at my heels"). Then again, he's in Radiohead: what did you expect, 'Agadoo'? **Luke Lewis, Deputy Editor, NME.COM**
Free download from philipselway.com/

HESTA PRYNN

Can We Go Wrong

Formerly the MC with female rap group Northern State, New Yorker Hesta Prynne here takes a foray into electro-pop. Static beats skitter under a Santigold-style vocal, with a riff that The Strokes would kill for. Miss it at your peril. **Ailbhe Malone, writer**
On MySpace now

PVT

Window

They may have lost their vowels (following a dispute with shockingly awful US emo band Pivot) but they haven't lost their growl. 'Window' is more exciting than the name

would suggest, a porthole into new record 'Church With No Magic' of such math-rock majesty it demonstrates business as usual from the Aussie three.

Tim Chester, Assistant Editor, NME.COM
On NME's Daily Download blog now

CEE-LO GREEN

No One's Gonna Love You

The roundest, shiniest sex-crazed soul sensation to bellow his walrus-lust across the radiowaves in recent years is back with a new album this autumn, 'Cee-Lo Green Is The Lady Killer'. First single from it is this Band Of Horses cover, produced by Paul Epworth. Retaining the original's melancholic grace but clothing it in a dark cloak of flashing bleeps and warped, abyssal bass, it's gorgeous. **Emily Mackay, Reviews Editor**
On NME.COM now

THE KILLS

Pale Blue Eyes

Yep, it's true – The Kills cover a Velvets classic for a Levi's viral campaign. But... wait! Because while Alison Mosshart stays true to the original here, it's Mr Moss' reworking of the solo that impresses most – reminding us that, actually, he does still have a day job and he's a star employee when he wants to be. **Matt Wilkinson, News Reporter**
Free from levispioneersessions.com now

GET CAPE, WEAR CAPE, FLY

Collapsing Cities

Ah, you knew someone was missing from the 2010 party, didn't you? Well, heartsore and righteous troubadour Sam Duckworth is back, and this time, he's brought beats, courtesy of original jungle legend Shy FX. While it ain't the bleeding edge of aqua-crunk, the warmly old-school sounds perfectly complement Sam's too-long-gone urgent croon. **Duncan Gillespie, writer**
On MySpace now



ASHER ROTH

GRIND

"Change I can feel it, Mr President it's all going to be OK..." Asher Roth's ode to Obama seems a bit late given that America's currently sitting under three inches of spilt oil, but this is still a sweet little song with a nice old-skool feel and smiley singalong parts. Unusual coming from such an obvious bad-ass gangsta as Asher. **Martin Robinson, Deputy Editor**
On YouTube now

MAIN STAGE, SATURDAY

EMINEM TAKES THE HIGH ROAD TO RECOVERY

After five years away from the stage, during which time he hit rock bottom, Marshall Mathers makes his return at T (or "Edinburgh" as he calls it) and he's making good progress



Well, there's a hiatus, and then there's a *hiatus*.

Generally for most acts, unless you're a ginger corn-rowed singer with a penchant for whacking

photographers, the term means a lapse into sporadic DJ sets and a swift development to 'legendary' level on Fifi. But Marshall Mathers' hiatus was darker, involving – as he's admitted – methadone, drinking cough syrup from the bottle, Valium, Vicodin and, ultimately, rehab. "My doctor told me the amount of methadone I was taking was equivalent to shooting up four bags of heroin," he said last year. "Even when they told me I had almost died, it didn't click."

Recently, having pretty much communicated to fans only through the lyrics of last year's 'Relapse' album and this year's 'Recovery', Eminem's state is still shady. We know he's clean, better, in the mood for music again (two albums within a year is not to be sniffed at – whether you use one to disown the other one or not). So maybe, considering that it wasn't so long ago that the drug tales began circulating along with pictures of him in car parks looking 'bloated', we should feel lucky Marshall Mathers is on this earth at all.

Certainly, we should feel lucky that he's chosen to play his first European gig in five years in a rainy field near Dunfermline. When the news was announced in February the natural reaction was a glass clink to celebrate the return of one of the few world-straddling eccentric music stars around. But his actions between then and now have shifted expectation on from

hopefulness for a triumphant Greatest Hits and tolerance of a few dodgy 'Relapse' tracks. Now, 'Recovery' has made this show much more important. With the new album a leap forward musically from the so-so 'Relapse' – but also by no means an *indisputable* return to form – T In The Park arrives at precisely the point where Eminem will either start walking the path of true musical recovery (the sales are already in place – the album shot straight to Number One in the UK) or slump into a depressing cycle of Akon collaborations.

Days before this show there were rumours (quashed by T authorities) that Marshall had pulled the show, and by 9.45pm, half an hour after his scheduled start, there's no sign of him. Chants of "Where? Where? Where the fuck is Eminem?" ripple through the last raindrops of the evening, but they switch to cheers when the bass throbs kick in and Eminem bounds – *really* bounds – onstage to open with 'Won't Back Down'. His face is slim and healthy-looking, belying his 37 years, and for the opening five rap-punches he doesn't let up the energy; '3am', 'Square Dance', 'WTP' and 'The Marshall Mathers LP' classic 'Kill You' all dripping with menacing aggression. The latter song ends with a piercing gunshot effect, making everybody jump. In front of the Main Stage are a mass of 'I LOVE SLIM SHADY' signs and bumping bodies as far as the eye can see. It is the busiest headline show in years, no question.

Promisingly, the horny thump of 'Recovery' slab 'So Bad' thuds heavier than 'Cleanin' Out My Closet', and 'The Way I Am' sees Eminem sear his anger around the stage, hand-scything as he accents rhymes and bounces to the crunch-ripped from his band – a minimal set-up with a row of DJs and percussionists, guitar, bass and drums (no chainsaws for this one). D12 are more than happy to bumble on for 'When The Music Stops', 'Under The Influence', 'Fight Music', 'Purple Pills' and 'My Band' – the latter the set highlight so far as Em finds the perfect balance between larking about with his homies and ensuring his rapping tongue stays sharp. And it really *is* sharp – every syllable arrowing through the chilly Scottish sky.

Then come the thunder and sludgy beats of 'Stan' – and within two minutes one of the most inspired festival moments in years runs headlong into the most can-crushingly frustrating. "My tea's gone cold I'm wondering why..." the crowd bellows, in a singalong with a touch



Eminem's pre-T dispatches: (from top) the 'Relapse' sleeve, being shady, 'Recovery'

more depth and poise than the usual Fratellis "Nab, nah nab nab" business. Em delivers the opening verses, as Stan, as if talking to a child, wide-eyed and soft, a song story so familiar it sends a shiver anticipating how he's going to amp up the anger for the climax. Except he doesn't. Like so many of his songs tonight, he cuts out after a couple of verses. The crowd had been bellowing, *bellowing* along, and it just cuts into 'Sing For The Moment' before Dido's got within sniffing distance of the car boot. It's an awful misjudgement, but Em has the luxury of a back catalogue so strong he's able to recover. He machine gun-fires snippets of 'Crack A Bottle', 'My Name Is', 'The Real Slim Shady', 'Without Me' – the pedigree of each justifying the cutting short of the song that preceded it. And just about justifying the existence of schmaltzy slush-balls 'Not Afraid', 'Beautiful' and 'Love The Way You Lie' – the

'crossover' songs that just come across as naff as a Care Bear teddy clutching a stuffed heart.

He ends with 8 Mile song 'Lose Yourself', one of the greatest ever rock songs that's not a rock song, offering genuinely heartfelt thanks to those assembled. "I just wanna say thank you so much for the support you've shown over

the years, for not giving up on me," he says, one finger in the air (not his middle one). "Peace."

And then he's gone. That's a lot of lyrics to remember, regardless of how many multi-coloured pills you've been popping on your break from live action. The physical recovery is clearly complete. And judging by tonight's symptoms, if he can keep an eye on those sometimes worrying saccharine collaboration levels, you wouldn't bet against the all-clear for everything else very soon. **Jamie Fullerton**

[What the crowd thought]



DANIEL BATHER
"What a smart show! I think the press built him up to make people expect him to be a bit rubbish, but he was still brilliant. The stage set-up being quite basic suited him too, he's not the kind of guy you'd expect to have a flashy show. The singles medley at the end was amazing too."



SARAH MCQUARRIE
"I didn't realise he was going to be that good! It was brilliant. A couple of people said that he might cancel and we wondered whether he'd turn up, but he's the type of person that you stay late for. One thing though: he kept on shouting out to Edinburgh – we're in Balado for goodness' sake!"



CARLY MEANEY
"The half-hour wait for him to come onstage was worth it, although I've been waiting here since half 10 this morning! But you would though, just because it's Eminem. I didn't think he'd be as good as he was – he was better than I even imagined. It was a once-in-a-lifetime experience."



Back in black and
back on track:
although
Eminem's rude
middle finger
postures need
a bit more work

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Mumford & Sons (l-r): Ted, Ben, Marcus, Winston. Marcus is the only one with proper Young Farmers' wellies, though

KING TUT'S WAH WAH TENT. SATURDAY

THE BAND OF THE PEOPLE PARTY WITH THEIR PUBLIC

Having conquered the charts and slayed Glastonbury, what would Mumford & Sons have in store for T In The Park? Nothing less than a full-on celebratory riot of a love-in, of course...

So how the hell did we get here? How did that weird little band with the silly butchers'-shop name and the waistcoats and the dobro get to be headlining T In The Park at the same time as Eminem and The Prodigy? "I think, genuinely," muses Marcus Mumford, swaddled in a towel for warmth in a hut-like dressing

room on a wet, grey Balado afternoon, "it's simply down to people who came to shows and liked them and then told their mates. We just played gig after gig after gig."

Hmm, the old 'grassroots word-of-mouth live build-up' chestnut, eh? Very modest, but clearly there's something else at work here. This time last year, Mumford & Sons were opening the King Tut's Wah

Wah Tent. Now they're headlining it, their debut album is certified platinum, and this summer they've got major billings at seemingly every festival on the planet. Then they go back on tour, with no let-up until December. Come on, Marcus, what is it that so many people have connected with so quickly? "We don't self-analyse," he says quickly and firmly. "We just don't do it, we think it's dangerous."

T IN THE PARK REVIEW



In tribute to Eminem, Ben rocks the trailer park white trash look

Especially if you start writing songs thinking about where you're at, or who's then gonna hear them or what they're gonna be used for... we play the gigs, play to whoever shows up and try to write songs that we believe in, and that we feel represent us as people... so yeah."

As double-bassist Ted Dwane notes, they "can't really call themselves famous" as they've been walking around the site all day unmoistened. His bandmate Winston is correct when he says "people recognise us through our music". Plenty of these people are willing to stand up and testify. Certain words keep coming up: 'different', 'passion', 'honesty', 'real'.

Mumfette Claire is charmed by the power of their gigs. "They're different, and they're actually musicians. They're so good, they sound the same live as they do on record." Fellow fan Joanna, meanwhile, favours their mood-lifting powers: "If you listen to them when you're feeling down, they'll pick you up."

Her friends, Ethan and Nathan, look suitably unimpressed. Not fans, boys?

"At all the parties we go to," explains Ethan, "some random drunk girl always decides to put them on and then the party goes right downhill, it ruins everything!"

Each to their own. Still, aside from ruining young men's sex lives, recent success has brought other perks.

"The last couple of months have been a very big couple of months in the world of Mumford & Sons," nods keyboardist Ben Lovett. "America was a lot of fun. The reception was way beyond anything we expected, because we've only just started in America... And then we're recording with Ray Davies, which is mindblowing. If someone had said that we were going to be doing that, like, six months ago, we just wouldn't have believed them."

"EMINEM HAS JUST GOT SALES AND SWEARING. MUMFORD HAVE GOT HEART" CRAIG, 19

"There was nothing manly about it, he was just bawling," scoffs Ben.

"I DON'T KNOW WHO I AM!" mock-blubs Marcus.

Disarmingly genuine in the flesh, the band don't think of success in terms of sales or awards (although they've got quite a few of both). It's a different kind of moment that makes it for Marcus. "I got sent a video that someone had made of his son singing along to 'Sigh No More' in the car. Two-and-a-half years old, just going 'SERVNAAAWWRHh . YOUOOWWME,'" he laughs.

Simple, instinctive expression, unembarrassed catharsis. That's about as close to a summation of Mumfords' appeal as you're going to get.

Later, as we survey a heaving, jumping crowd at the King Tut's Wah Wah Tent, we're coming a little closer to getting it. Then it begins: 'Sigh No More's combination of the hymnal and the hectic is like spiritual bread and butter to a Scottish crowd, and the atmosphere crackles with life. The band's utterly unfeigned, goofily sex-faced joy in what they do is infectious. Winston hip-rolls like Beyoncé on his dobro, Ben headbangs like a mad professor, hand to his chest as if in genuine pain as he harmonises with Marcus' wounded-animal plaints. From the start, it's clear the people around us know every word by heart.

"We were very close to going to see Eminem," Ben informs the crowd, "but we thought we'd come and have a party with you."

Mumford in Numbers

520,273

Number of copies of 'Sigh No More' sold in the UK up to Friday 9 July, 10am (in when the gates of the festival opened)

29

Festival slots that Mumford & Sons have booked this summer. T in The Park is the seventh of these

68%

Aggregated score of Mumford & Sons' debut album according to Metacritic.com (no thanks to Pitchfork, who awarded it 2.1)

21,929

Tickets sold in 10 minutes for their forthcoming UK tour, which begins in October

"Emrwho?" comes a shout from behind as the rest of the crowd bellows approval. The two new songs – 'Nothing Is Written', a typically frenetic, board-stomping folky rush, which surges upwards by rich vocal harmonies, and the switching rhythms and rockier bent of 'Lover Of The Light' – are clapped and jumped to like old favourites. People are on shoulders, waving flags, hats, ukuleles, dancing like it's Hogmanay in heaven. They close with 'The Cave'; the band grin at each other, hammering their happiness into the stage with feet and arms and instruments.

As the dazed revellers drift away, Craig, who's 19, tells us he's not surprised they held their own against Slim Shady (Mumford, meanwhile, have rocketed down to the front of the Main Stage to catch the last of his set). "I don't think anyone can empathise with Eminem in the same way they can with Mumford," he says. "I mean, he's great and everything, but they've got heart. He's just got sales and swearwords."

Peeling herself off the crush barrier, Sarah, also 19, tells us, "I've been here since 3.30pm to make sure

I got on the front row. It was totally worth it." No secrets here, then. People love Mumford & Sons because Mumford & Sons love people. And judging by tonight, it looks like there's still plenty to go around. *Emily Mackay*

[T bands on the Mumford phenomenon]



SCOTT HUTCHISON, FRIGHTENED RABBIT

"There's a simplicity to the songs, but there's also a really easy-to-identify-with honesty going on there. It's classic heart-on-sleeve stuff, but somehow they manage not to be clichéd. And big choruses! Who doesn't love that?"



WILLIAM REES, MYSTERY JETS

"I really like the way they all wear waistcoats and collarless shirts, they look like proper farming gentlemen. I also think their songs are from a good place, it's very heartfelt. It's obvious that they really mean what they sing, it's very believable."



KATE NASH

"For anything to get that big it has to be really heartfelt and honest. It's true to who they are. And it's good because they're just doing their own thing - it became big, it wasn't the product of something that was trendy and that they changed to fit into."



The Mumfells and Mumfettes come out in force to cheer their heroes



T IN THE PARK REVIEW

THE BATTLES OF BALADO

Welcome to our exclusive, scientific analysis of T's titanic clashes. Who were the winners and who were the losers? Who was Braveheart and who was a spare part? It's all here...

FLORENCE Vs THE BLACK EYED PEAS LUNGS OR LOVELY LADY LUMPS?



C lad in billowing black cloak and tribal face paint, Florence slinks onstage to announce that she'll be playing a set entirely from her forthcoming drone metal album. We wish. In reality, her show's the same one she's been trotting out over the past two centuries: cavorting barefoot like a broken ballerina while wreaking havoc with her cavernous lungs. Still, when the crowd scream at Beatlemania levels, why bother doing anything different? She's earned the right to bask in her glories, but sometimes there's having your moment, then there's milking it.

with Florence, seeing as she's been doling it out willy nilly with that Candi Staton cover. The worst is yet to come, however – the band leave half an hour early – at which point we feel grateful for small mercies – but then Will.i.am reappears, rising up from beneath the stage on a 20ft high black podium. He proceeds to spin the most heinous DJ set of all time, going from 'Thriller' to '(I've Had) The Time Of My Life' and worse, before the last straw – a club remix of 'Sex On Fire' where he changes the verse, squeezing an awfully extra syllable into "I love Glasgow!" to make it fit. Ouch. *Laura Snapes*

That said, no matter how familiar, at least there's passion in Florence's performance. If the rumours are true, then The Black Eyed Peas are nearing their end, and it shows – they are utterly devoid of soul. With all the keytars and dancers dressed as washing machine Transformers, their set should at least be entertaining, but the best bits are the mild boogie at Will.i.am's repeated reps to Glasgow (about 50 miles away), and watching Fergie try to contort her rigid face into something approaching tenderness during 'Big Girls Don't Cry'. 'Where Is The Love?' is as nauseating as ever – perhaps they should have a word



[Who won?]

PREDICTABILITY:

Flo 10, BEP 7

STAGE SHOW:

Flo 7, BEP 9

TERRIBLE COVERS:

Flo 6, BEP 9

CONTROL OF

FACIAL MUSCLES:

Flo 10, BEP 2

ANY GOOD?

Flo 6, BEP 4

TOTAL:

Flo 39, BEP 31

KELE Vs DIRTY PROJECTORS ARMS-IN-THE-AIR RAVE UP OR CHIN-STROKE BOOGIE?



[Who won?]

GARMENTS ACQUIRED:

DP 0, Kele 2

DANCEABILITY:

DP 6, Kele 10

BUFFNESS:

DP 0, Kele 10

LOCAL INTEREST:

Dirty Projectors 10, Kele 0

CROWD-CHARMING:

Dirty Projectors 4, Kele 9

TOTAL:

Dirty Projectors 20,

Kele 31

It's a classic dance-off. A foregone conclusion too, you might think, but it is actually possible to shake it to the Dirty Projectors. In that intense, stoned, swaying kind of way, yes, but believe – as you tumble through the tightly woven, radiant threads of their harmonies, fears that they're a chin-strokers' band are washed from your hips like sins in a font. "That manicured forest on the hill... that's the biggest one I've ever seen," Dave Longstrech pauses to observe. The crowd don't appear to think much of his patter, but full marks for local knowledge.

'Remade Horizon' showcases Amber Coffman and Haley Dekle's dolphin-like vocal acrobatics, while 'Stillness Is The Move' is pure luxury, Coffman out-Mariahing Mariah as the rough, twanging guitars slink around like cats on heat. Suddenly things are getting grindy.

Over, then, to Kele 'Seen My New Biceps?' Okereke, who strolls on casually in Gucci sweater and trucker's cap, smacking us straight in the kisser with the brutally crunky, darkly neurotic, MIA-worthy 'Walk Tall'. Before long he's swapped hats with a security guard, and acquired the jacket from a Santa costume. "I would put it on," he says, holding it at arm's length, "but I've got very sensitive skin, and this



looks a bit cheap..." Chants of "KELE! KELE!" are replaced by boos until it is done. Nothing if not obliging. And, indeed, he obliges some more with a larged-up medley of Bloc-bites, 'Blue Light' seguing into 'The Prayer' and a triumphant 'One More Chance'. "You like that, then, T In The Park?" he asks wryly. "Well... I think you're gonna like this too. COME ON, YOU FUCKERS!" He's not wrong; 'Tenderoni' is one space-time-warply massive tune, and the crowd go from bounce to total plot-loss in six seconds. Our own caps are doffed to you, sir. *Emily Mackay*

THE COURTEENERS *Vs* LAURA MARLING LADS OR LASSES?



The Courteeners don't notice the prying eyes of those stood in the wings while they're waiting to go on the Radio 1/NME Stage. The other side of the curtain, a few thousand rain-sodden fans roar along to 'Fire' by Kasabian (playing on the PA). Liam Fray peeks through it, but steps immediately back into the safety of the backstage throng. Ruffled, he then appears to say a few Hail Marys to himself; a last-minute plea to some distant rock god not to let anything fuck up in the next 45 minutes, perhaps.

His heavenly shoutout appears to do the trick, as moments later he's onstage with arms/legs/everything outstretched in proper peacock fashion. Back turned against the audience, mic stand held triumphantly high in his hand... yep, tonight, Matthew, he's verging on indie's very own Freddie Mercury. But still it all seems to be a bit

barnet, she devours the stage from the off, spitting out the raunchy lyrics of 'Devil's Spoke' with a bullish'n'bruised vigour. A change of pace comes with 'Goodbye England (Covered In Snow)', by which point her excellent band have wandered off and left her home alone. Marling's able to reel out amazing song after amazing song like it's the most natural thing in the world now, but she's still human, and her humbleness way outstrips any hint of bravado. "We love you, Laura!" someone shouts sweetly at one point, and all she can do in response is blush.

It's a lie to say she's TITP's best-kept secret – her set easily draws a bigger crowd than Julian Casablancas' afterwards (who admittedly is going head-to-head with Eminem) – but Marling is without doubt one of the weekend's true shining stars. *Matt Wilkinson*

tense. Guitars don't work, peacock shoulders get shrugged and the rain continues to lash down. With a dwindling audience (who can blame them?) Fray does his best to get things going – even turning biblical and trying to draw out the sun at one point – but it doesn't work. Maybe it's the weather's fault, but there are frailties on show today, and even divine intervention won't set them straight.

Laura Marling, by contrast, spends the entire 30 minutes before her King Tut's Wah Wah Tent set yapping away to anyone within spitting distance and sucking on a couple of smokes.

Dyed back to the virginal blonde



[Who won?]

ROADIE EFFICIENCY:

Courteeners 3, Marling 7

CELEBRITY QUOTA:

Courteeners 0, Marling 1

PRE-GIG STAGE

SOUNDTRACK:

Courteeners 6, Marling 2

ONSTAGE

CONFIDENCE

Courteeners 7, Marling 9

TOTAL:

Courteeners 16,
Marling 19

PAOLO NUTINI *Vs* THE PRODIGY PRETTY BOY OR PRETTY TERRIFYING?



[Who won?]

HORRIBLE SEX FACE:

Paolo 10, Prodigy 10

LECHERY:

Paolo 8, Prodigy 2

INHIBITION-BUSTING

CHOPS:

Paolo 1, Prodigy 9

MUMS LOVE 'EM:

Paolo 10, Prodigy 0

ACTUALLY ANY

GOOD?

Paolo 1, Prodigy 10

TOTAL:

Paolo 30, Prodigy 31

There's got to be a suspect agenda lurking behind a young man who sings about girls, for girls, doing so while wearing a pained sex face that suggests that climax is not in immediate sight. In most social circles this would be deemed distasteful and predatory behaviour, but stick said young man on a stage in front of 10,000 braying idiots and suddenly he's a 'charming' and 'raw' performer. Pretty-boy looks aside, it's hard to understand exactly what the ladies see in Paolo Nutini; his every utterance sounds like "Hnngrh!" growled in an addled brogue, and his cheap, soulless ska is so objectionable that you can't help but wish Madness were playing today so they could give him a much deserved Beetle Crusher shoeing. Then there's the fact that his songs only fall into two categories: B&Q advert summer or Marks & Spencer advert sensuality, each topped off with a laboured, hollow, stadium finish courtesy of his ludicrously oversized band. Ladies, you deserve better than this.

Usually a late-night festival set from The Prodigy would be full of neds 'avin' it while waiting to hear 'Firestarter' before bugging off to start fires in the campsite, but tonight, the musically fickle are all at the Main Stage baying for Eminem's first European performance in five years. As such, the atmosphere on the Radio 1/NME Stage harks back to the early days of rave culture



before it became compromised and commercial; a few thousand genuine Prodigy fans united in one cause, that of harmlessly getting wazzed off your tits in a field and throwing ridiculous shapes. It could be the early '90s again – Keith Flint doesn't seem to have aged (nor come down) in about 18 years, and even stuff from latest album 'Invaders Must Die' sounds as terrorising and abrasive as anything from 'Music For The Jilted Generation' live. The crowd's uninhibited mania is all down to The Prodigy's sound – there's nowhere in your daily life that you'll hear anything like this, making it the perfect backdrop to act in totally uncommon ways, before snapping out of the rave trance to realise that you've just been screaming "Smack my bitch up!" at a man with two piss-yellow ridges for hair for the past five minutes. *Laura Snapes*



T IN THE PARK REVIEW



MAIN STAGE, SUNDAY

BIFFY'S KNEES-UP

Injury... What injury? A busted-up leg was never really to scupper the party plans of these homecoming heroes

Simon Neil is not a man in pain. Looking dapper in borrowed clothes – due to an unfortunate airport baggage mishap – the singer is in jubilant mood ahead of his band's Main Stage homecoming gig. So it comes with some surprise (not to mention acting expertise) that he takes to the stage hobbling dejectedly on the arm of bandmate James Johnston and playing up The Great Glasto Injury to the max. Truth is, Worthy Farm dealt Neil nothing more than a twisted knee – and he's now "99.8 per cent" fit, well enough even to be mock-hitting himself on the affected area before the show starts.

"The ligaments in the back of my leg just got all twisted!" he excitedly tells *NME* before the gig. However, what the audience don't know can't hurt them, so much so that they get the shock of their weekend when Neil suddenly *comes alive* seconds into opening song 'That Golden Rule'. He's almost flouting the non-injury to prove a point, with knees regularly hitting the stage surface and legs like elastic. Tonight was supposed to be filmed for a DVD, but the weather said no – no to sidestage video screens (too windy), no to any kind of backdrops (too difficult to put up) and certainly no to any dodgy pyrotechnics (too damned dangerous). Instead, Neil and co just set about playing the most convincing homecoming gig, thrashing out

the likes of 'Shock Shock' and 'Bubbles' like they're being played for the very first time. It's more than comfortable to watch – the awful weather of previous days truly nullified by the sheer love flowing between band and audience throughout.

And if you're wondering exactly what happened in Pilton last month... "I was just having such a good time that I tried to jump as high as I possibly could," smiles Simon, "but I didn't think about landing. When I did, my upper body just went, and my knees both twisted. So I got up and walked to the stage and then went, 'Boys! Help! I can't walk!'"

Drummer Ben lets us in on the band's secret cure – aka the 'Worthy cocktail' that led Neil from crocked West Country doom to TITP celebratory bliss.

"Someone managed to find him this frozen bag of peas," he says. "They just appeared out of nowhere! God knows how, but it seemed to work, didn't it?"

Matt Wilkinson



Simon, with some help from bassist James, mock-limps on to the stage

He's well hard, that Simon Neil. Just weeks after a nasty knee injury and he's risking life and limb again...



MAIN STAGE, FRIDAY

MUSE: NO REVELATIONS

It seems sometimes you can have too much of a good thing

An air raid siren wails out over a distinctly gappy crowd. The words to 'Uprising' flash across a *Blockbusters*-style hexagonal light-panel. No UFOs, no satellites, but... it's Muse! It's Friday night! It's T! And, um, are we allowed to be bored?

Thing is, it simply feels like Muse have headlined every festival since the day we were born. Glasto was buoyed up by the appearance of The Edge and aided no end by Damon's cartoon lead balloon the previous night. This evening, though, His Echonest is absent and Matt's lot are up against probably the most stalwart headliners of the summer. Their set isn't *bad*: 'Supermassive Black Hole' is dark and slinky, 'Map Of The Problematic' rhino-like, chugging and metallic. But with all systems constantly at 'full-on', we're becoming immune. Older songs provide respite from the 360-degree barrage of bombast that was 'The Resistance' but Matt Bellamy can't seem to let the spidery subtleties and slow, irresistible crash of 'New Born' be without starting a bloody clapalong, and it ends up vein-necked and chugging. 'United States Of Eurasia' is the wrong kind of ridiculous, Matt hamming away on the piano as footage of burning oil fields and rolling tanks flash up behind him. It's not until 'Time Is Running Out' that things pick up; no shadowy 'they're here, just seething sexual tension, pain, hatred and riffs'. The day is saved by an encore of the ever-radiant 'Plug In Baby' and the gallopingly, wonderfully ludicrous 'Knights Of Cydonia'. Still, it feels more like a run-through of the familiar than a spectacle. And really, with Muse, spectacle was always the point, no? **Emily Mackay**



Sunday boys: Tom does the Y-M-C-A while (right) Jigga indicates how many minutes 'til the World Cup Final starts



'EMPIRE' STATES OF MIND

Tom Meighan's lot may be headliners, but could they really upstage their warm-up act, the Jigga-man himself? This one's so close it's going to extra-time

KASABIAN VS JAY-Z

OK, so seeing both Kasabian and Jay-Z on a UK festival line-up isn't exactly a revelation. Just two years after headlining Glasto Jigga has, after playing both Isle Of Wight and Wireless this year, become as much of a Brit festival staple as Kings Of Leon, repulsive £7 noodle boxes and Evian bottles full of urine; Kasabian are – as you ALL know – Main Stage regulars of four years. Still, though: this is their first ever major headlining slot. And trust Tom'n'Serge to make their bill-roping debut by coming on *after* the Jigga! Like, how dare they? It's enough to make Beyoncé spray her Corn Flakes all over the breakfast bar, isn't it? Thus T settles in for the big one: Carter against Meighan. Both

wearing sunglasses *well* past an hour when it's acceptable for non-superstars. Who will prevail?

THE STRAINS OF 'LSF' ECHO ACROSS THE FIELDS TO CROWN THEM AS PAID-UP HEADLINERS

The Jay-Z collaboration rumours have been squawked up all day – you'd be worried if they hadn't. There's an amp with 'Beyoncé' written on it, we hear. But of course Mrs C doesn't show. Nonetheless, this is a Jay-Z Main Stage festival show, which means it's rush-rousing, professionally personable and, thanks to 'Empire State Of Mind', contains the best pop song released in the past five years. The "baby girls" he points out in the audience are suitably chuffed, 'The

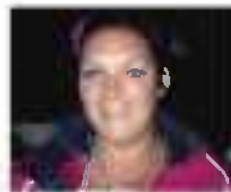
Blueprint 3' cut 'Thank You' glides across the field brilliantly, and again the set ends with the godawful rock 'crossover' 'Numb/Encore'. It's all interesting enough and sees Jay embed another tent peg firmly into our British festival soil. Funny how things work out...

Then comes Kasabian's big moment. They are the only British guitar band making the step up to headliner status this summer, which seems reason enough for them to crank everything up way past 11. Except, when they do emerge – Serge striding out in a dirt scoffing white suit, Tom all in black – the volume is so low you could hear a Tennent's can open in Inverness. Big problem – 'Fast Lane', 'Shoot The Runner' and 'Underdog' are rendered pointless due to the levels until, finally, maybe some wires are twisted, maybe someone steps off the wrong tube, and 'Cutt Off' is given the bulked volume it deserves.

A giant sigh of relief, then back to business. From this false start it's a recovery process (albeit one the band are unaware of – their monitors seem to be working fine), but if anyone can haul things back it's mad mic-slinger Meighan, declaring the T crowd "fucking empire!" and asserting that "I love you, you fuckers!". 'Fire' is the nostril flaringly spectacular endcore, with red flares fizzing and illuminating the crowd while the familiar strains of 'LSF' echo across the fields and beyond to crown Kasabian as paid up headliners. The fireworks fizz and pop, the bagpipes parp, and that's T.

Kasabian probably edge it. But then we find out that in the artists' compound the tent normally reserved for T headliners has been taken over by Jay-Z's entourage, despite him not being top of the bill. Even when he's not headlining, he's headlining. Or he's in the Jacuzzi for a well-earned soak already, more likely. *Jamie Fullerton*

[What the crowd thought]



EBONY DIXON
"Jay-Z was amazing – he should have been the main act. Kasabian are good. T In The Park headliners, but Jay-Z got the crowd singing along so well. He's got so many tunes."

UPFRONT

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

Edited by Jamie Fullerton

BUTLER'S SERVICE RESUMED

Last week (July 7), Arcade Fire made their UK live return at London's Hackney Empire – not 'suburban' really, but things still went rather well

FRONT ROW

Eight new songs, a dose of expertly orchestrated crowdsurfing and some of the most dour stage

banter in indie – welcome back Arcade Fire! It's been three long years since the Canadians last crowded on to a UK stage. At London's Hackney Empire they're making their return brimming with confidence – after all, forthcoming new album 'The Suburbs' is apparently an absolute blinder. Saying very little during the gig, looking like refugees from a 19th century war on fashion and being as far from the suburbs as you can possibly imagine (Hackney? They really should have made their comeback in Cheadle Hulme or Chigwell), the band still seem perfectly at home in the Empire. A huge old school cabaret hall, tiered with red velvet boxes high up above the stage, it's an antique gem of a building that's still in immaculate condition, and also small enough to feel intimate. They kick off boldly with two new songs – the almost glam rock 'Ready To Start' and the slow-burning epic 'Modern Man' – but it isn't until 'Haiti' that they really get going,

as Régine Chassagne properly takes over the reins and begins commanding proceedings from the right-hand side of the stage. Up on the balcony, Florence Welch is watching with such intense scrutiny that she may as well have had a notepad and pen in her hands, and an eyeglass stuck to her fringe.

Of the other new songs, it's 'Rococo' and forthcoming first single 'proper' 'We Used To Wait' that stand out,

the former a percussive-based singalong, while '...Wait' sounds like one that'll be pivotal to their Reading And Leeds Festivals sets this summer. Win Butler ends it by diving headfirst into the audience, who hold him up by his back for a full minute so he can finish singing the outro in mid-air ecstasy. He could well be the new Alice Glass if he starts adding extreme violence to these crowd forays. An encore of the early classics rams home just how missed the band have been these past few years, so much so that at this point even those who handed over the

£70 plus to touts must feel they got the better half of the deal. And who's that dancing wildly in the corner of our eye? Aha, Ms Welch, on her feet, going absolutely mental... just like everyone else in the building. A triumphant return.

SETLIST

- Ready To Start
- Modern Man
- Neighborhood #2 (Laika)
- No Cars Go
- Haiti
- Empty Room
- Rococo
- The Suburbs
- Suburban War
- Intervention
- We Used To Wait
- Neighborhood #3 (Power Out)
- Rebellion (Lies)
- Month Of May
- Crown Of Love
- Neighborhood #1 (Tunnels)
- Keep The Car Running
- Wake Up

Arcade Fire's Win Butler and Régine Chassagne: the band favour the old-fashioned megaphone solution to any mic problems

SPEED DIAL YANNIS PHILIPPAKIS

The Foals frontman on his Twitter battle with Lostprophets, his 100-drummer plan and eating his own skin

You've just said that Foals are going to play a gig with the London Contemporary Orchestra. Sounds ambitious...

Yannis: "Nothing's totally confirmed yet. I met the conductor socially, and we've always been interested in the idea – I'd really like to rework 'Total Life Forever' with 100 drummers. That's probably not going to happen to that scale, obviously, but we're talking. We've got some dates penciled in for a possible performance in the new year."

What could it sound like?

"I'd like to keep it quite dry. It's not going to be like Metallica's 'S&M'. But the LCO have some great string players and I think 'Spanish Sahara' would work well like that. Jack [Bevan, drums] saw Boredoms in New York once, doing a drumming circle with 77 drummers, which he said was amazing. We'd like to do something with marimbas and percussion, in a Steve Reich vein"

Last week you responded to Lee from Lostprophets' Twitter comments about

Foals... surely you knew it'd be picked up and turned into a 'feud'?
"Do we have to talk about this?"

Yes. You rose to his bait!

"Well, it isn't the first time that he'd said that kind of stuff, and usually I ignore things like it. I wasn't in the mood for it at the time."

What's your take on Twitter feuds?

"They're entertaining. You're afforded a barrier through the internet. I was quite mistrustful of Twitter at first, but I've been seduced."



In terms of it being easy to argue online, people have accused you of being pretentious when you interviewed composer Philip Glass recently...

"It's not my job to have to pretend to be anything other than what I am. I don't think I'm particularly affected, and I just use the words that come into my mind. It'd be more pretentious if I tried to fake that, I'm not going to put on an Essex accent. There's a distrust of being perceived as academic or intellectual unless you're eccentric, like Stephen Fry. It's partly understandable, because there is something quite repugnant about people who flaunt their privilege."

What's the story behind the 'Miami' video, with the transsexual bodybuilders

[see it at NME.COM/artists/foals]?

"We felt like there was a hip-hop element to it, but it was the baby of Dave Ma, who does all our visuals. The only thing I requested was that the blue powder was included, and that we had 'Total Life Forever' stickers on the baseball bats. The whole concept of body builders and cross dressers fighting each other was his thing."

Live, you say that 'Miami' was inspired by a beach...

"It's just to do with having bad experiences every summer on Greek beaches, where I'd have a crush on

somebody and it wouldn't go well. I've never been to Miami, but I wanted to set it there because I like the imagery of *Scarface*: bad suits, turquoise beaches and really white teeth."

You're only playing four UK festivals this summer. Have we fallen foul of you?

"No, our favourites are probably here. We've never been to Australta, and we had to cancel a load of stuff down there on the 'Antidotes' tour, so that was our priority. It's exciting going somewhere we've never been before – I want to see some kookaburras."

You've just been announced for ATP's Bowlie Weekender. How was it last time, given the attitude in schindie circles to a popular band playing ATP?

"Well, I like that mentality. From what I read afterwards, the feedback was good. It was very debauched last time. I don't really remember much of the last festival, and certainly nothing I can say unless I want to get arrested."

How are your knuckles? We heard you got in a scrape at Glasto?

"They're alright, they do hurt though. I had some weird carpet burn – well, a burn from when my vest got ripped off at Glastonbury, some kind of vest burn. That's left me with a scab across my stomach, which I've been picking bits off and eating occasionally."

That's disgusting. Are you still living with your bandmates?

"We moved out of the house that we lived in last year as it got a bit much. Three of us still live together, me, Jack and Jimmy [Smith, guitar]. Walter [Gervers, bass] got married, so he lives with his wife, and Edwin [Congrave, keyboards] is nomadic with no fixed address. We still hang out a lot."

Finally, you've just got back from Japan, where there's a craze for having your ears cleaned by a gothic maid. Does that appeal?

"I would like to do that. I haven't had a chance to sample anything that traditional in Japan. We get quite touchingly strange gifts though – we've had bespoke Foals chocolates, with the album artwork carved in to the chocolate. We're not really used to that kind of thing."

YOUR CHANCE TO BECOME AN NME PHOTOGRAPHER!



Fact: there is no better job on Earth than being around a rock'n'roll band. Unfortunately, getting access to one is something denied to 99 per cent of us mere mortals. Annoying eh? Luckily, the good people at Freedom – the experts in skincare for spot-prone skin – are here to help. Once again, they're giving you the opportunity of a lifetime with the Find My Freedom competition, by handing one lucky reader the chance to become a bona-fide NME photographer. The winner will get an Access All Areas pass at a must-see gig and a prime position in the photo pit assisting an NME snapper.

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SLIDE-TACKLE AWAY

Liam and White Stripes star in new photo exhibition featuring NME snappers

Here's one of the smaller white lines Liam Gallagher's got up close with over the years. The shot is by NME's Andy Willsher and, along with the other pictures here, is part of the Six Shooters exhibition taking place at London's Proud Galleries. The exhibition runs from July 22 to September 12 and features more amazing shots from NME snappers. Head over to NME.COM/photos now to take a look at further images.




1 Liam Gallagher on the pitch at London's Wembley Stadium, October 2008

2 The Mighty Boosh duo Julian Barratt and Neol Fielding in London, September 2007

3 The White Stripes' Meg and Jack White in San Francisco, August 2005

FOR THE GIRL OF
HIS DREAMS



**YOUTH in
REVOLT**

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BAD BEHAVIOUR"
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"PACKED WITH
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“WE HAVE TO LOCK OUR DOORS AT NIGHT...”

Noel and Julian have gone to NYC to nail the Boosh album – but are struggling to keep the “freaks” at bay in their hotel

Noel, here being pressured by his partner-in-comedy to “nail” that vocal

IN THE WORKS

WORDS: HARDEEP PHILL PHOTO: BEN ROWLAND

Conventional wisdom dictates that Noel Fielding and Julian Barratt are two of the funniest people in Christendom. But when it comes to writing albums, even the mighty Mighty Boosh concede they're up against it.

“The danger with comedy albums is that you'll hear it once and laugh, hear it the second time and smile and then by the third time you want to kill people,” admits Julian Barratt. But having finally found the time to record their long-mooted album, both he and Noel Fielding are making sure that it doesn't end up simply being a bunch of knocked-off novelty tracks. “We don't want it to be too jokey,” adds Noel of the record, “I'd prefer it to be quite trippy...”

As we pay them a visit at Jimi Hendrix's legendary Electric Lady Studios in New York, the duo are hard at work fleshing out the surreal song snippets first heard during the three TV series and demoed at home in London. “Some of those songs were just ideas put together at the last minute, but now we're getting the chance to do them more justice,” explains Noel as we listen to a playback of a funky Rick James style version of the Old Gregg character song ‘I Love Games’.

But the first Mighty Boosh album won't necessarily be the last. The pair have started to pile up a selection of all-new material which will surface at a later date. Noel: “We've been dressing up in costumes and wigs in the studio.

It makes it more interesting to dress up as random characters because it stops you from thinking, ‘We're a band now, we have to be cool.’ You can make it a bit weirder that way.”

Ah, always reassuring to know that the Boosh are still a safe distance away from normality. But even they admit that New York has given their eel-based freakishness a run for its money. While in town, they've made a point of experiencing some of the city's grittier attractions, including staying at the notorious Chelsea Hotel. Noel: “You have to lock your doors at night because you still could get murdered in your sleep. There are still a lot of freaks in there.” Maybe just go and crash with Courtney Love instead, Noel?

TALKING HEADS

HOW TO REUNITE IN STYLE – THE GUIDED BY VOICES WAY

NME's Ben Hewitt says that unlike Pixies, Pavement et al, Guided By Voices are the only reuniting indie heroes coming back with any integrity



In one of those eerie moments of serendipity that seldom happens in real life, I was listening to 'Motor Away' by Guided By Voices on my headphones recently when I got a text message from a mate which said "Did you hear the news? GUIDED BY VOICES ARE REUNITING!"

Normally I'm hardened to the flurry of nostalgia that occurs when bands put aside their 'creative differences' (real translation: mutual loathing) to milk a new greatest hits compilation and trudge their way through soulless stadium shows. When everyone else practically soiled themselves with excitement after Pavement announced their reformation tour, I remained unmoved. But Guided By Voices: they were one of the bands I found salvation in a few years ago, when I was a country-dwelling teen surrounded by thick-skulled Linkin Park fans. And it won't be just Robert Pollard and a bunch of session musicians, but the classic line-up, responsible for their 1994 masterpiece 'Bee Thousand', among others. Fuck Pavement. This was better than Pavement. "THAT'S AMAZING!" I replied, like an excitable North Korean girl about to see Justin Bieber in the flesh for the first time.

Lurking underneath the mainstream for years, it always seemed cruelly ironic that

when Guided By Voices appeared in The Strokes' video for 'Someday', they were entering one of their most fallow periods. Unfortunately the seal of approval coincided with their sloppy 2002 album 'Universal Truths And Cycles'. But delve into their back catalogue and you'll unearth some treasures. To me, the aforementioned 'Bee Thousand' will always be their killer album, but you can't go wrong with 'Propeller' or 'Alien Lanes' either – or, essentially, any of the records made by the line-up who'll be reforming later this year.

I won't be there to see it, sadly. There's no cash-grabbing worldwide tour; just a one-off show for their old record label Matador in Las Vegas this October, so unless NME are feeling particularly generous and fancy sending me off to the Entertainment Capital of the World, I won't hear them play 'Echoes Myron' or 'Tractor Rape Chain'.

But perversely, it makes the whole thing that bit more special. After Black Francis killed any last vestiges of romance left in the reunion tour by admitting Pixies were only still in it for the dollar, Guided By Voices' reunion seems... purer, somehow. No frills, no fuss, no hastily compiled career retrospectives. Just the best line-up playing the best songs from the best albums. What could be sweeter?



TALKING HEADS

WHY WE SHOULD CELEBRATE WICHITA'S 10TH BIRTHDAY

This week the Wichita label celebrates a decade in action. Los Campesinos! singer Gareth Campesinos! says we should be dancing in the (record store) aisles



During our first six months as a band we enjoyed the clichéd experience of being courted by big record labels – being taken out for dinner and bought lots of expensive presents as they all tried to sign us. We quickly learnt to manipulate this situation and milk it for all it was worth, letting all the big guns spoil us, when right from the start we knew that we'd end up signing to the one that stood head and shoulders above the rest: Wichita.

The night we told them we were going to sign, we decided to let the majors take us for one last meal. As soon as they'd paid our bill we called up the Wichita guys and gave them the good news.

The reason we love them is, frankly, that they never bought into any of that businessman shit. Whenever they came to meet us all we did was go to the pub and share our passion for music (and football). There was no mention of business plans or money – they're just a small group of great people who were excited about us as a band. They're not our bosses, they're our friends. Wichita's Mark Bowen is the nicest guy I've ever met – it's testament to his popularity on the music scene and his rock'n'roll spirit that you can mention any band and he'll be guaranteed to have an anecdote about the last time he encountered them.

Wichita are a label to stay loyal to – the fact that Conor Oberst has stuck with them for all these years proves this. It was some of his early

releases on the label that first got me interested in them, and have helped give Wichita its wider reputation. They are worth celebrating because, unlike other labels who sometimes second-guess music trends or hop on to bandwagons with who they sign, they've always stuck solely to what they believe in and have almost always brought out the goods, from Bloc Party to the more leftfield artists such as The Bronx.

My favourite ever release on Wichita is Desaparecidos' 'Read Music/Speak Spanish'. This is an amazing politically motivated emo record that's kind of sunk as a lost classic, but I would recommend to anyone.

Every time we ever got offered anything by a label, the first thing we'd do is look at the label's roster and think, "Who's on it? Are we going to get to meet them?" In this way, Wichita always impressed us, and sure enough we've now got great memories of hanging out with the likes of

Kelc and Les Savy Fav, staying out all night in Shoreditch and rolling around in gutters with them. These are people we've idolised, so even now we get fanboy excitement just meeting them.

Labels such as Wichita are labours of love, where a lot of effort and time is put in not for commercial reward but

for the general celebration and love of good music. Now's a difficult time for smaller labels, so it's vital that we rally behind them. For being so diverse, and having taken so many chances, it's vitally important we celebrate their 10 years in action. Let's hope the next 10 are even more prosperous for them.

This label does not hop on bandwagons. They always stick to what they believe in

VERSUS

PETER ROBINSON Vs PALOMA FAITH

The un-shy chanteuse talks clowns, looking like a sperm and chopping off her limbs...



FRI

• Shooting pop stars out of the sky could be an excellent new countryside pursuit.

• You could probably charge about £10 for each session, with the price fairly flexible depending on the day's pop star.

• For Johnny Borrell, for example, you could probably charge £20-£25.

Hello, Paloma. So I think it's important that we discuss those two huge helium balloons you were wearing at Glastonbury. "That was actually inspired by my favourite clown of all time, Slava from Moscow. He's a clown but it's all very tragic and he's got these huge balloons that people can play with."

That's all very well but you just looked a bit like a sperm escaping from two testicles. "Have you seen... what's that film where it starts with the conception of a baby and it's all little people playing sperms and they've got helmets on?"

Is it a Woody Allen film?

"Yes! *Everything You Always Wanted To Know About Sex (*But Were Afraid To Ask)*. I did feel a bit like one of them."

The thing I really like about your ridiculous balloon outfit, and I don't want you to take this the wrong way, is that you're not exactly on the Lady Gaga level. And that's what makes it better and funnier. Because you're not really famous or popular but you're acting as if you are. "I've always believed that if you say something enough, eventually it will come true."

Well, as the song goes, don't stop believing... "The thing is I do it, for me, because it's a mask..."

Are you really very shy?

"Well every extrovert is a closet introvert and every introvert is a closet extrovert."

Are you the sort of person who goes to a party, strips off, gets drunk, has a wank in the middle of the room, calls everyone a fucker then leaves, and the next day goes, 'Oh, but the thing is I'm so painfully shy?' "(Laughs) NO! No. I do take quite a lot of enjoyment from going to parties and being provocative."

Oh dear, that just means 'being rude', doesn't it?

"Yesterday I went out and this really drunk, drugged-up person came up to me and went 'I KNOW YOU'. And I said, 'No you don't.' And she said, 'But we've met so many times,' and I said, 'But you don't know me, leave me alone...'



"...Mum."

"Yeah exactly! (Laughs) No, but then she started kicking off."

Going back to these balloons, was there any concern that you might have been lifted off the stage?

"We had to check the weather because with a certain wind speed I would actually have taken off."

Would that have been an entirely bad thing, vis-à-vis publicity?

"I'm thinking it might have been a good thing."

How many broken legs – out of two – would have you been prepared to endure in the name of publicity, had you in fact taken off then been shot down by the military?

"One. I don't think I could lose the use of both legs."

The thing is, if you did lose both legs and if the balloon thing was to become a regular outfit for you, you could be weighted 'just so', so that you hovered at a precise distance above the ground so it would look like you had legs. You could be a bit like a pop star hovercraft.

"Or I could just tell the world, as a publicity stunt, that I, in fact, did have legs, but they were INVISIBLE."

But then people would want to feel them.

"(Huffs) Well it might at least get YOU to come to one of my gigs, if you thought there was the chance you might see a pop star with invisible legs."

THIS WEEK'S TOP 20*

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NEW TO THE PLAYLIST



• LAURA MARLING
'I Speak Because I Can'
• PVT
'Window'
• THESE NEW PURITANS
'Hologram'



• BRANDON FLOWERS
'Crossfire'
• OF MONTREAL
'Coquet Coquette'
• BEST COAST
'Boyfriend'
• TAME IMPALA
'Solitude Is Bliss'
• BORN RUFFIANS
'Oh Man'

- 1 1 EMINEM
'NOT AFRAID'
RECYCLED
- 2 2 ROBYN
'DANCING ON MY OWN'
FABRICATION
- 3 3 BIG BOI
'SHUTTERBUG'
MERCURY
- 4 6 HUSE
'NEUTRON STAR COLLISION
(LOVE IS FOREVER)'
MUSIC 2100
- 5 5 PROFESSOR GREEN FT ED
DREWETT 'I NEED YOU TONIGHT'
WYB
- 6 12 FLORENCE + THE MACHINE
'COSMIC LOVE'
KAYE
- 7 4 KELE
'TENDERONI'
MUSIC 2100
- 8 40 WILEY FT JOHIE CONNOR & J2K
'ELECTRIC BOOGALOO (FIND A WAY)'
BLACK PANTHERS
- 9 8 PENDULUM
'WATERCOLOR'
MUSIC 2100
- 10 17 BOMBAY BICYCLE CLUB
'IVY & GOLD'/'FLAWS'
KAYE
- 11 7 GORILLAZ
'ON MELANCHOLY HILL'
PETER DINKlage
- 12 9 EMINEM FT LIL WAYNE
'NO LOVE'
MUSIC 2100
- 13 20 FOALS
'MIAMI'
MUSIC 2100
- 14 11 KIDS IN GLASS HOUSES
'HIDECOVER LOVER'
SQUADRA
- 15 15 PENDULUM
'WITCHCRAFT'
MUSIC 2100
- 16 13 MUMFORD & SONS
'ROLL AWAY YOUR STONE'
KAYE
- 17 10 RUSKO FT AMBER COFFMAN
'HOLD ON'
EXAMINER MUSIC TV
- 18 22 MARINA & THE DIAMONDS
'OH NO!'
KAYE
- 19 14 AEROPLANE
'WE CAN'T FLY'
HOLY ROYALTY
- 20 33 THE CORAL
'1000 YEARS'
DINO NOVA

The NME Chart is compiled weekly from the sales of physical and digital singles through to the week ending on Friday, 11am. It includes digital music service providers, digital sales data for the week ending Friday, 11am and on the playlist of NME TV and NME magazine.

OFFICIAL
charts company

PIECES OF ME BIG BOI

The (slightly) more sensible half of OutKast on Kate Bush, Ralph Lauren suits and the original Wolverine



My First Album

'THE FAT BOYS' BY THE FAT BOYS

"I think the first album I ever remembered purchasing with my own money was that first Fat Boys tape. It was classic New York hip-hop, man. I remember my mom took us to see [1985 hip-hop film] *Krush Groove* at the mall. You remember the gel markers, those silver gel markers, putting graffiti on your bubble vest and all that? I loved that shit."

My First Gig

THE PHARCYDE, ATLANTA PHOENIX

"I think that was the first proper concert I ever went to. They had that album *'Bizarre Ride II The Pharcyde'*, and they rocked the shit out of it. I was a teenager and we weren't old enough to get into the club, but we snuck in. We always used to sneak in in those days and try to get on the mic."

The First Song I Fell In Love With

'THE WEDDING LIST' BY KATE BUSH

"It was my uncle who introduced me to Kate Bush. She's still my all-time favourite artist, tied for first place with Bob Marley. There's no-one else like her out there. I was hoping to try to track her down while I'm here in the UK."

My Favourite Lyric

'NOTHING COMPARES 2 U' BY SINEAD O'CONNOR

"That's a heartfelt song, definitely. You can tell she means those lyrics, she's really lived in every word [although obviously the song was written by Prince - Pedantic Ed]."

The Book That Changed Me

48 LAWS OF POWER BY ROBERT GREENE AND JOOST ELFFERS

"I loved that book when I read it for the first time. It's philosophy and lessons for life. The authors worked with 50 Cent on a remake of it quite recently. I also like *Behold A Pale Horse*, by William Cooper. It's talking about UFOs, JFK, the New World Order, stuff like that. Don't say conspiracy - it's all true, man."

My Style Icon

RALPH LAUREN

"It would either be him or Giorgio Armani. I own quite a bit of that stuff. They know how to make suits fit - they fall right, if you know what I'm saying."

Right Now I'm Loving

LITTLE DRAGON

"Dre just put me on to this band the other day. That shit is jamming. And MGMT, too."

Dre puts me on to all these psychedelic bands. We listen to everything out there, not just to hip-hop, and that's why our music sounds the way it sounds."

My Favourite place

TYBEE ISLAND

"That's where I'm from, an island in Savannah, Georgia. I'm a beach boy. It's very peaceful, very quiet, man. I shot a video there for one of the songs off my new album - it's called *'For Your Sorrows'* with George Clinton and Too Short. At the end of the video, it's me walking off into the sunset. It's idyllic."

My Favorite fictional character

WOLVERINE

"He used to be my favourite comic book character, at least until that stuff went mainstream. He's a no-nonsense type of guy. And I really like Sabretooth - I like the villains, you know?"



Above, clockwise from top: The Pharcyde, playing live; the cover of *48 Laws Of Power*; Wolverine; the cover of Kate Bush's *'Never For Ever'*, from which *'The Wedding List'* is taken; The Fat Boys; Sinead O'Connor in the *'Nothing Compares 2 U'* video; Ralph Lauren



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RADAR

FUTURE STARS, BREAKING SCENES, NEW SOUNDS...

Edited by Jaimie Hodgson



ABOUT
TO
BREAK

BEST COAST

The dark-hearted duo giving LA a breezy, lovelorn makeover

Ignore the stereotype of the air-headed Valley Girl popularised by Frank Zappa and a thousand '80s teen movies. Instead pay attention to 23-year-old Bethany Cosentino, frontwoman of Best Coast, a more millennial kind of Los Angeleno.

It's 12pm, two days after American Independence Day. Following a pair of national tours and her band's first international jaunt, Cosentino sips a Bud Lite in her living room on a rare overcast LA afternoon, surrounded by a few of her favorite things: DVDs of *Seinfeld* and *Curb Your Enthusiasm*, Garfield memorabilia, her cats Chloe and Snacks, a bong and some medical marijuana, and her bandmate, LA underground fixture Bobb Bruno.

"Being on the road just makes us miss California more," the pop culture-obsessed Cosentino says lounging on the couch. "We do a lot of chilling. Barbecues, weed, the occasional *Martin* marathon."

A re-rerun of '90s sitcom *Full House* plays behind her, a remnant from the era that Best Coast's music channels:

the flannel and flailing of Seattle grunge, with lo-fi, reverb-soaked guitars and an archly punk attitude. But there's also something charmingly anachronistic that taps into a "*Beach Blanket Bingo*" vibe: Cosentino's plaintive and romantic wail shrouded in gauzy girl-group pop.

A staple of the same Smell scene that birthed No Age and Abe Vigoda, Cosentino arrived at her sound only after leaving her previous band, drone-rockers Pocahaunted.

"Pocahaunted became something I didn't want to do. Best Coast was fun and different for me. I listen to a lot of '70s and '60s girl groups and surf music, not noise and experimental," Cosentino says. "I wanted to make straightforward pop."

Releasing a string of EPs and seven-inch singles that quickly became collectibles, Best Coast elicited heavy heat from bloggers and a deal from Wichita Recordings to release their debut, 'Crazy For You', in August. Lead single 'Boyfriend' distills the Best Coast aesthetic: breezy, light and lovelorn.

After all, why go to the mall when you can go to the beach instead? *Jeff Weiss*

NEED TO KNOW

- Best Coast members Bobb Bruno and Bethany Cosentino met at a party where a girl jumped out of a window
- The band's van once broke down 200 miles south of San Francisco. They were forced to spend the next three hours in a tow truck, penned in by their equipment. Their solution was to get very drunk
- Bethany Cosentino's favourite strain of medical marijuana is Headband



GROUPLOVE:
out of their tree

MIXTAPE MAJESTY

From Los Angeles to New York to east London... it's our best selection ever

After weeks of rolled eyes in premonition of Michael Eavis inevitably claiming 2010's Glastonbury to be – drum roll – *the best one ever*, Radar's sheepishly been trying to figure out a new way to convey our feelings about this latest installment of our mixtape series. It's hard to tell exactly what it is, but there's something about this latest collection of tracks that's stirring all kinds of funny feelings deep down. The very best of everything in NME's Radar section – be that on these pages, online or from our live parties – these mixtapes are your one-stop-downloadable-shop for all the most essential artists to break over the last month. We've watched past mixtape stars like The Drums, Washed Out, Marina & The Diamonds, Sleigh Bells and Smith Westerns soar to magical new heights. And now we wait for this motley crew to do the same. This time we've got the ultra-catchy lo-fi charms of LA's Foster The People, NYC's latest hip-pop dons The Knocks, the indie gems of GROUPLOVE and the anarcho-punk of Flats, and that's not even a start. Have a listen and you'll see why we've gone Eavis-ian...

1. **GROUPLOVE** - Colours
2. **Flats** - Flats Waltz
3. **2:54** - Creeping
4. **Porcelain Raft** - Tip Of Your Tongue
5. **Enforcer** - Midnight Vice
6. **Fiction** - Big Things (demo)
7. **The Knocks** - Blackout
8. **CEO** - Come With Me
9. **Invisible Elephant** - Communication (Part II)
10. **DOM** - Burn Bridges
11. **Dominique Young Unique** - Blaster
12. **Myles Cooper** - Gonna Find Boyfriends Today
13. **Ghost Hunter** - Evening Drive
14. **oOoOo** - Mumbai
15. **Best Coast** - Sun Was High (So Was I)
16. **Gypsy And The Cat** - Time To Wander
17. **American Men** - AM System
18. **Oneohtrix Point Never** - Where Does Time Go?
19. **Tamaryn** - Sandstone
20. **Foster The People** - Pumped Up Kicks

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BAND CRUSH



Carl Barat's
favourite new
band

"The Langley Sisters started as a 1940s thing, but they've now branched out. They do this amazing cover of 'No One Knows', but their own songwriting is some of the best I've ever heard."

RADAR GLOSSARY

*This week's
impenetrable
hipster slang
decoded*

SISSY-RAP

The transvestite 'sister' of New Orleans' age-old 'bounce' party rap scene, sissy-rap is one of the fairly rare successful gay-centric uprisings in rap music. Rappers such as Katey Red, SWA (Sissies With Attitude) and Big Freeda take the high-octane beat-snaps and torrential verses of their hometown sound and dress it up in a PVC LBD.

The Buzz

The rundown of the bands, scenes and places setting the blogosphere on fire this week



1 ENDURANCE

So it seems 'drag', or 'witch house', or whatever we're calling the macabre electronic force pioneered by Salem and evolved by oOoOo and Balam Acab, has officially hit the UK. Endurance is a night of surly, brooding synthery every second Saturday at Alibi, in east London. Founded by Chris Flatline – producer of slinky-disco Radar fave E Gold – their cauldron of creepiness brings together off-kilter Belgian 'new beat' and Chicago-style slasher disco. Its playlist is practically a rundown of the past few months' Buzz columns, and it's becoming the focal point of the city's nasty electronic underbelly.



2 TAMARYN'S 'SANDSTONE'

If you like the fantastical gail-force pop of JJ or the sprawling psych-fi of Warpaint you're going to spontaneously combust when you hear San Francisco's Tamaryn. Their track 'Sandstone' leaked onto the web last week, and it's a churning, relentless fortress of ruined synths and guitars. The album's out on the superb Mexican Summer soon.



3 KENMARE

If you're a rich kid to whom paying 25 quid for a thimble-sized cocktail containing grated unicorn hoof is the idea of a perfect night out, then get down to Manhattan's Kenmare restaurant. Run by Paul Seigney (Chloë's brother) it's become the go-to after-party spot for virtually every hip gig on the posher side of the Big Apple.



4 PURO INSTINCT

We were just getting used to saying how addicted to LA girl gang Pearl Harbor we were, when they changed their name to Puro Instinct. Leading lady Piper explained their evolution to us: "Pearl Harbor was a satirical coo at chillwave. The joke's not funny no more." Puro Instinct's aquatic no-fi melodies are totally serious.



5 GHOST HUNTER REMIXES

There's shit-loads of remixes of Sheffield bad-boy Ghost Hunter's Balearic post-dubstep summer smash 'Island Barbados' bubbling to the surface. Detroit techno don Jimmy Edgar, Chicago slasher-disco divas Gatekeeper and London space-cadet Allez Allez have all had a bash.

SCENE
REPORTSMD'S
DANCEFLOOR
DREAMING

*Simian Mobile Disco report
from the clubbing frontline*



Hello again! We've just put the finishing touches to our next Delicatessen release, we're just about to kick off our Ibiza residency at Space, and we're in the midst of our first live dates of the summer. But it's good to be busy, right?!

First up for our column this week is 'Triangle Folds' by Border Community boss James Holden. If you follow his blog (and we know you do), you will know that he's increasingly been getting into messing with analogue drum boxes, which is a pursuit close to our own hearts. A warmer and more krauty affair than his previous releases, 'Triangle Folds' is a blurry and psychedelic wig-out. Staying with the electronic psych, we've been opening with Gavin Russom's amazing beatless Populette remix, which is out soon on Throne Of Blood. For those who don't know, Gavin is the one who looks a bit like Eno in LCD Soundsystem and is a legend in his own right...

Still a bit krauty but with a heavy dose of disco is the new single from Discodaine, 'Singular'. What's it like? Well, bendy synths and chanty, whispery vocals reminiscent of Can if they had moved to Norway after making 'More'.

SMD'S
TOP 5

JAMES HOLDEN
'Triangle Folds'

POPULETTE
'Unknown' (Gavin Russom Remix)

DISCODEINE
'Singular'

IT'S A FINE LINE
'Do The Hot Tar'

JACKMATE
'Carrier'

Discodaine are not from Cologne, but Paris – which is coincidentally also where the now east London-based Ivan Smagghe originally hails from. Smagghe is behind It's A Fine Line, who have been doing some great stuff recently, such as the old-school workout 'Do The Hot Tar', which we've been playing to death. Our last track this week is still old school, but in a more Detroit-ish sort of way. It's called 'Carrier' and is by Jackmate. Weird Italo-ish cascading synth lines over an 808 clap, it's both jacking and uplifting. And that's your lot! We'll see you in the sunshine...

NEXT WEEK'S COLUMNIST
Tim Westwood on beats and life

5
TO SEE
This week's
unmissable new
music shows

WOLF GANG
Hoxton Square Bar
& Kitchen, London,
July 14

**THE HUNDRED
IN THE HANDS,**
Moles, Bath,
July 16

FICTION
Old Blue Last,
London, July 15

FIRST AID KIT
(pictured below)
Hare And Hounds,
Birmingham,
July 15

ICE BLACK BIRDS,
Boilerroom,
Guildford, July 20



DIAMOND RINGS

GARAGE, LONDON
THURSDAY, JULY 1

CAUGHT
LIVE

Didn't Canada invent anonymity? So what's happening with the Canadian onstage tonight? John O'Regan is

nine-feet tall and dressed in leggings and Nike high tops, with swipes of eyeshadow wrapping back around his temples.

Stripped of his dancers, O'Regan plays alone as Diamond Rings in London tonight, but he's still captivating. His DIY pop sounds tinny, and as he turns to face us he looks like you do in that VHS your parents have where you're dancing blushing with your sister at her sixth birthday party. But John O perseveres, creeping out into the audience to share the embarrassment

around. Somehow he styles out a power cut, before the reassuring chords of 'Wait And See' crash down and the audience, standoffish 'til now, start to loosen.

Everyone seems most comfortable in these guitar-driven moments – the yearning chorus and Valensi-esque lead guitar of 'Something Else' provide another – but O'Regan's more interested in exploring that anxious gap between the pop star he is in his own head and the one he is outside of it. So what ensues is awkward synths, awkward dance moves, awkward rap. Above and beyond all that, though, is awkward him – he might not be Gaga or Rihanna just yet, but nine-feet tall and brave in make-up, he's never going to be anonymous. *Kev Kharas*

BREAKTHROUGH
THE FIRST WINNER

**NME
BREAKTHROUGH**
2nd BlackBerry

Two months ago we launched a competition offering new artists the chance to win a slot at Lovebox. And the lucky act is...

NME Breakthrough act **Matt Henshaw** is set to play the Lovebox Festival Main Stage on Friday, July 16 – joining Dizzee Rascal, Ellie Goulding and Mystery Jets on the bill. Matt was one of five finalists who were chosen from the NME Breakthrough community by an expert panel of judges, including NME Editor Krissi Murison and Groove Armada's Tom Findlay, from over 1,500 new acts on the site. They then



went up to the public vote on the Lovebox Facebook page and you lot have spoken – picking Matt as the act you want to see opening Lovebox 2010.

Matt told us we can expect "me singing old-school hip-hop like it used to be. There will be good trainers and a lot of fun". Get yourself ready for Lovebox 2010 by checking out Henshaw's NME

Breakthrough page at music.nme.com/matthenshaw/

LOVEBOX

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YOU'RE NOT THE BOSS OF ME NOW



The Gaslight Anthem are moving upward – but can they shake off the tag of Bruce Springsteen's Favourite Band? James McMahon meets Brian Fallon. And pisses him right off, actually

PHOTOGRAPHY: ED MILES

Saturday, June 27, 2009: Brian Fallon's band The Gaslight Anthem are playing an early evening slot at Glastonbury Festival. For many, it's the first opportunity to witness the buzz surrounding the New Jersey four-piece first hand since their debut UK shows just under a year before. Three songs done, Fallon extends his arms towards his audience on The John Peel Stage and begins to whisper: "Shhhhh. I can hear the sound of my hometown..." Then Bruce Springsteen enters stage right. Picks up a guitar. Launches into 'The '59 Sound'. Gets the words wrong. The crowd goes *batsbit*. Fallon later joins Springsteen onstage during the legend's own headline slot. The week that follows sees an uplift in sales of Gaslight's second album by 200 per cent. And Brian Fallon's life changes forever.

Friday, June 25, 2010: Brian Fallon doesn't want to talk about Springsteen anymore.

"I expected it on today of all days," the singer says, backstage at London's Hyde Park Calling festival, "it being a year down the line and all, but we did press this afternoon and every single journalist that wanted to speak to me *still* wanted to speak to me about Bruce Springsteen. It was a great thing that happened to us. I will never stop being excited about it. But enough. Really, enough already..."

On plastic garden chairs beside Brian sit members of The Hives, a band placed one unlikely slot above The Gaslight Anthem on

"IT WAS A GREAT THING THAT HAPPENED TO US. I WILL NEVER STOP BEING EXCITED ABOUT IT. BUT ENOUGH ALREADY!"

BRIAN FALLON



"I DON'T REALLY WANT
TO BELIEVE BRUCE
BECAUSE THEN I'LL
START THINKING I'M
AWESOME AND LOSE
EVERYTHING"

BRIAN FALLON



the inner-city festival bill. In the near distance, assorted Pearl Jam personnel – the evening's headline band, and one whose 'State Of Love And Trust' Brian's lot recently covered on US TV show *Late Night With Jimmy Fallon* – mill about their Portacabins as Eddie Vedder's throaty American Spirit-stained cackle fills the evening air.

But tonight Brian Fallon seems oblivious to the carefree summer band camp that surrounds him.

"...and what's so difficult about this whole experience," continues the frustrated singer, "is there's no guidebook, no manual, no template of what a band like us does next. There's *no-one to ask what to do*. Bruce Springsteen came to us and said, 'You are it. You are what comes next.' I can't think of another band that anything like this has happened to. Maybe them..."

He sighs, gesturing at Pearl Jam.

"...when Neil Young asked them to be his backing band (on 1995's 'Mirror Ball' record and accompanying tour). But they were an established band, it's not really the same..."

If you're sensing some tension here, allow us to provide some back-story. Due to the overwork and sleep-deprived nervous breakdowns that occur at this magazine come Glastonbury weekend (which shares the same three dates of scheduling as Hyde Park Calling), *NME's* 45-minute interview slot with The Gaslight Anthem, and the lion's share of what follows in this feature, had to be conducted over the phone from our office rather than in person at Hyde Park. In fact, the hastily rescheduled plan was to speak on the phone to Brian and guitarist Alex Rosamilia (nice bloke, just been dumped, poor lad), then travel across London to the festival and speak some more to them after their slot. All of which we did...

But around three hours before I'm escorted into the backstage area by the band's PR saying, "Brian thought you were taking the piss out of him on the phone", this happened: Brian got flustered, stopped our chat short.

And perhaps that's why Brian Fallon looks like he's just about ready to blow...

For a man so obviously well-versed in the minutiae of rock'n'roll history, it's surprising that Brian Fallon doesn't recall that The Gaslight Anthem aren't the only band ever to be publicly patronized by a superstar.

Case in point: as you read these words, there are men in cagoules ("Proud Mary, desk number three please...") all over the northwest of England picking up cigarette butts outside of job centres, putting them in plastic bags for later, and tearfully remembering the column inches Noel Gallagher devoted to them that never translated into record sales.

Yet we will concede that Brian (and Alex, along with bassist Alex Levine and drummer Benny Horowitz) do find themselves on something that might well be described as virgin soil; he's right, there's isn't a handbook. The cases where an artist has been championed by a more established artist and it's worked out for the best are *extremely* rare.

But on the outside looking in, it's all worked out brilliantly for the New Jersey band, The Gaslight Anthem are in London today on the back of the band's UK Top 20-charting third album 'American Slang', a record whose audience, even discounting the group's admirable work ethic and relentless touring over the last year, has undoubtedly been

swelled by their biggest fan's Pilton patronage.

They've seen exponential growth; in the three days prior to today, they've sold out big rooms in Birmingham, Glasgow and Manchester. Tomorrow they'll top the bill at O2 Academy Brixton, their biggest headline date on British soil. Then they'll head back for more of the same in the US. From Eddie Vedder to Tom Petty, to Neil Young and beyond, they've become the integrity-minded rocker's favourite new band to champion.

All the while, somewhere up north, Proud Mary's tears ring out ever louder...

But after weaving their way through Europe on their route to the UK, on the phone today, Brian is – by his own admission – tired, edgy, wired. He's a man who doesn't drink ("Which makes the days longer") for fear he'll "screw up his one shot", that he'll "become an alcoholic and lose everything"; who views his band's purpose as being "on a mission to prove something to ourselves"; who takes his music "extremely seriously".

His tiredness hasn't just hit him either; last time *NME* tried to speak with the band, a few weeks prior to today, Brian cancelled our interview – wedged in-between a schedule of radio sessions booked across middle America – due to him and the band being "exhausted".

"Being on tour is so overwhelming every day that it's hard not to lose it," he says. "You're always moving around, you're always in some hotel room that isn't yours or you're feeling uncomfortable, and even with the praise we get from our audience, I never take that in." He sighs. "I don't think I'm the next biggest thing in the world – the next Springsteen or whatever. The bar is so far from what I want to achieve I don't know if I'll ever get there."

Tiredness, an uptight desire to be the best he can be and a press run of journalists who want to talk to him about anything other than his own band, today Brian Fallon wanted to go back to bed, not talk about Bruce Springsteen.

Yet that's hard, because even if that man hadn't lent his patronage to the band almost a year ago to the day, 'American Slang' is a record that's *seriously* in thrall to The Boss. Written largely at home (after, Brian says, the songs "just came to me in my head") and recorded in nearby New York, once again with 'The '39 Sound' producer and former Flogging Molly guitarist Ted Hutt, it shares a similar spirit to that man's work, its heart swells with the same concerns; cinematic tales of hardship and heartbreak concerning drunks, dreamers and dropouts; blue-collar ballads and punk rock stories made and told on the streets of the two artists' shared stomping ground of New Jersey. It couldn't really be more Boss-like if it shouted at you for abusing the stationary cupboard, and asked you to come see it in its office.

Not that Springsteen is the new record's only touchstone; you might find the spirit of Van Morrison entombed within the bluesy swing of 'The Diamond Church Street Choir'. The pounding 'Bring It On' sports a recurring bridge in the run up to the chorus that recalls The Marvelettes' 'Please Mr Postman'. And the band's foray into dub rhythms on 'The Queen Of Lower Chelsea' – thanks largely to Fallon and Rosamilia's stuttering palm-muted guitars – is pitched somewhere between The Clash and latter-day Replacements. Brian tells us he was listening to a lot of John Mayall & The Bluesbreakers during the album's creation. Yeah, you can hear that too.

But if you've ever been to both a Gaslight Anthem gig and Bruce Springsteen concert, you might see the similarities between them both as being ideological as well as musical. Brian agrees with *NME* that the 'American Slang' songs are more intimate and personal to him than those on the preceding record, or on their scantily known 2007 debut 'Sink Or Swim'. And he acknowledges for those reasons that it's often "harder to play live". But he believes his band's performances are akin to a "confessional", a sentiment almost synonymous with Springsteen performances.

"When I'm onstage," muses Brian, "I sort of feel like me and the audience are saying the same thing to each other. I often feel an equal connection onstage. It really is a very spiritual thing. It's almost like talking to a priest, and I don't know whether I'm the priest or the audience is. I look at it like the audience is my confessional. For however long our sets last, I feel like there's some sort of interchange going on. And that I feel understood for once."

Yet Brian's frustration isn't so much with talking about Bruce, but more with people not seeing there's more to his band than being copycats. Asked whether he wishes he could read a review of his band and not see Springsteen mentioned, he replies: "Of course. But at the same time, what if that stuff had never happened? I wouldn't trade that for anything. In the '70s – and Bruce still did you. Well, sometimes he'll tell you – there wasn't one interview that didn't mention Bob Dylan. But you survive, you outlast your comparison. And it's the best comparison to have."

But it's a comparison that's driving him crazy. The thing with Springsteen though Brian – we say down the phone, noting that Brian raised The Boss' name himself – is with all the respect in the world, he's a freak. He's like Bowie or Dylan or Michael Jackson – someone who seemingly fell to earth. Do you ever wish the comparisons were with someone less, I dunno, awesome?

"Yeah," he says, instantly, "and that's the time when I think this stuff is really ridiculous. That's when I think, 'No, we're just not as good as he is.' But then I must be wrong because he thinks so. So I dunno, I don't know what to do. I don't really want to believe him, because then I'll just start thinking, I'm awesome and lose everything."

To be honest Brian, we counter, I don't think people would make such an issue of it if a) Bruce hadn't come onstage with you that day and b) if you both weren't from New Jersey. And you do wear your love of your home state on your sleeve...

"Yeah, well I like where I'm from. It's home." *NME*: The first time I went to New Jersey I felt as though I'd already been there from listening to Springsteen records...

"Well, that's what it's like. I mean, I love it and I hate it. And it comes out in the songs – like, 'The Diamond Church Street Choir' – but there are songs where I hate it too, like on 'Orphans'. It's the place where I grew up and learnt everything I know, but it's also the place when my father's factory shut down and we didn't have any money. It's the only state where the 'state song' is one about leaving."

You mean 'Born To Run'?

"Yeah, that's the state song. And it's about leaving."

Does Bruce's legacy hang over the place?

"No. (Laughs) It's not so totalitarianist that his ghost hangs over the city sprinkling magic

dust on all the practice spaces in the city!"

That's not what I heard, we jibe – I heard they sit down with kids in nursery school and teach them the chords to 'Hungry Heart'.

"No. (with obvious frustration) This is the problem with music journalists! You blow this stuff way out of proportion! It's like saying all you Brits have The Rolling Stones on your tax certificates! Yeah, we like him, we get it, but it's not like he walks around saying, 'Yeah, I bless you my son' to everyone who picks up a guitar. People like you have blown this up to mythical proportions."

Actually, I just asked if his legacy hangs over the place. And then I made a glib joke. But you can't deny he's a big inspiration to guitar bands who are breaking out of New Jersey...

"That is absolutely not true to the highest level of being not true. What about Bouncing Souls, Lifetime..."

Have you heard Titus Andronicus?

"No I haven't. Who are they?"

They're great, they're newish, they're from New Jersey and they sound like Springsteen

"Well, that's just a matter of opinion."

You think that everyone sounds like Bruce Springsteen."

But I'm not even saying that's a bad thing! I love Bruce Springsteen! I'd rather every band in the world sounded like Bruce Springsteen than they sounded like, I dunno, Nickelback!

"Hey, my PR is asking me to wrap this up. Bye."

And so, three hours later, you rejoin us in the backstage area of Hyde Park Calling...

Back at the festival, Brian isn't rude. His passion for music makes him instantly likeable. He's smarter than your average musician. He's got an ambition for his band, which, while insatiable, isn't akin to the megalomania that almost saw Johnny Borrell invade Poland sometime in the mid noughties. And while he doesn't apologise for his earlier tetchiness, our meeting does eventually end with us talking about a shared love of Social Distortion and an affable, firm handshake.

But the feeling lingers that Brian Fallon is a man lost at sea right now, unsure of how to escape the cursed gift Bruce Springsteen gave his band – even whether he has any right to escape it – sort of like when someone gives you a jumper for Christmas that you really like, only to find out it's really itchy and makes you look fat a few months down the line. I feel for him not knowing what to do, the uniqueness of his band's position. But then, he doesn't have leprosy either. His band are undoubtedly rock's next megastars, while he's on a purple patch of songwriting that shows no signs of dimming. It's about perspective.

"The thing is," Brian told us earlier in the day, "I do feel that everybody is trying to judge us for something. Every time we do something it's like being under the microscope. I don't think we've reached a stage where people just universally like everything we do. People are still trying to suss us out. Sometimes it feels like we're going to a board meeting or filling out a job application everyday."

Chill out Brian. You're doing just fine – there are unemployed men in the northwest of England who envy your every move. You are the chosen one. Enjoy the ride.

NME.COM/artists/gaslight-anthem for an exclusive walk on from a recent London show





Ray Manzarek: "Jim and Pamela [Courson, his long-term lover] were at both ends of the love/hate extreme. They loved each other, but they were also violent and tempestuous. It was a passionate, Romeo and Juliet kind of love affair. They are rock'n'roll's Romeo and Juliet. It was at once loving and cuddling and silly and childlike, and dark, brooding, dangerous and violent; a terrible thing to behold. But there was no animosity between myself and Pamela. She was a good friend. Certainly, she wanted to get Jim Morrison out of rock'n'roll, because it was killing him. Or was it something else that killed him? That's the question. Remember, after he left rock'n'roll, he was dead within four months. ."

WHEN YOU'RE STRANGE

The Doors' legend – and more specifically that of their iconic frontman Jim Morrison – is one that has persisted for 40 years. To coincide with the release of the Johnny Depp-narrated documentary *When You're Strange*, NME caught up with organist Ray Manzarek and guitarist Robbie Krieger to talk through some of the seminal LA group's most iconic shots...



Robbie Krieger: "Ray had been driving around downtown LA, and he saw this place called Morrison Hotel. So we decided to go down and shoot some photos there, but the guy who owned the hotel wouldn't let us shoot inside it. I guess they thought we were hippies. There were a lot of drunks and bums hanging around that area. Anyway, we snuck in there real quick when he wasn't looking and got the shot that became the cover of 'Morrison Hotel!'"



Robbie Krieger: "The one thing the Oliver Stone movie did get right was our trips to the desert. We used to go out there and take acid. The famous scene from the movie wasn't taken from a specific trip, it was more like Oliver Stone's idea of what it would be like to take acid with The Doors in the desert. Acid is good to take anywhere in nature, whether it's the desert, or at the beach - we took it there a lot too - but you don't wanna be taking it and hanging around Hollywood, with all the weirdness that goes on there. That's why when we did it, we'd head out to the desert, into nature, where you can freak out and nobody bothers you."

Ray Manzarek: "One of the things you'll notice about the documentary is that - Unlike the Oliver Stone film - it humanises Jim. I think it's terrific. I think they've done a great job in putting this together and showing the real Doors, showing the human Doors. Not the mythological, not the legendary Doors - although that is there for you to interpret, for you to divine, if you so desire. But in this film you will see The Doors as human beings. Something unique, something never before seen."



Ray Manzarek: "This reminds me of a fantastic time. We were so excited. We had entered into a realm that no other rock band had ever entered: we had an absolutely huge billboard on the Sunset Strip [The Doors were the first band ever to use this marketing technique]. Right on Sunset and Laurel Canyon boulevard, the hip Laurel Canyon. And we thought it was just fantastic. Elektra had gone all the way, and we knew at that point that we were going all the way. It was just a matter of time until 'Light My Fire' became the Number One song in America in the summer of love."





Ray Manzarek: "Certainly in my mind the way it was always supposed to work was that Jim Morrison would get all the attention. He was the handsomest guy in the band. He was dark and brooding, sexy and dangerous. He was Dionysian. Why wouldn't he? Anybody who was jealous should've quit and joined another band."

Robbie Krieger: "Again, this is from the 'Morrison Hotel' shoot. Poor Jim had the trial hanging over his head at the time, after the show in Miami [the infamous 1969 gig where Morrison allegedly showed his penis to the audience and was charged with indecent exposure]. It was a scary show. Pretty soon he'd invited a bunch of people on stage and the stage started to collapse, so John [Densmore, drummer] and I ran for it. And then Jim got thrown off the stage, and he was leading a procession of people in a snake dance all over the floor. It's hard to forget!"

Robbie Krieger: "That's around 'Light My Fire'. We knew that it was our best song because when we played it at the clubs, people would always go nuts. We knew that was probably our best shot at getting a hit record, but we didn't put it out at first because it was too long. In those days you had to have a three-minute single to get on the radio, and 'Light My Fire' was about six minutes. We finally edited it down to three minutes, which we felt was a cop-out. And then after that, FM radio started playing the long version anyway!"

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more amazing
pictures of
The Doors



Robbie Krieger: "The Doors, what we were doing as a band, was just mirroring society. Which is pretty much what art is supposed to do. We weren't trying to lead anybody in a certain direction, or tell people what they should be doing, we were just commenting on what was going on. Jim always used to say that art was a mirror of society. We weren't trying to postulate on political positions or anything like that, we were commenting on what was happening around us at the time, whether it was through songs like 'Unknown Soldier', or 'When The Music's Over'."



Robbie Krieger: "Around the corner from the Morrison Hotel was a bar called the Hard Rock Cafe. It's funny that on the back of that album cover is the original Hard Rock Cafe, before the idea was stolen to make money out of it. That was not a particularly good time for the band. Jim was just about to go on trial for a stupid charge, and he was worried because he really could have gone to jail. He might have ended up in a Florida work camp."

The *When You're Strange* DVD is out on August 30. The photo exhibition of the same name is at east London's Idea Generation Gallery and runs until August 27



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UNPLUGGED IN... IBIZA

What better place for **Bombay Bicycle Club** to unveil their new acoustic album than, er, the dance music capital of Europe? **Matt Wilkinson** steers clear of DJ Tiesto, Privilege, industrial strength Es and Pete Doherty's blood and talks to them about folk music. Rave on!

It's precisely 1.17pm in Ibiza Old Town, and Bombay Bicycle Club are setting up shop with a couple of borrowed acoustics and an opened guitar case. As we're sure you're now aware, they've just released an acoustic album that harks back to (but, as we'll explain later, most certainly doesn't rip off) the late '60s, the golden age of folk. So what better way to get into the spirit of things than a bit of busking – Balearic style?

But let's explain *why* the band have chosen to road test those new acoustic songs for us on the streets of Ibiza, warming up for a full electric show with Biffy Clyro at Ibiza Rocks later in the day. Well, on the face of it, that forthcoming album – called 'Flaws' – may just seem to be the most pithy, uncouth thing any respectable indie outfit could choose to release in an era where *everyone* – even Jack White these days – is obsessed with looking forwards, not back. But as frontman Jack Steadman fastidiously points out, what 'Flaws' aims to do is shun all notion of cool, or uncool, and even shun your very own perception of what a BBC acoustic album *should* sound like. It, like him, doesn't really give a shit.

"What the album is, is the antithesis of the mainstream, of 'in your face'," he says, tuned up. "It'll never be image based and nobody's forcing you to like it. And anything like that, which makes it harder for people to put you in a box, is good. I think a lot of people are just gonna think we're doing the songs from our first record in an acoustic style, like an *MTV Unplugged* or something. But what people should understand is this is a brand new album – not just some token acoustic thing."

And with that, Jack's off to 'work' the streets.

Despite what you may have heard about the non-sex'n'superclub bit of Ibiza, the Old Town is *still* tourist hell. While the kids happily get off their heads elsewhere, these here parts are where their folks and grandparents

come for a bit of cod culture. It's like somewhere you'd get force-driven on *Coach Trip*. Pretty... but pretty sewn up by the local tourism offices too.

Needless to say, BBC try to whip up a storm with the beautifully crafted 'Many Ways', one of the delicately fingerpicked standout tracks from

After a trek through some back streets in search of somewhere a bit more 'local', we hit upon some shaded steps near a humming thoroughfare. Round Two. This time, everyone chips in with a bit of dough to make it look a little less desperate (rule one of busking, natch). The setting is beautiful –

about collectively. You'd have miners' folk songs and fisherman's folk songs, that sort of thing. But it just doesn't exist anymore."

Jamie's more to the point: "I don't really think of this album as folk music, but I'm not calling it acoustic either, because it just sounds stupid in the days of James Blunt or whatever. It's just been lost."

So why record and release your version of that then?

Jack: "Because it's gonna be fun to watch people realise that it's not just us unplugged doing a Nirvana!" He pauses. "Seriously, what I love about it is that it's the most natural way of writing music. It's just one person sitting down with an acoustic guitar. People know what to believe because it's just the one guy. It hasn't got loads of fancy orchestras on it who don't know anything about the music, and it's 100 per cent authentic."

Would you call 'Flaws' a traditional folk album?

Jack: "I think just out of respect for the genre we don't wanna call it folk music. Because it is such an incredible genre. In broad terms I suppose it's folk. But it's not trying to be traditional folk, which should be left alone."

The frontman goes on to clarify his point by saying you "can't emulate"

"I HOPE 'FLAWS' MAKES THE FEW PEOPLE WHO DISMISSED US AS LANDFILL INDIE TAKE IT BACK"

JACK STEADMAN

'Flaws'. "Have we got any maracas or percussion?" drummer Suren de Saram asks. We don't, so he has to play the pavement... with his hands. We're right on the harbour front, and judging by the amount of super-yachts moored up it looks like Roman Abramovich – or at least some of his mates – are in town. If they are though, they're a stingy bunch,

cobbled streets, creaking doorways and the smell of fresh fish – proper Spain. Unfortunately, by the time the band have got going everyone seems to have disappeared. Aah, siesta time! In fact, the only human interaction we get that *isn't* from our group is when an old lady from the house next door – looking about 900 years old and straight out of an Olívio advert – starts hanging out her washing. The look on her face is priceless – as is the performance (again).

You can't win 'em all, it's decided, so with that we give up and head to the nearest bar where, after such an ulcerative busking session, NME buys the drinks and asks the band whether – in an age where music is forging new boundaries – folk and acoustic music is even relevant anymore. Weirdly, while we say yes (acoustic music is music at its most pure and most intimate, no?) the band – ie, the ones who've just recorded 11 tracks harking back to the genre's richest period: 1969-73 – the age of all the *best* classics by the likes of Bert Jansch, Nick Drake, Neil Young, John Martyn – are adamant it can't replicate the relevance it once held.

"It just doesn't exist any more, the 'acoustic album' or 'folk album'," Jack says. "Folk music is meant to be for groups of people who are united by something to sing



Working the streets of Ibiza Old Town: like Camden, only sunnier. And generally nicer

because the band make precisely no money. They do garner a hell of a lot of quizzical looks from the numerous old ladies in blouses and lobster-coloured blokes on the tourism trail though. "Just like t'Moody Blues," one Brit quips wrongly as he walks right through the throng. "Fookin' crap," mutters another more disgruntled oldie under his breath, hilariously. "Maybe we'll have better luck elsewhere," guitarist Jamie MacColl sighs as we give up and move on. Wishful thinking.

Superclub regulars pass by, no doubt aghast at those pallid indie legs and shunky flip-flops



those traditional classics, the likes of Bert Jansch's 'Birthday Blues' and 'Bryter Lyster' by Nick Drake, before Jamie suddenly cuts him off. "But what about the musicians from the '60s who are still writing folk music in that vein?"

Let's we forget, the ginger-haired guitarist has folk in his blood – he's the grandson of the late, great Ewan MacColl (credited with ushering in the so-called second British folk revival in the '50s), his aunt was Pogues and Morrissey favourite Kirsty and his dad Neill, who's also a musician, produced 'Flaws' first session.

Taking up the conversation again, Jack counters: "I don't think those people from the '60s are writing though. They're just playing."

"No, they're still writing songs!" Jamie shoots back.

Jack: "Like who?"

Jamie: "Like the members of my family! They're still writing folk music. Maybe they're writing about different things nowadays, but that's 'cos they have different things to write about!"

Point proven (or at least eliciting silence from Jack), the guitarist sets about sticking up for the genre, which has undoubtedly had a huge effect on him personally. "It was just around me growing up," he says, wide-eyed. "I grew up with [the album] 'Folk Songs For Children' and that sort of thing. I always found it quite amusing that there we're all these great uncles and grandmothers who you'd just think are a bit crazy, singing in strange ways about these strange things. It was... bemusing."

While the band admit it's probably true that the reason they're so precious about not being seen to merely rip off the acoustic greats is because they're so close to a lot of them – paternally, in some cases – they're also at pains to point out that they're a changed entity since the release of debut 'I Had The Blues But I Shook Them Loose' last year. "I much prefer this album to our debut," exclaims Jack. "It's just more what we're listening to now. The first



Glum faces all round when it emerged that someone had forgotten Jamie's Factor 50. BBC (l-r): Jack, Jamie, Ed, Suren



album was a collection of songs written as far back as when we were 15. They just have no relevance to us anymore. We're 20, and I suppose *this* is us."

They're coy on what 'Flaws' means for the future – at different times during the interview Jack confusingly states that their next album will be at once fully electric, "a lot more electronic", and also include a spate of acoustic numbers. "We've never been a band who stick to one style of music," he concedes. "That's why we've done this – I hope it makes the few people who heard the first album and dismissed us as landfill indie take it back."

Back in the safety of a cab heading to the hotel, talk turns to the previous night's partying. Touring keyboardist Louis takes up the story. "We got into Ibiza from Mallorca and got handed

tickets to Privilege. It's the world's biggest club, with the world's biggest DJ [Tiesto]. And it was the world's biggest fail too, I think..." The band stayed at the 'domed paradise' for all of 30 minutes, drinking water and trying not to blend in, according to bassist Ed Nash. "We should have touted our guest list," he adds mournfully.

From there, they headed back to the Ibiza Rocks Hotel – where they've been given the penthouse suite – only to find it not quite to their liking. "Pete Doherty's blood was all over the wall," splutters Jack in a 'that old chestnut' kind of way. Turns out the Pied Piper of Tower Hamlets had been the last person to use the suite, and, as is his wont, Doherty left a nifty three-foot blood signature on the pristine white wall of the master bedroom. Weirdly,

his drawing came complete with *two* shades of red.

Is that normal for blood, they ponder? It's likely it isn't, but then again Doherty and co aren't the only party to have stayed there recently and shown two completely different shades of their soul, are they?

See, 'Flaws' shows a completely different side to Bombay Bicycle Club to what you're expecting – earthy, unplugged'n'unmuddled, clever and altogether real. It harks back to a largely forgotten age and skips all the bullshit that's made acoustic music in general a dirty genre, and it does all this without a stool or weepy ballad in sight.

Hats off to the buskers, yeah? Yeah!

Head to NME.COM/artists/bombay-bicycle-club for some video interviews

"Hey Andy, there's a question here from Johnny Borrell. He's asked us if we know where his career's gone..."



DEAR WE ARE SCIENTISTS, HOW MANY FORWARD ROLLS CAN YOU DO? LOVE JAMIE, KLAXONS

*Know how to make Radiohead laugh? No, but indie's in-house funnymen **We Are Scientists** do. No wonder, then, that the great and good lined up to ask them this stuff...*

Picture, if you will, a rock'n'roll take on the mythical kingdom of Camelot. You've got your King (Elvis, who else?), your Queen (and Priscilla aside, legend has it that Elvis had more than a couple of Queens), the noble Knights Of The Round Table (Kurt Cobain, Ian Curtis *et al*), an evil sorceress (Lady Gaga, but just for the black magic outfits), and a wise old wizard (Jarvis). And then you've got your court jesters, a group who've probably made more people laugh than they've sold records to – the clown princes of indie rock, **We Are Scientists**.

Consider this: the band's after-hours party at the

Park Bar on the Saturday night of this year's Glastonbury was *the* celebrity shebang of the entire festival. There was Alex Turner, girlfriend Alexa Chung and all their gang, Klaxon Jamie Reynolds doing forward rolls down the hill while, propping up the bar, one of a Mick Jagger's kids, plus the likes of Radiohead, Danger Mouse and a dozen more bands who no doubt have a home in your record collection. From late night to beyond, the entire party was buzzing with laughter, all emanating from the two New Yorkers holding court at the centre of it all; guitarist and singer Keith Murray and bespectacled bass player Chris Cain.

Having recently returned with new album 'Barbara' – a mighty collection of modern indie rock, one stacked with chorus after chorus and lashings of heart they've started to prove they're more than just the pack's jokers. If anything, since we inadvertently unleashed them on the Arctic Monkeys by sending them out on the NME Awards Tour in 2006 – culminating in Keith fooling the Brits by becoming an Arctic Monkey for their video acceptance speech – **We Are Scientists** have quietly become the most connected band in all of indiedom.

Need a new drummer? Andy Burrows arrives on a Bosman from Razorlight. MGMT need a guest

»

» keyboard player? They ask Keith. Which band has their own show on MTV? That would be the dynamic duo from New York and their broke-dudes-on-the-run-caper *Steve Wants His Money*. And far from letting the jokes get in the way of the music, 'Barbara' might just be their best album yet. It's conclusive proof that the court jesters can knock up indie disco floor filler of the highest quality when Camelot's minstrel leaves his lute lying around (not that they've given up the japes entirely – just as they were getting serious on us, they went and recorded their England World Cup song, 'Goal! England!').

So what follows is the results of what happened when we asked the kingdom's great and good to ask the band a question – any question they wanted, in fact. It's very silly, at times it's downright bizarre, but it certainly explains why rock'n'roll is a brighter, more bizarre place with *We Are Scientists* around...



Seeing as you're writing football songs now, who was your favourite England player at the 1990 World Cup?

Sergio Pizzorno, Kasabian

Keith: "Hugh Grant. He wasn't on the team, mind you, but he was there, and there can be no contesting that he was a true player."

Chris: "I believe that's a trick question. Famously, not a single player who participated in the 1990 World Cup, from any country, was likeable. So, yes, I'd go with Hugh Grant."



What is your favourite mythical animal?

Kevin Baird, Two Door Cinema Club

C: "I find mythical animals nothing but frustrating, because they're impossible to eat. You must feel the opposite Keith, surely? The temptation to eat them – so present with real animals – is not something you need grapple with."

K: "As a vegetarian, I have no opinion at all of any animal, real or imaginary. They're all worthless. I'd value the life of a broccoli floret above that of a mule, unless that mule was pulling a cart full of broccoli."



When was the last time you guys did something very inappropriate and what was that thing?

Eddie Argos, Earl Brutus/Glam Chops

C: "It was two weeks ago. I was in the Philippines, and I had practically run out of cash – it had been a HUGE weekend, a big stag do – and I found myself unable to leave a gratuity for the 12-year-old I had just buggered for, like, an hour."

K: "That was very, very similar to what I was going to say, but mine involved a TGI Friday's."

C: "I didn't want to reveal the location."



If you could be either Jimmy McNulty from *The Wire* or Don Draper from *Mad Men*, who would you choose and why?

Alexa Chung

K: "They both get an appropriate amount of sex to fit my lifestyle, and McNulty punches enough men to satisfy me. Don Draper uses cutting wit, which frankly I've done enough of in my life, so I'd like to move on to pure boneheaded pugilism like my hero Jimmy McNulty."

C: "And his father Teddy Roosevelt – that's the back story to the show."

K: "They're both pretty serious drinkers and I like that, but neither of them have enough grey hair for me, so I want to be the grey-haired gentleman from *Mad Men* [Roger Sterling]. I bet he punches guys every once in a while. And I don't envy McNulty's time in harbour on the boat. So the grey-haired guy. Let me be in advertising please, and let me manhandle January Jones."

"DOES MAT HORNE THINK AIRPORTS ARE JUST GREAT BIG MAGAZINE SHOPS WITH LARGE PUBLIC RESTROOMS AND STRONG SECURITY?"

KEITH MURRAY



What's the best word score you've ever had in Scrabble?

Matt Helders, Arctic Monkeys

K: "I rally tally my score."

C: "He plays for fun, not sport."

K: "But I will say I did finish one solo game of Scrabble, I practise a lot on my own, and every square on the board was filled and it spelt a word in every single direction. That had to have been over 50 points!"

C: "I've never played Scrabble. I've been so content with Boggle, I've never graduated."



Chris (or Senator Cain as he's known on Twitter), as the music industry's only active American Senator, I was wondering how do the folks on Capitol Hill feel about *We Are Scientists*?

Zane Lowe, Radio 1

C: "Well, I have – to the extent that it's possible – kept my private life and my public life very separate. That said, we have played on the floor of the Senate several times in the last year. It was a great space and the senators turned out to be generous with their applause. My senatorial district is South Dakota. I don't actually reside there, but the voters don't mind. I got the most extensive freeway system built there and if you look at South Dakota from space now it looks like graph paper."

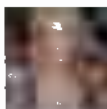


What is an ionic compound?

Emily Eavis

K: "What I'm wondering is: why is she asking a band this? Also, what possible reason could she have for needing to know?"

C: "That's my biggest concern: I worry that if we give her anything but the vaguest answer, she'll put the info to misuse."



Hey guys, we need your advice. Metric has just been asked to perform two songs for the Queen. What songs should we choose? Should we do an electro version of 'Oh Canada'?

Emily Haines, Metric

K: "Well, 'God Save The Queen' is one and 'Give It Away' by Red Hot Chili Peppers is the other – because famously that's her favourite song."



If there comes a time when our corrupt and hapless world leaders decide the best way forward is to dig up and reanimate Winston Churchill to run the world government, how will he look and conduct himself?

Anthony Rossomando, Dirty Pretty Klaxon

K: "We've talked a lot about the Winston Churchill reanimation scenario."

C: "We're working on a novel right now actually – it's called *The Further Adventures Of Winston Churchill*."

K: "Let's talk through this. As great a man as he was, by now Winston Churchill is just a pile of bones, but we do need his leadership in these tough times. So he's going to have to travel about in a full body suit akin to Cobra Commander from *GI Joe*, complete with the mirrored faceplate."

C: "A couple of his idiosyncrasies we predict are this: because of the total lack of any sort of muscles or any of the piping that produces what we're familiar with as the human laugh, the skeleton Winston Churchill will

produce a high pitched whistle akin to a tea kettle. We also anticipate he'll want a rotary blade instead of one hand and a Gatling gun for the other. This is just a guess obviously."



Do you enjoy the idea of completing video games such as *Left 4 Dead 2* minus key players?

Dev Hynes, Lightspeed Champion

K: "(Laughing before the question is even finished) I can decipher this one. (Angrily) Dev has a long-standing, almost a tradition, of starting video games, getting really invested in them and then disappearing and doing stupid things like recording records, going on tour, publishing books, recording Solange Knowles' record. So while he's gone people like Keith Murray and Chris Cain have to go on and clean up the mess that Dev started by unleashing the zombie hoard. THE END. Full Stop. Dev... OK, I guess not full stop, Dev!"



Keith, we were at school together. Why didn't you let me do your make-up when you played Dracula in our high school play?

Alejandra Debeza, School Of Seven Bells

K: "Mainly, it was because I knew that if I'd let her do my make-up, I'd always consider her my servant."

C: "So at the time your passionate Marxist bent prevented you from knowingly entering into a master/servant relationship?"

K: "No, I just wanted to avoid the old artistic master/artistic apprentice vibe. I've always had a keen eye for talent, so I could tell she was going to make something of herself – something great – but I knew that if she'd essentially been my handmaiden, I'd never appreciate her ultimate work. It's the same situation that you ended up getting into with Win Butler. He was, literally, your butler for years. Now you consider Arcade Fire to be music to mop to."

C: "He needed the money for recording, and I knew he would put it to good use, so I was happy to oblige – to let him carry my suitcases, run my house staff, and, par occasion, blend my cordials. I don't think that made him my artistic apprentice."



How many forward rolls can you do?

Jamie Reynolds, Klaxons

K: "I have only ever done two forward rolls in my life, so I want to turn that question back around on Jamie, who is, having logged 100 rolls at Glastonbury, a RollMaster. You've seen me at work, Jamie. Tell me, how many can I expect to be able to do?"



Over the years of human evolution we've learnt to survive on the air around us, to use the flora and fauna as sustenance, to navigate our varied terrain and swim in the oceans – but not yet to fly. Why?

Mat Horne

K: "Uh, Mat. The human race can fly. Does Mat think airports are just great big magazine shops with large public restrooms and laughably strong security?"

Head to NME.COM/artists/we-are-scientists for video interviews and more, including backstage footage from *T In The Park*

Coming out of northern Spain a decade ago and now decamped to Barcelona, **Delorean** have found the perfect home for their blissed-out Balearic beats. **Jack Shankly** shares octopus with the band dragging dance music onwards

It's 9pm in the pink-hewn courtyard of Barcelona's Museum Of Contemporary Art, the epicentre of this year's Sonar By Day Festival. Sequestered away just behind Las Ramblas' incessant buzz, the building's high, bleached clay walls and tranquil gardens once housed a medieval convent. Fittingly, they now accommodate an altogether different kind of worship; devout bass-chasers and the world's weekend hippies flocking to the city in their party-hardy droves to celebrate all that is forward-stepping, or just plain fun, in dance music today.

If you're unfamiliar with Sonar's intentions, over the course of this weekend, 80,000 beautiful teeth-grinders will descend upon Catalonia to well and truly dispense with their shit in honour of a diverse line-up including megastar, four-to-the-floor knob-twisters such as The Chemical Brothers, Dizzee's goofball party rap and the swarming, dystopic twitch-hop of Flying Lotus. For now, though, hometown heroes Delorean are the only name etched into the event's collective pill. They take to the stage just as the daylight dips behind the convent's clock tower, bathing the anticipative throng in a peculiar, peachy twilight glow that feels more like the first glimmers of a new day than sunset.

It's the perfect backdrop for the group's delirious new record 'Subiza' to be shared. In fact, Delorean's show feels as if it's taking place under the mushroom cloud of some sort of nuclear bliss-bomb – couples writhe on the floor; shirtless dudes clamber up the low-



BARÇA TO THE FUT



hanging trees that line the garden; a 20-strong group of teenage girls sit cross-legged to the right of the stage passing around a textbook coated in party powders. The atmosphere is one of genuine euphoria, abandon and celebration.

Celebration, because this show marks a special moment for Delorean. Formed 10 years ago from the ashes of post-hardcore bands, and citing Enya, Prefab Sprout, Cocteau Twins and Durutti Column among their influences, having long enjoyed a loyal fanbase in their Spanish homeland, 'Subiza's recent release has seen them swell into major international contenders – securing a worldwide distribution deal with the ever gold-striking True Panther Sounds imprint that threatens to see their status change from that of blog-lauded champions to really-fucking-huge, tent-bursting ubiquity before the year is out.

Whatever happens however, Delorean are forever bound to Barcelona. Their human, ecstatic dance-pop gorges on all the energy

and vibrancy of their city with its balmy days and infinite, runaway nights of dream chasing. But it also encapsulates it all perfectly, making it difficult to know whether Barcelona defined Delorean or if the sound of Delorean, in its wide-eyed melding of house, Balearic beat, UK funky, two-step and straightforward pop has somehow captured the city's very essence.

"We just belong here," offers singer Ekhi Lopetegi without prompt as we wander through a heaving little market square earlier in the day, searching for a place to eat. "I like some other cities a lot, but *nothing* compares to here. It's just where we're meant to be. There's a rhythm of life here that is unique." We finally settle on a tiny, rustic restaurant a few hundred yards away from the festival grounds where the muffled boom of the day's first acts can be heard above the lunchtime din. Sonar is scattered over various large conference centres, museums and open spaces in the centre of the city and as such its relentless bass quaking is omnipresent all weekend; a great, throbbing pulse that seems



Clockwise from top: Delorean take a break from the beats to eat; "Which one do I press to get a sangria, then?"; the local heroes onstage at Sonar; the crowd in the courtyard of Barca's Museum Of Contemporary Art go appropriately nuts



URE

somehow strangely appropriate and permanent, as if it were some kind of architectural feature.

"There is a lot of freedom in Barcelona," explains Ekhi, trying to draw parallels between his city and his music in-between bites of fried octopus, "but it's not all as 'chilled out' as some people assume. I think that term has negative connotations. There's a tension here. When we first moved to the city seven or eight years ago, it was very different. It was a very hedonistic place then, really quite wild. You could do whatever you wanted, more or less. There was a danger, or subversion to life here that we found so exciting. It has changed a bit now due to some civic laws that the government introduced a little while back, but that sense remains. And it's the same with our music. In a way it is summery dance music, but it is deeper than that. It exists somewhere between ecstasy and fear."

Although Barcelona is unquestionably the band's spiritual home, Lopetegui and

bandmates Igor Escudeo, Unai Lazcano and Guillermo Astrain formed in the small Basque town of Zarautz when they were 16. They didn't settle in the city as one until early 2008. "Some of us were living in Barcelona but others of us were at home still," explains Igor as we work off our lunch by trotting around a beautiful, walled rose-garden across the square, close to where the artist Gaudi died. "It kind of meant that we suffered for coherence because we would practise and discuss ideas so infrequently and so things only really came together seriously in the last few years or so. We weren't unhappy at home, but it was a case of needing to move somewhere bigger with more momentum in order to achieve what we needed to."

Indeed, although 'Subiza' is their breakthrough, it's actually their fifth studio recording. It is the first, however, in which the vision they have always harbored has been brought into realisation. Listening to the Delorean of 2007's 'Transatlantic KK' album, it's possible to discern today's band at work – but only just. The pleading, vaguely desperate vocals that sound so majestic and emotive when soaring high above 'Subiza's' towering house-piano stabs and twisted, spooked samples seem strangled by the angular, Rapture-esque post-punk guise they were once trapped in.

"We've always been this band, really," says

REIGN IN SPAIN

Because it's not just their own tunes; here's the five Delorean remixes you need to hear

THE XX - 'ISLANDS'

Delorean move The xx's 'Islands' somewhere south for summer, filling the space around the skeletal original with some gauzy, half-light synths and clattering two-step ghetto echo.

FRANZ FERDINAND - 'LIVE ALONE' (DELOREAN REMIX)

Among the most full-throttle of Delorean's remix work, their version of 'Live Alone' is a balls-to-the-wall club-humper that loses Alex Kapranos' croon in a swirling maelstrom of face-melting synths, rolling carnival drums and a gum-bleeder of a throwback house-piano line.

COLD CAVE - 'LIFE MAGAZINE'

If Ekhi and co did well coaxing The xx into the sunlight, then hear the miracle they perform here, twisting the glacial synths and ghoulish incantations of stern New York doomsday-pop occultists Cold Cave into a floor-wrecker courtesy of a neat Chicago house beat and distant air-raid siren.

GLASSER - 'GLAD'

True Panther labelmate Glasser's spectral and soulful post-punk lullaby 'Glad' gets stretched into a sumptuous mid-tempo slow-burner with a teasing, lump-in-the-throat build that never fully breaks, preferring instead to just glide contently in an eternal summer night's sky.

MYSTERY JETS - 'HALF IN LOVE WITH ELIZABETH'

Blaine and co's heartbreak gets some old-skool house treatment as syrupy twisted harmonies are stacked high over a seriously fruity piano line.



Ekhi, "we've always been dance producers at heart. We've listened to dance music since the start. From early Warp through all sorts of techno, house, garage, two-step... it's just what we love. But, at the same time, we were always just a guitar band trying to make dance music. We couldn't ever transcend that until we changed our processes. So when we started using computers and thinking about things in a more meticulous way, the songs we always knew we had inside us just crystallised."

The seeds for Delorean's transformation from jerky dance-punk also-rans to the Balearic pop behemoth of 'Subiza' were sown when the group, tired of the predominance of brainless pump-pump-pump electro music in the city's clubs, formed their own night, Desperance. "It wasn't formed as a negative response to anything in particular," clarifies Igor, "we just wanted somewhere where we could control the music." It quickly became a destination for the discerning Barca beat-junkie and Delorean's reputation flourished. A string of remixes for the likes of The xx and Franz Ferdinand followed, a moment that Igor sees as pivotal.

"The remixes were so important," he says as we wind through a dim side street back towards the venue. "They helped us understand our process. We were always so jealous of dance producers, with the boundless freedom they had. We realised we could enjoy that too. The whole idea of Balearic music is that it's not a style but a lack of any one style and so in that spirit we tried to be open to everything, always looking forward. We're happy because we have something all our own now and it's... well, it's OK by us."

Far more than OK, too, judging by the ecstatic bundle that Sonar's crowd are melted into by the time the sky-bursting fireworks of closer 'Grow' explode tonight. "For me it's all about the idea of bliss," says Ekhi as we catch up on the beach the next day. "It's about letting something bigger than you take you over, submitting to it, feeling yourself..." He pauses and clambers on to a rock. "It's about feeling yourself grow bigger with it. It's like being lifted up somewhere high." He laughs. "There is always the fear of falling, but it's worth it."

REVIEWS

TOKYO POLICE CLUB, PROFESSOR GREEN, 3OH!3

Edited by Emily Mackay



RPA & THE UNITED NATIONS OF SOUND

UNITED NATIONS OF SOUND PARLOPHONE

New band in tow, the former Verve singer continues his downward career trajectory with a surfeit of platitudes



In 2010, Richard Ashcroft has become a one-man cargo cult. Rather than make brilliant music that tells us amazing things about life, he seems to believe that if he sings about how much he really loves music while constantly mentioning 'life' in its most vacuous, abstract sense, then it's all one-and-the-same.

Dickie, you couldn't be more wrong, son. His solo career has already been a steady plummet to mediocrity – arrested only by The Verve's reunion – but United Nations Of Sound finds Richard actually battling it out with Des'ree for the wooden spoon in cod-

philosophising about 'life'. How much difference is there, after all, between "I don't want to see a ghost, it's a sight I fear most, I'd rather have a piece of toast", and what he's serving up by the time we hit track two ('Born Again'): "I saw Venus up in the sky/I turned down my head and Serena smiled... and I'm born again"? 'Life' is everywhere: 'Life Can Be So Beautiful', 'This Thing Called Life'... And music? Brother, he bloody loves it: whether it's 'She Brings Me The Music' or 'America's carping about "The universal language/This is music/Are you tuning in?". Life. Music. Music. Life. Oh. Dear. At least Des'ree knew a hook when she saw

one. Richard Paul Ashcroft, on the other hand, has assembled that most ruggedly authentic of musical backings, a team of LA session players, and walked them through all of his most anodyne default settings, at a deadeningly flat pace. Mainly, as ever, there's plenty of the parping soul-lite where he strives for Marvin Gaye, but ends up at M People. 'Good Loving' is not only the most obvious culprit here, it's a brazen retread of 'Music Is Power'. Also forming an orderly queue on the checklist are the Big Brooding Ballads ('She Brings Me The Music'), and the Uptempo Ballads With The Sweeping Strings Where He Talks In Positivity Platitudes (too many to list).

Despite the new name to go with his new

band, he deviates from his standard solo template only twice. Unsurprisingly, these are also the only parts where he manages to bob above the morass of cuddlesomeness. 'How Deep Is Your Man' cops off with a bunch of Chess Records samplers to stick a bit of blues in-between the beiges. And 'Beatitudes', despite being the worst biblically-based pun since 'Guess God Thinks I'm Abel', is Richard finally fighting for his right to party – a nippy little rock'n'roll buzz that cuts the darksome dash of 'The Rolling People', even if on closer inspection it's more Embrace's 'All You Good Good People'.

These are rare highs, before 'Royal Highness' takes us to the absolute low. When RPA sings "I wanna ride in my mind 'til the morning sunshine", it's the sound of a hundred-million Ben & Jerry's festivals on Clapham Common – a big blob of awful smug Saturday-morning-in-Ikea nothingness that Innocent Smoothies would reject as too cloying. By the final track, it's almost as though he's deliberately inviting satire. 'Let My Soul Rest'? No, let our ears rest. "I've had too much pain"? So've we...

But Dickie's right. Life is precious. Life can be wonderful. Life isn't to be wasted. So, instead of devoting 56 minutes of yours listening to RPA & The United Nations Of Sound, why not watch two episodes of *My Family* back to back? There's a bigger dose of pathos right there: a firmer grip on the realities of human emotions, and better still – you don't have to see one of the all-time rock'n'roll greats fish for his mojo in a swamp of AOR bilge. *Gavin Haynes*

3

DOWNLOAD: *Chicken Soup For The Soul* (audiobook; edited by Jack Canfield)

WHO ARE UNOS?

Meet the people behind RPA's new project.

No ID (production)
Has worked with the likes of Jay-Z, Common and Alicia Keys; known as 'the Godfather of Chicago hip-hop'.

Derrick Wright (drums)
A Brooklyn soul/R&B drummer; played with Angie Stone and Toni Braxton, among others.

Steve Wyreman (guitar)
Normally found laying down licks for R&B legend Mary J Blige.

Paul 'DW' Wright (bass)
Enigmatic soul/R&B session string thumper.

Benjamin Wright (string arrangements)
Wrote string parts for Michael Jackson's 'Don't Stop 'Til You Get Enough'.

Reggie Dozier (engineer)
Brother of Motown legend Lamont Dozier.

Dickie Ashcroft (vocals)
Was in The Verve.

THE BOOKS

THE WAY OUT

TEMPORARY RESIDENCE



Such activities as making lift muzak at the behest of the French government and penning songs about advanced trigonometry will have already enamoured this Appalachian duo to indie eggheads over four previous albums. But the only furrowed brows concerning The Books' latest instalment of woozy, unhurried collage music will be regarding its lack of free paddling pool. It's gently skew-whiff and playful, and the samples borrowed from self-help and hypnotherapy tapes, scrawled bass-lines, digitized beats, choral chants and mossy acoustic melodies suggest a formula that's equal parts Squarepusher, Cornelius, Tunng, Cassette Boy and ice lollies. **Chris Parkin**
DOWNLOAD: 'Chain Of Missing Links' **8**

ORIOI

NIGHT AND DAY

PLANET MU

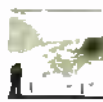


Oriol Singhji is so fresh on the British electronic scene it would be remiss to try and second-guess what he's done on this debut album. It is undeniably true that 'Night And Day' sounds like a slew of stuff that is pretty in vogue: it brings the funk in smooth'n'oiled fashion, imbues it with hazy nostalgia by running it through an off-centre tape machine, and remembers to whomp you with basslines that stand alongside R&B reshapers like Joker and Hudson Mohawke. Yet even if Oriol is just latching on to fleeting microtrends here, he's also penning melodies so glorious you ignore all else. **Noel Gardner**
DOWNLOAD: 'Flux' **8**

RICHARD YOUNGS

BEYOND THE VALLEY OF ULTRAHITS

JAGJAGUWAR



It's hard to get a hold on Richard Youngs. The Glasgow-based virtuoso refuses to stick to anything – be it the same instrument, style, recording technique or label. 'Beyond The Valley Of Ultrahits' is perhaps his most accessible work in a long and prolific career, but we should have known when he accepted buddy Andrew Paine's challenge to make a "proper pop album", it wasn't exactly going to be the stuff of singalongs. What we do get from his umpteenth offering however, is a sumptuous, hymnal house-folk cross breed, complete with all manner of eerie-making loops and chirruping electronics. Is there anything Youngs won't try? Dubstep perhaps: sensible man. **Camilla Pia**
DOWNLOAD: 'Summer Void' **7**

MIDNIGHT JUGGERNAUTS

THE CRYSTAL AXIS

SIBERIA



Melbourne cosmic rockers Midnight Juggernauts once promised to take us 'Into The Galaxy', so it's disappointing to find that their second album gives up somewhere around Galashiels. Synths wobble gamely throughout proggy electro-rock tracks, but overall the effect is more Blake's 7 than JG Ballard. The best song is actually the least self-consciously spacey: a taut white-funk groover called 'Lara Versus The Savage Pack'. All pleasant enough but, much like the Australian space programme, it fails to get off the ground. **Sam Richards**
DOWNLOAD: 'Lara Versus The Savage Pack' **6**

FACES TO NAMES...

What the reviewers are doing this week



AILBHE MALONE

"I've been wondering how possible it is to be best mates with an android after interviewing Janelle Monáe. And also whinging consistently about the heat."



MARK BEAUMONT

"While recovering from a sore back, I've been mostly tuning up my blagging muscles. Arcade Fire, Latitude and Sziget sorted – now who does the PR for holidays in Barbados?"



JAMIE CROSSAN

"Read *California Schemin'* by Gavin Bain. It's about how two lads con a record label into believing they are American rappers."



GAVIN HAYNES

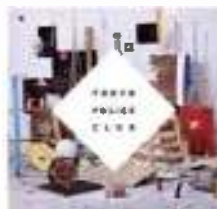
"I watched Belinda Carlisle, wrote about tinpot African dictators and performed *Swan Lake*."



TOKYO POLICE CLUB

CHAMP MEMPHIS INDUSTRIES

Follow up to an underwhelming debut album finds these former blog heroes revisting their childhood



Are you as fed up as the rest of us of hearing bands say they are releasing a more "grown-up" second album? All too often, they're just trying to dress up what is really

little more than a yawnsome borefest. But this Canadian four-piece aren't reverting to worn clichés of maturity for their second effort. Instead, they're journeying back to childhood just for their own sweet kicks. After a hugely disappointing debut ('Elephant Shelf'), which failed to keep the embers alight after the initial spark of their early EPs, this is a rompingly reactionary record; bouncing with frenzied guitar riffs, sweet synths, pitter-patter drum beats and saucer-eyed optimism. For starters, 'Favourite Food' – a track about a dying man yearning for a return to his youth – is better than their entire debut album. And try not getting your eyes wet with lyrics such as "*With a heart-attack on your plane/You were looking back on your days/how you spend them all in a blur*". The track acts as a stepping stone back to familiar teenage hangouts, and what follows is an album packed with childhood imagery. For

instance, 'Favourite Colour' is a teenage lovesong with spiky guitar stabs that sound like a pre-pubescent heartbeat. And 'End Of A Spark' is excitable radio-friendly indie with a huge chorus made for school proms. This is essentially the album they should have made as their debut, when perhaps the pressure of being called the Canadian Strokes proved too much of a creative fire blanket. Or maybe they rediscovered their youthful flair while appearing alongside the old codgers in *Desperate Housewives*: they really were in it, check it on YouTube, although strangely they're called ColdSplash. Either way, back with less pressure, 'Champ' packs that sweet sucker-punch we craved the first time around. It's on the 'Flux'-era Bloc Party sounding moments, though, where things really start to get interesting. More of the likes of the delectably dancey 'Bambi' and those TV execs will be chapping at their door with more cameo roles. Hopefully the producers of *Glee*. Y'know, something exuberant that will continue to inspire their inner child; 'cos it certainly appears to be working well for them. **Jamie Crossan**

DOWNLOAD: 'Favourite Food', 'Bambi', 'End Of A Spark'



PROFESSOR GREEN

ALIVE TILL I'M DEAD VIRGIN

Pop hooks, big samples and guest vocalists abound, but it's only on his own that this east Londoner shines



As 'Alive Till I'm Dead' begins, there's a distinct worry that the guest vocalists are going to outshine the artist. A heavy-hitting trio of Emeli Sandé, Lily Allen and Ed

Drewett hold up the pop front, with Green playing a cheeky-chappy role in the background. However, delve deeper and the jaunty jack-the-lad of the singles peels away to show a far more disillusioned, aggressive and interesting character.

Hand-picked by Mike Skinner for The Beats (Skinner's now-defunct record label), what Green lacks in nifty rhymes, he makes up for in tone. Vowels slide and consonants spit with vengeance. Once hailed as the British Eminem, his mixture of petulance, anger and sometimes saccharine elements (see 'Goodnight'—dedicated to his nan, who raised Green) illustrate the similarities.

But once the '90s-sampling hood (INXS, The SOS Band) are left on the sideboard, it's the record's mid-section where the real Green

starts to sparkle. 'Oh My God' (feat Labyrinth) is a definite step up, Green's flow out in full force. Thematically, it's a less PC version of Tinie Tempah's 'Pass Out' ("Catch a whiff of my fingers and you still smell Susan"), and there's even a nod to the little 'un (a muttered 'Frisky'). 'Jungle' is a kind of *Hackney Life Of Pi*, re-imagining East London as, well, a jungle — "They'll eat on you/They laugh about it like hyenas do/Stick to breezing through like cheetahs do". 'Falling Down' details Green's record label woes ("I'm stuck at Warners and them pricks won't push my album") and is probably one of the few rap songs to contain the line "I'm so fed up". Unfortunately, a pensive love ballad and a tortured-artist track bookend the record, meaning that instead of closing on a bang, it whimpers out soppy — on the orchestral 'Goodnight', Green bemoans "the curse that I'm blessed with". It's no curse, Prof — it's a real talent. Now, if only you'd ditch the samples, and the introspective love songs and get back to basics, you'd realise that for yourself. *Ailbhe Malone*

6

DOWNLOAD: 'Oh My God', 'Do For You', 'Jungle'

VANDAVEER

DIVIDE & CONQUER BRONZERAT



As anyone who's frantically tried to detect signs of love and lust in the most platonic of text messages will tell you, there's one golden rule of seduction: you can't take anything at face value. So when Mark Charles Heidinger, aka Vandaveer, picks up his guitar and starts singing mournfully, he's really trying to get you into bed. As he purrs his way through 'Divide & Conquer', his velvety tongue whispering tales of broken hearts in your ear, he's actually screaming: "Look at my handsome face! Lose yourself in the swimming pools of my eyes!" Our advice: don't make eye contact, and dismiss him for the plodding folkster he really is. *Ben Hewitt*

DOWNLOAD: 'Fistful Of Swoon'

4

PAN SONIC

GRAVITONI BLAST FIRST PETITE



Finnish duo Pan Sonic end 15 years of pushing electronic music to its brutal, brittle extremes with a final album so punishingly intense that exposure to its radiated beauty would cause the Mumfords to shrivel into cardigan-wrapped crisps. Take 'Corona', which starts with the blue roar of a superconductor going worryingly wrong and ends with a menacing pulse, a railgun barrage opening up on your pathetic suburban hovel. In 'Trepanointi/Trepanation', feel the fizz of the drill through your skull until, with a glorious whump and hiss the pressure is relieved. This final transmission will echo through the void for an eternity. *Luke Turner*

DOWNLOAD: 'Trepanointi/Trepanation'

9

KEY NOTES

Best sleeve of the week



Midnight Juggernauts

— 'The Crystal Axis'

Power up the oscillator warppedal... dear Lord, it's ALIVE! That's what we call studio effects.

Worst sleeve of the week



Oriol — 'Night And Day'

It's like if you took La Roux and Little Boots' happy places, cut them into strips and interwove them... but ENOUGH WITH THE '80s, YEAH?

Best lyric of the week

"Under our bed a monster lives/We fight his teeth with superglue and paper clips"
Tokyo Police Club — 'End Of A Spark'

Worst lyric of the week

"Lips like licorice/Tongue like candy/Excuse me miss but can I get you out your panties?"
3OH!3, 'My First Kiss'

REVIEWED NEXT WEEK...

- Animal Collective — 'Odd Sac'
- Jedward — 'Planet Jedward'
- Gainsbourg

MOUNT KIMBIE

CROOKS & LOVERS HOTFLUSH



The post-dubstep scene continues to kick and flare like stardust refusing to become planets, and 'Crooks & Lovers' confirms bedsit auteurs Dominic

Camper and Kai Campos as two of the brightest lights in the night sky. The London-based duo are part of a growing army of bedroom producers staking out new emotional territory, employing found-sound sampling techniques that give tracks like 'Before I Move Off' a twinkling, ephemeral feel. And while heads may continue looking to the likes of Joy Orbison and James Blake to satisfy their dancefloor urges, there'll be no better comedown than this lush collection of soul-stepping miniatures. *Alex Denney*

8

DOWNLOAD: 'Before I Move Off'

Who The Hell Are You?

What is Mount Kimbie?

Kai Campos: "It's a duo making a mix of electronic and acoustic music influenced by dance but also by indie, as well as minimalist stuff like Steve Reich."

You said former tourmate James Blake is a "pain in the arse" to work with. You still pals?

"James is one of my best mates. When you're used to producing music in your bedroom you get an idea and you don't want a 45-minute discussion about it, you just want it to happen. It's all good."

Where's dubstep headed in 2010?

"It'll continue getting bigger— I mean, you've got Rusko producing Britney now. But at the other end I see a more — I hate to use the word but — sophisticated sound coming through. People like Joy Orbison, he's a real dance music connoisseur."

MIKE DOUGHTY

SAD MAN HAPPY MAN ATO



There's been much gnashing and wailing over Doughty's transformation from the 'slacker jazz' of Soul

Coughing to the straight, acoustic poetry of his solo work. But 'going a bit pop' is the desire of many US '90s alt.rock figureheads (see also: Pavement's Stephen Malkmus). The fragile, art-school attitude surfaces on 'How To Fuck A Republican', and 'Diane' has great lovelorn soul, but he's definitely mellowed with age. That's fine, but we prefer our alt.rockers to remain disenfranchised enough to want to eke feedback from their amps by scraping a pineapple up and down the fretboard. *Matt Warwick*

6

DOWNLOAD: 'How To Fuck A Republican'

MAX RICHTER

INFRA FATCAT



A collaborator with Roni Size and Vashti Bunyan and a fully trained classical pianist and composer, Richter's proven his knack for both blasting the core of things and keeping it gentle. With 'Infra', a piece of work originally conceived as a 25-minute effort to accompany the Royal Ballet and inspired by TS Eliot's modernist poem *The Waste Land*, he beams in an expanded journey through Morse Code, phonograph crackle and radio signals intercut with sparse string cycles. When they collide, as on 'Infra 5', it boasts the haunting qualities of Gavin Bryars' *The Sinking Of The Titanic* set to a frenetic pace. You'll find braver modern classical, but you may not find a better introduction. *Jason Draper*

6

DOWNLOAD: 'Infra 5'



3OH!3

STREETS OF GOLD ATLANTIC

Fratboy duo scrape the bottom of a filth-encrusted barrel and emerge with neither shocks nor surprises



Of course, we all thought Beastie Boys were twats at the start. Crude, derivative, misogynistic, garish, goofy, dumbass jock twats. And then they went Buddhist and wrote 'Paul's Boutique' and 'Sabotage'.

Puerile jock-pop can go either way, and it would be rash to presume either that Boulder, Colorado's crude, derivative, misogynistic, garish, goofy, dumbass jock twats 3OH!3 are exactly as despicable as they seem or that they are, in fact, subversive geniuses sneaking into the mainstream disguised as cock-scratching, tongue-lolling, Spring Break fuckwits.

But, fuck it, let's have a go.

3OH!3 are electro-hip-pop white bread American scum. They make Iglu & Hartly look like Nigel Havers unveiling a string quartet. "Excuse me miss but can I get you out your panties?" they coyly entreat on sleazy skipping song 'My First Kiss', like something out of *Pride And Prejudice And Sex Pests*.

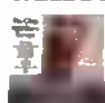
If 'Streets Of Gold's lyrics are unlikely to bother the Nobel committee, musically 3OH!3 are a boyband Pendulum: the threat of the latter tamed and glossed by the cash-hungry urge to be the former. Where the Beasties appropriated hard rock and hip-hop into 'No Sleep 'Til Brooklyn', 3OH!3 expose their shameless pop ambitions by roping in Ke\$ha and Katy Perry, indulging in semi-sincere R&B segments censoring their own swears. There's no lamer sound in 'offensive' pop than the blarts in 'Touchin' On My: "Touchin' on my BLART/While I'm touching on your BLART".

Micro-biologists working around the clock might discover a trace of maturity in 'Deja Vu', a song dissecting the ritualised hedonistic ennui of Generation Par-taay, albeit through the metaphors of drinking, fighting and BLARTing ho's. I'm willing to be proved wrong. Make just one crunk 'I'll Communication', boys, and I take it all back... **Mark Beaumont**

DOWNLOAD: 'Beaumont' - good title at least

THE CHAP

WELL DONE EUROPE LO



This London-via-Berlin fivesome's patience-testing mutant eccentric-pop is an object lesson that the gag reflex isn't always that useful a reaction. Each time the conscious wackiness of their almost nerdish sonic jigsaw (assembled minus the reference picture on the box), threatens to induce bile burps the day is saved by the sunniest choruses since Super Furry Animals' heyday. If you can keep your lunch southbound, like a musical Linda Lovelace, things soon get very interesting indeed. By the end you're no nearer to figuring if they're archly supercilious ('Well Done You') or having a right old laugh ('Pain Fan'). Pissing over the line between genius and madness rarely sounded this fun. **David Westie**

DOWNLOAD: 'Pain Fan'

DEPARTMENT OF EAGLES

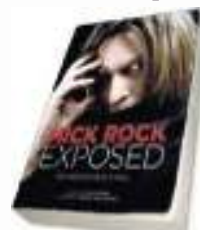
ARCHIVE 2003 - 2006 AMERICAN DUST

Archival material is best reserved for those who love a band enough to chuckle at their forays into gabba, but labelling 'Archive 2003 - 2006' thus would be a huge disservice. What's surprising is how the band that spawned Grizzly Bear had found their sound so early, back in college dorms. It's like picking through an old diary looking for evidence of your current self, from the haunting piano and glorious harmonic experiments of the 'Practice Sketches' to the beguilingly tense echospace of even the most realised ideas - only a compositional refinement and equipment upgrade away from 'Veckatimest'. Whether starting point or indulgence, there's plenty to love. **Laura Snaps**

DOWNLOAD: 'While We're Young'

THE RIDER

What we're reading and observing



Book
Mick Rock Exposed: The Faces Of Rock 'N' Roll

From the famed photographer who started his career by sneaking his camera into gigs comes a collection of 200 of his most iconic images. Included are Yeah Yeah Yeahs, The Killers and Lady Gaga, and an introduction from playwright Tom Stoppard.



DVD
Timeless 3-DVD Boxset
For lovers of hip-hop, this labour of love to composers and arrangers - from Mulatu Astatke to J Dilla to Arthur Verocai - who have impacted and influenced the genre is a must have.



AC/DC's Brian Johnson has two passions: music and cars. This tome is an all-riffin', all-revvin' mix of the two. We've got the handwritten, signed manuscript to give away, plus copies of the book. Go to NME.COM/win

SINGLES

This week reviewed by
LOUISE WENER



TORO Y MOI

LEAVE EVERYWHERE CARPARK



I've never listened to this artist before but I loved this track the moment I heard it. It made me want to put on a prom frock and dance slowly round and round with my head on a boy's shoulder, a half-finished bottle of wine clutched in my hand. It has an early Beach Boys or Phil Spector vibe, and it's just lush, insistent and addictive. I am adding it to my "most played" this instant. Gorgeous.

TURZI FT BOBBY GILLESPIE

BALTIMORE RECORD MAKERS



This sounds like something a slightly peeved teenager would make in his bedroom. I'm picturing a roomful of drunken drummers and Bobby Gillespie trapped in an airing cupboard. Lots of krautrock beats and some squelching. It's inspired by the Baltimore riots in 1968 that followed Martin Luther King's assassination. Unfortunately, I didn't find the track very inspiring. Turzi is popular in France.

30 SECONDS TO MARS

CLOSER TO THE EDGE VIRGIN



This song MUST soundtrack a Gillette commercial: "the best a man can get." I picture men shaving. It's brilliantly pompous and overwrought. I wonder if the band are the bastard offspring of Bon Jovi and Nickelback? They have lots of lyrics about, y'know, war and stuff. Boys, less time buying hair gel and trousers. More time listening to the Pistols.

MILK WHITE WHITE

INGRID WON'T SMILE TOO PURE



This reminded me of Arcade Fire by way of Nick Cave. A 10-piece musical collective that features cornets, accordion and cowbells, and lists its influences as Kurt Cobain, sausages and strawberry milk. What's not to love? This was my four-year-old's favourite track. She deemed it as good as Fireman Sam. High praise indeed.

GIL SCOTT-HERON

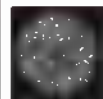
I'M NEW HERE XL



Fragile to the point of collapse, a track spilling with loss and redemption. This is Scott-Heron reinvented in the manner of latter-day Johnny Cash. It's pared down and spare and his voice sort of creeps up on you, half singing, half whispering at your shoulder. Much of the appeal is contextual, the idea of Scott-Heron being "new here", re-emerging from his days as an addict. It's all about the story and the heritage. Poetic stuff.

FOUR TET

ANGEL ECHOES DOMINO



I am feeling very relaxed. Four Tet have given me a massage without my even asking them. Result! In some circles an impromptu rub-down might be deemed impolite, but I have to say I rather liked it. Blissed out. That's what I am. Or maybe I wandered into an art installation and this was the music that was playing while someone's light bulb blinked slowly on and off.

LIVE

NOAH AND THE WHALE, LES EUROCKEENNES

Edited by Emily Mackay



Missy Elliott 'works it' very briefly

WIRELESS

HYDE PARK, LONDON FRIDAY, JULY 2-SUNDAY, JULY 4

In the middle of the city, Missy and The Ting Tings fail to bring it but LCD and Jay-Z shine

Clicking through the 'info' section on Wireless festival's website we came across this rhetorical gem:

"There's no camping at Wireless (and no horrible shower queues or muddy tents!) but why would you need that?"

Perish the thought! Now Higgins, can you pass me my robe? I'm going to get out of this rose-petal-infused milk bath now. And fire up the private jet too, I'm in the mood to catch the Grand Prix down at Monaco...

OK, OK, so you get the point. For five years Wireless has prided itself on being London's 'urban festival'. Translation: aside from some suspect-looking burger

vans and the fact it takes place over some greenery, it's not really a festival at all, in the strictest sense, more like some bands playing just left of Speakers' Corner. Yet without all the "horrible shower queues or muddy tents" we're left with a curious dearth of spirit or character. Something which one feels rather acutely coming, as it does, just

a week after what was The Best Glastonbury Ever.

Still, the sun's shining and... who's that pirouetting down from the main stage like the Cirque Du Soleil on poppers? It's Pink, with a stage designed along the guidelines of the Cher school of sparseness and subtlety. There's a cannon, some Harajuku clown girl

dancers and a balloon-covered box, which delivers the singer via a crane. Yes, an actual crane. Her warts'n'all set oscillates

Aside from some suspect-looking burger vans and the fact it takes place over greenery, this ain't a festival

between guilty pleasure power-pop ('Just Like A Pill' featuring a projection of an actual syringe is the highlight) and terrible covers. A 'My Generation'/'Basket Case' mash-up? Hells ya! "My favourite thing to do at a festival is cry," she says at one point. We couldn't agree more.

We get a similar feeling during The Ting Tings' big comeback performance. In retrospect, it seems odd that we ever gave a band who had tunes called 'Fruit Machine' and 'Great DJ' a chance. And from the look of things, not much has changed. Dressed in matching blood-red jumpsuits, Jules'n'Katie's onstage chemistry is still that of a kidnapper and their basement

captive. The sole new song – a kraut disco number – is accompanied by dancers holding up signs saying 'DANCE' and 'WORK'. Yes your favourite practitioners of the nursery-rhyme ringtone have gone Situationist. Next!

It's up to **Gossip** to save us from this charisma black hole and by heck they do; Beth Ditto's piss'n'vinegar banter is a reliable as ever.

"I went to this party last night and this woman asked me 'Why don't you make music anymore?'" she quips, coolly acknowledging the relative failure of 'Music For Men' against her 15 minutes as Kate Moss' bezzie. And by getting THAT song ('Standing In The Way Of Control') out of the way immediately, they move on to more important matters, such as singing bits of Bikini Kill's 'Rebel Girl' over '8th Wonder', covering Tina Turner's 'Private Dancer' and churning out gems such as 'Yr Mangled Heart' like broken-hearted angels.

"When you're watching Missy Elliott, I'll be in Belgium. Yup, Belgium," she announces at the end of their performance. Well, we hope Beth had fun with her waffles, because the real thing doesn't quite live up to the idea. We're not saying Missy's lost touch with the real people, but making your second costume a hoodie emblazoned with the German flag barely a week after England's tragic World Cup loss isn't great PR. In fact the whole thing has an element of cashing-in-the-festival-cheque-and-then-boasting about it. Arriving half-an-hour late, Missy lip-synchs her way through two megamixes of hits (the best of which is 'All N My Grill'/'Sock It 2 Me'/'Supa Dupa Fly') while her dancers lollop around like Dick and Dom after

VIEW FROM THE CROWD



Hattie, London

How was it for you?
"I liked Friendly Fires best. Ed is hardly known as a static performer but he really outdid himself. That 'running man' got the crowd going and I liked the befeathered dancing ladies at the end."

B-side when Missy doesn't even give us the whole of 'She's A Bitch'? No, not really. And that's before the vuvuzelas start and the power cuts during the intro to 'Lose Control'. Less of a performance, then, and more like being spectators in a musical happy slapping incident.

LCD Soundsystem are much, much better, crashing through their back catalogue with a rough sincerity. James Murphy manfully attempts to halt the bottle throwing on the stage ("Throwing things anonymously? It's like the LIVING INTERNET!"). It works sporadically before everyone gets wildly over-excited during 'All

sniffing some felt-tip pens. And that's before she briefly exits from the stage with the depressing words: "I'd like to introduce my protégée...". The lady in question, Sharaya, is *fine* but do we really need to hear someone singing what sounds like a David Guetta

Clockwise from top: LCD Soundsystem's James Murphy would NOT have chosen that outfit if it had been muddy, would he?; clearly The Ting Tings ran out of paint before they could finish making their banner; Slash employs his own stalker (who also doubles as a singer)



My Friends' and goes into green-bottle meltdown.

By Sunday, the casualty rate is high; from a child dressed up as Slash, a girl on the floor in tears, fist-fights and a woman whose on-screen boob-flashing antics get bigger cheers than the performers. We also spot celebrity leech Jack Tweed lurking around. Yes, it's that type of vibe.

Slash (the real one this time) and band attempt an extended *Rock Band* style-singalong with versions of Guns N'Roses classics 'Sweet Child O' Mine' and 'Paradise City'. Meanwhile **Friendly Fires** and their combination of crazy/bad dad dancing, ebullient drums and Brazilian carnival ladies increase the pulse somewhat, with 'Kiss Of Life' herky-jerkying its way into the assembled throng's hips. Singer Ed MacFarlane throws his bongos out of the pram, complaining about

Jay-Z saves Sunday with a performance so self-assured that it's almost presidential

Lily Allen manfully attempts to carry on regardless, threatening the more vicious types with a guest appearance from Professor Green (pretty scary) and then killing us with kindness via the heartbreaking double whammy of 'I Could Say' and 'Littlest Things'. In the end she scuttles it by saying this will be her last London gig – does supporting Muse at Wembley in September not count? – "for a while". We're pretty confused. Hasn't her "retirement from the business" been going on longer than her actual career? Hmmm.

having to cut short their set due to Slash's "noodling". An awkward silence ensues. Eek.

It's up to **Jay-Z** to save the day, blasting through the confusion with a set so self-assured it's almost *presidential*. The magnificent triumvirate of 'Hard Knock Life', '99 Problems' and 'Empire State Of Mind' makes our weekend. "You're at a Roc Nation concert, you know how we do it," the big man hollers.

It's enough to make you forget your yearning for the shower queues and muddy tents. *Priya Elan*





NOAH AND THE WHALE

MANCHESTER CATHEDRAL SATURDAY, JULY 3

In sanctified surroundings, Charlie Fink's heartbroken laments are a bit too introspective

"Run for cover, motherfuckers," bellows Noah And The Whale frontman Charlie Fink, as he back-flips onto the altar of Manchester Cathedral amid a hail of smoke bombs, spraying fake ejaculate from the tip of his crucifix-shaped guitar.

Oh, OK, it's not quite like that...

The wound-licking break-up album has a somewhat chequered history. For every glittery cathartic blast like Fleetwood Mac's 'Rumours', there's a bitter double album grind like Marvin Gaye's 'Here My Dear'. Of course, yer alt-rockers are no more immune to heartbreak than anyone else, and the indie canon has thrown up such poignantly dignified works as Spiritualized's 'Ladies And Gentlemen We Are Floating In Space' and Nick Cave's 'The Boatman's Call'. Noah And The Whale's shock reinvention of last year, 'The First Days Of Spring', is, of course, quite firmly – perhaps somewhat self-consciously – in this tradition.

Manchester Cathedral, astoundingly beautiful despite having been vigorously bombed by both the Luftwaffe and the IRA, provides a suitable metaphor for carrying on in the face of adversity, and as the band launch into the Phil-Spector-does-folk-majesty of 'Blue Skies', they look like they're

shouldering the mantle they've chosen. They keep the momentum up with 'Give A Little Love', one of the few efforts from their twee debut album that can hold its own with the new material.

Unfortunately, the next few song choices are eccentric to say the least. 'Love Of An Orchestra' even sounds like the work of a hideous clappy Christian youth group on the album, so tonight's surroundings do it few conceptual favours. With that bit of through-gritted-teeth enforced jollity out of the way, the show becomes more or less Fink's solo performance for low-key material; 'Our Window', 'Stranger', and 'I Have Nothing' are all tremulously croaked through, and frankly... it's a bit of a slog.

Someone here tonight will still be sufficiently stung by a recent romantic disaster to find all this whispery introspection cathartic. But the majority of the audience, judging by the chat from the back, have cut their hair, got over it and started dating again.

Things do pick up. The brass-powered 'Shape of My Heart' and 'Rocks And Daggers' are welcome returns to the feel of the early part of the show, and a stately reading of 'The First Days Of Spring's' title track adds bombast. Fink should let his band cut loose more often.

John Tatlock



VIEW FROM THE CROWD

Ledicia, Manchester

How was it for you?

"Seeing them in the cathedral was magical, I'm going to Latitude, but this'll be hard to beat."



We've got a pair of VIP weekend tickets for Creamfields on August 28 & 29. To be in with a chance, just tell us the name of Calvin Harris' debut album, then go to NME.COM/win

THE BEST BAND I'VE SEEN...
Yannis, Foals



"Recently, the best thing I've seen is this band called Sexy Sushi. I was sat on the side of the stage, smoking a joint, watching this chaos and mania unfold in front of this rabid French band, and I couldn't figure out whether the members of the band were men, women or intragender, and it was just amazing. They have a really good song called 'Sex Appeal' too."

THE HAXAN CLOAK/SUNDAY MOURNING/TIME

ST MARY'S CHURCH, STOKE NEWINGTON

FRIDAY, JULY 2

In 1940, St Mary's Church was cloven by the bombs of the Luftwaffe. Tonight, as we are bathed in a dreamwash of unusual hymns, it's as if blast and restoration have squeezed magick ancient and intangible from between these stones.

TIME, a woman in black facing a man in white, use pew-trembling bass and guitar that induces eddies like the wings of birds coming to roost in the trees outside, to distil the expansive sounds of Popol Vuh into a new intimacy. Occasional riffs punctuate the gloaming, as if the deluge that the parched earth of Stoke Newington so craves is bated miles away in the sky across the city. In their final piece, their storm breaks; camera flashes the lightning as righteous guitar cuts through the hot, thick air. TIME, and next group Sunday Mourning, operate in a sphere where the shockwave of Sunn O))) has opened a deeper understanding of the spirit within the chord and drone. The clock strikes 11, and The Haxan Cloak use drums and a few boxes of machines perched atop a chorister's lectern to whip ominous noise that is forced to end too soon. A maddened congregation beat upon the wooden pews. Quite what Thomas Parsons Esq Citizen and Cooper of London, who became late of this parish in 1794, would have made of this is a medium's guess. But his marble epitaph has suffered the indignity of war; tonight's music is but a curious soundtrack to his continuing eternal rest. *Luke Turner*

BLONDES

UPSTAIRS AT THE GARAGE, LONDON

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 30

lo-fi niceness is all well and good, but it's a difficult genre to dance to without looking like a plonker. Luckily enough for this gig, glo-fi niceness-merchants Blondes have turned up the bass. Or rather, they're living up to the 'ecstatic trance' claims that their EP never acted upon. There's an improvisational feel to their set, one which could make space for interesting developments, but tonight leaves the crowd directionless and unsure. A pattern emerges – the beats build (especially during a remix of 'Sunshine' by John Talabot) and it all 'goes off' (only slightly though – like milk) and segues into the next track. On 'Moondance' a crescendo teases, until a club-footed beat begins to chug along. A screeching top line explodes to a room filled with a handful of people. This should really be going down in a

festival tent at 3am. Gallantly, they play on, and set midpoint 'You Mean So Much To Me' is wonderful – complete with a '90s house vibe and a siren that sounds like a witch's laugh. Tonight's not Blondes' night, but we doubt it'll stay that way for long. *Ailbhe Malone*



NOBUNNY

THE CAKE SHOP, NEW YORK THURSDAY, JULY 1

Nobunny is Justin Champlin, a California-based musician who makes pogo-spurring, Buddy Holly-meets-Ramonesy garage rock (see 'I Am A Girlfriend' and 'Mess Me Up' off his debut, 'Love Visions'; Jack White and Smith Westerns are fans). Sure, other people such as Hunx And His Punx do this too, but Champlin is the only scuzz-punker who wears tighty-whities AND a creepy rabbit mask. Today, the singer and his semi-naked makeshift band put on a crap show. Literally! Midway through Nobunny's raucous set – which suffers from an, er, bum mic, though the boys and girls gleefully jumping around up front don't seem to care – someone throws a bag of shite at Champlin. That's right: a paper bag. Filled with excrement. The pungent scent stealthily fills the thick air of the sticky basement venue. Champlin, annoyed, picks up the evidence in question, stomps through the crowd to dispose of it, then gamely ploughs through 'Chuck Berry Holiday'. Until he notices splashes of the stuff on his leg. At this point, he drops his mic and storms offstage. Who said punk is dead? Somewhere way down below, embattled, dead shock-rockers GG Allin and The Mentors' El Duce are gleefully high-fiving each other. *Nisha Gopalan*



LES EUROCKEENNES

MALSAUCY, FRANCE FRIDAY JULY 2 - SUNDAY JULY 4

Janelle Monáe sparkles, HEALTH fall flat and The Hives return briefly at a Gallic weekender

There are certain place names that are synonymous with a fine weekend of mud, music and mischief, like Worthy Farm or Donington. Frankly, it's a travesty that Malsaucy in eastern France isn't up there with them, given that it's played home to the fantastique Les Eurockéennes for the past 20-odd years. It almost means "bad saucy" in French, which is pretty much the greatest ever harbinger of a weekend of high jinks. Rennes' **The Wankin' Noodles** do it linguistic justice by their name alone, encapsulating what it is to be terrible saucepots. They sound just like The Hives and are fairly shocking for it, but when the Jarvis-bespectacled singer Régis sings, "*We're the wankers of the social club, we're the winners of the penis club*" while licking his finger and dragging it down his neck, critical distance is long gone. Besides, give us their horny Hives pastiche over **Two Door Cinema Club** any day – by the time they grace the Beach Stage, it's 36 degrees Celsius and their anaemic

electro is only increasing our desire to actually kill for some shade. On the Beach Stage, lascivious types **Chromeo** grind like cheap, dirty Lycra chafing against sweaty thighs, which feels uncommonly right in all its wrongness. Next up, France's first daughter, **Charlotte Gainsbourg**, is playing her first outdoor festival show on the Chapiteau Stage. Parts are truly brilliant – 'Greenwich Mean Time' made even more glitchy and anxious, the songs from '5:55' losing any of their Air-y trace to become darkly harsh – but it's impossible to get over how unaluringly blank she is. There's effortless, then there's just lazily reclining on languor and being *très Française*.

She could learn a lesson on how to work a crowd without breaking a sweat from **Omar Souleyman**'s Saturday afternoon performance; he just claps politely, stalking in his red keffiyeh, and the crowd go bananas – he's cultivated a proper cult of personality, though the hysteria might partially be due to the chap he's hired to give the crowd a much-needed hosing down.

Lightning flares over the lake to Janelle's left, in time with the start of her set

The Hives themselves are making their grand comeback (which apparently consists of about two new songs) over on the main stage, but they're being sartorially upstaged elsewhere by **Janelle Monáe**, making her debut French appearance in impeccable style despite the downpour. "Welcome to the baptism of the rain," says her top-hatted ringmaster, before 'Dance Or Die' begins, without the bequipped dame herself. She eventually makes her dramatic entrance, a dementor of sheer awesomeness in a silver-embossed cape, which she flings off to launch into 'Faster' without pausing for breath. Lightning flares over the lake to her left in perfect time with the start of 'Locked Inside', and given the blistering showmanship abounding here, it wouldn't be surprising if she'd had a

word with Thor to arrange it especially. Her vocals are astounding – a ranging soar on 'Cold War' and

the android chime of 'Mushrooms & Roses' through to the jabbering funk of 'Tightrope'. You'd be forgiven for mistaking her for some kind of robot given the absurd precision of the set, but as her fancy free dancing causes sprays of hair to burst from her quiff, we're reminded that she is, in fact, a precociously talented young woman.

After that, there's no way that Sunday could be as thrilling, particularly with **Mika** on the main stage. Kudos to his impeccable French, but he yowls like a hyena being castrated in Disneyland, and it bleeds over on to the Loggia Stage for **HEALTH**, who seem to just play an epic long krautrock intro, instead of their usual bullwhip noise. Sadly, they are just mal, and not nearly saucy enough to top off an otherwise incredible weekend. **Laura Snapes**

Goldfrapp

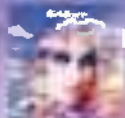
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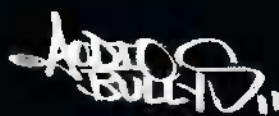


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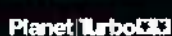
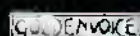
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BAND AID

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STYLE LIKE YOU MEAN IT

We need a unique style, fashion wise, to get us noticed by people. Any suggestions?
Bland Band, Wakefield

Yes, why not go for an anti-fashion statement. And not by doing some highly fashionable anti-fashion thing such as making your own clothes or cutting the crotch out of your American Apparel bodysuit. No, simply wear your clothes internally. Eat them, poke them up your bum, or have them surgically sewed beneath your epidermis. Whatever, just make sure you take to that stage naked and proud. Don't 'fluff' before you go on mind, this isn't the porn business. **Uncle Pete**

IS HIS NAME PETE?

Our singer is at the heart of our band, but he's incredibly inconsistent and rarely appears for band practice. Is it really worth firing him?
Pondering, Manchester

Your frontman is inconsistent? Jesus, you're not working for a bank, it's rock'n'roll, man, that's what singers are supposed to be like. In fact, if he turns up for practice more than twice in a row, I'd recommend having an intervention and telling him to either get a smack habit or get out of the band. **Uncle Pete**

DUDE, THE OBSCURE

My bandmates constantly mock me for liking "obscure" music, and it's getting to me. Should I leave the band or try to persuade them my taste really is better than theirs?
Disgruntled, Dorset

Try to persuade them. Just go on and on and on about the Norwegian fishmonger music you like, and on and on about a three-man barbershop quartet from Brooklyn, and on and on and fucking about an Outer Hebrides ferret who's doing a cover of Thom Yorke's 'The Eraser' by blowing his own excrement through a vuvuzela. Do it until they agree you're the best. And if you're thrown out, just get a job at Pitchfork. **Uncle Pete**

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

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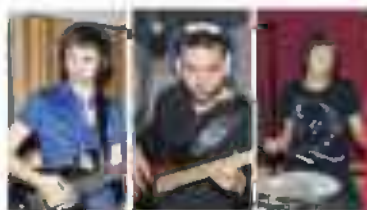
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GIG GUIDE

THE UK'S BIGGEST GUIDE TO THE WEEK AHEAD

Edited by Ash Dosanjh

BOOKING NOW



MAPS & ATLASES

STARTS: Manchester Deaf Institute, October 11

DON'T MISS

It's easy to get yourself lost in the array of bands that the blogosphere, labels and Chinese whispers throw at you on a daily basis. At least Maps & Atlases can guide you through the maze of experimental noiseniks the big wide world has to offer. Following a series of EPs and the single 'Solid Ground', the Chicago-based outfit finally release their debut album 'Perch Patchwork', which contains the splendour of Animal Collective's kookiness, all the soul of TV On The Radio's Tunde Adebimpe and Grizzly Bear's rhythmic adventurism, all while possessing the same off-kilter surrealism as Neutral Milk Hotel. Last seen on these shores supporting Foals, the four-piece head over to the UK for their own headline tour this October. NME.COM/artists/maps-and-atlases



TRUCK FESTIVAL

STARTS: Stevenage Hill Farm, July 23

It's unlucky for some, but Truck celebrates its 13th year with the likes of Fucked Up and Future Of The Left.

NME.COM/festivals



MARK KOZELEK

STARTS: London Union Chapel, July 29

American singer-songwriter and Sun Kil Moon frontman goes it alone for solo shows.

NME.COM/artists/mark-kozelek



SONISPHERE

STARTS: Stevenage Knebworth House, July 30

Chrome Hoof, Iron Maiden, Rammstein, Alice Cooper and Iggy all play the metal fest.

NME.COM/festivals



SLEIGH BELLS

STARTS: London Lexington, August 9

The noise-pop duo from New York return to the capital after the success of their recent visit.

NME.COM/artists/sleigh-bells



GORILLAZ

STARTS: Glasgow SECC, September 8

Following their headline set at this year's Glasto, Gorillaz tour in support of new single 'On Melancholy Hill'.

NME.COM/artists/gorillaz



GONG

STARTS: O2 ABC Glasgow, September 9

Seminal progressive psychedelic rock band regroup to perform a handful of dates in the UK.

NME.COM/artists/gong



DINOSAUR PILE-UP

STARTS: Cambridge Haymakers, September 29

Noise monsters tour ahead of their debut.

NME.COM/artists/dinosaur-pile-up



NO AGE/MALE BONDING

STARTS: Brighton Audio, October 4

A one-off gig with these behemoths of noise is sure to bring much joy and mess. Do not miss.

NME.COM/artists/no-age



BLOOD RED SHOES

STARTS: Manchester Club Academy, October 6

The duo start a headline tour following second album 'Fire Like This'.

NME.COM/artists/blood-red-shoes



SCREAMING FEMALES

STARTS: London Luminare, October 27

The New Jersey outfit head to the UK in support of recent album 'Castle Talk' on the Don Giovanni label.

NME.COM/newmusic



SKUNK ANANSIE

STARTS: Manchester Academy, November 13

With Skin back on board, the original Britrockers regroup for a slew of dates around the UK.

NME.COM/artists/skunk-anansie



BIFFY CLYRO

STARTS: Hull Arena, November 29

The Scottish rock trio build on the success of last album 'Only Revolutions' with a country-wide tour.

NME.COM/artists/biffy-clyro

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



PICK of the WEEK

What to see this week? Let us help



LATITUDE FESTIVAL

STARTS: Southwold, Henham Park, July 17

NME
PICK

Over-exerted yourself at this year's Glastonbury, did ya? Lost your mind in the Stone Circle around 4am on Sunday morning? Can't seem to stop crying? Well fret not. The more mild-mannered of festivals is back to soothe all facets of your health (mental and physical) with a line-up that doesn't just boast some of the best bands around, but also some side-splittingly funny comedians, a cabaret tent and endless theatre productions. If catching the likes of Florence + The Machine, Laura Marling, Belle & Sebastian, Vampire Weekend and Mumford & Sons appeals, then get ready to set up your tent next to some multicoloured sheep (really).

WWW.NME.COM/festivals



Everyone's Talking About HOLY GHOST!

STARTS: London Victoria Park, July 18
It may have been an age since electronic duo Alex Frankel and Nick Millhiser released their outrageously catchy track 'Hold On' back in 2007, but that didn't stop them from releasing their debut record 'Static On The Wall', earlier this year. Catch the Brooklynites live at this year's Lovebox festival.

WWW.NME.COM/newmusic



Don't Miss SCHOOL OF SEVEN BELLS

STARTS: Bristol Thekla, July 18
Former Secret Machine Benjamin Curtis and twin sisters Claudia and Alejandra Deheza move on from their hauntingly beautiful debut 'Alpinisms', with their soul-searching follow-up 'Disconnect From Desire'. The trio's headline tour commences after their appearance at Latitude.

WWW.NME.COM/artists/school-of-seven-bells



Radar Stars FANZINE

STARTS: London White Heat @ Madame Jojo's, July 20
It's about time someone rewrote the rules of alt indie, and who better than this London-based outfit. Fanzine take an interesting if not nostalgic twist on lo-fi; catch the four-piece playing alongside the likes of Fergus and Geronimo and Prizes in this special one-off show in the capital.

WWW.NME.COM/newmusic

WEDNESDAY

July 14

BIRMINGHAM

Kele Okereke O2 Academy 2
0870 771 2000 WA

BRISTOL

Easy Star All-Stars Thekla
08713 100000

Saving Mary Louisiana

0117 926 5978

CAMBRIDGE

Fish Junction 2 01223 511511

CARDIFF

Moments From Landing Barfly
029 2066 7658 +16

Solutions Buffalo Bar 02920 310312

CHELMSFORD

Day Of The Sirens Barhouse
01245 356811

DUBLIN

The High Kings Sugar Club
00 3531 678 7188

Rory Faithfield Whelan's
00 3531 475 9372

EDINBURGH

Rod Stewart Castle 020 7771 2000

GLASGOW

Converge Garage 0141 332 1120

One Night Only King Tut's Wah Wah Hut 0141 221 5279

Summerlin 02 ABC2

0141 204 5151 WA

LIVERPOOL

William Control The Forum

0844 477 2000 WA

MANCHESTER

Black Dawn Club 85 01462 432767

LEEDS

The Asa Hawks Milo 0113 245 7101

Ellen And The Escapades Nation

Of Shopkeepers 0113 203 1831

Graffiti & Brudenell Social Club

0113 243 5866

Young Rebel Set Joseph's Well

0113 203 1861

LIVERPOOL

Cancer City O2 Academy 2
0870 771 2000 WA

LONDON

Bigtopp Cross Kings 020 7278 8318

Black Mountain/Dark Horses

The Lexington 020 7837 5387

Callaghan 100 Club 020 7636 0933

Chief Barfly 0870 907 0999 +14

Circa Survive Underworld

020 7482 1932



The Coral O2 Shepherds Bush Empire

0870 771 2000

The Cribbs Garage 020 7607 1818

Danger Mouth/Rebecca Jade/Marta

Collica Buffalo Bar 020 7359 6191

The Dead Lights/Crimson Joy

Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773

The Fabulous Thunderbirds

Dingwalls 020 7267 1577

Faithless Roundhouse 020 7482 7318

Georgia Asphalt Old Blue Last

020 7613 2478

Gli Scott-Heron Somerset House
020 7344 4444

The Goodtimes/The Education

Arts Club 020 7460 4459

Jacqueline Becker Troubadour Club

020 7370 1434

Klaus Windmill 020 8671 0700

The Lucinda Belle Orchestra

Jazz Cafe 020 7916 6060

Michael Holt 12 Bar Club

020 7240 2622

Seerauber Jenny 229 Club

020 7631 8310

Tired Pony Forum 020 7344 0044

Wolf Gang Hoxton Square Bar &

Kitchen 020 7613 0709

MANCHESTER

The French Wives Night And Day Cafe

0161 236 1822

Klaxons Ruby Lounge 0161 834 1392

Manclini Fires Roadhouse

0161 228 1789

NEWCASTLE

Basshunter O2 Academy

0870 771 2000 WA

NOTTINGHAM

Andrew Lawrence Maze

0115 947 5650

SHEFFIELD

Elliot Minor Corporation

0114 276 0262

Teenagersintokyo Forum

0114 2720964

Toots And The Maytals O2 Academy

0870 771 2000 WA

SOUTHAMPTON

Sworn Enemy Joiners 023 8022 5612

ST ALBANS

Fate Of A Stranger Horn 01727 853143

TUNBRIDGE WELLS

Belladonna The Forum 08712 777101

YORK

Orange Fibbers 01904 651 250 +14



Klaxons, Ruby Lounge, Manchester

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+

THURSDAY

July 15

Florence + The Machine,
Somerset House, London



BATH

Katzenjammer Moles
01225 404445

BIRMINGHAM

First Aid Kit Hare And Hounds
0121 444 2081

BOURNEMOUTH

Chlpmunk 02 Academy
01202 399922 WA

BRIGHTON

Boys With Xray Eyes Freebutt
01273 603974

BRISTOL

Stephen Dale Petit 02 Academy 2
0870 771 2000 WA

CAMBRIDGE

Koby Israelite Band Junction 2
01223 511511

Motor Tapes Portland Arms
01223 357268

CARDIFF

Fucked Up Barfly
029 2066 7658 +16
The Lovely Eggs Buffalo Bar
02920 310312

Mike Fantastic Club Ifor Bach
029 2023 2199

The Wonder Stuff Cooper's Field
029 2087 2000

CHELMSFORD

The Lunar Pilots Barhouse
01245 356811

DUBLIN

Brant Bjork Whelan's
00 3531 475 9372
The High Kings Sugar Club
00 3531 678 7188

EDINBURGH

Paradox Bannermans 0131 556 3254
Rod Stewart Castle 020 7771 2000

GLASGOW

Jody Has A Hitlist 02 ABC2
0141 204 5151 WA

Orchestre Tout Puissant Marcel
Duchamp Stereo 0141 576 5018

Silver Columns King Tut's Wah Wah
Hut 0141 221 5279

LEEDS

Chantel McGregor Irish Centre
0113 248 9208

Here We Go Magic Brudenell Social
Club 0113 243 5866

LIVERPOOL

The Fabulous Thunderbirds
02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000 WA

LONDON

Adrian Royce & The Exiles/Ruby And
The Vines Luminaire 020 7372 7123

Alex Gardner Dingwalls 020 7267 1577

Aqualung Bush Hall 020 8222 6955

Ash Watershed 020 8540 0080

Blue Vells 229 Club 020 7631 8310

Double Denim/Parking Offence/Kid
Canaveral Bull & Gate 020 7485 5358

Fiction Old Blue Last 020 7613 2478

Florence + The Machine Somerset
House 020 7344 4444

Fragments Of Faith/Wa.Mentor
Hope & Anchor 020 7354 1312

Los Campesinos! Garage
020 7607 1818

Mellic/Muddy Miles/The James
Warner Prophesies Dublin Castle
020 7485 1773

Mondesir Troubadour Club
020 7370 1434

Mystery Jets Hippodrome
0208 5414411

Najma Akhtar Jazz Cafe
020 7916 6060

Niall Connolly 12 Bar Club
020 7240 2622

Teenagersintokyo The Lexington
020 7837 5387

Tokyo Police Club Scala
020 7833 2022 +16

Urban Tramp/Our Lost Infantry
Windmill 020 8671 0700

Useless ID Underworld 020 7482 1932

MANCHESTER

Cargo Cult Night And Day Cafe
0161 236 1822

The Carnations Roadhouse
0161 228 1789

Converge Academy 2 0161 832 1111

Kaki King Ruby Lounge 0161 834 1392

The Oxygen Index Moho Live
0161 834 8180

NEWCASTLE

William Control 02 Academy 2
0870 771 2000

Young Guns Roadmender Centre
01604 604222

READING

Vessels Plug'n'Play 0118 958 1447

SHEFFIELD

Basshunter 02 Academy
0870 771 2000 WA

Sepultura Corporation 0114 276 0262

SOUTHAMPTON

The Beat Joiners 023 8022 5612

STOKE ON TRENT

The Elastics Sugarhill 01782 214991

ST ALBANS

Rev 78 Horn 01727 853143

SWINDON

Mr Love & Justice The Vic
01793 535713

Terra-45 The Rolleston 01793 534238

BATH

The Hundred In The Hands Moles
01225 404445

BEDFORD

Amy And The Integrals Esquires
01234 340120

BELFAST

Eddi Reader An Droichead
028 9028 8818

BIRMINGHAM

One Night Only 02 Academy 3
0870 771 2000 WA

(Spunge) 02 Academy 2
0870 771 2000 WA

BRISTOL

The Animals & Friends The Tunnels
0117 929 9008

Basshunter 02 Academy
0870 771 2000 WA

Fabric Fleece 0117 945 0996

Uphills The Cooler 0117 945 0999

BURY

Drive There Now The Met
0871 230 1094

CAMBRIDGE

The Good News Junction 01223 511511

Shango Junction 2 01223 511511

CARDIFF

Black Russians Club Ifor Bach
029 2023 2199

Jugganote Buffalo Bar 02920 310312

Sepultura Millennium Music Hall
0871 230 1094

CHELMSFORD

Rigsby Barhouse 01245 356811

CIRENCESTER

Zoldberg The Vaults 01285 885 706

CREWE

Electric Kools The Box 01270 257 398

DUBLIN

The High Kings Sugar Club
00 3531 678 7188

Pierce Turner Whelan's
00 3531 475 9372

EDINBURGH

UK Subs Citrus Club 0131 622 7086

GLASGOW

Findlay Mackinnon The State Bar
0141 332 2159

Jonathan Carr King Tut's Wah Wah
Hut 0141 221 5279

Paradox Capitol 0141 331 0140

William Control 02 ABC2
0141 204 5151 WA

GUILDFORD

Gulfest: Orbital/Hadouken/
Chickenhawk/Sorry And
The Sinatras/And So I

Watch You From Afar/The
Wonderstuff/65daysofstatic/
Dreadzone/Fucked Up/South

Central/We Are The Ocean/Babylon
Circus Stoke Park 0871 230 1094

White Sunday Boilerroom
01483 440022

HITCHIN

Primal Device Club 85 01462 432767

LEEDS

Above Them Packhorse 0113 245 3980

Motus Thornhill Arms 0113 256 5492

Optic Nerve New Roscoe
0113 246 0778

Shield Your Eyes Brudenell Social
Club 0113 243 5866

LIVERPOOL

Elliot Minor 02 Academy 2
0870 771 2000 WA

LONDON

Akira The Don 12 Bar Club
020 7240 2622

Amy Macdonald Roundhouse
020 7482 7318

The Black Sand Rhythm Factory
020 7247 9386

The Bookhouse Boys Watershed
020 8540 0080

The Buffalo Riot Troubadour Club
020 7370 1434

FRIDAY

July 16

Channel Cairo 100 Club

020 7636 0933
Converge ULU 020 7664 2000

Corinne Bailey Rae Somerset House
020 7344 4444

David Simon Jazz Cafe 020 7916 6060

Lovebox Festival: Dizzee Rascal/
Chase And Status/Nolsettes/Eille

Goulding/Newham Generals/The
Maccabees/Mystery Jets/Bombay

Bicycle Club/Chew Lips/Toddla T
Victoria Park 0870 040 0058

Everyday Symphony/Dan Markland/
Colin Deveney/Michael Mullinger/
Andrew Souter/The Chivvellos

Constitution 020 7387 4805



Faithful Child/Missing Andy/
Lights Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773

Gackt 02 Academy Islington
0870 771 2000 WA

Islington Boys Club The Stag's Head
020 7739 6741

Kunt And The Gang Cross Kings
020 7278 8318

Lee Fields & The Expressions
Scala 020 7833 2022

Loud Howard Barfly 0870 907 0999

The Modern Buffalo Bar
020 7359 6191

Ray Manzarek & Robby Krieger
02 Shepherds Bush Empire
0870 771 2000

Scarlet Harlots Proud Galleries
020 7482 3867

SI Connolly 229 Club 020 7631 8310

Sonic Boom Six Borderline
020 7734 5547

Spotlight Kid/Model Society/
Lark/The Standards Bull & Gate
020 7485 5358

The Stayaways/The OK Social Club/
Brutal Deluxe/Lelsurama Hope &
Anchor 020 7354 1312

To-Mera Underworld 020 7482 1932

Young Guns Garage 020 7607 1818

MANCHESTER

Circa Survive Academy 2 0161 832 1111

Nas/Damian Jr Gong Marley
Academy 0161 832 1111

Soma Night And Day Cafe
0161 236 1822

Sonic Waves Ruby Lounge
0161 834 1392

NEWCASTLE

Harlot 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

Million Young Star And Shadow
Cinema 0191 2610066

NOTTINGHAM

Tuning Rescue Rooms 0115 958 8484

OXFORD

Stephen Dale Petit 02 Academy 2
0870 771 2000 WA

PETERBOROUGH

Deaf Havana Met Lounge
01733 566100

PONTEFRAC

Pure Magic Halfpenny Lane
0871 230 1094

PORTSMOUTH

Dave Twentyman Wedgewood Rooms
023 9286 3911

SHEFFIELD

Bravado Boardwalk 0114 279 9090

Hand Of Grief Corporation
0114 276 0262

Kartica 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

SOUTHAMPTON

Save Your Hero Joiners 023 8022 5612

SOUTHWOLD

Latitude Festival: Florence + The
Machine/Empire Of The Sun/
Laura Marling/Spoon/Hockey/

The Unthanks/Here We Go Magic/
The National/Wild Beasts/The
Feeling/Black Mountain/Villagers/
The Kissaway Trail/Girls/Tokyo

Police Club/Luna Belle/Arno
Carstens/Lissie/The Middle East/
Holly Miranda/Kurran And The
Wolfnotes/Everything Everything/
Islet/Esben And The Witch/The
Good Natured/Yuck/Rose Elinor

Dougall Henham Park 0870 060 3775

STOKE ON TRENT

The Fears Sugarhill 01782 214991

ST ALBANS

Touchstone Horn 01727 853143

SWINDON

Descend To Rise The Furnace
01793 534238

The Trickbables The Vic 01793 535713

Z Sick Monkeys The Rolleston
01793 534238

TUNBRIDGE WELLS

Filiptrix The Forum 08712 777101

WAKEFIELD

The Jokers Snooty Fox 01924 374455

YORK

The Eden House The Duchess
01904 641 413

Modulate Fibbers 01904 651 250 +14



SATURDAY

July 17



Crystal Castles, Latitude Festival, Southwold

BATH
Fabric Moles 01225 404445

BELFAST
Craig Richards Stuff Kitten
028 90238700

BIRMINGHAM
Circa Survive O2 Academy 2
0870 771 2000 **WA**
Stephen Dale Petit O2 Academy 3
0870 771 2000 **WA**

BRISTOL
Chimpunk O2 Academy
0870 771 2000 **WA**
Kosmos Kings Louisiana
0117 926 5978
Terrorvision Fleece 0117 945 0996

CAMBRIDGE
The Shills Portland Arms
01223 357268

COLCHESTER
The City Joy Cons The Twist
01206 562 453

DUBLIN
The High Kings Sugar Club
00 3531 678 7188
Nas/Damian Jr Gong Marley Tripod
00 353 1 4780225

DUNDEE
Paradox The Doghouse 01382 206 812

EDINBURGH
Bwani Junction Sneaky Pete's
0131 225 1757
The South Picture House
0844 847 1740

GLASGOW
The Black Hand Gang The Wise
Monkey 0871 230 1094
Pelmet Nights Stereo 0141 576 5018
We're Only Afraid Of NYC 13th Note
Cafe 0141 553 1638
What The Heroes Say King Tut's Wah
Wah Hut 0141 221 5279

GUILDFORD
Guilfest: The Human League/Just
Jack/N-Dubz/Hawkwind/Tinie
Tempah/The Blackout/Young Guns
Stoke Park 0871 230 1094
Our Time Down Here Boileroom
01483 440022

HITCHIN
Panic Cell Club 85 01462 432767

LEEDS
Acid Drop Burley Liberal Club
0113 2453912
After Dark New Roscoe 0113 246 0778

Dysrhythmia Brudenell Social Club
0113 243 5866

The Gillroyd Parade Packhorse
0113 245 3980

Last Orders The Owl 0113 256 5242

Nicola's Cage Cockpit 0113 244 3446

Tag-Team Preacher Hyde Park Club
0113 293 0109

Vamp Thornhill Arms 0113 256 5492

LIVERPOOL
The Baudelaire Brothers Zanzibar
0151 707 1558

Eve Sells Band Mountford Hall
(Stanley Theatre) 0844 477 2000 **WA**

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

LONDON
Basshunter O2 Shepherds Bush
Empire 0870 771 2000

The Big Eyes Family Players
Union Chapel 020 7226 1686

Big Sandy & His Fly-Rite Boys
Luminaire 020 7372 7123

The Big 10/Swagger/Sketches Of The
Adverse Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773

Brant Bjork Underworld
020 7482 1932

The Divine Comedy Somerset House
020 7344 4444

Funkshone Jazz Cafe 020 7916 6060

Funkcase Rhythm Factory
020 7247 9386

Ghostlight Troubadour Club
020 7370 1434

The Glitch Mob KOKO 020 7388 3222

Lovebox Festival: Roxy Music/
Yeastayer/Mark Ronson & The
Business Intl/Paloma Falch/
Wild Beasts/Codeline Velvet Club/
Primary 1/I Blame Coco/Empire Of
The Sun/Midnight Juggernauts/
These New Puritans/The Invisible
Victoria Park 0870 040 0058

The Shoe String/Mine By Midnight/
The Razzle/Bunnycome/Pengilly's
93 Feet East 020 7247 6095

Sunbirds Proud Galleries
020 7482 3867

Th' Legendary Shack Shakers
Garage 020 7607 1818

The Twang Watershed
020 8540 0080

The Underground Rebellion/
The 10:04s/Pose Victorious
Hope & Anchor 020 7354 1312

Underworld Roundhouse
020 7482 7318

Wilko Johnson 100 Club
020 7636 0933

MANCHESTER
Beware/Jabberwock Academy 3
0161 832 1111

Matthew Gray Night And Day Cafe
0161 236 1822

William Control Roadhouse
0161 228 1789

NEWCASTLE
(Spunge) O2 Academy 2
0870 771 2000

NORTHAMPTON
Judy Mouch Roadmender Centre
01604 604222

OXFORD
Elliot Minor O2 Academy 2
0870 771 2000 **WA**

READING
Sixty Watt Bayonets Rising Sun Arts
Centre 0118 986 6788

SHEFFIELD
Summerlin O2 Academy 2
0870 771 2000

SOUTHAMPTON
Kid Adrift Joiners 023 8022 5612

Mirrors Unit 02380 225612

SOUTHWOLD
Latitude Festival: Belle &
Sebastian/Crystal Castles/The
Maccabees/James/Frank Turner/
Corinne Bailey Rae/John Grant/The
Horrors/Noah And The Whale/
Frightened Rabbit/Paul Heaton/
School Of Seven Bells/Archie
Bronson Outfit/First Aid Kit/
Lonelady/O Children/Lupen Crook
Henham Park 0870 060 3775

STOKE ON TRENT
Headrush Sugarmill 01782 214991

SWINDON
Atropline The Vic 01793 535713

Twenty Flight Rock The Rolleston
01793 534238

WAKEFIELD
Isolysis Snooty Fox 01924 374455

WATFORD
The Tearaways Flag 01923 218413

YORK
Faderhead Fibbers
01904 651 250 +14
Wayne Hussey The Duchess
01904 641 413

SUNDAY

July 18

BIRMINGHAM
Basshunter O2 Academy
0870 771 2000 **WA**
Boat To Row Hare And Hounds
0121 444 2081

BOURNEMOUTH
The Don Ramos Players Ibar
01202 209727

BRISTOL
Nothing New Louisiana 0117 926 5978

School Of Seven Bells Thekla
08713 100000

CARDIFF
Colours Of One Barfly
029 2066 7658 +14

Dean Friedman Glee Club
0870 2415093

Man Without Country Buffalo Bar
02920 310312

Terrorvision Millenium Music Hall
0871 230 1094

CARLISLE
Paradox The Club Victoria
01228 533 476

DUBL
Kelth Mullins Whelan's
00 3531 475 9372

Sepultura Academy 00 3531 877 9999

EDINBURGH
Caribou Sneaky Pete's 0131 225 1757

Simply Red Castle 020 7771 2000

GLASGOW
This Distance Cavern Club
01392 495370

GLASGOW
Atongevitter 13th Note Cafe
0141 553 1638

Circa Survive King Tut's Wah Wah Hut
0141 221 5279

GUILDFORD
Guilfest: The King Blues/My
Passion/Lower Than Atlantis/
Eaststrikewest/Cars On Fire/
Turbowolf/Status Quo/Level

**42/10CC/The Blockheads/The
Twang/The Young Knives/Seth
Lakeman Stoke Park 0871 230 1094**

Stagecoach Boileroom 01483 440022

HITCHIN
Vinyl Fiction Club 85 01462 432767

LEEDS
Resurgence Thornhill Arms
0113 256 5492

Spear Of Destiny Joseph's Well
0113 203 1861

LIVERPOOL
Tuning Mountford Hall (Stanley
Theatre) 0844 477 2000 **WA**

LONDON
Being 747/The Spivs/Brain
Washington Windmill 020 8671 0700

Charly Coombes & The New Breed
The Bedford 0208 682 8940

Lovebox Festival: Grace Jones/Hot
Chip/Peaches/Hurts/Fenech Soler/
Chromeo/Cut Copy/New Young
Pony Club/Holy Ghost/We Have
Band/Silver Columns/O Children
Victoria Park 0870 040 0058

Jet O2 Shepherds Bush Empire
0870 771 2000

Junior Reid Jazz Cafe 020 7916 6060

Luvu Gunk Dublin Castle
020 7485 1773

Prima Volta Queen Of Hoxton
020 7422 0958

Roy Bailey Slaughtered Lamb
020 8682 4080

Skinny Puppy Forum 020 7344 0044

Soul II Soul Somerset House
020 7344 4444

The Universal 100 Club
020 7636 0933

(Spunge) O2 Academy 2 Islington
0870 771 2000

MANCHESTER
Mike Fantastic Academy 3
0161 832 1111

Run, Walk! Roadhouse 0161 228 1789

NEWCASTLE
Summerlin O2 Academy 2
0870 771 2000

NORTHAMPTON
Embers Fire/The Bone Sparrow
Roadmender Centre 01604 604222

NOTTINGHAM
Elizabeth Cook Maze 0115 947 5650

Shield Your Eyes/Hey Colossus/
Silent Front/Nephu Huzzband/
Kogumaza/Ox Scapula/Dead Spex
Bodega Social Club 08713 100000

SHEFFIELD
Front Line Assembly Corporation
0114 276 0262

SOUTHAMPTON
Brant Bjork Joiners 023 8022 5612

SOUTHWOLD
Latitude Festival: Vampire
Weekend/Rodrigo Y Gabriela/The
Temper Trap/Midilake/The Dirty
Projectors/Mumford & Sons/Sweet
Billy Pilgrim/The Strange Boys/
Grizzly Bear/Jonsi/The Coral/
Charlotte Gainsbourg/Yeastayer/
Kristin Hersh/The Big Pink/Jamie
Lidell/The Antlers/Rox/Darwin
Deez/The Pains Of Being Pure
At Heart/These New Puritans/
The Morning Parade/Jesca Hoop/
Egyptian Hip Hop/Beth Jeans
Houghton/Tom Williams & The
Boat/Kelpe/Alan Wilder/Mitchell
Museum/Cevanne Henham Park
0870 060 3775

TUNBRIDGE WELLS
Filthy Nights The Forum 08712 777101

WAKEFIELD
Immanis Snooty Fox 01924 374455

YORK
Gene Loves Jezebel The Duchess
01904 641 413
Noisuf-X Fibbers 01904 651 250 +14



Vampire Weekend, Latitude Festival, Southwold

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

July 19



Nas, O2 Academy, Birmingham

BATH
Kid Adrift Moles 01225 404445

BIRMINGHAM
Nas O2 Academy 0870 771 2000 WA

BRIGHTON
The Legendary Shack Shakers Komedia 01273 647100

CARDIFF
I Am Austin Buffalo Bar 02920 310312

CORK
Owen Tromans And The Elders Cyprus Avenue 00 35321 427 6165

DUBLIN
Kristin Hersh Whelan's 00 3531 475 9372

GLASGOW
The Boy Who Trapped The Sun King Tut's Wah Wah Hut 0141 221 5279

GUILDFORD
Midgar Boileroom 01483 440022

LEEDS
Bats Royal Park Cellars 0113 274 1758
The Crooked Fiddle Band The Library 0113 2440794

LIVERPOOL
Stephen Dale Pettit O2 Academy 2 0870 771 2000 WA

LONDON
The Beatrix Players Slaughtered Lamb 020 8682 4080
Criminal Brainstorm Garage 020 7607 1818
Feedback/Alvarez Kings Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773
The Futureheads Roundhouse 020 7318 67318
Ghostcat Proud Galleries 020 732 3867
The Joel Plaskett Emergency Garage (Upstairs) 0871 230 1094
John Parish Monto Water Rats 020 7837 4412
Justin Sane MacBeth 020 7739 5095
Melanie Fiona Jazz Cafe 020 7916 6060
Muscle Club/Saturday's Kids/Woodersons Joy Windmill 020 8671 0700

Oo Bop Sh 100 Club 020 7636 0933
Orkestra Del Sol Cargo 0207 749 7840
Our Time Down Here Old Blue Last 020 7613 2478
The Pipettes/The School The Lexington 020 7837 5387
Public Image Ltd O2 Shepherd's Bush Empire 0870 771 2000
Summerlin O2 Academy 2 Islington 0870 771 2000
The Walkers/Just Married/Rony Corcos Hope & Anchor 020 7354 1312

MANCHESTER
School Of Seven Bells Ruby Lounge 0161 834 1392

NEWCASTLE
Jody Has A Hitlist O2 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

SHEFFIELD
Eaststrikewest Forum 0114 2720964

STOURBRIDGE
One Sixth Of Tommy Starving Rascal 0871 230 1094

TUESDAY

July 20

BIRMINGHAM
Jody Has A Hitlist O2 Academy 3 0870 771 2000 WA

BRIGHTON
Cloud Control Freebutt 01273 603974

BRISTOL
Jackal Club Croft 0117 987 4144
Public Image Ltd O2 Academy 0870 771 2000 WA

CARDIFF
Ichl Buffalo Bar 02920 310312
The Xcarts Club Ifor Bach 029 2023 2199

CHELMSFORD
Basic Barhouse 01245 356811

DUBLIN
Alex Mathias Trio International Bar 00 3531 677 0647

GLASGOW
Kitty The Lion King Tut's Wah Wah Hut 0141 221 5279
Stephen Dale Pettit O2 ABC 0141 204 5151

GUILDFORD
Ice Blackbirds Boileroom 01483 440022

LEEDS
Paradox Joseph's Well 0113 203 1861
William Control Cockpit 0113 244 446

LONDON
Anne-Marie Sanderson Slaughtered Lamb 020 8682 4080
Atlantic/Pacific Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773

Call The Doctor/Cold In Berlin/Dead Legs Biffalo Bar 020 7359 6191
Elizabeth Cook Garage (Upstairs) 0871 230 1094
Emilie Simon Cargo 0207 749 7840
Fergus And Geronimo/Prizes/Fanzine White Heat @ Madame Jo Jo's 020 7734 2473
Front Line Assembly O2 Academy Islington 0870 771 2000 WA
Honkyfinger/Henry's Funeral Shoe/Toe Hammer The Lexington 020 7837 5387
The Hummingbird and the Elephant Bush Hall 020 8222 6955
Justice Force Five/Ruderalis/Stereo Juggernaut 93 Feet East 020 7247 6095
Kid Adrift Old Blue Last 020 7613 2478
Kispal es a Borz Garage 020 7607 1818
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The Gilded Palace Of Sin Ruby Lounge 0161 834 1392
Room 94 Moho Live 0161 834 8180
Subrosa Roadhouse 0161 228 1789

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Ramona O2 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

NORWICH
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Clockwork Lights Maze 0115 947 5650

SHEFFIELD
Rod Stewart Hallam FM Arena 0114 256 5520

ST ALBANS
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WINCHESTER
Spring Offensive Railway Inn 01962 867795

YORK
The Pliht Fibbers 01904 651 250 +14



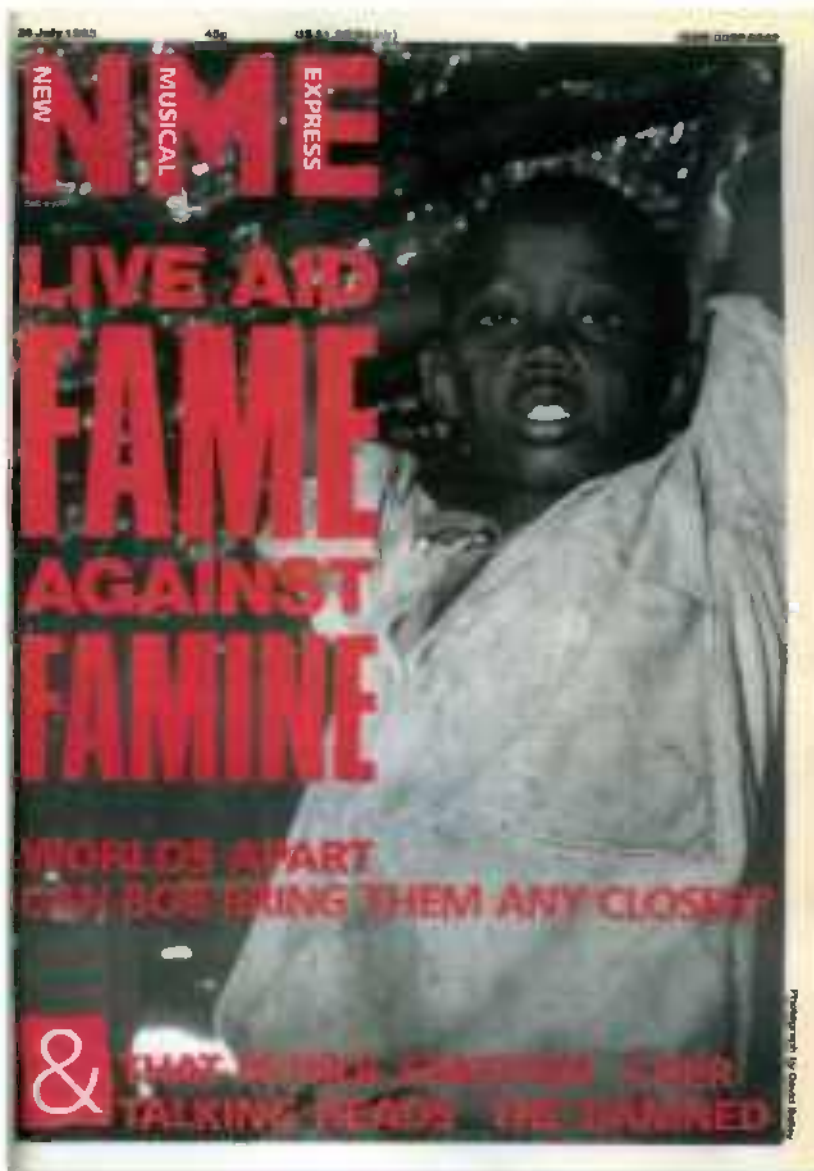
Pixie Lott, Roundhouse, London

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THIS WEEK IN 1985

GELDOLF SAVES, CHER IS UNMASKED, THE DAMNED DRAG



56 YEARS OF ANARCHY AND...ER...



STILL CRAZY

David Quantick is despatched to Aberdeen where - in a typically entertaining interview and between young men asking for the band to sign a beer mat - he discovers, among other things, that Dave Vanian now lives in a frock coat, and that Rat Scabies doesn't demolish his kit anymore. "He's a bleeding phenomenon, this guy!" Rat says of his singer. He is possibly right.

UNMASKING CHER



(NOT) THE FACE BEHIND THE MASK

"The thing is, you can ask me any question and I'll answer it," Cher tells NME's Nigel Matheson, in an interview to promote her first starring role in a movie about the Elephant Man of '70s California, entitled *Mask*. "But you'll never know me and the answer won't give you any real insight into me. You won't tap into my soul."

THE FIGHT HAS ONLY JUST BEGUN

As the dust settles on Live Aid - the concerts took place on Saturday, July 13 - this week's issue looks at just how effective it has been in achieving its noble aims.

"Only a handful of artists truly seemed to understand the day's significance," runs the introduction to four pages of coverage. "It was hard not to be shocked by the brutal contradictions inherent in such a display - people frolicked out in the sun so that others might live."

Other analysis takes a similarly dim view. "Though it's impossible to deride the achievements of Live Aid," writes Gavin Martin, "there were numerous factors in its make up that made it less than the grand display of cultural, racial and global unity it could have been. The event relied almost entirely on Anglo American MTV pop music in its aims."

Paul Du Noyer, who is NME's man on the ground at Wembley, takes a more positive view. "The '60s encompassed much naivety. But there was also a generosity of spirit, even if it never accomplished much. The years that followed were meaner, looked more inward than out and counted cost before dreaming dreams. If the generation of 1985 is starting to look at the wider world again, through thoroughly practical eyes, then the last 15 years have not been useless. Something has been learned along the way. And Band Aid is the biggest proof."

ALSO IN THE ISSUE THAT WEEK

• In a letter headlined 'Ten Years In An Open Plan Office', NME Editor Neil Spencer bids the paper farewell, handing over control to Ian Pye

• Single Of The Week - or as Mat Snow has it, 'Scourge Of The Week' - is 'Death Valley '69' by Sonic Youth with Lydia Lunch. "Now this is what I call heavy metal!" he says

• It's reported that Michael Jackson's face has made it on to a postage stamp... in the Virgin Islands

• Talking Heads' latest LP, 'Little Creatures', is declared to be "a startling return to form"

• Simply Red are reviewed live under the headline 'CAN RED BOYS SING THE BLUES?' The answer would appear to be no

NME

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THE LEGENDARY NME CROSSWORD

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

Compiled by Trevor Hungerford

Win!

A BAG OF NME SWAG



CLUES ACROSS

- 1 Begins new career, having been given the boot, for Example (4-6)
 6 (See 5 down)
 9 "Don't give up your day job" advice not taken by Scissor Sisters (5-4)
 10+18D Personally not so sick of Hot Chip now (1-4-6)
 11+22A Ram ELO tour video into crusher and get Interpol album instead (3-4-2-6)
 12 (See 2 down)
 15+18A 1986 Number 1 hit for Berlin, it was theme to movie *Top Gun* (4-2-6-4)
 16 Bon ____ , their acclaimed debut album was 'For Emma, Forever Ago' (4)
 17 (See 27 across)
 18 (See 15 across)
 20 Where The Foals are Stateside just now (5)
 22 (See 11 across)
 24 (See 1 down)
 27+17A Indeed Gus was upset by this Kooks' performance (6-3)
 30 (See 19 down)
 31 (See 28 down)
 32 (See 29 down)

CLUES DOWN

- 1+24A He'd took foreign change from the Kings of Leon (4-2-3-5)
 2+12A "I was looking for some action, but all I found was ____", 1994 (10-3-7)
 3 "If I could only be tough like him, then I could win my own small battle of the sexes / And ____ is going to help me", 1981 (3-4)
 4 Just love this Smashing Pumpkins' album (5)
 5+6A Madonna to receive applause for song (4-1-3)
 6 Rather wooden-sounding guitarist with US punk band The Plasmatics (5)
 7 How flattering to include a Happy Mondays' number (1-1-1)
 8 Billy Bragg recorded Woody Guthrie songs with this US band on the album 'Mermaid Avenue' (5)
 14+13D Perhaps hear Mr West yodel on this George Harrison hit (2-5-4)
 16 The ____ Babies, '80s indie band who reformed in 2007 with album 'Death Message Blues' (4)
 17 Spacedust exercised their right to have a '____ And Tonic' at Number 1 in 1998 (3)

18 (See 10 across)

19+30A Australians who've discovered their 'Love Lost' (6-4)

21 Rock In Rio takes place in Brazil, then moves on to Lisbon and finally this Spanish location (6)

23 Albums '____ For The Deal' by Queens Of The Stone Age and '____ In The Key Of Life' by Stevie Wonder (5)

25 However... it's just the beginning for guitarist with Yes since 1970 (4)

26 Very unusual this name for Irish trip-hop band who did 'Something Wild' in '90s (4)

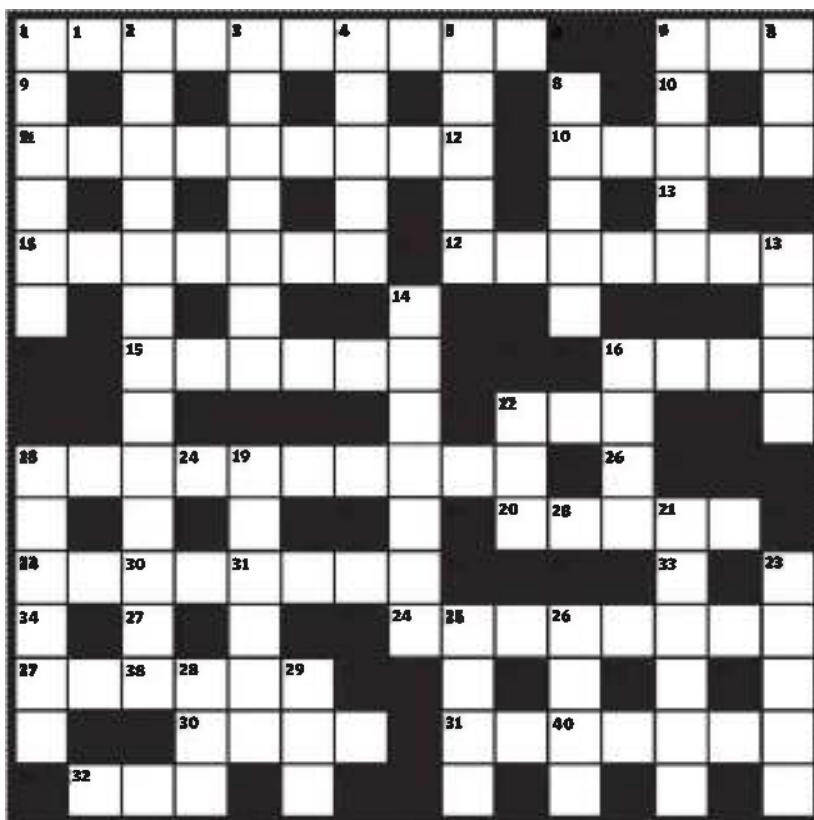
28+31A Put this new MGMT disc on... without having a breakdown (3 7)

29+32A Verbal agreement to be made with Blood Arm (3-3)

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Simply cut out the crossword and send it, along with your name, address and email, marking the envelope with the issue date, before Tuesday, July 20, 2010, to the following address:
 Crossword, NME, 4th Floor, Blue Fin Building, 110 Southwark Street, London SE1 0SU.

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



JUNE 19 ANSWERS

ACROSS

1 Rambling Man, 7+2D Bob Mould, 9 Drums, 10 Celestica, 12+32A Morning View, 13 Dust, 15+31A Eyes Open, 16 Hut, 19 Kiss, 21 Taylor, 22 DJ, 23+5D Steve Malkmus, 24 Catch, 26 Surf's Up, 29 Omo, 33 Drake, 34 Hyde, 35 Iris.

DOWN

1+13D Radar Detector, 3 Lose It, 4 Nice Guys, 6 No Surprises, 7 British Sea Power, 8 Bragg, 14 Say It, 17 Them, 18 Roth, 20+28D St Jude, 22 Douglas, 25 Candy, 27 Fever, 30+11A Otis Redding.



SEVEN INCH STORIES BY PHILLIP MARSDEN



FANMAIL

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

Edited by Kev Kharas



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The Big Issue

Keeping us locked in email battle this week...

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FRANKLY, MRS SANKEY

From: Chris Sutton
To: NME

Having read Elizabeth Sankey's review of the Topshop Bandstand Picnic (NME, July 3), I must point out some glaring journalistic inaccuracies. Firstly, in regards to the 'teenagers' of which she speaks, I personally had no cupcakes that day, and was horrified at the accusation of overdosing, as are my fellow companions. I also resent the use of the word 'desperately' to describe us waving our homemade placards. I feel something like 'vigorously' would be a fairer representation of our efforts. Such errors are incongruous with the usual quality of your publication, and I feel sad to have to point them out. We did also take our DIY signs to show the members of Los Campesinos!, and they were not freaked out in the slightest. Look! They even posed for photographs with us.



Tweenagers with Los Campesinos! minutes before they marched to NME Towers and firebombed it

NME's response...

From: NME
To: Chris Sutton, Elizabeth Sankey
Ms Sankey - can you clarify this please?

From: Elizabeth Sankey
To: NME, Chris Sutton
I'm in London-based dream-pop duo Summer Camp, and admit the review was entirely the product of my own jealousy. No-one makes

us signs. The green-eyed beast that possesses me is bigger than my own moral capacity. I understand if you hate me, but hope one day we can move on from this.

From: Chris Sutton
To: NME, Elizabeth Sankey
Oh, I could never hate you - such an eloquent message. To help tame that green-eyed beast

I could come and throw Oreos at you at Leeds Festival? That way, other bands will envy you.

From: Elizabeth Sankey
To: NME, Chris Sutton
...and all the pieces of my life fall right into place. I'm looking forward to our next Oreo-flavoured encounter. Get in touch at the above addresses. Winners should email letters@nme.com

COMPLAINTS LOG

From: James Markiewicz
To: NME
Man, I know people have said this before but what is up with Darwin Deez's hair! It's all over the place! I HATE IT! Please explain why you all like it...

From: James Markiewicz
To: NME
I don't see why everyone likes Kele! I don't think he's good! Please explain why you (NME) tell the whole music world he is good?

From: James Markiewicz
To: NME
I was just watching Florence Welch at Glastonbury and I think that she was absolutely rubbish! She was out of tune and even the crowd were singing better than her. I am a great fan of Flo and, don't get me wrong, she is an amazing singer and her voice is just amazing! I just think that she could try harder when live...

From: NME
To: James Markiewicz
James, these emails were all sent within five minutes of each other. Are you OK? The office is worried. I'm not totally sure where you've picked up this impression that we in any way endorse Darwin Deez's pseudo-pubic nettle helmet, James. I certainly wouldn't want that thing he calls 'hair' anywhere near me or my children, if indeed I had children. I don't have children, James. I'm actually quite a lonely individual. Maybe we should be friends? I think we'd find some common ground.

From: NME
To: James Markiewicz
James? You OK? Not done anything stupid have you?

From: Ger McNamara
To: NME

Jesus H Christ, am I the only one who thinks that Florence at Glasto was a pile of shite?! Tell me how is this girl talented? All I got out of it was earache from her 'singing'. Fucking shouting more like, eh?

From: NME
To: Ger McNamara, James Markiewicz
No Ger, you're not - hey James, look, someone who agrees with you. Tell me, did either of you actually go to the festival, or were you watching at home? Because I've heard there can be quite a big difference between what you hear in the crowd and what comes through your screen. I'm not the biggest fan of Ms Welch's by any means, but I'd love to hear if you're willing to cut her any slack - were either of you fans before the Glastonbury performance?

From: Ger McNamara
To: NME, James Markiewicz
Was a fan, but not now. I have to say given all the hype from all quarters over the last few years she has turned out to be deeply disappointing.

From: NME
To: Ger McNamara, James Markiewicz
I actually brought you into the conversation in an attempt to lure James from the shadows, but it doesn't seem to be working. Over and out.

POET GIT

From: Dan Williams
To: NME
So another year is gone, and here I am again, Describing the magic of Glasto
In the year two thousand

and ten,
It was early Wednesday
morning,
By the time that we got
there,
But not even massive
queues,
Could cause us much
despair,
So we huffed and we puffed,
While we waited in line,
Chugging early morning
lager,
And boxes of wine... [drifts
off into interminable rhyme]

From: NME
To: Dan Williams
Hey Dan. I didn't really rate
your poem, but something
in the first stanza intrigued
me: how could you return,
after the passage of one
calendar year, to once again
describe "the magic of
Glasto in the year two
thousand and ten"? Do you
have some kind of time-
travelling device? Have you
been here before? If you
have, and we've already met
at some point in that
parallel future, what should
I do about my, y'know...
problem? Please give me
guidance: THANX.

From: Dan Williams
To: NME
Hi Kev, nice to hear from
you,
So you thought the poem
was shit?
Coming from a man with
'your problem',
I couldn't care one bit...
[drifts off again, this time
into allegations romantically
linking me to domesticated
animals]

From: NME
To: Dan Williams
What do you do when you're
not speaking in rhyme, Dan?

From: Dan Williams
To: NME
Work at the Press
Association, mate. Like to do
gig reviews in my spare
time, see plenty of bands.
Not as interesting when it
doesn't rhyme, is it?

From: NME
To: Dan Williams
I see what you mean. Ever
considered living your whole
life in rhyme? You might
develop your skills to the
point where a lucrative rap
career beckons you away
from your desk job.

From: Dan Williams
To: NME
Do you think that I could



STALKER

From: Catherine

To: NME

"Here's a pic of me with
Ryan Jarman of The Cribbs
after Kate Nash's gig at the
Brudenell Social Club
in Leeds."

possibly be,
The resident poet at NME?
Spend all my days, and all of
my time,
Writing catchy little ditties,
in my own style of rhyme?
My life it would change, my
career path be steered,
If only I could grow, a
Scroobius Pip beard!
Instead of rotting here, at a
desk at PA,
Wasting my talent, day after
day!

From: NME

To: Dan Williams

You had me at 'Scroobius
Pip', Dan. HAD ME GAGGING
ON MY OWN FIST!!!

DIDGERI-DON'T

From: Peter Jolly

To: NME

You missed your chance
with Rolf Harris' 'Does
Rock'n'Roll Kill Brains?'
(NME, July 3) It should have
been ~ Question 11: Can you
tell what it is yet?

From: NME

To: Peter Jolly

Sorry Peter, I'm not
following.

From: Peter Jolly

To: NME

It was his catchphrase
whenever he was doing
one of his paintings. You
might have to ask someone
over 40 about it! Or watch
out for the new Churchill ad
on the telly, he says it on
there too.

From: NME

To: Peter Jolly

Does he kill animals in that
advert too?

From: Peter Jolly

To: NME

You've lost me this time.
Where does killing animals
come into it?

Web Slings

The highlight of this week's NME.COM blogs

ONLY FLY-BY-NIGHTS

On Wednesday, June 30, Kings Of Leon played the biggest headline gig of their career so far. 60,000 people witnessed the Followills airing four new songs (working titles: 'Macy', 'Southbound', 'Immortal' and 'Radioactive'), as well as a cover of Pixies' 'Where Is My Mind?', at London's Hyde Park. It's a mark of how utterly 'Only By The Night' has changed their fortunes that Kings Of Leon now seem perfectly at home on stages this vast – though it was notable that the crowd got an awful lot louder whenever they played songs from that album, suggesting a good proportion of their fanbase these days are fairly recent converts. What did you make of it?

Read the full blog at NME.COM/blogs



Best of the responses...

I want to marry them. I'd
bend over and let them set
my bum hair on fire...
oooooooooo, Best night of
my life!
Chris Swinburn

Started with slow album
tracks, finished on an album
track, 'hits' were randomly
placed – they can't write a
setlist to save their lives. At
least they finished this one,
unlike at Reading last year...
Jack

Those last two comments
sum up their fans now. Sad.
Anonymous

They know how to play, but
Hyde Park's setup let them
down. A crowd of city posers
and trendy people only
there for 'Sex On Fire' made
for a boring time.
Tom Kelly

Shocking gig in terms of the
audience: full of cocked-up
twats. Only good

atmosphere was during
'Only By The Night' songs.
During all the others the
crowd just threw piss at
each other. Band on top
form, though – the Pixies
cover was great! Never
seeing them again, though.
Moodie

Crowd, sound and playlist
were fantastic. I guess
people just need to enjoy it
for what it is.
Megan

From: NME

To: Peter Jolly

When he used to have that
hospital where he kept all
the dying animals.

From: Peter Jolly

To: NME

Of course, totally forgot he
used to do *Animal Hospital*.

THE FAB LOCALS

From: Kimberley Cann

To: NME

So the only thing NME have
to say about Local Natives at
Glastonbury was that the
'fake' Beatles tipped them to
be the next Beatles. They're
nothing like The Beatles – I
don't want to say they're
better, but they create
great songs.

From: NME

To: Kimberley Cann

What are you scared of? This
reverence for and of older
acts is part of the reason so
much guitar music sucks
today. If you want to say it,

say it – Local Natives are
better than The Beatles.

From: Kimberley Cann

To: NME

I don't want to insult our
national treasures, but Local
Natives are so much better...
there, I said it!

From: NME

To: Kimberley Cann

I hope we get to run letters
like these every week.



STALKER

From: Sarah

To: NME

"Met Darwin Deez after his
gig in Ktown. My friend
based her look on him..."

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DOES ROCK'N'ROLL KILL BRAINCELLS?

TESTING MUSICIANS' MEMORIES AFTER A LIFETIME OF ABUSE

This Week

JOHN LYDON

QUESTION 1

At which venue in January 1978 did you ask the audience, "Ever get the feeling you've been cheated?"?

"It was a Sex Pistols gig in San Francisco. Was it the Fillmore? What, I'm being questioned on my own life story? Hahaha! That's bollocks that is! First thing in the morning! Who got me into this? Come on then, this'll be a laugh."

Half a point. It was Winterland, San Francisco



QUESTION 2

On which US TV show did you stop lip-syncing and dance in the audience?

"The Dick Clark thingy. What was it called? Years later, when Dick Clark was asked to put together his favourite bands he had on that show we were in the top eight. At the time it was incredibly unfriendly there. It's so strange how people turn around when they look back on things and it becomes favourable for them to do so."

Half a point. It was Dick Clark's American Bandstand

QUESTION 3

Which major plane crash did you miss being involved in back in 1988 because your wife took too long to pack?

"The Lockerbie disaster. It's most seriously scary. The worst aspect to that was that we changed the flight to the next day but didn't think to tell anyone, we just went back to bed. Everybody went insane thinking we were dead. I'll never rush her again!"

Correct

QUESTION 4

Which PiL track ends with the sound of a fire you'd lit in the studio being extinguished?

"Only Wanted To Be Loved", it's on the first album. It's something that me and [Jah] Wobble messed about with, it was a spoof of disco. Quite hilarious, but not one of the all-time greatest. We didn't set fire to nothing, there was a lack of band members around at the time, it was just me and Wobble so for lack of instrumentation the fire extinguisher seemed perfect."

Half a point. The track is actually called 'Fodderstompf'



QUESTION 5

Complete the lyric: "Down in the dark/ Tell us a story/ From the room below..."

"...you are an ostrich/ Bury your head". That was about a journalist from *Sounds*. When she came round my house she tried that on a few of my friends and their reports thereafter gave me the good basis of a song. All the time with the greatest possible sense of fun, there's no malice in it."

Correct

QUESTION 6

What colour sunglasses are you wearing in the '(This Is Not A) Love Song' video? "Blue."

Correct

QUESTION 7

Which national newspaper covered the Bill Grundy incident with the headline 'Fury At Filthy TV Chat'?

"I suppose I should know but you know what, I couldn't care less. It actually went on to be the beautiful backdrop to a line of T-shirts we released in the '96 tour, we used all them titles on the entire backdrop on the stage set. Maybe the *Evening News* or the *Evening Standard*? The trouble was at the time there was only a limited number of journalists who would spread the story round, so the same story would end up in different newspapers but slightly rewritten. Malcolm (McLaren) would give them a free hand in that stuff. The trouble was we had to live with the lies."

Wrong. It's The Daily Express

QUESTION 8

On April 3, 1976 you supported the 101ers at the Nashville club in London. Who was that band's singer?

"The 101ers was Joe Strummer's terrible pub band. I'm not sure we should've supported them, the only support I'd have given that band was a second-hand jock-strap."

Correct

QUESTION 9

Which ex-employee took you on to Judge Judy in 1997 to claim he hadn't been paid for his services and you'd headbutted him?

"Well, he will remain nameless. I was found innocent, which indeed I was. The biggest fun of that was that he was bragging about his black belt in judo. Didn't seem to get him very far! He started out as a friend and turned into a right piece of work. Robert."

Half a point. Robert Williams

"I don't care about your points. Stick your points, I don't want to know."



QUESTION 10

Name four of the numerous names that were suggested before you settled on Sex Pistols.

"You know what? I've absolutely no idea about that. What I do know is the lot of them were all messing around with names before I went there. It's clearly not important to me. To be honest with you, I never even liked the name Sex Pistols. I always felt it sounded a bit twee. Mind you, if it'd been left up to our bassist Glen [Matlock] we would've been most probably called The Milky Bar Kids."

Wrong. John could have had Le Bomb, Subterraneans, Beyond, Teenage Novel, Kid Gladlove or Crème De La Crème, among others

Total Score
6/10

"I couldn't care less, but this was good fun first thing in the morning. No-one should remember trivia, least of all about yourself."

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