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ON REPEAT

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



WARPAINT

Undertow

Los Angelinos Warpaint are impossibly cool, disillusioned and like, totally over their ex-boyfriends. And on 'Undertow', from forthcoming album 'The Fool', they show exactly how to follow their lead. Subdued and sarky, they sing, "What's the matter, you hurt yourself?"

As if they care.

Ailbhe Malone, writer

On roughtraderrecords.com now

HOWLS

Hammock

He's been 'The Bard in Reebok Classics', a live Shadow Puppet and now Stephen Fretwell returns as a crooner. His new band Howls' debut single is a bewitching mix of twitching drums, surf guitars and smoky vocals.

Paul Stokes, Associate Editor

Out now on seven-inch or download

TENNAKE

Coma Cat

Hamburg's new disco-house don spells out over a pulsing, chiming seven-minute odyssey what exactly a club anthem should sound like in 2010. It's funny watching dancefloor reactions to this track as revellers realise they haven't felt this good in a club since 1997.

Jaimie Hodgson, New Music Editor

On YouTube now

MARNIE STERN

Transparency Is The New Mystery
Marnie Stern's childlike vocals on this melodic tantrum could shatter glass and soothe like a lullaby at the same time. A rock'n'roll nursery rhyme over punky indie guitars from the quirky New Yorker.

Abby Tayleure, writer

On pitchfork.com now

FUJIYA & MIYAGI

Sixteen Shades Of Black And Blue
Not that we want to glorify violence, but when F&M frontman David Best (alas, Miyagi isn't his real name) growls,

"I beat you black, I beat you blue" on the thrusting, Gainsbourg-meets-Stereolab first cut from forthcoming record, 'Ventriloquizing', there's something quite sexy wrong about it. The best kind of sexy, I think you'll agree.

Laura Snapes, Assistant Reviews Editor
On hypem.com now

OWEN PALLETT

A Man With No Ankles

He's long since dropped the Final Fantasy moniker, but Owen Pallett still loves a geek-out. Every stroke of his violin bow, the multi-tracked harmonies; they're all borderline OCD obsessive in their perfection, and clearly the work of a man who spends far too much time fiddling in his bedroom.

Mike Williams, Features Editor

On stereogum.com now

BIG DEAL

Locked Up

"We don't know how to put this but we're kind of a big deal", it says on the London Big Star devotees' MySpace. Well, we'd all like to write our reviews. And if we were them we'd add "purveyors of lo-fi heartwrench harmonies par excellence".

Tim Chester, Assistant Editor, NME.COM
Download on the NME.COM Daily Download blog now

SUFJAN STEVENS

Too Much

Sufjan's new album 'The Age Of Adz' contains a dizzying sprawl of ideas. Some of the songs are as beautiful as anything he's written. Other tracks, like 'Too Much', are more complex and mysterious, pitched somewhere between Björk's 'Homogenic' and the glitchy abstraction of 'Kid A'.

Luke Lewis, Deputy Editor, NME.COM
On pitchfork.com now



WILD BEASTS

Two Dancers (Oneohtrix Point Never White Knights Remix)

The Lake District lovelies are to release a remix EP in early November. My pick is this tingling offering from Brooklyn ambient explorer Daniel Lopatin, in which Tom and Hayden's voices hang suspended in a solar cloud of gorgeous.

Emily Mackay, Reviews Editor
On soundcloud.com now

TRACK
OF
THE
WEEK

SURFER BLOOD

I'm Not Ready

'Astro Coast' has slowly but surely become one of the NME office's most played albums of the year, getting us mucky, mardy lot all swoonsome with its classic indie-pop charm. It failed to set the wider world alight, but that was OK, Surfer Blood were destined to snuggle into a role as loveable obscurities on a tiny label, surviving on shortbread biscuits baked by kindly bloggers.

Well, fuck that bunch of losers, 'cos Surfer Blood have just signed to Warners! It's all first-class coke-slave bumming from here on in, bitch.

And fair dos, because they deserve to reach a bigger audience, as this new track shows. It's got the usual

*Like a cheekier Shins
or Vampire Weekend
with dirty underwear*

S-Blood combination of defiant jauntiness and lyrical bite (they're a geek's fantasy, this lot), coming across like a cheekier Shins or Vampire Weekend with dirty underwear. "You're talking down to me, but nobody's listening/Honestly, sooner or later they will find out what you're made of", warns frontman JP Pitts, in a hapless, almost-warning to someone. Expect their lyrics in their moneyed future to be more along the lines of, "Listen to me, I own you, don't look me in the eye, worm, I'll snort your sister for breakfast."

Martin Robinson, Deputy Editor
On YouTube now



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UPFRONT

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

Edited by Matt Wilkinson

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NEWS

CHECKOUT GEM
Madina Castejón follows
Polina and Sheryl tied by
rising dual with Texas

DIGITAL

**PING WHEN YOU'RE
WINNING**
Rihanna goes social while
Sony looks to the dead

FEATURES

JANGLES ALL THE WAY
Rory Cadden vents and
others are celebrating
on some branding

OCC figures reveal urban and pop's resurgence is consigning rock to the history books

Rock hits a hard place at retail

Rock is the most popular genre in the UK, according to the latest OCC figures, but it's the least popular at retail. The chart shows that rock is the most popular genre in the UK, but it's the least popular at retail. This is a significant problem for the industry, as it means that rock is not being promoted as well as it should be. The OCC figures show that rock is the most popular genre in the UK, but it's the least popular at retail. This is a significant problem for the industry, as it means that rock is not being promoted as well as it should be.

the winner is: The O2 - the Brit Awards moves east for

The Brit Awards have moved from London to the O2 arena in London. This is a significant change for the industry, as it means that the awards are now being held in a more modern and more accessible venue. The O2 arena is a large and modern venue, and it is a significant change for the industry, as it means that the awards are now being held in a more modern and more accessible venue.

INDIE: CRISIS? WHAT CRISIS?

According to recent findings (and Nicky Wire) rock and indie are on their way out. But, says **Barry Nicolson**, look behind the headlines and you'll find that new music is in rude health

THE MAIN EVENT

The news that indie has all but vanished from the UK singles chart will come as no surprise to anyone who still sits by their radio on

a Sunday evening to listen to the chart countdown. But the cold, hard stats of its demise, recently published by industry bible *Music Week*, make for some truly disquieting reading nonetheless.

In case you haven't encountered them, they go something like this: in the first eight months of 2010, sales of rock and indie singles have nosedived by 17.7 per cent compared with this time last year. So what, you might say, everybody

knows that single sales are on the wane in the post-internet age, right? Wrong. Because in that same timeframe, urban single sales have shot up by a mind-boggling 32.9 per cent, while pop isn't far behind with an increase of 30.1 per cent.

But wait, it gets worse. In the list of the 100 top-selling singles of 2010 (up to and including the end of August), only five are classified as rock or indie – and even then, you have to engage in some creative classification to reach that figure. The biggest-selling rock single of the year is Journey's 'Don't Stop Believin' (29 years young), followed by two Florence + The Machine tracks (one of them a cover), Mumford & Sons (fair point) and Pendulum (enough said).

There are a smattering of other acts you could loosely term as rock or indie – Fyfe Dangerfield, Marina & The Diamonds and, erm, Train – but you'd be clutching at straws.

In the week that we're writing this, the UK top 100 – never mind the Top 40 – contains just 15 rock or indie entries, a tally which includes a 23-year-old U2 track, Linkin Park, the irrepressible Journey, and 'Sex On Fire', the Kings Of Leon song that refuses to die. The only bright spots are Brandon Flowers hovering just outside the Top 10, The xx's 'Islands' riding the post-Mercury boom to Number 39 and Biffy Clyro hanging in at 56.

This sorry state of affairs lends some

statistical credence to Nicky Wire's recent proclamation to *NME* (September 18 issue) that, "The democratisation of music is unhealthy. It's made rock'n'roll the soundtrack to the digital frenzy of skimming information. There's so much music out there – and don't get me wrong, a lot of it is good – but it just isn't connecting in quite the same way that it did for me when I was growing up."

So, are we witnessing the slow death of rock'n'roll as a means of mass communication? Is it becoming a niche genre?

"What surprised me was just how quickly rock and indie has disappeared from the singles chart," says Paul Williams, the *Music Week* journalist

behind the original piece. "If there is a rock or indie track in the Top 40 these days, it really is a rare occurrence. It's certainly the case that music goes in cycles and the charts can occasionally be biased towards pop or R&B – indeed, there have been times in the past where it's been heavily biased towards rock and indie. But during those cycles, there tends to be some representation of the main genres in the singles chart, and for rock and indie to simply vanish like this is basically unheard of."

Just five years ago, a scenario like this would have been unthinkable. Back then, the talk was of the word 'alternative' becoming redundant as indie gradually assimilated itself into the mainstream. We're not talking about anomalies like Arctic Monkeys getting to Number One with their first two singles, but rather of bands like Bloc Party and The Cribs regularly gracing the upper echelons of the charts. In fact, The Cribs are a case in point – up until the release of 'Cheat On Me' in 2009, their previous seven singles had all cracked the Top 40. 'Cheat On Me' entered the charts at Number 80. Their next single, this year's 'Housewife', debuted at 105.

The obvious question is: why? Is it a reflection of the artists who are making the music? In last week's *NME*, Wire lamented the decline of individualism and the lack of "eloquent, fucked-up, brilliant and intelligent" rock'n'roll stars. Rough Trade Records boss Geoff Travis concurs, though only up to a point.

"I applaud what Nicky Wire said," Travis told us, "and I agree with 90 per cent of it. We need something to shake up rock'n'roll. The fact that people are still celebrating The Libertines or The Strokes is great, but it's time for a change. Having said that, maybe Nicky should look towards people like Antony And The Johnsons – perhaps he doesn't consider Antony rock'n'roll, but I think he stands for everything that is great about the modern music-making character; he's concerned with the world, he's concerned with the soul, and I think he should be mentioned."

As Paul Williams points out, the charts are a cyclical beast, and oscillations in what's popular and what's not are commonplace. You could argue that we're in the middle of a golden age for urban music – dubstep becoming a viable commercial force, Dizzee Rascal making a fixture of himself at the top of the charts, Soulja Boy being covered on *The X Factor* – as much as an indie recession. Pop music, meanwhile, will always sell strongly simply because of the demographic that still buys singles – the under-20 crowd who, historically, aren't much concerned with albums. Are these now the artists who are breaking boundaries and capturing the public imagination in a way that rock'n'roll no longer does?

"On a musical level, God no," exclaims Wild Beasts bassist Tom Fleming. "You shouldn't focus too much on what the industry is saying. As long as there are musicians there will be a music industry,



Alive and kicking (clockwise from above): Wild Beasts, Florence, The Courteeners, The xx

but really, that's not where you should look to for what's actually happening. I think they'd love you to believe that big pop singles are all that people are interested in, but I really don't think that's the case. I don't think that *Music Week* is the place to go to find out what people are into."

Indeed, Fleming is of the opinion that, far from being in dire straits, indie is in rude artistic health. Not only that, he argues, but indie's current absence from the mainstream might turn out to be a good thing.

"I suppose it depends on what you mean by 'indie'. If you're talking about the actual spirit of independence and the ethos of doing things yourself, I think indie is more alive and well than it has been in a long time. There is a problem with what Nicky Wire said about music being ubiquitous, and most of it not being very good. But I don't think anyone will ever get tired of what good music should be, which is a positive force for communication. I think it's good that bands are having to go through different channels to be heard, because mainstream radio and MTV are so

"I think indie is more alive and well than it has been in a long time"

TOM FLEMING, WILD BEASTS

populated by the old guard. There's a lot of game-playing when it comes to getting your songs heard on the radio, and I think the real problem is that nobody knows what the rules are at the moment."

MGMT are a band who aren't even interested in finding out. They may not have followed through with their plan not to release any singles from their second album, but polarising though 'Congratulations' was, its uncompromising, defiantly uncommercial sound points towards a band more concerned with artistic integrity than easy popularity. The albums, not the singles chart is where



that attitude is rewarded, and where rock and indie remain a potent force, despite all the doom-mongering.

"For us," says Ben Goldwasser, "it's more about stringing together a narrative and putting a song in context than a DJ picking out one song he thinks represents a band and their ideas, and putting it next to all these other tracks that have nothing to do with it. To me, that doesn't make any sense at all. It means that some of the most meaningful tracks are hidden beneath the tracks that are more recognisable or accessible."

They may never write another 'Kids' or 'Time To Pretend', but MGMT have just sold out three nights at the 02 Academy Brixton in London. The Courteeners' last

single went in at Number 114, but in November they'll headline Manchester's MEN Arena. The live music market remains in good health; album sales across the board are unspectacular but steady nonetheless; the singles chart is barren for British guitar music, but perhaps this enforced exile might be for the best in the long run.

If towering, unsold stacks of landfill indie is all that rock'n'roll has to show for the chart dominance of five or six years ago, then maybe a spell on the outside looking in is just what's needed to get back the hunger and passion Nicky Wire so eloquently mourned. The stats at the beginning of the page are misleading;

indie isn't dead, but it is hurting. Now it's up to the bands to channel that hurt into something spectacular.

Turn to page 13 to get Elizabeth Sankey of Summer Camp's response to Nicky Wire's comments

THE FUTURE'S BRIGHT

Five new albums to get excited about before the year's out...

BELLE & SEBASTIAN – 'Write About Love', out October 11
Stuart Murdoch and co's first new release in four years sees them return in triumphant mood.

MAGNETIC MAN – 'Magnetic Man', out October 11
Arthouse, Benga and Skream bring dubstep to the masses.

KINGS OF LEON – 'Come Around Sundown', out October 18
Fifth album from the Followalls, and all signs point to it being just as grandiose and sky-scraping as you'd expect.

WARPAINT – 'The Fool', out October 25
They've already proved themselves live, but this is the LA four-piece's first proper chance to show they can cut it on record.

KID CUDI – 'Man On The Moon II: The Legend Of Mr Rager', out November 8
Guns, arrests, mistaken identity... this is the soundtrack to all the Cudi madness.

Interpol rock the doom (l-r):
Daniel Kessler, [drummer
Sam Fogarino out of sight],
Paul Banks, Dave Pajo
and Brandon Curtis



INTERPOL MK₂ MAKE UK DEBUT

New Yorkers offer UK fans the first proper live premiere of their new line-up and self-titled album at a packed-out gig at London's Heaven

FRONT ROW

Interpol are apparently mightily unimpressed with the global obsession with their recently departed bass player Carlos Dengler. You can understand their frustration. Here is a band four albums in with a widespread devotional fanbase and all anybody wants to talk about is the Dracula guy.

Happily for them, the thousand-odd people rammed into central London's Heaven venue appear to be here for the music, maaaaan. This is their first UK show without Dengler, but most people are just as concerned as to whether or not they will play 'Evil' as to how the new line-up will measure up. And those people number Paul Banks' mother, his ex-squeeze Helena Christensen and

almost everyone in between. Taking place the week they release that eponymous fourth album, tonight is an event in more ways than two. The last time Interpol played London was December 2007 and it was in the very large Alexandra Palace. If the band are past the point of winning new fans, the ones they do have now are huge enough in number to turn them into a small venue into a Big One.

Certainly, the new line-up's pedigree is good enough that nobody needs to be worried; new boy Brandon Curtis has form for doom-laden epicness straight from his Secret Machines background, while Dave Pajo forged his legend playing with a host of bands including Yeah Yeah Yeahs, Slint and Tortoise.

As the New Yorkers lurch from the shadows, they chime straight into new album opener 'Success' and you can barely see the joins. If the presence of five people onstage doesn't exactly make the sound any *bigger*, they certainly manage to recreate Dengler's trademark muscular bass. The more pressing concern is whether the new, more introverted songs like 'Barricade' and 'Lights' can measure up to the totemic catalogue. The jury's still split on that one, but the good news is that they do indeed play 'Evil', and after an uncharacteristic encore they power into a frankly jaw-dropping 'PDA'. Interpol's future is secured and Heaven is their bitch. People might even stop talking about old lurch now.

SETLIST

- Success
- Say Hello To The Angels
- C'mere
- Summer Well
- Rest My Chemistry
- Evil
- Barricade
- Lights
- Narc
- Take You On A Cruise
- Stella Was A Diver And She Was Always Down
- Try It On
- Obstacle 1
- Not Even Jail
- NYC
- Slow Hands
- PDA



DRUMS MAN QUILTS FOR "SIMPLE LIFE"

Guitarist leaves his bandmates "heartbroken" and "betrayed"

The Drums' Jonathan Pierce has revealed that guitarist Adam Kessler left the band because he couldn't take the touring lifestyle. Speaking as The Drums continued their first tour of the US – aided by stand-in guitarist Tom Haslow – the frontman told of how Kessler (pictured) informed his bandmates of his decision to quit just two nights before their jaunt was set to begin.

"He'd always spoken of a simpler life," Pierce said. "For Jacob [Graham, guitar], Connor [Hanwick, drums] and I, we really don't have lives outside of this band. And the idea of having a simple life I think was something increasingly important to Adam. He called us at, like, 1am and just said he couldn't continue with this life anymore."

Pierce, who said he felt both "heartbroken" and "betrayed" by Kessler's decision, also made it clear that at present The Drums are not planning to replace the guitarist with another permanent member. He added that he didn't know whether Haslow's position as a touring guitarist was temporary or permanent, even stating that the band may tour the UK as a trio this November. Despite Kessler's departure, the frontman said the band are now set to start work on their second album, which he wants completed by January.

Check next week's *NME* for a full interview with Jonathan about Adam's departure.

JACK WHITE: INVENTOR OF THE BIZARRE

Working hard on the new White Stripes album? Nope, but Jack White has been busy with a knife and some Third Man vinyl...

Never one to do things by the book, he may just have invented the future of music. It's called the, er, Triple Decker Record and Jack's clearly been hard at work designing it deep in Third Man Records' lab rooms. He's mightily pleased with his invention too – so much so that he's had it trademarked and created his very own infomercial explaining exactly what it is (head to *NME.COM/news* to watch). "This isn't any ordinary 12-inch," he beams about the product, which The Dead Weather's new single 'Blue Blood Blues' is released on. The genius element, according to White, is that hidden inside the 12-inch is a secret compartment – to be sliced open with a knife, as he demonstrates in the vid – containing a seven-inch with a brand new Dead Weather track. All very well, Jack, but haven't you got more important, White Stripes-orientated things to be getting on with?!

MUCH MERCH



Serial dopehead Nathan Williams from Wavves has started selling weed grinders as part of his band's merchandise. Here are five similar ideas that a few of our other favourite popsters might want to consider adding to their stalls...

- Tim Burgess bowlcut wigs
- Nicky Wire's 'Calendar Of Wisdom: Daily Thoughts To Cultivate The Mind'
- Klaxons travel pill cases
- Bob Dylan 'tache trimmer
- Axl Rose megaphones



EMAIL EVERYTHING

Manchester newcomers tell NME Radio how their attempt to reach out to fans backfired

The trappings of success are clearly something Everything Everything have been preparing long and hard for. In fact, while gearing up to release debut album 'Man Alive', it seems singer Jonathan Everything got a little carried away with the band's impending fame... only for things to backfire somewhat.

"We had to sign loads of albums recently and then send them out to people who'd pre-ordered them," the singer explained during an interview for their recent NME Radio session, due to be broadcast in full on Thursday, September 23. "And in about 10 of them I put my own email address in – you know, 'If you wanna ask me anything about the album here you go!'"

However, the singer says his overfriendliness didn't exactly have the desired effect on fans. "I only got one reply," he continued. "And it was from this woman and her question was about a song that isn't even on the album! She wanted to ask, 'Are you singing 'Me and

Michael Franti' in the first verse of 'Luddites And Lambs'? And I was like, 'NO!' (FYI: it's "me and my confetti").

To make things worse, none of the Manchester-based four-piece seemed to have any idea who Franti actually is (FYI: dreadlocked, political US rapper/singer). "Wasn't he one of the Chili Peppers?" Jonathan quipped.

Nevertheless, the band, who played exclusive stripped-down versions of 'Schooling' and 'Photoshop Handsome' during the session, seemed to be into the idea of their sky-high-pitched and tongue twister-esque lyrics confusing people, with Jonathan almost throwing down the gauntlet to fans by proudly saying: "I'm yet to see anyone who's replicated the lyrics correctly!"

Listen to the full interview with the band – as well as their session – on NME Radio on Thursday, September 23 after 8pm. Tune in to NME Radio online at NME.COM/radio and via Sky channel 0184

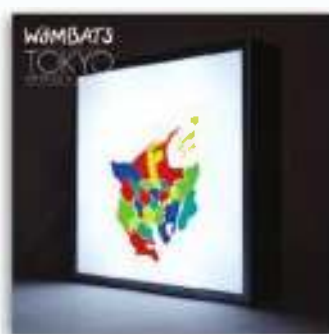


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“WE’VE COMPLETELY CHANGED OUR LIFESTYLE”

Noah And The Whale have made the unlikely leap from London to Los Angeles for the recording of their third album – and have unsurprisingly cheered up. Well, a bit...

IN THE WORKS

We can understand Glasvegas upping sticks to Los Angeles to work on new material, what with James Allan’s obsession with Hollywood imagery. But Londoners Noah And The Whale heading over the Atlantic with straw hats and fiddles? That’s a *total* more baffling.

“Well, I did completely change my lifestyle at the beginning of the year,” says singer Charlie Fink from LA.

Were you on a California health kick? He laughs. “I was never Pete Doherty. I just didn’t look after myself well. That’s been good about here – I feel clearer. It’s nicer coming to work. Bethnal Green [where they recorded last album ‘The

First Days Of Spring’] in January or LA in the summer? It’s not much contest.”

The band’s studio for album number three (titled ‘Old Joy’) is five minutes from the picturesque coast of Santa Monica, but, for Fink, work has taken precedence over the cocaine-and-whiskey LA lifestyle. “The other guys have been going out more than me,” he grins.

Despite the setting, Charlie dismisses the idea that LA influenced the album.

“It’s not like, ‘That song sounds like the ocean’ or something,” he scoffs. However, of the songs we hear, there’s certainly a hint of American pizzazz now – whether it’s the shiny power-pop of ‘Life Is Life’

THE DETAILS

Title: ‘Old Joy’

Release date:

March 2011

Recorded: LA

Producer: Jason Lader (who helmed Julian Casablancas’

‘Phrazes For The Young’)

Songs: ‘Life Is Life’, ‘Tonight’s The Night’, ‘LIFE’, ‘Wild Thing’

or the glacial synths and stadium-sized chorus that underpin ‘Tonight’s The Night’. “It’s undeniable that touring the last record pushed me towards writing songs like that,” says Charlie. “You tour that album for a year and you’re like, ‘Fuck, I’d like to see people smile.’”

Ah, yes, that heartbroken album, twisted up in the Noah And The Whale/Laura Marling/Mumford & Sons love triangle. Was going to LA an act of escapism, then?

“Obviously, making the last record was a very intense process, and a lot of those memories are stored in RAK [their old studio],” he says. “It was good to get out.”

SPEED DIAL GUY GARVEY

He's been doing karaoke with *Everything Everything*, plotting an arena tour and... Oh yeah, Guy, about this follow-up to 'The Seldom Seen Kid'...

The new Elbow album is almost finished. Worried there might be a backlash now you're a big deal!?

"Well, that's always the fear, isn't it? You never take it for granted that people are gonna love your stuff. And because the last album did so well, I'm sure there'll be some bitter post-punk hack out there who'll have a swipe. But it doesn't really bother us."

What can people expect from the new material?

"It's a different beast. I suppose it's bigger in some places and subtler in others. It's funny, I suppose I'm writing more about the past than I have done previously. It's almost been a bit like digging through old photographs. One of the main themes of the record is me getting really annoyed when young people are alienated or demonised by the press because they wear their hoods up. Especially because, as far as I'm aware, hoods have been around for a pretty long time. I certainly had a snorkel parka when I was younger!"

Do you expect it to do as well as 'The Seldom Seen Kid'?

"We never expected the kind of commercial success we had in the first place, so to try and perpetuate it would be really stupid. You'd end up with a



record that you didn't like playing and nobody liked listening to. I doubt very much it's going to have the same commercial impact."

You say that, but the arena tour you've got booked for next March (see sidebar) looks like a statement of supreme confidence in the record – those are some pretty big rooms...

"Yes, sure. We're going to do our best to turn those big arenas into more intimate venues. You can go into arenas sometimes and feel like you're being

herded a little bit. We're gonna try and take some of that stuff away, and do something that feels a little grander, a bit more welcoming."

Can you get into any specifics?

"Let's just say that the evening's entertainment won't be limited to our performance. There will be some theatre involved. There are a few very special guests on the record, and hopefully they'll be coming out with us live as well."

How is your children's album and film coming along?

"I found the story I want to do, but it's the most famous story by the author who wrote it, so it's difficult to get the rights. But it's one of those things that isn't time sensitive, so we'll just keep plugging away and giving it our attention as and when we can. We want to make sure it's voiced by people we admire – Mark Lancan would make a great villain."

BACK ON THE ROAD Those March tour dates in full:

Glasgow SECC (March 15)
Newcastle Metro Radio Arena (16)
Nottingham Trent FM Arena (17)
Sheffield Arena (19)
Liverpool Echo Arena (20)
Birmingham National Indoor Arena (22)
Cardiff International Arena (23)
Manchester Evening News Arena (25)
London O2 Arena (28)

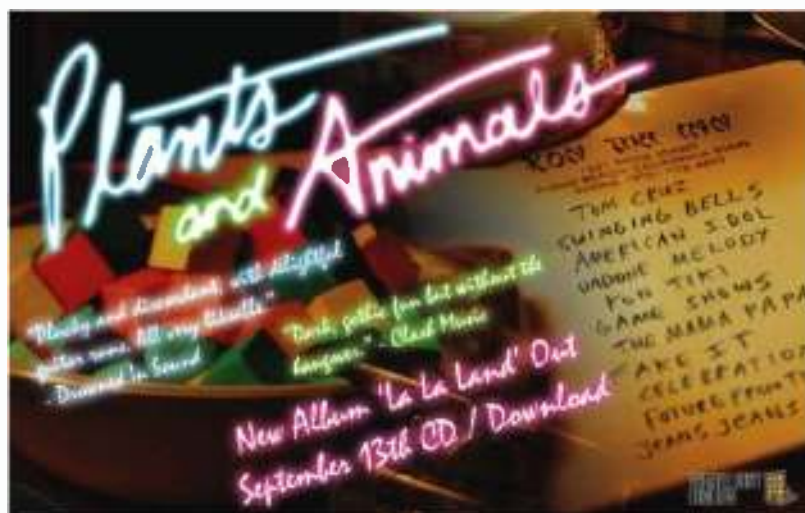
We heard you were out doing karaoke in Manchester with Everything Everything the other week...

"Hahaha! Yeah, it was at their album launch – I sang a Stevie Wonder song. Jeremy (Pritchard)'s girlfriend is my girlfriend's best friend, so I know them well and I've followed them for years. I was already drunk when I met them, and I ended up getting totally lashed. It was pretty full-on."

What do you think about the Manchester music scene at the moment?

"Oh, it's just brilliant. I Am Kloot getting the Mercury nomination was great. And the new Stephen Fretwell album is just superb. You've also got bands like Everything Everything and The Answering Machine. There's always a really good vibe going on in the city."

Tickets for Elbow's arena shows are on sale from Friday October 1



TALKING HEADS

NICKY WIRE IS WRONG TO SLAG OFF NEW BANDS

So says Summer Camp's Elizabeth Sankey, who's disappointed in the Manics mouthpiece's recent declarations to NME about the state of new music



I have great respect for Nicky Wire and the Manics. However, despite making a few good points in his 'Rock 'N' Roll Manifesto' in *NME* last week, I feel I should try to stick up for my new band peers.

Like spotty first years in grubby shirts and ties, we gawp in open-mouthed awe at the sixth former Nicky Wire, and wait patiently to hear his wise advice. Instead he tells us to naff off and steals our lunch money, shouting, "Nobody has replaced us!" as we run crying down the corridor. And the reason for his dislike? How we look. "We've got this endless cavalcade of bands selling us fake Americana who have lots of facial hair, and live in a log cabin in the middle of fucking Montana," he says. Does he really want his admirers to display their respect by creating an army of giant men in dresses, lips smudged with lipstick, taunts to George Bush on their lips? Surely that's just as bad as "a generation attired in American Apparel"? If Jonathan from The Drums wore a paisley frock, would his songs be better? I'm keen to try it out as a scientific experiment, but I don't think it would make much difference.

Wire seems to be most irritated by the lack of political discussion in modern music, describing us as a generation "in utter desolation" that



lacks the sufficient musical vocabulary to discuss it. Being in a band that wholeheartedly (frankly, to an embarrassing degree) peddles nostalgia I would argue that a song that offers escapism is just as valuable as an anarchic anthem directed at world leaders. Music deals with the human experience, and yes perhaps some corners of our world are a bit too scary to dissect carefully in a three-and-a-half minute song, but that doesn't mean that every band who doesn't tackle the situation in Haiti is totally redundant.

For the record, there are still many brilliant bands who use their songs to highlight world issues and political frustrations, but it's a tricky art and far too easy to get wrong. Which doesn't mean people shouldn't attempt it, just that those who do successfully are sometimes few and far between. Nicky, you're one of them, and you should take pride in that, but don't berate others for not being like you.

Music is a constantly shifting, constantly evolving entity, and no-one can predict what is going to happen next. Does Wire want our generation to plug their ears with cotton wool until an artist he deems relevant comes along? Now that's a breach of free expression I could write a song about...

TALKING HEADS

50 CENT'S CAMEO IN EASTENDERS? TERRIBLE...

After Fiddy declared his love for all things Walford, NME's Mark Beaumont argues that only a certain kind of musician can make the leap from stage to soap



It'd have to be the last episode of *EastEnders* ever. Picture the scene: a bunting-blitzed Albert Square street party celebrating Queen Camilla's 50th year on the throne. Then, just as Kat and Alfie announce their 27th wedding – SCREEEECH! A blacked-out Humvee squeals into the square, the window rolls down and ACKACKACK! Round upon round of broiling hot gat-fire is unleashed, a revenge drive-by in the increasingly hostile Walford-Dagenham turf war. Heads explode, limbs go flying. Out of the carnage a single figure survives, 50 Cent, brushing himself down, picking a bullet or two from the holes in his chest and walking away chuckling. DOOF! DOOF! Doofdoofdoof-dubaduba...

Hey, pop stars, leave our soaps alone! Full marks to the BBC for quashing rumours that Fiddy was set to appear in *Enders* having been turned on to the show by Rio Ferdinand – proof, there, that even at the highest echelons of celebrity culture conversation still revolves largely around what people watched on telly last night. Because pop star cameos utterly tear apart the already flimsy plausibility of this most fragile of art forms; yes, we might just about swallow all the murders, incest,

arson attacks and dirty bombs, but no-one batting an eyelid when Robbie Williams pops into the Queen Vic for a swift half or when Cliff Richard takes a stroll down Coronation Street? Pffft, as if. I mean, in reality, Robbie would've been hustled to a VIP area of the Vic by a swarm of minders beating the crap out of anyone trying to get a picture.

No, only three pop stars should ever be considered for soap cameos. David Bowie, in his most wooden Goblin King persona, would still be the most convincing and realistic thing in *Hollyoaks*. A soap would be the perfect place for Lady Gaga to reveal that she's really a man without anyone giving much of a shit (although there might be a kerfuffle in wardrobe when she insists on playing a Weatherfield mechanic in overalls made from the eyes of dead babies). And we all want to see the episode of *EastEnders* which consists of the cast sitting around the pub checking their watches and whistling for 29 minutes and 55 seconds before Axl Rose wanders in, opens his mouth for his first line and – DOOF! DOOF! Doofdoofdoof-dubaduba. At which point he'd take the credits drummer hostage at gunpoint and stage a sit-in in the background of *Holly City* until they let him complete his performance.



BIG PICTURES, DEAN CHALKLEY, RICHARD JOHNSON

VERSUS

PETER ROBINSON Vs FRANKIE FRANCIS

The Heartstring leader on why his drummer is not a fraud. Also featuring... his drummer!



FYI

• The Popsex thing they do is amazing even if you don't like the band's music

• Imagine how great it must be if you DO like the band's music

• Remember: it's cool to be nice

Hi Frankie. What's that noise?

"I'm in the van on the way down to London. We're working on the album with Edwyn Collins at the moment so it's our penultimate session with him."

You're taking your time with this album. Are you incredibly slow workers or what?

"Well, we've re-recorded a couple of songs that weren't as good as they should have been."

I like the way you package your music more than your music. What are you trying to do here?

"Well, we have the Popsex thing going on on the side because we wanted to be able to express ourselves not just through music – literature, photographs, music, fanzines..."

Dave, your drummer, gives out advice via this fanclub, yes?

"It's like an agony aunt kind of thing."

Now I think anybody's on thin ice when they're asking advice from a drummer – let's be honest here, Frankie – but I'm particularly concerned when the drummer is in this particular band. What sort of advice is being doled out here?

"If someone was like, 'I don't know what to do', or 'my girlfriend', or 'what's the best way to get back with someone', Dave will help them. And Dave will give advice like, 'Can I get the number off you of the girl in question?'"

Do you feel yourself that Dave is qualified to be giving out advice or is this just irresponsible and yet another example of the music industry and the country as a whole going to the dogs?

"Well, he's the oldest member of the band and he's the dad of the band, almost. And he also used to work in social care so he's seen a few situations in his time."

Is Dave there?

"Yes. Would you like to speak to him?"

Yes.

"Let me see what I can do, hang on."
(Lengthy explanation in background)
Dave: "Hello?"

I was just chatting with Frankie about this advice you're giving out. I just want to check that music fans across the land are in safe hands. Are you insured



against advice going wrong?

"I'll tell you if you pay for your membership. But if you haven't paid for anything then I can't really answer your question, I'm afraid."

This sounds a bit like a con.

"It's not a con, you just need to pay a couple of quid and my Nigerian cousin is overseeing the financial affairs, so I can't really see what the problem is."

In the same way, as a semi-respected music journalist I am sent promotional CDs by record labels so I may test their wares, I wonder if you might give me a promotional piece of advice that I don't have to pay for?

"I am prepared to do that but I will only be firing on one cylinder. If I have no financial incentive it won't be great."

I'm having trouble sleeping.

"I advise heavy sedation, or simply don't bother sleeping."

Terrible.

"Well, you get what you pay for."

Put me back onto Frankie please.

(Sound of huffing Phone is passed back)
Frankie: "That didn't go well, did it?"

What advice do you have for the next Frankie Heartstring?

"Be nice."

BE NICE?!

"Yes, be nice. A lot of people are... Er, not nice. And it's cool to be nice."

IT'S COOL TO BE NICE?!!

"That's your soundbite right there."

It's not a very good one.

"Oh well"

THIS WEEK'S TOP 20

THE NME CHART

NME RADIO

Hear the chart rundown first every Monday at 7pm on NME Radio
SKY CHANNEL 0184
NME.COM/RADIO

NME TV

Watch the latest Top 10 video chart countdown every weekday on NME TV
SKY CHANNEL 382

NME.COM

Listen to the Top 40 and learn more about each artist online
7PM EVERY MONDAY
AT WWW.NME.COM/CHART



NEW TO THE PLAYLIST

- DARWIN DEEZ 'Constellations'
- CHAPEL CLUB 'All The Eastern Girls'
- KINGS OF LEON 'Radioactive'
- THE TING TINGS 'Hands'
- I AM ARROWS 'Hurricane'
- BELLE & SEBASTIAN 'Write About Love'
- SUMMER CAMP 'Veronica Sawyer'

- | | | |
|----|-----|---|
| 1 | 1 | BRANDON FLOWERS
'CROSSFIRE'
Kutlip |
| 2 | 3 | THE XX
'ISLANDS'
Island/Toys |
| 3 | 2 | HURTS
'WONDERFUL LIFE'
Virgin/Lake |
| 4 | 5 | EMINEM
'NOT AFRAID'
Aftermath |
| 5 | 35 | ROBYN
'HANG WITH ME'
Kutlip/War |
| 6 | 7 | BIFFY CLYRO
'GOD & SATAN'
Kutlip/Toys |
| 7 | 9 | NICKI MINAJ
'YOUR LOVE'
The Island |
| 8 | 4 | KANYE WEST
'POWER'
Def Jam |
| 9 | 8 | MUMFORD & SONS
'THE CAVE'
Substance Of The Woodshed |
| 10 | 11 | DEVLIN
'BRAINWASHED'
4th & Pheasant |
| 11 | 14 | KLAXONS
'EENDES'
Toys |
| 12 | 17 | ARCADE FIRE
'WE USED TO WAIT'
Substance |
| 13 | 20 | EMINEM FT LIL WAYNE
'NO LOVE'
Aftermath |
| 14 | 16 | COUNT & SINDEM FT MYSTERY JETS
'AFTER DARK'
Kutlip/Toys |
| 15 | 21 | GORILLAZ
'ON MELANCHOLY HILL'
Polygram |
| 16 | 19 | MARTINA & THE DIAMONDS
'OH NO!
Toys |
| 17 | 15 | EVERYTHING EVERYTHING
'MY KZ OR B'
Toys |
| 18 | NME | AEROPLANE
'SUPERSTAR'
Kutlip/Toys |
| 19 | 24 | RUSKO FT AMBER COFFMAN
'WILD ON'
Columbia/Black Cat |
| 20 | 22 | ANTONY AND THE JOHNSONS
'THANK YOU FOR YOUR LOVE'
Kutlip/Toys |

The NME Chart is compiled on a weekly basis from the sales of physical and digital singles through retail and digital download sales, based on the sales and digital download sales provided by the record labels for the week ending Friday. For full details on the playlist of NME Radio on TV, on NME magazine.

OFFICIAL
charts company

PIECES OF ME

JAMIE REYNOLDS

Everyone's favourite shaman-visiter on rebel music, how synchronic events occur and running down the front of Vanilla Ice gigs

My first album

'BAD' BY MICHAEL JACKSON

"I saved up my pocket money, rollerskated to the local garage and bought a copy. I must have been about 10. I was just completely obsessed with it. I just remember coming back to my room and dancing to it for days. It was just the complete image of rebellion, wearing wild leather gear and hanging out with a gang looking super cool."

My first gig

VANILLA ICE, BOURNEMOUTH INTERNATIONAL CENTRE

"It was absolutely mind-blowing. I went with my best friend at the time, David Robinson. His dad took us and we were far too young to be down at the front, but we ran away from the seating and went down to the barrier to watch the guy. Again I think it was this rebellious thing. It seemed like the most incredible thing I'd ever seen at the time."

My favourite lyric

'BOREDOM' BY BUZZCOCKS

"It goes, 'Yeah, well I say what I mean/I say what comes to my mind/I never get round to things/I live a straight line/You know me I'm acting dumb/You know the scene very hum drum/Boredom boredom'. I just think that is an absolutely massive creative call to arms. It just says, 'Now you're free to get up and do exactly what you want let's turn this situation around.'"

The book that changed me

'THE ROOTS OF COINCIDENCE' BY ARTHUR KOESTLER

"It's about synchronicity and how synchronic events occur. Since reading that book I just completely fell into that world and noticed that between six and eight synchronised events were happening in my life every day."

My style icon

JOHN GALLIANO

"Not an icon as such but I'd just love him to design clothes for us to wear onstage. The stuff you can buy is rubbish but the stuff he makes for the catwalk is absolutely phenomenal. I've been looking at his spring summer collection and it's like a baggy Charlie Chaplin, that guy is just always completely on it. As a clothing designer he's the one that's closest to us psychologically."

Right now I love

FLATS

"They're from east London and I produced their EP. It's complete rebel music and Daniel Devine is just singing about his life and it's really honest and violent and nasty and a complete representation of that guy and his emotions. It's really really exciting."



My favourite film

ORPHEE

"This one, from 1950, just blew my mind when I saw it. Director Jean Cocteau's use of cinema is absolutely mind-blowing and his use of imagery in the dialogue, the plot and characters and the way it moves is just complete poetry in film. He's an absolute genius that hasn't really been spoken of in our time. I named the cat from our album cover after the film."

My favourite fictional character

BASIL FAWLTY

"His wit and his disregard for everything is just spot on. He just stands out as this strong and absolutely hilarious man, deluded to the edge of complete madness. I grew up on *Fawlty Towers*, my parents threw it down my neck as a kid, whenever certain things happened to me things come out of my mouth that come straight out of the show."



Clockwise from top left: Jamie in his full photoshoot gear; one of John Galliano's catwalk creations; Michael Jackson's 'Bad'; Arthur Koestler's 'The Roots of Coincidence'; Flats; Orphee; John Cleese as Basil Fawlty in *Fawlty Towers*; Buzzcocks' 'Spiral Scratch' EP; Vanilla Ice



RADAR

FUTURE STARS, BREAKING SCENES, NEW SOUNDS...

Edited by Jaimie Hodgson



ABOUT
TO
BREAK

THE VACCINES

The worst-kept secret in London indie are ready for the bigtime

I fucking hate watching people in bands who are just, like, *wanking* and doing that Jimi Hendrix school of thought thing. 'Look what I can play!' We're bigger and better than that. I think *songs* should rule. And I'm excited because I genuinely think we have a load of really fucking good ones."

And so begins The Vaccines' first ever interview. Except... that's not strictly true. Mainman Justin – speaking above – has done this sort of thing before. Not that he's keen to talk about it, but the 22-year-old first rose to prominence (*erm, kinda – Ed*) as Jay Jay Pistolet a few years back, playing second (or third...) fiddle to the likes of Noah & The Whale and Laura Marling in the then-burgeoning west London folk scene. "Jay Jay Pistolet... it was just a public learning curve," he says, visibly wincing. "I mean, I don't even feel it's in any way relevant to this band. I wish it wasn't mentioned at all."

But it's difficult to shy away from The Vaccines' gestation, especially when guitarist Freddie Cowan also happens to be the little brother of Horrors synth-man Tom Furse...

"At the moment it's interesting, I suppose," sighs Justin.

Freddie cuts him off. "I don't think it's an issue really. To be *really* excited about a band you have to be in love with the whole story. Everything!"

And if there's one thing The Vaccines want, it's for people to be excited about them. They're 100 per cent *not* the über-cool London band you might imagine, they're obsessed with The Ramones, Jonathan Richman and early Beach Boys, and fit neatly in after what commentators are now calling The Great Lo-Fi Summer of 2010. Their key leaked track 'If You Wanna' is a three-chord punk-pop sermon featuring the catchiest chorus all year. Also, unlike the majority of reluctant heroes the lo-fi revolution has thrown up, they're intent on making it big. Really fucking big. "I think there's two types of bands you wanna be," muses Justin. "There's bands that make you drop your jaw... and there's bands that literally *fill you* with energy. We're more simple – we want to excite as many people as possible. I'm not scared of that." **Matt Wilkinson**

F Y I

• Last year Justin was admitted to hospital, wrongly thinking he had swine flu. This doesn't have anything to do with their name though

• Freddie isn't the only Vaccine with a brother. Drummer Pete's sibling Jamie works in financial PR

• Icelandic bass player Arni Hjorvar used to play in a band with Björk's son

LOVE AMONGST RUIN

LOVE AMONGST RUIN front man Steve Hewitt,
former drummer and songwriter with Placebo
releases his debut album.

13 09 10

Available on CD and Digital Download

'We're excited to see him {Steve Hewitt} back on the musical map' - **NME.com**

'an intelligent, complex and confident effort' - **Rock Sound**

'bright melodies and a sinuous, Queens Of The Stone Age-style groove' - **Kerrang!**

'Queens Of The Stone Age ferocity and stirring Depeche Mode electro-melancholy' - **The Fly**

ON TOUR

October: 29 SOUTHAMPTON, Joiners
30 LONDON, Garage
31 WOLVERHAMPTON, Slade Rooms

November: 2 GLASGOW, Cat House
3 MANCHESTER, Club Academy
4 LEEDS, Cockpit 3
5 NOTTINGHAM, Rock City Basement
7 BELFAST, Stiff Kitten
8 DUBLIN, Academy 2

December: 9 BIRMINGHAM, Academy 'Kerrang! Radio Xmas Party'





FANG ISLAND

OLD BLUE LAST, LONDON
WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 8

CAUGHT LIVE

"London's fucking awesome!" grins vocalist/guitarist, Jason Bartell, clad in some kind of starred wizard robes that we can

only assume he's filched from the back of Gaggle's dressing-up box. "No, you're fucking awesome!" yells back one of the throng currently flailing about by the singer's feet. Aw, bless. Not since messieurs Barât and Doherty hosted their 17th thunder-stealing almost/kinda/semi/not-really reunion show at the Factory last year have we seen such an East End love-in. But tonight, with only February's self-titled debut to their name, this Shoreditch boozier is rammed with the kind of fist-pumping super fans that some bands take a lifetime to rack up – the kind of fans that heckle with comedy praise, the kind of fans that know every obscure rarity, the kind of fans that sing back the bleedin' guitar licks (and there are seriously mathy examples of those). It's an endearing scene, and one that the Brooklyn quintet seem to be eagerly getting used to.

Tonight, they thrash (Bartlett), they pulse (guitarist Nicholas Sadler, whose rainbow hood remains up throughout like some kind of particularly perky Grim Reaper) and they gurn (bassist Michael Jacober, a man with an expression so intent it could scare small children). Their set of prog-tinged grunge-pop – with the likes of chanting,

off-kilter number 'Life Coach' and ecstatic, psych romp 'Treeton' – up the muscle of their recordings, landing them somewhere close to being a plusher, more scientific Male Bonding. They slither between genre junctions throughout – the five-piece regularly veer from noodling instrumentals to singalong crowd-pleasers with little to no graduation – while maintaining a definite air of inclusive, humorous fun.

As the set nears its close, a small group start to yell out the opening croons of first single 'Daisy' before being egged on by Sadler and inciting the entire front section to, hands held aloft, join in with the song's introductory wails; true, they may be relatively new to the game, but if Fang Island have got one thing entirely sussed it's how to paste a massive, sweaty grin across a room. *Lisa Wright*



The Buzz

The rundown of the music, videos and scenes setting the blogosphere on fire this week



1 SCREAMING FEMALE'S UK TOUR

These New Jersey punks gnarl the Americanism of hometown hero Bruce Springsteen into their own brand of deranged destruction. With full-on shreddage and a gritty euphoria, their hyper, bratty jams are loaded with a Budweiser/fast-food inspired gusto that they'll bring to their debut UK tour starting in London on October 27. With a casual political edge recalling the scruffy passion of Mika Miko or Sleater-Kinney, this three-piece were crowned queens of noise after tours with Dinosaur Jr and Arctic Monkeys. On the heels of their latest 'Castle Talk' LP, these much anticipated dates are not to be missed; their live show has been talked about in mythical terms.



Jonathan Higgs,
*Everything
Everything*

"Clock Opera did a remix for us. They're amazing producers more than anything.

Their songs are good but they're going to get better and they're going to do something special soon."

RADAR GLOSSARY

This week's impenetrable muso slang decoded

SWAG

An abbreviation of 'swagger', swag's become an all-encompassing term to define the attitude, production styles and atmosphere of the breaking wave of US hip-hop and R&B. The best example being the ludicrously plush and minimalist bars of Soulja Boy's 'Pretty Boy Swag'. It has no connection with burglars or stolen goods.

2 THE NAKED AND FAMOUS' DEBUT SINGLE

'Young Blood' has already been Number One in the band's native New Zealand. Now out over here on the ever-stunning Neon Gold label, the single is a lusty synth-riding chart of epic proportions with retro electro chimes that could see this Kiwi four-piece belatedly finishing up new rave's supper.



3 BLUE WATER WHITE DEATH

So Jamie Stewart from Xiu Xiu has found time to form a band with Shearwater's Jonathan Meiburg, and has named it after a shark documentary. There's similar gore on their first single, 'Song For The Greater Jihad', which pummels with the wrath of a particularly blood-thirsty folk murder-ballad.



4 TIM KEY. WITH A STRING QUARTET. ON A BOAT.

Tim Key's the most exciting new comedian-cum-poet-cum-playwright in Britain, that's for sure. But with his sole knowledge of music culture extending to eastern European lounge music, quite how he's ended up recording a vinyl LP for Angular Records (Klaxons, These New Puritans etc) is unclear.



5 MOPP'S 'DREAM ABOUT YOU'

Everyone loves a wistful Scot, don't they? Well, on that bold assumption Mopp's debut video is a treat for one and all. The earnest Glaswegian gang have a good go at imagining what Ringo's runaway sequence in *A Hard Day's Night* would be like if soundtracked by Aeroplane.



SCENE
REPORTBENEATH
THE SHEEN

Peter Robinson nuzzles pop's neck



JLS started things off and The Wanted scoring a Number One hasn't helped things, but there are many, many terrible boybands on the way. One is called The Kixx. I listened to five of their songs in a row last week. As listening experiences go it was a bit like being smothered and killed by an avalanche of shit, and by the end of the session felt as if I had heard every lyrical, melodic and sonic cliché known to humankind.

Just as it's very hard to get it right with a new boyband, it's very hard to go wrong with a new girlband. One of the brighter contenders over the next twelve months will be Soundgirl, who've already signed to Mercury. Regular *NME* readers might not be likely to catch the trio in their support slot on Pixie Lott's upcoming 'Crazy Cats' (oh dear) tour but some of their tunes – online now – are rather good in an early '90s New Jill Swing kind of way. I've also heard some more recent tunes, recorded in LA, which show a darker side in line with the seductive gloom-pop of Rihanna's 'Rated R'.

While Soundgirl's youngest member is about 15 she already seems pensionable when you look at Willow Smith, the nine-year-old daughter of Will Smith, who has also modeled herself on Rihanna (ie she has wonky hair) and, more importantly, has turned in one of 2010's best pop singles, 'Whip My Hair'.

PETER'S
TOP 5

SOUNDGIRL
'Walking On Air'

SOUNDGIRL
'The Game'

WILLOW SMITH
'Whip My Hair'

LADY GAGA
'Alejandro (Robots With Rayguns remix)'

WONDERLAND
'Not A Love Song'

Actually, 're' my earlier statement that it's hard to go wrong with a new girlband: Louis Walsh and Kian from Westlife are managing a girlband called Wonderland. From what's on YouTube already it is fair to say that they are not exactly as amazing as Soundgirl. Cheer yourself up with a remix of Lady Gaga's 'Alejandro' by Arizona-based synth merchant Robots With Rayguns, whose terribly titled but brilliantly realised dreamwave album 'Electro Isn't Dead' is available for free, legal download at your local search engine.

NEXT WEEK'S COLUMNIST:
Lee Spielman, Trash Talk

5
TO SEE
This week's
unmissable new
music shows

DUCKTAILS
Trof Northern
Quarter,
Manchester,
September 22

BRIGHT LIGHT
The Lexington,
London,
September 22

JAMES BLAKE
Shipping Forecast,
Liverpool,
September 23

ISLET
Railway Inn,
Winchester,
September 23

VONDELPARK
Macbeth, London,
September 24



ISLET GO MINI (AGAIN)

The full-length album is in the pipeline, too

RADAR
NEWS

'Wimmy!' That's the name of Welsh genre-manglers Islet's forthcoming mini-album – out on October 11 through Turnstile. It's also

something like the gleeful exclamation that tumbled from our lips when we first heard it. But what does it actually mean?

"It's a made-up word," says Islet singer/guitarist Mark Thomas, "that means 'with me'. It all came from when someone asked for help with an amp, and said, 'Lift it wimmy'. It's something we're always jokingly saying, so it seemed appropriate."

'Wimmy' will be the band's second mini-album in four months, following on from their debut, 'Celebrate This Place'. Is this going to be a regular venture then, chaps?

"We're doing a proper album next," explains

Mark. "We're jamming for it now, and will hopefully record before the year's out."

As for 'Wimmy' itself, it's mad as a paddling pool full of badgers, but more tightly composed than its predecessor.

A few weeks after the EP's release, the four-piece are set to play Cardiff's Swn Festival. This year, Radar's curating a stage there for the first time, featuring Egyptian Hip Hop, Happy Birthday, The Vaccines and Veronica Falls – what with Islet being experienced Swn-ers, who better to ask for festival tips...

"See as many things as possible, and particularly this lot: Munch Munch are really enjoyable to watch, they've got such fresh ideas. Then H Hawkline, a guy from Cardiff called Huw, who's just finished a really amazing, complex folk album."

So, get 'Wimmy' on pre-order, snap up your wristbands to Swn, and Radar and Islet will see you in Cardiff. That's an order.

BREAKTHROUGH
TRACK OF THE WEEK

Ollie Steadman from Stornoway reviews
NME's Breakthrough track of the week

THE GREAT
WILDERNESS
'KIDDY PLANE'

"There are some pretty, churchy harmonies which give the recording a spaciousness that reminds me of Best Coast, with vocals falling somewhere between Romy Madley Croft and Where I'm Calling From. There's certainly a conviction to the lyrics of this contemplative break-up hymnal."



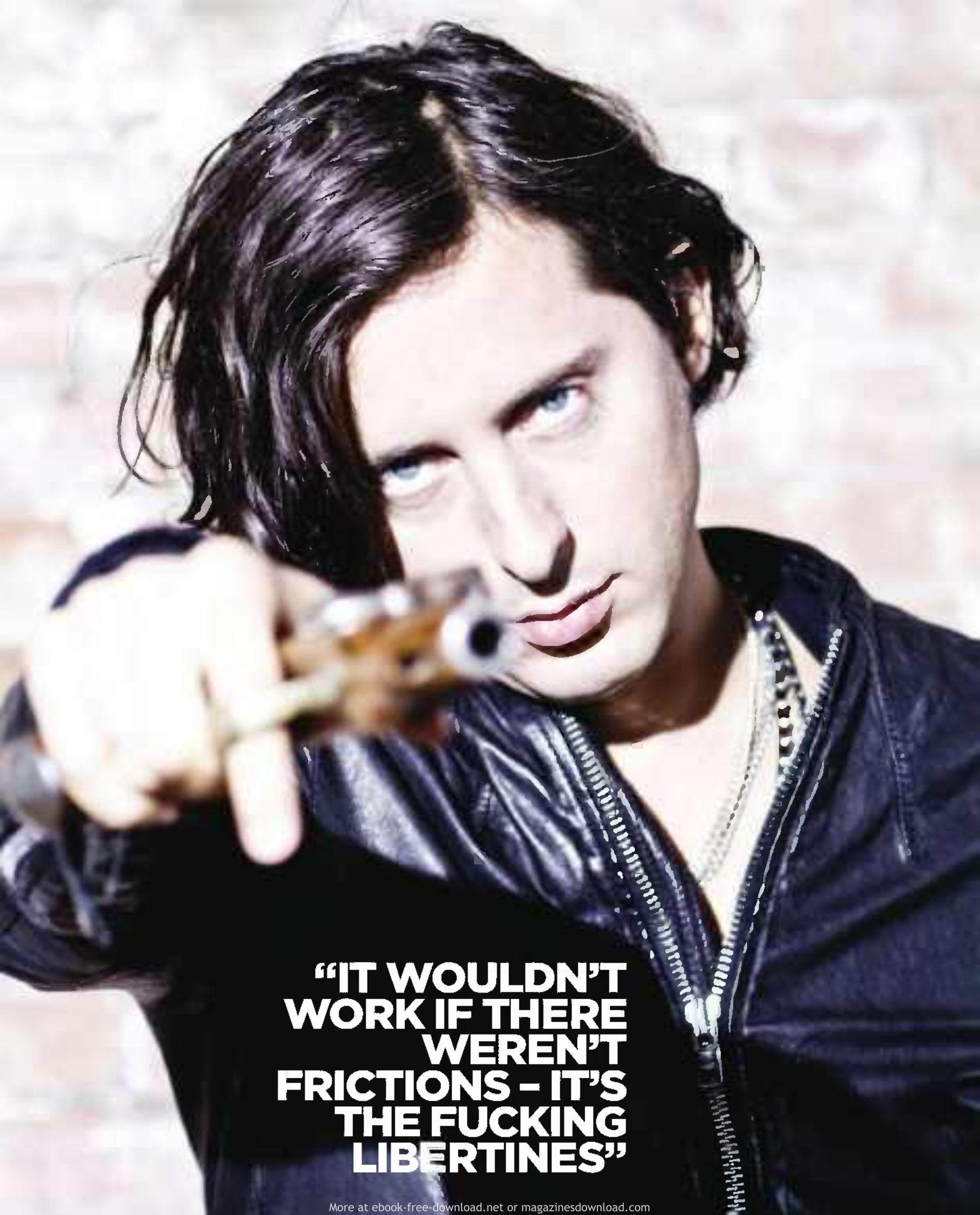
Hear the track on their NME Breakthrough page music.nme.com/the_great_wilderness

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Fresh Princess of the Air: Willow Smith



**“IT WOULDN'T
WORK IF THERE
WEREN'T
FRICTIONS – IT'S
THE FUCKING
LIBERTINES”**

CARL TAKES AIM

PHOTOS:
ROGER SARGENT

With a book and a solo album on the way, Carl Barât spills the Arcadian beans to Jamie Fullerton on debauchery, the failure of Dirty Pretty Things and the future of a certain band...

We all hugged, congratulated, thanked, had champagne and expressed our relief and our pleasure."

Carl Barât is describing the moment when The

Libertines trundled into their Reading Festival backstage cabin, reunion shows completed, 'Up The Bracket' cover backdrop being rolled up and slid into the van, pretty much all consensus, bar Lily Allen's Twitter feed, judging them to have, well, pretty much smashed it.

"It was utterly fulfilling," he concurs. "I was totally nervous. During the gig I had to stop myself and say, 'This is perfect. Why are you going to ruin it for yourself by wondering why nothing's wrong?' But as soon as I snapped out of that, it was like it should be. It was a combination of years of speculation and wonder, not necessarily in my mind but in so many other minds, of what that band meant, what this band means."

And there it was – right there on the Leeds and

Reading Main Stages. The full stop that The Libertines had never had, after flopping out of action in 2004 with a gig in a Paris car park supporting PJ Harvey for an audience of competition winners. And a stand-in guitarist where one of their frontmen should be.

Except it wasn't a full stop. And it was never supposed to be.

"It was never the plan not to do anything more," Carl shrugs. "We were going to write new stuff during those rehearsal sessions, we just never came to it. It was never the plan to stop..."

Carl is sat in the garden of a very untrendy east London gastropub on an early Friday evening, as the dust from The Libertines' reunion last month gently settles around him like ash dropping from the cigarettes he constantly tugs on. He has a self-titled solo album – so far eclipsed by the cascading build-up to Reading and Leeds – and a tell-a-lot-if-not-quite-all book, *Threepenny Memoir*, just around the corner.

To summarise the good news: Carl wants to make a new Libertines album, to play more Libertines gigs

and to fight tooth and nail to ensure the band stay as blood-rush vital to a generation of music fans as they were in 2002, when queues outside Soho tattoo parlours for 'Libertine' brandings rivalled first-day Ikea sale scrums for fervour. To summarise the bad news: he hasn't spoken to Pete Doherty, John Hassall or Gary Powell since the Moët bottles were drained and the Reading cabin vacated.

"My phone was broken!" Carl laughs in protest, waving his replacement iPhone around as proof. "And I've been so fucking busy. But if after five years you get back in a room and that chemistry's still there..." It's been six years, hasn't it? But fair enough.

Today Carl is in the pub, tomorrow he's flying to Japan for more solo album promo. John is in Denmark with his kid and other half, Gary is probably rehearsing somewhere with his funk act The Invasion Of..., and we're not going to guess at where Pete is or what he's up to.

Champers-lubed ideas, plans, promises and dreams aside, their focuses have by default shifted from the

thousands that greeted them on the fields of Reading and Leeds back to their lives as individuals – in Carl's case on the upcoming birth of his first child with girlfriend Edie and his self-titled solo record. Moreover, as much as Carl makes claims about a mystical no-need-to-matter psychological thread running through the Libs, he can't know for sure that, when he muses on their future, they're on the same page. Or if Pete's already rolled it up and smoked it.

"Well," he reasons, "when we got onstage, they knew, we knew. There might have been a few 'same time next year boys' comments – in a jokey fashion. But everyone's agreed at some point in this process that there's life in the old dog yet."

Ah, so it *has* been agreed...



TIMELINE FOR HEROES

"I don't know, probably his chanting. Drama... I guess we had our panics. When you resurrect someone from the dead you don't just resurrect the good part of them, you resurrect the worst. So obviously... the smaller frictions. It wouldn't work if there weren't frictions. Of course there's drama – it's the fucking Libertines."

Which is why keeping it together for a few weeks may have been feasible, but the recording of an



saying it. "I tried very hard not to let my ego-driven emotions temper my portrayal of the story."

That must have been hard.

"It was beyond hard. But I've got a right to tell my story. The only thing that would upset Pete is if anything was untrue."

But why so keen to leap back in when it was hardly plain sailing back then? Pete didn't exactly treat you well then, why would he now?

"We're all different people," Carl reasons dismissively. "What's enabled us to do this, is that we're not the kids we were. We can go to rehearsal and be those people we always were, then go away to those other lives we have. We're bigger people than just the part of us that's The Libertines, even though The Libertines is bigger than the sum of our parts."



There have been plenty of ups and downs for Carl since the Libs split six years ago:

LIBS: OVER
December 2004
Carl fronts a Pete-less Libs for their final gig before splitting, supporting PJ Harvey in Paris.

"We didn't have some conversation with someone doing minutes. We spoke about it and we definitely would like to do something in the future."

It's a little premature to be thinking about pre-ordering The Libertines' third album, but that out of the four it's Carl who's publicly adamant that the reunion is an ongoing affair is the strongest indicator possible that it could actually get made. After all, it wasn't too long ago that, upstairs in the photo room at the NME Awards in Brixton, a sweaty Pete was yarning about how he'd "twist Carl's arm" eventually into agreeing to a reunion. Pete might be the one least likely to turn up to the tourbus on time, but he's always wanted this most. Carl's reluctance to blindly leap in has been the sticking point – albeit a pretty sensibly considered one. But what is making Carl so confident now?

"It's hard to describe," he says. "You know how you lose someone in your life – somebody dies, not only do you lose them, but you lose a part of yourself, things that only they know about you. But all four of us, when we got back together, it was a band again. We hadn't missed a beat."

You felt you'd been brought back to life properly? "Not like Frankenstein..."

When we bumped into John at Leeds he admitted there had been "drama" in the rehearsals. What was the drama?

DIRTY PRETTY THINGS SCRUB UP

September 2005
Carl announces the formation of DPT – with a very Libs-like line-up of Rossomando, Powell plus The Cooper Temple Clause's Didz Hammond.

album... sharing a tourbus... there's only so much emotional weight you can keep locked away for so long. Maybe not actually speaking to Pete has made it easy for Carl to envisage a new Libertines chapter without considering how it could begin to work.

"I mean... there are conversations that we need to have," he mutters. "When we're in the right mood. But there's too much at stake to risk a fuck-up."

Judging by Carl's portrayal of band life in *The Libertines in Threepenny Memoir*, there's an altogether different risk involved in gearing it up again properly. While the highs of his and Pete's friendship and the larks and laughs are well documented, so too is the friction beyond the drug pin-cushion dramatics. Such as the time Carl caught Pete forging his signature to try and make a quick quid, or when Pete burst in on Carl's job at the Old Vic and declared the patrons "cunts" in front of him, nearly getting him fired. Or a withering, hurtful putdown at the NME Awards, or Pete repeatedly kicking Carl up the arse onstage. Funny in abstraction, definitely, but at the time... maybe not so guffaw-worthy.

So what is it we're reading in these passages... is it resentment towards Pete and this bullying behaviour?

Carl stops, writes the sentence in his head before

PETE AND CARL HUGGING AGAIN

April 2007
Carl joins Pete onstage at the Hackney Empire in London at a Pete solo show – playing with him for the first time since the split.

PETE AND CARL BEAT OUT A RECORDING

June 2007
Carl contributes to a cover of The Beatles' 'A Hard Day's Night', also featuring Pete, making it the first time they've recorded together since their break-up. It wasn't very good, alas.

DIRTY SPLITTY THINGS

October 2008
Following mediocre second album 'Romance At Short Notice', Carl announces DPT are to split – telling *NME* the band routine had become "un-Libertine".

Carl may have got a freedom of sorts when the Libs fizzled out and his painful umbilical tie with Pete was severed for the day to day, but it was hardly a brave new dawn. He carried his own lifestyle of excess – characterised by snorting enough powder to build a sand dune from every night – into Dirty Pretty Things. Suffice to say, Carl admits that when broaching the subject of the exposé to DPT bandmates Anthony Rossomando and Didz Hammond, "The boys did say they might have to give their parents a call."

Pete may have been the tabloid syringe-bin, but Carl has never made a secret of the fact that his love of gak is matched only by his love of booze – there are full chapters of the book dedicated to them. Which begs the question, considering that Pete was essentially kicked out of The Libertines for his mammoth drug intake, now the extent of Carl's snorting is going to be on the Waterstones shelves, doesn't he come across as a touch hypocritical?

"I find crack and heroin a lot more pernicious than

I find cocaine and alcohol," he defends. "That question of hypocrisy is slightly flawed. What I did was I stopped the band. I stopped the band because I was more worried for Pete's safety than mine."

But he must still be worried about Pete's reaction to the book. On top of the arse-whacking and job-jeopardising, there's Pete's sometimes flagrant rudeness to Gary and John: "Just you and me, we can do this without them." Then we read Carl's take on the time at the O2 Academy Brixton when Peter ran from the stage into the south London night and the remaining three prepared to go on and finish the show for the fans, Carl's resentment bubbling as Pete gains a roomful of cheers as he suddenly decides to return to the stage.

"I think the balance is right," Carl reasons, closing up a touch. "There are more positive and redeeming things about him than negative in the book."

Through the book and solo record Carl is attempting to consign, if not deny, the darkness of his past to the past. The groupie-shagging, the coke-snorting, the fact that in DPT he was living a photocopy life he pretended fulfilled him.

"I found myself in what can only be referred to as

a comfort zone," he muses. "A leather jacket, skinny jeans, bottle of whisky, coke, knowing I could play a few Libertines songs and 'Bang Bang You're Dead' to a dwindling and increasingly disappointed audience. That's a hard thing to realise. So I broke up the band long before I knew I was going to do the solo album

chaotic methods – all clinking offie bags and kept-in-bum notes. Eels-ish brass parps over the downbeat 'Shadows Fall', lead single 'Run With The Boys' yarns about debauchery past over a pop-bluster weirdly reminiscent of S Club 7's 'Reach', while 'Carve My Name' is creepy and clicking, Carl conjuring horror

"I'D LIKE PEOPLE TO BE ASSURED THAT THE LIBERTINES ISN'T GONE FOREVER"

thing. Now, moving out of this comfort zone, writing this album, writing this book, has given me some kind of catharsis."

Whether it was Pete, or later Anthony in DPT, Carl has always relied on dissolution of responsibility onstage and in songwriting, and he's clung on to that to some extent, with half of the music on the album being written by Mike Snow's Andrew Wyatt, with Carl writing lyrics. The Divine Comedy's Neil Hannon contributed the music for the spooky 'The

film imagery as a metaphor for bad, boozy relationships. A largely collaborative effort, yes, but with his name on the poster and one microphone up front, it's his silhouette alone on the wall.

"It's back to the drawing board with fear," he admits. "There could be people burning their fucking Libertines T-shirts at the back. I hope there won't be. Hopefully people will come to the gigs not expecting to see The Libertines getting back together..."

Clean and distortion-free yet with an imprint of The Libertines' pre-Rough Trade showtune jaunt, the

GETTING BACK IN RHYTHM

May 2009

Carl reunites with Pete and Gary (Drew McConnell fills in on bass for Denmark-residing John) at old Libs haunt The Rhythm Factory in Whitechapel for a short set in tribute to late Libs promoter Johnny Sedassy.

LIBERTINE ON SCREEN

June 2009

Carl makes his big screen debut with the release of *Telstar* – making a cameo as Gene Vincent.

TREADING THE BOARDS

January 2010

Carl puts the two years he spent at drama school to use again by playing cowboy-type chap Eddie in Sam Shepard play *Fool For Love*, alongside his mate Sadie Frost, in London. Reviews of his American accent: mixed

RUSSELL-UP SOME FILM WORK

June 2010

Russell Brand flick *Get Him To The Greek* released, featuring two new songs from Carl on the soundtrack. Carl plays an LA gig with Russell, and possibly gets to meet Katy Perry.

THE LIBERTINES REUNITE

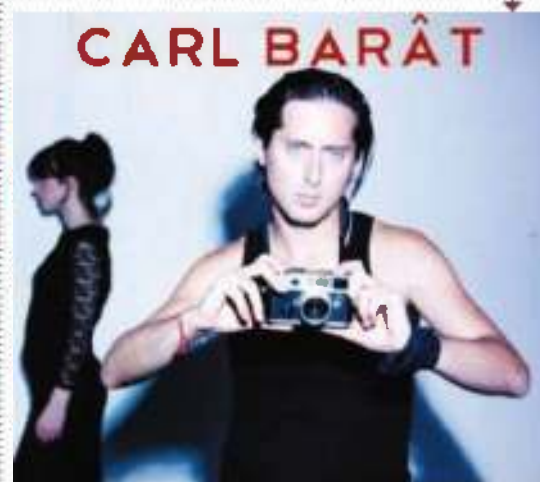
August 2010

After announcing the shows in March, The Libertines play the Reading And Leeds Festivals following a gig at the HMV Forum in London – their first full band gigs since the 2004 split.

CARL BARÂT: SOLO ARTIST

October 2010

Carl releases his first, self-titled solo album and book, *Threepenny Memoir*. The 'smouldering' album cover (see below) would seem to suggest some kind of Eau de Barât is on the way too...



Fall', while Carl himself wrote the rest – including best song 'So Long, My Lover'.

Despite not having met his collaborators before work began – the hook-ups were arranged by management – Carl claims this new way of working felt natural, if not quite the 4am jam sessions he was used to birthing songs from. "Initially, yeah, it's like having a meeting," he concedes. "It's like switching briefcases. But I've chosen carefully. And as soon as the manager's out of the room, we bond. The fact that we'd never met made it easier... it's not like it was some *Wife Swap* thing. We didn't get in a hot tub..."

The album was recorded in just two weeks, though it shares little else with The Libertines' notoriously

album sounds like nothing Carl has ever made in a band before. He claims – as they all do – that sales aren't important. That he's not pursuing a wallet-stuffing Libertines arena tour before this adds gravitas to the statement. Carl is a person who needs big marker points in his life to move forward, whether it's a songwriting deadline to stop him watching telly or a solo album to help him understand he's finally gained control and an understanding of the various strands of his life. That may be the most important thing this album can do for him, if not quite get him a Glastonbury solo headline slot next summer.

"My manager said: 'Write an album that doesn't sell,'" he outlines. "Maybe he knew the right thing to say, but it worked. 'Write a personal record for yourself.'"

Won't you miss a bandmate to share the responsibility – if not glory – with?



"Well... I was hiding behind bands in terms of effort, hoping someone else would do it, finish that song. Also the loud guitars. I'm sure there are a few tracks out there where I'm not actually singing words – just going, 'Ner ner ner'. I didn't want that to be the case. It was like flicking a switch and all the smoke being extracted out of a room."

This then is another new chapter in the life of Carl Barat. One set to unfold against the backdrop of a meticulously planned solo album and book campaign that seeks to continue his story beyond the mystery of The Libertines where it seemed destined to jar. As the author, how would he like this one to be summarised in the blurb?

"I'd like the album to be well-received and for people to connect with it... I'd like people to be comfortably assured that The Libertines isn't gone forever. And I'd like to start writing again. I'd like for that writing to be The Libertines. I'd like to see us [play live] within 18 months, yeah."

And you believe that Pete will pick up the phone, John will get on the plane, Gary'll hail a cab and you'll happily skip into the studio?

"In my heart of hearts... we'll definitely record some stuff. If things are like they are today in six months' time, then wholeheartedly I can't see any reason why I wouldn't want to make another Libertines album, pronto."

Probably a good idea to let Pete know that.

"I'll give him a bell. We'll meet up. Have I got his number? Of course I have! It's on a SIM card. He's welcome to contact me as well."

Head to NME.COM for a video interview and track by track from Carl himself

'CARL BARAT' TRACK BY TRACK

1 The Magus

"I was going to call the album 'The Magus', but everyone kept asking me if I'd read the John Fowles book, and I haven't. The Magus is basically like a soothsayer. It's like the origin of magic itself and the song was kind of written from the perspective of living in occupied France. It's like a religious song."

2 Je Regrette, Je Regrette

"This is probably the lightest song on the album and it's just kind of about women and relationships and, you know, just getting it all out there. It's kind of tongue-in-cheek with a fair dose of salt. It's lively. That all I have to say about that."

3 She's Something

"It's kind of '60s, Scott Walker-y, but with a little bit of Ennio Morricone as well. Just playing with a load of rhythms. I worked on that with Findlay Brown, we wrote a few things together actually, but this is the only one we used."

4 Carve My Name

"This is definitely a departure from what I've done in the past. It's all about soaring strings and melodies and it's basically a confessional really, about a waster and a womaniser and whatnot. I don't need to get all sad about it now, it's all in the song."

5 Run With The Boys

"It's basically closest to Dirty Pretty Things and Libertines in its subject matter. You know, it's got that kind of bounce and shuffle. I think that's the point where the music I used to make meets the music I do now."

6 The Fall

"This is the one that I did locked in Neil Hannon's basement. It's the story of the break-up of a love affair but it could be anything in your life that's broken down and fallen apart. Started great, ended tragically."

7 So Long, My Lover

"An epic ballad sort of song which is a little bit Serge Gainsbourg and Leonard Cohen. I wanted to do a song with female backing vocals. Initially it started as a tragic break-up and again, I guess it's some kind of catharsis."

8 What Have I Done

"I'm doffing my cap to a Velvet Underground hangover song on a Sunday morning when the sun comes up and the hangover's not actually that bad. It's got a kind of Belie & Sebastian melancholy to it as well, which is what I was after."

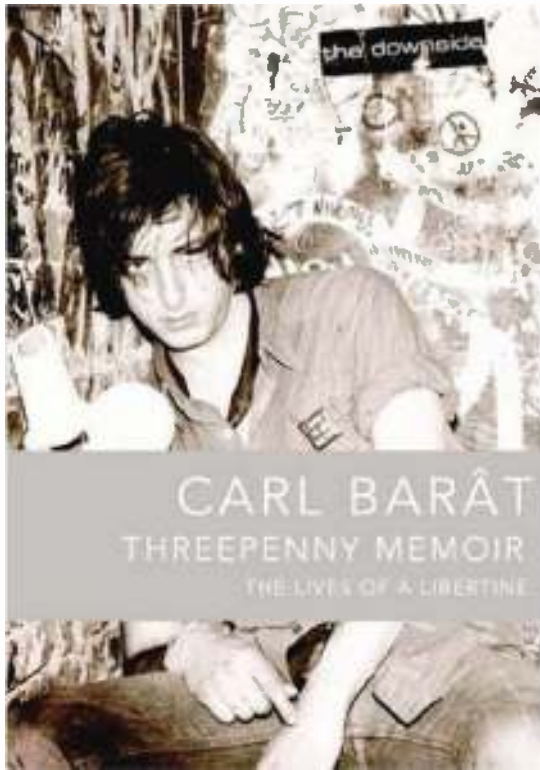
9 Shadows Fall

"It was a beyond-the-grave song that I wanted to write. I tried it in loads of different ways; I tried it with just white noise and fuzz but that went a bit artistic. Actually, it's just slow, beautiful, and it's got almost like a Portishead feeling."

10 Ode To A Girl

"I sampled a dramatic sound from *A Clockwork Orange*. Obviously, this wouldn't have been possible without Andrew Wyatt. It's a different kind of music for me really. It's a celebration and about us all having some kind of light and inner beauty. At the end of the song, I sampled a baby's heartbeat, so I'm going to end it there with the baby. It's an uplifting ending."





EXCLUSIVE EXTRACT FROM CARL'S BOOK!

Carl's funny, scandalous, and occasionally harrowing autobiography – Threepenny Memoir: The Lives Of A Libertine – is out on September 30. As a taster, here's an extract depicting the pre-fame Camden exploits of Carl and his mate, good ol' Pete Doherty...

Peter and I would just work away, on the peripheries of the scene, made all the more aware of that fact by the near misses we had. One night, I remember being elbowed in the ribs by Liam Gallagher. I was in the Dublin Castle innocently minesweeping drinks into my pint glass at the time. I looked around. He was accompanied by Mani from The Stone Roses and Finley Quaye; you could almost hear the sound of a hundred necks craning to get a better look at them all. Peter approached Liam and said something to him which I couldn't make out, though Liam's voice cut across the room: 'I'm the Devil's dick, me.' But Liam didn't mean anything by the accidental elbow, graciously bought me a beer and then politely declined to come back to our flat and have a jam. I can fully understand that, now that I've so frequently been on the receiving end of such requests. It was impossible for me to understand then that he was just a person in the pub enjoying a drink with his friends. Not the rock star, not the performer, just the Devil's dick enjoying a pint.

Another night, we liberated a moped on the Kentish Town Road, a Honda Cub 90 propped up outside the WKD Café, a dive full of indie kids being crunched by bouncers. WKD stood for Wisdom, Knowledge and Destiny, which were hardly abounding in there. It didn't last long. The moped had been sitting outside for a while, obviously abandoned or dumped, and the third time we walked past we decided to wheel it with us. Down a backstreet, Peter was walking along and I was sitting on it, sort of wheeling it along, and then we got leapt upon. I remember this Kiwi man, a sort of angry, apish figure waving a police badge at us, the headlights of a car screaming up the road. It was like something from *The Sweeney*. Scary stuff, it jolted us out of our reverie and then some. We were arrested and carted off down to the cells. When they asked us what we did, I said I was an actor and Peter said he was a poet. I think it was then that they realised that we weren't professional criminals. The police officer at the desk was from Liverpool so I instantly tried on my bad Scouse accent, trying to impress upon her how Peter and I weren't vagrants – that we shared a house, that there were lots of books in our toilet. A little too Withnailian now that I think about it, but I couldn't

stop myself. I asked her if she read on the toilet, or did they call it the can in Liverpool? At the end of it I think we kind of charmed them, but they still banged us up in the cells anyway.

Once we'd stopped protesting our innocence, I think we were charged with the theft of an automobile. I still have the charge sheets somewhere. I think we were both shocked when they actually shut the cell doors on us. They had small chalkboards outside the cells, and on the way through we liberated the chalk next to the boards through the little shutter in the door and Peter wrote poetry on the walls. We left our mark as we thought Libertines should. We were released the next day with a caution; by all accounts the bike's owner was less than pleased that we'd liberated his Honda. But we were Libertines: we liberated. That was what we did. We always did know how to make our own fun."

"I REMEMBER BEING ELBOWED IN THE RIBS BY LIAM GALLAGHER. PETER APPROACHED HIM. LIAM'S VOICE CUT ACROSS THE ROOM: 'I'M THE DEVIL'S DICK, ME'"



Back in Arcadia. It was all drink, drugs... and bananas

NOW SHOWING: FAME!

*Without anyone in the outside world noticing, **Two Door Cinema Club** have quietly become one of the UK's best loved bands. **Leonie Cooper** finds out how*



They don't look like rock stars. Their skinny frames smack of youthful energy and exuberance rather than an emaciated druggie chic. In their pre-touring-drummer days, they often resembled a nervous, foppish Busted, stood as they did in a line with guitars strapped tightly to their chests. And, with their affairs being looked after somewhere in Paris by the painfully cool indie label Kitsuné, it's no wonder they're hardly a ubiquitous force in the UK. The odds, therefore, are stacked up against Northern Irish indie pop trio Two Door Cinema Club, yet, somehow, proceedings have taken something of a Hollywood turn for Alex Trimble, Kevin Baird and Sam Halliday, who find themselves about to embark on a sell-out UK tour playing to a swelling fanbase as rabid and barmy as a foaming dachshund.

Take, for example, the female fan in a homemade sequinned Two Door Cinema Club T-shirt who accosted frontman Alex at Les 3 Elephants Festival in France earlier this summer. "She had red hair and the first thing she said was that she dyed her hair ginger because of me," he reveals, evidently still traumatised. "Then her mate brought out this little cigarette carton that was plastered in pictures of me. She opened it up and pulled out a little tiny ginger stick man version of me." Um, how did you react? "I kind of smiled and made an excuse to leave." Equally bizarre is the time when bespectacled bassist Kevin was informed that an entire class of medics had grown moustaches in tribute to the facial topiary that he's since shaved off.

Not so bizarre was their tipping by giddy pundits far and wide at the beginning of the year as a band to watch in 2010, but while the more glamorous Gouldings, Diamonds and Drums of this world captured the mainstream imagination, Two Door failed to get a foothold, building up instead a ground-level swell of support that has seen them sell a shitload of their debut album 'Tourist History' (upwards of 40,000 and counting) and play to a rammed NME/Radio 1 Stage at this year's Reading and Leeds Festivals. Reading in particular rocked, the huge Two Door Cinema Club faithful heaving to get inside while the band were on the verge of vomiting with glee.

"Reading I think was one of the most special events possibly of my life, but definitely of our career as a band," grins Alex. "I've never experienced anything like that on that scale before." In fact, the audience were so keyed up about the imminent appearance of their heroes that they started crowd-surfing before the group even went onstage, deciding to kick off the party when the band's backdrop was revealed. Which means that they really must have a pretty amazing backdrop. "We do," nods Kevin, sagely. "It had been freshly ironed that day."

The advanced rowdiness continued throughout, and at one point in the show Alex actually couldn't hear himself singing. "That's never happened before. The sheer volume of the crowd singing back at me was overpowering." After they left the stage, he watched some footage of the gig online. "I just look like a complete dick – I'm standing there with this huge smile on my face. I look like a child at Christmas. I loved it." It's certainly a long way off from the days where they lived

on pitta bread and tortilla chips and went on the road in a tiny van formerly owned by a woman who ran her own dog grooming business. "She had paw transfers on the bonnet," remembers Kevin fondly. "There was hair everywhere."

Before you start to hate them and their new-found popular ways, it's not all screaming and stalking, as their recent red carpet appearance at the *Scott Pilgrim Vs The World* premiere in London will attest. After the gathered crowd realised that guitarist Sam Halliday wasn't Micheal Cera – an easy mistake to make – and that none of their number was Jason Schwartzman – whose name was announced just as they stepped out of their less than glamorous people carrier – the band took the long walk of shame past the oblivious masses, until finally their band name was called out by one lone fan in the crowd. "I got to the door of the cinema and I heard someone go, 'Two Door Cinema Club?'" says Kevin, proudly.

The next time they bounce into London isn't likely to promote such indifference. As *NME* mentions the name of the famous O2 Shepherd's Bush Empire, where the band play twice mid-tour, Alex lets out an eerie howl. Is that from terror or excitement? "Both. When it was proposed to us to play that venue in London, first of all I said, 'No way, there's no way that we're gonna sell tickets for that.'" Despite their protestations, the venue was booked, and the first night promptly sold out, swiftly followed by a second. "It still hasn't properly registered in my head," gawks Alex. "We're gonna walk onstage and feel like there's gonna be a band after us," explains Kevin. "We'll be like, 'Shit, we better get our gear off really quickly!'"

Following the 13-date UK tour, the band – currently homeless after moving out of their insalubrious digs in "Shitechapel", east London – take their skinny frames back to the States for a two-week tour, including a slot at the Austin City Limits festival. Should America slip on their party trousers? If the recent tour of Australia – which saw them play shows every bit as fervent as their summer

"OUR TOUR WAS LIKE AN R KELLY SONG. DRINK THE MINI BAR THEN HIT THE POOL" **KEVIN BAIRD**

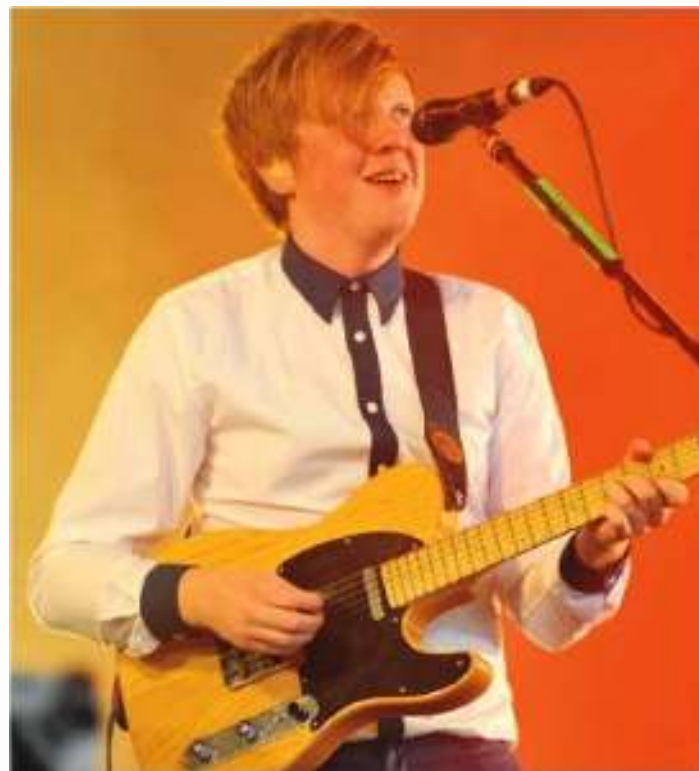
spots in the UK – is anything to go by, then yes. Having no idea where to go for post-gig shenanigans, every night the band would consult the audience on what to do, before duly inviting every last punter to come along with them. "It always ended up in the hotel swimming pool," smirks Alex. "For some reason on that tour someone decided they would book us really nice hotel rooms," adds Kevin. "We're used to staying two in a room at a Travelodge... It was like an R Kelly song; go to the hotel lobby, up to the suite, drink the mini bar, break into the pool..."

Kitsuné might be a super-chic French dance imprint and they may have a handful of cheeky laptop beats at their disposal, but Two Door Cinema Club are far from a bunch of po-faced electro poseurs. Even with their occasional forays into the world of the digital glitch, the band are cast from the classic British indie guitar pop mould, with smirks on their

cherubic faces and a swagger in their youthful step. It's this that goes a long way to explaining their snowballing popularity. Antsy tossers with Delia Derbyshire pin-ups on their bedsit walls don't become grassroots heroes. Awkward chaps who love their Moogs more than their mothers don't tend to grab the nation's youth by the scruff of the neck and receive undying adoration in return. Yet those who know their way around a catchy riff, a taut melody and a friendly lyrical wink – like the pounding energy and youthful zeal of new single 'I Can Talk' (out October 25) – often do. If you want the proof, it's there in Bombay Bicycle Club, Mystery Jets, The Maccabees and The Futureheads and Maximo Park before them.

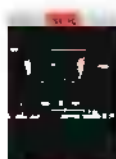
'Tourist History' was released in March,

Main picture (l-r): Kevin Baird, Alex Trimble, Sam Halliday. Below: Alex onstage looking "like a complete dick"



and thanks to the swelling interest in the band, it's being reissued as a deluxe double-disc edition with a raft of bonus material, including new songs, remixes and a documentary made by the band's filmmaking mates at Babysweet Sessions, who originally introduced the boys to the inspiration behind their name, County Down's unfeasibly amazing Tudor Cinema. "It's on the side of a guy's house in the middle of the country," explains Alex of the 66-seater DIY venue on the site of an old chicken shed. "When you step inside it's like the '50s," says Alex. "There are B-movie posters on the walls, there's a jukebox, an old fashioned ticket booth..." It was here that the band shot the original, budget Handycam video to feel-good summer singalong 'Something Good Can Work', which sees Kevin on his way to meet a girl at the movies – however, the date is soon foiled by Alex, the usher. "I sweep in, give her some popcorn, sit down beside her and get off with her," he explains. Classy. ▶

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“WAYNE COYNE TOLD US NOT TO GET A DRUMMER. A WEEK LATER WE HAD AUDITIONS” **KEVIN BAIRD**

This level of intimacy isn't reserved for unsuspecting film buffs. Kevin explains that he's really into keeping in touch with fans via Twitter and Facebook, while, as Alex says, it wasn't so long ago that they themselves were seeking out the same kind of closeness with the bands that they idolised. “We want to do that for fans that might feel the same as we did when we were growing up,” he explains, taking a moment to mentally bow down at the feet of Biffy Clyro, the band that still bond Two Door Cinema Club together like aural superglue. “That's how I got good at guitar,

practising all of Simon Neil's riffs.” They actually got the chance to meet the band at Germany's Hurricane Festival this summer, accosting them, fanboy-style, in the catering tent. The next day Biffy watched Two Door Cinema Club's set, but thankfully the band only found out after they'd played, otherwise the nerves might have set in, just like they did when Alex glanced over to the side of the stage at Pukkelpop to find Tim Wheeler from Ash seeing what all the fuss was about. “He's from the same place as us, and he's been in that band from Northern Ireland that's had all this

success,” remembers Alex, who was struck down with a serious dose of starstruckitis. “I grew up learning his songs on guitar. And then all of a sudden I'm playing and I keep on looking over and seeing him watching me...”

The celebrity fan club doesn't stop there. The Flaming Lips' Wayne Coyne was watching the band soundcheck last summer and, after thoroughly enjoying himself, he offered the boys – who were then playing live with beats coming courtesy of a computer, having not yet hired touring drummer Benjamin Thompson – a single pearl of wisdom: “Don't ever get a drummer.” “So we just went, ‘We won't, we won't.’ Then a week later we had our auditions,” admits Kevin sheepishly. You defied Wayne? “I know...”

Proof if ever it were needed that good songs will out – drummer or not. Two Door Cinema Club might not boast the unbridled cool of a band like Wild Beasts or the effortless Echo Park edge of Best Coast, but they can sure make the kids dance. And, frankly, sometimes that's all that really matters.

Head to NME.COM for an exclusive acoustic track from the band

TWO DOOR CINEMA CLUB BY NUMBERS

40,000+

The number of copies debut album ‘Tourist History’ sold in the UK

147,773

Number of fans on Facebook (at time of going to press)

0

Number of official members of TDCC who play drums

31

Festivals played this summer

5

Singles released to date. New track ‘I Can Talk’ is out October 25

1

Crates of beer stolen from Mumford & Sons' dressing room after their Reading Festival set

20

Average age of a TDCC. Alex and Sam are 20, Kevin 21





SATAN'S LITTLE HELPERS

Patrick Sisson heads off into the wilds of Michigan to meet drag pioneers and all-round scary bastards **Salem** as they prepare for the release of the epochal 'King Night'



Waiting outside Hungry Brain, a dusky dive on the northwest side of Chicago, *NME* tries to picture the scene inside where we're meant to meet the three members

of Salem. Given their ruthlessly macabre music and arcane references, we imagine a crystal meth den rife with the worst kind of unsavoury rituals.

Disappointingly, the bar is closed today. Instead we're called around the corner to their friend's backyard, and there's not a pipe or mutilated virgin in sight. Perched around a wooden table in the late summer shade, John Holland sits pensively, in scruffy shredded black pants and an old, billowy white shirt ripped and threaded with clothes pegs. Heather Marlatt, quiet behind sunglasses, lights a cigarette. A lithe and boyish Jack Donoghue leans back in his chair. John finishes answering a text message from a male fan, or so he supposes. His number is on the group's MySpace, so this isn't his first anonymous text.

"People expect us to be wearing cloaks and white face paint," he says, grasping a necklace weighed down with rings. "You probably wanted us to be like that."

"They want us to be like that..." agrees Heather, soft spoken for someone with such an aching, beautiful presence on the record.

"...but we're way more evil," says John, chuckling.

For Salem, image and message are as deliberate and measured as they are contradictory; communicating via glacial, synthesized noise, molten beats and videos with all the uncomfortable intimacy of snuff films, while perpetuating the idea of a very real darkness through the overtly occult stylings of the group. Their first release, a limited edition seven-inch from late 2008 succinctly titled 'Yes, I Smoke Crack', was taken by many as a declaration of the group's lifestyle; Heather tells of fans still coming up to her after shows and telling her they "have what you want". As well as helping to create the image, this period was also a catalyst for a dark new electronic sound that's come to be known as 'drag'.

A shadowy counterpoint to chillwave's hazy nostalgia, drag is similarly non-geographically centered. Instead, the unifying elements are sonic: slo-mo druggy rhythms akin to Dirty South chopped'n'screwed-style rap, perilous walls of dirgey, demonic synths and possessed-sounding, mangled vocals. The genre may have its first full-length masterpiece too, in Salem's debut long-player, 'King Night', which drops in the UK on September 27.

"Salem's the future sound, for sure," says 'King Night' producer Dave Sardy, a man known for working with the likes of Oasis and Rage Against The Machine. "It's like the reading of cards done by a carnival fortune teller your best mate made you try who tells you of the imminent death of a close friend... disturbing and more expensive than you first thought. They have bought and now own an entire subset of music. I hope they use it wisely."

Breaking into and understanding Salem's isolated world of rituals and symbolism is tricky. Guarded and quiet until they start trading in-jokes, they're reserved on first impressions. During a notoriously revealing interview John did with a friend for *Butt* magazine last year, he spoke about being a prostitute in Chicago, getting into heroin and coke and hooking up with Jack. They maintain all of it was true. "It wasn't taken out of context," says Heather.

Such life experience is woven into 'King Night'. But that's not the image the band wish to project anymore. They'd rather focus on their music and art.

"I feel like if you got to know us, you wouldn't be disappointed," says John. "Our lives are not a show. The ways we are fucked up aren't a performance."

Meaning that, by their insistence, the dark cover art taken from their own photos (ominous crucifixes, weeping faces, hellish skies), the gauzy choir vocals or Jack's own predatory, syrup-soaked raps, gruffly tossing off lines such as "*Cars in the circle, little lamb in the middle/All the headlights on, but he hasn't cast a shadow*" are true extensions of themselves. There's another layer to Salem too; an innocence that makes the depravity all the more vivid. John reveals their joint favourite movie scene, from *Night Of The Hunter*. Two children, a brother and sister, flee a killer at night in a rowboat and the girl, clutching a doll, breaks out into a fragile song about two children flying away. Inevitably the killer, a priest, catches up, humming a dark hymn in an eerie foreshadowing of what may come. Salem aims, John explains, to strike an uneasy balance between those two emotional extremes.

John met Heather during his first day at Interlochen Arts Academy High School in northwest Michigan, where they both studied visual art.

DRAG QUEENS

The new players on the desolate frontier of synth-laden spookiness

BALAM ACAB

Alec Koone looks like someone who spends his life in a basement. But the likes of 'Heavy Living Things' have a muted, gauzy dubstep brilliance

OOOOO

No, we don't know how to pronounce it. But these super slo-mo narcotic sounds are wonderful. Check 'No Summr4U'

GROUPE

Tracks like 'I'm Dragging A Dead Deer Up A Hill' are as happy and breezy as they sound. Music as unsanitised as the wilderness it comes from

CREEP

Brooklyn duo who are all about re-contextualising heavy dance beats into their own strain of drag

WHITE RING

The dark end of the drag spectrum. On 'IxC999,' Kendra Malia gushes out childlike screams as shots ring out in the distance

"I just walked up to her looked at the book she was writing in and asked her if I could be her friend," says John.

John met Jack when he was a junior studying drawing at The Art Institute Of Chicago. Jack, who grew up in the city, literally walked up to him on the street and insisted they were going to be friends, and that he couldn't have any other friends other than him (in the *Butt* article, John is quoted as saying that Jack was "the hottest guy" and that they hooked up and had sex, but they both maintain that they're strictly close friends now). Heather, who studied photography in New York, visited Chicago. They started trading ideas.

Jack now lives in Chicago and thus collaborates online and occasionally in person with John and Heather, who live together in Traverse City, Michigan – a small town six hours away, close to their high school, and "a ghost town" in the winter. Holing up in the makeshift "studio" they've set up in the basement, they concoct sounds as odes to their stark surroundings. So 'King Night' sounds like the score to some home-made horror movie filmed in the woods that encase the whole area.

But if there's one influence that marks Salem and, in turn, their drag disciples out from their contemporaries, it's that of Chicago's parochial dance culture, footwork, and its parent sound, juke.

As a teenager, Jack was hooked on juke, a mutated strain of the Chicago house sounds made famous in the '80s, and footwork, a moody variety of juke with pitch-shifted vocals and rapid-fire dancing.

"If you're at a party in Chicago, there's a good chance you're going to hear juke," says Jack. "Like my prom, or any school dance, that's mostly what they'll play."

Jack's pitched-down vocals, snaking synth-work and uzi-speed drum fills all find their way back to his hometown's sound. Played at a fraction of the speed of juke tracks, Salem's flat, brittle beats literally sound like disorientating flashbacks to moments spent in the city's dark corners.

Salem say they don't see themselves as part of any scene, and don't know any of the other artists being tagged as drag. But it's clear, as John notes, that "something is in the air". The dark, slow, suffocating sound is being rapidly adopted and interpreted by scores of disparately located producers, such as oOoO and Balam Acab, who both are evolving the template, incorporating variations of hip-hop, pop and electronica. In the time it has taken for the band to finish their debut album, this new breed of dragster has taken things a step further. Salem – the recognised pioneers – clearly see themselves as removed from this latest wave of activity that coalesces around the newly established label, Tri Angle, founded by celebrated blog 20jazzfunkgreats. "We enjoy listening to some of the artists people suggest have followed our path. I've put oOoO tracks on our mixtape," Jack notes. "But I just feel that our music is coming from such a different place to any of these names." Certainly the geeky, preppy, well-fed and very clean looking supernerds behind projects such as Balam Acab are about as far removed as it's possible to get from the three drawn specimens we see before us.

"So many people are trying to fake this sensationalist image," Jack insists. "We put our energy into our music and the art that we make. It's sick. We got it. We don't need to fake it. There's no gimmick needed."

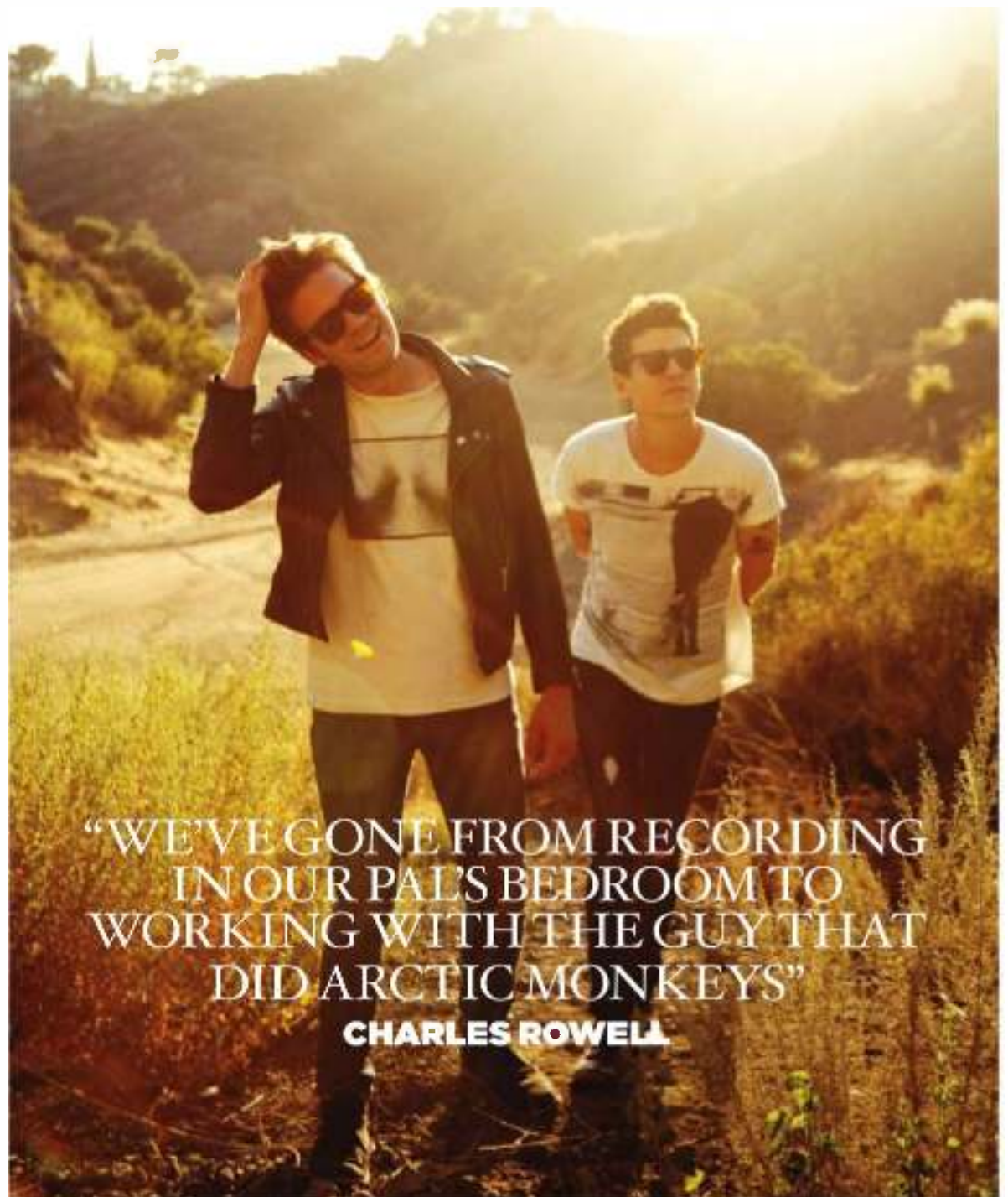
PUTTING THE TEETH BACK INTO LO-FI SINCE 2008

If anyone set off the current lo-fi stoner scene it's Crocodiles – Jaimie Hodgson meets the returning Californian duo and discovers their five-point plan to indie stardom

You remember Crocodiles, right? Aw, c'mon, they're practically the godfathers of the current lo-fi revolution. They were channeling scorching garage demons while 'im from Yuck was still moping in Cajun ashes and 'er from Best Coast was still touring as part of a vaguely ill-advised avant-garde prog-punk troupe (true story). They first popped up a couple of years back after noisy west coast comrades No Age included a song of theirs called 'Neon Jesus' on their sneaky end-of-year mixtape. This was promptly followed by tours that left charred remains of most of the world's buzziest haunts and an album called 'Summer Of Hate' that was every bit as cool as the title might suggest. Then, lest we forget, Dum Dum Girls mainlady Dee Dee and Crocs frontman Brandon are arguably the sexiest coupling in indie. But just over a year since their debut foreshadowed the flood of reverberation that became 2010, Crocodiles are readying a return that looks to set the standard again. We were wondering when the scene might yield some proper pop stars, and it's starting to look like Brandon and co-founder Charles Rowell might just be the first band to have a stab.

It's been a transformative couple of months for them. They finished recording in the legendary Joshua Tree desert compound where producer Chris Goss and his *Mad Max*-esque entourage coalesce, the same location where Queens Of The Stone Age's stoner rock legacy was birthed. They'd spent an intensive month there holed up with temporary third member, über-producer James Ford, brought in to ensure a sound expansive enough to fit their new five-piece live line-up. Together they created the latest in the grand lineage of dark psychedelic works to be birthed within those fortress walls, 'Sleep Forever'. Now the band are preparing themselves to start walking and talking in keeping with the album they'd made.

This process started hazily a couple of weeks back, as the diehard stoners guided *NME* around neighbouring Los Angeles' legalised medical marijuana dispensaries. A glimpse of this was seen in our recent 'LA's Up In Smoke' feature (*NME*, September 11). But now we rejoin Brandon and Charles, propped up in a sticky yellow diner overlooking Echo Park's legendary hobos' paradise. So what exactly are the key elements fuelling this comeback? Let *NME* give you the five-point guide...



"WE'VE GONE FROM RECORDING IN OUR PAL'S BEDROOM TO WORKING WITH THE GUY THAT DID ARCTIC MONKEYS"

CHARLES ROWELL

1 FEARNE COTTON

NME: Do you guys get how massive it is being played by Fearne Cotton on daytime Radio 1?

Brandon: "Perhaps not fully. All the British people that we've talked to certainly seem quite taken aback by it. The strangest thing about it is that I've absolutely no idea of how it has ended up happening."

It's history in the making for 2010's indie.
B: "Well then, we should be celebrating."

This record is a pop at the big time, no?
Charles: "I understand why people might say that from the outside looking in. Mainly because we've gone from recording in our pal's bedroom to working with the guy that did Arctic Monkeys, in some place special. But it'd be worrying if this was all some masterminded plan, which it isn't."

So are you up for being lo-fi poster boys?
B: "It's a strange concept. I would assume that with that sort of responsibility you might get weird demands that you might not be comfortable with. But I've got no idea about that world to be honest."

2 JAMES FORD

In the UK, working with James Ford marks you out as indie royalty.

C: "It the same in the US. I think all that was what put us off at first. All the baggage we assumed came with it. You think having worked with all these huge artists that you might have a certain way of doing things you don't shift, but after one conversation with him we realised that this guy knew as much about cool music as anyone I've ever met."

How much did you brush up on his discography before you went in with him?

B: "I'd heard the Arctic Monkeys record, Klaxons, some Florence + The Machine. But I wanted to check out some earlier stuff."

What did you unearth?

B: "I can't even remember the name of it now..."

Not Test Icicles?

B: "Yeah, I actually think it was."

Amazing. What did you think?

B: "Erm, well. I don't think it reassured my initial concerns in terms of showing something that I wanted to sound like."

Very diplomatic. Every band that's recorded with James ends up getting totally munted in the studio, staying up all night making a right racket. Did you?
C: "I'm afraid we didn't break with that trend. It became a ritual, everyday after dinner we'd get a 24-pack of beers, roll a blunt and get on with things. You need to all feel on the same page, and thankfully a mutual appreciation of drugs and alcohol allowed us to get there."

3 JOSHUA TREE STUDIOS

How aware of the site's heritage were you?

B: "I must admit we weren't really all that



aware of everything that had gone on there until we arrived and got told."

Were you not a big stoner rock fan?

B: "I liked Sleep and early Black Sabbath growing up. There's obviously some great records that have come out of that canon."

What was the atmosphere there like?

C: "Incredible. Because we were in complete isolation we could just totally absorb ourselves in recording. No significant others were there, there's no cool bar to go to. When you're bored, there's nothing to do aside from having a beer and getting on with things. It's part of a compound that's amidst acres of open land. So you're in this little rundown house in the middle of the desert surrounded by just nature. You record as late as you want, stay up until 5am then sleep till 2pm. Your body clock gets fucked."

Was it James' idea to go there?

B: "Yep, Alex Turner told him about it and said what an amazing time they had there recording with Josh Homme, so he was bustin' to go check it out."

Did you have a desert-dwelling epiphany moment under the stars?

B: "Nah, I'm not Jim Morrison. We did have an amazing nanny whilst we were there though. He's this huge, butch, bearded guy called Hutch, who's actually Them Crooked Vultures' sound man. He would cook for us, and generally look after us. He took us and James out into the desert in a '50s police car that he'd renovated. We drove to the top of this huge boulder-type mountain and smoked joints at the top. It's an almost alien landscape so that was quite trippy."

You guys aren't into cheery titles are you?
B: "Sleep Forever"? In a review of the record I saw the other day they said it was death obsessed, and I think that's a little overboard. Having been best friends for the past 10 years our lives are completely intertwined. I don't think we've noticed any sort of death obsession, it's just a comfy way to talk about your feelings."

4 THE MISSUS

It's rare for emerging rock'n'roll forces to be bound by marriage isn't it?

B: "I guess so. But San Diego has such a tiny community of musicians, one you identify with stands out a mile. I'm biased because I'm married to her, but she's obviously an amazing songwriter. There's a genuine element of us inspiring each other and bringing out the best in each other. I care way more about whether she likes our record than any review."

More so than Fearne?

B: "Yes, even more than her."

It can't all be gum drops and moon beams though, right?

B: "It almost feels like a military family. Not in the way we act, I should add. But what with us both being away for such prolonged periods of time, and tours seemingly never matching up with each other's. Sometimes you have a week together in three months. That aspect sucks so much. But I wouldn't trade being with her for not being so lonely and not being with not her. I think I'd be fucking dead in a ditch if I didn't have her in my life."

So that was the inspiration behind the recent joint tour?

B: "Yes. Man, that was so perfect. All our bands are all old friends. It was just like a fucking carnival on the road. I would love to do it in the UK, whenever we play we get people asking us about Dum Dum Girls, and vice versa, so it would make total sense."

5 THE CHRONIC

How much do you think the change of marijuana laws in California (where weed is now widely available through legalised 'dispensaries') has affected the scene?

B: "Well every band I know has at least one stoner in it, so I guess it's got to have some effect. There's probably some kind of statistic out there that would give you a better idea..."

We'd love to see those stats, and more specifically how it was compiled. How would one plot a specific trajectory of influence of cannabis on the state's indie-rock output?

B: "Ha. I think it's a lot further reaching than the recent legislation. It's so ingrained in Californian culture. It's just full of drug-addled freaks, I mean Frank Zappa's from San Diego. It's made our art what it is, I'm proud to be from this state."

Are there fewer stigmas towards 'lazy stoner drop-outs' in California?

B: "I think everyone's very aware of how cheesy stoner culture can be. But I think it can be a positive move to be outspoken about it. I think we need to get rid of the *Dude, Where's My Car?* stereotypical image."



(DUB) ONE GIANT STEP FOR MAN

*Magnetic Man are well on their way to becoming the first superstars of dubstep. And, as they tell **Kev Kharas**, that suits them just fine....*

Every summer has its apex. For Skream, Benga and Artwork – collectively

known as dubstep's first bona fide breakout stars Magnetic Man – the highpoint arrived on an August evening near a castle in Herefordshire in front of thousands of saucer-eyed disciples.

"I remember being at dubstep nights where there were only 15 other people in the room," says Skream, real name Oliver Jones, as he and his bandmates sit around sipping mojitos on the sixth floor of Shoreditch House in east London.

"Back then I thought one day – hopefully – we'd be able to start selling out clubs. Last month, me and two mates I've known for ten years played to 15,000 people at the Big Chill Festival, all of them belting 'I Need Air' at the top of their voices. It was fucking perfect."

Crashing into the Top 10 and onto the Radio 1 A-list, 'I Need Air' signaled a milestone on the trio's journey from individual underground acclaim to devastating mainstream force. "At one point I couldn't go to the shops without hearing it," notes Artwork, the group's eldest member and mentor-figure Artwork, aka Arthur Smith.

The day before we meet at the private members club, a five minute walk away from the basement of dubstep's spiritual home, Plastic People, Magnetic Man played the second of two triumphant, sunset shows on the Dance Stage at Reading and Leeds Festivals. At the same time Beni 'Benga' Uthman, whose 24th birthday Magnetic Man will wreck themselves celebrating straight after this interview, was at Number Three in the singles charts with 'Katy On A Mission', a track he produced for rising star of the Funky scene (and Brit School graduate) Katy B. Mark it on your calendars. The summer of 2010 was the moment dubstep escaped from its foggy, underground lairs and landed in the living rooms of suburban Britain.

"Some of my mates never liked dubstep, but now they're calling me saying they've heard me on the radio at the building site where they work," reckons Skream, eyes as wide as his smile. "They're realising now that all those years I spent alone in my room weren't a waste! My mum's friends are on it as well – they'll say 'Oi, we heard your song on Capital!' They haven't got a clue what they're listening to, but they like it 'cause it's catchy."

With Magnetic Man's current levels of exposure, it's easy to forget just how fucking alien dubstep's noises are – 'I Need Air' retained dubstep's predatory half-step lurch and punch-drunk sub-bass groan, while follow-up single, 'Perfect Stranger', begins in a flurry of synth sounds, like acid rain retreating skyward, before slowing into verses crawling with guillotine snares and ominous, jaw-rattling low-end. Elsewhere on their self-titled debut album you'll hear chainsaw wobbles and percussive patterns that clunk and whirr like ailing machinery.

The factory analogy's apt. They never stop working. When asked about a recent trip to LA, Benga recalls singing basslines into his phone as he wandered from club to club at night. "I was so happy to get home to my computer," he says. Skream reserves a similar reverence for the studio at his mum's house in Croydon, where the majority of his music still made.

"She keeps all my old press cuttings up in her loft," he continues. "I'll dig them out and reminisce one day, but for now I'll leave them to the spiders."

Some memories, though, are kept web-free. Big Apple, an independent record shop in Croydon's Surrey Street Market, was where they all first met, and where dubstep's sound was largely forged away from the growing crowds at Plastic. It was the launch pad for everything that's followed for Magnetic Man; every night they've enjoyed as underground heroes, as well as the higher-profile moments, like Skream helping La Roux win over an undecided public with his hugely popular 'In For The Kill' remix. Benga remembers going to Big Apple for the first time with his mum when he was 12. One mention of the shop's name from *NME*, and they all rock back in their chairs, swooning nostalgically.

"It was an amazing place," says Artwork. "You could only fit about 20 bodies in there, tops, but the list of people who came out of that place is mad – Ke\$ha, Plastician, DMZ, Distance, Hatcha..."

Sadly a reputation for incubating dubstep's most influential producers, DJs and label bosses counted for shit as Big Apple was sold on and then shut. Artwork states that if "we sell enough albums, we might buy it back."

"It was so important to me growing up," explains Skream. "There are only a few photos left from that time, but looking at them's like looking at old family pictures. It's something I miss, badly."

When they talk about the old days, it's with a humility you might not expect from a digital supergroup knocking back cocktails that retreated to a £5m castle in the West Country to record their debut album.

"Our brothers deserve the credit for hooking me and Skream up," says Benga. "Ollie phoned me up one day saying 'Listen to my beats!'"

"We became best friends playing tunes down the phone to each other," he continues. "We used to do all these little gigs, parties for friends and shit. I was in a garage group called Smooth Kriminals and we recruited him."

It could be said that Smooth Kriminals were the prototype Magnetic Man, then...

MEET THE MEN BEHIND THE MAN

*They're a digital
supergroup, but who exactly
are the Magnetic amigos?*

BENGA

A two album veteran by the age of 21, Benga has been releasing records relentlessly since 2002 (when he was only 15). His big 'look at me' moment came in 2008 when the unshakeable synth hook of his 2008 collaboration with Coki from Digital Mystikz became the first dubstep track to be played on daytime Radio 1

SKREAM

The man behind the 'Let's Get Ravey' remix of La Roux's 'In For The Kill', Skream is considered a dubstep pioneer, and one of the first bona fide stars of the genre due to towering tracks like 'Midnight Request Line' and his regular Rinse FM show, the 'Stella Sessions' (recently renamed the 'Skream and Benga Sessions')

ARTWORK

The old man of the group, Artwork has been a busy remix man since his 2002 'Red' EP, doing his business on tracks by Cheryl Cole, Lady Gaga, Rihanna – and pretty much anyone claiming to be a super shiny pop star this decade – as one half of Moto Blanco. Weirdly, he was nominated for a Grammy in 2003 for his production work on Daniel Bedingfield's 'Gotta Get Thru This'

"Hahahaha! Imagine that!" he laughs, looking over at Artwork. "If you told him Smooth Kriminals was the basis for Magnetic Man he would pass himself laughing for about two days."

Artwork looks on with a wry grin. A decade or so older than the other two, he eschews the role of village elder. Instead, he's the most overcome with the recent shows at Reading and Leeds, which saw Magnetic Man play on the festival's hardest rocking day.

He recalls, with obvious fondness: "At Reading you've got the big rock crowd, and it was absolutely amazing to see them getting into what we were doing. We had Katy B come out and do 'I Need Air' and the place went berserk. We tore it down. It couldn't have gone much better, unless we were on the Main Stage."

Which is exactly where they intend to get. For Magnetic Man, it's all about momentum and ambition, but first, there's the small matter of the inevitable backlash, as dubstep headz shake their fists towards the sky, lamenting the 'death' of the genre. Skream is unperturbed:

"Pendulum had the same thing with drum 'n' bass – people don't get it when an underground act has... what's the word?" he ponders. "The inspiration to actually get out there and take it to a broader audience."

"Magnetic Man wasn't for the underground. The singles aren't dark, they're big crowd tracks. That's what we want for Magnetic Man."

Benga agrees: "I've played some of the best sets of my life in smaller venues, but I've always thought the whole

point was to play in front of thousands. You wanna make arena music, right?"

He says it with the conviction of a man intent on shunting dubstep into the mainstream. To look at how things stand, it's not that far off a prospect. 'Katy On A Mission', out through Rinse FM's label, carried London's premier dubstep station into new territories, while Rusko producing tracks for the likes of Rihanna and Britney Spears no longer sounds like a weird joke. In some ways, it makes sense for a sound that originally sought to soundtrack the city's darkest, gloomiest corners has progressed to infiltrate the open spaces, like a throbbing infestation.

With so much achieved in such a short space of time, will Magnetic Man be sad to see the back of such a remarkable summer?

"Nah, not at all," smiles Skream. "We've got so much to look forward to."

This then, is the beginning. With the eponymous debut album imminent, and the naysayers dismissed as irrelevant, their eyes are already on next summer and main stages.

Head to NME.COM for a video interview with the band

"THE TREE OF ARROGANCE..."

With a beautifully poetic album in the bag and ready to head out on the NME Radar Tour, Chapel Club have every right to feel big-headed about the future, says Mark Beaumont

The lights low, the air thick with incense, five musicians huddle in a circle beneath a swirling glitterball conjuring sonic sea-storms and words of classical import and poetic resonance. And all beneath the squinting glare of the man projected onto the studio wall, masturbating furiously into a salad.

"We had Chatroulette on the projector," says Chapel Club singer Lewis Bowman as their sessions recording their debut album in south London's Pool studios with producer Paul Epworth. "For a day or two it was the object of real fascination for us."

Did that have an effect on the record?

"Some," Lewis laughs. "It nearly didn't get made! HAHHA! You'd be in the live room and hear this burst of laughter and you'd look around and there'd be four people grouped around a laptop."

Bassist Liam Arklie leans forward and commits to tape one of only two utterances he'll make today: "You just try to get past all the cocks to see a pair of tits."

On paper NME Radar Tour co-headliners Chapel Club are the archetypal Band In Black: the latest major label cash-in on the never-ending Joy Division revival. With an advance rumoured to be the size of a gas giant and their vocals fed through Auto-Curtis, you'd imagine them curling out reverb-swamped subterranean noir rock like the back end of a human centipede behind Interpol, Editors and White Lies.

But on record and in person they're a dazzlingly alternative proposition. Their intense, introspective recording sessions are interspersed with random video chats with some of the globe's loudest and proudest self-abusers. Their 'tortured poet' singer grew up – distinctly un-tortured – on a musical diet of hip-hop, R&B and Motown rather than The Smiths, and hung out with Turkish gangsters and pill-popping dance bods. And their music is the last word on the whole Dour Division scene because a) it steps far beyond such blinkered influences to take in the broiling thunders of My Bloody Valentine, Kitchens Of Distinction, Echo & The Bunnymen, House Of Love, Cocteau Twins, Clearlake and Smog and b) it's not all that 'gloomy' at all, actually.

"I don't see us as being a dark band," argues Lewis. "In my head it's like light on water. It's this constantly moving play of light, it's very sensory. 'Surfacing' was dark because it's a hate song, but the album generally gives a sense that life is fucking difficult and complex. "There's a melancholia to it, but listen to the music. It's the contrast, the dark meeting the light. That's what life's about. Anyone that pegs us as 'gloomy' is missing half of what's there."

Dammit, and there was us ready to slap Lewis – an aspiring poet since the age of 11 and arguably the first man ever to deploy the word 'tessellate' in popular song – with the overlapped 'New Morrissey' tag...

"The way people see me and the way I actually think I am are two very different things," Lewis smirks. "I've always been seen as someone who's really confident and at ease, but I have massive insecurities. I'm like any human being, a forest of insecurities, but the biggest tree in the forest is the tree of arrogance and self-assurance and that's the one that bears the finest fruit."

That's such a Morrissey thing to say.

Lewis laughs. "I read interviews with Morrissey and I think we're probably fairly similar, but near the end of the path we diverge."

We meet Chapel Club, one suitably stormy afternoon, in the Shacklewell Arms, a mural-smothered Jamaican pub in Dalston where they played their first gig a year ago. CC were the first band ever to play the venue, keen to create their "own world" and make the CC live experience more interesting than the endless shit hole circuit.

"We walked in and went 'this place is fucking mind-blowing,'" smiles drummer Rich Mitchell.

"It was all these old people playing dominoes," says Mike Hibbert, ex-Hope Of The States guitarist and Chapel Club's musical fulcrum.

Back in September 2009, Mike had spent the three years since the split of HOTS "feeling sorry for myself, smoking shitloads of weed and starting to write songs that are Chapel Club songs now", and "grooming" the (then) 17-year-old Swindonite Liam to be in his band. Liam, Rich and guitarist Alex Parry had all been in

"I READ INTERVIEWS WITH MORRISSEY AND I THINK WE'RE FAIRLY SIMILAR"

LEWIS BOWMAN

local combos before but Lewis, recommended to Mike by a friend when he was hunting out a vocalist, was entirely new to band life, having spent his adolescence exploring other artistic avenues.

"I used to spend loads of time writing, 10 hours a day," he recalls. "I was into Byron when I was 14, I was writing all this rampant love poetry set in Italy and I'd never been. I've got it all still and it's really shocking."

"I'm very over-emotional but at the same time I come from southeast London and I would've laughed at the notion of being 'troubled'. I hung around with loads of Turkish kids whose dads were small-time gangsters, so I can handle myself. With the lyrics I keep it very personal and very specific because I want it to be true. If it's too vague and abstract then people read their own meanings into it. I don't trust people to do that. I haven't got enough faith in mankind."

Far from the isolated loner, Lewis was a DJ, promoter and Trash club regular while at university. "I booked Wild Beasts for their first London gig, which I'm proud of. I'd DJ and get fucked, I was big into pills and stuff – then there came a day where I went 'I love this music but I can't enjoy it anymore because someone's making this and I'm not, I'm just sat on my arse writing poems I don't even show to anyone!'"

Once he'd "lucked into" Chapel Club, though, it wasn't long before his star quality blazed through. He'd take many lyrics from his previously-written poetry – 'The Shore', for instance, with its sonorous depictions of lonely flower markets and desolate train rides, is one of several poems Lewis wrote on the Biblical theme of Jonah while also retelling a drug-blasted stagger home. "I'd been out on pills and ketamine for a weekend and I was walking home at 7am through Whitechapel with my girlfriend and I'd had the worst night, throwing up and stuff. [It's] this experience of being totally hungover on a comedown but being alive to the colour and light and beauty that's in the world."

By the time they played their fourth gig, the classic A&R dog-fight was underway. The band vehemently deny that they signed one of the biggest deals of last year (Rich: "We took creative control over loads of cash"), but there's no doubting they're about to release one of the most eagerly anticipated albums of this. Thanks to Paul Epworth's production techniques (see opposite), CC are following their 'Dream A Little

Dream'-quoting debut single 'Surfacing' and snappy pop banger 'O Maybe I' with the breezy Bunnymen anthem 'All The Eastern Girls', an album of cavernous guitar and finely turned lyrics, then a slot on the Emerge NME Radar Tour.

"It's exciting," Mike enthuses. "For us it'll be the first experience of doing a proper tour, we haven't had the chance to play with any other bands. We feel a bit lonely. We could do with some friends."

Only Bands With Something To Say need apply, mind. "I find it so frustrating when bands don't pay any attention to what their songs actually mean," Lewis jabbars. "Why would you do it? Why would you labour over something so long? Do instrumentals. Be Philip Glass. You can do it without lyrics, don't do bad shit. If you heard some of the lyrics that I come up with spontaneously when we're writing a song, that's what some bands put into their finished song."

He sighs. "It's such a wasted opportunity."

Chapel Club: not a band to let a chance for greatness pass by. On your knees...

Go to NME.COM for an exclusive acoustic track from Chapel Club. Next week, the band start the Emerge NME Radar Tour. For tickets and more info head to NME.COM/newmusic/tour/lineup



THE EPWORTH EFFECT

The legendary producer tells us how he worked his magic...

Paul: "The space I like to work in is a bit of a krautrock room if you like; an unorthodox studio without a live room or a control room, so it makes communication much easier with the band so we're able to pool our ideas together."

"Things happen very quickly, especially with the way [Chapel Club] play, the amount of noise they make with guitars, we were able to craft sounds and then actually hear what they're doing with a lot of detail. For them it felt like a very successful way of working: we recorded the album in 14 days."

"We tried to create an atmosphere that's inspiring to be in rather than looking at carpeted walls. If you get people excited about what they're doing, especially a band who've been out playing these songs for a period of time, the best thing you can do is get them excited by looking at the material they have in different ways. We'd deconstruct the songs and throw imagery at them to try to get them thinking about things from a different perspective. They're open-minded and imaginative enough that my cranky, slightly esoteric approach seemed to work."

...BEARS THE FINEST FRUIT"

REVIEWS

DEERHUNTER, SALEM, NO AGE

Edited by Emily Mackay



MARK RONSON & THE BUSINESS INTL

RECORD COLLECTION COLUMBIA

As well as a host of his famous buddies, his persecution complex in pop form is full of surprises – what's to hate?



There's nothing wrong with a bit of paranoia in pop music. Paranoia, with its heightened focus, self-lacerating application of stringent standards of personal excellence, and (often) attendant pharmaceutical intake, has given rise to some great albums. Off the top of the head, you could cite Abba's 'The Visitors' (imminent double-divorce paranoia), Talk Talk's 'The Colour Of Spring' and ABC's 'Beauty Stab' (sudden rejection of fame paranoia), Public Enemy's 'It Takes A Nation Of Millions To Hold Us Back' ('The Government is watching us' paranoia), Cypress Hill's first two albums (weed) and 'What's The Story?' Morning Glory?' (gak).

One wonders, though, what Mark Ronson, the man with the keys to the kingdom, has to be paranoid about. After his recent angst enema in these very pages, even the hardest-hearted Smiths fan should have been left

wanting to throw a matronly arm around his shoulders and assure him that it doesn't matter that he's minted because his stepdad was in Foreigner, it's actually quite cool. Nobody cares how well-connected you are now that you seem to have grasped that – on record at least – Ghostface Killah > Lily Allen. Heck, even 'Version' wasn't THAT bad. OK, you let Robbie Williams heave a giant steaming poop all over 'The Only One I Know', but we all make mistakes. Don't beat yourself up!

But, of course, we can't tell Mark Ronson – inward-looking, auto-despising, self-Googleing, paranoid Mark Ronson – how he should be feeling about his life and how the world perceives it any more than he can bitch to us about deadlines and word counts.

All we can do is kick back and enjoy the sound of one man fretting.

Whereas 'Version' was vaguely ridiculous in its 'anyone who is anyone is here' cast of thousands, this time Ronson has assembled an intriguingly motley band of indie types (Kyle Falconer from The View and ex-Pipette Rose Elinor Dougal contribute vocals, and there are writer credits for Jonathan Pierce from The Drums, Jake Shears, Dave McCabe of The Zutons, Kai Mystery Jets and Nick from Kaiser Chiefs), hip-hoppers (notably Ghostface Killah and Q-Tip – the world can do without Spank Rock and Theophilus London, whose contribution on 'Hey Boy' only goes to prove that he could walk into a sleepy Suffolk village pub and still not be confident of being the best rapper in the house) and '80s anachronisms (Simon Le Bon and Boy George). The end result, as one might expect, is a much more intimate and human (not to mention quite odd) record, with a good half-dozen slabs of high-efficiency, skewed pop with a late-'80s hip-hop undertow, and not a Stax-ish horn to be found anywhere. 'Bang Bang Bang' you will already know, and to be honest there's nothing else quite as good as that. There are pop jollies, though, to be found on the immeasurably summery 'The Bike Song', Falconer's contribution, and the unashamedly cheesy electro-pop of 'You Gave Me Nothing', which is surprisingly not the Jake Shears contribution given that it is positively dripping with the flavour of what Scissor Sisters can be when they are not trying to be funny. Also scoring high are the bustling miniature synth epic of 'Glass Mountain Trust', which features the honeyed vocals of D'Angelo and at no point gives the listener a clue as to what he is singing about or what a Glass Mountain Trust might be, and top of the shop, the quite remarkable glacial robo-funk of the title track (meaning that the

standout track, 'Bang Bang Bang' aside, is the one with Simon Le Bon on it. Which is not something you read in NME every day).

And so paranoia produces, if not a great album, a respectable transition from love-him-or-hate-him brass-toting berk into a genuine, bona fide pop maverick. And so what we're basically trying to say is that, well, Mark Ronson, you can stop

beating yourself up now. You're alright by us. *Pete Cashmore*

DOWNLOAD: 'Bang Bang Bang', 'Record Collection', 'Glass Mountain Trust'

Watch Mark Ronson's video guide to the album at NME.COM now

WHO'S WHO

MNDR
Technically just the lady-shaped half of MNDR stars on 'Record Collection', though Peter Wade usually joins Amanda Warner as part of NYC's most vital new digi-pop duo

SIMON LE BON
Frontman of '80s hairspray-powered pop juggernauts Duran Duran. The absurd seafaring video for 'Rio' coined the term 'yacht rock'. Ask yer dad

WILEY
Once best known for 'Wearing My Rolex', recently the godfather of grime's become famous for sacking his manager over Twitter, giving away over 200 new tracks and showing off his two ovens on Ustream

7

SWANS

MY FATHER WILL GUIDE ME UP A ROPE TO THE SKY

YOUNG GOD

'No Words/No Thoughts', the opening track of Swans' first LP in 14 years, is a charge into the valley of death; drums are a fusillade from either side, bells crash like broken spurs, oppressive roars of guitars are like rainclouds bursting overhead, mixing blood with mud. It, like the rest of this astonishing, febrile album, is confrontational and intense. Although Michael Gira's outfit might best be known for industrial clamour, 'My Father...' is spun from sinews of rich multi-instrumentalism. A hard flogging from heavily bowed violin is served in 'My Birth', 'You Fucking People Make Me Sick' opens with Gira's own daughter in a duet with Devendra Banhart, before a twisted breakdown into exploding aero engines and unhappy brass. 'Eden Prison' and 'Jim' are the Bad Seeds at the moment of finally losing their game of cards to the devil. Yet Swans' bleakness is beset with great beauty, black wings to another world. **Luke Turner**

DOWNLOAD: 'You Fucking People Make Me Sick'

ALOE BLACC

GOOD THINGS

STONES THROW

It's tempting to view Aloe Blacc's second album as a sort of period drama, decorated in the old-school sounds of a marked-off Marvin Gaye and the funky, feel-good emancipation provided by the likes of Donny Hathaway. There's something strikingly fresh and full of vim about Blacc's buttery-smooth delivery of songs loaded with hooks plenty enough to bring down a city of tenements. Much of this album, with its gritty street-level reportage of booze-alleviated dereliction and crooked politicians, feel so perfect for right now. To paraphrase Michelle from *Big Brother* (what do you mean you don't remember her? She returned on the BB finale, don'tcha know), good songs is good songs, right? And the ear-snagging 'Need A Dollar', sun-dazed licks and grooves of 'Good Things', the Velvet Underground-meets-Little Stevie of 'Femme Fatale' and tough wah-wah workout of 'Brother', all disguising Blacc's twisted picture of a hell-on-earth with his honeyed, luxuriant tones, are damn fine with us. **Chris Parkin**

DOWNLOAD: 'Need A Dollar'

GLASSER

RING

TRUE PANTHER SOUNDS

It's a shame 'witch house' is already taken, because, as a handle that suggests a potent, enchanting fusion of seductive gothic atmosphere with digital chill, it'd be better suited to the work of LA's Cameron Mesirow than the oppressive drag of Salem et al. The likes of the high-priestess menace of 'Apply', in which an lustuously aloof Mesirow admonishes, "If the walls were too thin/You would break right in", and the gently lurching 21st century spiritual of 'Glad', are, like fellow dark ladies Warpaint and Effi Briest, informed by bleak post-punk moods and tribal echoes. Here, though, they're cleansed in a crisp, modern starkness that's closer to Telepathe, Zola Jesus or Fever Ray. But, despite forbiddingly minimal song titles like 'I' and 'Plane Temp', Glasser's glowing debut offers more melodic and emotional consummation than almost any of her peers can muster, poised in a genuinely transcendent golden balance between the stern, the spacious and the gaudily sparkling. A very precious 'Ring' indeed. **Emily Mackay**

DOWNLOAD: 'Apply'

FACES TO NAMES...
What's the reviewers are doing this week



JOHN DORAN
"Been making a baby-gro for best friend's nipper that says SonO))) on the front instead of Sunn O))), and trying to persuade a hardcore band to re-record the classic Dead Kennedys track as 'Nazi Pope Fuck Off' to celebrate Ratzinger's visit."



ALEX DENNEY
"I've been realising that Elliott Smith was maybe the greatest emo who ever lived and admiring *Ultimate Big Brother* from afar. The Danny Dyer-esque Tree of Temptation game has been inspired this year, no? Anyone?"



PETE CASHMORE
"I've been listening to 'Merseycide' by Dick Limerick Academy, who prove that it's possible for a hip-hop group to have broad Scouse accents. Rikki Wiley is the most polite MC in the world."



DEERHUNTER

HALCYON DIGEST 4AD

Picking a path between Bradford Cox's dreamy solo work and their fierier moments with deft poise



Nostalgia isn't what it used to be, is it? With glo-fi's explosion we're suddenly awash with tender feelings for a past that never was, but deep down we know it's an artifice;

a lie cooked up in the sad chambers of the post-lapsarian human brain. Bradford Cox understands all this. He's even built an album around your pain; a sensual lament on "the way we write and rewrite and edit our memories to be a digest version of what we want to remember".

With Deerhunter and solo project Atlas Sound, the Atlanta, GA musician is fast inking pages on the American underground's latest great songbook. A death-obsessed outsider like Cocteau's Orpheus without the jawline, he makes pop abstractions of a fiercely introspective bent. Left to his own devices, Cox's looped FX can sometimes see him vanish completely in a kind of infinite, hall-of-mirrors regress. But if the 'shoegaze punk' of Deerhunter is traditionally his more straightforward outlet, fourth album 'Halcyon Digest' sees the boundaries between the two projects blur increasingly.

Gone is the explicit menace of 'Cryptograms' and the bluster of "Microcastle", replaced by hazy tracks like opener 'Earthquake', which slopes in on a crunching, lugubrious beat before unfolding as an epic number in Atlas Sound's compass-spinning vein. It's lush but not especially immediate, with more than a little of the ghost-choir feel of rocc's

'I'm Not In Love'. Meanwhile 'Sailing's' spindly ramble recalls Sparklehorse's freewheeling melancholy, and stand-out 'Helicopter' uses soft, splashy textures to create a rainbow panorama of electro-acoustic beauty, like mist suspended over a waterfall.

The punchier tracks are shorter and more unassuming than before, and the band sometimes feels a little too tethered to a kind of stilted indie freakbeat to fully flex its formidable powers. Not that we'll complain when it results in songs as beautifully restrained as single 'Revival', whose swinging, '80s pop sparkles like coins in a wishing well, with a lyric that draws disturbing lines between memory and religious feeling. 'Memory Boy' is similarly good, its Spectorite exuberance masking yet another lost-boy lyric from Cox ("Try to recognise your son/In your eyes, he's gone"), while guitarist Lockett Pundt steps in for vocal duties on 'Desire Lines' kraut-laced Roxy Music jam.

Finally 'He Would Have Laughed' finds Cox staring down the spectre of death, sounding by turns angry, sad and bewildered as he pays touching tribute to late friend Jay Reatard over a refractive acoustic loop: "With sweetness comes suffering/I won't rest 'til I can't breathe/I can't breathe with you looking at me".

For all its occasional lack of bite and drama, 'Halcyon Digest's' tender, transgressive pop proves a fine and focused addition to a uniquely haunting body of work. Cherish it like you would a phantom limb. **Alex Denney**

DOWNLOAD: 'Revival', 'Helicopter', 'Memory Boy'



SALEM

KING NIGHT IAMSOUND

Not for the faint-hearted, the grim soundscapes of the drag trio's debut find beauty in the bleak and black



'King Night' is sick. Not just in the sense that it's outstandingly good but in the fact that it seems extremely unwell. The skin of this album appears jaundiced, its flesh

infused with thrush and lungs filling with liquid. John I Holland, Heather Marlatt and Jack Donoghue, who have a murky past in hard drug abuse and prostitution, write about what they can see and how they feel refracted through the cracked prism of narcotics and sleep deprivation. Those who've been following Salem for the last year or two will no doubt be initially wrong-footed by their debut, which is a lot more dense and monolithic than the 'Yes I Smoke Crack' and 'Water' EPs and their killer mixtapes. However it rewards constant and obsessive replaying. The old favourite 'Redlights' flickers into existence once again, but this time given extra creeping urgency. Jack Donoghue's sickeningly chopped and screwed

rap ('Sick', 'Trapdoor') are oppressive and threatening, and owe a debt to the cough syrup stumble of Southern hip-hop as well as the frantic beats of juke. Indeed it takes the angelic (but morally blank) vocals of Heather Marlatt ('Frost', 'Traxx') to help balance this out alongside a celestial sound recalling the screengaze of Ulrich Schnauss and the shoegaze of Cocteau Twins. You can call this drag or witch house if you like but regardless of its genre tag this is monumental. As Professor Stephen Hawking said recently, God's fingerprints cannot be found in creation. Philosophy is dead. We live as we die, with no control and little understanding suspended in a void near the dying ember of some cataclysmic accident we have no hope of comprehending. But look on the bright side: what a majestic vantage point we've been given. If, like Salem, you can see glitter and beauty in the chaos then you really should join them. **John Doran**

9

DOWNLOAD: 'King Night', 'Frost', 'Redlights'

CRYSTAL FIGHTERS

STAR OF LOVE ZIRKULO



If it was possible to suspend your disbelief for the duration of 'Star Of Love's' descent into Balearic bombast, then you might be taken in by the

Argentinean party crew's oddly juxtaposed mission of simultaneously sounding like space-aged pioneers of danger-disco while being beach-side Lotharios. Sadly the reality behind their blueprint is less fighting aliens in spacestations and orgies on the beach; more Laser Quest down the Trocadero followed by a quick fingering in the bogs. With Delorean doing the same thing right now so much better, favouring Crystal Fighters would be like being handed an LCD Soundsystem record and chucking it to listen to Hadouken!. **Alex Hoban**

DOWNLOAD: 'I Love London'

4

NEON INDIAN

PSYCHIC CHASMS STATIC TONGUES



Of all the recent wave of chill, it's tempting to conclude that the only purveyors really worth keeping tabs on are Toro Y Moi and Neon Indian, whose debut album of last year gets an enhanced reissue here. Unlike many of his peers (but like Toro) Alan Palomo's winning way with a tune places him within spitting distance of chillwave's twin wellsprings, Ariel Pink and Daft Punk, applying warp factor suncream to soft rock, synthpop and disco with a liberal dose of chutzpah and charm. Of the plentiful bonus material on this reissue, the recent single 'Sleep Paralyt' is the true heartbreaker, while Toro Y Moi's choppy rework of 'Deadbeat Summer' is as good as it bloody well should be. **Joseph Stannard**

DOWNLOAD: 'Sleep Paralyt'

8

KEY NOTES

Best sleeve of the week



Glasser 'Ring'

Considering the stern nature of what's within, the cracked candy kaleidoscope debut is a cruelly beautiful decoy.

Worst sleeve of the week



Röyksopp 'Senior'

Look, Svein and Torbjørn, there's no point pretending you're in Sunn O)))... We know you're still peddling the same forgettable beigeiness as ever.

Best lyric of the week

"Riding the zephyrs/ While my nan plays the bingo... I really love my family/ They probably never planned me"

Tricky, 'Ghetto Stars'

Worst lyric of the week

"You didn't see me in Toronto/ When I first tried out some hash/ Smoked through a pen/ And I'd do it again/ But I didn't have the cash"

Neil Young, 'Hitchhiker'

REVIEWED NEXT WEEK...

• Carl Barat 'Carl Barat'
• Violens 'Amoral Static'
• Tinie Tempah 'Disc-Overy'

DD/MM/YYYY

BLACK SQUARE INVADA



'Lismer' - that's where it happens: the point where after seven tracks of wrestling with DD/MM/YYYY's blitzkrieg of bipolar time signature

experiments your mind emerges, albeit swollen and bruised, pulped by blows thrown from angles barely within comprehension. Here's where the Canadians truly take over, electronic shrieks offering the sharpest switch in aural assault yet. But, dear listener, it isn't their aim to bludgeon you towards a gooey end; this is a conversion mission and judging by the sense of clarification that greets each ensuing guitar spiral and percussive metamorphosis, new acolytes seem certain. Insanity has rarely felt more natural. **Simon Jay Catling**

DOWNLOAD: 'Real Eyes'

8

TRICKY

MIXED RACE DOMINO



He's a Knowle West boy when it suits, but Tricky's always been a global village citizen. His internal conflicts resulted in paranoid miasmas on an impending Y2K for 1996's 'Pre-Millennium Tension'. Nowadays, though, culture-clashing is *de rigueur*. So 'Kingston Logic' nods to Daft Punk and Tricky's current Paris occupancy, 'Murder Weapon' samples the 'Peter Gunn' theme for some slo-mo hip-hop, 'Hakim' rides an Eastern groove tailor-made for the opium den. It's only on 'Ghetto Stars' when that ominous whisper comes to the fore, that 'Mixed Race' excites, and a cascade of strings that don't so much make us yearn for past glories as wonder what Tricky thinks he has left to prove. **Jason Draper**

DOWNLOAD: 'Ghetto Stars'

6

DUNGEN

SKIT I ALLT SUBLIMINAL SOUNDS



In past years, there have been moments when it seemed like Swedish quartet Dungen might be elevated to genuine mainstream - OK, indie-mainstream - popularity. This despite the fact that seventh album 'Skit I Allt', like their others, is sung entirely in Swedish. They're clearly not aiming for a worldwide banker, but the seam they mine is creatively profitable and floridly engineered. It's perhaps best summed up by the transition between 'Högdalstoppen', a psychedelic freak-happening which closes with acridly smoking guitar, and the jazzy retro-pop splendour of the title track, which sounds like it could be the theme from a '70s Swedish soap. **Noel Gardner**

DOWNLOAD: 'Skit I Allt'

7

ROYKSOPP

SENIOR WALL OF SOUND



Oh dear. Röyksopp want to be taken seriously. Best described as a Nordic electronic We Are Scientists - funny, eccentric interviewees; purveyors of bright, balloon-light music of little consequence (but large sales) - Svein Berge and Torbjørn Brundtland suddenly feel compelled to get all introspective and existential. The wholly instrumental 'Senior' is the purportedly "dark", psychologically "distorted" flipside to their last pop album, 'Junior'. In truth, it's nothing of the sort. It toggles stylishly between ambient moods; equal parts Air, Kraftwerk, Scandinavian cosmic disco and Röyksopp's own 'Melody AM', but it carries zero threat. It is pleasant, and largely forgettable. **Tony Naylor**

DOWNLOAD: 'The Drug'

5



NO AGE EVERYTHING IN BETWEEN SUB POP

It's got weird ugly shit on it, but also some properly beautiful tunes – the new Pavement anyone?



L.A. duo No Age's on-disc evolution has been as linear as their actual music: well, hasn't. Highlights from scattered EPs comprised 2007's 'Weirdo Rippers'; scratched and imperfect. 'Nouns', issued the following year, was a comfy fit for new label Sub Pop, '90s indie-rock classicism that didn't scribble on the tunes.

And now? Chiefly, they have progressed in confidence, rather than accessibility or grandeur. No Age will never be legit superstars, but they have a keen and loyal fanbase, something cherishable in a year likely to be paradoxically remembered for forgettable chancers. Thus, they have made the record they want: ugly and beautiful clashing until it's a mystery which is which. Opener 'Life Prowler' prods you with a single, stuck-needle drumbeat and spirits you away

atop an effects pedal setting which cheaply, and excellently, imitates a full string section. Randy Randall's acreage of pedals are crucial to the impact of 'Everything...'; the corking 'Fever Dreaming' bursts out at Wipers-style speed but is overlaid with Kevin Shields-worthy scree. The most tuneful moment – 'Common Heat' – is placed next to the least, the melody-free muck of 'Skinned'. You never know what to expect next – until you realise you've absorbed the album's jags and contours, that is. No Age's sonic trajectory thus far bears strong resemblance to alt-rock legends Pavement. Leading off with legit lo-fi bangers, proving you can write proper tunes before exercising their right to be weird and cranky: 'Everything In Between' is No Age's 'Wowee Zowee', and there's nothing wrong with that at all. **Noel Gardner**

7

DOWNLOAD: 'Fever Dreaming', 'Common Heat', 'Life Prowler'

NEIL YOUNG LE NOISE REPRISE



Daniel Lanois' sonic burble trick-switch may well have worked many times on The Edge's pedal-frazzled guitar lines, but the beauty of Neil Young's primal proto-grunge is its relentless, simplistic chug. That was well to the fore when Young debuted some of these songs on his well-received Twisted Road tour this summer but, in the studio, producer Lanois has removed their urgency almost completely. On what could have been his most fired-up album in years, Young ends up smothered by unconvincing soundscapes on all but two acoustic tunes that stand out by virtue of actually not sounding like a hurricane. **Jason Draper**

DOWNLOAD: 'Peaceful Valley Boulevard'

4

SHIT ROBOT FROM THE CRADLE TO THE RAVE DFA



Marcus Lambkin seems to have a thing for awful names and even worse puns. Luckily for us, as Shit Robot, his ability to craft sublime slices of electro house and muscular techno pop trumps everything else about him. Given its unashamed '80s synth worship mixed with irresistible dance grooves and a cast of familiar vocalists (James Murphy, Hot Chip's Alexis Taylor and Juan MacLean), it even feels like this and not LCD Soundsystem's 'This Is Happening' is the key DFA release of 2010. One of many standouts is 'Take Em Up 2', featuring Nancy Whang summoning the spirit of St Etienne and Juan MacLean's 'Happy House'. **John Doran**

DOWNLOAD: 'Triumph'

8

THE RIDER What we're reading and observing



Book Music

The unimaginative title notwithstanding, this coffee table book features portraits of Brandon, Iggy, Ozzy and other musical types famous enough to pretend they haven't got a surname, along with probing interviews to accompany the shots.



Event

Bug 21: The Evolution Of Music Video
BBC 6Music chap and all-round funnyman Adam Buxton heads to the BFI in London on September 24 to lay forth his own inimitable take on the follies of the music video. Obviously we can't wait to see what he makes of the clip for 'Radioactive'...



Deadmau5 has been busy creating these new T-shirts. Go to www.Deadmau5.com to buy one or win one for zero pennies at NME.COM/win

SINGLES This week reviewed by PAUL SMITH (Maximo Park)



CAITLIN ROSE SHANGHAI CIGARETTES NAMES



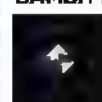
Thanks to her demure Nashville-esque harmonies, Zoëy Deschanel soundalike Caitlin Rose is at odds with much of the current pop landscape, which is rather a good thing in my book. The bold country-pop of the awesome Neko Case is always going to overshadow any of these kind of singers for me. However, there's enough widdly, Mark Knopfler-esque guitar to stir up the ghost of ace Stax session-man Steve Cropper's whammy bar. Breezy.

MIA IT TAKES A MUSCLE XL



Pop reggae: it's a musical minefield. Atomic Kitten's 'The Tide Is High' proved they weren't, in fact, budding Lee 'Scratch' Perrys (and I had such high hopes), but MIA sidesteps exploding egg-in-face by having some unadulterated fun within this tricky genre. Daft, high-pitched, pitch-shifted vocals and some naughty synth-trumpet reveal an unexpectedly light touch. Top-ranking.

TOKYO POLICE CLUB BAMBI MEMPHIS INDUSTRIES



It's a bit like a Milky Way chocolate bar, this one. It leaves me wanting more. But not more Milky Way. It makes me wish I'd just plumped for a Boost. Insubstantial.

SPECTRALS PEPPERMINT MOSH MOSHI



Retro reverberations on this chirpy slice of twang. I can't help feeling the current trend for all things Spector has reached saturation point, but I'm awarding bonus points for the hint of New Jersey's Real Estate lurking beneath the overt Duane Eddyisms. Well-meaning.

I BLAME COCO QUICKER ISLAND



Production-line pop with the husky pipes of a pop progeny. It's got spangly Johnny Hates Jazz synths, vaguely house-y pianos and all the sonic hallmarks of a Kylie tune, but the androgynous vocals add an air of edgy new-romanticism to this predictable fare. Thrilling talk of "devouring my skin" is undermined by the clunky reference to an "old-horse town". Whoa! What does it mean? Still, her Sting impersonation's a bit better than mine (and mine takes some beating). Cheekbones.

DINOSAUR PILE-UP MONA LISA FRIENDS VS RECORDS



When this song starts, it's going one of two ways: Sebadoh or Ash. It ends up being the latter path, which could be worse, but, let's be honest, could be a lot better. Mind you, it's hookier than a hatstand and even though they seem to be English, it reeks of lumberjack shirts and Seattle in 1993. Curiously, it reminds me of bands where the drummer sings, such as China Drum (ask your indie dad). Workmanlike.

LIVE

END OF THE ROAD, LES SAVY FAV, THE POPI GROUP
Edited by Emily Mackay



EMINEM

YANKEE STADIUM, NEW YORK MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 13

Even post-'Recovery', his co-headline slot with Jay-Z feels out of touch

Something about Eminem's recent career resurgence doesn't feel right. Maybe it's the fact that, in those missing years between 2004's faux-swansong 'Encore' and now, mainstream American hip-hop has changed. There are major label artists embracing sensitive emotions, sensuality and oddball personality ties. The info-flooded internet culture has encouraged this shift a bit, and it's something that Eminem's mostly missed out on.

He's still one of music's biggest stars, evinced by the larger-than-large crowd for his and Jay-Z's co-headlining bow at New York's rebuilt Yankee Stadium – but he's out of touch with popular music and culture, and it shows. The scrappy stage design and images

seemingly celebrating white trash culture (trailer parks, tramp stamps, skull logos – you get the idea) feel less 'real' than they feel like they're shamelessly reaching towards a personal brand. While we're at it, consider the two stars' onstage guests: Jay-Z brings along the cream of the pop crop, including Kanye West, Beyoncé, Drake and Chris Martin. Em, on the other hand, brings a critically bankrupt former superstar (50 Cent), his equally irrelevant posse (G-Unit), Eminem's own vanished-off-the-map crew (D12) and a studio-recalcitrant production legend who barely made it through his own best-known songs (Dr Dre, I'm sorry – it hurts me too).

The crowd cheers on, but a quick look around suggests that few people actually *feel* Eminem's gargantuan

32-song set, which leans on his more emotionally naked material while foregoing the murderously playful career cuts that helped him to fame.

To blame time's passing for this mediocre-at-best performance would be ignoring the true problem: Eminem just isn't as good as he used to be. Whereas Jay-Z delivers his verses with breathless energy, Em frequently sounds winded and choppy, relying on no-name hypemen to pick up his slack. Doesn't help, either, that the music itself blares synthetically with ugly force, drowning out even the most nuanced vocal ties. There's a live band onstage, but whatever they're doing (or not doing) pairs ironically well with Eminem's show tonight: a lot of blather and bombast, but with little else to make it interesting. *Larry Fitzmaurice*



LES SAVY FAV

CARGO, LONDON FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 10

Don't be distracted by the tiny yellow pants: this is one mightily entertaining sonic party

Let's talk about New York indie-rock. The casual observer might think it's merely for the po-faced. Thankfully, Les Savy Fav stand apart from overly

austere NYC contemporaries by virtue of their spontaneity and free-spirited sense of fun.

Sure, after you've seen LSF once, you're prepared for any future gig. The established template for their shows run thus: fat, sweaty man gets half-naked; fat, sweaty man jumps into the crowd, gut-first; audience members rub said fat, sweaty man's belly like a bowl full of jelly. But what does that matter when in frontman Tim Harrington, you have an entertainer, musical visionary, distinctive vocalist and fat, sweaty man all rolled into one, or when, in his talented bandmates, you have one of the most exciting prospects in the post-rock revivalist movement?

Barely half of opener 'Appetites' has elapsed before a head-banging Harrington has shed the orange mohair poncho he's had draped over his balding head as a makeshift rug, leaving him in just a pair of yellow Y-fronts. Har Mar Superstar: consider yourself owned.

Come second track 'Patty Lee', Harrington has waded through the crowd to the adjacent bar, where city workers must watch bemusedly

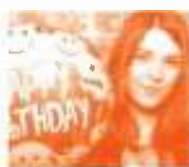
as our hero, clad just in those yellow pants, screams demonically into his mic and puts out candles on romantically lit tables – with his tongue. Tasty.

'What Would Wolves Do?' restores some order, in that Harrington has found his way back onstage and donned trousers and a T-shirt emblazoned with the words 'Pony Boy'. Lest a conventional rock show should break out, he makes a fresh break for freedom. This time he spots Suzanne (see left) celebrating at the bar and sings the baffled young lady a rendition of 'Happy Birthday'.

A pummel through 'Raging In The Plague Age' draws the night's loudest roar, but it's encore 'Sleepless In Silverlake', off new album 'Root For Ruin', that proves just how far the five-piece have progressed sonically in their 15 years.

One thing will never change, though: LSF are still as sublime and ridiculous as ever. *Ash Dosanjh*

THE VIEW FROM THE CROWD



Suzanne, 23, Finchley

"I was confused when that guy came over and sang 'Happy Birthday' to me. I just thought, 'Who is this fat man singing to me?' But then I recognised some of the band's songs. I'm not sure it's the best birthday treat I've ever had, but it's the best weirdness I've ever had. Having some big ginger guy singing to me is definitely something to remember. I'll be dreaming of him. That body!"

WHAT'S ON YOUR RIDER?

Pulled Apart By Horses



- 2 x case of quality lager
- 1 x case cider
- 1 x bottle of whiskey
- 1 x bottle of red wine
- 1 x bottle of lemonade
- 1 x case water
- 4 x towels
- sandwich making materials (bread, baps, butter, sliced meats, cheese, tomatoes, lettuce)
- selection of crisps & chocolate
- selection of Fruit
- coffee/tea making facilities
- 4 cartons of fruit juice/smoothies
- Coca-Cola
- Red Bull
- hot meals for six people or buyout of £10 per head

(PLEASE NOTE: one member suffers from a nut allergy and one member is vegetarian)

THE POP GROUP

RELENTLESS GARAGE, LONDON

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11

All the TV screens that usually advertise upcoming acts at Relentless Garage have been hijacked. A video loop shows the logos of terrorist groups like ETA, the Red Brigade and the National Front, and then contrasts these images with the logos of familiar corporate brands. Onstage, an impossibly tall and bulky Mark Stewart marshals The Pop Group – never was a band so inappropriately named – through the a super-charged mash-up of 'We Are Time'. Needless to say, we have slipped through a crack in the fabric of time. The Pop Group have returned from a 30-year hiatus leaner, meaner and on superlative form.

With Bruce Smith's pounding fury of percussion and drums locked into the pulsating dub bass, and Gareth Sager's scratchy guitar interventions, The Pop Group are grown up. With the chaotic noise squalls of yesteryear disciplined into succinct, dub-heavy songs, it's like '80s post-punk (in the true sense of the word) never went away.

And the songs still break your backbone. 'She Is Beyond Good And Evil' is a super-funky précis of ancient German philosophy. 'We Are All Prostitutes', played twice tonight, takes on an ironic ring as a comment on the moribund music industry. Most of all, 'Forces Of Oppression' updates early-'80s anti-Conservative agit-prop politics, and shows some things never change. Truly, the godfathers of Bristol's many interlocked, multi-hued scenes are back. *Dele Fadele*

SKY LARKIN

CAPTAIN'S REST, GLASGOW

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15

So this next song is the title track to our second album," announces Katie Harkin. "Which is a very cool thing to be able to say, actually!" She's not wrong: in the current climate, it's increasingly rare for bands like Sky Larkin to last this long. The Leeds trio have been together since 2005, but as a band they're still noisily finding their feet, figuring out what ought to be kept and what has to be jettisoned. And they're getting better all the time. Opener 'Summit' is all square-peg Sleater-Kinney riffs held together by a thrusting post-punk bassline that puts the song on a rail and drives it to where it's going, while new tracks 'Anjelica Huston' and 'Still Windmills' sound like ideas solidified. Indeed, if only their lyrics contained more free-association nonsense, we'd liken them to a grrrl-ier version of DC math-rockers Q And Not U. It's rough-edged, the sound isn't great, but while Sky Larkin remain a work in progress, they're one that's looking and sounding ever-more promising. *Barry Nicolson*



CITAY

TIGERTRAP PRESENTS @ BULL & GATE, LONDON

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14

There's a certain not-unpleasant torpor one associates with West Coast psych, and equally a laid-back easiness that you feel when you think of American roots music.

Part of what makes charming San Fran rabble Citay such thrillers is that they combine the two with such wired energy. Their cunningly structured songs, powered by the twin engines of a three-guitar wall and the formidable lungs of singer Meryl Press, shift between space-cadet passages of lysergic reverb and driven frenzies, but feel organic rather than, as they're often called, proggy. They open with the title track of this year's 'Dream Get Together', a thick, bouncy, rollicking number that sees shapes a-pulled, particularly from former Fucking Champ Tim Green. The spikily dueling lead guitars of 'Nice Cuffs', too, are bounced free from from prog preciousness by solid, low-slung grooves. Yes, we said grooves. On 'Mirror Kisses', Press' astonishingly clear, powerful vocal is given full belt, but just as you think she's giving in to her inner Grace Slick a little too much, a mass of doomy guitar avalanches around her. Frontman Ezra Feinberg politely asks the crowd if they've any requests. "Freebird!" some humourist inevitably yells, and although Feinberg looks less than amused, you have to admit there is little bit of psych Skynyrd at work in 'First Fantasy'. 'Former Child' brings things to a crashing close with heavier, Black Mountain-esque intent. Heads are rolled, nodded, upper torsos are rocked as at a séance, and wigs are decisively outed on a hot Citay night. *Emily Mackay*

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Clockwise from main pic: The Felice Brothers, Black Mountain, Wilco's Jeff Tweedy, Yo La Tengo's Ira Kaplan, Edwyn Collins



END OF THE ROAD FESTIVAL

LARMER TREE GARDENS, DORSET SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10 – SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 12

Facial hair, fantastic music and no stupid costumes. Now that's how to end the festival season

Ah, the last major festival of the year: hordes of weekend ravers in fancy dress carrying Baby Gap-clad infants in ear protectors. But enough about Bestival...

If that event is considered by many a fitting climax to the live outdoor season, End Of The Road is its polar opposite – a throwback to when the music took centre stage rather than merely providing a backdrop to the chattering idiots pretending they're edgy.

Now in its fifth year, End Of The Road is anything but edgy. And there's no fancy dress either, unless the theme is beards, sported by about 60 per cent of the crowd and 99 per cent of the bands. Cate Le Bon may not have a beard, but she is nonetheless a perfect fit for EOTR, her lovely Welsh lilt drifting

over the stately surroundings of the Garden Stage. Listen to her words, though, and the scene is less tranquil, with an unsettling undercurrent in the likes of 'Terror Of The Man' which keeps her set from straying into blandly nice territory. No such luck for **Freelance Whales**, who look like geology students playing at being Arcade Fire and who are so unremarkably nice that the crowd are settling down for a nap until the excellent 'Generator' 'Second Floor' shakes them awake. Edwyn Collins

There's definitely no fancy dress here. Unless the theme is beards

is also, for obvious reasons, a little restrained – but even without the guests who helped make 'Losing Sleep' an album of the year contender, he has the hefty crowd on side well before airing Orange Juice classics 'Rip It Up' and 'Falling And Laughing'; inevitably, the place goes mental when he does. **Black Mountain** also rip things up, but rather than rousing pop anthems, their major weapon is gigantic riffs. It's a shame, then, that their set is just not loud enough to do justice to such behemoths. There's no problem with the volume for

Yo La Tengo's Saturday night headline slot, but we could do without quite so many 10-minute celebrations of

Ira Kaplan's ability to wrestle with feedback. At times, when the squall clears and songs emerge, it's breathtaking – but for a band with so many indie-pop classics in their canon, it's a wasted opportunity.

At the more country-tinged end of the spectrum, **Phosphorescent** are stunning, with the closing 'Los Angeles' a thing of wonder. **The Felice Brothers**, meanwhile, sit at the more raucous end of things, kind of like Black Lips if they'd been brought up on Gram Parsons rather than The Stooges.

It all ends with **Wilco**, a group who could well be contenders for a Best Live Band On The Planet award right now, offering the perfect blend of melody and noise, virtuosity and songcraft. Who needs fancy dress when you've got songs this good? **Marc McLaren**



ON THE ROAD WITH GIGGS

Amid talk of trouble at gigs and hassle from the Met Police, Peckham's son takes NME on a cognac-bashing trip to the Isle Of Wight

KING'S COLLEGE LONDON STUDENT UNION, LONDON

THURSDAY SEPTEMBER 9

"Are you rolling with us?" An imposing figure in a blue hoodie outstretches his hand by means of introduction. Then a disarming smile spreads across Giggs's face, his question sharpening into a challenge, "Can you handle it, though?"

Tonight is Giggs' first proper London gig, his previous dates having been cancelled by the Metropolitan Police's Operation Trident, ostensibly over fears for public safety. It's no real surprise, then, that just getting into King's College London Student Union is a bit like trying to ease your way through Heathrow, only with considerably less customer service skills: bags are upturned into black trays and turn-ups are probed accusingly. It causes a backlog as an impatient queue stretches far down the cloistered London street.

Backstage, in a bare, strip-lit dressing room Giggs pours *NME* a Courvoisier. Even the dash of Red Bull isn't enough to mask the heat, and paranoid ears might detect the sound of mocking laughter somewhere in the room. Although the Peckham contingent is clearly present (20 guys and counting) Giggs quietly admits that he's feeling a bit, you know, nervous. "I don't know why. I've never played London before because of the police. Now I think they're coming from a different angle: let it go on and see if something bad will happen." Do you reckon they don't want you to succeed? "Course they don't. I give the kids too much hope."

With that he melts back into the ranks of his entourage, now smoking in a dark alley outside. Two members, Killer and Nuts, are tying bandanas around their faces and affecting menacing stances for the camera. "It's a black bandana. It's Peckham," Giggs explains. An ex-bodyguard called Ian with a tiny tattoo of SN1 – the name of Giggs' clothing label and/or a reference to the infamous gang – is hanging about, an even bigger tattoo of a skull decorating his shaved head. Can *NME* handle it? We don't even know anymore, and now the cognac's gone.

Onstage, Giggs' nerves evaporate in the glare of an enthusiastic home crowd, his boys filtering onstage during 'Hustle On', one wearing his bandana like an old lady might, but who'd mention that out loud? There's even



a cameo from '90s R&B starlet Shola Ama, which may or may not explain the woman in Saturday night clobber leaning against a speaker down front, tears in her eyes. As the show finishes with the guttural synths of 'Talking The Hardest', SN1 merch is thrown offstage and it becomes clear that the show has gone off without trouble. More than that, it's a flagrant success. A more pronounced middle finger to the Metropolitan Police is hard to imagine.

BESTIVAL, ISLE OF WIGHT

FRIDAY SEPTEMBER 10

Early the next morning and the ride to Bestival begins, like all great trips, at Peckham Morrisons. Before we're even on the motorway the air in the car is thick with Rick Ross and industrial-strength ganja. Between rapping along to bars of 'Summer's Mine', Giggs ruminates about performing. "I get in a different zone, like a spiritual zone. Obviously, a lot of the music is painful, you know what I'm saying? Most of the stories are emotional. When everyone else is feeling it as well it's really powerful."

Arriving at the ferry terminal with 20 minutes to spare, Giggs leaps from the car and disappears for roughly 15 of them. "My sandwich is in the oven!" he calls from Costa Coffee as we watch the

gates close painfully, irrevocably slowly.

The tour manager, Naylor, looks distraught, the silence in the car pierced by a barista requesting a photo, Giggs obliging with the elegance of a man with a full stomach. One woman remains resolutely unstarstruck. "I don't know who he is. I don't like rapping anyway, it's just talking to music." She slinks off as we finally board – the 1pm ferry was running 20 minutes late.

"You know why it's called yac?" asks Giggs, setting down a dozen or so Courvoisier miniatures onto the plastic table. "Because it's con-yac!" Fellow passengers look unsure what to make of it all, particularly when Giggs' crew catch a couple going to the women's toilet together, presumably for some distinctly unglamorous sex. When one runs after them, the rest of the boys go into uproar. "Woah, come out! There could be an old woman in there. She sees you with your hood up and she'll think you're the grim reaper!"

Once on an overcast, already

heaving Bestival site the first stop is the stage where Giggs will be performing in roughly 50 minutes; an alien set-up that looks part Giger bio-mechanical horror, part oversized fairground installation. "It's sick! I can't wait to get up there!" exclaims Giggs, as we walk through the site, soaking up the unhinged atmosphere. "This whole festival is crazy man." But before we can get sucked into the abyss, Naylor is shepherding us back to the green room.

Now the crowd, a trickle of gurning faces propped up by Barbour jackets half an hour before, has swollen to take up a good section of the field. Close to the front is a girl in an SN1 T-shirt, sitting atop the shoulders of her boyfriend. Onstage, Giggs is working the crowd, "I'm a breast man" he spits in 'Look What The Cat Dragged In', "but I rate arses", the crowd yelps back. By 'Get Your Money Up', they've burst through the barrier and a few are hanging onto the lip of the stage. "Hands up who's smoking a spliff?" commands Giggs, and nearly everyone within earshot shoots their hands northwards.

Forty minutes later Giggs is posing for photos with a throng of fans. Girls caked in make-up and day-two dirt paw at his diamond SN1 pendant and guys manly-shake his hand. A group of overexcited friends can't seem to stop themselves shaking, words becoming just filler between exclamation marks. "There's just no-one like Giggs!!! He's soooo amazing!!!! Don't tell me you wouldn't do him right now?!!!" Nino, the eldest of Giggs' crew, looks on proudly. "I want my boy to go as far as he can because he deserves it."

When his manager finally prides him away from the still dense crowd he's visibly buzzing. "It's like they came from under the ground or something! Nuts, nuts. I always like to show love to the fans, we're all the same innit, no-one's a star." A few minutes later, *NME* is so battered that we have to be physically hauled into a car by Giggs. "Enjoy yourself?" he asks, then a flash of that smile, "it's just normal for me..." Louise Brailey

VIEW FROM THE CREW



Naylor Harrington, tour manager.

"We're on a journey, and being part of it is exciting. I get a little buzz out of it when he's onstage. At Bestival I was a bit worried to begin with because we couldn't have been further from the Main Stage, but when I popped onstage to check the mics I could just see people coming towards us. I thought, 'This is going to be good!'"



London, Thursday, 6pm
Security line up out the front of KCSU



London, Thursday, 7pm
Backstage at KCSU, with two members of Giggs' entourage repping Peckham colour.



London, Thursday, 7pm
...while another member rocks a (gramatically incorrect) 5N1 top



London, Thursday, 9pm
showtime, and the camera phones go up



London, Thursday, 9.15pm
Giggs literally has the audience in the palm of his hand



Peckham, Friday, 10am
Giggs selecting the next album to play in the people carrier



Isle Of Wight, Friday, 3pm
The Bestival crowd (note how they've busted the barrier down)



Between Portsmouth and Isle Of Wight, Friday, 1.45pm
Giggs pours NME a Courvoisier on the ferry



Isle Of Wight, Friday, 2.55pm
Nino (one of Giggs' close Peckham crew) and tour manager Naylor flank Giggs as he walks to the stage



Isle Of Wight, Friday, 3.20pm
Guy in a tiger outfit clings onto the edge of the stage. Only at Bestival



Isle Of Wight, Friday, 6pm
Some admirers greet Giggs after his set

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Me and my band mates are what you could call 'squares' and it's not good for our image. How can we stick it to The Man, without breaking the law?
Want To Be Cool, London

So you want to project an air of youthful rebellion, while not doing anything that might be considered rebellious? Well, you could take a leaf out of The Libertines' book and circumnavigate the issue of legality by simply carrying out a load of crimes against each other and then not pressing charges. Perhaps you might even murder your drummer. That'll certainly get you noticed, although your rhythm section is likely to suffer for a while. *Uncle Pete*

BAD COMPARISON

In a recent review of my band on a blog, we were compared to Scouting For Girls – how can we begin to deal with this setback?
Devastated, Birmingham

It's quite simple, Devastated – you just have to remind yourself that bloggers are not proper journalists, their opinions are completely meaningless, and anybody who writes a blog does so because of their basic lack of writing ability preventing them from getting an actual paid journalism gig. Indeed, any criticism from a blogger should be taken as a compliment, so entirely cretinous and redundant their opinions uniformly are. Insults to the usual address, please! *Uncle Pete*

WE GOT BOTTLED

I having been bottled offstage during a gig, my bandmates and I are struggling to overcome the trauma. Any tips for how to get back on the horse?
Scared Stiff, Warwick

What horse? You take a horse to gigs? Ah, right, I get it, it's a metaphorical horse. Well, in a way, you have actually answered your own question via the gift of metaphor – you should take a horse onstage, and that way people will be much less likely to throw bottles at you. Because, although people will happily hurl stuff at a rubbish band, they are much less likely to throw things at a defenceless animal. *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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GIG GUIDE

THE UK'S BIGGEST GUIDE TO THE WEEK AHEAD

Edited by Laura Snapes

BOOKING NOW



DEERHUNTER

STARTS: Dublin Button Factory, March 25, 2011

DON'T MISS

At ATP New York last September, Deerhunter's Bradford Cox announced that they were going on hiatus, and said the show would be their last "for a long time". The dreaded H-word sent chills down the spines of jilted Sleater-Kinney and At The Drive-In fans the world over, petrified that the Atlanta quartet might slip away into solo projects and never return. Luckily, though, no panic was necessary – Bradford, Moses, Josh and Lockett reconvened to make the gorgeous 'Halcyon Digest'. Their live shows aren't quite so silky, though – kaleidoscopes of sound become jagged fractals, and gently swirling loops morph into vicious helixes as Bradford looms over proceedings. Watching them deconstruct 'Halcyon Digest' is going to be phenomenal. NME.COM/artists/deerhunter



OH NO ONO

STARTS: London
Madame Jojo's, Oct 12
Prog-poppers play two rare UK dates before heading off to Iceland Airwaves. NME.COM/artists/oh-no-ono



ANAIIS MITCHELL

STARTS: London N8
King's Head, Oct 15
Bon Iver collaborator Anais brings 'Hometown' to Crouch End and beyond. NME.COM/artists/anais-mitchell



WAVVES

STARTS: Glasgow
Arches, Nov 8
There's no chance of any bust-ups on this tour – Nathan's a lean, mean touring machine these days. NME.COM/artists/wavves



DEFTONES

STARTS: O2 Academy
Glasgow, Nov 12
'Diamond Eyes' will have been out ages by November, so you'll be word-perfect. NME.COM/artists/deftones



GORILLAZ

STARTS: The O2,
Dublin, Nov 12
Guests announced! De La Soul, Bobby Womack, Mark E Smith, Kano, Little Dragon and more! Hope they've got a big tourbus... NME.COM/artists/gorillaz



MARNIE STERN

STARTS: Nottingham
Bodega, Nov 18
Our favourite shredder returns for a headline jaunt in support of her gorgeously bittersweet third album. NME.COM/artists/marnie-stern



FIELD MUSIC

STARTS: London KOKO,
Nov 23
The brothers Brewis play their biggest UK show ever, in support of top-notch double album 'Measure'. NME.COM/artists/field-music



BELLE & SEBASTIAN

STARTS: Belfast Ulster
Hall, Dec 1
The band follow the release of new LP 'Write About Love' with a string of shows. NME.COM/artists/belle-and-sebastian



THE COURTEENERS

STARTS: O2 Academy
Leicester, Dec 4
Liam Fray's promised that these gigs will be responsible for a few work sickies. Bosses of England, you have been warned. NME.COM/artists/the-courteeners



KINGS OF LEON

STARTS: Manchester
Evening News Arena,
Dec 13
They're a long way from Tennessee now, as the band embark on this long-sold out arena tour in support of 'Come Around Sundown'. NME.COM/artists/kings-of-leon



PHILIP SELWAY

STARTS: London Union
Chapel, Dec 16
After a series of spectacular September dates, Radiohead's stick-botherer headlines label Bella Union's Christmas show at the Union Chapel. nme.com/artists/philip-selway



KYLIE

STARTS: Glasgow
SECC, March 28
Pervy dads and pop fiends of the world rejoice: Kylie is back! And, in a fit of fairness, she's axed all those pesky booking fees for her tour. NME.COM/artists/kylie-minogue

PICK of the WEEK

What to see this week? Let us help



EMERGE NME RADAR TOUR

STARTS: O2 Academy 2 Birmingham, September 27

NME
PICK

If April's NME Radar Tour was a poppy affair – thanks to Everything Everything, Hurts and Darwin Deez – then our autumn jaunt promises a far darker deal. Headlining are The Joy Formidable, DIY Welsh types with a line in brooding, colossal riffery, who have just been signed by the chap responsible for giving the world the likes of The Strokes and Kings Of Leon. They're joined by dark new posterboys Chapel Club, and Flats, who are giving 21st century punk a much-needed kick up the tailpipe with spite-laden bile. Bristolian synth-peddlers Wilder join the carnage in Norwich, Cardiff and London. You can read all about their tour exploits on NME.COM/blogs, but why not witness the fury of music's brightest four hopes first-hand? NME.COM/artists/newmusic



Everyone's Talking About GRINDERMAN
STARTS: London Garage, September 23
Priapic, posturing and quite possibly near-perfect, Nick Cave and his fellow filthbags' second album hasn't so much tickled our fancy as frantically dry-humped it, blown its load all over our ears and left us gasping for more. So gird your loins, don your finest Olympian garb and get down to Grinderman. NME.COM/artists/grinderman



Don't Miss WHALE WATCHING TOUR
STARTS: London Barbican, September 27
The Icelandic Bedroom Community is a group of classical musicians, consisting of Grizzly Bear and Antony collaborator Nico Muhly, Valgeir Sigurðsson – who's worked with Wildbirds & Peacedrums – Ben Frost and Sam Amidon. They convene to make a gloriously dark, moving cacophony. NME.COM/artists/sam-amidon



Radar Star ISLET
STARTS: Winchester Railway Inn, September 24
Wimpy! We've no idea what that means, but it's the appropriately jubilant-sounding title of Islet's second mini album (it's a corker). Don't expect their gigs to sound much like the record though, as live, they break their songs into bits, pick 'em up, and dash around with them while yelping. They are the future. Believe. NME.COM/artists/islet

GIG GUIDE KEY:

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

WEDNESDAY

September 22

ABERDEEN

Mark Morris The Tunnels
01224 211121

BATH

Robin Trower Komedia
0845 293 8480

Young Gums Moles 01225 404445

BIRMINGHAM

Pete Molinari Glee Club
0870 241 5093

Tommy Reilly Rainbow 0121 772 8174

BRIGHTON

Fyfe Dangerfield Komedia

01273 647100
Musée Mecanique Prince Albert
01273 730499

Old Crow Medicine Show Komedia

01273 647100
Plants And Animals/Curly Hair
Coalition 01273726858
Sunday Girl The Hope 01273 723 568

BRISTOL

Electric Eel Shock Louisiana
0117 926 5978

The Moody Blues Hippodrome

0117 929 9444
Shadows Chasing Ghosts Croft
0117 987 4144

The Trickbabies Prom 0117 942 7319

Willy Mason Thekla 08713 100000

CAMBRIDGE

The Puncture Repair Kit Portland
Arms 01223 357268

CARDIFF

Futures/The Xcarts/Tiger Please
Club for Bach 029 2023 2199

DUBLIN

Brandon Flowers Academy
00 3531 877 9999

Jupe/The Wayward/Val Normal
Whelan's 00 3531 475 9372

EDINBURGH

Barenaked Ladies/Joel Commell
HMV Picture House 0844 847 1740

Darden Smith Village 0131 478 7810

Dunn Dunn Girls The Electric Circus
0131 226 4224

Reckless Love/Jett Black/The Black
Lights Cabaret Voltaire 0131 220 6176

EXETER

Codex Allmentraus/Caesura/
The Hotel Ambush Cavern Club

01392 495370

GALWAY

Rubberbandits/Steve Cummins
Roisin Dubh 00 35391 586540

GLASGOW

An evening celebrating songs of
Surfjan Stevens Stereo 0141 576 5018

The Boy Will Drown/Wreck Of The
Minotaur Capitol 0141 331 0140

Emell Sande King Tut's Wah Wah Hut
0141 221 5279

Erland & The Carnival Captain's Rest
0141 331 2722

Reverie/The Mickey 95/The Secret
Buff Club 0141 248 1777

The Wilderness Of Manitoba Brel
0141 342 4966

LEEDS

Claire Cameron Adelphi
01943 468615

Damien Jurado Brudenell Social Club
0113 243 5866

Dan Beesley Sandinista!
0113 305 0372

Dead Sons Royal Park Cellars
0113 274 1758

Jacuzzi 500 Wardrobe 0113 222 3434

Killing Machine The Well
0113 2440474

LIVERPOOL

Get Cape, Wear Cape, Fly O2
Academy 2 0870 771 2000

Pulled Apart By Horses Shipping
Forecast 0871 230 1094

LONDON

Aidan Baker Corsica Studios
0207 703 4760

Aunes/Zea/A Genuine Freakshow
Windmill 020 8671 0700

Battle For Prague/Dear Joseph/
Seniors 229 Club 020 7631 8310

Bright Light Bright Light The
Lexington 020 7837 5387

The Darling Buds 100 Club
020 7636 0933

Daytona Lights/Brigitte Aphrodite
Old Blue Last 020 7613 2478

The Doghones/100% Beefcock
& The Titsburster Dublin Castle

020 7485 1773

Eric Chenaux/Dead Rat Orchestra/
Cafe Oto 0871 230 1094

Justin Rutledge Slaughtered Lamb
020 8682 4080

Kaputt 93 Feet East 020 7247 6095

Lisbee Stalton Borderline
020 7734 5547

Matthew Herbert Hoxton Square Bar
& Kitchen 020 7613 0709

The Megaphonic Thrift Barfly
0870 907 0999

Monarchy XOYO 020 7729 5959

Pete The Temp/Alan Wolfson Bull &
Gate 020 7485 5358

The Robot Disaster/Whiskey Jax
Monto Water Rats 020 7837 4412

Shout Out Louds Garage
020 7607 1818

The Symphony Cult/The Rocket
Dolls Purple Turtle 020 7383 4976

Two Door Cinema Club/We Have
Band 02 Shepherds Bush Empire

0870 771 2000

The Vaseline/Haight-Ashbury Scala
020 7833 2022

The Vashin O2 Academy 2 Islington
0870 771 2000

MANCHESTER

Aln't No Saints/The Inflictors
Roadhouse 0161 228 1789

The Answering Machine/Alrship
Sound Control 0161 236 0340

Delta Spirit/Nathaniel Rateliff Ruby
Lounge 0161 834 1392

Ducktails Trof Northern Quarter
0161 833 3197

Far From Finished Star & Garter
0161 273 6726

I Am Arrows MoHo Live
0161 834 8180

Josh Ritter/The Royal City Band
Royal Northern College Of Music

0161 273 6283

NEWCASTLE

Chatham County Line/Kentucky
Cow Tipplers Cluny 0191 230 4474

Comaneci/Divorce/Tide Of Iron
Head Of Steam 0191 232 4379

Jason Urlick Star And Shadow
0191 261 0066

Paul Heaton O2 Academy 2
0870 771 2000

NORWICH

Bring Me The Horizon/Cancer Bats/
Tek One Waterfront 01603 632717

NOTTINGHAM

Kids Can't Fly/Nobody's Fool/
Your Weapons Are Useless Maze

0115 947 5650

OXFORD

Sam Baker Bullingdon Arms
01865 244516

PORTSMOUTH

Repollo/The Guide/In Vitro
Wedgewood Rooms 023 9286 3911

SHEFFIELD

Jim Moray Boardwalk 0114 279 9090

Rowan Coupland/Animal Magic
Tricks Rude Shipyard 0114 258 9653

Tubelord Harley 0114 275 2288

SOUTHAMPTON

Acey Slade & The Dark Party/The
Lost Souls Club/Young Lust Joiners

023 8022 5612

The Enid Brook 023 8055 5366



THURSDAY

September 23

Professor Green.
O2 Academy, Leicester

Kieron Leonard/Eaststrikewest/
Patrick Plunkett Silver Bullet
020 7619 3639
Little Dragon/SBTRK KOKO
020 7388 3222
Miss Davina Lee The Flowerpot
02074856040
Mo'ishe's Bagel The Lexington
020 7837 5387
Mr David Viner Vortex 020 7439 7250
Rob Cowen & The Dissidents Barfly
0870 907 0999
Rodeo Massacre/Vices/The Quotes
93 Feet East 020 7247 6095
Run, Walk/Bastions Bull & Gate
020 7485 5358
Sunday Girl Hoxton Hall
020 7739 5431
Tres Retros/The Outbursts/Live
Wires Hope & Anchor 020 7354 1312
The Truemen/Planet Magnetic/
The Superficial Monto Water Rats
020 7837 4412
Willy Mason Bush Hall 020 8222 6955
4 Or 5 Magicians/Jumping Ships/
Let's Buy Happiness The Rest Is
Noise 020 7346 8521

MANCHESTER
Charlie Collins/Phil Hargreaves/Ian
Simpson Kro Bar 0161 232 9796
Every Time I Die/Terror/All Shall
Perish Moho Live 0161 834 8180
Glenn Hughes Manchester Academy
0161 832 1111
Maximo Park/Metronomy/
Chapel Club Warehouse Project
0161 835 3500
Shout Out Louds/Plants And
Animals Ruby Lounge 0161 834 1392
Testimony Band On The Wall
0161 832 6625
The Vaseline's Deaf Institute
0161 330 4019

The Wilderness Of Manitoba Night
And Day Cafe 0161 236 1822
NEWCASTLE
Furnace Mountain/Raina Rose
Cluny 0191 230 4474
Islaja/Cath & Phil Tyler/Imperial
Cosby Morden Tower 0871 230 1094
Killing Machine O2 Academy 2
0870 771 2000

My Other Life/Lost Legions/Tramp
Juice Head Of Steam 0191 232 4379

NORWICH
Transpet/Braindead Collective/
Dead Rat Orchestra Puppet Theatre
01603 629 921

NOTTINGHAM
Ezlo Rescue Rooms 0115 958 8484
Justin Rutledge/Amelia Curran
Maze 0115 947 5650

Master & The Mule/8mm
Orchestra/Shape Lt Chameleon
0115 9505097

TRC Rock City 08713 100000
PORTSMOUTH
Repollo/Big River Sounds/The Tilt
Wedgewood Rooms 023 9286 3911

READING
Detachments Oakford Social Club
016 255 3956

SHEFFIELD
Reckless Love/JettBlack Corporation
014 276 0262

The Sunshine Underground/Shake
Aletti University 0114 222 8777

SOUTHAMPTON
Cherry Ghost Joiners 023 8022 5612

SWINDON
Jon Olive/Stuart Rowe/Matilda The
Vic 01793 535713

The Parade 12 Bar 01793 535713
The Walrus Gumbobs The Furnace
01793 534238

WINCHESTER
The Laurel Collective Railway Inn
01962 867795

FRIDAY

September 24

ABERDEEN
Copy Maho Cafe Drummond
01224 624642

BARNLEY
Elephant Keys/Dirty Jeans Lucorum
01226 299921

BIRMINGHAM
The Arcadian Kicks/Tantrums Sound
Bar 0121 2362220

Elliot Minor O2 Academy 2
0870 771 2000

Kill It Kid Rainbow 0121 772 8174
Turn Off The Sun/Battle For Prague
Actress & Bishop 0121 236 7426

BRIGHTON
Absent Elk/Hold Fire Concorde 2
01273 673311

Cherry Ghost Komedija 01273 647100
Imogen Cooper Dome 01273 709709

The Last Cry/Rhombus Prince Albert
01273 730499

BRISTOL
Archimedes/Really Really/A Day At
The Races Thunderbolt 07791 319 614

Bob Brozman Colston Hall
0117 922 3683

Ducktails/Dolphins Into The Future
Cube Cinema 0117 907 4190

The Magic Numbers Anson Rooms
0117 954 5810

The Mighty Peas Prom 0117 942 7319
Mitsuko Uchida St George's Hall
0117 923 0359

Nucleus Roots/Dub Boy The Lanes
0117 325 1979

Origami Dinosaur Mr Wolf's
0117 927 3221

Pulled Apart By Horses Croft
0117 987 4144

Steve Ignorant O2 Academy 2
0870 771 2000

You Love Her Coz She's Dead/
Nova Robotics/Substatic Fleece
0117 945 0996

CAMBRIDGE
The Winchell Riots/The Violet Bones
Furnace 01223 367417

CARDIFF
The Brute Chorus Buffalo Bar
02920 310312

Kutosis/Solutions/Circa Regna
Tonat Clwb Ifor Bach 029 2023 2199

Tattsyrup Tommy's Bar
029 2066 8173

DEWSBURY
In Echoes West Ritz 01924 459193

DUBLIN
Damien Jurado/Richard Swift
Whelan's 00 3531 475 9372

EDINBURGH
The Establishment Cabaret Voltaire
0131 220 6176

The Scottish Enlightenment/Dan
Lyth Sneaky Pete's 0131 225 1757

GLASGOW
Amy Beskin & The Way Home/
Too Many Vices The Wise Monkey
0871 230 1094

Barenaked Ladies/Stevie & The
Moon O2 Academy 0870 771 2000

Bring Me The Horizon/Cancer Bats/
Tek One Garage 0141 332 1120

Charlie & The Boys Barrowlands
0141 552 4601

Comaneci/Divorce/Purple
Rhinestone Eagle Nice'n'Sleazy
0141 333 9637

The Latecomers Laurie's Bar
0141 552 7123

Shout Out Louds King Tut's Wah Wah
Hut 0141 221 5279

Silent in Action/Caesura/Lost To
The Landslide O2 ABC2 0141 204 5151

The Vaseline's Oran Mor
0141 552 9224

Yeasayer O2 ABC 0870 903 3444
Zooblezarata Captain's Rest
0141 331 2722

LEEDS
Curb Crawl Fenton 0113 245 3908

Kasius Cockpit 0113 244 3446
Legion Royal Park Cellars
0113 274 1758

Master & The Mule Packhorse
0113 245 3980

Mt Desolation Brudenell Social Club
0113 243 5866

One English Pound The Well
0113 2440474

The Port Brothers New Roscoe
0113 246 0778

Ranajit Sengupta Seven Arts
0113 262 6777

The Senators New Inn 0113 253 3486

LEICESTER
The Union O2 Academy 2
0870 771 2000

LIVERPOOL
The Mono LPs Masque 0151 707 6171



Moonlit Nite Cavern Club
0151 236 1964

Oceansize O2 Academy 2
0870 771 2000

Philadelphia Grand Jury University
0151 256 5555

Smoke Fairies/Misery Cuts/Denis
Jones Kazimir 0871 230 1094

LONDON
Antlered Man/The Bon Vivants/
Princip Enterprise 020 7485 2659

Butterflies On Strings The
Wilmington Arms 020 7837 1384

Drums Of Death Rough Trade East
0207 392 7788

Far From Finished/Landmines
Underworld 020 7482 1932

Fuzzy Lights/Hong Kong In The 60s
Buffalo Bar 020 7359 6191

The Kubricks/Running Club
Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773

Linton Brown/OLI DAB!/Throwing
Snow 93 Feet East 020 7247 6095

Little Comets/Flash Fiction Club
NME @ Koko 0870 4325527

Olka Dot/Black Diamond Bay
Monto Water Rats 020 7837 4412

Roses & Pirates/Sheridan/Shawn
Harvey Hope & Anchor 020 7354 1312

Samara 606 Club 020 7352 5953
Talking Pictures The Flowerpot
02074856040

Tommy Reilly Borderline
020 7734 5547

Vondelpark/Age Of Consent/Hype
Williams MacBeth 020 7739 5095

Wreckless Eric/Amy Rigby The
Lexington 020 7837 5387

Young Montana/S Maharba/
Antwerp Old Blue Last 020 7613 2478

MANCHESTER
Does It Offend You, Yeah? Moho Live
0161 834 8180

Echodeck/Midnight Mafia/
Carnations Night And Day Cafe
0161 236 1822

Empire State Roadhouse
0161 228 1789

Paul Heaton Manchester Academy
0161 832 1111

NEWCASTLE
Averman/What Comes Next/Neon
Vortex O2 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

Chris Helme/Watchers Cluny
0191 230 4474

Kano Digital 01912 619755
Kneejerk Reaction Star Inn
0191 222 3111

Lost State Of Dance/The Din/This Is
Theft Dog & Parrot 0191 261 6998

Pete Hardaker/Stu Blackburn/
Maziarine Blue Bridge Hotel
0191 232 6400

NORWICH
O Children Arts Centre 01603 660352

NOTTINGHAM
Detonate Stealth 08713 100000

Lisbee Stalinton Bodega Social Club
08713 100000

Reckless Love/JettBlack Rock City
08713 100000

OXFORD
Fyfe Dangerfield/The Boy Who
Trapped The Sun O2 Academy 2
0870 771 2000

Two Door Cinema Club/We Have
Band O2 Academy 0870 771 2000

We Astronauts/Minor Coles/Ace
Bushy Strip/Sease Wheatsheaf
01865 721156

PORTSMOUTH
Acoda/Among Wolves/Golden
Tanks/Real Estate Wedgewood
Rooms 023 9286 3911

READING
Peers/Jack Of Both Sides/Echo Main
Rising Sun Arts Centre 0118 986 6788

SHEFFIELD
Every Time I Die/Terror/All Shall
Perish Corporation 0114 276 0262

Frank White New Barrack Tavern
0114 234 9148

TRC/This Is Colour/Lower Than
Atlantis Plug 0114 276 7093

Volcanoes/Left Aljar/10 Take O2
Academy 2 0870 771 2000

SOUTHAMPTON
Bury Tomorrow Joiners
023 8022 5612

Fake Blood Junk Club 023 8033 5445

SWANSEA
Small Tree Down/Welrd Naked
Indian Sin City 01792654226

SATURDAY

September 25

ABERDEEN

Pearl & The Puppets The Tunnels
01224 211121

BATH

The Detachments Moles
01225 404445

BIRKENHEAD

Seyes Pacific Road Arts Centre
0151 666 5023

BIRMINGHAM

Fyfe Dangerfield/The Boy Who
Trapped The Sun HMV Institute
0844 248 5037

Henry's Children/James
Summerfield Hare & Hounds
0121 444 2081

Heroica/Crooked Dawn/Blue Nation
Actress & Bishop 0121 236 7426

Postmortem Promises/Martyr
Defiled/Desolated Eddie's Rock Club
@ BUSK 0121 643 2093

BRIGHTON

Little Dragon/Phoria Coalition
01273 726858

The Magic Numbers/Langley Sisters
Komedia 01273 647100

Pine Hill Haunts Prince Albert
01273 730499

Steve Craddock/Mani Concorde 2
01273 673311

Two Door Cinema Club/We Have
Band Digital 01273 202407

BRISTOL

The Bones Prom 0117 942 7319

Catherine Feeny/Come Gather
Round Us Fleece 0117 945 0996

Girlyman The Tunnels
0117 929 9008

Kryptonite Junkies Anchor
01275 372253

Million Way Mr Wolf's 0117 927 3221

Paul Heaton Thekla 08713 100000

The Poodles Of Doom Fire Engine
07521 974070

3OH3 Anson Rooms 0117 954 5810

CAMBRIDGE

Drew Nelson CB2 01223 508 503

Lonely The Brave Portland Arms
01223 357268

Megson/Sam Carter Junction
01223 511511

Oceansize Anglia Ruskin University
01223 460008

CARDIFF

Bad Sam/No Choice/Sick Livers
Barfly 029 2066 7658

Crislon Hud/The Violas Club For
Bach 029 2023 2199

Wonderbrass/Punks Not Dad
The Globe 07738 983947

DUBLIN

Chatham County Line Crawdaddy
00 3531 478 0225

EDINBURGH

Little Doses/The Remnant Kings
The Electric Circus 0131 226 4224

Stanley Odd HMV Picture House
0844 847 1740

Vegas Voodoo Rooms 0131 556 7060

The Winter Tradition
Cabaret Voltaire 0131 220 6176

Zoobizaretta/White Heath
Sneaky Pete's 0131 225 1757

EXETER

The Beat Phoenix 01392 667080

FALMOUTH

Auction For The Promise Club
Princess Pavilion 01326 211222

GALWAY

The Redneck Manifesto Roisin Dubh
00 35391 586540

GATESHEAD

Maverick Rejects Azure Blue
0191 478 4326

GLASGOW

Adelaide/Army Can Fly 02 ABC2
0141 204 5151

The Black Hand Gang/Army Beskin
& The Way Home/Jumpers Knee
Admiral 0141 221 7705

Black Sun/Trapped In Kansas Classic
Grand 0141 847 0820

Cast Of The Capital/Crow Road Bar
Bloc 0141 574 6066

Get Cape. Wear Cape. Fly Garage
0141 332 1120

Kano King Tut's Wah Wah Hut
0141 221 5279

Kritikill Mass/Sinners Ensemble
02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

She's Hit/Fur Hood/Lasomnabile
Captain's Rest 0141 331 2722

The Supernovas Nice'n'Sleazy
0141 333 9637

Tiesto Braehead Arena 0141 886 8300

Tigers On Vaseline Oran Mor
0141 552 9224

HARI

The Apocryphaltes Square
01279 305000

HITCHIN

Black Eye/Gilla Bruja/Self Inflicted
Club 85 01462 432767

LIMES

Bring Me The Horizon/Cancer Bats/
Tek One Coyote 0113 244 3446

Calvin Harris University
0113 244 4600

Claire Cameron Adelphi
01943 468615

Comaneci Nation Of Shopkeepers
0113 203 1831

Keys To The Machinery Carpe Diem
0113 243 6264

The Prowlers New Roscoe
0113 246 0778

Shout Out Louds Brudenell Social
Club 0113 243 5866

LIVERPOOL

The Buffalo Riot Masque
0151 707 6171

Sherpa Kong Cavern Club
0151 236 1964

LONDON

Austin/The Scissors Enterprise
020 7485 2659

A Jigsaw The Gallery Cafe
020 8980 2092

Bitches Be Crazy/Emergency
Vehicle Barfly 0870 907 9999

Darkstar XOYO 020 7729 5959

Dean Friedman Cadogan Hall
020 7730 4500

Eliza Newman Bull & Gate
020 7485 5358

Every Time I Die/Terror/All Shall
Perish 02 Academy Islington
0870 771 2000

Ghosts From The Basement Cecil
Sharp House 020 7485 2206

Is Tropical/Babe Shadow/Rob The
Rich 93 Feet East 020 7247 6095

Marcelo D2 Coronet 020 7701 1500

Octane OK/13 Riots/Go-X Garage
020 7607 1818

Paper Sky/The Toy Band/Me John
& The Drummer Dublin Castle
020 7485 1773

Patti Panko & Her Boy Leicester
Square Theatre 0844 847 2475

Reckless Love/JettBlack Garage
020 7607 1818

Rosamojo & The White Rabbit/Kitty
Lipps Hope & Anchor 020 7354 1312

The Saturdays G A Y 020 7734 9592

Skill Wizard/Helz/Dark Forest Old
Blue Last 020 7613 2478

The Skints/Jaya The Cat/Anti
Vigilante Underworld 020 7482 1932

The Sundogs/Tyson/Foxstics Mondo
Water Rats 020 7837 4412

Top Shelf Jazz/Rocky Lawrence/
Marquis Of Gray Last Days Of
Decadence 07982 445657

Trailer Park Boys HMV Forum
020 7344 0044

Wojtek Godzisz Bull & Gate
020 7485 5358

Zodiac Mindwarp & The Love
Reaction Borderline 020 7734 5547

MANCHESTER

Caged Asylum Ruby Lounge
0161 834 1392

Erland & The Carnival Night And Day
Cafe 0161 236 1822

MT Desolation Deaf Institute
0161 330 4019

Norman Haynes/Mickey Van Gelder
Fuel Cafe 0161 448 9702

No Good Reason/Hardwired
Satan's Hollow 0161 236 0666

The Switch/From The Kites Of San
Quentin Sound Control 0161 236 0340

Young British Artists/Diane Cluck/
Anders Griffen Soup Kitchen
0161 236 5100

MIDDLEBROUGH

RebRever Uncle Albert's
01642 230472

NEWCASTLE

Alone Tonight/Less Your Angels/
Smugglers Run Head Of Steam
0191 232 4379

Cold Capital Cluny 0191 230 4474

Milly Wason Morden Tower
0871 230 1094

NORWICH

The Dirt/Pout At The Devil/Top Hat
Alleycat Brickmakers 01603 441118

The Neutrinos Arts Centre
01603 660352

NOTTINGHAM

Acey Slade & The Dark Party The
Central 0115 963 3413

Allo Darlin'/Milky Wimpshake/
Horowitz Bunkers Hill 0115 910 0114

Dog Is Dead Bodega Social Club
08713 100000

Furnace Mountain/Raina Rose Maze
0115 947 5650

Grinderman Rock City 08713 100000

OXFORD

Philadelphia Grand Jury Jericho
Tavern 01865 311775

Silvanito Wheatheaf 01865 721156

The Winchell Riots 02 Academy 2
0870 771 2000

SHEFFIELD

Dum Dum Girls Queen's Social Club
0114 272 5544

Fallsafe Corporation 0114 276 0262

0 Children Harley 0114 275 2288

Roni Size University 0114 222 8777

The Cocknbulld/Primary 1 Plug
0114 276 7093

SOUTHAMPTON

Bury Tomorrow Joiners
023 8022 5612

Howard Jones Talking Heads
023 8055 5899

Islet Lennons 023 8057 0460

TUNBRIDGE WELLS

Dogs The Forum 08712 777101

SUNDAY

September 26

ABERDEEN

Get Cape, Wear Cape, Fly The
Tunnels 01224 211121

BELFAST

Elliot Minor Limeright 028 9032 5942

Hermione Hennessy Empire
028 9024 9276

BIRMINGHAM

Acey Slade & The Dark Party Asylum
0121 233 1109

Paul Heaton Glee Club 0870 241 5093

3OH3 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

BRIGHTON

Mondo Kong/Slice/Tandel The Hope
01273 723 568

Robln Trower Komedia 01273 647100

Two Spot Gobi Latest Music Bar
01273 687 171

Web Evening Star 01273 328 931

BRISTOL

Jim Moray Thekla 08713 100000

Life In Film Fleece 0117 945 0996

CARDIFF

Bury Tomorrow/Shadows Chasing
Ghosts/Burn The Fleet Club For
Bach 029 2023 2199

Diane Cluck/Wig Smith/Anders
Griffen 10 Feet Tall 02920 238883

DUBLIN

Barenaked Ladies Olympia
00 3531 679 3323

EDINBURGH

Six Storeys High/Frantic Chant/
Street Lights Cabaret Voltaire
0131 220 6176



MGMT, Apollo,
Manchester

EXETER

Cherry Ghost Cavern Club
01392 495370

Thea Gilmore Phoenix 01392 667080

FALMOUTH

Girlyman Miss Peapod's
0871 230 1094

GLASGOW

Bobby Wishart Quintet King Tut's
Wah Wah Hut 0141 221 5279

Campfires In Winter/Little Doses/
3OH3 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

Diascorum/Sunsmasher 13th Note
Cafe 0141 553 1638

Lou Hickey Oran Mor 0141 552 9224

The Old Blind Dogs 02 ABC2
0141 204 5151

The Regiment/The Vespas
Nice'n'Sleazy 0141 333 9637

Three Card Trick The Wise Monkey
0871 230 1094

HITCH

Cara Jane/Joe Ferris/Lindl De
Jaeger Club 85 01462 432767

LEEDS

Braindead Collective Northern
Monkey 0113 242 6630

Chatham County Line
Brudenell Social Club 0113 243 5866

El Cartel Carpe Diem 0113 243 6264

Guns4hire New Roscoe 0113 246 0778

Kano Cockpit 0113 244 3446

The Last Cry Santiago 0113 244 4472

Musclebush Cardigan Arms
0113 274 2000

LONDON

Aba Shanti/Emmanuel Joseph
Dingwalls 020 7267 1577

Blind Guardian 02 Shepherd's Bush
Empire 0870 771 2000

Brooke Parrott/Max Luck/Bella
McKendree Barfly 0870 907 0999

Corinne West/Kelly Joe Phelps The
Lexington 020 7837 5387

Epic Estate New Cross Inn
020 8692 1866

Erland & The Carnival Cecil Sharp
House 020 7485 2206

Heads Hearts/Venice Maki Band
Silver Bullet 020 7619 3639

Ice Black Birds/Tom Williams &
The Boat/Semaphore Boogaloo
020 8340 2928

Lacrimas Profundere/Llygum/I
Nation Underworld 020 7482 1932

Man Like Me/Toodas/Kilto Take Bull
& Gate 020 7485 5358

The Men That Will Not Be Blamed
For Nothing The Gaff 020 7609 3063

Spider Redundant/Trucida/
Theo Angel Mondo Water Rats
020 7837 4412

Spring Offensive/Hellopause/Adam
Barnes Windmill 020 8671 0700

Starling/The Hoax/The Temps
Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773

We Could Be Local Heroes/Kyla La
Grange/Ruth Theodore MacBeth
020 7739 5095

MANCHESTER

The Antix Asylum Matt & Phred's
0161 273 5200

Damien Jurado Deaf Institute
0161 330 4019

Futures/The Xcarts Roadhouse
0161 228 1789

In Gratitude Moho Live
0161 834 8180

MGMT Apollo 0870 401 8000

Pete Molinari Manchester Academy
0161 832 1111

Sophie's Pigeons/Stealing
Sheep/Nancy Elizabeth Fuel Cafe
0161 448 9702

The Cocknbulld/Primary

MONDAY

September 27

Chapel Club,
O2 Academy 2,
Birmingham



BELFAST

Tim Robbins & The Rogues Gallery
Band Limelight 028 9032 5942
Y&T Spring & Airbrake 028 9032 5968

BIRMINGHAM

Emergence NME Radar Tour: The Joy
Formidable/Chapel Club/Flats O2
Academy 2 0870 771 2000

BRIGHTON

Born To Lose Prince Albert
01273 730499

I Am Kloot Komedia 01273 647100
Pete Molinari/Delta Maid Audio
01273 723 568

Reckless Love/JettBlack Concorde 2
01273 673311

Sound Of Guns The Hope
01273 723 568

BRISTOL

Emily Maguire Prom 0117 942 7319
Mark Ronson & The Business Intl/
Rose Elmor Dougall O2 Academy
0870 771 2000

Pressgang/Free Spirit/Off Chance
Mr Wolf's 0117 927 3221

CARDIFF

Mat Riviere/Napoleon III
10 Feet Tall 02920 228883

Tom Hingley Tommy's Bar
029 2066 8173

EDINBURGH

The Barents Sea/Seven Deadly Sins
The Electric Circus 0131 226 4224

GALWAY

Fighting With Wire Roisin Dubh
00 35391 586540

GATESHEAD

Glenn Hughes Sage Arena
0870 703 4555

GLASGOW

Damien Jurado/Richard Swift The
Arches 0141 565 1000

Darren Hayman/The Martial Arts
Captain's Rest 0141 331 2722

Futures/The Xcerts King Tut's Wah
Wah Hut 0141 221 5279

Laura Wilkie/Sarah Hayes Brel
0141 342 4966

3OH3 Garage 0141 332 1120

INVERNESS

British Sea Power Ironworks
01463 718555

LEEDS

Fyfe Dangerfield
Brudenell Social Club 0113 243 5866

Grinderman/The Hunter Gracchus
University 0113 244 4600

MGMT O2 Academy 0870 771 2000

LIVERPOOL

Lacuna Coil O2 Academy 2
0870 771 2000

Super Cannes Mojo 0844 549 9090

LONDON

A Jigsaw The Cavendish Arms
0207 677 0698

Benoit Vielleon Le Quecum Bar
020 7787 2227

Black Twig Pickers Vortex
020 7499 7250

Bloodwrath/Kill The Machine/
Diathesis The Gaff 020 7609 3063

Bushwilla The Lexington
020 7657 5147

Corinne West/Kelly Joe Phelps
Slaughtered Lamb 020 8682 4080

Dawn Kinnard/Jana Tyrell Source
Below 020 7434 9130

Eliza Emery/Emily Reed/Justine
Balmer Leicester Square Theatre
0844 847 2475

Erinn Williams/Alexander Wolfe
Troubadour Club 020 7370 1434

Kathleen Haskard Windmill
020 8671 0700

Laetitia Sadler Rough Trade East
0207 392 7788

The Lost Left Macbeth 020 7739 5095

Many Mansions/Becoming Real Old
Blue Last 020 7613 2478

Mt Desolation Scala 020 7833 2022

Music Born 93 Feet East
020 7247 8095

The No-Ones/Xander & The Peace
Pirates Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773

Pharoahe Monche/Jean Grae Jazz
Cafe 020 7111 0000

Phat Gay Kfd Madame Jojo's
020 7734 2473

Placebo O2 Academy Brixton
0870 771 2000

Sam Amidon/Nico Muhly/Ben
Frost/Valgelsir Sigurdsson Barbican
Hall 020 7638 8891

Shrag Social 020 7636 4992

Sun Gone Mad Monto Water Rats
020 7467 1412

This Year's Winner Is Hope & Anchor
020 7354 1312

Timber Timbre Hoxton Square Bar &
Kitchen 020 7613 0709

Ultrasound/The Crookes/Versus
The Circus Bull & Gate 020 7485 5358

Union Sound Set Barfly
0870 907 0009

Wabain/Destructor 666/Icenii
Underworld 020 7482 1932

MANCHESTER

Bring Me The Horizon/Cancer
Bats/Tek One Manchester Academy
0161 832 1111

Lisbee Stainton Deaf Institute
0161 330 4019

This Will Destroy You/Kill It Kid
Moho Live 0161 834 8180

The Union Ruby Lounge
0161 834 1392

NEWCASTLE

Get Cape. Wear Cape. Fly Cluny
0191 230 4474

NORWICH

The Magic Numbers Waterfront
01609 672717

Tubelord Marquee 01603 478374

NOTTINGHAM

O Children Bodega Social Club
08713 100000

OXFORD

Geoff Achison Bullingdon Arms
01865 244516

SHEFFIELD

Acey Slade & The Dark Party
Corporation 0114 276 0262

Example O2 Academy 0870 771 2000

Islet/Death Rays Of Ardilla Forum
0114 2720964

Justin Rutledge/Amelia Curran
Grapes 0114 249 0909

TUESDAY

September 28

BELFAST

Blue Rodeo Errigle Inn 028 9064 1410

BIRMINGHAM

Bury Tomorrow/Burn O2 Academy 3
0870 771 2000

The Detachments Hare & Hounds
0121 444 2081

Mark Ronson & The Business Intl/
Rose Elmor Dougall HMV Institute
0844 248 5037

Oceansize O2 Academy 2
0870 771 2000

BRIGHTON

Girlyman Latest Music Bar
01273 687 171

Hellopause/Caledonians/Speak
Galactic Prince Albert 01273 730499

Mt Desolation Ballroom
0207 283 1940

BRISTOL

I Am Kloot/Agnès Obel Thekla
08713 100000

O Children The Cooler 0117 945 0999

Thea Gilmore St Bonaventure
0117 929 9008

CAMBRIDGE

Two Door Cinema Club/We Have
Band Junction 01223 511511

CARDIFF

Acey Slade & The Dark Party Barfly
029 2066 7658

Cherry Ghost The Globe
07738 983947

Comaneci/Divorce/Drains
Buffalo Bar 02920 310312

CHELMSFORD

Eradication/Red Nettle/Return To
Fall Barhouse 01245 356811

DERBY

Brother/The Holiday Flowerpot
01332 204955

EDINBURGH

The Union Cabaret Voltaire
0131 220 6176

GATESHEAD

Fyfe Dangerfield/The Boy Who
Trapped The Sun Sage Arena
0870 703 4555

GLASGOW

Example O2 ABC 0870 903 3444

Grinderman Barrowlands
0141 552 4601

Little Dragon Sub Club 0141 221 1177

The Pete Walter Band King Tut's Wah
Wah Hut 0141 221 5279

Still Flyin'/Wake The President
Captain's Rest 0141 331 2722

This Will Destroy You Stereo
0141 576 5018

LEEDS

The Boy Will Drown/Wreck Of The
Minotaur The Well 0113 2440474

Futures/The Xcerts Cockpit
0113 241 1146

Lisbee Stainton/Exit Calm Brudenell
Social Club 0113 243 5866

Truman Peyote Oporto
0113 245 4444

LIVERPOOL

Sandi Thom O2 Academy 2
0870 771 2000

LONDON

Amlina XOYO

A Quick Minute The Gaff
020 7609 3063

Broken Records Hoxton Square Bar &
Kitchen 020 7613 0709

The Charlatans Hard Rock Cafe
020 7629 0382

Come On Gang/Bright Spark
Destroyer/Damn Vandals Buffalo
Bar 020 7359 6191

Dark Tranquillity/Insomnium
Underworld 020 7482 1932

Deer Tick/Caitlin Rose Cargo
0207 719 7640

Dum Dum Girls XOYO

Evening Hymns/Harrisburg Windmill
020 871 1700

Fenech-Soler Barfly 0870 907 0999

Furnace Mountain Slaughtered Lamb
020 867 4080

Good Old War Monto Water Rats
020 7837 4412

Grik Grammar/Verb-T/Fliptrix Social
020 7831 4992

History Of The Trade Monarch
0871 230 1094

Hooligan Choir/Alex Drew/
Parageters Hope & Anchor
020 7354 1312

Love At Death Beach/Safari/Panic
Attract Old Blue Last 020 7613 2478

Mat Riviere/Napoleon III/Pagan
Wanderer LU/Stairs To Korea Camp
Basement 0871 230 1094

Outbox/Paul Menei/Myke Black
The Wilmington Arms 020 7837 1384

Paul Heaton Bo derline
020 7734 5547

Peggy Sue Scala 020 7833 2022

Placebo O2 Academy Brixton
0870 771 2000

Speed Flatmating/Manifesto/
They're All Projects 93 Feet East
020 7247 6095

Test Tixdaq Dublin Castle
020 7485 1773

To The Bones/Exit International
Bull & Gate 020 7485 5358

Violens Rough Trade East
0207 392 7788

Zulu Winter/Sad Day For Puppets
Madame Jojo's 020 7734 2473

MANCHESTER

Islet/Slow Motion Shoes/
Unconclous Jungle Islington Mill
0871 230 1094

Kano Manchester Academy
0161 832 1111

The Magic Numbers Manchester
Academy 0114 852 1111

PVT Deaf Institute 0161 330 4019

Ricky Warwick/New York Alcohollic
Anxiety Attack Ruby Lounge
0161 834 1392

3OH3 Manchester Academy
0161 832 1111

NEWCASTLE

Everything Everything Cluny
0191 230 4474

NORWICH

Emergence NME Radar Tour: The Joy
Formidable/Chapel Club/Flats
Waterfront 01603 632717

NOTTINGHAM

Tubelord The Central 0115 963 3413

OXFORD

The Hornblower Brothers/The
Yams Wheatseaf 01865 721156

SHEFFIELD

Lacuna Coil/Slaves To Gravity
Corporation 0114 276 0262

SOUTHAMPTON

Reckless Love/JettBlack Joiners
023 8022 5612

WINCHESTER

Wreckless Eric/Amy Rigby Railway
Inn 01962 867795



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Mike Skinner's *The Streets* get their first ever *NME* Single Of The Week with 'Has It Come To This?'. "It's not only the most original, lyrical British rap in memory," writes Ted Kessler, "it also charts an evolutionary route for UK garage. It's the first garage record to be made about those who buy the records, rather than those who make them. It's not about being bling bling or VIP in Napa. It is about getting stoned playing PlayStation, about scoring drugs, about being menaced in kebab shops. A major new talent has arrived."

Having been picked up by Metallica's management and inked a deal with Columbia Records, Lostprophets are featured in the *ON* new bands section. "Through a network of internet fanziners," writes Louis Pattison, "news of their rise filtered across the Atlantic, and a trickle of emails from Stateside record companies escalated into a bidding war." Pontypridd's finest are more than happy with the way things are panning out. "We've always been underdogs," says Ian Watkins. "And suddenly, it's all turned around."

Other items on the agenda include: the new Oasis album (Liam: "It's punk rock. And moody. None of that fucking weird Radiohead bollocks"); The Strokes (Noel: "They're great"); Damon (Liam: "I've never seen a gorilla with no hair, so he can suck his own fucking cock"); coke (Noel: "Don't miss it. I can concentrate on me drinkin'!"); Robbie (Liam: "You fucking *goon*"); Eminem (Noel: "I saw him at Reading with his bag of Anadins and a bottle of Bacardi that is actually water. Fucking *knobhead*"); being famous (Liam: "I LOOVE IT!"); Michael Owen (Noel: "He looks like trainee CID. And Alan Shearer looks like CID. Michael Owen calls Shearer 'Sarge'"); Beckham (Liam: "Fucking suck yer bird's cock!") and the current state of alternative music (Noel: "It's like Val Doonican to me").

"I'm off to blow up balloons dressed as Postman Pat," says Liam, leaving for his son's birthday party. "Pure rock'n'roll!"

• In the aftermath of 9/11, the world's musicians are reacting in different ways. Britney is donating \$2million to victims of the disaster, The Strokes remove 'New York City Cops' from their album and Blink-182 have started playing 'The Star Spangled Banner'

- **NME Russia is launched, featuring Slava Vakarchuk of Ukrainian group Okean Elzy on the cover**

- **Rapper Kurupt tells NME's Stephen Dalton:**
"The difference between you and me is I don't give a FUCK about my BITCH!"

- Gruff Rhys is on the cover of the magazine's accompanying Student Guide. He declares that his own university house was "more like a mental hospital"


• Biffy Clyro's third ever single 'Justboy' is reviewed. It is not complimentary, claiming that "the skeletal finger of obscurity beckons after only two tuneless singles"

[illegible]

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[illegible]

LEGAL STUFF was a 1994 article by David Hughes, 400 Third Street, Suite 400, Berkeley, CA 94710, 415/524-1100. Mr. Hughes said that the article was "a parody" intended to offend no one. He said that the article was "a parody" intended to offend no one. He said that the article was "a parody" intended to offend no one.

THE LEGENDARY NME CROSSWORD

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

Compiled by Trevor Hungerford



A BAG OF NME SWAG



CLUES ACROSS

1+6A+32A Dear Jessie, nice weather for ducks, wish you were here, yours, Kevin Carter (9 4-1-5-3)
9 'Dear Jessie' (7)
10+23D 'Nice Weather For Ducks' (5-5)
11 'Wish You Were Here' (7)
13 "But I found that ____, yeah I found that home", Manic Street Preachers (4)
15 Albums '____ Flower Groove' by Primal Scream or 'Boom' by Kiss (5)
17 Shaun's a bit, perhaps, for forming a dance band in Leeds (4-6)
19 "One day we're gonna live in ____/I promise, I'm on it", Friendly Fires (5)
20 The Fratellis had a liaison with 'Mistress ____' (5)
22 Johnny Cash hit 'A Boy Named ____' (3)
23 (See 33 across)
25+26A (See 6 down)
28 The singing of The Cure, Starsailor and Shawn Mullins can send us to sleep (7)
30 Queen spent 'A Night At The ____' (5)
31 "Now the writing's on the wall, it won't go away, it's an ____", The Prodigy (4)
32 (See 1 across)
33+23A He was born Reginald Kenneth Dwight in 1947 (5-4)

CLUES DOWN

1 Had Elvis Costello felt deflated before this became a hit? (4-2-2)
2+21D Byrds treat, possibly, from early Pink Floyd line-up (3-7)
3 A bit uncertain regarding The Sundays (4-2 4)
4 Sam heard silly arrangement being made for Eminem (4 4 5)
5 'She ____ Sanctuary' was a hit for The Cult in 1985 (5)
6+25A+26A My Chemical Romance's acclaimed piece - there's nothing more to say (6-4-5)
7 Manna And The Diamonds number not sounding too welcome (2-2)
8 Band that are in fashion (3)
12 Tokyo Police Club album is a winner (5)
14 Carol very wrong about Tim Buckley album (5)
16 (See 31 down)
18 Sort them somehow into something for World Of Twist (3-5)
20 Danish band who had 'No More Stories...' to tell on their fifth album (3)

21 (See 2 down)
23 (See 10 across)
24 Disagree with starting a language for New York Dolls drummer (5)
27 Blemish on the record of Living Colour (5)
29 "Don't wanna be a ____, you better chew gum", from Bob Dylan's 'Subterranean Homesick Blues' (3)
30 "You say ____ love, ____ life, when it's ____ need in the night", 1992 (3)
31+16D Kings Of Leon are available to play outside normal working hours (2-4)

Normal NME terms and conditions apply, available at NME.COM/terms.

Simply cut out the crossword and send it, along with your name, address and email, marking the envelope with the issue date, before Tuesday, September 28, 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!

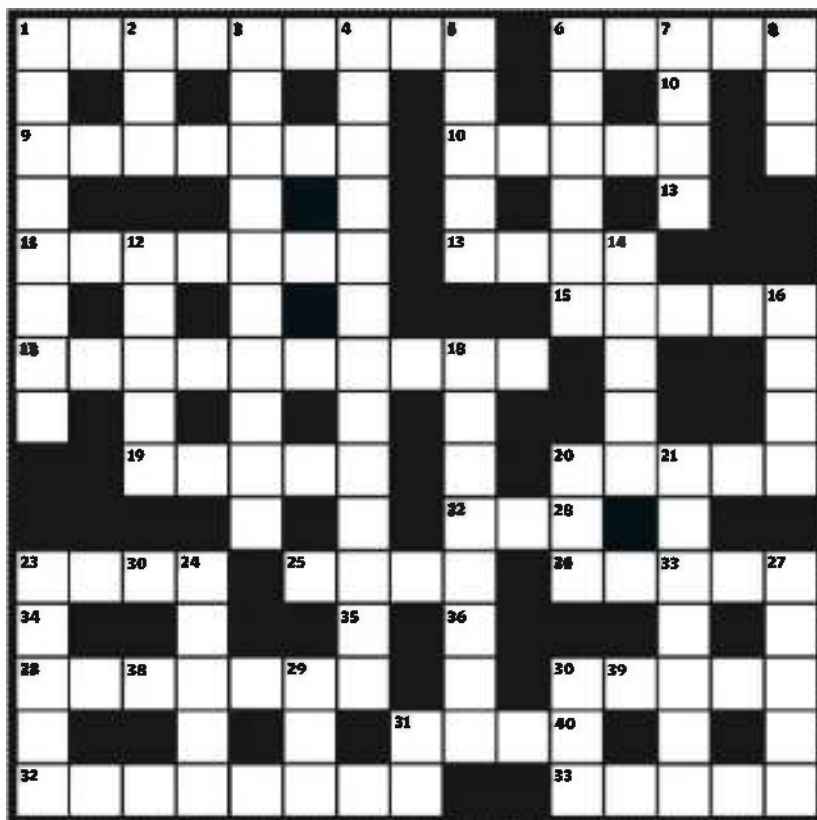
AUGUST 28 ANSWERS

ACROSS

1 Alive Till I'm Dead, 9 Gallows, 10 Gilmour, 11+18A Lemon Jelly, 13 Not Afraid, 14 Can Can, 16+6D Baby Blue, 19 Outkast, 21 Undone, 22 It, 24 Snowden, 27 Wah, 28+26D One Week, 30 My Way, 32 Nikita, 33+27D Tom Waits, 34 Ranks.

DOWN

1 Angel Echoes, 2 Illumination, 3+31D Ego War, 4 Insane, 5 Lights, 6 My Life, 7 Enola Gay, 8 Dark Days, 12+23D+29A Noah And The Whale, 15 Demon, 17 Stuntman, 20 Dial, 25 No One, 29 Wynn.



SEVEN INCH STORIES BY PHILLIP MARSDEN



FANMAIL

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

Edited by Laura Snapes



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The Big Issue

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MANI APOLOGIES

From: Fred Sterling
To: NME

What the shirting Christ does professional tossdiscuit Mani think he's on about (NME, September 18)? I felt queasy when New Order played Joy Division tracks, I must admit, and the idea of bands resting entirely on their laurels isn't incredibly endearing. But to hear the bassist of a frustratingly inconsistent act slating one of the key players in two of the most influential bands of the past century smacks of a misguided superiority complex, not to mention blatant hypocrisy. Mani claims Hooky is a "nostalgia fuckwit whore" only dealing in "self-centred violation of memories for personal financial gain". Primal Scream play 'Screamadelica' at London Olympia in November.

NME's response...

From: NME

To: Fred Sterling

Good points well made. What did you make of Mani's "unreserved apology" to Hooky then, Fred? He went on record saying: "In a funny way my outburst might make people want to check the record out." Hooky publicity stunt (sorry) or genuine moment of madness? - LS

From: Fred Sterling

To: NME

I think it was another example of an unshakable lack of self-awareness on Mani's part. I wouldn't bet against it being a publicity stunt, though I don't know what would be in it for him particularly. Mani needs to ask himself whether it's better for a band to continue after the death of their

singer or after the death of their relevance.

From: NME

To: Fred Sterling

Bravo. Short of being able to offer you a job, we'd like to offer you this £50 Zavvi voucher instead - LS

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

FLIPPIN' SITEK!

From: Milo Martin

To: NME

Why, at no point during production, did anyone suggest to David Sitek that Maximum Balloon might be a pretty daft name to release an album under? It's the musical equivalent of growing crap facial hair and none of your friends telling you it makes you look like a geography teacher.

From: NME

To: Milo Martin

Well, Milo, when you're legendary bastard Dave Sitek, I wouldn't imagine there are many people with the balls to tell you what to do. And hey, at least he didn't decide to name his band \V/4x\I\U\I\ B4††øøñ. We got sent a drag compilation last week, the names of about 82 per cent of which were totally unpronounceable due to all the obnoxious symbols littered around their names. As bad band name trends go, that's got to take the biscuit, right? - LS

From: Milo Martin

To: NME

If I don't know how to type it, I don't like it.

From: NME

To: Milo Martin

7%3%W WAB ("good man" in drag, FYI) - LS

NOT READY TO DIE

From: Wee Claire

To: NME

Last week was the first time I'd ever heard of Die Antwoord. They baffled, confused and annoyed me all at once with some song called 'Enter The Ninja', where the main man swirled a death star and a badly dressed ninja flailed a sword about. Oh pur-lease! My

experience of ninjas has been mostly sad geek boys who wore long leather jackets at school and collected ninja stars and practised on their nunchucks in their bedroom. I didn't know what to make of Die Antwoord. They're a joke, right? Any band who continually uses the word "interwebs" and declares "this is the best song in the f*cking world" in the middle of the track does not deserve air time.

From: NME

To: Wee Claire

I'm down with your zef, next level opinion Claire, but take issue with your dislike of the word "interwebs" and disdain for ninja LARPing. That aside, though, how the hell did Die Antwoord get signed to Interscope? They sound like Borat fronting Flight Of The Conchords, which makes for the most sub-student-level humour banterous mindfuck ever. A joke or more a satirical-theatric-performance-art -blah-blah it might be. But a shit one. WHY? - LS

From: Wee Claire

To: NME

I'm also at a loss. 'WHY' being the operative word. Music for idiotic flash-in-the-pan hipsters and daft students indeed. I guess they reckon it'll sell records. Which, if true, makes me want to Brillo-Pad myself to wash away the wrongness.

WHO'S THE BEST SMITH?

From: Wild Hog

To: NME

I can't quite work out how a nine-year-old child has managed to make a song about whipping hair back and forth sound like a banging, grinding club anthem, but whoever made

it happen, THANK YOU. My only worry is for Daddy Will Smith's sanity. How will he cope when his son is getting higher profile roles than him and every young man in the country is lining up to date his (already-cooler-than-him) daughter when she is of age?

From: NME

To: Wild Hog

I think you've inadvertently stumbled on something there, Hog. That Willow Smith song is radder than anything he's ever done - with the sole exception of *The Fresh Prince*... That must be the Smith Family Branding Grand Masterplan - once Willow and Jaden have totally upstaged papa, the only way for him to reclaim his status as the coolest Smith will be to restart the show. Yes! Canny plan on their part, huh? - LS

From: Wild Hog

To: NME

Have you seen Carlton recently? His dance to 'Apache' would now resemble something from the *Big Momma's House* franchise. Nah, I reckon the big money would be in a blockbuster. The biggest-grossing film Will Smith has starred in to date was 14 years ago with *Independence Day*. I would suggest that he motion for a sequel entitled *Dependence Day* in which he would attempt to get the entire world hooked on crystal meth so he could have a clear run to the Oval Office without Sarah 'I know what newspapers are but can't name one' Palin sticking her oar in. Then maybe, just maybe, he would be able to look at himself in the mirror once again.

MEATING GAGA IS EASY

From: Josh Hall

To: NME

It is Monday evening. I have literally spent the past 24 hours mulling over what I am confident will soon be regarded as one of the great pop culture dilemmas of our time. My inability to determine exactly from what type of meat Lady Gaga's VMAs dress was made has all but destroyed my already fragile productivity. It looks like prosciutto, but I just can't be sure. Perhaps it is



STALKER

From: Thea

To: NME

This is me and my friend Phania at Scotland's Belladrum with Ollie from Stornoway. He was lovely.

something thicker? Maybe serrano? I'm sure you know people who know people who know Gaga, or at least her butcher. Can you please please shed some light on this matter?

From: Nathan Fish

To: NME

When I saw pictures of Gaga wearing slabs of raw meat and raw meat only upon her person last week, I nearly threw up on my jeans. As a vegan, it makes me sick to the stomach that an animal was killed just so that some airhead could wear it as a bikini. The only meat that should be near Gaga's body is mine, if you know what I mean.

From: NME

To: Josh Hall, Nathan Fish

I swore blind that it was just some shiny pink organza or silk (the way it hugged and accentuated her curves!) until Gaga uttered the immortal - and therapy-necessitating - line, "I never thought I'd be asking Cher to hold my meat purse." So. Many. Jokes. Don't. Know. Where. To. Start. But back to the important business. Meat that iridescent could surely only be the flesh of a mythical unicorn-like creature. Given that Gaga's hot fashion property this season and that unicorns are hard to come by, does that mean we're going to see a legion of cut-price copycats adorning their bits with Tesco Value flesh in her wake? Giblets artfully covering the quim, budget minced beef pellets fashioned into a meaty bullet belt across the nips? Urgh, and I thought Nathan's man-meat comment was enough to turn the stomach - LS

ARE KOL HAVING A LAUGH?

This week, we've been collectively WTF-ing at Kings Of Leon's video for their comeback single, 'Radioactive'. Shot in buttery soft-focus, it's a weirdly colonial affair in which our heroes head back to ol' Tennessee and frolic with a squadron of beaming black children. It resembles Michael Jackson's 'Earth Song', a Center Parcs ad, and a Comic Relief field report. Then there's an array of wholesome woodland activities. Cycling! Running through fountains! Fishing! Is this the same band who, in *NME* a few weeks ago, boasted of their ability to procure a "mountain of cocaine" at the drop of a plectrum? "It's in the water" repeats Caleb. Looks like they've been putting something in the water, alright. This video is nuts. Read Luke Lewis' full blog on *NME.COM*/blogs now

Best of the responses...

I'm a huge KOL fan from the very first album but this video is ridiculous in a hundred different ways. Val

Whose idea was this? The Kings have been affecting a 'we're going to sell out slightly less than before' vibe

as of late, and this does not remind me of that. At all. That said, the kids are adorbs. They should have had the video to themselves. Fiendish

So what, it's a happy video that makes you smile when you're watching it. I feel that

the Kings have found the perfect ground between mass adulation and critical acclaim with this. Narc

I am going to have to spend the next three days picking vomit out of my keyboard. Anon

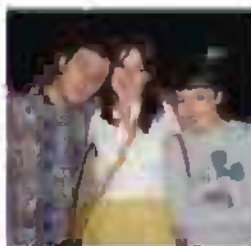


From: Josh Hall
To: Nathan Fish, NME
Dearest Mr Fish, first of all, I shan't stoop so low as to point out how deliciously unfortunate a surname Fish is for a vegan. That would be cheap. Secondly, while I applaud your decision not to partake in the meat, nor the breastmilk, nor the ovum of any creature with a face, I can't help but think that your high moral standards are somewhat undermined by your casual sexism. Finally, and perhaps most importantly, you don't seem to understand that Gaga is the ultimate in "fashion forward". It just so happens that next season, being "fashion forward" actually means reverting to a simpler, more brutish time in our past when the sole purpose of the animal kingdom was to provide nourishment and clothing for more highly evolved creatures. Like Gaga. PS. I still don't know what

type of meat it was. It's the not knowing that really irritates.

From: NME

To: Nathan Fish, Josh Hall
The meat remains unknown. What's certain is that, with Cher's mutton-dressed-as-lamb act and Gaga's beef curtains, the stage at the VMA was literally a dog's dinner (sorry) - LS



STALKER

From: Rebecca

To: NME

Me (far right) and my friend met Kai Fish from Mystery Jets after we snuck backstage at Offset Festival.

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DOES ROCK'N'ROLL KILL BRAINCELLS?

TESTING MUSICIANS' MEMORIES AFTER A LIFETIME OF ABUSE

This Week

EUGENE KELLY (THE VASELINES)

QUESTION 1

Original Vaseline's bassist James Seenan and drummer Charlie Kelly's previous band, Secession, recorded their debut demo in Edinburgh next door to which soon-to-be famous County Durham band?

Wrong. Prefab Sprout

"How am I supposed to know that? I wasn't there!"

QUESTION 2

Name three suggested uses of Vaseline from the back of the tub...

"Good for chapped lips. Dry skin. And rashes?"

Correct. Treatment of chapped skin and lips, minor burns, nappy rash

QUESTION 3

Kurt Cobain named your first EP 'Son Of A Gun' as his fourth favourite album ever. Name his top three...

"Pixies. Stooges. And Butthole Surfers?"

Wrong. It was The Stooges - 'Raw Power' Pixies - 'Surfer Rosa', and The Breeders - 'Pod'

"Kurt heard us on the radio. At the time Nirvana weren't big, they were just another band from America. We were more amazed that our music had travelled as far as Seattle. They asked us to support them in Edinburgh. We'd actually split up so we said, 'Let's get together and see what they're like.' They were amazing."

QUESTION 4

What woolly garment is Kurt Cobain wearing for the whole of Nirvana's 'MTV Unplugged In New York' performance which included a cover of The Vaseline's 'Jesus Doesn't Want Me For A Sunbeam'?

"It was a cardigan. It shows the mark of a man if they can carry off a mohair green cardigan. I wear a green cardigan now, and I did before Kurt wore his, so don't ever diss the cardigan!"

Whoops. Correct



QUESTION 5

You joined Kurt onstage to sing 'Molly's Lips' at Reading Festival '91. Name three other US artists who played.



"Sonic Youth, Iggy Pop, Babes in Toyland. Courtney [Love] was there, I'm not sure Hole were playing, Mudhoney played, I can't remember after that, I was drunk!"

Correct. Pavement, De La Soul and Dinosaur Jr also performed

QUESTION 6

The Molly in 'Molly's Lips' is Scottish actress Molly Weir, who played Hazel The McWitch in late-'70s/early-'80s BBC kids' show Rentaghost. Can you sing the theme tune?

"(Singing) 'Ba ba ba ba bah-bum, call for Rentaghost. The something something, ba ba bah, Rentaghost'. Frances [McKee of The Vaseline's] would know this one. (Continues singing) 'De de de dee...' I can

still remember the tune."

Half a point. "If your mansion house needs haunting/Just call Rentaghost/We've got freaks and fools and creeps and ghouls/At Rentaghost"

"Molly used to have this programme before the news on Scottish TV [Teatime Tales] where she'd tell all these stories from her childhood. She always struck us as a great character, so we just wanted to sing a song about kissing her!"

QUESTION 7

Why did you change the name of your next band, Captain America?

"Marvel Comics sent us a cease and desist letter and forced us to change the name [to Eugenius]. Also, C&A didn't like the fact that

we used their logo on our second single 'Flame On' so they asked us to change the sleeve."

Correct

QUESTION 8

What colour hat is the man - possibly you - wearing on the front of your solo album 'Man Alive'?

"It's a woolly hat that comes down the sides and is two shades of blue. That's my hat. I've still got it. And, yes, it's me."

Correct



QUESTION 9

How many years and months apart are your first album, 'Dum-Dum' and your second, 'Sex With An X'?

"'Dum-Dum' was released in December 1989. Our new album was released in September 2010. So, 20 years, 9 months."

Correct

QUESTION 10

Which superhero was recent fill-in Vaseline's member and Belle & Sebastian bassist and guitarist Bobby Kildea's 1992-1994 band named after?

"Don't know."

Wrong. Hong Kong Phooey [they were called The Mild Mannered Janitors]

"What? That's made up. I'm going to call him. Hang on! [Calls Bobby] Nope, he was never in that band, although he was in a covers band called Deep Blue Sea."

Total Score
6.5/10

"That's pretty good. It's easy to go through life going, 'What were we doing last week?', so I keep a diary. Otherwise people tell you stories and you're like, 'Was I? Did I?'"

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★★★★★ THE FLY
8/10 NME

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