

HAPPINESS

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NME

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THE FLY

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Cool List 2010 IT'S NME'S FAVOURITE TIME OF THE YEAR, AS WE HERALD THE **DUDES DÚ JOUR**



"IT'S A YO GABBA **GABBA!** POST-ROCK FUNHOUSE" ISLET'S DIY, DUAL-DRUMMED **RACKET IS GENIUS LIVE**



"WITHOUT MY HAIRDRESSER WE WÖÜLDN'T HAVE A RECORD DEAL FRANKIE & THE HEARTSTRINGS **GET HUMBLE. ON THE ROAD**

VEEK

23/10/2010



"Creation Records don't sign bands, but people..."

SO SAYS ALAN McGEE IN THE FORTHCOMING CREATION FILM. AND WHEN HE SAYS 'PEOPLE', HE ACTUALLY MEANS 'MANIACS'



"TRUE AND THICK AS DARK **BLOOD SEEPING** FROM A WOUND" WARPAINT'S NEW ALBUM SENDS NME DOOLALLY



"YOU"VE GOT TO BE MEAN TO TERRORISE SANTA" **OUT OF CONTEXT, THIS ICE CUBE QUOTE IS PSYCHOTIC**

PLUS

ON REPEAT

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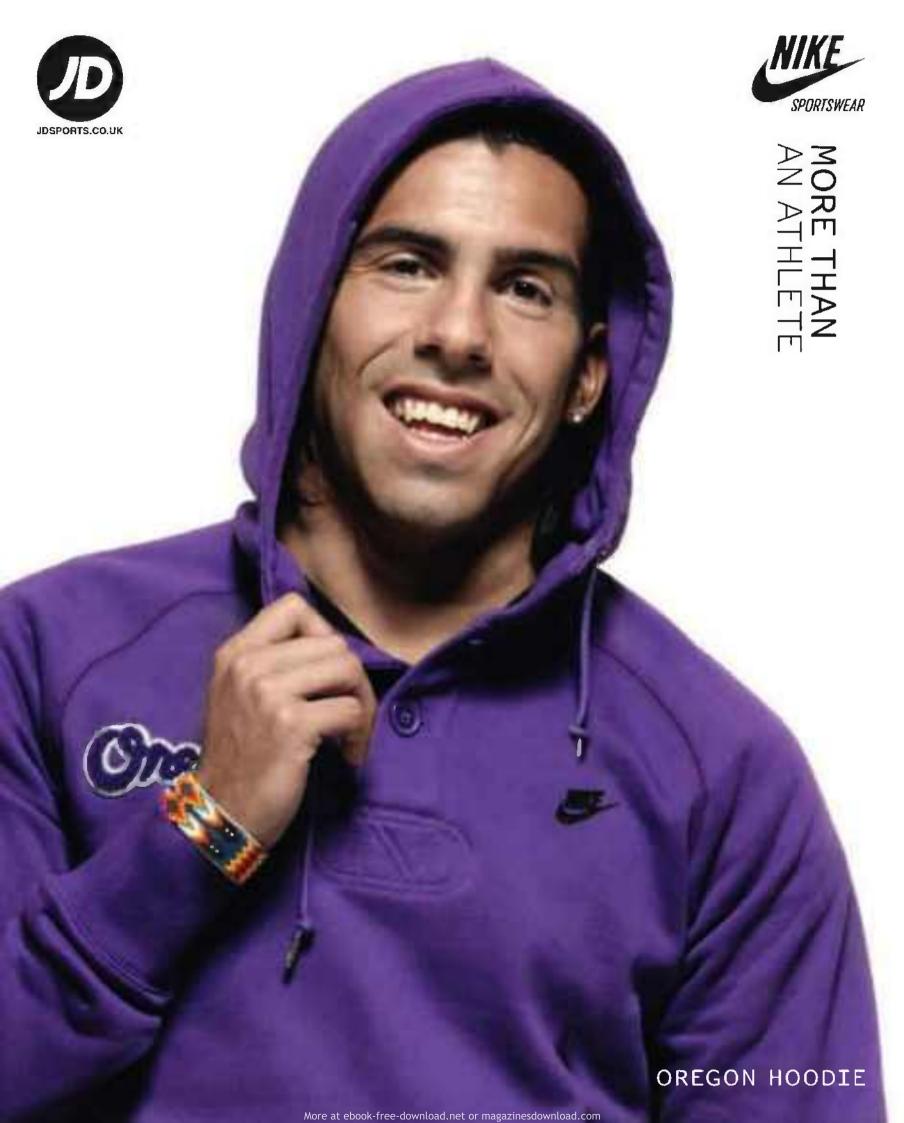


"THE KIDS WERE **PROS... THOUGH** THEY CAN'T AY UP PAST 11"

JACK BARNETT FROM THESE NEW PURITANS ON THE TROUBLE WITH HIS SCHOOLKID COLLABORATORS

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ON REPEAT

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





LYKKE LI

Get Some

The song most people recall when they think of Sweden's Lykke Li is 'Little Bit', from her 2008 debut album 'Youth Novels'. Tense and claustrophobic, it perfectly captured that feeling of fancying someone so much, you think you might be going slightly nuts. Li played the role of the vulnerable, damaged lover, aching for someone unattainable.

There's nothing remotely vulnerable or damaged about 'Get

The impression is of someone confident, predatory and in control

Some', the lead single from Li's second album. From the thunderous Bo Diddley beat to the wildcat howls of the chorus, its confident, predatory, and in control. 'Like a shotgun needs an

outcome," she sings, "I'm a prostitute, you gonna get some."

That word looks shocking written down, but there's something about the way Li rolls it round her mouth, in the manner of someone for whom English is slightly unfamiliar and exotic. She's reclaiming the word, using it in the same way a male rapper might use "player". Indeed, gender politics are at the heart of the song. There's a line: "Just like a man, I'm a fortress." It's all about who gets to play the aggressor in a relationship. And it's ridiculously, impossibly exhilarating Luke Lewis, Deputy Editor, NME.COM Seven-inch out Monday



ZOLA JESUS

Lightsick

As simple in its beauty as 'Maps' or 'Everybody Hurts', on 'Lightsick' our fave reverb-lunged pop witch drapes her locks over piano as vulnerable and quivery as a mouse's heartbeat. Jamie Fullerton, News Editor Streaming at pitchfork.com now

JAMES BLAKE

Limit To Your Love Mr Blake, a sometime architect of vacant, spacious basstrumentals, has become probably the most courted new British artist out there. Why? That voice. This cover of Feist at her most maudlin unveils his troubled-Head Boy tones and shows why he's being touted as most likely to 'do an xx'.

Jaimie Hodgson, New Music Editor On stereogum.com now

THE VAN DOOS

Tenterhooks

The fifth birthday party celebrations are over, but before they've even cleared away the streamers Young & Lost Club have a new offering for us. Boasting choppy guitars and lung-bursting vocals that stretch as far as the horizon, Van Doos arrive with an anthem to shake-away those winter blues. Paul Stokes, Associate Editor

On youngandlostclub.com now

THE DUKE SPIRIT

Everybody's Under Your Spell These cult heroes return with a glossy fur coat slung over the shoulders of their dırty blues-rock. Leila Moss' rasp has a new smoothness, and with the band thundering beneath it, The Duke Spirit suddenly sound more confident and glamorous than ever before.

Martin Robinson, Deputy Editor At thelineofbestfit.com now

AVEY TARE

Lucky 1

Imagine Casiokids' 'Fot I Hose' reinterpreted by Yeasayer. Now imagine the resulting MP3 squashed flat under the weight of a gigantic rolling pin and stretched to double its dimensions. Congratulations, you just envisaged the

sound of Animal Collective man David Portner's debut solo release. Tim Chester, Assistant Editor, NME.COM On gorillavsbear.net now

DEERHOOF

The Merry Barracks

'The Merry Barracks' drones forward and hopscotches back, like the Beastie Boys remixing a lost psych-kraut fossil. So far, not your typical Deerhoofspangled rainbow explosion. They've not grown up though - eventually a massive electronic squelch takes over, and Deerhoof 'order' is restored. Laura Snapes, Assistant Reviews Editor

On pitchfork.com now

PRINZHORN DANCE SCHOOL

Seed, Crop, Harvest The first single for a while from DFA-via-the-UK's finest, and to start with - ridiculously off-kilter drums, clunking bass - it feels like you might have sneaked in on some erratic soundcheck. By the time the jagged riff

enters, however, you're mesmerised. Hamish MacBain, Assistant Editor On stereogum.com now

ANIKA

Yang Yang

Meet Anika. She works as a political journalist-slash-music promoter and has got Portishead's Geoff Barrow's disco stick in overdrive mode. On 'Yang Yang', released on Barrow's ace Invada label, she's like a seriously pissed-off Nico shoehorning her way into a great, lost Ghostface Killah classic.

Matt Wilkinson, News Reporter On rerdibl.com now



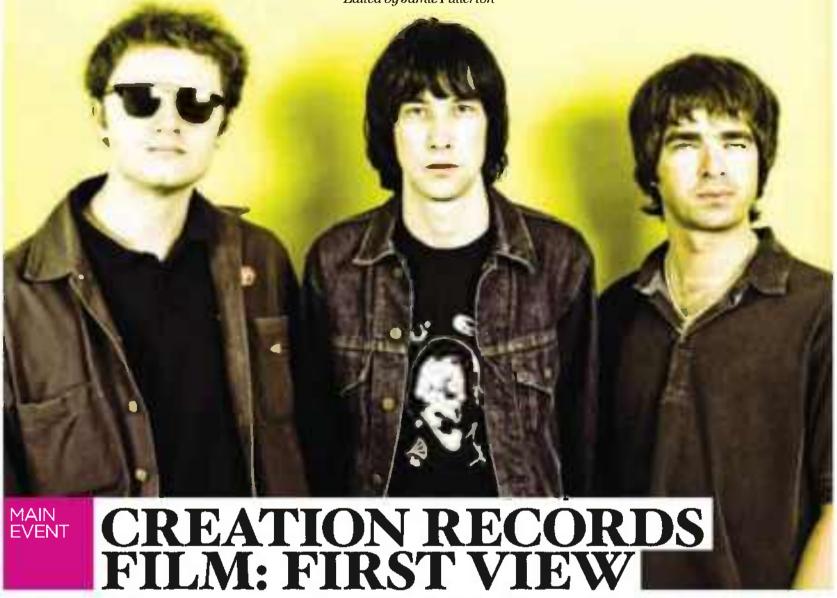
PHOENIX

Love Like A Sunset Part IfI You might have thought you'd heard the last of 'Wolfgang Amadeus Phoenix', but lo, it is the fiery fowl that keeps on rising. In celebration of the French fancies' Madison Square Garden date, the original 'Love Like A Sunset' diptych is trilogised by this dark, warm and squishy deep-trance remix. Good love comes in threes, after all. Emily Mackay, Reviews Editor On stereogum.com now

UPFRONT

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

Edited by Jamie Fullerton



Upside Down features new interviews with Oasis, Primal Scream, Alan McGee and the rest of the mob who changed British music forever. **Hamish MacBain** had a sneak preview...



Director Danny O'Connor discovered Creation in the same way many people his age did. He bought The Jesus And Mary Chain's first single, then more Mary Chain records, then, as he tells us, he "saw Ride's 'Like A Daydream' being played on TV and went straight into town to buy it". Then he slowly started to notice that a large proportion of the records in his collection were being put out by the same label.

His labour of love then began about five years ago, when he put the idea to Alan McGee and got what he describes as "the standard Creation response - 'Fuck off!". About a year later, though, the man who started the label relented and work began. With help from McGee he managed to secure interviews with all the key players - from I he Loft to Kevin Shields, right through to Noel Gallagher, as well as supporting roles from Irvine Welsh, Howard Marks and Super Furry Animals' Gruff Rhys - and started to piece together the definitive tale of Creation Records.

There's no narrator: the "fucked up family" (as McGee puts it in the closing credits) members all tell the story in their own words. There's extensive (and rare) interview footage with co-owner Dick Green, in many ways the silent hero of the whole Creation thing, and whose appearance, in O'Connor's words, "validates the film".

At the other end of the spectrum, Noel is as entertaining as ever and Oasis feature in the opening montage, but the band that sent Creation into supernova don't appear in earnest until over an hour into a film that runs to 141 minutes. Indeed, it's McGee's being stretchered off a plane in Los Angeles (after what he describes as "a Throb [from Primal Scream] line of coke") that takes centre stage as the lunacy begins. As much attention is paid to Ride, The House Of Love and all the other crazies

More so, at its heart—as O'Connor stresses—the film is very much about the relationship between

UPFRONT







Main image: The Boo Radleys' Martin Carr, Bobby Gillespie and Noel Gallagher; this page (clockwise from helmwi: Alan McGee and Dick Green's band Biff Bang Powl; The Jesus And Mary Chain with original drummer Bobby Gillespie; the sleeves for SFA's 'Fuzzy Logic', Oasis' 'Definitely Maybe' TFC's The Loft's 'Up The Hill And Down The Slope' and Primal Scream's 'Screamadelica': Ride 1990; Noel and McGee In the Rolls McGee bought him in 1995













The plan now is to tour the film next year in the same manner as you would a band

McGee and Bobby Gillespie. They are the two constants throughout, offering the most candid, at times brutally honest accounts of what went on: from McGee chaperoning a too-young-to-go-alone Gillespie to gigs in Glasgow, to the Mary Chain, to their joint ecstasy/acid house epiphany, to Primal Scream becoming the hottest band in Britain with 'Loaded' and 'Screamadelica', to Gillespie blasting that his band - just about to release 'XTRMNTR' - were "shafted, totally fucking shafted" by his old friend's decision to dissolve the label, to McGee saying that he "couldn't have done it without Gillespie". One of the key points that McGee makes is that he "doesn't sign bands, but people". This statement comes as My Bloody Valentine's 'Soon', the Scream's 'Higher Than The Sun' and Teenage Fanclub's 'The Concept' swirl

still-magnificently around him, and it makes you feel warm that for a long time this philosophy paid off. When he laughs about how he later found out Noel liked U2's 'Rattle And Hum', and that had he known that before, he would never have signed Oasis, you believe him. When you

see the scenes of utter, utter chaos in the various Creation offices, you wish you were there. When you see Super Furry Animals spending £12,000 destined for an advert in the music press on a tank you want to be in the turret. And the footage of the Mary Chain riots at north London poly in 1985 is worth the admission fee alone.

The plan now – following two sold out screenings at the BFI in London this weekend (October 23/24) – 1s to tour the film next year in the same manner as you would a band Says O'Connor: "You'll see the film, get really excited and rather than get on a bus home and quietly discuss what you thought of it, you'll go to the aftershow and get drunk, and there'll be a DJ or band playing. The idea has always been that it should be part of a night out."

UPSIDE DOWN

The five best moments

"BOWIE NEVER HAD TO DO THIS"

The Jesus And Mary Chain's Jim Reid complains as he and his band sit up all night folding the sleeves to 'Upside Down'

"A BETTER CLASS OF DRUGS"

At the point when he's fallen in love with ecstasy and acid house, Alan McGee is asked in a TV interview by Factory Records' boss Tony Wilson to explain why he has relocated to Manchester

"TEENAGE GIRLS CAN'T BE WRONG!"

Ride's Mark Gardener reveals that he was drafted in by Primal Scream to mime keyboards on *Top Of The Pops* for 'Loaded'. And this before a magazine cover flashes up featuring his face and the words: "Ride: A million teenage girls can't be wrong!"

"TURN THE HI-HAT UP"

Noel is genuinely baffled by McGee's only comment as to how the final mix of 'Rock 'N' Roll Star' could be improved. That being: "Turn the hi-hat up in the second verse"

"MIGHT AS WELL BE SELLING BEANS"

As Creation is falling apart and being smothered by Sony, Bobby Gillespie appears genuinely anguished and upset as he recalls people working there who "might as well have been selling baked beans"





for the Creation movie

"ADAM NEVER BROUGHT ANYTHING GOOD TO US"

The Drums have headed out on the road without ex-member Adam Kessler – but the bitterness is still simmering

 T_{HE}

SETLIST

• It Will All End

In Tears

Best Friend

Submarine

Book Of Stories

· Don't Be A

Jerk, Jonny

· Make You Mine

Let's Go Surfing

· Me And The

Moon

• I Need Fun In

My Life

We Tried

Forever And

FRONT ROW The healing power of time appears to be having little effect on The Drums. A month has parsed since guitarn t Adam

Kessler made a ram phone call to his bandmates on the eve of their first headline US/Canada tour and told them that he was off to live a quieter life. But nothing's thawed in the meantime.

Following an in store show at the Soundscapes record shop in Toronto, we catch up with the band backstage after their sold-out gig at the city's Mod Club on Saturday (October 16). The trio make no attempt to hide their lingering bittern s towards him. Guitarist Jacob Graham remembers his lack of interest in engaging with fans, drummer Connor Hanwick denounces his "laziness and ungratefulness" towards band life in general, while singer Jonathan Pierce attempts to be as direct as he can about

the whole affair. "Forget Adam because he's forgettable," he coldly states. "He never brought anything good to this band."

Forgiveness is still a way off, but
The Drums have certainly lost no time
in making sure their live show doesn't
suffer. New touring recruit Tom
Haswell has been fitting into the set-up
perfectly, not only with his enthusiasm,
but also for his obvious talent for giving
an added power to the shrill hunting

guitar line on song uch as 'Book Of Stories and 'Down By The Water'.

"Tom is a better musician than all of us combined," adds Connor, only half-jokingly. But despite that, he continues to insist that his ability will not win him a full-time membership to The Drums. "I can't picture us bringing anyone else in. It's the same reason why we can't bring in a producer, or a video director, or a graphic designer; the three of us are so in tune with each other, it makes the idea of bringing in another person pretty much impossible.'

Regardless of his nonofficial status, Tom played his part in a frenetic, animated and victorious hour-long set – one that Jonathan rates as being in the "top three"

shows of the tour so far. They even find a place for 'Let's Go Surfing', despite insisting over the summer they were phasing out the fan favourite.

"There was never a time that we said we're not playing it anymore – it's more on a show by show basis," stresses Jacob But the precise nature of their setlist is playing second fiddle to the fact that The Drums don't seem like a band recovering from the recent trauma of a band member leaving. They're philosophical about it all

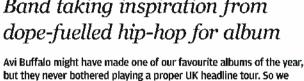
"We over-romanticise things and the way we are onstage is like an extension of that," says Connor. "What happens onstage is almost like a fantasy—it's not a reflection of how we are personally or what we've been going through."

"There's an escapism to it," concludes Jacob. "And that's what pop music is."









were pretty miffed to hear that they're planning to take a break "for a long time" after their first US headline tour ends next month. Avi Zahner-Isenberg told us that they were getting out of playing live "for recording's sake", so at least they'll be keeping busy on following up their Americana-tastic self-titled debut. "I really want to make it like one of those crazy adventure records," he told us. "Like when you put on [Dr Dre's] '2001' or something, and there's an intro and you're on a magic ride and experience the whole thing, it's really sweet." See you for the 60-date UK promo run for that one next year then, eh Av?

Avi Buffalo are on 'NME Radar - The Album'. See NME.COM/store



SUEDE'S B&B: COSY

Brett and Bernard back together to work on Suede material

Bernard Butler may not have been involved in this year's Suede reunion, but Brett Anderson has been hanging out with his old guitar-slinging mate, at least.

The pair - who teamed up again briefly as The Tears back in 2005 - got together to remaster their forthcoming best of compilation (out November 1), with Brett saying that despite their differences in the past, there were no tantrums. "It was quite an interesting thing to do," he mused, "because I hadn't sat in a studio with Bernard, listening to Suede songs, for nearly 20 years. It was a little trip down memory lane, it was nice." Bernard didn't reveal whether the experience was more positive for him than co-producing Duffy's last album. See NME.COM/video for the full Suede interview



APPETITE FOR EDUCATION

Guns N' Roses take a break from the arenas to give an impromptu school session

When the pupils of Witchwood School Of Rock in Shipton-under-Wychwood. Oxfordshire, learned last Tuesday (October 12) that they'd be paid a visit by Guns N' Roses, they must have got pretty excited. You know, at the idea of Axl Rose donning an apron over his velvet jacket and serving up some mash, or maybe giving career advice on the importance of good timekeeping. So the satchel-wearing rockstars-in-training must have been a tad racked off when Ron 'Bumblefoot' Thal, the

SCHOOL MASTERS OF ROCK

- College patron Sir Paul McCartney dropped into Liverpool's Institute For Performing Arts to give a songwriting class to one of the city's most promising bands in their pre-fame days: The Wombats.
- In 2006 Richard Ashcroft gatecrashed The Bridge youth club in Chippenham and demanded to work with the kids, and "do good things". A witness described him as "dishivelled" and "off his head", with

Wiltshire Police subsequently giving him an £80 fixed penalty fine for disorderly behaviour.

· He's not just a reality TV fixture - Coolio is

also a bit of a chef. Following a series of cookery class webisodes, the rapper attempted to teach the world his unique culinary style (invariably mashing the word "black" with regions to create descriptions such as "Blottish"), releasing a Cookin' With Coolio book last year. Highlight: "Ghettobooty Blottish Haggis".

 In July this year funk master Bootsy Collins launched his own "Funk University" online. Impressive guests on the course included George Chnton. Bootsy asserted his academic authority by delivering the university's mission statement wearing red sunglasses with spangly black stars.

NEW BRITISH

LP POWER!

British Sea Power

have named their new album 'Valhalla

Dancehall'. Their fourth album is out

in January - head to NME.COM/artists/

british-sea-power to

watch a video of them writing the

name in sand and

also drawing a big

scary dragon.

YOU WHAT?

"We thought it

would be silly to use chicken blood" **Wayne Coyne** explains why he made a poster commemorating The Flaming Lips' **Austin City Limits** festival appearance out if his own claret. Yeah. chicken blood is just plain daft.

"I'm more nervy talking to kids than I am playing to 20,000" – Bumblefoot

guitarist who replaced Buckethead in 2006, and drummer Frank Ferrer turned up instead and gave an impromptu class.

"I'm more nervous going and talking to the kids than I am playing in front of 20,000 people," Frank gawped, presumably at the same moment Axl was lowering himself into a hotel jacuzzi full of champagne while having his corn-rows touched up by a bodacious babe. Hardly Johnny Depp turning up to a primary school in full Jack Sparrow get-up, sure, but it got us thinking about a few bizarre, weird and amusingly underwhelming moments in rock history when musicians have turned wisdom-imparters.



The Pains Of Being Pure At Heart are ramping up their jangle in a new strive for greatness – to the extent that they've started drumming on music biz gongs

IN THE WORKS If there's one band we didn't expect to start going all Kings Of Leon on us, it's chieftains of the nostalgic haze, The Pains Of Being Pure At Heart. But lo and behold, with their as-yet-untitled next effort all but wrapped up, the New York four-piece have ditched the basement recording studios and sepia tinged melodics for big-time production and the proximity of Grammy awards albeit not their own quite vet

"There are a lot of songs from the first album we love playing but there's a reason we love playing them - songs like 'Come Saturday'," singer Kip Berman says. "They're fun songs and they have

energy; I made it more of a quest this time that we have more like that." It's clear from Kip's enthusiastic talk of "immediacy" and "vibrancy" that, though the band's second "just sounds like us, like Kip and Peagy and Alex and Kurt playing music, it's looking set to be an altogether more polished beast than their eponymou ly titl d and hugely acclaim 1 2009 debut.

Setting up base in their hometown, the band have the time been working with legendary producer Flood, whose previous employers include Nick Cave, Smashing Pumpkins and Depeche Mode - and whose back catalogue enabled the band to incorporate a

THE **DETAILS**

Title: TBC Released: March 2011 Recorded: **New York** Producer: Flood Song titles: 'The Heart In Your Hearthreak', 'Heaven's Gonna Happen Now'

slightly more unusual instrument into the mix "We probably won't win a Grammy but we did play a Grammy," Kip outlines. "For the intro to 'Heaven's Gonna Happen Now', we took a drumstick and Flood had a Grammy there from U2 or whatever, and we did the quick in on that." When in Rome... With a few choice cuts that date back

to the time of their first EP finally seeing daylight and combining with an array of new material, it's fair to say that album two still is true to their roots but this time the band are looking firmly forward. "If the last one was about feelings," muses Kip, "then this one is about feeling."

These New Puritans' mainman is about to take 'Hidden' to orchestral new heights – if the kids' choir can work on a school night

You're kicking off your 'Hidden' orchestra shows – hard to organise?

"It's been a nightmare, but it'll be worth it. It's incredible for us, really. I've just been working on an intro tape for the show which has made me a bit scared, I hadn't thought about it 'til now. Just sitting here working on it is making me terrified."

Are these performances across Europe a culmination of your work on 'Hidden'? Is this the end for the album?

"This is the full stop for 'Hidden', I've been living with it for quite some time now. The only thing that might make me want to carry on with it is if we had offers to take it to somewhere incredible like Japan or China, but this is definitely the end for England."

Did you re-score the record for the shows?

"Some songs have got different things going on. Like, I had a piano part to Drum Courts' which I thought was too floral at the time but listening back it's really good. 'Hologram' I changed quite a lot. For me that piece of music could just go on forever, I could write a whole album around it. Also with 'We Want War', on record there's this manipulated choir sound, and I thought we could get the children's choir to pretend to be singing backwards on that."



They say you should never work with kids in showbiz, could things to go tits-up there?

"The kids were pros when we worked with them on the album. We're having trouble getting a kids' choir for one of the European shows because it's at 11pm on a school night. I think they could just stay up, personally. We could have a slumbering room for them offstage."

You've also got a remix EP with Salem helping out.

"Yeah, I really like it. [Salem's Heather Marlatt] sings on our album. I appreciate what they're doing because I don't like this culture we have of knowing all the details about a band, like, 'What's your favourite crisp flavour, or whatever. They're doing something that's convincing in a very holistic way."

Were you annoyed at not getting the nod for the Mercury nominations this year?

"(Sound of Jack eating crisps) Yeah, I mean, we could have been the next Speech Debelle. I don't know if it's that big of a deal. I think it's more important for us to connect with human beings."

We hear you and your twin and TNP bandmate George have a pop record somewhere in the can?

"I've got a lot of music I wrote around the time of 'Hidden' that didn't fit in

STRINGS ATTACHED

Other albums we'd

like orchestrated

CARL BARAT:

'CARL BARAT'

Showtune-style solo

album taken to its

logical conclusion:

costume cupboard

THE VOID'

With a three-and-a-

half-year queue wait

for added realism

THE WOMBATS:

'TALES OF LOVE...'

Their debut

reimagined with an

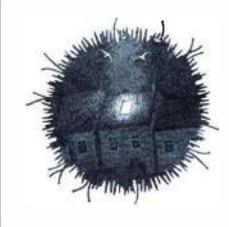
and might be adapted for a pop person. It would be good, I always think when you present a piece of music as pop you can get away with weirder stuff, But I'd like to work with a female vocalist; I was thinking of not singing on our next record, but maybe there'll just be multiple singers."

from Moulin Rouge Have you started thinking about **KLAXONS: 'SURFING** a new record?

"So far it's just been me on my own writing things that really aren't anything like These New Puritans, But I remember feeling the same way about 'Hidden', I just need to decide what to do with them."

orchestra of 100 Do you feel more whoopee cushions liberated now that you've surprised people with 'Hidden'?

"In an ideal sense it would be nice to do something completely different with every single release, but I don't know if that's possible. There are things that I want to keep from this album ['Hidden']. I've learned things from that record. I feel like I've got this dangerous knowledge."



STORNOWAY

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"magical and magestic" The Times "melodically magnificent" NME

"the festival band of the summer" The Observer

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Pieces Of Me SIMON PEGG

The actor and zombie expert dissects the blood splatters, sex manuals and musical poetry that made him the über nerd he is today

My first album 1 FEEL FOR YOU' BY CHAKA KHAN

"When I started to be a teenage music aficionado I bought Chaka Khan's 'I Feel For You'. I was 13 and I was into my breakdancing, and the video for the title track was so cool. It's a Prince song, so it's just a brilliant tune. I recorded the video on VHS as you could in the early '80s, when that was a novelty, and just watched it over and over again."

My first gig ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN, GLOUCESTER LEISURE CENTRE

"It was in 1985 after they released a compilation of their greatest hits to that point. I discovered them when I was about 15 and backtracked into 'Porcupine' and all that stuff. It was extraordinary. Very weirdly, years later I ended up jamming with Ian McCulloch in a studio. I played drums on 'Lips Like Sugar' and 'Changes' by Bowie."

My favourite lyric 'I WANT THE ONE I CAN'T HAVE' BY THE SMITHS

"'If you ever need self-validation/Just meet me in the alley by the railway station'. The guy's a poet! I just love The Smiths. Johnny Marr would write melodies, then Morrissey would pour words into it. I absolutely adore them."

Book that changed me THE FACTS OF LOVE BY ALEX AND JANE COMFORT

"It was the children's version of *The Joy Of*Sex which my mum gave me when I was 12. It changed me a lot because I learnt more about what goes where. I was in my bedroom going, 'The penis does WHAT?' I've just written my own book, *Nerd Do Well*, which has been a great experience. It's a memoir about going from watching *Star Trek* to working on the Starship Enterprise. I've got competition from Carl Barât on the memoir front, haven't I? Well, I probably don't have as many Pete Doherty stories as him. I haven't heard from Pete for a while. Is he still working or is he in rehab forever? The Libertines are back? I'm so out of touch."

My favourite film

"The original by George Romero. Not just because we ripped it off [for Shaun Of The Dead] but because it is a film I love. I think it's a brilliant movie. The fact that it's about zombies and is full of red splattery bits is by-the-by. I've been upset by the way that zombies run in some recent films. You're slowly rotting away but you're still moving so it's going to be slightly debilitating. It's going to be worse than two pulled hamstrings."

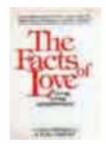














My hero JOHN LENNON AND PAUL MCCARTNEY

"Using the telepods from *The Fly* I'd combine them into one person, then I'd say that gooey mess would be my hero. Together they're responsible for so much. It was like the most passionate fuck ever, musically, and I admire that enormously. So I think a bizarre particle hybrid of Lennon and McCartney. Yeah, McLennon!"

My favourite piece of art NIGHTHAWKS BY EDWARD HOPPER

"I've always thought it's a beautiful painting. There's so much going on and you can look at it for a long time and figure out the story. It looks like an incredible combination of detail and when you get up close to it, it's not as detailed as you think."



Clockwise from main pic The Pegg man; Chaka Khan's disco classic 'I Feel For You; The Smiths' 'Meat is Murder' from whence a favoured Pegg lyric came; Edward Hopper's dark masterpiece Nighthawks; The Facts of Love book; zomblefest Dawn Of The Dead; Bunnyman lan McCulloch; a couple of chancers who were in a band called The Beatles

Peter Robinson Us JAMES BLUNT

Rhymes with... actually, the posho singer is less of a tosspot than you'd imagine



FYI

If only James
Blunt's music was
as good as his sense
of humour

 Mind you, '1973' is a tune whichever way you look at it

 Is that Hoosiers image scorched into your brain too? **Hello, James.** "Hello there."

Your talking voice is very 'local radio DJ'.

"You're saying I'm posh?"

No, it's more 'get out of bed and drive to work'.

"Damn tt! I thought we were going for posh! I was going to create the MOPOs, Music Of Posh Origin. It was me, Coldplay, Keane... but I take local radio DJ as a huge compliment. If it all goes wrong maybe I will get regional radio on board."

To be fair you tried to get regional radio on board with the last album and that didn't pan out very well. What went wrong?

"I try to answer the 'what went wrong' question as I sit there in a different place around the world... ACTUALLY I think I did get regional radio."

I went to Thailand last year and I couldn't go anywhere without hearing your winsome pop tunes. Your music was everywhere.
"I know, and for that I do apologise."

It was you and tracks from the first Westlife album, EVERYWHERE, Why?

"I don't know, but Westlife and I should therefore form a frightening double act. But on a global level I do like to control things, which is why I'm just off to Afghanistan to try and sing the Taliban into surrendering. If that doesn't work I'm going to set Katherine Jenkins on them."

You are thought of as boring but actually you are quite interesting. You go out, get off your tits, shag people. You're a lot more interesting than people give you credit for if, of course, those aforementioned activities are 'interesting', which they are.

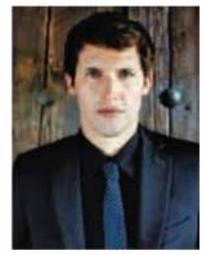
"Er, thank you. Well my mum doesn't think so when she reads the papers. But I do like to get out a little bit..."

Are you the person at the party who gets the guitar out in order to 'enchant' 'the ladies'?

"Oh good God no. That would be the quickest way to clear a party. I do better at funerals."

What music would you like at your own funeral?

"I'd choose something happy."



Would people be happy you died? "Some people would be."

Lots of people reading this interview would be. That must be an odd feeling, knowing that people want you dead. "Yes. Strange. The one issue I have, the

"Yes. Strange. The one issue I have, the only resentment towards *NME*, is that you gave me the Worst Album Award at the NME Awards, and you never sent me the award!"

The Hoosiers recently made a similar point about the absence of their Worst Group Award.

"I write to *NME* every month. It's so lame not to send it. It's even lamer THAN MY MUSIC not to send the award. Well it's either lame or cheap."

You, The Hoosiers... who else is in this elite group of awful acts never to have actually received an NME Award they have won?

"The Hoosiers once did a streak across my stage."

There's a thought.

"I was facing the wrong way so I didn't get to see it."

I think you will find that counts as facing the right way.

"Yes. I think you're probably right."

Do you edit your own Wikipedia web page?

"Yes. Constantly. It's the first thing I do every morning."

Sorting out your own Wikipedia page is a bit like having a fact wank isn't it?

"Well those are the best wanks. Sex on your own... (Awful pause) it's just the best."



KINGS OF LEON

1 "RADIOACTIVE"

THE TING TINGS 'HANDS'

BRANDON FLOWERS
3 'CROSSFIRE'
PLUS

4 NARK BONSON & THE BUSINESS
2 INTL'THE BIKE SONG

5 8 'POWER'

6 4 THE RM

7 7 YOUR LOVE

MANIC STREET PREACHERS
6 '(11'S NOT WAR) 105T THE END
OF LOVE' (NAME)

9 5 HURTS WONDERFULLIFE

10 13 CONSTELLATIONS

11 10 ARCADE FIRE

12 12 CARL BARAT

13 11 THE BEES

14 ANTONY & THE JOHNSONS
THANK YOU FOR YOUR LOVE

15 9 PEVERYDAY IS LIKE SUNDAY

16 14 SLEIGH BELLS HATTANS'

17 15 EVERYTHING EVERTHING

18 CHID CUDI FT KANYE WEST

19 18 PRINSE ME DOWN/POREAS

20 16 ROBYN WITH ME

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'One Eye Closed' • FLORENCE • THE MACHINE

'Heavy In Your

Arms'
• GORILLAZ

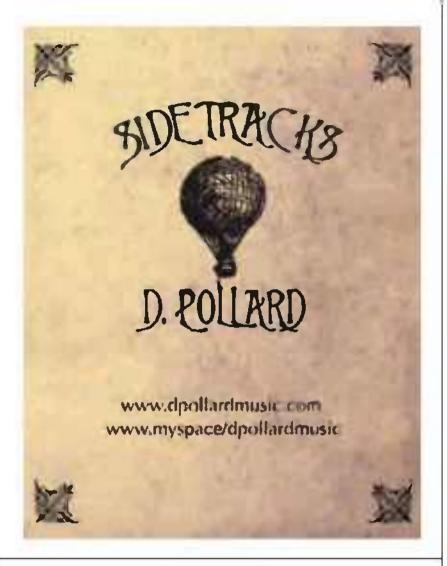
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RADAR

FUTURE STARS, BREAKING SCENES, NEW SOUNDS...

Edited by Jaimie Hodgson



BROTHER

Are you ready for "the future of music"? If not, leave now

hirty seconds in to their first NME interview, Brother loudly declare: "We want to headline Glastonbury. And we will." This follows their debut London show two weeks ago at the Flowerpot in Kentish Town, at which they mooched onstage and declared: "If anyone here doesn't want to see the future of music, leave now." Two days after that, following on from just four gigs and having been courted by every single label in the land, they signed a deal with Geffen. A very large one. "We always expected a big reaction," says singer Lee. "The most surprising thing to us is that all this hasn't happened sooner."

Under 'Genre' on Brother's Facebook it unashamedly says 'Gritpop', and that - as in the overtly masculine, cagouled-up end of Britpop – is 100 per cent accurate ("We know Britpop is a dirty word. We don't care"). In the homemade video for 'New Year's Day', they all wear shades and big coats and play in front of a massive Union Jack. Their last twitpic at time of going to press was half a pint of lager. Their first single 'Darling Buds Of May' (named after the '90s TV drama) has been produced by Stephen Street, as has their album. They will shortly play a London showcase gig at the Met Bar. Got the picture yet? This, ladies and gentlemen (mainly gentlemen, to be honest), is The Rebirth Of Britrock: '90s Vintage. Back in a big way in 2011 if Brother have anything to do with it. "We're sick of all these American bands," Lee sneers. "The Drums can do one. As can all those bands with beards. It's time for a proper band with some bollocks. Hopefully other bands will follow us."

As you may have guessed, all Brother songs swagger with goal-round-up riffs, big choruses and lyrics of the sort that mean either nothing or everything. Mr Zane Lowe has already declared "that if Britpop is going to make a revival, then Brother are the band to start it". Brother have already publicly retorted that he "has bloody good taste".

Not everyone is going to concur. Not by a long shot. "We're already polarising opinion massively," says Lee. "People might think we're arrogant, but it's just belief. We know how amazing we are. And soon everyone else will." Hamish MacBain

$\mathcal{F}YI$

- As a teenager, Lee played his first gig in Slough Tandoori. The band were paid in curry
- · Bassist Josh Ward used to call Portsmouth home, but was coerced to live in Slough having met the rest of Brother
- · Brother have produced their own broadsheet newspaper about themselves. It will be available shortly

The Buzz

The rundown of the music, people and happenings setting the blogosphere on fire this week



CASCINE

While this year's most blogged-to-fuck labels were busy trying to out lo-fi each other by letting their identikit chillwave drivel drown on cassette tapes and wax cylinders, one new label has been beavering away, collecting a roster that feels fresh and unique. Imagine that. Step forward Cascine, an imprint of Sweden's stellar Service label (Studio, The Tough Alliance, Jens Lekman to name a few), that's based in LA, New York and London. Their debut release was by glacial Finns Shine 2009, followed by Brooklyn's Selebrities, alluringly sleazy purveyors of "summertime gothic" electro-pop. Next up is the debut EP from Oxford's Chad Valley, who's had our collective knickers in a psychelectronica twist for some time now. And their releases look beautiful. Yun, right smart arses...



2 LET'S BUY HAPPINESS' 'SIX WOLVES' VIDEO

Different strokes for different folks. If your 'thang' is prim girls in petticoats gurgling the kind of Day-Glogunge one might associate with the forfeit on a CBeebies gameshow, then stop your sweaty Googling right now and get over to dippy Sunderland ghost-folker's LBH's MySpace. Their debut vid will make your life.



3 THE POP MANIFESTO LABEL

The Pop Manifesto is a cult online lifestyle magazine - not blog, online magazine! - run by Illijarna, the lead singer of similarly cult NYC band, Apache Beat. She's just launched a new label, and her first release is an absolute scorcher, Magick Mountain conjures mid-90s house spirits within blankets of gassy techno.



4 SEAPONY

California isn't the only state on the west coast with beaches, as these Pacific northwesterners well know. Seapony offer a misty take on Best Coast's sun-dappled slackerdom on 'Dreaming', their first release for Double Denim. The rain-slicked shores of the Puget Sound may not be paradise, but at least the chill waves are for real.



5 MEMORYHOUSE'S 'CAREGIVER'

To record their upcoming seven-inch, this dream-pop duo retreated to a remote Ontario church, But unlike fellow church-recording Canucks Arcade Fire, Memoryhouse have sacrificed none of the intimacy of their early recordings. A-side 'Caregiver' may be their most disarmingly naked incantation vet.



CRUSH

Bethany Cosentiño. Best Coast

"There's a really awesome band called Dunes from LA. They just put an EP out, and they do an awesome postpunk meets Cocteau Twins sort of thing. It's neat, you should check them out."



This week's impenetrable muso slang decoded

CRED-POP

The noughties saw the birth of a new kind of pop star. They were masters of their own destiny, and of a far less commercially orientated stance. A lineage can be followed from the likes of Robyn through to La Roux.



OX4 FESTIVAL

OXFORD, VARIOUS VENUES SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9

The bands come out in force on John Peel Day



Today is John Peel Day, and him being the gruff, humble type he was, he'd be more chuffed to know there's still events like OX4

continuing his work in spirit rather than name Having once declared Cowley Road - postcode OX4 - "the very heart of Oxford's music scene", he'd be even happier to know it's in as fine a fettle as he left it.

The first few bands make for a fairly trad electro-indie affair, Five-piece Fixers sound kinda like Animal Collective almost entering a falsetto contest with Everything Everything but deciding to form a stadium band instead. And Glitches are Yeasayer covering Foals, rivaling New York's grumpiest on terrible facial hair and managing to expose far more chest rug than should be legal. They even trump them on stage presence, but their songs are repetitive and dull.

It seems almost selfish to talk about how phenomenal HREDA are when they're about to embark on hiatus to work on solo projects. Their calling cards are the same as most post-rock bands - moody, intense-but unlike the majority, they're

neither in hock to Mogwai nor doomy clifftop soundscapes; their drums are clean, not drowning in cymbal fills, and although their heavy syncopations throb from the heart, occasionally they surprise you with unexpected lighter moments. Reform quickly, please - and take a lesson from Jonquil frontman Hugo Manuel, who headlines tonight under his other guise, Chad Valley (pictured above).

Even at Washed Out's most euphoric moments, there was still an element of disconnected aloofness - and it's not surprising, given that it was never really supposed to get outside his bedroom. Hugo, on the other hand, is to chillwave what Katy B is to dubstep; turning nerdy sound experiments into massive fun-pop, forsaking anonymous, mangled samples to sing in his own handsome brogue. 'Portuguese Solid Summer' (from his superb forthcoming EP on Cascine) is perfection, Hugo singing that "everyone is different" while the song fades in and out like a cool tingling stroke up a sunburnt arm. The slo-mo organ drone of 'Acker Bilk' causes one onlooker to remark, "Ooh, he's very talented, isn't he?" That's an understatement. John would be very proud. Laura Snapes

BASS QUAKES AND RIB **SHAKES**

Bass-head Martin Clark (aka Blackdown) takes over the low end



Hey, I'm Martin, some people know me as Blackdown. I'm your new dubstep correspondent; I've been writing about bassy beats for the last 10 years. I can't play the trumpet so if I were to blow my own, it would sound terrible but might I mention I'm a blogger, producer and

Rinse FM DJ who was the first person to interview Burial, Skream, Benga and Digital Mystikz. Right: less chat more rhyddims. Here's some heat right now...

Post-Giggs, with bandanas on, standing at the London bars, are hundreds of new-breed MCs. You could call it UK rap but this is raw street music, like grime wasn't grimey enough. These guys aren't going international, they're broadcasting to their estates: inter-gang rivalries are played out over homegrown rap beats. And they're not using pirate stations, it's all about DVDs or YouTube channels Streetz Selected TV and UK Overstood, where the top MCs K Koke & Margz, Youngsta, Fix Dot'm, Ride Out Squad, Johnny Guns and Don Strapzy can get 150,000 views per video.

Grime's not dead though. Beyond the pop careers of its top MCs, its producers are rebuilding it as a club phenomenon, inspired by dubstep's rave bangers. Leading the charge is producer Terror Danjah and his DJ sidekicks, Elijah & Skilliam. Terror's new album for Hyperdub (home to Burial, Darkstar and more) 'Undeniable' has gems like 'Sonar (Sclassi mix)' and the title track featuring D Double E.

Two releases that couldn't be further away on the emotional spectrum from road rap and grime are Jamie Woon's 'Night Air' and James Blake's 'Limit To Your Love', both broken soul records with a hint of dubstep's dark

MARTIN'S TOP 3

TERROR DANJAH 'Undeniable'

> JAMIE WOON 'Night Air'

JAMES BLAKE 'Limit To Your Love'

underbelly. 'Night Air' comes with a breathtaking Ramadanman remix that sounds part Burial, part gospel. James Blake is a cover of Feist that re-positions him from genius producer to tortured artist. The mind boggles what both their forthcoming debut albums have in store. The night sky's the limit.

NEXT WEEK'S COLUMNIST: The Big Pink's Milo Cordell

This week's unmissable new music shows

> WILDER Cockpit, Leeds. Oct 20

ALOE BLACC HiFi, Leeds, Oct 21

FICTION The Wise Monkey, Glasgow, Oct 21

MAGIC KIDS Louisiana, Bristol, Oct 21

TEENGIRL FANTASY (pictured below)/ HUMAN LIFE Proud Camden. London, Oct 23







DJ NATE SENT DOWN... ...and ruins UK grime producer's plans



Prison is hell. Especially when it gets in the way of a nice remix. Young UK grime producer Becoming Real (aka 24-vear-old

Toby Ridler) recently had a planned remix scuppered when DJ Nate got himself locked up.

Toby has been a fan of Chicago footwurkin' (a frenetic hip-hop street dance scene) for some time and had his heart set on getting his new track, 'Like Me', remixed by a footwurkin' producer. "I was very much looking forward to hearing someone else interpret music from another city," Toby explains. "And although footwurk and grime

seem worlds apart. within each of them they both have the essence of our respective areas, the pace, the detail and the history is all there."

He was over the

moon when the one and only DJ Nate agreed to do the business on it. but when, weeks later, the remix delivery date came and went, they found that Nate had seemingly disappeared off the face of the Earth. All emails were left unanswered, and as the dates rolled past, management decided to push the release date of the single back in eager anticipation of Nate's delivery.

Nearly a month had rolled past when, through a bit of detective work, they discovered that Nate had not been getting back to them as he'd fallen prey to the long arm of the law, and been incarcerated.

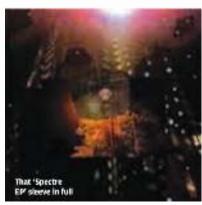
As an alternative they made contact with

another legendary Chicago footwurkin' luminary DJ Rashad, who gladly accepted the remixing duties. "Rashad's another favourite producer of mine, so luckily we were still able to have something which offered a similar re-interpretation of the track," Toby recalls. But what of DJ Nate?

Becoming Real's attempt to dve his own hair was

Radar contacted Nate's UK label Planet Mu, who stated that while they weren't certain of the exact reasoning for Nate's imprisonment, they knew that it was "a minor crime", and that he was inside for less than a month. He's now out and is busying himself with work on a remix for Salem's single 'Asia', which should be surfacing online soon via the IAMSOUND label. Becoming Real's 'Spectre EP' is out soon, featuring the highly anticipated DJ Rashad remix of 'Like Me'.

Planet Mu weren't certain of the exact reasoning for Nate's imprisonment







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LADY GAGA

People get the wrong idea about Gaga. They think she's simply about the meat dresses and machine-gun tits and being 'up the gays'. In fact, the key to her genius is Beatles-esque in its simplicity – her songs are genius. The 'package' is crucial; the way the Haus Of Gaga has formed the most freestanding creative universe since Warhot's Factory. The way she turned reckless product placement into a Dadaist in-joke with the 'Telephone' video. The way that with 'Born This Way' she's about to effectively release her third album in as many years. Clearly, insane over-scheduling is the new rockstar laziness. DM



KATY B

cool list

> Katy's on a mission, alright. A mission to ensure dubstep is remembered as more than just some beardy-man's backroom art project by giving it some proper pop props. Already she's on her way to becoming the genre's first true breakout star. Despite starting out at the Brit School she's shown proper kudos by manoeuvring herself closer and closer to the razor's edge of cool, hopscotching through Ministry Of Sound to work with Rinse FM and finally hitting the precipice on Magnetic Man's 'Perfect Stranger'. DM



PLAN B A field of phone-way shimmy freaks at V can't be wrong, you might argue, but according to statistics it's wrong 67.8 per cent of the time, usually vile watching Faithless. But not this year, when Plan B drew a bigger crowd than the Pope to celebrate his transformation into the Amy Winehouse you could take home to your mum. What's cool about Ben Drew is that he's planning to follow his soul concept album 'The Defamation Of Strickland Banks' with the self-released The Ballad Of Belmarsh' that might be back-to-his-roots hip-hop, might be reggae, but definitely won't be the stuff of Skins syncs. Here's an artist willing to blow his chart cred for the music he believes in. MB





DAVE SITEK TU On The Radio

If there was one man who seemed the least likely to turn up to your house party and moonwalk across your kitchen floor, it was TV On The Radio helmsman Dave Sitek. When NME travelled to the USA to talk about 'Dear Science', he refused to even leave his bus. So, when he released his 'Maximum Balloon' album, featuring Jacko-esque rubber-funk and more party appeal than a clown with four foot red shoes and a hat with a propeller on it, it was the coolest about furn we'd witnessed since The Horrors stopped believing they we're The Cramps. Suddenly he's the guy who wouldn't just moonwaik on your floor, he'd hand out party poppers like gig-flyers. JF



JACK DONOGHUE

He's the one in the middle slurring raps through the mist over Salem's murky miasma. He's the reluctant hipster, the long-haired witch house poster boy with the cheeks drawn by Mephistopheles. He claims to like being ill and finds creativity from liberal drug abuse and self-imposed sleep deprivation. He's an otherworldly creature – a potential American Apparel model if they ever open a branch in Hades. TC

ANDREW VANWYNGARDEN MGMT

While flipping the record company execs over and tickling their bellies is all very well if you want to get rich, rock'n'roll is actually about pissing people off. Andrew VanWyngarden surely understands this, and whether he and bandmate Ben Goldwasser meant to or not, his band's sequel to the sales-tastic 'Oracular Spectacular' got up a lot of people's noses. He's done exactly what he wanted, ditching their electro sound and irony on a journey to more psychedelic. rawer pastures, dropping his bandanas for more individual Barrett-esque Carnaby threads as he did so. But the coolest thing about VanWyngarden is that, while royally annoying people who think bands should pay more attention to Columbia's profits than their own

HONOR TITUS

Cerebral Ballzy

What's in a name? Traditionally not so much. But when the name happens to be Honor Titus, you'd hope it'd mean something, at least. Likewise, you'd be disappointed if the frontman of best-/worst-named band in recent memory, Cerebral Ballzy, was a cardigan-clad wistful bard that jots down haikus in his Moleskin. Thankfully the Brookhyn moggy delivers on all his moniker's bravado. Honor's been sick after every single show he's played. True fact. He's also the proud owner of the wiry freakster look that the lead in *The Warriors* was striving for in 1979, but couldn't quite achieve because he was 31 years too early. And he's brought fun, snot and, er, Beavis And Butt-head back into hardcore punk for the first time in never and then duly towed that whole godforsaken shitshow on to the indie disco dancefloor. JH



muse, he actually made the best album of his career. TP



NICKI MINAJ

Whether it was on her seminal 'Beam Me tip Scotty' mixtape or her turn spitting rhymes about (yes) cunnilingus on Christina Aguilera's rather icky non-single 'Woo Hoo', people will remember where it was they first heard Nicki Minaj. Because by the time her album 'Pink Friday' drops next month she's going to be everywhere.

Having fallen to Earth from a subspace somewhere between the places David Bowie and Janelle Monáe once did, she's fast turning into the most compelling urban musician of either gender. For her latest trick, she weaves a sample from 'No More I Love Yous' by Annie Lennox into something approaching genius. **DM**

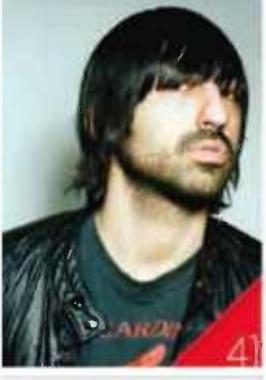
ORLANDO WEEKS The Maccabees One of the key components to being cool lies in Adam Ant's old The Marcabees themselves are an adage that "ridicule is nothing to be solute exercise in understated cool. scared of". For example: wandering People who go on about how "meaning around Los Angeles in cynically-minded it" is everything should be kissing their 2010 dressed as a kind of quasi-hippy-goth feet every second. They are quietly while making lo-fi AOR is - by anyone's becoming one of the best-loved - and standards - fucking stupid. For good biggest - bands in Britain. reason, no-one else does what he does. But As well as the tenderness the thing is: if you simply believe enough that fills their songs, this is in what you are doing, if you walk it 24/7, largely down to charm, to if you are as genuine and eccentric as which Orlando is central. Ariel Pink is, eventually the rest of the The prettiest Maccabee by world will dance to your tune. LC miles (sorry Felix) and also surely one of the most unthreatening-looking people on tre entire planet, his bashful and timid brand of charisma sits in stark contrast to the accepted 'rock star' shtick that so many attempt to adapt. The only worry one would have with taking him home to meet your mum would be that she would fall hopelessly intove with him as well. LC

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ETHAN KATH

Crystal Castles

Ethan's position as the musical bedrock and emotional heart of a band defined by the harpy strick and possessed priestess flailing of Alice Glass has made Crystal Castles so much more than the hipster flash-in-the-pan they should have been. Their second album proved they had staying power, emotional depth and real ambition. They continue to give one of the most apocalyptically sexy live shows around. And talking of sexy, we don't mean to seem superficial, but he is hot enough to make licking blood off his chest seem like a normal and rational thing for Alice to do. We'd customise his circuit boards any day. EM



LEE SPIELMAN Trash Talk

Lee Spielman buys into the hardcore genre's philosophy of individually pulverising each and every member of your gig audience into appreciating you by jumping into their faces off of any-and-every raised platform. The same enthusiasm goes into his whole touring setup. Operating on a self-professed 'zero sleep' philosophy, Spielman – Trash Talk's founding father and only surviving member – has played more gigs than he's had cold takeaways. But what makes him truly fascinating is that beneath his theatrical nutjob persona lurks the heart of a big of softee. **MW**



TOM DALEY, PAMELA LITTKY, TIM SACCENTY, ERIC KAYNE, ADGER SAI



ALEX HEWLETT

Egyptian Hip Hop

The first time we came across teenage prodigy Alex Hewlett he was studying Music Tech at college. The Egyptian Hip Hop singer was spending his days pissing about in a hopeless class while using his nights to deliver his own workshops on 'Being A Rock Star', gigging at all the right shitholes and supporting the likes of Lostprophets while critics swooned. So what makes him cool? We'll there's the studied semistoner insouçiance of course, the wayward fashion sense, including the grandad jacket/psychedelic shirt combo and the rip curl bob sported by three-quarters of EHH. There's the fact he's the driving force behind their genre-splicing futurist pop sound despite only having racked up 17-odd years on this Earth and the affinity with Late Of The Pier's Sam Eastgate. But, most importantly, it's because he's not afraid to say what he thinks of his peers, both musical and

geographical. Lostprophets, Oasis. Mancunian ladrock and Twitter haters have all had it in the neck, and there'll be many more as his band shoot the fame that rightly awaits them. TC



THE PIGEON

Became the envy of millions when he took a shit on Jared Followill's face.

JON STEWART

The US gets you, we're stuck with Marcus Brigstocke. Justice? Non.

SNACKS

Beth Best Coast loves her cat more than a fat bag of chronic.

ORPHEE

Snacks might be blaze-o with the LA slacker set, but Klaxons' cat Orphee has got a fucking rocket.

DON DRAPER

If you guzzled as much Smirnoff as be does at work you'd he sacked and your liver would explode.

VICKY MCCLURE

This Is Fingland '86 was harrowing, but even the grim bits couldn't overshadow Lol's coolness.

JAMES BUCKLEY

The most idiotic Inbetweene is, in real life, actually an über cool, cocky little indie boy.

WIN BUTLER Arcade Fire

Arcade Fire's mainman has made it on to this year's Cool List because he's shown an impeccable social conscience but not become bloody Bono; because his lyrics on 'The Suburbs' try to tug and rip at the very structures of society and economy that keep the unlucky majority unhappy, unfulfilled or in poverty; because he's taken a 16-track concept album to Number One around the globe; and the band he formed and leads have pledged to donate a million dollars to help rebuild Haiti. Who needs words when you've got actions? Now that's cool. TP

GERARD WAY

Say what you like about My

My Chemical Romance

Chemical Romance, their frontman

never fails to give good quote. That's

because he invests so much thought

in the conceptual side of his band.

The True Lives Of The Fabulous

muscle cars". Sounds ludicrous?

surfaces and growling punk-rock

exuberance, and it makes perfect

sense. A songwriter with a film-

maker's eye for the cool detail

and sassy turn-of-phrase, Way

understands that great bands

are not just about the music. LL

Listen to the record, with its gleaming

Killjoys' was inspired by "'70s

He claims new album 'Danger Days:



ARE YOU COOL?

loes it feel to be on the

- uite flattering and it's nice wat least someone thinks trail m cool!"
- Akes someone a hard makes reall and music for a start, and below the least of a something interesting and good hen they're cool too.' If I tisn't cool? Tang a dick, making bad music."

Why do you to ank people reliate you are cool?

you are cool?

"When people like and are observed by music, they generally kend to think the person that is maying the music must be a pretty cool person. I guess that sith, perception they have of me when they reck on I am cool."

Who is the personal are cool.

Who is the state of the "Connant State of the State of th he's a conserved viringle person and he have a result sounding kind of any

MNDR

Despite being Jay-Z's favourite DJ, after all those horns and illadvised covers, there ought to have been no way back for Mark Ronson. However, rather than crank up the cheese, new album 'Record Collection' is turning the right heads again, and that is due in no small part to a certain Amanda Warner, aka MNDR. Her contribution to 'Bang Bang Bang' – not just the cool French vocals but a co-writer's credit too – helped rehabilitated Ronson. Yeah Yeah Yeahs don't ask just anyone to build them a touring keyboard rig, they went straight to the self-confessed "gearhead" for the right mix gizmos and guile. Now it's Warner's time to step out of the shadows as, with collaborator Peter Wade, MNDR is finally releasing her own music. Sorry Mark and Karen, music's coolest secret belongs to all of us now. **PS**





WILLOW SMITH

Will Smith's daughter Willow (or to use her proper, brilliant name Willow Camille Reign Smith) has done some cool shit for a nineyear-old. Not only did she once bake some awesome peanut cookies, she's also starred in I Am Legend and two Madagascar films, become a youth ambassador for Project Zambia to help children orphaned by AIDS and just signed to Jay-Z's Roc Nation label, releasing the catchier-than-crack 'Whip My Hair'. OK, so maybe she didn't have time for the cookies. But this kid has done more stuff in less than a decade than most will achieve in a lifetime. Just think what the future holds. She could be like Jacko! Or Britney! Or Macaulay Culkin! TC



The Big Pink/ Comanechi

There's something almost too perfect about Akiko - she seems like the fevered dream of an indie scriptwriter. Smoking hot Japanese girl drummer with a tendency to play naked? What is this, a rejected draft of Scott Pilgrim Vs The World? But not only is Akıko real, and every bit as cool as her backstory suggests, she's also really, ridiculously oh-my-god-1-want-to-be-yourfriend super-lovely. She's now best known for her role as drummer/mother hen/mistress of mayhem in The Big Pink, but that recent success masks years of steady gigging round the London scene with Comanechi, Sperm Javelin and PRE just for the sheer love of punk rock. She puts gaffer tape on her nipples. Are you hard enough to put gaffer tape on your nipples? No. And that is just the most painful of the many reasons why none of us will ever be as cool as Akiko. Just be glad she does it so you don't have to. EM



Manic Street Preachers
Do we need to explain why Nicky Wire is in the Cool List? Divides opinion, speaks in amazing quotes, detests Radiohead, wears dresses... has been doing so for 20 years. Basically, Nicky is Liam Gallagher with a degree and five inches more height. Need more proof? Best grin in rock'n'roll. Best scissor-kicks. No-one does scissor-kicks properly anymore. If they did they might stand a chance of displacing the last genuine working class hero standing. Plus: wants to be in the Cool

NICKY WIRE

List rather than pretending he's "not sure what 'cool' is". Just so you know, losers: a) it's your job and b) it's this man. LC

SKREAM

Even before becoming one-third of Magnetic Man, Skream aka Oliver Jones - was one of the original pioneers of dubstep, taking the genre from the back room of a Croydon record store into the clubs and, eventually, the charts. That alone makes him worthy of inclusion here, but even if you're not familiar with the genealogy of dubstep, if you've been to a club in the last couple of years the chances are you'll have heard his retooling of La Roux's 'In For The Kill': one of those rare instances when the remix actually improves upon the original. His services are coveted by everyone from Chromeo to Klaxons, but as befits a producer with over 8,000 songs in varying stages of development, this year's work with Magnetic Man and his own album, 'Outside The Box', have established him as a musical force in his own

> right, and not just someone who makes other people's tunes better. BN

JAMIE REYNOLDS Klaxons

For Klaxons this year, the agenda was clear: the re-recorded, Ross Robinson-helmed 'Surfing The Void' was to blast their new rave past into a cloud of melted glowstick space dust and establish them as, you know, a proper British band. While debate still rages over whether they've met that target, we've been enjoying the presence of a man who has no goals: Jamie Reynolds, aka Party Klaxon. He "wishes for new rave to continue" and is as happy cracking beers in the pub as he is hanging with indie celebs. In his spare time he makes video documentaries about psychedelically minded cult directors (see his Jack Bond piece at Vbs.tv), and the best part of the new album is where he croons "Dimensions of tiliiiime" with stare-eyed sincerity. Stupid if anyone else did it, but from Party Klaxon: cool. JF



JENNY LEE LINDBERG Warpaint

The first time we clapped eyes on Jenny Lee Lindberg, she was forcing the rest of Warpaint to sing a cappella to two bemused students on Brighton Pier. Second time, she was running wild at London's Lexington, turning heads and completely owning the joint while arm-in-arm with sister and Hollywood A-lister Shannyn Sossamon, And we haven't even got onto the subject of her immense bass playing yet. Head-scratchingly intricate, she's also Warpaint's focal point onstage - a modern-day rock Medusa who's totally in her element. Hippy, dandy, randy, kooky and unpredictable, fuck knows what she'll end up doing next. MW

GIGGS An abridged history of 'the UK rap scene' in five words: stuff, more stuff, grime, Giggs, OK. that's a bit mean. It's not that Britain's been without talented MCs and producers for the past 25-ish years. What it has been lacking though is revelations. Moments that make the game sit up and take notice in the knowledge that things ain't ever gonna be the same. That fight and hustle is what stokes rap's fires. Step up Giggs, aka Hollowman, Finally **UK rap was scary** again. Finally, here was a UK hip-hop artist that didn't chat like Billy from EastEnders honking on Phil's glass pipe. Finally, **UK** beats that didn't sound like a poor man's rip-off of '36 Chambers'. 'Talking The Hardest' was the revelation. The best is yet to come... JH

JONATHAN EVERYTHING &verything &verything

There's something to be said for a band that inspire hatred so fervent that critics spaff out nonsensical phrases like "continuum" and "coordinates" in fits of outrage: a band that provoke YouTube commenters to summon every offensive musical touchstone they can think of ("Jamiroqual, Simply Red, Queen") in an attempt to express their disgust at someone who dares flirt with so many lavish, preposterous ideas on their debut album. But that's why we adore **Everything Everything, Plenty** have called them pretentious, but to describe £E and their frontman of pitch-shifted lungs, Jonathan, as such is to overlook the brilliant ridiculousness in their tongue-twisting yrics (and the filthy mishearings thereof). In a year where slackery and sloppy fretwork has become an even softer-worn wall, it's a delight to find a man so obsessed with the intricacies of silliness. LS

NICK CLEGG taste any less wanky.

HAD IT/

MOE TUCKER

From coolest member of the coolest band to deranged right wing harpy

From credible youth-friendly third-way alternative to third-rate motivational speaker.

FACEBOOK

Your mum, dad and nan are on it, and it's turned them into narcissistic wankers too. Get rid.

KINGS OF LEON

You need more salt than a pinch to make 'Come Around Sundown'

RICHARD ASHCROFT

United Nations Of Sound? United Nations Of. er, shit, more like.

INTERPOL

Bye bye demon VD party guy. Hello years of no-one giving a fuck.

EMINEM

On drugs or not, that Rihanna collaboration is a nosedive. Get back on the pills.

ARE YOU COOL?

ets on with it. Ringo [Starr] is a fine example. He the box but he made his mark on history."

ou've done in 2010?

I Glastonbury were two of the coolest things we very things that have happened to us, I'd say find the coolest things was pretty good."

ring

Da o ne ause he doesn't ever rest - he's a restless more ich 's also left a huge mark on history."

DEE DEE Dum Dum Girls

OK, so picture this what-if, yeah? What if Rizzo had never got knocked up by Kenickie but instead fucked him off and hitched a ride on the first 'big rig' outta town, somehow ending up in San Diego with the kind of badass that could roll Kenickie up in a cracked cigar leaf and blaze him whole. Then what if she worked out some process - part science,

part alchemy - of creating newfangled hybrid spins on her own ridiculous coolness in every colour, shape and size. This is the only plausible explanation for how we've ended up with a frontwoman with the calibre or cred of Dee Dee, and

a lo-fi rock'n'roll giri gang as cutthroat as the Dum Dum Girls. One thing is certain. without the Deadly Night Shade pop they summon up, the past

year's lo-fi

revolution would've been missing at least a third of its

hits. JH

MARINA DIAMANDIS Marina & The Diamonds

Marina has always craved fame. And now.

somehow she's turned into a not-too-polished

pop star with a Top Five album and an outrageous

gob on her. She knows full well the irony of singing monstrous pop tunes about the divviness of fame

while clad in lavish costumes and Elton sunglasses. but do you think she gives a shit? Giggle all you like, but Marina's having the last fifthy cackle. LS













JAMES MURPHY LCD Soundsystem

For 'Losing My Edge' alone we should have retired Murphy's number years ago and given him the keys to the Cool List Lounge. The odd thing though is rather than rest on his laurels, James Murphy actually gets cooler. Delivering 'This Is Happening' and the 'Greenberg' soundtrack within months of one another was pretty impressive, but having also written for a literary mag and played gigs that ranged from his sublime Glastonbury set to defying the bottle-throwers with punk-rock attitude at Wireless this summer, you have to wonder how much cool shit

one man can fit into a year? PS

YANNIS PHILIPPAKIS

Foals It's thanks to Yannis that we first heard about Oxford's Blessing Force scene, made up of skittering, minimal R&B perverters Pet Moon (the new project from ex-Foals, ex-Youthmovies man Andrew Mears), Foals' sensitive younger brothers Trophy Wife, pastoral chill waver Chad Valley and more besides. This is someone helibent on cutting the crap in interviews to highlight the bands he loves so much.

ROBYN

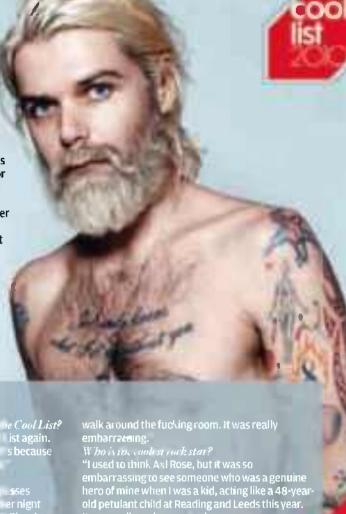
People always praise nerd-friendly bloke bands for being go-your-own-way music industry trailblazers - but what about Robyn? Self-releasing three albums in one year, with not one filler track between them; that's revolutionary. The 'Body Talk' trilogy is evidence of Robyn's fearsome work rate. She's a super-driven fembot who's already done 20 phone interviews and churned out 10 heartbreakon-the-dancefloor melancholy pop masterpieces before most of her rivals have even crawled out of Ded. And yet, for all her self-confidence and business nous, there's o much soul and vulnerability to a song like 'Dancing On My Own'. LL





SIMON NEIL Biffy Clyro

And so it came to pass, as one day it inevitably would, that the NME office was forced to hold a discussion about whether it's possible for a man with an entirely yellow head to be cool. And the conclusion reached was: yes, so long as that man is Biffy Clyro's Simon Neil. For here is a man who has laughed in the face of pin-up convention and dived headfirst into the 'canary vellow' tanker at Dulux. He has turned himself from a man so gorgeous that the straightest Courteeners fan on the planet would happily lick the tatts off him into the world's first living Starburst. And he's still laughing. Plus, he's such a really, really nice bloke that he makes Andy Burrows, Gary Jarman and Dave Grohl look like Hitler, Fred West and Chris Moyles, respectively. MB



ARE YOU COOL?

It was really embarrassing because no-one even cared that much. It was a total car crash —th worst possible way."

Wild Beasts

Few on this list would cheerfully admit to having been a teenage choirboy, but then, Hayden Thorpe, chief vocalist of Kendal's Wild Beasts, has never appeared terribly troubled by popular notions of fashion. Instead, he packs his songs with daring poetry and feats of lyrical antiquity that cut a merry dance and dare you to follow. Your more bookish rock lyricists can often seem like rather cold fish, more comfortable sheltering behind a Sylvia Plath paperback than taking up an honest invitation. But Thorpe is always handy with a song to get the blood racing be it the brutal fisticuffs of 'Hooting & Howling', or the outdoor knee-trembler told of on 'We've Still Got The Taste Dancin' Qn Our Tongues', where "trousers and blouses make excellent sheets, down dimly lit streets". He is a randy, rowdy knave with his mind in the gutter, and NME will raise a glass to that. MW

ARE YOU COOL?

In the management of the time That was a bizarre headfuck. It felt like time travel."

If have repold be cool isn't cool. Thinking you're cool isn't cool.

If you hard, too, isn't cool. They're the most uncool whing could possibly try and be."

Joanna Newsom because she's subversive and bizarre. Plus she's sery and she doesn't seil herself on it."



Mumford & Sons 'Band Of The People' is a cliché, but come on: what else can you call Mumford & Sons? The ubiquity they have achieved is such that even the people who involved. At the centre of it all is young Marcus. His voice - to borrow a phrase Bowie used to describe Dylan - is like sand and glue. His eves tell you all you need to know. He plays kick drum, one-manband stylee, while playing guitar and singing. He makes everyone in his immediate vicinity feel like they are part of something truly special. Rather than a frontman, he is a band leader in the truest sense of the word. LC

MARCUS MUMFORD





DARWIN DEEZ

All the Richard Dawkins acolytes who drone on about how all religion is benighted, all bollocks and basically pure evil, need a few elementary lessons in Darwin-Ism. Darwin Deez is indie's exemplar of all that's positive of living according to your holy principles. His lifelong devotion to the teachings of Indian mystic Meher Baba seems to have gifted him with the warm, graceful, joss-stick hazy spiritual air that lights his eyes and makes everyone want to take him home to meet their mum. His is an ego-free, spontaneous, maximumnon-rock'n'roll joy that has no time for airs or graces - as his loopy yet lovely onstage dance routines amply demonstrate. Plus, his music seems to be only interested in worshipping at the altar of The Strokes. And that's a monotheism to which we can all bow down. GH

ARE YOU COOL?

the design to be on

"I'm f red, yeah. It's nice."
When rekes a rock star cool?
"If they dress cool and have cool fiends. I suppose being kind of fearless helps too."
Do you think you are cool?
"Yeah, because I think people think I'm a nice guy."

"Yeah, because I think people think I'm a nice guy."

What isn't cool?
"I'm kind of shooting myself in the foot, but I think nice guys aren't cool. I'm a nice guy and I think jerks are cool. I've been going through a phase of listening to music made by jerks like Kanye [West]. I never used to be into his music but lately I'm kind of enjoying it."

Where does coolness beam?
"I think it begins when you're an infant."

CARL BARAT

Some people are just, y'know, born with it. No matter that Cart was the one who kept us waiting so long for the Libs reunion – and despite all the dodgy acting and modelling shoets – a Cool List without a mention of Carl Barât would be as inconcievable as an egg-less omelette. For almost a decade he's been the standard of cool by which all other are judged, and the grace with which The Libertines' reunion was conducted has only bolstered his credibility further. MB

ARE YOU COOL?

JACK BARNETT
These New Puritans

He claims influence from RZA, Aphex Twin and The Smurfs. He wanted his band's last album to sound like "dancehall meets Steve Reich". He's a bastard for the bassoon. For some the vaporous mists of 'cool' aren't built on attitude, wit or trouser, but on the sense that they're just not of our planet. Such a man is Jack Barnett from These New Puritans: smasher of crackercovered melons with a hammer to recreate the sound of a head exploding. MB



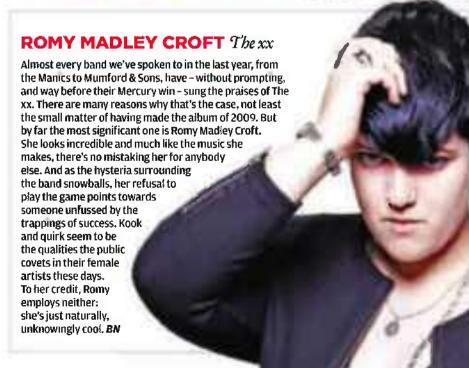
TOM OXLEY, BEN RAYNER AARDN

JONATHAN PIERCE The Drums

Cheekbones on their own do not make a star, but if they did, Jonathan Pierce's imperiously perfect face would be a diamond-encrusted AAA pass to the rarefied boulevards of Icon City. But he also has a colossal ambition that contrasts with The Drums' C86-tinged summer-crush pop, a charmingly careless combination of perfectly straightfaced deadpan humour and ludicrously grand statements like, "Stars will always find their own way. They'll always rewrite the rules". And that's before we even get to the dancing... like a lovesick antelope that's had too many gins. EM







THE FOOL LIST

most relevant forces in UK music. We like his suits as much as he does, but the secret to his cool is simpler than the leg-hugging cut of his cloth – it's just that 'Wake Up The Nation' was one of the best, most exciting albums of 2010. Hitting the jackpot mid-point between growing older disgracefully and still sounding matured and classic, it was a career-burst that, coming six years after he was releasing a covers album, proved that here was a man more now than, well, Facebook. Or Bebo. JF

CHRIS MOYLES

Looks like he sounds. And he sounds like a bellend.

INSANE CLOWN POSSE

Finding Jesus doesn't make up for writing lyrics about beating up your girlfriend.

JAMES CORDEN

Seemingly intent on extinguishing the world's laughter and replacing it with fake jollity.

50 CENT

Fiddy's hilarious twitterings soon became homophobic.

MARY BALE

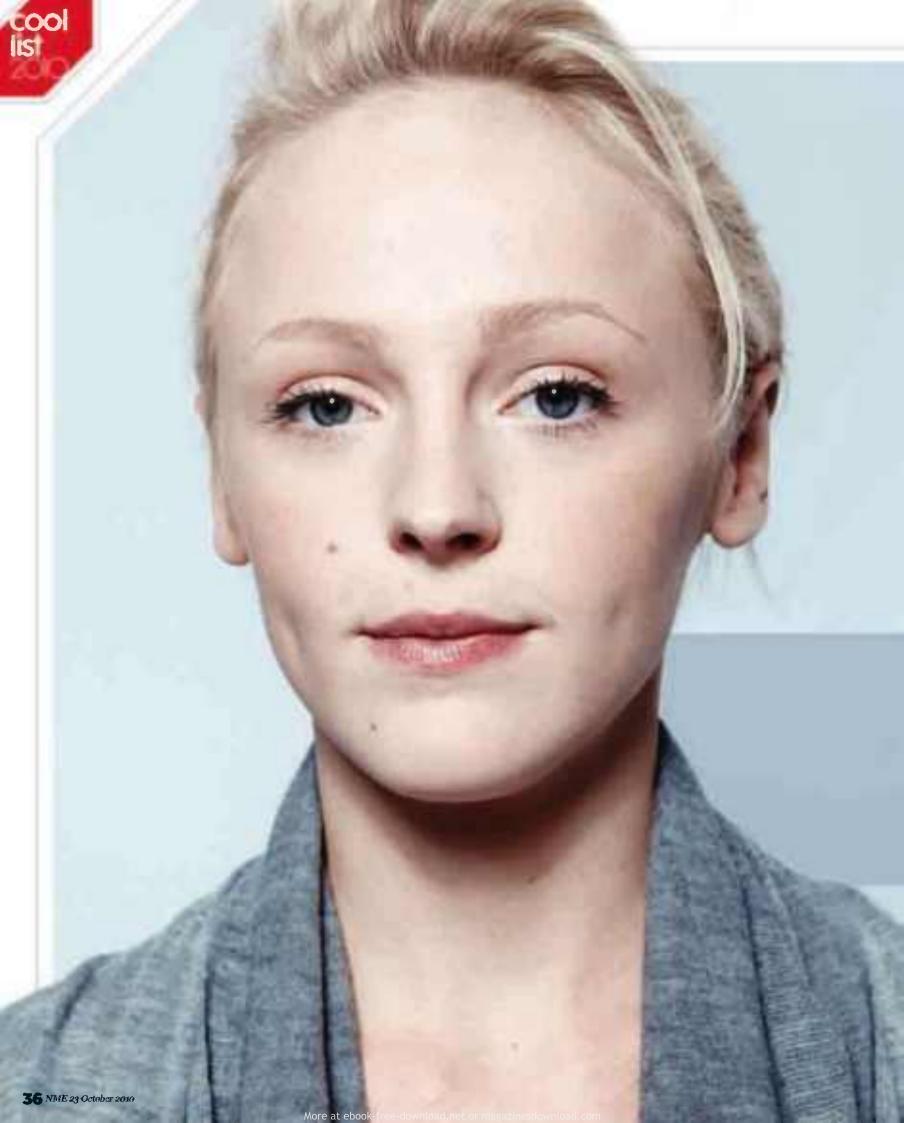
Lobbed a cat in a wheelie bin In the year of Snacks and Orphee, that shit definitely isn't cool.

AXL ROSE

If you're going to make people wait an hour for you to show up, for fuck's sake start with Welcome To The Jungle'







LAURA MARLING

Musically, it's been an upside-down kind of year. Rather than cyber-grime or hologram-hop, 2010 has been headlined by the anachronistic nu-folk types tinkling their ivories, squeezing their harmoniums, plucking their banjos, sliding their pedal-steels into a future no-one could have predicted for the second decade of the new millennium. So it seems fitting that its standout musical figure has such an upside-down sense of cool.

Laura Marling is nu-folk's 20-year-old godmother, and an anachronism of cool. Line her up next to previous Cool List winners: Jack White, Justin Timberlake, Pete Doherty, Alice Glass... well, she's a very different thing altogether, Unshowy, bookish, private, low-wattage, she hates the use of 'nu' where 'new' will do, and writes songs with capital-R Romanticism about Greek mythology, or about love letters to home permed by soldiers from long-forgotten wars. She daydreams about having being born into a different era. She reasons that acoustic instruments are preferable to electric "because with something fike a violin, there's history in every note". She dresses down -feans, cosy jumpers, chunky winter socks. She refuses to be drawn into the world of e-blather - not only does she shun-Twitter, she doesn't even have a Facebook account, if you presented her with an iPad, you sense she'd probably do her make-up in it. Were she ever to be particularly concerned about her make-up.

But she zigs when others zag – and that, surely, is as good a working definition of cool as any. Apart from the other one that she also embodies – that the truly cool have no awareness of just how cool they are. She's utterly singular in her beliefs, and hopelessly committed to her art: "Money won't come, just because of the nature of the music! make. And I wouldn't give up the music that I make for anything. I couldn't even if I wanted to; the songs that I write aren't up to me." Behind those moon-eyes sits an iron-diad sense of purpose. She's unbreakable, incorruptible, because she sees further, because she knows exactly what she wants, anchored in the prodigious deep thought and wide reading that have lead her to such a remarkably old-soul world view.

Why is 2k10 chiming so well with the likes of her? Perhaps because Marling understands that living in such a reductive, intrusive age means that we we often lose sight of what's holy within ourselves - that glamour is more about what's hidden than what's revealed. It's about getting back to something not anachronistic but timeless. Many of the artists lining up to absorb NME's zeitgeist-benediction this year will fall away just as quickly - let's never forget that we once cooled Dominic Masters. But you can already tell that her place as an icon won't wither under the weight of years. Barely inside her third decade, it's obvious that in the future people will talk of Laura Marling's career in terms of 'periods' rather than mere 'albums'. GN

"I wouldn't give up the music I make for anything"

ARE YOU COOL?

COOL LIST EXTRA

For a behind-the-scenes video at the Cool List shoot with the likes of Laura Marling, Paul Weller, Everything Everything and more, head to NME.COM/coollist. Plus, you can see our full Top 75 and have your say about our choices, then vote for your Cool List. Meanwhile tune into NME Radio and NME TV for a host of Cool List specials throughout the week including exclusive programmes, videos, debate and lots more. See NME.COM for more details

VELENE BOOK

REVIEWS

MARNIE STERN, BROKEN RECORDS, LET ME IN

Edited by Emily Mackay



THE FOOL ROUGH TRADE

Avoiding the Spectorisms of their fellow females, the LA four-piece instead go for dense, dark dreamscapes



t hardly bears repeating that, when lists evaluating 2010 are squared up, it'll be judged a temporal steppingstone back to non-existent nostalgic times. With that has come a wave of trad Spectorite girl bands, delighting - for better or worse - in quaint tropes of girlishness: incessantly singing about boys or the lack thereof (Best Coast), wallowing in the romance of being in a girl gang (Dum Dum/ Vivian Girls), and plonking femininity front and centre (Frankie Rose & The Outs). Don't even get us started on The Like. It's equal parts our good fortune and Warpaint's bad luck that divine writ saw their six-year career flourish amid this fashion-fickle scene, into which they've been co-opted on account of -yup - being pretty ladies with an address book full of glittering names: a fucking boring fact that's dragged up at every opportunity.

Warpaint don't deserve that. In the nicest possible way - in that no-one should give a toss - they're hardly a fashionable bunch. The four of them look as though they were dragged away from sniggering at Beavis And Butt-Head in the early '90s, all bushy-browed and slouchy. That would be pretty much irrelevant if it weren't for the fact that that's where their sound stems from too. The dulled, monotone guitar that bruises the opening of 'Set Your Arms Down' sounds like a sun-blinded moment from post-rock pioneers Slint (alma mater of David Pajo, currently Interpol's live bassist) while Emily Kokal's fragile, confrontational vocals hark back to Cat Power's before she got the coffee table blues. Whereas the aforementioned nostalgia harbingers use below-fi production for an injection of

rawness, this rings true and thick as dark blood seeping from a wound, every splotch of live amp overdrive captured, a drone beneath that runs with the fast-slow trajectory of a night drive. The live heartbeat of their sound is so intimate that it feels as though we're peeking through cracks in the garage door, spying on them at work and longing to enter their hallowed coven. 'Warpaint' wriggles within that same thickness, never forsaking their dark minor chord clang, but allowing the vocals to obscure themselves like an albatross diving beneath the waves.

When the production relents and the lyrics become audible, occasionally they're a bit hokey wolf-woman. Take the otherwise gorgeous, nerve-snappingly tense 'Bees', where

Kokal sings "the full moon taunts

engrossing paranoia of 'Shadows'. "The city I walk in, it feels like it

swallows", she coos through a bent

chinks like crushing teacups. The shimmering, vast production

skyscraper faces, emphasising the isolation of the city into which

her eventual enticing howl melts.

'Composure' is equally smart, the four of them crowing into the

me". It's not an oft-trod cliché

acoustic echo and piano that

reverberates as if off blank

dark with a mixture of

Electrelane's mystery and playground taunts. Its torrid

structure mirrors the internal

dilemma that they shout within

-"how can I keep my composure?"
Unlike the punchy Exquisite
Corpse' EP, 'The Fool' doesn't

deal strong melodic blows, but neither does it suffer for that.

The dark purple rumble and

along, dragging the listener

hypnotic coo of their vocals swim

beneath its beguiling surface into

a swathe of subtle time changes

and guitar prone to sudden swan

dives into heart-stabbing gold

landscapes. For all the talk of Siouxsic Sioux (present on mixing

duties) passing on her thorny goth crown, Warpaint's is a different

arcs from oil painting-thick

darkness, not delighting in

though, as proven by the

WHO'S WHO?

Your guide to the influences that shaped 'The Fool'

CAT POWER

Currently better known for her classy covers, back in the mid-'90s, Chan Marshall's style was more abrasive – all sparse guitar and disarmingly raw lyrics. Download: '5ay'

SLINT

The defunct Kentucky band kicked off the post-rock movement in the late '80s with aggressively dark but calm sound.

Download: 'Nosferatu Man'

ELECTRELANE

If there's one defunct band we'd bring back in a heartbeat, it's this lot. The Brighton four-piece traded in krautrock drive, Stereolab pop and gorgeous female harmonies. Download: 'The Greater Times'

splendour or show, but in deftly exploring a bleak internal, romantically bereft landscape. It's our good fortune that such a unique band exists to cut through the artifice of namedropping and cribbed influences. And for that, we should wear their stripes with pride. *Laura Snapes*

DOWNLOAD: 'Undertow', 'Shadows', 'Majesty'

Head to NME.COM now to see a video interview with Warpaint now

CLOUD NOTHINGS TURNING ON WICHITA

It's 2010, and everyone 'likes' Lady Gaga. You can't help but wonder if they really know why, though. Is it her they like, or her songs? Sometimes it's

hard separating the two, so it's handy when a band comes along to remind you that if singer is chicken and song is egg, the chicken doesn't have to be a hermaphrodite blasting fire from its tits. Geveland's Cloud Nothings are one such band. Every time I read an interview with them I get so bored I tear the ribs from my chest and shove them into my eyes, and their debut album sounds like nothing other than what it is: a power-pop record made by a bunch of bearded college dropouts. Fortunately Dylan Baldi is blessed with the ability to lay the occasional golden egg. The desperate snark and dismissive guitars of 'Hey Cool Kid' are what first got bloggers frothing, while opener 'Can't Stay Awake' and 'My Little Raygun' are more perfect gems gleaming in a lo-fi shit slop. Pop personalities they ain't, but hopefully in Cloud Nothings we've finally found an antidote to Rivers Cuomo. Kev Kharas

DOWNLOAD: 'My Little Raygun'

AVEY TARE

DOWN THERE PAW TRACKS

Curious beast, the Animal Collective

solo album. On one hand, you've got a fine specimen like Panda Bear's 2007 effort 'Person Pitch', which splashed through sunny lagoons a stone's throw from land the Collective would later explore more thoroughly with 2009's massively acclaimed career highpoint 'Merriweather Post Pavilion'. Then on the other, you've got something like 'Pullhair Rubeye', an album Dave 'Avey Tare' Portner recorded with his wife Kria Brekkan, then released playing backwards (the polite term being 'inessential'). Happily, Portner's newie, 'Down There', is far easier to recommend. The adorable 'Heads Hammock' fuses IDM bleeps to tumbling self-looped vocal harmonies and carnival drums, while elsewhere, echo and reverb is slathered on with a hall-of-mirrors effect, guitars and keys melting and bending like warm candle wax. To be completely honest, it's no revelation - at times the music feels incomplete, like a lonesome Portner is missing his bros - but it's played out beautifully, sunny in disposition and just a little wild around the edge. Louis Pattison

DOWNLOAD: 'Heads Hammock'

ELECTRIC SIX

ZODIAC TOO MANY ROBOTS



'Talking Turkey'. 'Jam It In The Hole'.

'I Am A Song!'. The tracklisting of Electric
Six's seventh album alone proves
they're hardly courting fresh respect

by going Godspeed. "I'll make my living in American cheese", yowls Pr... sorry Dick Valentine, and so it transpires; resembling nothing so much as an unfunny South Park or Tenacious Dalbum, 'Zodiac' is excruciating, laboured panto-rock with lyrics that might as well have been scooped up by a diarrhoea-stricken chimpanzee and flung at the microphone; check out the grotesque mentions of "druid fluid" amid the AC/DC awfulness of -oh lord - 'Clusterfuck!'. Actually, don't; ES think they're masters of all genres, but instead they're just crass pastiche - of MOR rock, R&B, Stax, prog metal, disco and Pink Floyd's 'The Great Gig In The Sky' by turns - and we're only a bad perm away from 'Weird Al' Yankovic. Which sign is it? Cancer.

Mark Beaumont
DOWNLOAD: No

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



LAURA SNAPES
"This week I've been contemplating getting an Oxford handshake, wanting to join the cult of Pet Moon, and hoping to be wrapped around Lykke Li's finger like a lonely lover's tongue, Mmm-mmm,"



ROB WEBB
"This week has mostly been about organising a No Age, Pulled Apart By Horses and Male Bonding gig at a roller-disco in Sheffield, and hoping no-one dies, And listening to the luscious new Glasser LP."



NOEL GARDNER
"Now is the winter of
our discount tents. By
which I mean that I
bought a tent this week
in the TK Maxx sale.
Thrifty. I celebrated by
listening to Wolf
People, Afrirampo and
Bo Ningen."



BROKEN RECORDS

LET ME COME HOME 4AD

Elegant and beautiful... Imagine how fantastic this Edinburgh band could be if somebody fixed them!



There's an earnestness to 'Let Me Come Home' that threatens to kneecap the record and leave it bloodied in a ditch. Frontman Jamie Sutherland never sings: he intones, he

howls, he growls and bellows but never does he do anything as unrefined as merely 'sing'. His band, meanwhile, conjure such merry hell behind him, throwing fistfuls of strings and heartbeat basslines at the soaring choruses, making Broken Records' second album take flight like last year's debut 'Until The Earth Begins To Part' seemed it might, but never did. Oh Scotland! How you bless us, etc.

Of course, that's all hideously wordy bollocks, but such is the effect of 'Let Me Come Home'—it turns the mundanc into the majestic thanks to the Edinburgh sextet's sheer force of will. Words like 'epic', 'inspiring', 'Arcade' and 'Fire' are horribly overused, but in this case they're hard to avoid, because Broken Records just... try so hard. And their endeavours, it's a pleasure to report, pay off.

'Modern Worksong' and 'The Motorcycle Boy Reigns' are both violin-string taut and gloriously loose. They're electrified by Sutherland's breathy vocals and the twinkling production of Tony Doogan (Mogwai, Belle & Sebastian). Songs like 'A Darkness Rises Up' have the delirious energy that only comes from a group of people playing music in a room, egging each other on to play harder. Moreover, while there's a significant weight pressing down on much of the album—like we must

clasp these songs to our hearts because they mean so much to their authors – the effect is exultant rather than depressing. 'Let Me Come Home' is exactly like walking home in the rain after a crap party with music throbbing through headphones: it looks like it should be thoroughly miscrable but there's no better way to end a long Saturday night.

And while the group's debut was handicapped by the sense that with so many members they didn't know quite what everyone should be doing at any one time, now Broken Records have learned the power of restraint. Rather than chucking everything into the mix and hoping for magic, they know how to tease. To wit: on 'A Leaving Song' and 'Ailene' the licks of violin and an ominous chiming piano turn complex, messy emotions into something victorious, while 'I Used To Dream' has a folkish tinge that starts intimately and blossoms boldly. It's stirring and cinematic, sure, but not in the way that most indie bands who introduce a string section expect to be called stirring and cinematic - it's because they have written some staggeringly graceful songs and recorded them with the reverential care of a new father cradling his heir. There aren't many bands who can pull that off, by the way. In short, 'Let Me Come Home' exists in a world where awe is quiet and reverential, not something to be shouted in capital letters and

and, quite frankly, utterly beautiful record. Rob Parker

DOWNLOAD: 'A Darkness Rises Up', 'Modern Worksong', 'A Leaving Song'

exclamation marks. It is an elegant



MARNIE STERN

MARNIE STERN SOUTERRAIN TRANSMISSIONS

Female Guitar Players Are The New Black' and nine others show off her dexterity and inventiveness



Marnie Stern had almost nothing to do with the year's micro-shifts of musical fashion when she released her first album in 2007. When she released her second a year later,

this was very much still the case. A new decade brings a third full-length and (what we will assume is) a bolstered level of confidence for NYC's wizard lady of the math-rock axe, given that she couldn't conceive any better name for the album than... her own. Large swathes of US alt.rock has slowed down, fuzzed out, smoked itself into a ball and generally simplified. Marnie does none of these things, and what results is a sound more ineffably *bers* than ever.

If Marnie Stern – or indeed 'Marnie Stern' – is that much of a one-off, then, you'll be wanting a dab of context. As a guitar player, she's an unashamed maximalist, churning out impossible chord changes and tapping the fretboard with the dexterity, if not the jumpsuits, of a young Eddie Van Halen. Perhaps the most shredtastically indulgent performance across the album's 10-track, 34-minute duration comes at its midpoint, on 'Female Guitar Players Are The New Black'.

Marnie's unique selling point is the sweetness and emotion with which she tempers her songs (her semi-childlike indie-rock vocal style helps this along somewhat.) Most of the bands whose tricksy styles have influenced her own tend to be builtishly upfront to the point of incomprehensibility. Think Rhode Island's masked twosome Lightning Bolt, or California's prog-rock demons Hella – whose drummer Zach Hill batters away insanely on this album, as he does on Stern's previous two.

Marnie, on the other hand, is capable of subtlety, and employs it. Opener 'For Ash', fits joyful sun-coming-up vocal refrains between fantastical guitar widdle and nutty drum fills. It's a bit like a compacted version of Japanese psychedelic veterans the Boredoms - high praise indeed. By the album's own standards its most straightforward rocker, 'Risky Biz' is a glam rock-tinged stomp which will still not get within a hundred miles of any indie dancefloor. Lyrically, it lends itself to an almost... singalong status, again relative to what Stern could be heard muttering over the manic twiddles of her first two albums. "I've got something in my soul/Growing into something you can touch.. " our girl beams.

"Can you feel my hands stretch?" she asks us, repeatedly, on 'Cinco De Mayo'. In a way, Marnie, we can. We worry on your behalf about carpal tunnel syndrome, in fact.
Until then, permit us to bug out to the controlled chaos. Noel Gardner

DOWNLOAD: 'Female Guitar Players Are The New Black', 'Risky Biz', 'Building A Body' KEY OTES Best sleeve of the week



Bryan Ferry - 'Olympia' Less for the presence of Pete's ex, more for revitalising the Roxy sleeve aesthetic of old.

Worst sleeve of the week



Electric Six – 'Zodiac' Oooh, you're 'doffing your cap' to Spinal Tap's 'Smell The Glove'! You clever people!

Best lyric of the week "Dear moneyspider, I'm writing just to you/ I might not get any older, I'm 22" Common Prayer – 'Moneyspider'

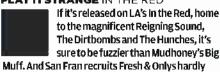
Worst lyric of the week "Druid fluid, sounds like a most refreshing drink to me!" Electric Six -'Clusterfuck!"

REVIEWED XEXT WEEK...

- Devlin 'Bud, Sweat & Beers'
- Patrick Watson Just
- Another Ordinary Day'
 Roll Deep- 'Winner'
 Stays On'
- Hot Panda 'How Come I'm Dead'

FRESH & ONLYS

PLAY ITSTRANGE IN THE RED



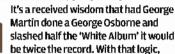
disappoint. Their third effort may have been eked out in the studio but it sounds as if it were bashed out onto an old dictaphone. Which will be enough for garage-rock freaks but from out of Fresh & Only's lo-fi bompalomp there also radiates a gauzy, backbeat-powered, paisley-shirted psych-pop that'll grapple-hook your heart with its early-'60s-meets-Eric's maelstrom of vocal group pop, rattlesnake-infested desert noir and new wave gloom.

Second time in you'll be smitten. Chris Parkin

DOWNLOAD: 'Tropical Island Suite'

COMMON PRAYER

COMMON PRAYER BIG POTATO



'Common Prayer' could have released one of this year's finest EPs without the flimflam. That said, when the music biz is all about polishing turds, the opposite can be refreshing. Jason Russo, formerly of Mercury Rev, has written some remarkable songs that are barely detectable through the lo-fi woodblocks, shakers and nauseating churchy caterwauling on first listen. So grit your teeth through the twee and say 'fuck you' to the Chancellor Of The Exchequer. Jeremy Allen DOWNLOAD: 'Of Saints'

SMALL BLACK

NEW CHAIN JAGJAGUWAR



By now, you're probably as sick of reading about ***** wave as we are bored of listening to it. Fair enough, but there's much on Small Black's

debut album to suggest that the New Yoikers' interests extend beyond further than getting high, having a cry and ripping off the 1980s. That's not to say there isn't some of that on here too ('Light Curse' and 'Panthers', both on the quite frankly weaker second side, offer few surprises), but the crisp, contemporary production and snappy rhythms on the likes of 'Search Party' and 'Goons' suggest a much brighter future that lies in the clubs rather than on the sandy beach. *Rob Webb*DOWNLOAD: 'Goons'

I LIKE TRAINS HE WHO SAW THE DEEPILR



Leeds-based funereal quartet Like Trains (previously known as the headcrushing iLiKETRAINS) have stripped away a few layers since their excellent

debut 'Elegies To Lessons Learned' in 2007; their songs now stand bare and shivering, not cloaked in giant swathes of reverband distortion. Sadly they are no longer historycore, turning inwards away from the political toward the personal, but still they remain standing at the other end of the scale from The Twilight Sad, relying on lightness of touch rather than anguished emotional outpouring. Instead xylophones, vintage synths and lap steels create the impression of slowly melting, ancient icebergs glittering in the sunshine. A true, but quiet victory. John Doran

DOWNLOAD: 'Doves'



LETME IN

(CON

Vampire flick remake ups the creepy factor and shows Twilight how a scarefest should be done



Like a bandaged murminy emerging from the crypt, Hammer Horror is back. The UK-based company behind saucy scares like The Curve Of Frankenstein and Christopher Lee's

Dracula, Hammer Film Productions defined horror until production fizzled out in the mid-'8os. Now a slate of new films has been announced, kicking off with this US remake of the Morrissey-referencing Swedish vampire film, Let The Right One In.

Bullied by his classmates and neglected by his parents, Owen (Kodi Smit-McPhee) spends most of his time playing alone in the snow outside his New Mexico apartment block. He's in desperate need of a friend, when 12-year-old Abby (Chloe Moretz) moves in next door with an older man (Richard Jenkins) we assume is her father. Only Chloe is not a little girl and that man isn't her dad. Twi-hards would have you believe that

dating the undead is a relatively simple affair – a few tediously chaste kisses here, some scriously ripped werewolves there – so as a *Twilight* antidote, *Let Me In* couldn't be more refreshing. It sees *Twilight*'s soppy duo and raises us a girl vampire who'll rip foes limb from limb, plus gives the general impression that this is how falling in love with a vampire might actually be, y'know, in real life.

Moretz, who scandalised the world with some fruity swearing in *Kick Ass*, is one of those child stars whose precocious talent is in itself ceric. She's spot-on as Abby and Hammer were smart to stick to the excellent original. Like its template, *Let Me In* has a generous portion of shit-your-pants-scary set pieces – the carjacking scene in particular will keep you up at night. Yet the masterstroke isn't in any single thrill. It's in how it sustains a tone that's both ineffably sweet and indescribably creepy. Remake it may be, but a love story as unique as this deserves a retelling. *Ellen E Jones*

BRYAN FERRY

OLYMPIA VIRGIN



On the sleeve, Kate Moss "reclines seductively" (thanks, Daily Mail!); musically everyone from Scissor Sisters to Jonny Greenwood and three

members of Roxy (including Eno) lend a hand. But this is no disciple-assisted rebirth. All these contributors are superfluous, each ending up being merely a tiny part of one long pleasant-but-indistinguishable soup of tasteful sessioneering, over which The Voice totally dominates. Problem being that while the highs - a beautiful take on 'Song To The Siren' - are super-high, by the time of 'BF Bass (Ode To Olympia)', you feel the need for something other than Bryan's croon, and it isn't there. Hamish MacBain

DOWNLOAD: 'Song To The Siren'





DVD

Hitler Moustache

Bands love a bit of facial hair crime (hello Simon Neil!), but none have dared try out the most infamous 'tache of all: Hitler's. Richard Herring's infamous, brill stand-up show about the politics of Nazi bumfluff comes to DVD.



DVD
The Inbetweeners
Series 3
The Inbetweeners needs

The Inbetweeners needs no introduction, so have our favourite quotes from Season 3 instead: "I've had 210 wanks and my cock's like a Peperami!" "We hit a

my cock's like a Peperamit" "We hit a spastic with a Frisbee." We love those filthbags.



Wry rappers Dan Le Sac Vs Scroobius Pip are out on tour from October. They've given us a pair of tour-exclusive T-shirts, signed records, and tour tickets for two jammy winners, Head to NME.COM/win to enter.





BEARSUIT PLEASE DON'T TAKE HIMBACK

FORTUNA POP!



I listened to this for about 30 seconds and got bored and decided to look online to find something interesting out about Bearsuit but then I got

bored and went to eBay and bought a new delay pedal. There are some good ones out there if you take your time. The one I got would have cost loads more brand new.

CHERYL COLE

PROMISE THIS

POLYDOR



This just seems like a regurgitation of a regurgita

of a regurgitation of a regurgitation.

GOOD CHARLOTTE

CAPITOL



I mean, is this some kind of fucked-up social experiment? I'm not sure what the point of this is. I've never been sure what the point of this band is, but this single,

even by their standards is bad, bad, bad. It's like the worst bits of The Bravery mixed with the best bits of The Bravery, puked on, skull-fucked and aborted.

I LIKE TRAINS

A FATHER'S SON

ILR



Surprisingly this isn't for me either. I'm not into the idea of a band calling themselves I Like Trains, and to be honest the music that they make sounds

exactly how you might expect a band called I Like Trains to sound. I don't like trains, I don't like the way they sound, and I'm afraid I'm not into the way I Like Trains sound either.

KELE ONTHELAM

WICHITA



I'm not sold on Kele's new direction, but at least he is the master of his own destiny and doing things as he wants and not dragging Bloc Party through the

dirt on his way anymore. The last Bloc Party album pretty much felt like a Kele solo album, because he was making them all do a kind of music that they didn't seem to want to do that much.

RIHANNA ONLY GIRL (IN THE WORLD)

DEFJAM



This is by some distance the pick of the bunch: it has high production values, is slick and lots of fun. It's just amazing, effortless, modern pop

music and everything that Cheryl Cole wants to be but fails at, like a faded stain on a grubby, horrible old T-shirt.

GIANT SAND BLURRY BLUE MOUNTAIN FIRE



Howe Gelb, the long-term brains behind Arizona's screwy country hybridists Giant Sand, has been releasing records for 30 years in

myriad guises: only Stewart Lee will ever own all of them (citation needed - he is an überfan, though). Enjoying the sort of breakout-eluding cult existence typified by the side-project - mariachi aces Calexico - becoming bigger than the main deal, first impressions of Giant Sand can seem forbidding. The actual music on 'Blurry Blue Mountain', however, is warm and enveloping. Tales of outlaw country life ('Thin Line Man') rub against treachy jazz oddities, twangy stomps and Gelb's 'life works itself out'

DOWNLOAD: 'Brand New Swamp Thing'



O2 ACADEMY BRIXTON, LONDON FRIDAY, OCTOBER 8

Ben Drew's last UK show before he takes on the arenas next year is filled with drum machines, bad dancers and a case of mistaken identity

hat's him!" "No it isn't." "That IS HIM!" "I'm telling you, it ISN'T!"
"IT /S!". This is the conversation many members of this crowd are having through the 15-minute set by beatboxer Faith SFX that precedes Plan B's arrival OK, so like tonight's headline act he's shaven-headed, stocky and suited'n'booted, but that's no excuse. This 'extra' night at the not-small-at-all Academy sold out instantly; two months after that happened, tickets were confidently put on sale for another even bigger arena tour, culminating at The oz. And still people - people down the front at that - aren't 100 per cent sure the guy they're looking at is the

guy they've paid £20 to see?

To be fair, the screams that start up when Ben Drew does take to the stage singing 'Writing's On The Wall' don't subside until three songs in. To be even fairer, he himself still appears to be working out who he is. Always has. So as well as a beatboxing intro and a seamless rendition of the year's most surprisingly massive-selling album, tonight we get everything from interpretive (and crap) backing dancers

The screams that start up when he comes on don't subside until three songs in

(during 'The Recluse') to a souped up soul version of 'Charmaine' from his first album to a straight-faced cover of Seal's 'Kiss From A Rose' to a dubstep version – aided once more by Faith SFX – of Ben E King's 'Stand By Me'. Surprisingly, the latter meites more screams and more jumping about than any other long tonight, 'She Said' and the climatic 'Lay Too Long' included. In fact, The good new list Plan B is that this crowd – also varied, from Ben

Drew circa 2006 lookalikes to indie kids to Essex girls to rudeboys to whoever – eat up everything he does with a spoon, and give the distinct impression they're maybe more ready for '...Strickland Banks' hip-hop sequel than his record company think To him, the million-selling 'soul boy' routine may be just a phase, and the fact that its 'Motewn tylings have snared a large in the post-'Back To Black' record busing public a happy accident, but on tonight vidence, they'll be making their way down to The O2 whatever he's doing. And even be able to tell him apart from his support act. Hamish MacBain

O, customers can get Priority Tickets
O₂ Academy Brixton up to 48
hours before general release:
Just register at o2.co uk/priority



PORTLAND ARMS, CAMBRIDGE

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 7

It's a challenging listen but avant-garde dancing has never been this much fun

Islet don't have a MySpace, a website and have never done a proper interview, something tonight's audience clearly revel in. These are music's 'appreciators', the last of the audiophiles, who stand awkwardly like they were characters in Lemmings. Steve Lamacq Edition.

We barely notice the band as they dawdle onstage, except for the fact that Emma seems to be the only girl in the room. She takes a few puffs of her asthma inhaler and a sip of Newcastle Brown before picking up her bass.

For the following hour, Islet fill this grim pub on the outskirts of Cambridge with colour, sparkle and joy. From the word go they're jumping off the walls, hanging from the ceiling, using any possible surface, including audience members, as a drumskin. On 'Ringerz', Emma plays bass like she was in a Beyoncé video, booty shaking round the stage. At the same time, somewhere in the crowd, an unidentified band member is facedown, pleasantly wailing.

It's a proper DIY racket they're making. Despite having two drumkits on a tiny stage, often the music comes from unamplified chanting.

BRUDENELL SOCIAL CLUB, LEEDS

seems to have completely

math-pop quartet Maps & Atlases were on

these shores, their technical, twiddly guitar

skills seemed to be masking a distinct lack

of conviction and emotion, but as singer

Dave Davison bobs, weaves and grins his way through 'Solid Ground' this evening,

it's as though we're watching a different

band altogether. 'Pigeon' and 'If This Is',

two more choice cuts from the new record.

remind us they've still got the moves, too.

Rob Webb

rejuvenated them. Last time, Chicago's

t's always nice to be surprised, and

tonight we find an act whose full-

length debut, 'Perch Patchwork',

MAPS & ATLASES

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9

Microphone effects are eschewed for singers just bashing themselves in the chest with varying force. Occasionally someone in the crowd will pick up tambourines or just start bashing things. It's like a Yo Gabba Gabba post-rock funhouse.

But what truly astounds is the complexity of their music. Far from suffering from the spasmodic nature of the performance, they actually sound more cohesive than they do on record. Irrational time signatures played against each other by four drummers should be an exercise in transcendental concentration. Islet make it look easier than air guitar.

There's no doubt their two EPs are hyper-intelligent and original, but good lord they're not an easy listen. Nor, with the band's anti-internet approach, are they easy to get hold of. Live though, they're able to challenge conventions of both music and the music industry while making every member of the audience leave with a dumbstruck grin. Islet have done the impossible: made avant-garde polystylist art music ludicrous amounts of fun. Sam Wolfson

GRASS WIDOW

THE LEXINGTON, LONDON SUNDAY, OCTOBER 10

That happens tonight is an anti-event. Grass Widow arrive looking like housewives from a 1980s British realist flick: dyed hair, second-hand clothes and the air of the quietly pissed-off female about them. Drummer Lillian Maring directs the show with eyes hijacked from a ward matron. Singer Hannah Lew cracks jokes about driving on the wrong side of the road. The music drifts by with typically shrill melodrama: bits of The Raincoats' primitive punk appear among girl-pop fantasies and languid harmonies, but it's difficult to feel compelled when rendered with the momentum of an oil slick. Huw Nesbitt



THE VACCINES

FLOWERPOT, LONDON THURSDAY, OCTOBER 7 Indie celebs throng the guestlist but these surf-pop wonders could surpass them all

Screw the Kaisers' three million album sales - poor Nick Hodgson can't even get past the guestlist police. Alex Kapranos can - sporting a neat-as-hell new pencil-'tache as he wades into the depths of the throng. Marcus Mumford is here too, squidging through the fleshwall to get line-of-sight while attracting the most glad-handing fan attention. Two-thirds of White Lies mill round the bar. A Maccabee gives us a salutary nod. Behind them, every single A&R man in London salivates and blathers about the six-figure sum that Brother were signed for last week, and the 12-figure sum Mona are going to be signed for this, and contemplates the 24-figure sum that The Vaccines

better. They're just that bit more direct, more pared-down in their approach - a sleek yet worldly bop that mines genius from its simplicity, with one massive hit-in-wating in the form of 'If You Wanna', one minor hit-in-waiting in the form of 'Wreckin' Bar (Ra Ra Ra)', a number of less-defined boppy belters which get lost amidst the general a-hoppin and a-jiving, and some even better songs - the ones which get all soporific and emotive, emphasising the JAMC thing that's bubbling under all the pastel Beach Boys and Ramones tributes. Or more accurately, perhaps: the JAMC's massive influence on 'Primary Colours' that bobble-haired guitarist Freddie Cowan - younger

Their noise is a sleek yet worldly bop that mines genius from its simplicity

will inevitably go for next week. Cancel that new desk calendar you had on order from Rymans, the whisper goes.

As soon as these boys have exited via the bar (their only through-route in the hyper-crush) it's Year Zero all over again. Remember when The Strokes played The Monarch in 2001? That. It's basically Manchester Lesser Free Trade Hall, 1976, and NME is going to form the Buzzcocks the minute we leave the room if -if - we don't asphyxiate. Like a black hole condensing, the span of musical history funnels to this one instant. At 9.45pm the band strike up.

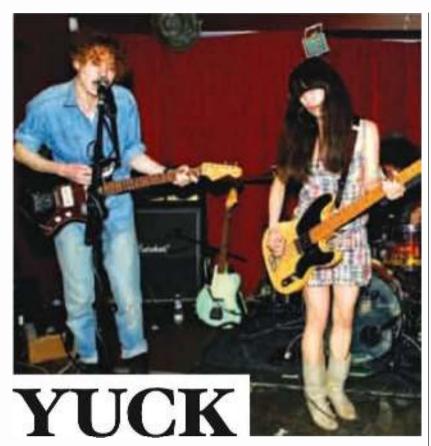
You hear that, rockworld? It's pretty incredible! Happy Birthday, Girls, Surfer Blood and The Drums all do this sort of bedroom surf-pop thing pretty well. The Vaccines do it that much

brother of Tomethy Furse from The Horrors - has seemingly imported wholesale.

There's still work to be done. For

starters, they look a little meek. As they survey the iPhone hordes, frontman and heart-throb Justin Young (former Jay Jay Pistolet) is visibly nervous, trembling even, at times. But then they are a very young band, playing one of their first shows. Nonetheless with eight songs in under 20 minutes top-to-tail, their ramalamadingdong is perfectly to-the-point, sleekly, almost cunningly, having mastered that tricky balance between maintaining 2010 levels of lo-fi nonchalance, and simultaneously sounding so effortlessly polished and ballsy that you can hear ripping trousers as all the A&Rs get erections thinking of the money they could make out of sending it up the pop charts. The Vaccines are your latest indie rock sensations - no contest. Simone Bolivar





CAPTAIN'S REST, GLASGOW

MONDAY, OCTOBER 11

Whether their grunge revival takes hold or not, they've got tunes that'll stick

When this writer was 15, we wanted to be an archaeologist (no, really). By the time we were 19, we found ourselves in a small basement that smelled of onions, scribbling down elaborate sexual metaphors with which to describe The Beatings (don't ask). Our point, in case you were wondering, is that the certainties of youth often turn out to be more malleable than you first thought.

whose woozy, lo-fi instrumentation does its best to hide the beauty of the songs under a bushel of noise and a veneer of not-botheredness. If he's not, you wonder why we should be.

Yuck themselves are a far punchier proposition, and their way with melodics suggests that Blumberg and Bloom didn't discard everything they learned in Cajun Dance Party. Guitars

are overdriven and the drums pound primal, but the jangle and swoon of 'Georgia' recalls nothing less than early, scuzzy Teenage Fanclub,

while 'Suicide Policeman' – admittedly the least grungy thing they play tonight – has a Beatles-esque vibe about it.

Musically, we can't fault them. It can, however, seem a little affected when Blumberg starts nonchalantly tossing his guitar around at the squealing climax of one song before immediately picking it up and tuning it in preparation for the next (even his own drummer takes the piss, quipping "Hey, I think you dropped something").

But that's us nitpicking. The leap from Blumberg and Bloom's last band to their current one could best be described as 'not inconsiderable', but to their credit and our surprise, it feels right. Hesitant instrument-trashing aside, it feels honest. Mostly because the songs are just that good. *Barry Nicolson*



MACBETH, LONDON

MONDAY, OCTOBER 11

The minimalist, modernist pop of LA's newest sorceress comes up smelling of roses

Imagine if Enya – the pot pourri of pop – was raised on Steve Reich and Bat For Lashes, and cut tunes to put you in mind of soft silk billows and eerie-white sun glow. Then stop imagining, and go to Glasser's 'Ring', because it really is one of the finest debut turns you'll set needle to groove on all year.

Its creator, Cameron Mesirow, is in town from California to show off her baby this evening. She takes to a stage flanked by three men in white overalls, and melts back into the night after 30 minutes. But by then she's already made quite the impression.

In flight our flame-haired debutante is all fine-china wrists and feral child-stares; a beguiling presence in earthy print dress. Often, she'll echo the capricious flows of Björk in her vocal phrasings, segueing into non-verbalised coos and sighs where words won't do.

Fittingly, given her West Coast extraction, Mesirow makes prismatic pop from what we might broadly term

a post-hippy standpoint, cleverly applying pagan-like theories about the circularity of nature to her music's shimmering, modernist flow.

'Apply"s the first tune to bend our ears, and it sounds like White Hinterland's spectral sheen with brassy synth stabs adding an undercurrent of dread. 'Treasure Of We' is chittering, fourth-world pop via an electric guitar impersonating a marimba. The first real highlight arrives with 'Home's three-note woodblock slide, which beautifully distils Mesirow's MO of extracting emotionally rich music from minimalist infrastructure. The other swoon-worthy moment is a stripped rendition of 'T' that quells the incessant, annoying hum of a Hoxton crowd predictably in love with the sound of its own honking chatter.

If Enya's the pot pourri of pop, Glasser is the Glade Plug-In. But as with so many things in life, the truth is so much sweeter than that. Alex Denney

The jangle and swoon of 'Georgia' recalls early, scuzzy Teenage Fanclub

Just ask Daniel Blumberg and Max Bloom; as two-fifths of Cajun Dance Party, they recorded an album of scampish indie pop that made doe-eyes at the mainstream and got everyone terribly excited for 10 minutes in 2007. Three years later, they're musically and aesthetically unrecognisable, heading the grunge revival with their new band, the delightfully named Yuck.

Do we need a grunge revival? Well, given the cyclical nature of things, it kind of makes sense. We've revived every other genre, and fittingly, the concept of the rock star has become terminally, early-'90s uncool again.

On the bill with Yuck tonight are A Grave With No Name, the brainchild of singer-songwriter Alex Shields, who plough a similar stylistic furrow, but

MELT-BANANA

02 ACADEMY ISLINGTON, LONDON TUESDAY, OCTOBER 12

ith songs more easily measured in seconds than minutes, Melt-Banana are masters of concision. On a stage lit only by torches strapped to their heads, the Japanese noiserock perennials open with a maelstrom of squalling electronics, machine-gun beats and fitful screeching. The stage lights ignite, guitars are strapped on and the format becomes conventional, but the music remains terrifying: a disordered mix of punk and rockabilly that's animated by the feral charisma of frontwoman Yako. By the end an emphatic point has been made: a short sharp shock is all it takes. Niali O'Keeffe

THE GHOST OF A SABER TOOTH TIGER ROUNDHOUSE, LONDON

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 13

ean Lennon and girlfriend Charlotte
Kemp Muhl make the kind of jazz
that Syd Barrett and Serge
Gainsbourg might have served up if
they were ever tempted away from acid and
Gauloises by the promise of a fair trade
macchiato. "What are we playing now,
darling?" Sean banters cutesily before
'Schroedinger's Cat'. Boasting a pop chorus
wrapped in glockenspiel and melodica, they
follow it up with the '70s psych-folk shuffle
of 'Lavender Road'. Succeeding in being
lovely one minute but frustrating the next,
we suspect this paradox will be bothering
us for months to come. Leonie Cooper

From a frosty capital to a raucous homecoming, there's thrills aplenty on this two-pronged assault for hearts and minds

"I love proving people wrong who think we're shit." A defiant Frankie Francis is holding court on a balmy evening in London, at the tail end of his band's latest UK tour. Pondering the backlash that promptly strikes up whenever a new band is granted acclaim or hype, the frontman is philosophical. "I love every second on the road. Every day brings a new city, new people and a new crowd to win over.'

Frankie & The Heartstrings certainly have their work cut out. Just three singles in and the Sunderland five-piece have already polarised opinion. Perhaps it's no surprise: after all, when they first offered up their quixotic blend of influences from literature (F Scott Fitzgerald), kitchen-sink drama (Mike Leigh) and music (Scott Walker, Billy Childish, Orange Juice), they declared they were bigger than Jesus and better than The Beatles.

Well, I don't like The Beatles and I don't believe in God, so it makes sense to me," Frankie clarifies.

In the matter of provoking reactions, the Heartstrings' support band are kindred spirits. Elizabeth Sankey and erstwhile soul-searching troubadour Jeremy Warmsley, aka Summer Camp, have had their fair share of critics to deal with.

"Someone in Manchester had a go at me because I was wearing MC Hammer-type trousers onstage," recalls Elizabeth. "This guy shouted at me: 'Don't recreate everything from the '80s, it's not cool.' It's not like we're trying to bring back Viennetta and Pac-Man [Steady on, you can still buy Viennetta – Chilled Desserts Edl."

Tonight's set is hardly just a paean to John Hughes' movies. Elizabeth's sugared, yearning vocals dazzle during the electro love sonnet 'Ghost Train', which is surpassed only by the funkedup synths powering 'Remember'.

With the Lexington crowd entranced, Frankie & The Heartstrings have a tough act to follow. With stagetime looming, Frankie and his bandmates join a bromantic embrace that erupts into a shouted rendition of The Housemartins' a cappella version of Isley-Jasper-Isley's '80s classic 'Caravan Of Love' - conventional do-re-mi vocal warm-ups apparently not their thing. It's just the catalyst needed to tackle



those frosty London crowds. Frankie proves every inch the natural frontman as he flails through the audience, exuding the sex-appeal of Selfish Cunt's Martin Tomlinson – it's hardly surprising that Frankie is a massive fan.

After pile-driving renditions of 'Possibility' and the Blondie-esque 'Ungrateful', the thawing crowd is rallied with the chants and hand-claps of 'Hunger' and then serenaded by the opening bars of 'Fragile'. Surging with energy, the Heartstrings' aural onslaught leaves us thoroughly, but enjoyably, disorientated.

Backstage, NME finds the boys huddled on a sofa, hugging it out. Something tells us this could be the start of something beautiful...

RPM RECORDS/THE CLUNY, NEWCASTL SATURDAY, OCT 9

One year to the day since Summer Camp committed to tape the first fruits of their labour, a cover of the muchcovered standard 'I Only Have Eyes For You', the duo celebrate by jumping into a battered van to pursue Frankie & The Heartstrings to Newcastle - home to a rusty tin angel and Jimmy Nail.

As the hours and service stations flash past, conversation remains generally civilised. "Stop talking about fruit!" Elizabeth is forced to yell at one point. Elsewhere, Jeremy grows ruminative. "Why do birds flock?" he murmurs. "What's the idea?"

Yet things get decidedly edgy when he wheels out his scary-fan anecdote. "Back when I was the artist formerly

known as Jeremy Warmsley, I played a gig with Mystery Jets and some guy came up and said, 'I really like your videos. I wouldn't say that I jerk off to 'em, but they give me an erection."

It's a touching story - and more moving moments follow after we arrive at Newcastle's independent record shop RPM, where Frankie and his six-string accomplice Michael McKnight are playing.

Powered only by an acoustic guitar and Frankie's hoarsely smouldering vocal, the five-song set is a treat for fans too young to attend the sold-out show at the Cluny.

It seems as if the entire city's underage indie contingent has turned up to catch a glimpse of the pair.

Later, Michael explains: "We just want to give something back to younger fans that can't see us.' Drummer Dave Harper, meanwhile, says this of the band's following: "We have two types of fan - 13-year-old girls and 50-year-old men. Those who remember The

Smiths, and those who don't." Summer Camp warm up the Cluny crowd with a soulful rendition of new track '1988' - surely a breakthrough hit-in-waiting - Sankey's vocal sounding even more beguiling than the night before. At one point, she berates her beau for swearing onstage: her mum, a Gateshead native, is in the crowd. But offstage, with mum safely out of sight, Sankey rewards a bit of goading from NME by adding to the graffiti on the dressing room walls, largely strewn with typically hilarious penis drawings. "THERE IS NOT ENOUGH FLANGE IN HERE," she scrawls.

The dressing room has a useful store of Stella and hair gel for the Heartstrings, who are gearing up for what is a homecoming gig of sorts. And what a gig it turns out to be, their London performance intensified to heartpalpitating proportions. "We've just been given a load of Red Bull," Frankte enthuses onstage. "Who wants one?"

Mayhem ensues as fans lurch, eager to grab whatever they can from the kinetic

frontman as he contorts and squirms. He dedicates a song to his hairdresser, who's come to see the band. "Without him, we wouldn't have a record deal," he cheerfully declares.

It's a moment of disarming modesty, but there's no shortage of conviction as the Heartstrings rampage through 'Ungrateful', the Billy Childish-inspired 'Hunger' and a harrowing rendition of 'Fragile'.

Glowing from postperformance adrenaline, the band share a group hug backstage, before Frankie delivers his verdict: "People have preconceptions of what we sound like, and then bam! We give then something they never expected."

Post-tour, the band's first booking is a studio stint with Edwyn Coilins, the producer they've enlisted as they seek to nail a debut that swells the ranks of loyal followers and overwhelms the naysayers. If live form is any gauge, Frankie is going to have fun proving a lot more people wrong, Ash Dosanjh



TROM THE

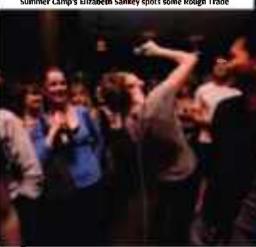
William (son of Edwyn) Collins, 20 merch seller

"Doing merch for

Summer Camp and Frankie & The Heartstrings has been fun. I was kidnapped from my house and taken on tour. If I wasn't doing this I'd probably be in my boxers watching wrestling because that's all I do really, or getting shouted at by my parents. This gives me an excuse to tell them that I'm doing something useful."







London, Friday 9.50pm "Every woman, every man..." n, Friday 11.15pm Feet off the seats thanks, lads





A1 northbound, Saturday 3pm



kloks in



















No, it can't be! Not the same T-shirt from the night before. Nggggg!

Newcastle, Saturday 10 30pm As the sun hurtles towards Earth to consume it in a flery death, Frankle goes down singing



Newcastle, Saturday 11.20pm Frankie says: no shitting



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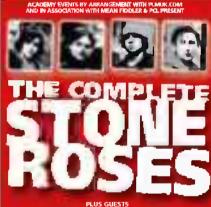
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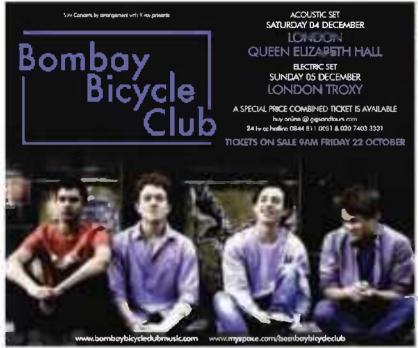
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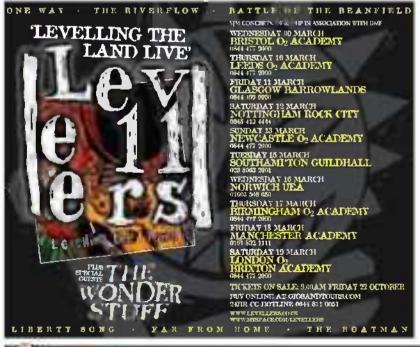
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BANDOAL

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



WHY WON'T YOU LISTEN?

What do I need to do to get you NME journalist types to listen to my music? I've tried everything Miggy Mal Mal, via email

OK, Miggy. Step 1: you need to kidnap a member of the NME staff. Drive them somewhere really secluded. Smart bands tend to favour rentable storage units. Step 2: tie them to a chair. Step 3: tell them that they WILL be released just as soon as they have listened to your album in its entirety. And then press play. It's the only way, and you'll still probably only get six out of 10 for being such a drama queen. Uncle Pete

WHO SHOULD MIX US AND WHEN?

How far into our career should we be seeking out people to mix our songs? We don't have lots of money. Black Velveteens, via email

See, these are the problems when we let actual musicians ask us questions: they're a) always a bit boring, and b) I never have any idea how to answer them. So, let's say: six months. On the subject of which, this column is sbt months' old this week! And they said it could never last! First 10 readers to email bandaid@nme.com saving. "Congratulations on making your rubbish column last so long!" win a signed Pot Noodle from me. Uncle Pete

I WANT TO BE MORE BIFFY

I saw Simon Biffv's new hair colour at Reading and fell in love with it Now I want to look like him - does he use bleach and toner or a really light Miss Clairo? Michelle, South America

We contacted Biffy's people, and posed your question. stressing that It was a matter of some importance. It's now been three weeks and we have not heard back, so we can say with complete authority (we tossed a coin) that he definitely uses Miss Clairol. A box of samples would be most welcome, if they're reading. Uncle Pete

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

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CHAT















GIG GUIDE

THE UK'S BIGGEST GUIDE TO THE WEEK AHEAD

Edited by Laura Snapes

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IDIOT GLEE STARTS: London Madame Jojo's, Nov 23

DON'T

There's some glorious scenes in The Virgin Suicides where the boys next door play records down the phone to the Lisbon sisters, trapped under house arrest by their over-protective mother. Idiot Glee's debut single, 'All Packed Up', sounded like it should have drifted out of the receiver. With its gentle carousel rhythm, James Friley's warm voice and Grizzly Bear-doing-barbershop pomp, it was as if it were plucked from a more wholesome, innocent time, when buttoned-up boys asked girls in taffeta dresses to dance in gym halls. Friley's first UK shows last month were startling - he uses samplers and old keyboards, so that much of his performance relies on his gorgeous a capella brogue. There's something mystical about Idiot Glee; don't miss him on this short UK run. NME.COM/artists/idiot-glee



MAGIC KIDS STARTS: London Islington Garage, Oct 27 The cutesy Memphis surf-rockers play with Islet on the latest installment of NME Radar Live. NME.COM/artists/ magic-kids



MILES KANE
STARTS: Stoke
Underground, Nov 8
Kane steps out of the
shadow of the Shadows for
a solo single, 'Inhaler', and
a tour that kicks off in the
Midlands then heads north.
NME.COM/artists/
miles-kane



THE BEES
STARTS: Canterbury
Farmhouse, Nov 25
Join the Isle Of Wight
six-piece in making every
step a (ahem) pozzzzzitive
one on this short UK jaunt.
NME.COM/artists/
the-bees



THE CHAPMAN FAMILY
STARTS: London Bull & Gate, Oct 28
Kickstarting the Camden Crawl countdown, aided by Dels, John & Jehn and more.
NME.COM/artists/
the-chapman-family



FOREIGNER
STARTS: Reading Play,
Nov 18
JoFo's new EP has a title
longer than this sentence.
It's delightfully emo and you
can hear it on this big tour.
NME.COM/artists/
johnny-foreigner



JANELLE MONAE STARTS: O2 Shepherds Bush Empire, London Dec 5 Pop's perkiest quiff plays two solo dates after slots

with Vampire Weekend.

NME.COM/artists/

janelle-monae



TROPHY WIFE STARTS: O2 Academy Birmingham, Nov 3 Oxford's Blessing Force unleashes one of its brightest, most promising proponents onto Foals' UK tour. NME.COM/newartists



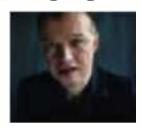
STARTS: London KOKO, Nov 19 Brainlove Records' genius pop Frankenstein launches his insane new album, 'Christiana', with this show in Camden. NME.COM/artists/

napoleon-iiird

NAPOLEON IIIRD



JONNY
STARTS: London Monto
Water Rats, Jan 19
Gorky's Euros Childs and
Teenage Fanclub's Norman
Blake have collaborated to
become known as Jonny.
Frontmen unite!
NME.COM/newmusic



EDWYN COLLINS STARTS: Brighton Komedia, Nov 4 The former Orange Juice man takes pouting young bucks Frankie & The Heartstrings on the road. NME.COM/artists/ edwyn-collins



THE ACORN

STARTS: Leeds

Nov 21
The cuddly Canadian folkies
tour their recent album 'No
Ghost', released on Bella
Union earlier this summer.
NME.COM/artists/
the-acorn

Brudenell Social Club,



VILLAGERS STARTS: O2 Shepherds Bush Empire, London April 7

Conor J O'Brien missed out on the Mercury, but he's muscling in a one-off London date next April. NME.COM/artists/villagers

PICK of the WEEK

What to see this week? Let us help



SWN FESTIVAL

STARTS: Cardiff various venues, Oct 21

NME PICK Imagine SXSW in Cardiff, but with no corporate bullshit and no Z-list liggers. Just hundreds of incredible bands, organised by the loveliest, most enthusiastic music-lovers you could hope to meet. Oh, but with rain instead of Texan heat. NME Radar Live are putting on a stage with Egyptian Hip Hop (above), Veronica Falls, Happy Birthday and The Vaccines. Other bands also set to appear on the night include Attack + Defend (two of Islet making thrashy, fun noise), Y Niwl (grey surf rock from Wales), Islet (our favourite hyper-kinetic noiseniks), H Hawkline (beguiling motorik Welsh folk), and Sweet Baboo (comforting acoustic storytelling). We could go on, but there's no room. Get to Swn, discover for yourself and let us know your findings. NME.COM/newmusic



Everyone's Talking About WARPAINT

STARTS: Dublin Crawdaddy, Oct 21 Four beautiful women with

more connections than a BT telephone exchange, and a glorious line in haunting early '90s post-rock? Warpaint had to be too good to be true. Nope - their stellar debut, 'The Fool' is a special record indeed (see review on page 38). Dive headfirst into their congregational live shows. NME.COM/artists/warpaint



Don't Miss THESE NEW PURITANS

STARTS: London Barbican, Oct 23

In January we remarked that second album, 'Hidden', was "a record worth ram-raiding Bang & Olufsen for." Now TNP are enlisting a 15-piece brass and woodwind ensemble to re-enactits diamond-sharp sword slices, bowel-quivering horns and visceral Taiko drums for some seriously special one-off shows. NME.COM/artists/ these-new-puritans



Radar Stars
PET MOON

STARTS: Oxford Bullingdon Arms, Oct 24 You may have heard Foals' Yannis namedropping Oxford's Pet Moon recently. "It sounds like pop Phil Collins R&B, but filtered through his brain, which makes everything warped," he said of ex **Vouthmovies man Andrew** Mears' new project. They're joined on this bill by Braindead Collective, and some very special fellow OX4dian guests (PSit's not Foals). NME.COM/newmusic

GIG GUIDE KEY:

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

WEDNESDAY

October 20

BATH

Mankala Bell 01225 460426

BELFAST

Ben Glover Black Box 00 35391 566511

Pete Molinari Auntre Annie's 028 9050 1660

BIRMINGHAM

Ellen & The Escapades Hare & Hounds 0121 444 2081

Flashguns Rambow 0121 772 8174 The Jim Jones Revue 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

The Sunshine Getaway Asylum 0121 233 1109

Train 02 Academy 0870 771 2000

RRIGHTON

Anais Mitchell Komedia (Upstairs) 01273 647100

The Midnight Beast Komedia 01273 647100

Takeda/The Great Park/ Woodpecker Walliams Prince Albert 01273 730499

Teeth Jam 0871 230 1094

Blackwolf/Dead Ferret Society/

Auction For The Promise Club Croft 0117 987 4144

The Boxer Rebellion Fleece

0117 945 0996 General Fiasco Thekla 08713 100000 Insomniac Jack/Lonely Tourist No 51

07786 534666 22-20s/Sam Dale Louisiana 0117 926 5978

CAMBRIDGE

Times New Viking Portland Arms 01223 357268

CARDIFF

The Joy Of Sex/My First Tooth

Tommy's Bar 029 2066 8173 Kissy Sell Out Buffalo Bar 02920 310312

Twenty Twenty/Ten Second Epic Clwh Ifor Bach 029 2023 2199

EXETER

Darwin Deez Cavern Club

01392 495370

GATESHEAD

Robert Plant Sage Arena 0870 703 4555

SLASSOW

Attack! Attack!/Straight Lines King Tut's Wah Wah Hut 0141 221 5279

Badly Drawn Boy/The Candle Thleves Old Fruitmarket 0141 287 5511 Eliza Doollttle/Joe Worricker Classic

Grand 0141 847 0820 Hayseed Dixle Ferry 01698 360085

Jack The Wolf/Acrylic Igon/Jen Buff Club 0141 248 1777 Jeff Beck SECE 0141 248 3000

The Mighty Diamonds/Captain Slackship's Mezzanine Alistars 02 ABC2 0141 204 5151

LEEDS

Dan Le Sac Vs Scrooblus Pip/Kid A/ Misty's Big Adventure University 0113 244 4600

Ian Parker New Roscoe 0113 246 0778 Ozric Tentacles Cockpit Room 2 0113 244 3446

Wilder Cockpit 0113 244 3446 LIVERPOOL

Bowling For Soup/Forever The

Sickest Kids/The Dollyrots 02 Academy 0870 771 2000

The Strange Death Of Liberal England Masque 0151 707 6171 LONG

Aley Lenz Good Ship 020 7372 2544 Annie Lennox/Melanie C/Lauren Pritchard Roundhouse 020 7482 7318 Chancery Blame & The Gadjo Club

Proud Galleries 020 7482 3867 Chuck Ragan Windmill 020 8671 0700 Dave Arcarl Blues Kitchen

020 7387 5277 The Dogbones Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773

Drum Eves Corsica 020 7288 1495 The Epstein/Josh Bray Slaughtered Lamb 020 8682 4080

I Blame Coco Scala 020 7833 2022 Jamiroqual HMV Forum 020 7344 0044

Jay Brannan Barfly 0870 907 0999 **Kyrb Grinder** Monto Water Rats 020 7837 4412

KT Tunstall O2 Shepherds Bush Empire 0870 771 2000 Lidiaana Cargo 020 7749 7840 Luke Doucet Luminaire 020 7372 7123 Maceo Parker KOKO 020 7388 3222 Mr Ron Jetson Bethnal Green

Working Men's Club 020 7739 2772 My Darkest Side Underworld 020 7482 1932

Selena Gomez HMV Hammersmith Apollo 0870 606 3400

Wolf People The Lexington 020 7837 5387

Young Rebel Set Borderline 020 7734 5547

Your Demise/Hang The Bastard 100 Club 020 7636 0933

The Zen Hussies Dingwalls 020 7267 1577

MANCHESTER

Aloe Blacc Sound Control 0161 236 0340

Dosh Night And Day Café 0161 236 1822

The Ex Roadhouse 0161 228 1789 Forever Never Academy 0161 832 1111 Melt Banana Islington Mill 0871 230 1094

Yeasayer Academy 0161 832 1111

NEWCASTLE

Carl Barât The Other Rooms 0191-261-9755

HEALTH Cluny 0191 230 4474 Marah Cluny 2 0191 230 4474 My Passion/Dead By April 02

Academy 2 0870 771 2000 MODUSCH

Adrian Edmondson & The Rad Shepherds Waterfront 01603 632717 Marina & The Diamonds/

Thecocknbullkid UEA 01603 505401 NOTTINGHAM

Alter Bridge Rock City 08713 100000 Fenix TX Rescue Rooms 0115 958 8484

OXFORD

Chase & Status 02 Academy 0870 771 2000

SALFORD

Factory Floor/Hatcham Social/The Heartbreaks Lads Club 0161 872 3767 SHEFFIELD

N'FA Forum 0114 2720964 SOUTHAMPTON

Canterbury Joiners 023 8022 5612 Walter Trout Brook 023 8055 5366



THURSDAY

October 21



BATH

Young Rebel Set Moles 01225 404445 BELFAST

One Night Only Stiff Kitten 028 90238700

BIRMINGHAM

Bolshle 02 Academy 3 0870 771 2000 BOURNEMOUTH

Twenty Twenty Old Fire Station 01202 503888

BRIGHTON

Black Carrot The Hope 01273 723 568 Luke Doucet Prince Albert 01273 730499

Pama International Coalition 01273726858

Robyn Concorde 2 01273 673311

BRISTOL Belleruche Metropolis 0117 909 6655

The Cat Empire O2 Academy 0870 771 2000 Dog Is Dead Thekla 08713 100000

Ellen & The Escapades St Bonaventure 0117 929 9008

Falling Into Difference The Tunnels 0117 929 9008

Fighting Fiction/Our Time **Down Here/Social Flatline Croft** 0117 987 4144

Klaxons Anson Rooms 0117 954 5810 Magic Kids Louisiana 0117 926 5978 McFly Colston Hall 0117 922 3683 Perfume Genius/Lonely Galaxy The Cube 0117 907 4190

Plerre Bastien Arnolfını 0117 929 9191

CARDIFF

Waiter Trout The Globe 07738 983947

Swn Festival Zwolf /Oui Messy/Chad Valley/Primary 1/Crash.Disco!/ Medry/Shake Aletti/Threatmantics/ Spectrals/Sweet Baboo/Clinic/ Kutosis/Right Hand Left Hand/ Among Brothers/Samoans/ Yucatan/Dad Rocks/Mimas/Tall Ships/Taions/Brown Brogues/ Books/Dutch Uncles/White Ring/ Goodtime Boys/Wounds/Arabot/ Bellini/Sun Drums/Attack + Defend/Munch Munch Various venues 029 20230 130

DUBLIN

Warpaint Crawdaddy

00 3531 478 0225 FOINBURGH

Andy Wilson HMV Picture House 0844 847 1740

Army Macdonald/Alan Pownall O2 Academy 0870 771 2000 Carl Barát/The Hearthreaks/ **Swimming Oran Mor 0141 552 9224** Don Broco Capitol 0141 331 0140 Dosh Nice'n'5leazy 0141 333 9637

The Ex Stereo 0141 576 5018 The Fiction The Wise Monkey 0871 230 1094 Lost City Lights Classic Grand 01418470820

My Passion/Dead By April/ Summerlin King Tut's Wah Wah Hut

0141 221 5279 Train O2 ABC 0870 903 3444

LEEDS

Aloe Blacc HiFi Club 0113 242 7353 **Arrested Development** Wardrobe 0113 222 3434

Feeder Metropolitan University 0113 283 2600 Fury UK The Well 0113 2440474

Mitchell Museum Cockpit Room 2 0113 244 3446

Plan B 02 Academy 0870 771 2000 The Solicitors New Roscoe

0113 246 0778 The Wombats Cocknit 0113 244 3446

LIVERPOOL Borgore/Tenmen Shipping Forecast

0871 230 1094 Robert Plant Olympia Theatre 01512636633

The Temps/Bunny Munro Masque 01517076171

LONDON

After The Burlal Underworld 020 7482 1932

Belle Phoenix Monarch 0871 230 1094

The Blue Hearts 100 Club 020 7636 0933

Canibus Rhythm Factory 020 7247 9386

Chase & Status HMV Forum 020 7344 0044

The Computers 93 Feet East 020 7247 6095

Crooked Still/Matthew & The Atlas Huminaure 020 7372 7123

Dirty Tricks Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773

Does It Offend You, Yeah? Garage 020 7607 1818

The Gaslight Anthem/Sharks HMV Hammersmith Apollo 0870 606 3400 General Fiasco Dinewalls

020 7267 1577 Giltter Shit Penguins Good Ship 020 7372 2544

Gun Outfit Grosvenor 0871 223 7992 **Hyrst** Whitechapel Art Gallery 020 7522 7888

Ingrid Olava Slaughtered Lamb 020 8682 4080

The Jim Jones Revue Scala 020 7833 2022

John Blood Cargo 0207 749 7840 Jon Windle Borderline 020 7734 5547 Lichens Café OTO 0871 230 1094

The Low Frequency in Stereo/The Deer Tracks/Rokkuro The Lexington 020 7837 5387

Michael Rother/Seefeet Barbican Hall 020 7638 8891

The Midnight Beast O2 Academy 2 Islington 0870 771 2000

No Fun At All George Tavern 020 7790 1763 Our Lost Infantry Hope & Anchor

020 7354 1312 Roman Fischer Bull & Gate 020 7485 5358

Southside Johnny & The Asbury Jukes OZ Shepherds Bush Empire 0870 771 2000

Steve Mason XOYO 020 7729 5959 Wolf Gang Hoxton Square Bar & Kitchen 020 7613 0709

Yeasayer Roundhouse 020 7482 7318 MANCHESTED

Badly Drawn Boy Royal Northern College Of Music 0161 273 6283 Dinosaur Pile-Up Ruby Lounge 0161 834 1392

Gavin Creel Deaf Institute 0161 330 4019

Jeff Beck 02 Apollo 0870 401 8000 KT Tunstall Ritz 0161 236 4355 Ozric Tentacles Band On The Wall 0161 832 6625

NEWCAST

Jean Cloud & The Van Dammes Head Of Steam 0191 232 4379 Joe Satriani City Hall 0191 261 2606 Polarsets Cluny 2 0191 230 4474 Straight Lines O2 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

NORWICH

The Charlatans/Shaun Ryder UEA 01603 505401

We Are The Ocean Waterfront 01603 632717

NOTTINGHAM

Crystal Castles/Health Rock City 08713100000

Hadouken! Gatecrasher 0115 910 1101 Headwater Maze 0115 947 5650 OXEGED

Adam Waldmann Wheatsheaf 01865 721156

SHEFFIELD Bowling For Soup/Forever The Sickest Kids/The Dollyrots

Corporation 0114 276 0262 The Strange Death Of Liberal England University 0114 222 8777 Three Blind Wolves Red House 0114 2727875

Tridky Leadmill 0114 221 2828 SOUTHAMPTON

Isovetraneers Joiners 023 8022 5612 The Last Republic Talking Heads

FRIDAY

October 22

BELFAS

Yann Tiersen Queens University 028 9097 3106

DIDMINGHAM

The Birthday Massacre O2 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

Maceo Parker HMV Institute 0844 248 5037

Mivvi Actress & Bishop 0121 236 7426 Supersonic Festival Napalm Death/ Dead Fader/Demons/Devilman/ Drumcorps/Fukpig/Gum Takes

Tooth/Necro Deathmort Various venues 0121 248 2252 Plan B 02 Academy 0870 771 2000 Sam Carter MAC 0121 440 3838 Sigum/Verity's Bride Sunflower Lounge D121 632 6756

BOURNEMOUTH Manic Street Preachers/British Sea Power 02 Academy 01202 399922

REIGHTON III Birdeatsbaby Prince Albert

01273 730499 Darwin Deez Digital 01273 202407 Gum Outfit Cowley Club 01273 696 104

KRS-One Concorde 2 01273 673311 Perfume Genius The Hone 01273 723 568

BRISTOL

Aloe Blacc Metropolis 0117 909 6655 Black Carrot/Fuzz Against Junk Croft 0117 987 4144

Buckly Whittington The Tunnels 0117 929 9008

The Cat Empire 02 Academy 0870 771 2000

Clumsy/Trish Brown Mr Wolf's DH7 927 3221 Daytona/A Day At The Races

The Cooler 0117 945 0999

Forever Never/Sworn To Oath Fleece 0117 945 0996

Kissy Sell Out/Hadouken! Motion Ramo Park 01179 723111 No More Heroes Golden Lion.

0117 939 5506 Peter Broderick The Cube

0117 907 4190 Psycho-Delia Smith Reckless Engineer 0117 929 0425

The Vaccines Louisiana 0117 926 5978 CAMBRIDGE

Random Hand Haymakers 01223 367417

CARDILLE

Sam Festival Recoming Real/Visions Of Trees/Teeth/Thecocknbullkid/ Plyci/Dam Mantle/Quinoline Yellow/Drains/Cyrion/Bastions/ Young Legionnal re/Y Bandana/ Wickes/The Victorian English Gentlemen's Club/Pezgy Sue/ Fiction/We Are Animal/Indigo Children/Brandyman/Truckers Of Husk/The Ex/Enbe/P Money/Ras Kwame/Ellen & The Escapades/ Dry The River/Young Rebel Set/ Pete Lawrie/A La Fiste/Jonathan Powell/The Last Republic/Dog is Dead/The Keys/Lucky Delucci/ Trwbador/Stricken City/Gwilym Gold/Standard Fare/Union Jackals/ Little Fish/Wilder/Al Lewis/Brvn Fon/Briechlau Hir/Crash, Discot/Nos Sadwrn Bach/Derwyddon Dr Gonzo Various venues 029 20230 130 Wande Coal/Vocal Siender

Millennium Centre 029 2040 2000 The Witches Drum Gwdihw Café Bar 029 2039 7933

EDINBU The Chap Voodoo Rooms 0131 556 7060

Lost City Lights/Emelle The Electric Circus 0131 226 4224 The Mighty Diamonds Equid Room

Puressence Bongo Club 0131 558 7604 The Remnant Kings Bannermans 01315563254 Jon Gomm Cabaret Voltaire

0131,220,6176 EXETER

0141 552 9224

Pama International Cavern Club 01392 495370

FALMOUTH Laish Miss Peapod's 0871 230 1094

GLASSOW Blackbird Studios The Wise Monkey

0871 230 1094 Errors The Arches 0141 565 1000 Feeder 02 ABC 0870 903 3444 Havseed Dixle Oran Mor



NOTTINGHAM

FLASHGUNS/FONLY DATE MODELS GATECRASHER 0115 910 1101

Joe Satriani SECC 0141 248 3000 Lost in Audio Captain's Rest 0141 331 2722

Mike Peters King Tut's Wah Wah Hut 0141 221 5279 Sonnet 65/Super Colour Play

02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000 Warpaint Stereo 0141 576 5018

LEEDS Carl Barât Cockprt 0113 244 3446 LIVERPOOL

Maps & Atlases O2 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

Steve Mason Kazımıer 0871 230 1094 Tinle Tempah/Chiddy Bang/Bluey Robinson 02 Academy 0870 771 2000 Youngblood Brass Band Masque

0151 707 6171

Adrian Edmondson & The Bad Shepherds Bush Hall 020 8222 6955 Alter Bridge HMV Hammersmith Apollo 0870 606 3400 April in The Shade Dublin Castle

020 7485 1773 The Boxer Rebellion/SCUM Garage 020 7607 1818

The Charlatans/Shaun Ryder 02 Academy Brixton 0870 771 2000 The Cribs Barfly 0870 907 0999 Dirty Harry Roadtrip 020 7253 6787 French Wives Scala 020 7833 2022

Glf Mec Hild Nime 5000 AD Wilmington Arms 020 7837 1384 Kansas City Cryers Bloomsbury Bowling Lanes 020 7691 2610 Kruder & Dorfmeister Roundhouse 020 7482 7318

Memphis May Fire Underworld

020 7482 1932 Paolo Nutiril HMV Forum 020 7344 0044

Personal Space Invaders Bull & Gate 020 7485 5358 Robyn 02 Shepherds 8ush Empire

0870 771 2000 The Poplettes Leadenhall Market

020 7621 0709 Tangents Luminaire 020 7372 7123

Teengiri Fantasy/Human Life Proud 020 7482 3867

To The Chase Babalou 020 7738 7875 Tricky KOKO 020 7388 3222 We Are The Ocean Kings College

020 7834 4740 MANCHESTER

Arrested Development Sound Control 0161236 0340

Badly Drawn Boy Royal Northern College Of Music 0161 273 6283 Clinic Deaf Institute 0161 330 4019 Crystal Castles Academy 0161 832 1111 The Eightles Matchbox B-Line Disaster/Rolo Tomassi/Obsessive Compulsive Ritz 0161 236 4355 Mystery Jets Cathedral 0161 832 1111

Saul Williams Band On The Wall 0161 832 6625 Spree Night & Day Cafe 0161 236 1822

NEWCASTLE Babyhead Cluny 0191 230 4474 Cave Star And Shadow 0191 261 0066 The Count & Sinden/Katy B Digital

01912 619755 Fury UK Trillians 0191 232 1619 John Spiers/Jon Boden The Cumberland Arms 0191 265 6151 Late Night Fiction/The Blisters Pumphreys Cellar Bar 0191 2603312

My Other Life Dog & Parrot D191 261 6998 Wishbone Ash O2 Academy

0870 771 2000 NORWICH

Mimas Arts Centre 01603 660352 Mr Scruff UEA 01603 505401 NOTTINGHAM

Magic Kids Bodega Social Club 08713 100000 Stanton Warriors Gatecrasher

0115 910 1101 Yeasayer University 0115 951 5151

OKFORD

Annie Mac O2 Academy 0870 771 2000 Benjamin Francis Leftwich Jericho 01865 798794

Magazine Gap O2 Academy 2 ממחק ולק מקפמ

Vixens Bullingdon Arms 01865 244516 SHEFFIELD Jeff Beck City Hall 0114 278 9789 Playground Mafia Plug 0114 276 7093

SOUTHAMPTON The Gaslight Anthem/Sharks Guildhall 023 8063 2601



SATURDAY

October 23



Chris Wood & Andy Cutting Chapel Arts Centre 0122 5404445 Fiction Moles 01225 404445 PRINCES ST

Bowling For Soun/Forever The Sickest Kids/The Dollyrots Spring & Airbrake 028 9032 5968 Jody Has A Hitlist Stiff Kitten

028 90238700 RIDUMNON

The Charlatans/Shaun Ryder 02 Academy 0870 771 2000 Supersonic Festival Godflesh/

Melt Banana/Blue Sabbath Black Fili/Cave/Cloaks/Dosh/Eagle Twin/Tweak Bird Various venues

0121 248 2252 KRS-One HMV Institute 0844 248 5037 Marina & The Diamonds/

Thecocknbullkid Town Hall 0121 605 6666 One Ton Bullet Actress & Bishop

0121 236 7426

BRIGHTON

Knocksville/Dave Mumbles Komedia 01273 647100 Max Levine Ensemble Cowley Club

01273 696 104

The Notorious Hi-Fi Killers The Hope 01273 723 568

Angel Up Front Anchor 01275 372253 Chrome Hoof/Teengirl Fantasy

Fleece 0117 945 0996 The Creek No 51 07786 534666

The Gaslight Anthem/Chuck Ragan/ Sharks 02 Academy 0870 771 2000 Never The Bride Thekla

08713100000 The Peppercorns Fire Engine

07521 974070 Youngblood Brass Band Fiddlers

0117 987 3403 Young Rebel Set The Cooler

0117 945 0999 Zang Tang/Rachel K Collier Mr Wolf's

Zun Zun Egul/The Ex/Hoquets/ Apl Uiz/Arnaud Riviere Croft

D117 987 4144

CARDIFF

Swm Festival Cut Ribbons/Still Corners/Calories/Cate Le Bon/ Wolves/La La Vasquez/Pull In Emergency/Alphabet Backwards/ V Niwi/Tom Gray/OK/To The Bones/ Melc Stevens/The Gentle Good/Huw M/Sibrydion/Evening Chorus/Trembling Bells/Perfume Genlus/Gavin Butler/Reaper In Sicily/Black Spiders/Tom Williams & The Boat/Magic Kids/Melys/

Race Horses/Exit International/ Throats/The Guns/The Violas/Joe Worricker/Bare Left/Masters In France/H Hawkline/John Mouse/ Mr Huw/Henry's Funeral Shoe/ Alex Dingley/Sion Russell Jones/ Mitchell Museum/Let's Wrestle/ Fair Ohs/Beach Fossils/Islet/Kids In Glass Houses/Kamikaze Veterans/ Scriber/Raphaelites/Inconsiderate Parking/The Lay Lows/James Blackshaw/Swans/Houdini Dax/ Colorama/Paul Heaton Various venues 029 20230 130

The Vaccines/Egyptian Hip Hop/ Happy Birthday/Veronica Falls NME Radar Live @ Swn Festival 029 20230 130

EDINBUNA Aeropiane Cabaret Voltaire 0131 220 6176

Lost in Audio/Super Civillian The Electric Circus 0131 226 4224 The Trade/The Joe Mangles Equid Room 0131 225 2564

EXETER

The Last Republic Cavern Club 01392 495370 Otis Gibbs Phoenix 01392 667080

FALMQUTH Pontiak Miss Peapod's

0871 230 1094 GLASGOW

Acoustic Butterfly The Wise Monkey 0871 230 1094

The Chap Captain's Rest 0141 331 2722 Cock Sparrer/Major Accident 02 ABC2 0141 204 5151

Dan Le Sac Vs Scrooblus Plp/Mistv's Big Adventure/Kirl A Queen Margaret

Union 0141 339 9784 The Destroyers Stereo 0141 576 5018

Hayseed Dixle/The Ballachulish Hellhounds Classic Grand 0141 847 0870

tkonika Universal 0141 332 8899 Kellermensch The Arches 0141 565 1000

Kluas Ivory Blacks 0141 221 7871

KT Tunstall Barrowland 0141 552 4601

One Night Only Oran Mor 0141 552 9224

Plan B/Clare Maguire 02 Academy 0870 771 2000 Puressence King Tut's Wah Wah Hut

0141 221 5279 Southside Johnny & The Asbury

Jukes Ferry 01698 360085 Travie McCoy/Bruno Mars Garage 0141 332 1120

Van Morrison SECC 0141 248 3000 LEEDS

Belleruche Elbow Room 0113 227 7660

Crystal Castles Metropolitan University 0113 283 2600 The Midnight Beast Cocknit Room 2

0113 244 3446 **Union Sound Set** Cockpit

0113 244 3446 LIVERPOOL

Annie Mac/Fake Blood/Flying Lotus Masque 0151 707 6171

Clinic Static Gallery 01517078090 Damien Dempsey University 0151 256 5555

Warpaint Kazımier 0871 230 1094 LONDOM

The Cat Empire 02 Academy Brixton 0870 771 2000

Conswavia/Dress To Kill Hope

& Anchor 020 7354 1312

The Damned Things Garage 020 7607 1818

Danny Gruff/Gideon Caplin Barfly 0870 907 0999

English Dogs/Goldblade The Gaff

020 7609 3063 Erol Alkan XOYO 020 7729 5959 The Good The Bad Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773

Hone & State South Of The Border 0207 739 4202

Mark Ronson & The Business Inti/ Rose Elinor Dougall HMV Forum 020 7344 0044

Mordieeha Roundhouse 020 7482 7318

Mr Scruff KOKO 020 7388 3222

My Chemical Romance HMV Hammersmith Apollo 0870 606 3400

Pete & The Pirates Scala 020 7833 2022

Rubicks Good Ship 020 7372 2544 Saint Saviour Bush Hall 020 8222 6955

Secret Affair G2 Academy 2 Islington **0870 771 2000**

Starsmith/In Flagranti Queen Of Hoxton 020 7422 0958

Teeth Of The Sea Zenith Bar 0207 226 1408 These New Puritans & The Britten

Sinfonia/Dark Star Barbican Hall 020 7638 8891

Tracey Bonham Borderline 020 7734 5547

Twisted Wheel Jamm 020 7274 5537

MANCHESTER Carl Barât Deaf Institute

0161 330 4019 Ellen & The Escapades Night & Day Cafe 0161 236 1822

I Am Austin/No Life Roadhouse 0161 228 1789

Train Academy 0161 832 1111

NEWCASTLE

Everyday Enemy/Cardboard Cutouts Head Of Steam 0191 232 4379 ESTLCF Cluny 2 0191 230 4474 Unstable Tables/Kamino Fire

Pumphreys Cellar Bar 0191 2603312 Yeasayer OZ Academy 0870 771 2000

NOTTINGHAM

Funeral Throne/Cruel Humanity

Old Angel 0115 950 2303 The Kingship The Central 0115 963 3413

We Are The Ocean Rescue Rooms 0115 958 8484

OXFORD

The Birthday Massacre 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

Darwin Deez/Little Comets 02 Academy 0870 771 2000 **POOLE**

Memphis May Fire Chords

0871 230 1094

SHEFFIELD The Boys/The Fuckwits Corporation

0114 276 0262 Hadouken! University 0114 222 8777

Jon Windle Plug 0114 276 7093 Mystery Jets Leadmill 0114 221 2828

Telling The Bees Grages 0114 249 0909

Zed Blas Harley 0114 275 2288 SOUTHAMPTON

Adrian Edmondson & The Bad

Shepherds Brook 023 8055 5366 Alter Bridge Guildhall 023 8063 2601

SUNDAY

October 24

BATH

Puravida Bell 01225 460426

BELFAST

The Duke & The King Empire 028 9024 9276

BIRMINGHAM

Forever Never 02 Academy 3 0870 771 2000

Supersonic Festival Swans/ Haliogallo/Barn Owi/Black Sun Drum Corps/Chrome Hoof/ Factory Floor/James Blackshaw/ Peter Broderick Various venues

BRIGHTON

Eric Taylor Prince Albert 01273 730499

Philip Henry Latest Music Bar 01273 687 171

The Porchilght Smokers Neptune Inn 01273 736390

BRHSTOL

The Birthday Massacre Thekla 08713 100000

Compadres/Syte & The Sound/Mad Apple Circus Mr Wolf's 0117 927 3221 Imicus/Sondura Fleece

0117 945 0996 Jeff Beck Coiston Hall 0117 922 3683 **Pull in Emergency** Louisiana

0117 926 5978 Train 02 Academy 0870 771 2000

CARDIFF

British Sea Power The Globe 07738 983947

EDINBURGH Chantel McGregor The Caves

01315578989 EXETER

Attila The Stockbroker Phoenix 01392 667080

GLASGOW Dinosaur Pile-Up/Turbowolf Nice'n'Sleazy 0141 333 9637

Divorce Stereo 0141 576 5018 Fenix TX Cathouse 0141 248 6606 Heldi Talbot/Boo Hewerdine Tron

0141 552 4267 The Midnight Beast Garage

0141 332 1120 Quarter Inch Jack 02 ABC2

0141 204 5151 Three Card Trick The Wise Monkey 0871 230 1094

Veasaver 02 ABC 0870 903 3444 LEEDS **Babyhead** HiFi Club 0113 242 7353

Beach Fossils Nation Of Shopkeepers 0113 203 1831 The Boy Will Drown/Eradication

Focknit 0113 244 3446 Sucionerro The Well 0113 2440474

0871 230 1094

LIVERPOOL Flashguns Shipping Forecast

LONG Adrian Belew 02 Academy 2 Islington

0870 771 2000 Bellini/Lazarus Clamp Windmill

020 8671 0700 Black Carrot/Baby Dee The Lexington 020 7837 5387 Laura Dockrill Purcell Room

020 7960 4242 Mahavira Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773 The Mighty Atomics Hoxton Square

Bar & Kitchen 020 7613 0709 Nell Finn Jazz Café 020 7916 6060 Trentemolier Roundhouse

020 7482 7318 The Vals 100 Club 020 7636 0933 Van Morrison Royal Albert Hall

020 7589 8212 MANCHESTER

Feeder Academy 0161 832 1111 My Chemical Romance O2 Apollo 0870 401 8000

Pontiak Ruby Lounge 0161 834 1392 Spunge Moho Live 0161 834 8180 Warpaint Deaf Institute 0161 330 4019

NEWCASTLE

Amy Mardonald 02 Arademy 0870 771 2000

Magic Kids Clury 2 0191 230 4474 Marriott Lane The Tyne 0191 265 2550

MORWICH

Crystal Castles UEA 01603 505401 Darwin Deez/Little Cornets Arts

Centre 01603 660352

NOTTINGHAM Kluas Rock City 08713 100000 Three Blind Wolves Bodega Social

Club 08713 100000 The Wombats/New Education/ Apples Rescue Rooms 0115 958 8484

OXFORD

Marina & The Diamonds/ Thecocknbullkid The Regal 01865 241261

Pet Moon/Braindead Collective Bullingdon Arms 01865 244516

POOLE

Ozric Tentacles Mr Kyps 01202748945

SHEFFIELD

The Dammed Things Corporation 0114 276 0262 Jeep-Star New Barrack Tavern

0114 234 9148 Tinie Tempah/Chiddy Rang/Bluey Robinson Plug 0114 276 7093

SOUTHAMPTON Mr Scruff Orange Rooms

02380 232333 WOLVERHAMPTON The Gaslight Anthem Civic Hall

KT Tunstall Wolfron Hall

0870 320 7000



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MONDAY

October 25

BATH

Devlin Moles 01225 404445

BIRMINGHAM

Alter Bridge 02 Academy 0870 771 2000

Attack! 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

Pull in Emergency 02 Academy 3 0870 771 2000

REIGHTON

Bastard Child Death Cult Prince Albert 01273 730499

RRISTOL

Badly Drawn Boy St George's Hall 0117 923 0359

Catherine Feeny/Come Gather Round Us Fleece 0117 945 0996

Choice Of Kings/The Paper Shades/ Eyeswikle Mr Wolf's 0117 927 3221 Fenech-Soler/Shake Aletti Thekla

08713 100000 Lost Lalka Croft 0117 987 4144

Luke Doucet St Bonaventure 0117 929 9008

Manic Street Preachers/British Sea Power Colston Hall 0117 922 3683

Marina & The Diamonds/ Thecocknhullkid Anson Rooms

0117 954 5810

Ruth Royall No 51 07786 534666 CAMBRIDGE

Army Macdonald Corn Exchange 01223 357851

Jay Brannan Haymakers 01223 367417

Mystery Jets Junction 01223 511511 Stacey Kent Anglia Ruskin University 01223 460008

CARDIFF

Benni Hemm Hemm 10 Feet Tall 02920 228883

Ffred Jones Tommy's Bar

029 2066 8173 Jeff Beck St David's Hall

029 2087 8444 EDINBURGH

Dinosaur Pile-Up/Turbowoif The

Electric Circus 0131 226 4224

Meursault The Caves 0131 557 8989

My Chemical Romance Com

Exchange 0131 443 0404 Southside Johnny & The Asbury

Jukes HMV Picture House

0844 847 1740

EXETER |

Forever Never Cavern Club 01392 495370

Youngblood Brass Band Phoenix 01392 667080

GLASGOW

I Like Trains 02 ABC2 0141 204 5151 Black Cards Garage 0141 332 1120 The Duke & The King Oran Mor 0141 552 9224

Laura Wilkie/Sarah Hayes Brel

0141 342 4966 Mary Chapin Carpenter/Tift Merritt

Old Fruitmarket 0141 287 5511 Pontiak Captain's Rest 0141 331 2722 Swans/James Blackshaw The Arches

0141 565 1000 The Wombats King Tut's Wah Wah Hut

HERDEN BRIDGE

0141 221 5279

The Sunshine Getaway The Hole In. The Wall 01422 844 059

Canterbury Cockpit 0113 244 3446 The Cat Empire 02 Academy

0870 771 2000 Kid Canaveral Milo 0113 245 7101 Magic Kids Nation Of Shookeepers 0113 203 1831

Ozric Tentacles 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

UB40 Philharmonic 0151 709 3789

Acoustic Ladyland Ronnie Scott's 020 7439 0747

Eliza Doolittle Bush Hall 020 8222 6955

The High Kings Luminaire

My Elastic Eye/A Terrible Spiendour

Octoberman Slaughtered Lamb

020 7482 1932

Sound Affairs/Charlie Barber Purcell Room 020 7960 4242 Stickman Cartel 93 Feet East

The Strange Death Of Liberal

Train 02 Shepherds Bush Empire 0870 771 2000

Travie McCoy Kings College

Academy 2 Islington 0870 771 2000 Vector Vendetta Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773

The Vinyl Stitches/Sniffin Flowers Social 020 7636 4992

MANCHESTER

Bane Moho Live 0161 834 8180 Beach Fossils Deaf Institute 0161 330 4019

Café 0161 236 1822

Martha Tilston Brudenell Social Club Jody Has A Hitlist Roadhouse 0161 228 1789

The Midnight Beast Sound Control 0161 236 0340

Nisennenmondal Soun Kitchen 0161 236 5100

Trentemolier Academy 0161 832 1111

Tweak Bird Ruby Lounge

NEWCASTLE

The Boy Will Drown/Eradication

Trillians 0191 232 1619

Last Republic Star Inn 0191 222 3111

Tinie Tempah/Chiddy Bang/Bluey

Robinson UEA 01603 505401 NOTTINGHAM

The Birthday Massacre Rock City 08713 100000 Happy Birthday Bodega Social Club

08713100000

01865 244516

SHEEFIELD

Human Life Forum 0114 2720964 Melt Banana Plug 0114 276 7093 Mimas Harley 0114 275 2288 Mitchell Museum Old Fire Station 01142 792901

Princess Nyah OZ Academy 0870 771 2000

SOUTHAMPTON

WOLVERHAMPTON

Carl Barât Slade Room 0870 320 7000 Feeder Wulfrun Hall 0870 320 7000

TUESDAY

October 26

BIRMINGHAM

Magic Kids Hare & Hounds 0121 444 2081

Manic Street Preachers/British Sea Power 02 Academy 0870 771 2000 One Night Only 02 Academy 2

0870 771 2000 Sky Parade Flapper 0121 236 2421 Tame Impala 02 Academy 3 0870 771 2000

UB40 Symphony Hall 0121 212 3333

BRIGHTON

Badly Drawn Boy Picture House

The Mighty Diamonds Komedia 01273 647100

Tinle Tempah/Chiddy Rang/Bluey Robinson Concorde 2 01273 673311 What's Your Vice Prince Albert

Youngblood Brass Band Coalition 01273726858

BRISTOL

Alter Bridge Coiston Hall 0117 922 3683

Beals/MurcofOld Vic 0117 987 7877 Carl Baråt Thekla 08713 100000 Kid Canaveral Fleece 0117 945 0996 Lady Nade's Messy Subjects Mr

Wolf's 0117 927 3221 Maceo Parker Metropolis 0117 909 6655

The Mysto Junior Croft 0117 987 4144 The Strange Death Of Liberal England The Lanes 0117 325 1979 The Sunshine Getaway/The Tall

Trees The Cooler 0117 945 0999 Twenty Twenty/Ten Second Epic OZ Academy 2 0870 771 2000

CAMBRIDGE Bowling For Soup/Forever The Sickest Kids/The Dollyrots

Corn Exchange 01223 357851 CARDIFF Fenech-Soler/Friends Electric

Clwb Ifor Bach 029 2023 2199 Robert Plant St David's Hall

EDINBURGH

Mary Chapin Carpenter/Tift Merritt Queens Hall 0131 668 2019

0131 225 1757

The Good Knives Cavern Club 01392 495370

Tweak Bird Sneaky Pete's

GLASGOW

Avenged Sevenfold/Stone Sour SECC 0141 248 3000

Clinic/Spectrals Stereo 0141 576 5018 Egyptian Hip Hop Captain's Rest 0141 331 2722

The Last Republic Classic Grand 0141 847 0820

Lissie Oran Mor 0141 552 9224

0113 244 3446

University 0113 244 4600 The Mariner's Children/Tristram

Oporto 0113 245 4444

Warpaint Brudenell Social Club 0113 243 5866

The Vaccines Lock 42 LIVERPOOL

My Passion 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000 LONDON

020 7607 1818 Beach Fossils/Twin Shadow

Madame Jojo's 020 7734 2473 Black Gold Bull & Gate 020 7485 5358

020 7833 2022 David Jordan Monto Water Rats

Fiving Lotus KOKO 020 7388 3222 **Gurf Morlix Slaughtered Lamb** 020 8682 4080

Hector's Fanclub/Lovebites 93 Feet East 020 7247 6095

020 7589 8212 Joana & The Wolf/Dogtanion/

Glibert Linley Social 020 7636 4992 Kluas Underworld 020 7482 1932 Krista & Johnny Boy Good Ship

020 7372 2544 Misennenmondai Nest

& Kitchen 020 7613 0709 Steve Appleton Queen Of Hoxton 020 7422 0958

The Swell Season Royal Festival Hall

020 7485 1773

020 7359 6191 The Wombats Heaven

020 7930 2020 3 Daft Monkeys Borderline

I Like Trains Ruby Lounge

Black Cards Roadhouse

0161 228 1789

0161 832 1111 Dan Le Sac Vs Scroobius Pip

0161 330 4019 I Blame Coco Academy 2

The Oil Brown Band Band On The

The Psychedelic Furs Ritz 0161 236 4355

Jody Has A Hitlist O2 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

Wiley/JME/Fugative Digital 01912 619755

Crooked Still/Stephen Simmons

Arts Centre 01603 660352 Magnetic Man/Katy B Waterfront 01603 632717

NOTTINGHAM

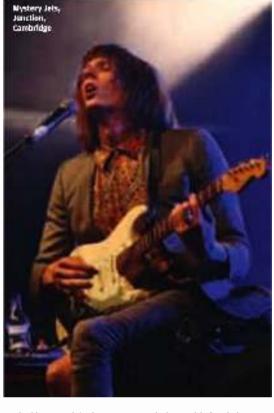
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020 8682 4080 Shining/Enthroned Underworld

England The Lexington 020 7837 5387

Twenty Twenty/Ten Second Epic 02

Bedouin Soundclash Night & Day

0161 834 1392

Fenix TX 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

NORWICH

Erja Lyytinen Bullingdon Arms

HEALTH Joiners 023 8022 5612

LEEDS Bedouin Soundclash Cockpit

James Yuill/Silver Columns

Mystery Jets Metropolitan University 0113 283 2600

LEKESTER

A Flock Of Seaguils Masque 0151 707 6171

Bane/Trapped Under Ice Garage

Cee Lo Green Pacha 020 7834 4440 Darwin Deez/Little Comets Scala

020 7837 4412

Jeff Beck Royal Albert Hall

020 7354 9993 The See See Hoxton Square Bar 020 7960 4242 Troops Of Mafeking Dublin Castle

Union Sound Set/Mimas/Ex-Libras

Luminaire 020 7372 7123 The Woe Betides Buffalo Bar

020 7734 5547 MANCHESTER

0161 834 1392

The Cat Empire Academy

Academy 0161 832 1111 Gold Teeth Deaf Institute

0161 832 1111 Wall 0161 832 6625

NEWCASTLE

HORWICH

The Eighties Matchbox **B-Line Disaster** Rescue Rooms

08713100000

Attack! Attack! O2 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

Deviin Joiners 023 8022 5612 WOLVERHAMP Mitchell Museum Slade Room

THIS WEEK IN 1999

MICK GETS AHEAD, COLDPLAY OPEN AND NOEL PROMISES





GIANT STEPS CHRIS TIME!

Speaking at the premiere of The Blair Witch Project, Noel Gallagher says of the forthcoming Oasis album: "It's got ten tracks on it. Liam's first attempt at writing a song's on it, which is really good. There's two shit ones, which I wrote, and the other seven are mega." There are rumours that the album's title is 'Where Did It All Go Wrong?' and - with Gem recently confirmed as new guitarist - speculation as to who the bass player will be is rife.

The lead new band profile in the On section is Coldplay. They are shortly to head out on tour with this week's cover stars Shack - in the coveted opening slot, filled by the likes of Franz Ferdinand and Florence in later years and on Monday will release a five-song EP entitled 'The Blue Room'. It is noted that Chris Martin ("vocals, enormous grins") took Ancient World Studies at university. "I can ask you for bread and chips in Ancient Greece, you know," he confides.

ARE YA?

close-up of a face probably unfamiliar to many graces the cover of this week's issue. Proclaimed to be "our greatest living songwriter", the face belongs to Mick Head of Liverpool band Shack, who in January will headline the NME Awards Tour (with Les Rythmes Digitales, Campag Velocet and Coldplay).

Sylvia Patterson goes to meet Shack, and declares them to be "the most criminally overlool ed psychedelic-folk group of the decade". She also says their forthcoming album 'HMS Fable' is "unquestionably The Album Of '99". For their part, the band are "dead excited" about the attention, but shrug that "nothing's changed since the Paleys (The Pale Fountains, their first group, formed 18 years ago). We've never had the acclaim we've had lately, which is... right. 'Cos we know it sounds dead good." The 37-year-old Mick Head also talks candidly about his smack habit, acquired because he was fascinated by Byron, Blake, Coleridge and "all the dudeh ads smacked off their 'cads".

Asked at the end of the interview what he intends to buy when his songwriting talent finally bears fruit and that first £imillion dives through the letterbox, his reply is simple "I'm gonna sort a lot of friends out with money I owe them!"

Also In The Issue That Week

- Two of the Stone Roses are back, John Squire is readying a new band with Verve bassist Simon Jones, while Reni is looking for a bassist to complete his "psychedelic" outfit
- · Morrissey is reviewed at Coachella Festival. "He does 'Meat Is Murder' and it rages like yesterday," writes Steve Sutherland
- Stuart Braithwaite says he was "shitting it" at Mogwai's LA show, after calling Puff Daddy "antichrist". "I thought he'd mow us down!"
- Joe Strummer is interviewed at his Taunton farmhouse. "The Manics?" he sniffs. "Sounds like hoary old rock music to me"
 - · Bernard Butler's second solo album 'Friends & Lovers' is given 6/10
- Damon Albarn is reported to be teaming up with Bill Wyman in an Oxford University debate about "whether or not pop music is the greatest of all art forms"



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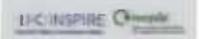
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TAXING THE FINEST MINDS IN ROCK'N'ROLL FOR SIX DECADES

Compiled by Trevor Hungerford



A BAG OF NME SWAG



CLUES ACROSS

1+10A At the end of the day it's followed 'Only By The Night' (4-6-7)

7 Animal Collective music is part of Ken Dodd's act (6)

9 Main city detour for Bloc Party (8)

10 (See 1 across)

12 Dolly mixtures for US rapper (5)

13 Where Arcade Fire are the resident band (3-7)
18 Aristocratic type in British Sea Power (5)

20 Daniel ___, Bauhaus guitarist who suffered from burn-out (3)

Durn-Out (3)
21+5D Bombay Bicycle Club to hopefully come clean
after this outpouring (5 2 4)
22 Radiohead man gets one rib broken (6)
23 'Labour Of Love' was a 1987 hit for ___ & Cry (3)

24 (See 19 down)
25 The fundamental nature of a Lucinda Williams

album (7) 27 '80s indie band get girl's haircut for a shilling (3) 29 2007 movie about Joy Division's singer lan

31"In this social chaos, there's violence in the __", from Kasabian's 'Where Did All The Love Go?'

32 Group whose hits included 'No Scrubs' and

'Unpretty' (1-1-1) 33 (See 14 down)

34 Nik who wondered in the '80s 'Wouldn't it Be Good' (7)

CLUES DOWN

1 Ironic tales about a new songstress (7-4) 2 Drum bits not properly recorded by New Zealand band (6-5)

3 Elvis Costello's most successful album was Forces' (5)

4 A novel idea for Franz Ferdinand (7)

5 (See 21 across)

11 US rapper who had to 'Regulate' his performance with Nate Dogg (6-1) 14+33A And this is Enemy, OK, that'll do, Tom (3-6) 15 I back Shrek to somehow form band from

ex-members of XTC and Gang Of Four (10)

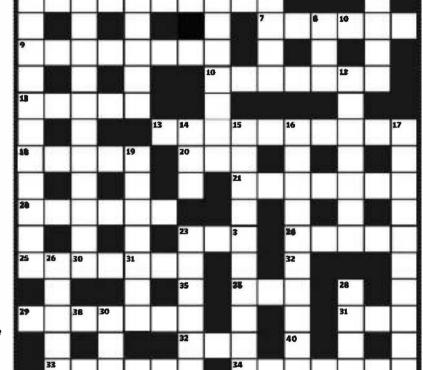
16 "My daddy was a _____, but he never hurt

nobody", The Clash (10) 17 She started at the 'Tuesday Night Music Club' and now finds herself '100 Miles From Memphis' (6-4) 19+24A Could somehow Ringo be early with this Beatles number (7-5)

23 'Get Color' for wellbeing of LA band (6)
26 Musical compositions in printed form for Fugees

album "The ___' (5)
28 "I got a job with Stanley, he said I'd come in handy,
and started me on Monday, so I had a ___ on Sunday",
from Squeeze's 'Up The Junction' (4)

30 Album title for The Calling, Utah Saints or Bob James (3)



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SEPTEMBER 25 ANSWERS

ALTROSS
1+6A+32A Postcards From A Young Man, 9 Madonna, 10+23D Lemon Jelly, 11 Incubus, 13 Soul, 15
Sonc, 17 Utah Saints, 19 Paris, 20 Mabel, 22 She, 28 Lullaby, 30 Opera, 31 Omen, 33+23A Elton John.

1 Pump It Up, 2+21D Syd Barrett, 3 Can't Be Sure, 4 Real Slim Shady, 5 Sells, 6+25A+26A Famous Last Words, 7 Oh No, 8 Ash, 12 Champ, 14 Lorca, 18 The Storm, 20 Mew, 24 Nolan, 27 Stain, 29 Bum, 30 One, 31+16D On Call.



VEN INCH STORIES BY PHILLIP MARSDEN





LADIES & GENTLEMEN, PLEASE

ELCOME TO THE STAGE, THE COOL



DAY, LAURA - I'LL LET YOU



FANMAIL

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

Edited by Gavin Haynes









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The Big Issue Keeping us locked in email battle this week...



LITTLE LYIN' MEN

From: Big Daft Al To: NME

Win!

I pity the writer who had to spend "48 hours" on the road with Marcus Mumford and his hay-faced pals (NME, October 9). It's not exactly equivalent to the Nick Nolte and Eddie Murphy buddy-cop movie of the same name, is it? No-one has \$500,000 hidden in the trunk of their car. No-one drives a Cadillac through the glass window of a Cadillac showroom. So what does happen exactly? Let's see... one of them smokes a bit of weed, and they're worried about the second album. What sort of a story is that? You want to watch yourselves, NME. You're in danger of becoming the New Mumford Express. And that is far too much like the Daily Express for my liking.

NME's response...

From: NME To: Big Daft Al

Actually, now you mention lt. BDA, another thing that happened on tour was that Marcus Mumford found a sultcase full of heroin cuffed to a dead man in his hotel bathroom. He was subsequently chased

through Amsterdam's network of canals on a speedboat by a pack of agents toting semiautomatic weapons. Obviously, we had to leave all of this out for space. reasons. Shame. But despite uncovering a labyrinthian plot which apparently 'goes

right to the heart of government', Marcus is totally adamant that the second album is still going to be about hay and tiny lion men-GH

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

SONS & DOTERS

From: Beth Johnston To: NME

I dislike that you compared Mumford & Sons to Coldplay more than once in your article last week. Not cool. Mumford and co are much better than that dull pile of dog shit.

From: NME To: Beth Johnston

Beth, I'm more fascinated as to whether the rise of roots in rock as shown by KOL and Mumford's twin summits, will lead to some kind of feedback into the ever-impressionable Chris Martin's musical pallette. Let's not forget that this man dressed up as a sort of cross between Les Miserables, 'Set Pepper's...' and a child's drawing of a tampon for his last album. I think if Coldplay went roots, they'd be completely unstoppable. Country music already sells more than rock in the US. What if someone with a big platform crossed over the other way for a change? Why, they'd have to invent a new category of supermassivebigness - GH

GIVE THEM A SIBERIAN BREAK

From: Cleo Greaves To: NME

After reading all your articles on the band MGMT, the only feeling I can seem to get out of them, is that you are 'hating' on the band for no apparent reason. Yes, I realise that they may have changed their sound. And maybe it's not to your taste, however for the fans it is. I thought you, a sell-out magazine would understand that bands are subject to change. If you knew anything much about them at all you'd realise that 'Kids' is in fact nearly eight years old, as they were playing the song at college gigs in their youth. Again, if you had any intention of talking to them about their new successes of the album you would have learned that it reached Number Two in the American charts. So obviously it can't be THAT bad to be compared to "an inspired collection of outtakes by some classic damaged band".

From: NME To: Cleo Greaves

As "a sell-out magazine", we would never actively hate on MGMT as they've given us an awful lot of cross-platform brand-synergistic leverage over the years. Honestly, it gives us a lump in the throat just thinking about it. Of course, there might become a moment where we found it expedient to turn on them in the name of selling a few more copies. But that moment is actually only pencilled in for mid-2011, Cleo. This is us being nice. Imagine, I do share your base emotion, though an intense love for 'Congratulations', coupled with a fear that it may lose its brilliantly scenestery 'misunderstood and overlooked classic' status if I convince too many folk that it is indeed a brass-balled classic. Which it is - GH

METAPHORIC EMPTINESS

From: Mike Clarke To: NME

Over the years I've become rather mystified at how the **Manic Street Preachers** continue to get rave reviews in the music press despite their bland sound. Other tepid bands (Keane, Starsailor) have been (rightly or wrongly) derided by music journos, yet the

Manics remain fawned over. I've concluded it's simply down to the fact that they wear their very correct politics on their sleeve.

Would they get the same adulation if their songs were entitled:

'If You Become Dependent On Benefits Your Children Will Be Next'

'(We Invest In) Natwest -Bardays - Midlands - Lloyds'

'Ifapologistsfordictators toldthetruthforoneday theirworldwouldfallapart'

'You Stole The Sun From My Paperboy'?

From: *NME*To: Mike

in terms of your analogy, Mike, I'm not sure which Starsallor album you'd correlate with 'The Holy Bible' - maybe the wasted, unalloved, chipped-nailvarnish love-letter to a doomed youth that is 'Silence Is Easy'? I think part of the secret to their longevity as both critical and commercial darlings has been the Manics' extraordinarily fluid ability to cash both in and out at various points in their career - making a stoopidly commercial record like 'Send Away The Tigers'. then following it up with an unsaleably indie one like 'Journal For Plague Lovers'. You might say they're Trojan Horses infiltrating the mainstream from the inside. Or you might say they're just capable of remarkable moral flexibility. Whatevs - GH

EVERYDAY HURTS

From: J E To: NME

I wouldn't describe myself as a Herts fan as such, but I do enjoy their songs on the radio. But when I saw the video for 'Wonderful Life'. I was horrified. I mean, identical girls dressed in black long-sleeved swimsuittype clothes dancing suggestively with a fence is the kind of thing you only need in your video if your music is rubbish, which Hurts definitely don't need. It might be OK for... actually, I'm not going to say who it would be OK for. I don't want to offend anyone. To add insult to injury, the speed of the changing



STALKER

From: Beyrom
To: NME
I met Jonathan Everything
at Oxford Academy at the
OX4 festival in the crowd
before their set.

scenes in the video do not match the rhythm of the music. OK, rant over.

From: NME

To: J E And wha

And what a rant it is. Jesus the most chilling fact herein is that J is not even a particular fan of Hurts his chiding is based solely on having just "listened to a few of their songs on the radio". To summarise the charges that must be answered, then: 1) Rhythmically, Hurts' music doesn't sync well with the images in the video. 2) Girls in video seen dancing suggestively with a fence. 3) Music not rubbish. What do you say to that, Hurts? Eh? You ninnies - GH

GUIDE TO LOVE, LOSS, AND LATE-2007

From: Abbey Kelly To: NME

Why, oh why, are The Wombats back (NME, October 9)?? And why did you bother to write a pointless article on them? I felt like I wasted my life reading it. They're so outdated I'm actually embarrassed that NME thought it was OK to write something on them. Next time you want to write something useless, slap yourself with a wet fish!!

From: NME

To: Abbey Kelly
It was to give everyone
a glorious gust of what it
was like to be young and
alive in late-2007. Imagine:
Gordon Brown as PM.
Floods ravaging the country.
Shitdisco being allowed to
play gigs in front of paying
punters. 'Moving To New
York' on Xfm 23-and-a-half
hours a day. The sights, the

The highlight of this week's NME.COM blogs

KANYE DIG

IT? YES YOU CAN!

Tim Chester went to see Kanye West unveil his new video 'Runaway'. He was 'treated' to a two-hour Q&A session with the man himself. An experience that was apparently like 'witnessing the tweet motherlode'. "Here we have a clown that knows what he's up to," Tim wrote of the mammoth interview. "But at the same time someone crushingly honest. He nearly cried at one point in the Q&A when asked about his acceptance into the fashion world. He talks about everything he does (and tries to do) with a passion you can't argue with. He's genuinely dedicated about his art, be that the Good Friday tracks, commercial singles like 'Power', the baffling collaborations with Mr Hudson, or the pretentious but actually quite enjoyable Longest Music Video Ever." Read Tim's blog in full on NME.COM

Best of the responses...

There's levels to it though, aren't there? If he wasn't even slightly self-aware of how its perceived, then that would be actual mental illness. Not 'artistic quirks' or Morrissey-like stubborness, but full on mental illness. While he may be a bit self-aware, he's also dearly

largely out of it. **Dude**

The reason he gets away with his behaviour is because he's obscenely talented and truly a musical genius.
His production skills are absolutely phenomenal.

Jack

He knows it's all a game at some level, Witness '808s & Heartbreak', it was commercial suicide. But he made the whole 'fame is meaningless/I'm cracking up' statement as a pretty damned knowing artistic gesture.



sounds, the fashions, of a truly momentous year - GH

LAST OF THE SUMMER WHINE

From: Steve Jacks To: NME

Can I just say that I'd like to see someone under 40 headlining Glastonbury this year? The way things're going I wouldn't be surprised if this year's Saturday night headliners are the cast of Last Of The Summer Wine...

From: NME
To: Steve Jacks

Right, Steve. We're about to go to print, but they've told me that this page is still 100 words under, so I have to try and find 100 words in response to your letter. Let's see, uh, I generally begin these things with some kind of overly strong opinion, so... "They're all geriatric arseholes, especially Larry Mullins 'Ir'!" Then I usually move on to making some sort of broader point, like... "These days, the myopic music industry just isn't producing the sort of longevity in bands that would lead to a rash of fifthalbumers making it to the top of the Pilton greasy pole." Then throw in some ridiculous youthspeak: "it's off the nanging chain, catweasel!" And... a quick word count... Yup. There ~ GH



STALKER
From: Jenny
To: NME
This is me and my mate
Lydia with MGMT when we
saw them in Leeds.

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CHRISTMAS
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ES ROCK'N'ROLL LL BRAINCELLS?

TESTING MUSICIANS' MEMORIES AFTER A LIFETIME OF ABUSE

This Week

ICE CUBE

QUESTION 1

Where were NWA arrested for performing 'Fuck Tha Police' onstage in June 1989?

"Detroit, It was the last show of the tour. We'd promised the promoters we wouldn't perform the song because the police had said they would rush the stage and take us to jail. We were so mad when we got to Detroit because they'd put us on second. There were a lot of groups behind us that they thought were hotter than we were. So, we said, 'Man, we're going to do it.' Last song of the tour and all hell broke loose."

Correct

QUESTION 2

Which famous video game did a NWA lyric go on to inspire? "Grand Theft Auto."

Correct. Lyrics from 'Boyz-N-The-Hood' from 1987's 'NWA And The Posse'go, "Rolls down the window and he starts to say/It's all about making that GTA".

QUESTION 3

Which figure is lying dead in the mortuary on the front cover of your second solo album, 'Death Certificate'? "Uncle Sam. It's saying that the old way of thinking is dead and we need a new way of thinking."

Correct



QUESTION 4

Which song do you rap on British DI Paul Oakenfold's debut album, Bunkka'?

"Um. Damn. What did we call that song? I give up."

Wrong, It was 'Get Em Up' "That's what happens when you write 10million rap songs!"

QUESTION 5

In which film do you have the lines, "Life would be different if God was a bitch"?





"It was Boys N The Hood. Acting wasn't something I've always wanted to do but it was easy to start with that because [writer/ director] John Singleton wanted me so bad. It wasn't easy to turn that into what it is right now." Correct

QUESTION 6

You star in the Iraq War movie Three Kings. Who do the Iraqis torture instead of Mark Wahlberg when the movie is spoofed in South Park?

"I don't know. I haven't seen that episode." Wrong, Santa "You've got to be mean to terrorise Santa."

Wrong, Snoop Dogg.

"I have no idea."

QUESTION 7

QUESTION 8 You're having a party but - oh no! You've run out of ice-cubes. Which freezes the fastest - bot or cold water? "Hot water."

Your cousin Del Tha Funkee Homosapien

Who did the 'Clint Eastwood' rap during

Gorillaz' 2010 Glastonbury performance?

features on Gorillaz' Clint Eastwood'.

"Ah man, that must have been crazy."

Correct. Er, how do you know that? "Come on man, I know a little something."



Do you know why? "Do vou?" Er, no. [It's due to the Mpemba effect -Chemistry Ed] "We both need to go to school on that one."

QUESTION 9

Your real name is O'Shea Jackson. Can you identify these rappers from their real name. Marshall Bruce Mathers III? "Ah, that's Eminem." Correct

Andre Romell Young? "Dr Dre." Correct

Stanley Kirk Burrell? "Stanley, is that Hammer?" Correct, MC Hammer

Tracy Marrow? "That's Ice-T." Correct

Robert Van Winkle? "Ah, man. That will be Vanilla Ice." All correct. That's one point

QUESTION 10

What type of hat are you wearing on the front of your new EP, I Rep That West'? "A sombrero." Correct

Total Score

"That's OK, I suppose! A couple of those

questions were a little sideways but I should have got a couple more right."

Coming Next Week



STRANGER THAN FICTION ELLIOTT SMITH THE LIFE AND MUSIC OF A TRAGIC HERO



MACCA MEETS CRACKERS

PAUL MCCARTNEY MEETS TOM KASABIAN

KID CUDI

MEET THE NEW KANYE WEST

HALLOWEEN QUEEN
ZOLA JESUS GETS FREAKY

This is an NME advertisement for an album by

The Black Keys.

The name of the album is

Brothers.

It is out now on 2xCD - CD - DL - 2xLP

LIVE

28 October - GLASGO SOED OUT,

30 October - NEWCASTLE - 02 Academy

31 October - LEEDS SOLD OUT

2 November - LONDON - BSOLD OUTnemy

3 November - LONDON - Brixton 02 Academy

4 November - NOTTINGHAM - Rock City

6 November - LIVERPOSOLD OUTmy

7 November - BOURNEMOUTH - 02 Academy



