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PAUL McCARTNEY

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HARRY MCVEIGH DOESN'T WANT HIS FACE ON THE ANUSES OF HIS BANDMATES

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ON REPEAT

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



TRACK
OF
THE
WEEK

LIGHTSPEED CHAMPION

'Til I Die

There are approximately 3,234,523 Beach Boys songs that fall into the 'lost' category, and 'Til I Die' is one of the finest. The original – off 'Surf's Up' – is Brian Wilson at his spiciest, a simple lounge groove topped with all manner of organs and harmonies. Here, adding some hip-hop squelches to the mix,

Dev Hynes has done a fine, fairly faithful version that shows off the angelic quality of his voice. The Beach Boys connections don't end there: 'Til I Die' may be the lead track on the forthcoming 'Bye Bye'

The intricate, often wildly off-kilter strings are a perfect fit

EP, but of equal interest are the three other songs that have been arranged by the legendary Van Dyke Parks (who wrote the lyrics for 'Smile'). It's a strange-but-beautiful marriage: the intricate, often wildly off-kilter strings (and human whistles and melodicas and all manner of other strange instruments) are a perfect fit for the eccentricities of 'Bye Bye Icarus', 'The Mess You're In' and 'Underwater There Is Nothing' (the latter re-worked from the version on the last Lightspeed album). A worthy package, and hopefully not the last we will hear of this coupling. **Hamish MacBain, Assistant Editor**
Exclusively on NME.COM/blogs now



COLD WAR KIDS

Royal Blue

The first cut from their third album, 'Mine Is Yours', sees the Kids get their funk back. The bass twangs so much, it's like they're using strings made from elastic bands, while there are handclaps and widescreen atmospherics too. The Cold War is far from over.

Paul Stokes, Associate Editor
On Fromgotowhoa.com now

LIFE IN FILM

Sorry

This is only their first single, but from the sound of it – sort of a super-confident Maccabees with a stadium anthem sensibility – this London lot don't have much growing left to do. The singer is also ridiculously good looking, if that sort of thing matters to you (which it should).

Liam Cash, writer

On MySpace.com/alifeinfilm now

FIXERS

Amsterdam

There's an art collective in Oxford called Blessing Force. It includes the likes of Chad Valley, Trophy Wife and the cosmic-minded Fixers, whose Animal Collective-in-a-wind-tunnel noodling would make an ideal soundtrack next time you guzzle a saucepan full of Ayahuasca and indulge in some astral projection.

Luke Lewis, Deputy Editor, NME.COM
On MySpace.com/fixerstheband now

CHICKENHAWK

Scorpieau

Chickenhawk will swoop down and rip out your intestines through your nostrils with this opening track to new album 'Modern Bodies'. In doing so they join fellow Leeds four-piece Pulled Apart By Horses in the 'spit in your face and scream in your throat' sweaty school of rock.

Abby Tayleure, writer
On chickenhawk.bandcamp.com now

FLASHGUNS

Come And See The Lights

The closest thing we have to Fugazi right now show their melodic side with a soaring new single that's almost Human League-ish. Almost. It's all far

too unhinged to actually be poised pop, and its pulverising climax will knock your fringe off. Keep an eye on this lot. **Martin Robinson, Deputy Editor**
Watch the video on MySpace.com/flashguns now

ROBYN

Indestructible (Electronic Version)

First trailed acoustically on 'Body Talk Pt 2', 'Indestructible' was amazing all along. But this full-bleep version finds us all 4am, down the disco, glitter everywhere, hopelessly convincing ourselves that tonight's conquest is The One That Lasts Forever. Doomed and amazing. **Dan Martin, writer**
On Robyn.com now

WALLS

Gaberdine (Nathan Fake Long Mix)

Walls' self-titled debut offered a crisper soundbath than this year's wash of anodyne chillwave. Now they're releasing the graceful 'Gaberdine' as a five-track remix EP, including two versions by electronic *twinderkind* Nathan Fake. This long mix adds heft and menace to the track, driving it down a much darker lane.

Emily Mackay, Reviews Editor

On Pitchfork.com now

DEAD SKELETONS

Dead Mantra

This deviant blast comes down out of Iceland like an ash cloud straight from Beelzebub's backside, beats lolloping like apocalyptic horses on the prowl under scuzz that makes the Big Pink sound like a Fisher-Price music box.

Luke Turner, writer

On MySpace.com/dodenspiegel now



GRUFF RHYS

Shark Ridden Waters

With Super Furry Animals 'chillaxing' for the foreseeable, it's time for more Gruff solo stuff – this time without the help of a heavily-moustached Brazilian inventor. This album taster, with its skiffly lollipop and cigar-fug trumpet, is just hypnotic enough to put us in a whirl-state where we forget we won't be going mental to 'Slow Life' for a very long time. **Jamie Fullerton, News Editor**
On gruffrhys.com now

UPFRONT

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

Edited by Jamie Fullerton

1962-
2010

Ari in those infamous
gold hotpants in
May 1977

THE SLITS' ARI UP: RIP

Last week we lost a seminal musical oddball in Ari Up. Emily Mackay remembers a post-punk legend and her band, who flattened the landscape for a generation of rebels

MAIN EVENT

There is an anti-canon of bands that are too widely known to be cult, but too weird to ever quite fit into the established pantheon. Bands that are passed to each generation like a secret handshake or dangerous secret.

One of the most treasured of these is The Slits. John Lydon's announcement last Thursday (October 20) of the death of his step-daughter Ari Up, just 48, "after a serious illness", was keenly felt by anyone interested in feminism in music, post-punk and the intersection of reggae and dub with British guitar band. Hell, anyone just interested in music and expression full stop.

Born in Germany into a wealthy family, Arianna Forster was next as the title of one of The Slits' classic numbers has it, one of the 'Typical Girls'. At a young age she hung out in the kind of reggae dance clubs that most grown punks would fear to tread. Her fearlessness extended into the strange clipped and yowling way she sang, the wild and exuberant way she performed and the completely batshit way she dressed.

Speaking to NME, Slits bassist Tessa Pollitt describes Ari as, "a total rebellious soul. Such a compassionate person, the original wild child if you will. And a musical genius not really given the recognition in her lifetime."

The band were the biggest rebels on the infamous 1977 White Riot tour, headlined by The Clash and featuring The Jam, Buzzcocks and Subway Sect. The world was not ready for defiant, scruffy, teenage girls with bird-nest hair, and in Ari's case skintight leggings and silver knickers brazenly 'celebrating' the Queen's Jubilee. The tour driver had to be bribed to let them on the bus every day.

Tessa fondly recalls a moment captured on the album 'Live At The Gibus Club', in 1978. "At one point you can hear Ari talking to an over-zealous bouncer, she just shrieks, 'WHAT ARE YOU DOING UP HERE, YOU ARSEHOLE? GO TO THE BOG AND HAVE A WANK!' She was like

"She was a totally rebellious soul, the original wild child"

TESSA POLLITT, THE SLITS

a three year-old sometimes, screaming. In a road or in a shop, the attention immediately goes to Ari..."

Ari was more than just flash and fire, though – the substance of The Slits' music, as heard on sensational 1979 debut album 'Cut', was a unique blend of punk with reggae rhythms, a wandering, loping, tribal, break from the "1, 2, 3, 4" norm. Not only did their playful, thoughtful songs about female identity inform the riot grrrl movement, it found listeners in the glut of post-millennial bands drawing on the post-punk era such as The Cribs and Bloc Party.

Most importantly, The Slits were fun. Where Essential Logic's 'Wonderful Offer' or Gang Of Four's 'Damaged Goods' muse seriously on the constraints of capitalism, Ari Up sticks up two fingers and gleefully shrieks, "DO A RUNNER" on 'Shoplifting'. Their second album, 1981's 'Return Of The Giant Slits', ventured further into dubby, tribal sounds, moving beyond the girlish energy of their debut, but the band split soon after.

Ari and Tessa returned with a new line-up and the



From top: Ari (left) and Tessa performing at Liverpool's Masque in October 2009; The Slits play Electric Circus, Manchester, 8 May 1977; the sleeve to The Slits' album 'Cut'; below, The Slits' NME covers on 7/10/78 and 8/9/79

album 'Trapped Animal' last year. Ari was still defiantly herself in gold hotpants and hip-length rust-red dreadlocks, poking holes in the modern fempop diktat of raunchy empowerment. "I didn't know it would come to this, where everything is like a factory," she said at the time. "Lady Gaga is dressed all crazy in these space age outfits, but she isn't a rebel. I

can see straight through her, she is business. Her sexuality is so trashy and cheap and she is just fucking about being vulgar. People think that is rebellion." Of the circumstances of her death, Tessa confirmed that the singer had been diagnosed with cancer. "Ari didn't want the group to tell anyone that she was ill," she explained, "and we didn't realise how ill she was."

Though Ari is gone, she and The Slits will continue to be an inspiration for women who want something more from musical identity than stripper heels and a big chorus, and for men interested in the possibilities of rock outside the parameters.

As Ari said, "The Slits have become something beyond The Slits, bigger than life and our personalities. They have become very mythical... people need something like The Slits, even if it isn't us. Every time we play, there is always a girl who says, 'I am going to start a group'".



"ARI CALLED ME BABY STRUMMER!"

Last winter The Cribs invited their heroes, The Slits, to support them in Doncaster. The night was almost marred by pissed fans throwing stuff at the band, but Ryan and Gary Jarman and Ryan's missus Kate Nash still found it an amazing experience



RYAN JARMAN: "Watching Ari command a crowd was one of the most inspirational

things I've ever seen in my time in a band. The last thing she said to me before they left was that we had the real punk spirit and that I reminded her of Joe Strummer. I'm sure I will be telling that story for many years! Thanks Ari for that memory."



GARY JARMAN: "That night left an indelible mark on The Cribs for various reasons. I cried like a baby

at the end of The Slits' set, partly out of disillusionment with some facets of our audience, but mostly because I was so moved and humbled by how The Slits carried themselves. We had a fun night hanging out with them backstage, I became a fawning fanboy, getting them to sign my 'In The Beginning' LP. Ari referred to Ryan as "Baby Joe Strummer", and she gave us all a hug and promised to return the favour with a gig together in London – sadly never to be."



KATE NASH: "The band fought back with their performance. I had a similar experience in

Germany, and I thought about Ari and The Slits. I was playing to a bunch of kids who gave me hell. I sang louder than ever, I felt the strength of those punk women who went through that 100 times over and never gave up."

PLAYSLIT

Burn the ultimate Slits compilation

- Difficult Fun
- Instant Hit
- Earthbeat
- Or What It Is?
- Shoplifting
- Liebe Und Romance
- Ask Me
- I Heard It Through The Grapevine
- Typical Girls
- Number One
- Enemy
- So Tough

SPEED DIAL HARRY McVEIGH

The White Lies frontman on his band's big blustery epic return, and how the future may, or may not, be about pastel shade menswear

Your new album is unashamedly epic – the Muse plan?

"It's certainly a big rock album. I'm not sure about something like Muse. I have a lot of respect for Muse, but it's not as bombastic as that, I think. We looked at every song individually and sort of just saw how far we could take each song individually. That lent itself quite nicely to a big-sounding record."

You've said the album is more positive than the last – is it named something more uplifting than 'To Lose My Life...'?

"The album's called 'Ritual'. It's about love with a bit of religion in there as well – a lot of religious imagery and stuff. Things like that, they're all rituals, I suppose. Things you associate with your day-to-day life, but it's almost habits. It's kind of something that can mean everything and nothing. It can be the most important thing in the world... religion, love... it can also mean you have the ritual of going home to work every day and watching TV for two hours. A ritual is anything, really."

'Love' – it's a change from 'death', theme-wise...

"Yeah, especially a song like 'Strangers'. It's a very balls on the table love song. When we made the record we were in a really good place. We found it so comfortable writing again after so long on the road."



"Balls on the table" – that does sound romantic.

"I'm not referring to any sort of sexual position. I think people will be surprised by it if they were expecting more of the first album."

The sound's even bigger than before – you're trying to gear it up, aren't you?

"Yeah, I don't think there's enough ambition in bands at the moment. There are some really great bands who don't really aim high with their music or plans for their careers. I think we are

ambitious. I think it's a good thing – it's healthy."

Has the 'image' changed too? We heard a rumour that you had a stylist trying to move you from black to pastel shades.

"We're sort of trying to shrug that off a bit [wearing black]. We started doing it a bit towards the end of the last album [shrugging it off]... we did it at the beginning and it was kind of cool. We're a bit looser about our dress code now, which is good."

And the future is pastel?

"We'll just have to wait and see. We're certainly wearing more colours, but I'm not sure about pastel shades. I'm not a fan of baby blue."

You're hitting the road in the UK again soon too – did it get tedious touring the last album and not writing any new material?

"When we were touring, especially at the end, we wanted nothing more than to go into the studio. Now that we've made that I think we're all pretty keen to get out on the road again. I probably won't be saying that in two years' time."

Finally, you said you watched *The Human Centipede* while making the album.

What's your favourite bit in the film?

"It's all pretty disgusting. The last scene is really horrendous. That's burned into my memory. I was watching while eating my sandwich at lunchtime."

If the White Lies trio became a human centipede, where would you be placed?

"I don't even want to think about that, to be honest."

Surely at the front?

"Yeah, but then I would still have two people attached to my anus, which would be disgusting."

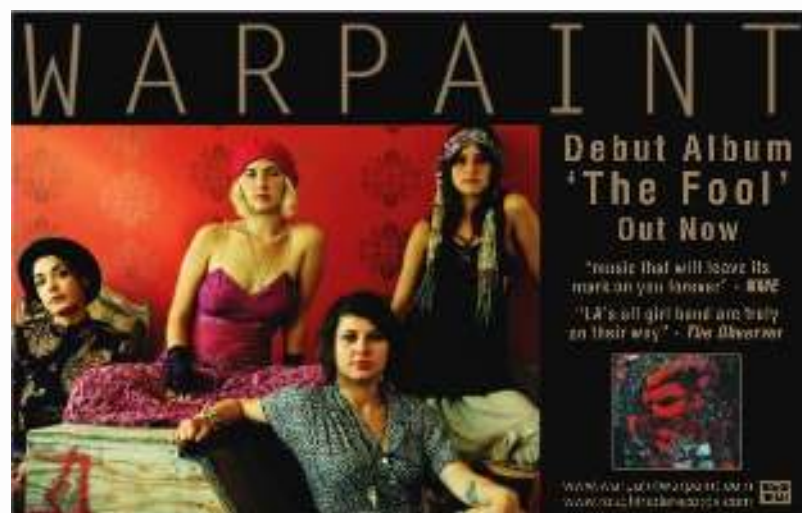
BLACK: OUT

What should White Lies' new image be?

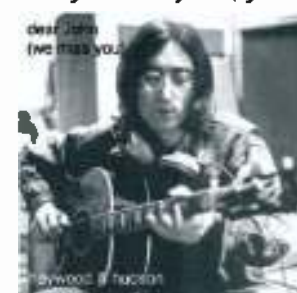
ALTAR CHIC
Inspired by the album's religious themes, Harry dons a floor-length vicar's gown

MILK TRAY MEN
Love's a big theme – how about Charles straining his bass with a rose between his teeth?

CLOWNING AROUND
'Fairwell To The Fairground' made more uplifting with red noses and miniature bicycles



"You say it's your Birthday, it's my Birthday too, yeah"



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MIKE SKINNING UP AGAIN?

Finally, we've found out why The Streets have been quiet for so long

So now we know why Mike Skinner's been off the radar recently: he got rid of his phone! The Streets man, who we had hoped would release his new 'Computers And Blues' album before 2010 ends, put up a blog at the-streets.co.uk explaining that he went without a phone for a year. "I do tend to ask people if I can use their phone a bit which feels quite hypocritical but it's not that often," he admitted. "It's just really chilled. No buzzing, vibrating or bleeping."

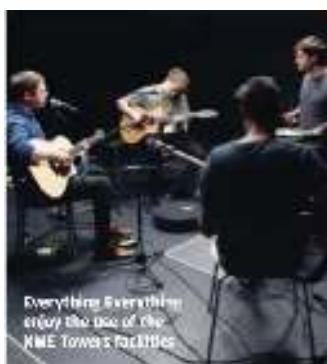
It looks like life without ringing interruptions has paid off too – he also posted a video seemingly showcasing some new material he made in his studio, leading us to hope that his fifth and final Streets album is just around the corner.

Name the payphone and time and we'll give you a buzz for the lowdown, Mike.

NME
PRODUCTIONS

New band service launched

News from NME Towers: we're throwing our doors open to let bands inside for a new NME Productions service. The paid-for service is for bands and labels wanting to get acts in where they can use our facilities to have sessions, video interviews, electronic press kits, DVD extras and more made. Email nmeproductions@ipcmedia.com for more info and prices.



Everything Everything enjoy the use of the NME Towers facilities

NEWS ROUND-UP

DAINGEROUS DECISION

The next collaboration for über-credible indie producer de jour Danger Mouse is with... U2. Despite previously alluding to have turned down many top names to do his own thing with the likes of The Shortwave Set, DM has worked on Bono and co's next record, tentatively entitled 'Songs Of Ascent'. Maybe he was impressed by those alien metal spider things they have at their gigs.

YOU WHAT?



"I just thought diamonds were cooler"

What other reason does Kanye West need to replace the entire bottom row of his teeth with £1 million-worth of diamonds?



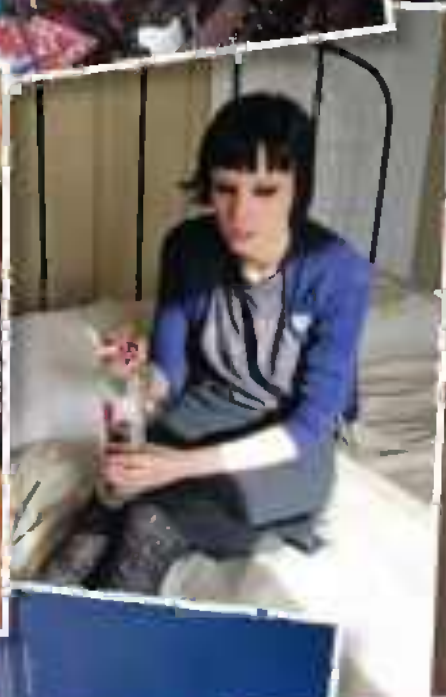
Waiting an exhibition of himself we'd make a knob joke here but Keith's already done it

KEEP UP THE IMAGE

Photographs of The Rolling Stones' guitarist's earlier life set to go on show

Keith Richards has always been a photogenic chap, even before he was Johnny Depp's dad. Now, as well as having a new autobiography out, he's also the subject of a new exhibition, *Before They Make Me Run – Portraits Of Keith Richards '63 To '71*.

The exhibition of the Rolling Stone is running in San Francisco's Art Exchange now, with a selection of the images also on show at London's Proud Camden. But to save you a Transatlantic trip (or one to the Big Smoke) we've got the images online – head to NME.COM/photos now to peruse his pre-craggy face in all its glory.



Main pic: Alice takes on the Glasgow crowd; (left from top) in good HEALTH; Alice's 'relaxation' techniques include hard floors, smoking and drinking; onstage at the O2 ABC; nursing bruises at the hotel; Ethan and Alice back in black





“YOU TRYING TO GRAB MY C**T?”

Alice Glass has started Crystal Castles' UK headline tour in her usual combative style – but Ethan Kath insists, despite playing to thousands now, this is no normal 'crossover'

FRONT ROW

Alice Glass, somewhat predictably, throws herself towards the crowd like a sacrificial lamb into a Bolshevik bread line, and gets torn this way and that. At one point tonight (October 19), she

walks atop a carpet of arms, before barrelling back onto the stage, whereupon she snarls at one audience member: “Are you trying to grab my fucking cunt? Would you even have the balls?”

This is not the kind of scene you usually see at the 1,250-capacity O2 ABC Glasgow, where Robyn played the night before. But Crystal Castle's appearance here is no aberration, the pair are taking their skull-drilling 16-bit synth-punk to venues this size all around the country.

A flu-ridden Ethan Kath tells us it's not such a big deal: “I don't feel at all like we're penetrating the mainstream. We don't meet people that say they

saw us on TV or anything. It's happening through an underground, word-of-mouth kind of thing. What is surprising is the size of the audience for what we do. We're genuinely shocked about that, and humbled by it.”

Supporting on this tour are LA's equally digi-chaotic HEALTH, who Ethan and Alice handpicked to play “because we love them”. This tour is the realisation of a four-year-old plan for the two acts to hit the road together, though initial expectations were more modest.

“We've known each other since the beginning,” says Ethan. “We had planned a basement tour of America in the summer of 2006, and we also did a split seven-inch together, which is where ‘Crimewave’ came from. In the end, though, we only did one show together, so it's been great getting to hang out every night on this tour.”

The audience for what the two bands are doing has, of course, grown incrementally since then. It's

THE SETLIST

- Fainting Spells
- Baptism
- Courtship Dating
- Insectica
- Doe Deer
- Crimewave
- Air War
- Alice Practice
- Black Panther
- Celestica
- Empathy
- Reckless
- Untrust Us
- Intimate
- Yes/No

not just the club punks and underage hedonists at these shows, it's an all-styles, all-ages cross-section that suggests the genre isn't so niche. What's remarkable is that, fleeting second-album flirtations with melody aside, Crystal Castles haven't compromised what they do by even an inch – the people have come to them, not the other way around. And it looks like it's going to stay that way.

“People do seem to be participating more than ever, and we like that,” says Ethan. “Whether the shows are small or big, they always kind of end up being a crazy, violent mess. They always get wild and out of control. But it's not like we're suddenly going to start behaving ourselves, just because the rooms are a little bit bigger.”

TALKING HEADS

DON'T DISMISS PETE'S RANGE OF BLING JUST YET

Pete Doherty is launching a range of jewellery. You may scoff, says Jamie Fullerton, but the Libertine is better qualified than most rockers to do so



He's done the book. Well, handed over a load of his blood'n'kitten saliva-spattered journals and let the publishers take their pick. He's done the clothes. Well, put his name to a few chav labels and posed in an ill-fitting T-shirt. It was only a matter of time. And that time has come. Pete Doherty is launching his own range of jewellery.

Predictably, the public response that greeted the news that Pete has

teamed up with high-end jeweller Hannah Martin for a 15-piece range named Albion Trinketry was the kind of laugh-roar that, well, naturally comes out after you say the phrase "Albion Trinketry" out loud. And to be fair, there's a lot to laugh about. We haven't seen Albion Trinketry in all its glimmery glory yet, but the official descriptions for Hannah's last range are beyond fashionista parody. "Derived from the hedonism and raw masculinity of a rock'n'roll lifestyle and its personalities," it was. Oh, and, "Without losing this powerful sexuality Hannah Martin transforms it into a beautifully luxurious collection of jewellery, rich in hard-hitting decadence and downright depravity." Sounds like these two are on the same wavelength for the latter part, at least.

And there were even dissidents on Pete's fanboard, *Frenchdogblues.com*, a realm where Pete could uppercut each member's chin and they'd simply grin and ask him to sign the bruise. "If anyone buys this stuff they need fucking lynching," someone wrote.

But hold back with the slipknot. The jewellery news may be the latest in Pete's comedy clippings timeline (up there with the occasion he got arrested for having smack in his pockets IN COURT), but Peter's got a hell of a lot more right to branch into the world of neck-gleamers than Kings Of Leon have with their Surface To Air fashion line.

Why? Every indie-type bloke in the country has been dressing Doherty-lite since 'What A Waster' first taught us that gaffa tape and denim jeans can be combined with panache. Why shouldn't he attempt to lead the pack in the expensive metal stakes too? Then there's the style of the range. According to the bumf, it will reflect Peter's "style of personalising his antique finds". OK, "antique finds" probably translates as something to do with the £20 pocket watches he picks up at Portobello Market, but the essence is there – this range at least is going to be born of a genuine slant and interest the guy has, however contrived.

And what of quality? Again, we haven't seen the range, but despite being as clued up in the world of fashion as a Bombay Bicycle Club bassist, I can't deny that Hannah's last range, *It's Only Rock'n'Roll*, looked pretty hot.

So, why not give Albion Trinketry a whirl on your wrist? Well, OK, maybe because if it's priced anything like the last range, each necklace will cost about two grand. Wonder what Pete will spend all that on...



TALKING HEADS

HOW TO REALLY WRITE A ROCK MEMOIR

Keef, Carl... seems everyone's got a new rock biography out. Well, former Auteurs man and most vitriolic author in rock, Luke Haines, has some feedback for you



1 DON'T HOLD BACK

Your readers will immediately suss you out if you are holding back. No-one wants to read about what a great guy Dave, the drummer out of the Wing Wang Wongs, is. Let loose, tell your readers that Dave, the drummer out of the Wing Wang Wongs, is a fucking moron.

2 THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS 'THE TRUTH'

When you pen a memoir it is inevitable that you will have to write about real things that have happened to real people. When said people read what you have written, they will feel as though their lives are being viewed through a distorted mirror. This is because you have stolen their story. This will make everyone feel bad, so just tell them there is no such thing as the truth, and that will probably help a lot. (Remember don't tell lies in your memoir – you will get sued).

3 WRITE IT YOURSELF

Only use a ghostwriter if you are Keith Richards. Keith is a mythological bluesman, you are not. Mythological bluesmen do not sit down at laptops writing their fucking memoirs.

4 LEARN TO WRITE

So you've sacked the ghostwriter, you will have to learn to write. The best way is to read lots of proper rock'n'roll books. Here are three: *Head-On* by Julian Coppe, *Wonderland Avenue* by Danny Sugarmann, *Diary Of A Rock'n'Roll Star* by Ian Hunter. Word of warning: if you are reading a book that has an endorsement from N Gallagher on the cover then it's probably not actually a proper book.

5 DON'T GO ON ABOUT YOUR INFLUENCES

If your idea of a good time is getting drunk and going on all night about 'The White Album' then you probably have no business writing a rock'n'roll memoir. No-one wants to read about how much you love The Beatles, or how much The Smiths meant to you. Write about how much you love The Monkees instead, even if it's not true. Remember: there is no such thing as the truth.

6 CAPTAIN BEEFHEART DOES NOT BLOG

Rock'n'roll is about mythology, if you are going on the internet writing about what a nice restaurant you visited with your girlfriend, then you are not a rock star my friend, you are

Goody Fucking Gumdrops out of Franz Ferdinand. Real rock stars do not blog.

7 TRY TO BE FUNNY

You are not a doomed poet. What you actually are is...

8 ...AN ASSHOLE

Remember the five years you spent touring the world, constantly drunk and drugged, rolling in record company money? Remember the road crew, the session musicians? Well, they all thought you were an asshole. Get over it. Now just write about it.

9 DON'T WRITE ABOUT TAKING DRUGS

Even though you were drunk and on drugs for five years (see 8), don't go on about it. Mention it once at the beginning, the middle and the end of your book. "I have dissolved the microdot in my gin and tonic and I am in a very bad mood." That sort of thing.

10 THANK EVERYBODY AT THE END OF YOUR MEMOIR

Even though you have spent the last 200 pages slagging off Dave the drummer out of the Wing Wang Wongs, give him a thank you at the end. That will really put the wind up the cunt.

PIECES OF ME SEAN LENNON

John and Yoko's lad on going to gigs aged nine, occult cinema and the cleaning up of New York City

My first gig

THE CLASH AT RITZ BALLROOM, NEW YORK

"The opener was Trio, they performed 'Da Da Da', with a giant projection of a chef being knifed in the neck. I'll never forget the blood gushing down his white apron, I was only around nine years old. I probably shouldn't have been there. Soon after that I saw Violent Femmes play Radio City Music Hall."

The first song I fell in love with

'I ONLY HAVE EYES FOR YOU' BY THE FLAMINGOS

"My dad had a jukebox filled with 45s - all early rock'n'roll stuff like Elvis and Chuck Berry. This is the first song I remember being completely taken back by. The keyboard still kills me."

My favourite lyric

'ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE' BY THE BEATLES

"My list of favourite things changes from day to day. I like when my dad said: 'There's nothing you can know that isn't known/Nothing you can see that isn't shown/Nowhere you can go that isn't where you're meant to be'. It seems to be a good representation of the sort of enlightenment that came out of the '60s."

The book that changed me

ADA BY VLADIMIR NABOKOV
"I'm not sure if a book can actually change a person. I'm not even sure if people truly ever change. But I like this book very much. It's about a drawn-out incestuous love affair between brother and sister. It's one of the most well-constructed pieces of art I've ever encountered. I also love *The Picture Of Dorian Gray* for the same reason."

My favourite painter

HIERONYMUS BOSCH

"He's probably my favorite painter, along with Dali, Schiele and Ernst."

My style icon

BUD CORT IN HAROLD AND MAUDE
"That movie has the best men's fashion of any film I've seen."

Right now I love

TUNE-YARDS

"They just played a show I music directed, my mom's Plastic Ono Band tribute concert in LA, along with Iggy Pop, Perry Farrell, Mike Watt, Nels Cline, Vincent Gallo, the RZA and Lady Gaga. They did a cover of a song called 'We're All Water' and were one of the highlights."

My cult hero

KENNETH ANGER

"Kenneth Anger is a cult and an occult hero. The soundtrack to *Lucifer Rising* is brilliant."



The guy who made it, Bobby Beausoleil, recorded it while in prison for a murder that was indirectly connected with Manson - he recorded it after Jimmy Page was unable to. You can't get any more 'cult' than that. Any film with Egyptian gods and aliens is cool."

Favourite film

A CLOCKWORK ORANGE

"It would either be this or *La Planète Sauvage* - a French cartoon with a soundtrack by Alain Goraguer. That's my favourite film score."

My favourite place

WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK, NY

"They just cleaned it up, and found hundreds of skeletons buried in the ground from when they used to hang people there in the 1800s. When I was a kid it used to be riddled with needles and narcotics. But now, it's the nicest place to go for a stroll on the weekend."



Clockwise from main pic the youngest Lennon himself; The Beatles bigging up the love in lots of languages; The Clash, performing live in 1980; The Hay Cart painting by Hieronymus Bosch circa 1400; Bud Cort in a scene from *Harold And Maude*; the sleeve of *Ada* by Vladimir Nabokov; and The Flamingos' 'I Only Have Eyes For You'

VERSUS

PETER ROBINSON Vs MOLLIE KING

The blonde one from The Saturdays on dog poo, horse flies and the Prime Minister



FRI

• If you Google 'Mollie Saturdays dog poo' you will discover a wealth of information at your fingertips

• Example was a FOOL to turn down that guest spot

• Remember, readers, just believe David Cameron and everything will be OK...

Hello, Mollie. Where have you been today?

"I just took my dog for a walk."

Are you a responsible dog walker? What I'm asking here Mollie is how you deal with excrement.

"I am VERY responsible. I always have a plastic bag, always got him on the lead. I was out there in my wellies. (Suddenly sounding affronted) Of COURSE I'm responsible!"

Surely, though, nobody wants to be the member of The Saturdays photographed picking up shit.

"Well, the thing is, I had an awful experience once. I was at a photoshoot and I took him outside to do the toilet business. He had already done a number two at home and I didn't think he'd do another. But he did. And there were paps outside. And I didn't have a plastic bag on me. And I didn't have anything to pick it up with. I went back in to get a plastic bag but, of course, the paps took pictures of me leaving the dog poo. I was like, 'What am I supposed to do? Pick it up with my bare hands?'"

YES!

"I couldn't do anything! They wanted me to be the Saturday who leaves dog poo on the street."

I am not sure exactly what all this says about the state of modern celebrity.

"The point when someone is photographing your dog's number twos is when you know there's really nothing interesting going on in the world."

Is it right that you originally asked Example to do the Flo Rida guest rap on your new single but he told you to piss off?

"I heard that in the press! I actually didn't know about that. If he did actually say that then boo him ['Boo him' is the posh way of saying 'He can fuck off - Ed] but I don't know."

He referred to you as "loony birds".

"Oh dear, he's obviously seen our ITV2 show."

You may or may not have seen recently that Jonathan Franzen had his most recent novel pulped due to numerous typographical errors in the first edition. If you were to notice similar errors in the sleeve notes to 'Headlines'



would you too insist on the CD being withdrawn?

"Do you know what, everyone makes mistakes. Nobody's perfect."

Do you think Jonathan Franzen was wrong to demand that his book be withdrawn?

"No, each to their own. If he wanted to do that then fine. But me personally, I wouldn't take it to that extreme. We haven't had that problem yet."

You know you were bitten by a horse fly earlier this year and it all went a bit tits up and you ended up in hospital?

"Yes."

It seemed like that was The Saturdays' version of Girls Aloud's Cheryl's malaria?

"I know! Everyone was saying I was jumping on the bandwagon! Like me being bitten by a horse fly was the poor man's version of Cheryl getting malaria! But no! It was awful! It was really bad! I couldn't even stand on it!"

What do you think of David Cameron's Big Society?

"I don't personally know enough about this to comment on it."

You are not alone, I think he's making it up as he goes along to be honest.

"Well, I think he's coming with quite a positive attitude and he really does want to make a change and we just have to believe him. Obviously he's a politician and everyone's going to be sceptical. It was good when he said 'We're all in this together,' though - I'm glad he's a *High School Musical* fan. Anyway, he's been put there, so let's back him and get on with it."

THIS WEEK'S TOP 20

THE NME CHART

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SKY CHANNEL 382

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NEW TO NME RADIO PLAYLIST

- RAY DAVIES FT MUMFORD & SONS 'Days/This Time Tomorrow'
- STORMAWAY 'I Saw You Blink'
- WILD PALMS 'Draw In Light'
- MY CHEMICAL ROMANCE 'Na, Na, Na'

- 1 **KINGS OF LEON** 'RADIOACTIVE' Real Gone Music
- 2 **THE TING TINGS** 'HANDS' Columbia
- 3 **BRANDON FLOWERS** 'CROSSFIRE' KIDZ
- 4 **MARK RONSON & THE BUSINESS** INTL 'THE BIKE SONG' Columbia
- 5 **KANYE WEST** 'POWER' Shady/Def Jam
- 6 **THE XX** 'ISLANDS' Young & Rubicam
- 7 **NICKI MINAJ** 'YOUR LOVE' Young Money
- 8 **DARWIN DEEZ** 'CONSTELLATIONS' Island/Warner
- 9 **MANIC STREET PREACHERS** 'IT'S NOT WAR! JUST THE END OF LOVE' Capitol
- 10 **HURTS** 'WONDERFUL LIFE' Interscope
- 11 **ARCADE FIRE** 'READY TO START' Sony
- 12 **HURTS** 'STAY' SPI
- 13 **BRANDON FLOWERS** 'ONLY THE YOUNG' Island
- 14 **SLEIGH BELLS** 'INFINITY GUITARS' Mercury
- 15 **MORRISSEY** 'EVERYDAY IS LIKE SUNDAY' Mercury
- 16 **KID CUDI FT KANYE WEST** 'ERASE ME' Drumhead
- 17 **MARK RONSON & THE BUSINESS** INTL 'SOMEBODY TO LOVE ME' Columbia
- 18 **KLAYONS** 'ECHOES' Virgin
- 19 **ANTHONY & THE JOHNSONS** 'THANK YOU FOR YOUR LOVE' Island/Def Jam
- 20 **COUNT & SINDEN FT MYSTERY JETS** 'AFTER DARK' Drumhead/Island

The NME Chart is compiled on a weekly basis from thousands of physical and digital sales through a combination of our own sales data, internet retailers and digital music on sales via our website and a light touch from the chart list have been featured on the playlist of BBC Radio 1, 1Xtra and the BBC.

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HERE'S TO THE AFTER HOURS ATHLETE



RADAR

FUTURE STARS, BREAKING SCENES, NEW SOUNDS...

Edited by Jaimie Hodgson



ABOUT
TO
BREAK

THE NAKED AND FAMOUS

Big Down Under never meant such great things. Eat that, Simon Cowell

How big a deal is a New Zealand Number One single? Raise this with Simon Cowell, as Louis Walsh did a couple of weeks back on *The X Factor* – in reference to Louis' choice of Mariah Carey and Boyz II Men's 'One Sweet Day' for 'Number Ones Week' – and you'll get a face that would wrongly suggest he's chewing on a stag beetle. But what would Cowell know? A more experienced source in that case would be The Naked And Famous' Aaron Short. "I remember getting a call at work from my manager and him just saying, 'Take the afternoon off. 'Young Blood' just debuted at Number One,'" says the synth man, outside Auckland's Powerstation venue where his band headlines tonight. He still sounding slightly dazed in his recollection, "It just wasn't a feeling that I ever thought I'd be having. Even when we formed a band, it was never the sort of music we thought would be doing this for us."

Such is the far-flung fairytale currently engulfing NZ's biggest new band. They've spent two years adding members and evolving their sound into its current chart-topping incarnation. As a means of coining its sonic: imagine all civilisation on

Earth has been wiped out, except one man, who roams the global wasteland until one day he stumbles upon a single silver boombox, which he duly presses play on and out comes Passion Pit's 'Sleepyhead', in more dynamic form than ever before. Such is the enraptured velveteen synth-pop wonderment of their debut long-player, 'Passive Me, Aggressive You'. "People say they like the feeling of naivety in our music," says co-singer Alisa Xayalith, joining Aaron outside. "It makes sense. I wrote one song from the perspective of a seven-year-old losing their parent. My mum passed away, I have a funny relationship with my dad, too. So those stark feelings of love and loss are something that I find quite inspiring."

Evidently she's not the only one, as the band's rise is proving too stratospheric to be contained within their homeland. The band are readying to relocate, with their sights set on London. "Anyone that's ever been to New Zealand will be able to testify to just how cut off it feels," says Aaron, surveying the bustle of the tiny city before him, by far NZ's biggest, with a population of just over a million. "It can be beautiful. But it's so small and isolated, after 22 years here, I daydream about getting out every day." Dream no more, Aaron, dream no more. *Jaimie Hodgson*

FNI

• Singer Thom's first job was as a bin man

• Bass player David was left-back in his high school football second 11

• Drummer Jess went to high school with Joe from The Temper Trap



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THE BUZZ AT IN THE CITY

Three nights at Manchester's legendary festival

CAUGHT LIVE

Perhaps spurred on by the emergence of rivals like The Great Escape, it seems as if Manchester's legendary In The City music conference has finally had a well-needed talking to itself.

Finally, a move to the hallowed Northern Quarter sees it tap into what the city's actually about in 2010. A far more palatable taster of the

area than the Peter Street scally-traps ceaselessly used before.

On a broader level, too, the organisers have grasped that the term 'unsigned' – long the perennial focus for a festival that has given a big break to everyone from Elbow to Friendly Fires – is now about as useful as a steak knife at Morrissey's dinner table. It now offers a mind-boggling bill of breaking artists in all their various post-everything incarnations of non-deals

BUZZOMETER

Radar's scientific gauge of pre- and post-event buzz



2:54

NOHO
WEDNESDAY,
OCTOBER 13, 9PM

Wednesday's Unsigned Showcase is dedicated to those strictly without any kind of proper release to their name. And there seems to be one name, or two numbers on everybody's lips – 2:54. Sisters Colette and Hannah Thurlow grind out dirty, stoner-rock riffs at Noho. It's like nothing else we hear all night and will no doubt be haunting us for longer still. An ITC fairytale in-the-making.

BEFORE ITC

AFTER ITC



WHITE RING

DRY LIVE
THURSDAY,
OCTOBER 14, 11.15PM

We head to Dry Live, little prepared for the contrast that White Ring will offer. Kendra Malia whispers unintelligibly one moment, screeches piercingly the next, as surges of gothic electronica build as thick as the dry ice that cloaks her. Like some nightmarish hybrid of Burzum and Skream, White Ring won't be short of gig offers every Halloween.

BEFORE ITC

AFTER ITC



FICTION

GULLIVERS
THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14, 7.45PM

With first-night hangovers subsiding, it's a slow start to Thursday, with even Fiction taking the stage at Gullivers way after their allotted time. The Londoners never quite settle after their rushed start, and leaving Josef K-esque single 'Curiosity' out of their set seems brave at this stage. Nevertheless, a busy room hangs on every keep-ya-guessing tempo change, suggesting their algebraic pop will serve them well on their upcoming tour with Klaxons.

BEFORE ITC

AFTER ITC



TRIBES
NME RADAR LIVE
@ RUBY LOUNGE
FRIDAY,
OCTOBER 15, 8PM

A tattered glam guitar riff draws people in from the bar to watch a bedraggled gang pour their souls into flawless capsules of grungey pop. We could be talking about Radiohead playing some Cowley dive in the early '90s, but this is ITC 2010, and the band are London's Tribes. While debut 'Whenever' suggested Tribes might have listened to more than a couple of Pixies records, tonight we hear the scale of their ambition, tracks like 'We Were Children' sounding like Pavement's imperfections being blasted smooth by Jeff Buckley.

BEFORE ITC

AFTER ITC



SPARK
NME RADAR LIVE
@ RUBY LOUNGE
FRIDAY, OCTOBER 15, 9.30PM

Smooth isn't a word that applies to Spark's entrance tonight, her backing track failing as she bounds through opener 'Revolving'. It's a mishap that she manages to successfully take in her stride. Pared down to vocals, bass and drums, she comes across like 'Holiday'-era Madonna fronting ESG, deftly turning crisis into cred-pop glory.

BEFORE ITC

AFTER ITC



DUTCH UNCLES
NME RADAR LIVE
@ RUBY LOUNGE
FRIDAY, OCTOBER 15, 11.30PM

While local heroes Dutch Uncles – or 'Duncles', as the moshpit christens them – are on safe ground, there's nothing familiar about their avant-pop. Tense time shifts and proggy layers of guitars give birth to 'Fragrant', then, out of the piano riff and thudding disco bass, some endless groove called 'Cadenza' spreads through the room quicker than an infection on an NHS ward.

BEFORE ITC

AFTER ITC

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STRANGER THAN FICTION

ELLIOTT SMITH

THE LIFE AND MUSIC OF A TRAGIC HERO

*Seven years after the singer's death, and with a new compilation set for release, **Barry Nicolson** talks to those who knew him best, and uncovers the story of a tortured icon*

MAIN PHOTOGRAPH: STEVE GULLICK

“ELLIOTT WAS A TOUGH BADASS WHO HAPPENED TO WRITE HEARTBREAKING SONGS”

AUTUMN DE WILDE, PHOTOGRAPHER

At the top of Elliott Smith's right arm was a tattoo of Ferdinand The Bull. For anyone unfamiliar with the much-loved children's fable by Munro Leaf, Ferdinand was the sensitive, solitary bull who loved nothing more than to sit alone in the shade of an old cork tree and smell the flowers while the other bulls charged around the fields, fighting among themselves all day.

Familiarise yourself with the facts of his life, listen to the frail, gossamer voice singing wounded lyrics of sadness and torment, and it's easy to imagine why Elliott Smith would identify with Ferdinand The Bull enough to have him inked onto his arm. The comparisons practically draw themselves. But they also invite us to believe that the contradictions and complexities of the man can be neatly tied up with a glib metaphor likening him to the passive bovine protagonist of an old kids' story. Real life is messier and more convoluted than that. Real people don't slot so tidily into the personas that others construct for them. And Elliott Smith is certainly no exception to the rule.

“Mainly I just wanted a bull on my arm,” was his explanation of the

tattoo's significance. “It was between this and the Schlitz Malt Liquor bull. Thank God I got this one.”

Seven years gone, and Elliott Smith remains as misunderstood in death as he was under-appreciated in life. He's now rightly recognised as one of the most talented singer-songwriters of his – or any other – generation, but he's also become enshrined as patron saint of the sad kids, an acoustic punk-poet whose anger and frustration were too often misdirected – in the most achingly beautiful ways imaginable – onto himself. And in the same way that happiness wasn't an entirely alien emotion to Kurt Cobain and Jim Morrison wasn't really the prince of darkness, that's not nearly the sum of Elliott Smith.

“He wasn't walking around like some sad little boy,” says photographer Autumn De Wilde, a close friend of Elliott's who shot many of the iconic images of him, who – like everyone *NME* spoke to for this piece – guards his memory closely. “Elliott was a tough badass who just happened to write really heartbreaking songs. He was a fighter. I want people to remember that.”

On Elliott's left arm there was another tattoo, a map of Texas that served as a constant reminder of his troubled upbringing in the small town of Duncanville. His parents divorced when he was an infant, and his relationship with his stepfather Charlie Welch was turbulent; years





later, he would even come to believe that he had been sexually abused, although his half-sister Ashley has always refuted such claims. But whatever the truth of the matter, the lyrics of 'No Confidence Man', Smith's 1994 debut solo release, paint a grim picture of why Elliott moved to Portland, Oregon at the age of 14 to live with his father: "*Charlie's got a band in his hand. A rubber loop. Says I'm the man you really want*".

Much of the unhappiness that haunted Elliott throughout his life seemed to stem from childhood, but it was music

that consumed him. He began writing songs on the family piano at the age of 10, and basically didn't stop until the day he died. Even throughout periods of intense depression, drug addiction and alcohol abuse, Elliott was a prolific songwriter and

"HE WROTE GREAT LYRICS THAT SPOKE TO A LOT OF PEOPLE. HE WAS AN ORIGINAL"

JOANNA BOLME, THE JICKS

Above, Elliott playing Lowlands festival, Netherlands, August 1998; left, Elliott in a more pensive moment



— something that's too often forgotten — a talented musician. These weren't gifts he took for granted; these were things he worked at studiously and continuously.

"Music was something that he threw himself into, often at the expense of taking a shower!" laughs Larry Crane, Elliott's producer and archivist. "Nobody learns that many instruments, practises that hard and becomes such a strong songwriter without a hell of a lot of work. I know there were a lot of things about his past that bothered him, but the impression he always gave me was of somebody trying to move on. The stuff that bothered him about his childhood, he would turn his back on to work on his music."

For Autumn De Wilde, "as much self-loathing as Elliott had, it never had anything to do with his music. He was not falsely modest, he knew how good he was. And he wrote on everything. He wrote on napkins, on receipts, on any piece of paper that came his way. If you ever went to his house you'd see huge piles of scrap paper with all these lyrics scrawled onto them. He couldn't have been that prolific if he was constantly seeking assurance. When someone says, 'I hate myself today,' that's different from saying, 'I hate everything I do.'"

Of course, those days weren't uncommon. Elliott's friends remember him in different ways: Larry Crane chuckles warmly at the thought of

IN LIFE AND DEATH: AN ELLIOTT SMITH TIMELINE

1963
AUGUST 4, 1963

Born Steven Paul Smith in Omaha, Nebraska to Bunny Berryman and Gary Smith.

1970

Parents divorce. Elliott moves to Duncanville, Texas with his mother.

1979

Starts learning to play guitar. Also composes a song on piano that wins him a prize at a local arts festival

1983

Moves to Portland, Oregon to live with his father.

1987

Graduates high school as a National Merit Scholar, changes his name to Elliott because Steven sounds too much like a 'jock' name.

1988

Releases his first album, 'The Greenhouse', with college band A Murder Of Crows

1991

Receives his degree in philosophy and political science from Hampshire College in Massachusetts. Returns to Portland to start the band Heatmiser with classmate Neil Gust.

1993

Heatmiser release their debut album, 'Dead Air'.

1994

His girlfriend encourages him to send a tape of his eight most recent songs to Cavity Search Records. These are the basis for his first solo album, 'Roman Candle'

him moonwalking past the control room window of his studio in Portland. Autumn recalls the night he took her to a dive bar in New York, stuck \$40 in the jukebox and told her to put on any song she wanted to hear. Joanna Bolme laughs at the memory of the melodramatic pratfalls he would perform in public to shock strangers. But they all remember the dark times, too.

Bolme, a longtime member of Quasi and bassist with Stephen Malkmus & The Jicks, met Elliott in 1991 when he was gigging around Portland with his hardcore punk band, Heatmiser. Around the time he started recording his second – and arguably darkest – solo album in 1994, they began a relationship she describes as being “like a rollercoaster. It was very much on and off. Sometimes he was incredibly unhappy and sometimes he was the complete opposite, feeling good about himself. As long as he was working, that seemed to balance out the really depressive side of things. But, inevitably, it was bound to catch up with him.”

The pair remained friends after splitting up, but when Elliott moved to New York in the late '90s and began to get seriously involved in drugs, developing addictions to crack and heroin, Bolme made the difficult decision to cut him off.

“He was always a heavy drinker,” she says, “but contrary to popular belief, he wasn’t really a drug user until around 1999. Up until that point, although he made lots of drug references in his songs, they were mostly metaphorical. They didn’t become literal until much later.”

ESSENTIAL ELLIOTT: A NEWCOMER'S GUIDE

NEEDLE IN THE HAY

From *Either/Or*, 1997
It would be years before Smith actually started using, but that hardly matters – “Needle In The Hay” is still one of the greatest horror songs ever written. Humming with morose intensity and pitch-black humour – “You ought to be proud that I’m getting good marks” – it’s just a shame it became a self-fulfilling prophecy for its author.

PRETTY (UGLY BEFORE)

From *Room 14*, Basement
On The Hill, 2004, released
as a single in 2003

It’s important to stress that not every song Elliott Smith wrote was about drugs or depression. There’s an undercurrent of sadness to this sweet song of self-acceptance, sure, but it comes from the suggestion that, after years of torment, he’d found some measure of happiness – “I feel pretty, pretty enough for you/I felt so ugly before, I didn’t know what to do” – and the fact that it wasn’t released until after his death.

BETWEEN THE BARS

From *Either/Or*, 1997

A sly little song of seduction which casts a bottle of whiskey as the seducer and Elliott himself as the prey – “The people you’ve been before that you don’t want around any more/That push and shove and won’t bend to your will/I’ll keep them still”. This is a great example of the hidden meanings and nuances in his words. You don’t have to read it that way, of course – he was such a good lyricist, his songs can mean anything you want them to.

WALTZ #2 (XO)

From *XO*, 1998

After signing to DreamWorks, Smith had more time and money at his disposal, and he put it to good use on the lush arrangements of “XO” and “Figure 8”. This song is a veritable knees-up by Smith standards, and while the lyrics are cryptic as hell, the melody is one of his strongest.

MISS MISERY

Featured on *Good Will Hunting* OST, 1997

It may not have been his best song – though it’s pretty darn special – but for the uninitiated, this is probably the best point of entry to the Elliott Smith oeuvre. Celine Dion’s bloody *Titanic* song may have beaten it to the Oscar, but somehow that only serves to solidify its greatness.

Elliott having a break from recording in Los Angeles in 2003, five months before his death



1992

Releases third album ‘Either/Or’ and moves from Portland to Brooklyn. Shortly after the album’s release, he tries to kill himself by jumping from a cliff. His fall is miraculously broken by a tree.

1998

‘Miss Misery’, as featured in the movie *Good Will Hunting*, is nominated for an Oscar and Elliott performs the song in front of a TV audience of billions. Later that year, he signs a major label deal with DreamWorks and releases ‘XO’. The album goes on to sell 400,000 copies.

2000

Still drinking heavily, he begins to use crack and heroin. Moves from Brooklyn to Silver Lake, Los Angeles. His cover of The Beatles’ ‘Because’ features on the end credits of *American Beauty*.

2003

‘Figure 8’, the last album he completed in his lifetime, is released.

2004

Begins recording a new album with producer Jon Brion, but the sessions are scuppered when Brion confronts Smith about his substance abuse. He is reportedly smoking \$1,500-worth of heroin and crack per day.

2005

Smith plays only three shows all year. One of them lasts an hour and sees him fail to complete a single song. He later enters rehab and successfully quits drugs.

At heart, Elliott was a punk rocker, and his relationship with the mainstream was one of the few things in his life that had no grey area: he was always deeply suspicious of it. His record sales were modest but grew incrementally, and they afforded him a living that he was content with. But when 'Miss Misery' – the song he wrote for the closing credits of *Good Will Hunting* – was nominated for the Best Original Song Oscar in 1998, the public anonymity he treasured was gone forever.

His performance at the Academy Awards ceremony – alone on a stage with an acoustic guitar, sporting a rumpled white suit – was a moment of incredible emotional rawness that brought him to the attention of the masses, and he soon found himself recording his next record, 'XO', on a major label. For Joanna Bolme, this was where his slide into addiction started.

"He didn't have to do things for himself in everyday life any more," she says. "He didn't have to go grocery shopping, he didn't have to make his own dinner, he didn't have to talk to his manager – somebody else could do all that for him. He had all this free time to just get into his own head, and there was a lot of dark stuff in there. I think he felt like he needed to live up to his own mythology. There was a pressure to be that guy that everybody thought he was. It was really dumb."

"He felt emotions very deeply, so when he was happy, he was really happy, and when he was sad he was ready to cry," says Autumn. "He made friends fast, so there was always a new person who could be his 'sympathetic friend'. He had these really great friends that he'd kept up with for a number of years. He would disappoint each one of them at certain times, but towards the end he kinda cut us all off. I think he didn't want to hurt us. I wasn't going to sit there all day and say, 'I love you and you're a genius.' He was a genius, but that doesn't mean the choices he made every day were genius. But the one thing he never became was a liar. He was open about everything that he was doing, which meant that you had to say either, 'I agree' or 'I don't agree.' And when he was getting into a dark place with the stuff he was doing, once all that stuff got added to the pile, it was like he just couldn't cope."

Below, Elliott Smith in central London, 1998; and inset, having a smoke that same year; right, in 2000



Over the next couple of years, Elliott hit rock bottom. He would play shows so high on drugs he couldn't remember his own songs. Disillusioned with their handling of the 'Figure 8' album and suspecting them of having him followed, he demanded that his record label release him from his contract, threatening to take his own life if they didn't. Physically, he was deteriorating. His face, once craggy and handsome, now looked 10 years older than the rest of him. Even his voice wasn't what it used to be.

"You could hear on the records the toll it had taken on him," says Larry Crane. "The ideas were still flowing, but his voice was shakier than it was before. It was a sad thing."

Then, suddenly, the silver lining. He checked into a Beverly Hills rehab clinic in 2000 and came out apparently free from drugs. He was living with his new girlfriend Jennifer Chiba in an apartment in the Silver Lake area of Los Angeles, and when Joanna Bolme met him at a show in May 2003, "He was definitely doing better. He'd stopped doing drugs, although he was still drinking. But he was in good spirits, he'd got a little studio going and he was pretty excited about that. I think we were en route to resolving some bad feelings and being friends again. That was the last time I saw him."

From time to time throughout his life, Elliott Smith had been known to speak of committing suicide, but probably the biggest misconception about him was that he actually went through with it. The truth is, there's no definitive account of what happened on October 21, 2003.

According to Chiba, the couple had been arguing that day when she locked herself in the bathroom to take a shower. It was then she heard the scream coming from the next room. She opened the door, and found Elliott standing there with a kitchen knife plunged into his chest. She pulled the knife out, causing him to collapse. She dialled 911, but Elliott died shortly after arriving at the hospital. There was a Post-It note in Elliott's handwriting found at the scene. It read, simply, "I'm so sorry – love, Elliott. God forgive me."

His death was widely reported as suicide, but the L.A. county coroner wasn't so sure, and returned an open verdict that refused to rule out the possibility of homicide. Stabbing yourself through the heart is not an unheard-of way to die, but it is incredibly rare, and harder than you'd think to pull off. That, however, wasn't what concerned the coroner – he fixated instead on a lack of "hesitation wounds" – the tentative cuts you'd usually expect on people who kill themselves

that way – and the presence of "possible defensive wounds". The document – which later leaked onto the internet – also noted that Chiba's "reported removal of the knife and subsequent refusal to speak with detectives are all of concern".

Chiba has always denied any wrongdoing, and a new documentary, *Searching For Elliott Smith*, seeks to vindicate her. But the fact remains that the investigation into Elliott's death is open and ongoing. It's also an incredibly divisive issue among his family and friends.



IN LIFE AND DEATH: AN ELLIOTT SMITH TIMELINE (continued)

OCT 21, 2003

After an argument in their apartment in Silver Lake, girlfriend Jennifer Chiba finds Smith with a knife in his chest. He is rushed to hospital, but dies shortly after arrival.

NOVEMBER 2003

A memorial concert is held in his honour. Beck, Tim Burgess, Rilo Kiley and Beth Orton all play.

JANUARY 2004

The L.A. county coroner returns an open verdict on Smith's death, and does not rule out the possibility that he was murdered. A copy of the report leaks onto the internet.

JULY 2004

Jennifer Chiba unsuccessfully sues the Smith family for 15 per cent of his earnings (over \$1m), claiming that Smith promised to take care of her financially for the rest of her life.

OCTOBER 2004

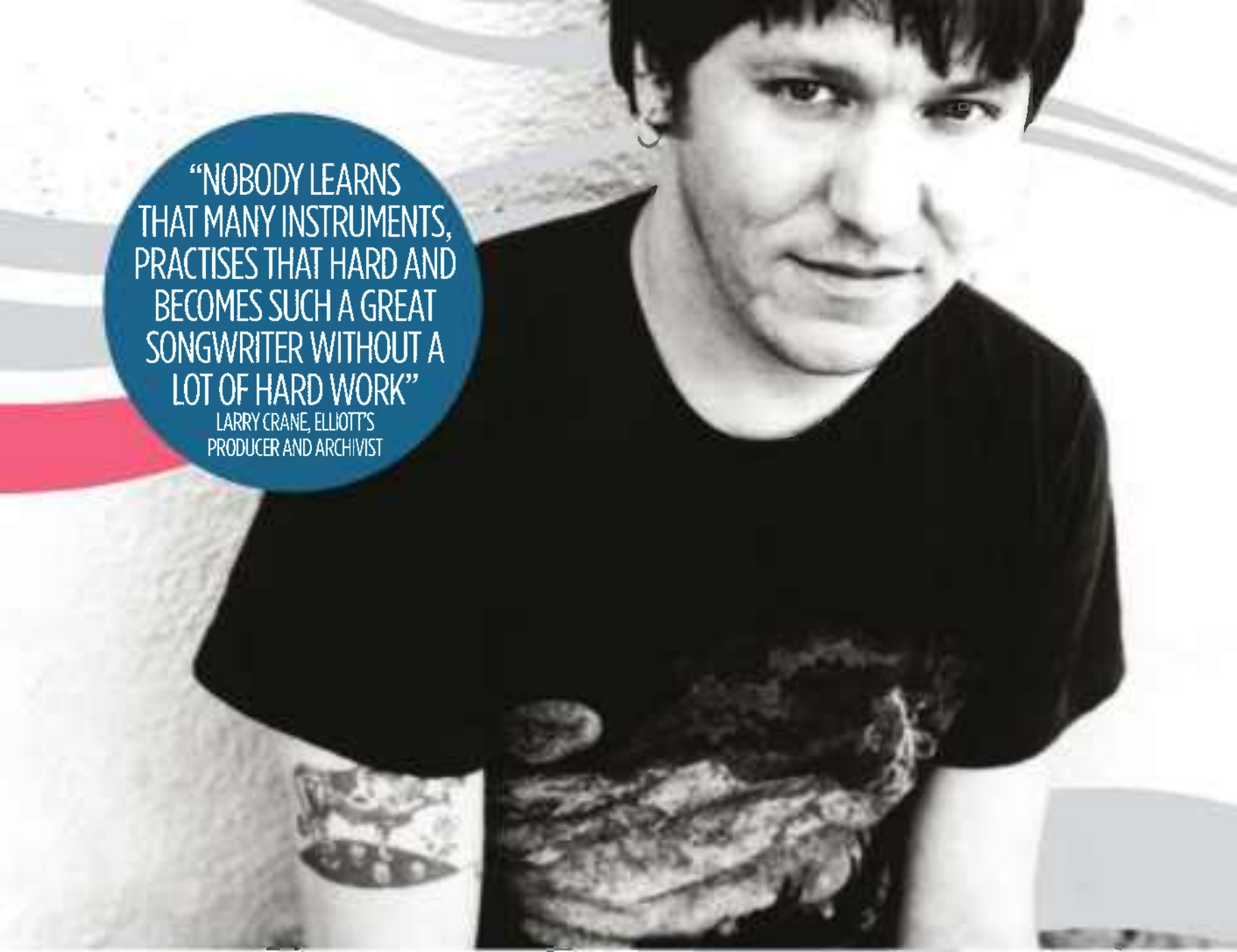
'From A Basement On The Hill' is posthumously released, and is soon followed by an unauthorised biography, *Elliott Smith And The Big Nothing*, for which his family and friends decline to be interviewed.

2007

'New Moon', a collection of B-sides and rarities recorded between 1994-1997 is released to good sales and favourable reviews.

2010

Coinciding with the seventh anniversary of his death, Domino release 'An Introduction To... Elliott Smith'. A documentary, *Searching For Elliott Smith*, which argues the case of Jennifer Chiba, also starts doing the rounds at film festivals.

A black and white portrait of Elliott Smith, looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. He has dark hair and is wearing a dark t-shirt. A blue circular graphic is overlaid on the left side of the image, containing a quote.

“NOBODY LEARNS
THAT MANY INSTRUMENTS,
PRACTISES THAT HARD AND
BECOMES SUCH A GREAT
SONGWRITER WITHOUT A
LOT OF HARD WORK”

LARRY CRANE, ELLIOTT'S
PRODUCER AND ARCHIVIST

“The circumstances surrounding his death don’t sit well with me at all,” says Autumn De Wilde. “But there was only one other person there, so nobody will ever know. He wasn’t around the type of people where I could know for sure what would happen any more. He was surrounded by sycophants, so who knows what could have happened? He had talked about suicide for many years, but he was always such a chicken about getting hurt! And there had been times in the past where suicide seemed more likely. He didn’t have any drugs in his body that day – does that make him more or less likely to do something? I don’t know. I wasn’t there and we weren’t talking at that time, so, in a way, I felt like I had already said my goodbyes and I just hoped that maybe he would be OK someday. It’s hard to mourn for a friend like Elliott Smith, because there are always 400 other people trying to prove how close they were to him, and you feel like an asshole talking about it. There are a lot of people out there who will talk about Elliott and how well they knew him in order to promote themselves, or to draw attention to their closeness to him.”

Listen to any Elliott Smith album, from the sparse, gaslit loneliness of ‘Roman Candle’ to the Beatles-esque melancholic power-pop of ‘Figure 8’, and it’s hard not to feel like you somehow know the man intimately. His gift was being able to write impossibly dark and beautiful songs that speak to the Ferdinand and The Bull in all of us. As Autumn De Wilde puts it: “You could spend all night arguing with somebody about how they hurt your feelings and Elliott could sum it all up in one line of one song. I felt like I should just hand people his songs, to express

how I felt. I was so nervous when I first met him, because I felt like he understood so much about me, without ever knowing me at all.”

The sad thing is that we never really knew him at all. Even when he was alive, Elliott Smith was always stressing that he was “more than just the depressed guy”. Now that he’s gone, it’s more important than ever that, like Kurt Cobain, his remarkable body of work be passed down to successive generations without the baggage of being the guy who hated himself and wanted to die. There was that side to him, sure. But there was a lot more, too.

“First and foremost,” says Joanna Bolme, “he was a great songwriter, and he wrote great lyrics that spoke to a lot of people. And that should overshadow the druggy cartoon drunk imagery that people associate with him. He was an original – no matter how hard people try to sound like him, they always just sound like they’re trying to sound like him. It never sounds like Elliott.”

NME.COM

Get more on Elliott Smith, his music, his life and his legacy as an artist. NME.COM will have blogs, streamed tracks from the new compilation, and a host of archive material including video, reviews and more. Plus, you can head to NME.COM/photos to check out our photo gallery tribute to the man himself. Then tune into NME Radio and NME TV this week for more on the cover star.

HEIR TO THE THRONE

As the protégé of Kanye West, a relentless self-promoter and a man not averse to the odd punch-up, Kid Cudi has forged a reputation as the biggest mouth in rap. Now, he tells Alex Denney, it's time for the pupil to overthrow the master...

PHOTOGRAPH: GUY EPEL

Two weeks ago, a freak tornado sliced through the guts of New York City. Winds of 120mph buffeted the streets of Brooklyn and Queens, plucking trees from sidewalks, flipping trailers and flinging garbage cans about like dirt-streaked thumbies. Today we're in neighbouring Manhattan, and Kid Cudi is plotting a similar course through the towering city blocks, shooting wounded-cocky glances from under the brim of his baseball cap as we roll from station to station in a blacked-out SUV.

The Cleveland-born star is hip-hop's lonely prince, young pretender to Kanye's crown, the son and heir of nothing in particular. He's also just had the year from hell: kicked off Lady Gaga's world tour for punching a fan he thought was a heckler, beefing with former homeboy Wale over a pot-shot lyric ("a simple ass rhyme by a simple-ass rapper") and pulled by the cops for cocaine possession and criminal mischief back in July.

Cudi's whirlwind itinerary for the day includes photoshoots, filming for a DVD, voiceovers for Cartoon Network ("that's great man, d'you think we could make it more like a Gatorade commercial?"), helping Kanye wrap up his new record down the studio... and talking to *NME*. Or at least, we hope he'll be talking to us, but Cudi is proving trickier to pin down than a hurricane with a butterfly net. After a couple of hours spent on the run with the 26-year-old musician and crew without the merest sniff of an interview, we retire to the hotel bar awaiting further instruction.

It's 1am when a sorely jetlagged *NME* receives its summons to a weed-fogged studio in SoHo, where an apparently relaxed Cudi is basking in the glow of a job well done. 'Man On The Moon II: The Legend Of Mr Rager' is the sequel to 'Man On The Moon: The End Of Day', his brooding, frequently brilliant 2009 debut.

The second part in a planned trilogy of releases, it's a record dealing with its protagonist's difficulty adjusting to his new-found fame, where the first instalment offered a portrait of the artist as an introspected young man growing up in the shadow of his father's death (he passed away from cancer when Cudi was just 10).

"'The End Of Day' was really just me as a child with thoughts that are very vulnerable or sensitive," says Cudi. "This is me as an adult. It's angry before it's any kind of sad. Sadness doesn't exist in this new me; it's frustration and rage. Because that was my life for a long time. It's just a continuation of the story, the rough part, the meat – this second album is the guts of the story."

What were you so angry about?

"What kind of question is that? People get angry about many things. I mean, that shit is damn near like crystal fucking clear on the record, it's like if you don't know what's goin' on by now, I don't know what to say. I'm not gonna explain any more about that period in

time. I've made my confessional. You can hit the Google, tell you all that shit (laughs). But it's good for me to get it out 'cos I don't talk to nobody. I don't even call my mother, and me and my momma tight! "The new

project actually

started off being more like a compilation of tracks, but I felt I was selling myself short by not writing my life. It's really hard to write a song about nothing, you know? Because when you write songs with some substance, it's not easy to make dumbed-down versions. I guess I never mastered the art of weak raps."

"I COULD'VE GOT SIDE-TRACKED FROM THIS PATH. THERE'VE BEEN PLENTY OF CHANCES FOR ME TO LOSE FOCUS. NOW I REALISE IT WAS NOTHING BUT DESTINY"





'Mr Rager' is a record of blockbuster strangeness, featuring knock out contributions from Mary J Blige, Cee Lo Green and 4AD chanteuse St Vincent. Indeed, tracks like the Kanye-assisted 'Erase Me' and psych-tinged 'Mr Rager' barely have anything to do with hip-hop at all.

"The shock factor is what we set out to achieve," says Cudi. "Some part of me doesn't want to be classed as a hip-hop artist only, 'cos I'm not that guy. I use elements of hip-hop, but this new project is more rock, more psychedelic. I barely rap, you know what I'm sayin'?"

Why, though, does Cudi feel the need to lay it all on the line like he do?

"The kids need to hear this shit. I mean, my little problems I was going through are nothing, a lot of people have way more serious shit to deal with. But it's the fans that helped me to push forward and say 'This is what I need to do, this is my destiny'."

"Sometimes I think about times in my life where I could've got sidetracked from this path. There've been plenty of chances for me to lose focus. Now I realise it was nothing but destiny."

It's exactly this mix of superfly swagger and vulnerable, almost needy genuflection before the altar of the fans that sums Cudi up best. At one point he even talks about his excitement about being "loved by strangers" for what he does, as if that wasn't a slightly creepy concept. But there's no

doubting the connection is real enough.

"There's a difference between someone saying, 'I like that song,' and, 'Yo, this person's words touch me, this dude kept me away from suicide or drugs,'" he says. "I hear stories all the time about how my music has changed somebody's life. Early on in my career I didn't believe in all that. But now I've seen that not only was I wrong, but I was dead wrong. It's bigger than I ever could have imagined."

What's more, Cudi seems to have taken the old superhero's mantra about great power and responsibility to heart: "It's like they appointed me their champion, so it's like, 'OK, let's rock with that now.'"

Much of 'The End Of Day's' appeal was derived from its sense of outsider-ness, a notion admittedly complicated by recent success. Does Cudi feel like fame is something he could get used to?

"Definitely. The new me is not gonna let fame stop me from doing what I wanna do. I'm not tryin' to hide from the world anymore, fuck that. I'm not on drugs no more, I'm fucking sober-minded, I'm a people person. I feel like I just woke up from another dream. It's like some *Inception* shit, a dream within a dream. And last year wasn't a good dream."

Ah yes, the drugs. Cudi beat the rap on his coke possession charge earlier this week ("a huge relief", he frankly admits), earning a two-day community service sentence from a court in Manhattan. But while the 'old' Cudi used coke as a way of shielding himself from the glare of the public eye, anyone looking to rile the self-professed new, transformed Cudi needs to jog the fuck on.

"It was definitely something I had trouble with because I was thrust into this world," he says. "And suddenly I got these motherfuckers I can't slap in the mouth talking shit. I guess before I didn't have any type of love for myself. I mean I had people trying to give me love but I was just smacking it down constantly."

One such source of love has been Kanye West. Having already played dark-hearted courtier to the king on Yeezy's critic-splitting 2008 opus '808s & Heartbreak', Cudi is in no doubt as to what he's taken from his friend and mentor.

"The main thing I get from Kanye is the determination to just execute amazing shit," he says. "There's only a few people in this business who have that determination. A lot of people are very passive with their music, they get their little money and it's like, 'OK, I don't need to go above and beyond to make millions of dollars.'"

"But I also think hip-hop's starting to get more creative. I think GOOD Music is really influencing a whole 'nother type of thing, man, people are starting to become a bit more open-minded, and realise they could

stop doing shit that's so generic."

Aside from encouraging other artists to raise their game, what next for Cudi? Is a concluding chapter in the offing?

"Nah man, I got some livin' to do first. I could have had two parts to the 'Man On The Moon' series but I wanted to make it

a trilogy 'cos I knew the second one was gonna be dark. And I knew if I was trying to write my life I couldn't just end it with this dark-ass album."

You're going to need a *Return Of The Jedi* to this album's *The Empire Strikes Back*?

"Totally! I just needed to get out the dark side."

You heard it here first: two years on from his apprenticeship under Kanye, Kid Cudi is stepping out as a pop Jedi in his own right.

**"I FEEL LIKE I JUST WOKE UP
FROM ANOTHER DREAM.
IT'S LIKE SOME INCEPTION
SHIT, A DREAM WITHIN
A DREAM. AND LAST YEAR
WASN'T A GOOD DREAM"**

FIVE MORE PRETENDERS TO KANYE'S CROWN



1

WALE
An early Cudi collaborator, the Washington rap don fell out bigtime with the Kid after freestyling a rhyme about him punching a fan. Amazingly good on the social conscious stuff.



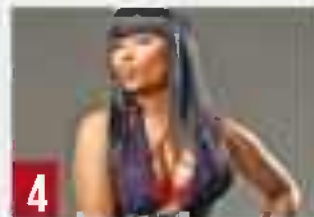
2

THEOPHILUS LONDON
Brooklyn's pre-eminent hipster-hop head shares Kanye's catholic taste in music, taking inspiration from The Smiths, album sleeves from Elvis Costello and samples from über-underground electro types like John Maus.



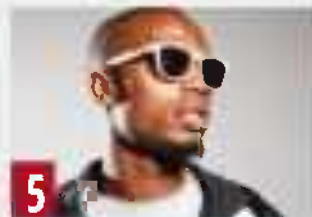
3

DRAKE
The most chillwave-friendly rapper in the game meets with the 'Ye seal of approval and gave shout-outs to The xx and Neon Indian on his latest album, 'Thank Me Later', which is pretty much the shiz.



4

NICKI MINAJ
OK, we know we called her the future of pop a couple of weeks ago, but Nicki Minaj is so great she's pretty much the future of everything, hip-hop included. Don't believe us? Then check her upstaging of Kanye, Jay-Z and, erm, Bon Iver on 'Monster'.



5

BoB
Atlantan Bobby Ray Simmons was saddled with the same 'emo-rap' tag as Cudi following his Hayley Williams hook-up 'Airplanes'. Worked with Rivers Cuomo, sampled Vampire Weekend... but 'Nothin' On You' was just unforgivable.



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PORNO PANDA

*From humble beginnings flogging dildos and jazz mags, **Gold Panda** has become the remix man of choice for the indie glitterati. **John Doran** meets the bedroom knob-twiddler behind the electro album of 2010*

East London is a noisy nightmare. Honking traffic is snarled up. Wind whips litter around the streets. Cycle couriers scream obscenities at wonky-haired pedestrians and vice versa. Music blares out of pubs, cafés and cabs. It's a cacophony of harsh and violent sound. Trust Gold Panda, then, to find the only serene place in this urban hellhole. Down a secluded alleyway in Shoreditch, he sits in a beautifully leafy courtyard sipping coffee quietly in a bright red bobble hat, unaware of the chaos that surrounds him. But it's a handy metaphor for this twentysomething's standing in the hectic electronic music scene. Having none of the leery swagger of grime, none of the juddering assault of dubstep or any of the narcotic sickness of glo-fi or witch house, Gold Panda instead inhabits an isolated world of glistening melodies and sharp textures that are totally at odds with the world that surrounds him.

It is perhaps this unique and unconventional sound that has propelled him towards the indie glitterati, weaving his idiosyncratic spell over tracks by Telepathe, Marina & The Diamonds, Bloc Party and HEALTH as champion remixer. But if Gold Panda (or Derwin to his family and friends) is enjoying the anonymity often afforded to the bedroom-dwellers of electronica, he'd better make hay while the sun shines as the release of his debut album, 'Lucky Shiner' – a collection of spun silver folktronica jams and ambient house shimmers – is threatening to break him out as a star in his own right.



This is not bad for a quietly spoken lad who, by his own admission, works on crappy equipment in his bedroom and was earning a living in a sex shop when opportunity knocked.

A year ago Derwin was serving the dirty mac brigade their daily fix of scummy DVDs, contact mags, bottles of poppers and sex toys. But this kind of job suited him well as it allowed him to concentrate on making tunes. His knights in shining armour were Bloc Party, and their label Wichita, who had spotted a remix he'd done on his MySpace page, and thought he'd be ideal to rework 'Letter To My Son'. They tried him down to the grumble grotto. And when he said, "Er, yes please!" Wichita added, "We like your stuff, can we manage you?". Derwin, as you'd imagine, said, "Yeah! Get me out of here!"

When we say that we've always suspected that working in a sex shop is not that much fun, he agrees with us: "It's not. Well, I think I enjoyed it in that it was easy and I always like jobs with no responsibility so I don't have to worry about going to work. I only had to worry about making tracks. But it's nice to move from one industry that's been crippled by the internet to another."

That Gold Panda is still largely unknown is unsurprising: his rise to prominence has been galloping and unexpected. He lived in the urban surrounds of Peckham, south London until he was 15, when his family upped sticks and relocated to leafy suburbia. Perhaps it was this move that facilitated his ability to straddle the worlds of indie and dance in the nonchalant fashion that he does. He says: "I grew up listening to R&B, hip-hop and reggae on Choice FM. Then when I moved to Chelmsford it was completely different. It was Oasis, Blur, Pulp, Cast and Shed Seven and I'd never heard this music before. I didn't really connect with it."

What he did connect with was a creaking sampler and a drum machine on which he'd spend hours relentlessly bashing away at beats and reworking old sounds, blissfully unaware that he would become the go-to guy for indie remixes a few years down the line. His recent great work on Telepathe's 'Chrome's On It' and Marina & The Diamonds' 'Obsessions' – with

INDIE-MAND

Gold Panda's best remixes



TELEPATHE

'CHROME'S ON IT'
Ghostly glockenspiels and the spirit of Aphex Twin's 'Selected Ambient Works' are brought to bear on the Brooklyn electro duo.

THE FIELD

'I HAVE THE MOON, YOU HAVE THE INTERNET'
GP flips the mega-annoying sound of a needle that's run out of groove into a beat, then lobs a load of chiming bells and aqueous synths on top.

BLOC PARTY

'LETTER TO MY SON'
GP adds Hercules And Love Affair bongos and disco drums to this already-massive track, making it, well, even more massive.

HEALTH

'BEFORE TIGERS'
So crammed full of micro-noise and attention to detail that it sounds like hundreds of insanely rhythmical mice have invaded the school instrument cupboard.

LITTLE BOOTS

'EARTHQUAKE'
This is all about the swooping harmonies and skittering drum programming, which are woven into a deliciously sweet collage. And what's that at the end? African chanting you say? Oh yes.



recent US tour with HEALTH provided. He says: "HEALTH are really nice guys and, sonically, it's pretty incredible what they're doing with just a bunch of guitar pedals that most people own. They come up with new sounds and when I hear them, I'm like, 'How do they do that?' Because I grew up in London and am more used to urban areas, I'm quite happy to be somewhere that's quite desolate and in the middle of nowhere. So there's this place Kalamazoo in Michigan and I guess they don't get a lot of people coming through that often. It was incredible. The second I made a noise it just went off: the tits came out, the beers went up in the air. And you usually find those nice crowds a bit off the beaten track."

Whether Gold Panda stays off the beaten track following the release of 'Lucky Shiner' remains to be seen. It could prove to be the crossover album of the year. Lucky, then, that Derwin has a good grounding, and an even better grandma to keep his feet firmly rooted. As he explains: "The voice you hear on the track 'Parents', that's actually my grandmother asking me to help her. She's actually Lucky Shiner, that's her name. I went out into the garden to record the

another commission from Caribou in the pipeline – demonstrate it was time well spent.

Not all things in the GP world are as meticulously crafted, some are born of necessity. While he utilises a dusty crate of rare vinyl sourced from all over the world to "micro-sample" or build up a brand new track from a bunch of very short samples, he admits that going for a dubstep or bassline sound has never been an option: "I don't own a big synth that can make a good bassline, so I've just shied away from the low end of things."

In the early days of playing live this was a distinct disadvantage: "Sometimes when I play live it goes down really badly. Say if you're playing between Joker and Rustie, people are waiting for the bassline to come in but it doesn't. They're waiting for the drop."

For those that get it, though, it goes off, as his

"WORKING IN A SEX SHOP ISN'T FUN, BUT I THINK I ENJOYED IT"

ambient sound of the birds or whatever, but my grandma was out there in the garden and the kind of grabbed me and asked if I could help her with the wheelbarrow because she was having a tree cut down."

And that's Gold Panda. Always willing, always in demand. He should grab his tranquil coffee breaks while he can, because life is about to become as hectic as the streets that surround him.



Queen of the DAMNED

*Rising high above the spirit of goth, Nika Roza Danilova channels her inner magick and self-inflicted pain into her alter ego, **Zola Jesus**. **Luke Turner** revels in the darkness*

PHOTOGRAPH: ANGEL CEBALLOS

The Texan sky over Austin is bright blue and the temperature is pushing 90, but that doesn't trouble the undead. Hovering just behind the hip-hop section of the End Of An Ear record shop is the figure of woman. She has an axe embedded in her skull and blood pours from a Victorian bonnet and over her face. Next to her stands a man in a dinner jacket, his left eye socket shattered into red oomsk by a self-inflicted gunshot wound.

On the other side of the room, Zola Jesus is not enjoying the launch gig for her 'Valusia' EP. Her operatic voice is drowned out by the static and echo of a weak, wheezing PA. Infuriated, she picks up a stool and starts hammering it into the floor in time with the dark, heavy beat. It's instantly captivating, and most of the audience – metalheads, tattooed girls and a guy in check shorts and sandals – erupts into applause. The goths, though, look unimpressed. One of them hands out fliers for Dolls From The Crypt, "Austin's first and only horror dance troupe".

"I think it was a zombie walk," laughs Zola Jesus, aka 21-year-old Nika Roza Danilova a few hours later, sitting outside a bail bond office before tonight's gig in the heart of Austin's downtown. "It's a weird subculture when around Halloween people dress up like zombies and walk around the city. That was certainly more zombies than usual at one of my shows."

She says it with something of a rueful tone. This has been a great year for the diminutive and now blonde-haired singer. Building on her multitude of early EPs and collaborations, her 'Stridulum II' album is an ornate, romantic counterpoint to the witch house of the tree-swinging Salem. Yet, despite the release of this US-only EP and new single 'Poor Animal'/'I Can't Stand' continuing this inexorable rise, Danilova says that she's currently undergoing something of "an identity crisis" thanks to articles that are "all 'goth this, goth that, witchcraft, banshee, occult,' all these terms". She explains that, as she created Zola Jesus as a means of escape from her peers and to be "self-sufficient", she had no need to join the limiting goth tribe. To have her character painted as their figurehead is a frustration that has, in part, led to 'Stridulum II' having more emphasis on melody and song than the discord and mordant noise of her early demos, or work with noise artists such as Burial Hex, LA Vampires or forthcoming Xiu Xiu collaboration Former Ghosts. "In a sense 'Stridulum' is me trying to break out," she explains. "This is just what I sound like, I think that my pop songs are really dorky. I love noise and industrial and 20th

century avant-garde classical music, but I also love R&B, pop, soul, and funk.

o me, my pop side is blatantly overpowering the other side – but people just want to forget it."

Stuck between the Devil and the deep blue sea, Danilova wishes that, on one hand, people would "reject the goth identity template" and, on the other, has found encounters with those who do read something darkly mystical into her music hard to deal with. "A guy bought my record. He had a wound on his face. He went across the room, sat on a couch, made it bleed and in a very occult way was rubbing blood on my record and looking at me while doing it. It was intense, I'm all for people who are really extreme, but when it's geared towards you..."

So, is Zola Jesus more than a creation that toys with dark imagery and sounds, the musical equivalent of skeleton masks and plastic pumpkins in Austin's Halloween-stocked shops? She certainly has no truck with the latter: "Halloween is a staple of American life because it's using commerce to rationalise our fear of death, or fear of accepting who you are." More than a fan bleeding over her record, the fancy dress goths who showed up at her instore, a *Twilight* fan or someone fiddling with Ouija boards, Danilova understands that you don't need to go into the woods to uncover the unsettling, or a sense of dread. It's right in front of you, in the everyday world.

"I just never want to close myself to anything that could be really powerful, and that goes for a lot of things. I have a very inquisitive mind," Danilova explains. What's more, she's prepared to force herself down some dark paths to satisfy that. "People don't like to talk about the fact that snuff films exist and they make you afraid to be interested in them. But they're out there and you've got to be ready for it. I feel like, when the revolution happens, there are people that are strong and people that are weak, and if you're weak you're going to die. I'm curious because I want to be conditioned."

You think some form of apocalypse is going to happen to America?

"There's a denial. People don't want to talk about these things, they just want to make it into a cartoon. But it's not a cartoon, this is going to happen. Look at this (*gesturing across the road to a parking lot and boarded-up shop*), it's bleak and brutal as it is. Who knows, this could be it? And if

it is, we've really got to get started on strengthening up.

"I put myself through things that are way more difficult than they have to be just because I want to prove to myself that I can do it," she says of the bootcamp regime she imposes on her psyche. "I feel like I don't deserve to feel comfortable or to take the easy way, so I get obsessive about that and it becomes a habit. I'm going to sleep on the floor even though I have a bed, or I'm going to sleep outside even though I have a house. If you keep doing those things it can get quite destructive. It's like creating a personal ritual, or self-martyrdom, which I don't think is very healthy."

Is Nika Roza Danilova martyring herself to Zola Jesus? "Yes. Sometimes I feel like a slave to the world. Sometimes I wake up and think, 'Oh my God, holy shit, I woke up, I'm alive.'"

I have to prove to the world that I want to be here, or else I might not be here tomorrow. I'm a little person, I'm fragile, I can't believe I haven't died yet. Zola Jesus is my way of doing things so that I feel like I'm trying to contribute something, that I have a purpose. That's why I'm so aggressive and that's why I take it so seriously. It really is everything in my body."

Two hours later, playing songs that, live, seem to be even more imbued with pop than they do on record, Nika Roza Danilova does give everything in her body to Zola Jesus. She doesn't stomp like a goth, but prowls the stage and moves in time with her music like a dancer in a Gaga video, her voice ringing clear. There'll be no spells done or boards spun to work out exactly where Danilova lets Zola Jesus take her next. Perhaps those many hues that all make up the colour black will come bursting forth – after all, she insists she wants to make an R&B record, and considers Janelle Monáe a contemporary. Perhaps, like Siouxsie Sioux, she'll end up being a goth-defying pop colossus, bringing some much-needed darkness into the mainstream. But, for now, in this black Texas night, that doesn't matter. Red 7, with its football banner proclaiming it to be "Home Of The Hooligans", sport blaring out of the TV and a crowd standing amidst pool and air hockey tables, is a humdrum venue. But such is the power of Zola Jesus' music that all this seems to vanish into thin air... which is some black magic indeed.

FIVE SPOOKY BANDS TO LISTEN TO THIS HALLOWEEN

GRAVEDIGGAZ



Hip-hop loves its fads, and the short-lived gruesome horrorcore movement was one of the finest. Featuring the Wu-Tang's RZA and Prince Paul, Gravediggaz rapped about chewing their arms off and killing themselves in all manner of trippy ways.

TROBBING GRISTLE



During the extremes of the 1970s avant-garde art scene, TG wrote songs about the Moors Murderers, used noise as a brutal weapon to evict squatters and performed a gig in a public school that sent the pupils mad.

SCREAMING JAY HAWKINS



Apparently when Jay was released from a POW camp at the end of World War Two he got his revenge on his Japanese captor by blowing his head off with a hand grenade. He also used to dress a bit like Dracula, which, come on, is pretty spooky in itself.

SALEM



Dark overlords of the drag scene, Salem's cauldron of juke, hip-hop, noise and occult references is out-darked only by their real-life existence as drug-guzzling rent boys.

ESBEN AND THE WITCH



Witch by name but not by nature, label the Brighton trio 'goth' at your peril. Not that they'll track you down and kill you as you sleep. They'll probably just write another song about suicide and skeletal romance.



MACCA VERSUS MEIGHAN

When it came to interviewing **Sir Paul McCartney** about the reissue of *Wings*' 1973 classic album *'Band On the Run'*, we turned to superfan **Tom Meighan** of *Kasabian*. **Hamish MacBain** listened in

PHOTOGRAPH: MJ KIM

Meeting him for the first time is almost exactly how you expect it to be. As he breezes in, "doo-do!"-ing into the lounge room on the third floor of his Soho Square offices in central London, prompted by our introduction, he's immediately off with an irresistible anecdote.

"NME, eh?" he smiles. "We once did a Ouija board thing when we were kids, it was just me, George... and (*super-casually*) John, I think. You ever done a Ouija board?"

Everyone in the room – eight or so people – shakes their head, just as you'd expect of those who are anxious to find out what happened when The Fab Four minus one connected with the spirit world. Please, Sir Paul McCartney, continue...

"So we weren't really into all that, but somebody just said, 'Let's do it.' So we're touching the glass, you know, saying 'OK, nobody push it, OK?' So then, suddenly... whoa, it's moving! Now, my mum had died a couple of years before and it says, 'Congratulations... Son...' And we're going, 'NO!' 'Congratulations... Son... Number One...' In NME!" And so we were all, 'Oh, fuck off! There's no way she would know what NME was'. And there's George, you know (*makes cackling noises*). He'd been pushing it all the time! (*Puts on scolding parent voice*) Bad boy!"

Everyone in the room breathes once more – not least the other musician sat a foot away from Paul. His name is Tom Meighan, and he is nervous. He arrived half an hour before Macca and has been going through bits of paper. Ostensibly, you see, we are here to observe Kasabian's mouthpiece quiz McCartney about the reissue of one of his pivotal post-Beatles albums, *Wings*' *'Band On The Run'*.

Released in December 1973, with critical opinion not particularly in his favour and two members of his band (guitarist Henry McCullough and drummer Denny Seiwell) doing one mere hours before recording was scheduled to commence, it was – in Macca's words today – his "I'll show you" record. Tom is a big fan: "It just reminds me of Sunday mornings, you know – this horrible little stereo which we played cassettes on in the '80s: this terrible, awful stereo. Just 'Band On The Run' and 'Jet' and, you know, 'Bluebird', that's what I grew up with so it has amazing memories."

Paul, for his part, is aware of Kasabian. He's crossed paths with Jay Mehler, their live second guitarist, who this year had triplets – triplets! – with Ringo's daughter, Lee. More so, though, he makes an effort "if there's a band coming up, to check them out and see what's going on." He also enthuses about Kings Of Leon and Plan B, and says generally: "You get people going, 'Oh, it's not like it was in my day.' I say, 'No, it isn't like it was, it's *different*. And actually, some of it's better."

The pair move to the sofa.

"So this is the start of your interview career!" says McCartney.

"Yeah!" smiles Tom.

Paul: (*Adopting newscaster voice*)... and then he went on to become bigger than Parkinson. "

Tom: "Bigger! I could do it, couldn't I?"

Paul: "Easy!"

Well then, Mr Meighan: let's see what you've got, shall we?

Tom: "*Rolling Stone* describe 'Band On The Run' as 'the finest release by any of the four musicians that was called The Beatles'. Do you agree with that?"

Paul: "Well, I'll have it because, you know, if they're going to say 'finest album' and include me

in the sentence I'll go along with that! We were trying to figure out where we were going, we made a couple of albums and we played around a bit, but with 'Band On The Run' it suddenly felt like we'd got it, you know?"

Tom: "And you decided to go to Nigeria to make it. Why Nigeria?"

Paul: "Around about that time people were starting to branch out. Until then we'd all recorded in just the recording studio that our label had put us in, so we were in Abbey Road all the time, but this was now after The Beatles and we were thinking of slightly exotic locations to record. It was 'round about then the Stones were doing the south of France – for other reasons – but people were moving around a bit, so I just said it would be quite good to go somewhere else. I got a list of EMI studios and they had millions of studios around the world and one of them was in Lagos. And I just went, 'Ah! Lagos, wow, Africa', because I love African music, just the rhythms and everything, the kind of thing that Paul Simon had used later..."

Tom: "Yeah, with 'Graceland'..."

Paul: "Right. I just love all that sound, I was quite into all that so I just thought that could be great, you know, if they've got a studio down there it's probably quite cool."

Tom: "Didn't you get mugged out there, though? At knifepoint or something?"

Paul: "Yeah. We'd been to one of my mates' houses, had dinner, feeling great, so it was just Linda and I, and we were then going to go home to our little place they'd rented for us, and we said, 'Oh, let's walk.' So we were walking along and it was quite – you know, it was quite sort of in the jungle, it was a road but it was not in a big



When you start in 'Shoot The Runner' and I'm out here..."

"FINEST ALBUM? I'LL GO ALONG WITH THAT!"
MACCA

residential area – and then a car just came up and me with the Liverpool attitude, I automatically assumed he was giving us a lift..."

Tom: "So you just hopped in, did you?"

Paul: "Well, this guy rolled the window down and I said, 'Aye man, thanks very much but that's cool, we're walking, we're having a great time, lovely night', and he looks at me a bit strange. So he just kind of drove off but then about 100 yards later the car stops again, and we caught up with him and now one of the guys gets out the car and he said – well, he was about to say something – but I go, 'Look, you are so cool giving us a lift but honestly we don't want a lift, we're walking'. I said, 'Get back in that car' and I kind of bundled him back in the car and he's like, 'Who is this crazy nutcase?' So anyway, the car drives off again. Now the third time they've obviously thought, 'Come on, we've got to get this mugging together!' So then suddenly all the doors open, bang, and they're all out and there's, like, about five, four or five of them and then there's a little one and he's got a knife. So we go, 'Oh, you're not offering a lift at all! You're robbing us.' So I had all my demo cassettes for the album, and they took all of them. Linda's screaming, 'Leave him alone, leave him alone, he's a musician!' Anyway, so they didn't do anything, they just got the loot, jumped back in the car and sped off."

Tom: "So they'd taken all the demos for the album?"

Paul: "Yeah. I had to, like, remember the songs. Luckily I did. I'd written them not too long ago so I'd kind of remembered them, you know, so..."

Tom: "And it did alright, didn't it? But you also had some band members walk out? How was that to cope with?"

Paul: "I just thought 'OK, what I'm going to do is say to you, I'll show you. This is motivating me, I'm going to make an album that you would die for and you'll wish you'd come.' Now years later, you know, they sort of say, 'I wish we'd gone...'"



'Band On The Run' at a glance

Recorded: September–August 1973 in Lagos, Nigeria
Producer: Geoff Emerick
Chart position: Number One in both the UK and the US

The last McCartney-related album to be released on Apple

Non-album single 'Helen Wheels' preceded the LP, with US label Capitol putting the song in the album's tracklist (contradicting Macca's intentions)

The nine people on the cover are Paul McCartney, Linda McCartney, Denny Laine, Michael Parkinson, Kenny Lynch, James Coburn, Clement Freud, Christopher Lee and John Conteh

Tom: "You love getting on the drumkit anyway, don't you?"

Paul: "I do like drumming, yeah. It goes back to the early days in Hamburg. You'd be in a club and someone might not have a drummer. One night, one guy who we used to play with, Tony Sheridan [singer whose single 'My Bonnie' features the first issued recording of The Beatles, as his backing group], he didn't have a drummer. But he'd seen me mess around on the kit and he thought I was reasonable, so he asked me to stand in. I couldn't do everything. I wasn't very good on shuffles, I couldn't get that together but just straight mmm-thwack, mmm-thwack! I had that down. So that gave me a love for playing the drums and when our drummer didn't come out there I thought, 'Right, I'm going to drum on this album.' So yeah, I did play a lot of drums. I played all the drums."

Tom: "And what about the cover? I loved the cover when I was little. My mum had it and I used to try to suss out who everyone on it was..."

Paul: "We were just trying to make it interesting, so that people then had to guess who's on the cover, particularly Americans. Like, I think UK people



Macca's thumbs aloft is getting more extravagant

would tend to know people, like, Kenny Lynch but Americans wouldn't. Some of the people we knew were in town, like James Coburn, and I'd run into James a few times and he was a cool guy, just (ang up, 'Hey, we're doing this cover, do you fancy coming up?' Christopher Lee we met while doing *A Hard Day's Night*. Parky we knew from years before when he was at Granada. So all just like that, really..."

And with that the time to wind up arrives. Paul enquires as to what stage the Kasabian album is at, then in only the way that he can, describes Barack Obama as "a cool dude", while talking about being in The White House in June this year (to accept his Gershwin Prize For Popular Song), and watching, among others, Jack White perform one of his songs ('Mother Nature's Son') right in front of him and the President. "There was a rehearsal first of all in the afternoon and I came in and Jack's standing there, and I could see he was nervous, so I thought actually it would be good for them to have a rehearsal with me sat there. Get over their nerves, because it's going to be worse – he's going to be sitting here and Michelle and the kids and then all the crowd. But I thought Jack's performance was great, very sensitive."

Then, in a flurry of handshakes, thank yous, signatures on original copies of 'Sgt Pepper's...', he's gone. Tom is off to the pub, buzzing and in need of a drink to calm down but describes Paul McCartney as "an amazing geezer. Just got so many stories to tell". And that's as good a description as any.

Watch a video clip of Tom Meighan interviewing Paul McCartney on NME.COM now



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REVIEWS

DEVLIN, DIE ANTWOORD, ROLL DEEP

Edited by Emily Mackay



CEE LO GREEN

THE LADY KILLER ELEKTRA/WARNER BROS

Swearing aside, a genuinely smooth pop record that leaves us wishing he'd kept some grit from the old days



Though not until very recently a household name, Cee Lo's voice has filled the cars, clubs and front rooms of millions thanks to the inescapable success of Gnarls Barkley's 'Crazy' in 2006. But his overlooked solo career has largely been a footnote, despite the critical praise received by his 2002 debut, 'Cee-Lo Green And His Perfect Imperfections'. Its wild, so-far-out-of-the-box-it's-still-in-the-warehouse mix of psych, soul, hip-hop, jazz and rock sprawled well over an hour and scared both the public and Cee Lo's then-label Jive alike. When its 2004 follow-up '...Is The Soul Machine' suffered the same sales-to-praise disparity, label and artist bade farewell.

But then Cee Lo's always worked best in the shadows. While his contemporaries OutKast pushed boundaries and received plaudits thanks to their ear for a pop hook, Cee Lo

was busy in the sidelines working on some 'Dirty South' music with Goodie Mob (of which he was a member from 1995-98). In the process, he not only helped name an aspect of his and OutKast's idiosyncratic style of Atlanta, Georgia hip-pop, but coined the term that would define the late '90s and early '00s: southern hip-hop, where Timbaland/Missy Elliott, OutKast and NERD/Neptunes became the region's first global success stories.

'Crazy' aside, it's taken over 20 years for Cee Lo to come up with a true solo hit that ruled the charts. As anyone with access to YouTube will know, it appears that all he needed was a soulful voice and repeated swearing set to a jaunty tune. The resulting 'Fuck You' to an ex-girlfriend and her new lover is a kiss-off song in the best tradition; and the biggest pop

hit the South's had since OutKast's 'Hey Ya'.

So it seems that Cee Lo's learned something from his pop excursions with Gnarls. At 14 tracks, 'The Lady Killer' is by far his most focused solo album, ditching genre-hopping schizophrenia to embrace cinematic tropes. But, from the noir-ish spoken-word intro (in which he deems his name "*not important*" and assures us he's "*certainly not lawless*"; canny remarks from a man presumably aware that the public may soon want to find out more about his street violence past); to '70s cop show instrumental bursts; expansive string arrangements; and even a loose storyline, 'The Lady Killer' doesn't quite match the 'perfect imperfections' of Cee Lo's gleefully unhinged past efforts.

**DO THESE
MAKE HIM
CRAZY?**
Cee Lo songs you'd be
mad not to hear

**'Dirty South' (Goodie
Mob, Soul Food, 1995)**
Just a very fleeting
appearance from Cee
Lo. His first crew define
the South's most
important movement
since James Brown got
funky - with the help of
OutKast's Big Boi.

**'Bad Mutha' (solo,
'Cee-Lo Green And
His Perfect
Imperfections', 2002)**
Cee Lo launches his
solo career with a
brand of junk shop
gospel-hip-hop no-one
else has been brave
enough to try.

**'Scrap Metal' (solo,
'...Is The Soul
Machine', 2004)**
Cee Lo unleashes his
fury with "*something
for your haters*".
Arguably the heaviest
southernplayalistic
track he recorded
on his own.

Smoothing the edges includes all but eschewing his machine-gun-paced, helium-pitched rap flow in favour of largely playing the straight soul singer; yet Cee Lo the character remains as odd as he has been on albums that, in the past, have mixed spirituality with unbridled anger and joyous proclamations of being a "*closet freak*". Here he explores male/female relationships in a way that roughly plays out as follows: goes partying (the *Miami Vice* synth-pop of 'Bright Lights Bigger City'); swears at ex; gets new girl ('Wildflower'); dumps new girl ('Cry Baby'); finds a wrong 'un who fools him around ('Fool For You'); returns to first girl ('Old Fashioned').

It's all flawless in a string-laden soul way, but too clean an effort from a man who, in the past, has been so much more exciting by letting the grit remain. Only on 'Cry Baby' do we get some real darkness when a roving-eye Cee Lo dumps his girlfriend before playing the victim himself. It's hard to sympathise with, but at least shows that, from a man who spends a large part of the album proclaiming love and

being the good guy, his flaws still remain; he just may find that there's no way of making them translate into pop sales. But which is crazier: to continue to try and ignore those unglossy imperfections, or to return to the shadows? **Jason Draper**

DOWNLOAD: 'Fuck You', 'Wildflower', 'Please'

Head to NME.COM now for an exclusive video interview with Cee Lo

7

VARIOUS ARTISTS

APPARAT: DJ KICKS IK7

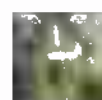


IK7's justly celebrated 'DJ Kicks' series and Berlin musician Apparat, aka Sasha Grey, have enjoyed similar career arcs to date. They've both gone from roots in floor-ready house and techno to productions of a much more introspective hue. In this suavely sculpted latest instalment the two go together like whisky and water, Grey dipping tracks from luminaries like Burial and Four Tet, Joy Orbison and Pantha Du Prince in midnight ebbs of gossamer synth and strings. Like an invite to a rave under warm bed linen, Grey's spun-silk mix can be considered a must-have for scene buffs and curious dream-poppers alike. **Alex Denney**

DOWNLOAD: Pantha Du Prince - 'Welt Am Draht'

THE THERMALS

PERSONAL LIFE KILL ROCK STARS



What made early Thermals records such good fun was the way the Portland trio hurtled through their songs, racing themselves to the finish as if the studio floor was littered with hot coals. Where the intervening years have tempered that haste, this fifth album offers compensation in the form of their sharpest, most precise set to date. Hutch Harris' unmistakable, commanding voice remains the centrifugal force within this 'Personal Life', tempting us from the get-go with promises like "I'm gonna change your life/I'm gonna leave my mark" that suggest getting intimate with the buggers might be tricky to resist. **Tom Edwards**

DOWNLOAD: 'I Don't Believe You'

KOEN HOLTkamp

GRAVITY/BEES THRILL JOCKEY



Even something as apparently trendless as experimental drone is not immune to the wax and wane of fashion. In fact, at present a certain meditative, hammocks-and-hemp-sandals vibe, prompted by the rediscovery of electronic krautrock and '70s new age records, is very firmly in the ascendant. Here, Holtkamp - one half of notable Brooklyn psychedelic explorers Mountain - contributes to the mood with a record of two weighty concept-bearingsides. One is all about zero gravity, and the other takes bees as its subject matter. The blissful synthsounds contained within eschew the genre's more embarrassing hallmarks - thankfully, there's no panpipes to be found here - although when Holtkamp piles on the fuzz guitar on the second side, it kinda blows the mood, maaan. **Louis Pattison**

DOWNLOAD: You can't section the drone, dude

BARN OWL

ANCESTRAL STAR THRILL JOCKEY



There's something darkly ponderous about this San Fran duo's third effort - in fact, the record sounds like the scariest Catholic mass you've never been to. A relentlessly ominous thrum, clanging metals, eerie choral voices, sawing violin and does-what-it-says titles such as 'Cavern Hymn', 'Visions In Dust' and 'Night's Shroud' conjure up the enduring image of the biggest fucking thurible a priest ever did swing in God-fearing fury. Even on tracks where celestial melody and light shatter the swirling fug of riffs - making Barn Owl sound more like a whacked-out Dead Meadow - the mood within is h-e-a-v-y like a bewitching series of black metal incantations. **Chris Parkin**

DOWNLOAD: 'Light From The Mesa'

FACES TO NAMES...

What's the reviewers are doing this week



JOHN McDONNELL

"This week I've been watching my boozy flatmate watch low-budget cooking programmes on his laptop."



LUKE TURNER

"I have been involved in a battle of wardrobe one-upmanship with Brett Anderson from Suede. Brett so liked my suit earlier this month that, when I interviewed him for NME this week, he put on his best jacket."



LUKE LEWIS

"I've been listening to the new Lykke Li single on repeat and trying to decide whether I'm enough of a nerd to go to the Twin Peaks festival."



JAMIE HODGSON

"I went to Auckland for three days and spent the entire duration holed up in my hotel room. But discovered M&M Mix-Ups, Kiwi BBQ Dub and showtune thug-step. Weird buzz."



DEVLIN

BUD, SWEAT & BEERS ISLAND

By going for the Dizzee dollar, the grime MC loses his rough'n'brutal edge and settles for blandness



Devlin, the young Dagenham grime MC with a name that sounds like a brand of vacuum cleaner, first gained prominence hosting sets on pirate radio station Rinse FM as a 15-year-old. Back

then his quick-fire cadence and compellingly brutal tales of council estate depravity were evocative of Dizzee Rascal (before he turned into a Butlins entertainer). Listening to the 21-year-old's major label debut, it is clear that something has gone awry. His delivery on almost every song is laboured and morbidly languid; he's beginning to sound, dare I say it, a bit doltish.

You can't blame Devlin completely, though. In a musical climate where Tinchy Stryder, the rapping Kermit The Frog, was the biggest selling British male solo artist of 2009, major labels will try anything to mimic the bafflingly popular midget's success. Since last year a host of grime MCs - Tinie Tempah, Scorchie, Skepta - have been snapped up, and Devlin is just another name on this list.

From start to finish on this depressing album the inoffensive, catchy chorus and characterless production mulch has been laid on thick in a bid to pick up tweens. The problem is, Devlin doesn't alter his lyrics to suit this unfamiliar musical palette. You can get as introspective as you like on avant-garde grime beats but when you're talking about your heart being "colder

than Pingu" over emo pianos and sappy strings it just suggests that you're yet to grow out of your Eminem obsession.

'Let It Go', made by Tinie Tempah collaborator Labrinth, jolts uncomfortably from sluggish dubstep dirge to dreamy, lolling waltzer synths before inexplicably jumping into a mid-section of angular indie-rock, like circling the perimeter of a very low-budget music festival in a fairground dodgem while sat next to a stoned teenager having a bit of a moan.

It's not, however, all bad. The grime-by-numbers of '1989' is a touchingly open account of his short life set over beguiling synths and urgent heavy-metal guitar stabs. Devlin then threatens to get "dirty like Leslie Grantham" on 'Brainwashed' - and short of sticking his finger in his mouth while masturbating in front of a stranger on his webcam, he sort of does. It's also the closest to the Devlin of old that we get. As usual, though, the song is marred by an angsty chorus that sounds like it could have been lifted off Mel C's debut solo LP.

This album is a brutal lesson concerning the countless flaws of allowing hit-obsessed majors to try and mould grime MCs into pop stars. Devlin's slogan is "sex, pubs and on the dole" and it's hard not to believe his life - and ours - would be much more pleasant if he lived by this and forgot about being the new Dizzee Rascal. **John McDonnell**

DOWNLOAD: Go to Grimetapes.com instead and download some classic radio sets



DIE ANTWOORD

\$O\$ POLYDOR

One album in and this Afrikaaner hip-hop joke is already past its sell-by date



OK, let's knock this on the head now. At first, for half a crack-addict's heartbeat, it was kind of intriguing. Vanilla Ice's gold-toothed gypsy thief half-brother, a square fringed boy-girl sidekick thing with a chipmunk voice, some other guy and a video featuring a DJ with progeria (the genetic condition which makes its young sufferers look like they're in old age) pedalling a new Afrikaans genre called Zef. Ninja, Yo-Landi Vi\$\$er and other dude tickled the zeitgeist's fancy for three days in September 2009.

But then it carried on. And on. And 12 months later, we woke up to Radio 1's terminally unfunny bladder Comedy Dave singing along to 'Enter The Ninja', Katy Perry tweeting the track's lyrics and Poly-fucking-dor reissuing an album the band already gave away for free. Which would be fine if Die Antwoord had the goods to back it up, but like Fischerspooner and

ultimately The Darkness before them, their shit fell off the back of a lorry with a bump. 'SoS' sounds like the most half-baked efforts of Hadouken!, LMFAO and Eugene Hutz and is peppered with needless nursery rhymes, aimless 'fucks' and in the case of tracks like 'Fish Paste' would sound half-arsed back in '94. Lyrically, meanwhile, it's all drunk 14-year-olds-style abuse and fronting.

It's not all bad. The silence between the final track and the hidden track is the most welcome silence you've ever not heard. And actually that instrumental hidden track is OK, as is the pared-down rave-hop 'Rich Bitch' and 'Evil Boy', a kind of synth fanfare rap hybrid produced by Diplo.

A common theme across the album is that any haters are jealous (check 'In Your Face's opening couplet's rumination: "Jealous-eee makes you nastee/In your face, in your face"). Fine. Colour me green, but please put this band down now. **Tim Chester**

DOWNLOAD: 'Rich Bitch' or 'Evil Boy'

PATRICK WATSON JUST ANOTHER ORDINARY DAY SECRET CITY



Patrick Watson is one of those extravagantly gifted singers, like Rufus Wainwright or Antony Hegarty, who is so talented it's almost a handicap. You find yourself wishing they'd tone down the falsetto acrobatics, and just sing the damn tune. Watson's at his best when he keeps it simple, as on the stunning 'The Great Escape', from his 2006 album 'Close To Paradise'. On this debut, released in his native Canada in 2003 but only now getting a UK release, he's more interested in building waffy atmospheres than constructing actual songs. It's beautiful, but it lacks direction. **Luke Lewis**

DOWNLOAD: 'Just Another Ordinary Day'

JENNY AND JOHNNY I'M HAVING FUN NOW WARNER BROS



Another boy-girl duo unleash their love on the world via the medium of music. Brilliant. Actually, this one almost is. Jenny 'Rilo Kiley' Lewis, and Jonathan 'Just Recorded Under His Own Name' Rice's brand of folk-indie-pop - jangly guitars, sweetly shared harmonies, echoes of the Deep South - isn't groundbreaking, but probably wasn't supposed to be. While most tracks deal with relationship fall-out, the couple also tackle 'issues'. In 'Big Wave' they discuss the economic crisis, while 'My Pet Snake' contains the lyric, "I don't believe in sucking my way to the top". Charming. **Molly Hughes**

DOWNLOAD: 'Big Wave'

KEY NOTES

Best sleeve of the week



Barn Owl

- 'Ancestral Star'

How could anything be bad if you lived on a planet with two suns? Every cloud would have double the silver lining.

Worst sleeve of the week



Good Charlotte - 'Cardiology'

It makes us want to plunge our hands into GC's emo ribcages so we can pluck out their hearts and show them what it really looks like.

Best lyric of the week

"Although there's a pain in my chest, I still wish you the best with a 'Fuck you!'"

Cee Lo Green - 'Fuck You'

Worst lyric of the week

"She sounds like sex on the radio/I love to hear her scream/And when I push play she's screaming in stereo"

Good Charlotte - 'Sex On The Radio'

REVIEWED NEXT WEEK...

• Kid Cudi - 'Man On The Moon II: The Legend Of Mr Rager'
• NERD - 'Nothing'
• I Blame Coco - 'The Constant'

SURF CITY

KUDOS FIRE



Though it was widely anticipated that Bradford Cox would become one of the noughties' more influential artists, few considered that most of his protégés would do away with Deerhunter's noble experimentalism in lieu of standering whimsically behind drippy reverb. Surf City spend the first third of 'Kudos' hanging out with that same apathetic throng, but then surprise with a handful of genuinely exciting moments. 'Icy Lakes' is a warmly immersive eight minutes built on stoical motorik while 'In Times Of Approach' is a focused stab at rabble rousing dream-pop anthemism, proving that the New Zealand four-piece give a shit more than it first appeared.

Simon Jay Catling

DOWNLOAD: 'In Times Of Approach'

CHICKENHAWK

MODERN BODIES BREW



In the words of *Anchorman's* meteorologist Brick Tamland, "LOUD NOISES". And, er, not a whole lot else really. As a band calling themselves

Chickenhawk inevitably would, the northern three-piece deal in balls-out, thrashing testostero-rock with maximum riffs and minimum tact. We are men, hear us roar. But, where fellow Leeds boys *Pulled Apart By Horses* balance the violent force with a wry lyrical wit and canny melody, Chickenhawk opt for the relentless bludgeoning approach. When the band rein it in somewhat ('The Letdown', 'Kerosene') the results are infinitely more intriguing, but the majority of 'Modern Bodies' eventually merges into one incessant yell. **Lisa Wright**

DOWNLOAD: 'The Letdown' (or *Pulled Apart By Horses* instead)

6 DAY RIOT

ON THIS ISLAND TANTRUM



In the midst of the world going absolutely potty for Mumford & Sons, surely now there's at least an outside chance 6 Day Riot could be swept

away from a perennial mid-afternoon slot at Green Man festival and into the (relatively) wider public's consciousness? They have folk-authenticity in spades: singer Tamara Schlesinger has a way with a confessional ('I Am You, You Are Me', 'To See Your Face'), her bandmates know how to conjure rousing-yet-sophisticated backing (single 'Take Me', the closing 'Without These Words'), and the presence of mariachi horns on several songs adds further oomph to their sound. **Hamish MacBain**

DOWNLOAD: 'Take Me'

CHERYL COLE

MESSY LITTLE RAINDROPS POLYDOR



It took only a tonne of mascara, a slagheap of fake tan and a few teatime telly tears to make the docile British nation forget about that notorious nightclub attack. Sadly for the newly ex-Mrs Cole, musical life outside the slick pop factory that was Girls Aloud is bleak. Synthesizers that make La Roux sound organic and vocals so processed they might as well have been squeezed from a tube do nothing to hide the fact that 'Promise This' delivers little, 'Raindrops' is shrieked horror and stool ballad 'The Flood' is, well, a flood of stool. In a time when the likes of Janelle Monáe are creating brilliant futuristic pop, it's surely time to send Cole back to Newcastle. **Luke Turner**

DOWNLOAD: 'The ArchAndroid' instead



ROLL DEEP

WINNER STAYS ON RELENTLESS

Grime's final shark-jump is a leap into mediocrity



There's few more tiresome mantras in music than equating the first taste of commercial success with 'selling out'. However, now and again something comes along that just

forces you to sit up and proclaim, "Dang! That's some debased-ass shit!"

Those first-wave grime heroes' belated bid for wider recognition and financial stability has been a conveyor-belt of wincers. Perversely fitting, then, that this gruesome era of UK urban/chart-dance hybridisation should be hallmarked by one of heyday grime's signature names.

After a study of what makes this album so offensive, it becomes apparent that it's not just the way RD have replaced anything that felt vaguely special about themselves for perplexingly du jour *Ibiza Uncovered* '98 synth stabs and the flattest thug-step wobbles this side of a Caspa B-side. It's actually the

songs themselves. Whereas the traditional rap extremities of rags and riches have proved ever-fertile turf for rhyme-mining, this album is testament to what happens in between.

After eight tough years culminating in moderate success, they find themselves basking in mediocrity; saying absolutely nothing, a lot. From inane chugger 'Out The Blue' to the inevitably single-bound Alesha Dixon-featuring 'Take Control', their creed is thus: Roll Deep 'get through' stuff. They have a quite good night, which they get through. They have a minor gripe, which again, they get through. This album is a tribute to enduring a profoundly underwhelming pop star existence. The banality could be forgiven if it included even one decent hook but alas, no. We trust that the boys' broods remain well-fed and their GTT rims are shiny, because justification for this must be weighty. **Jaimie Hodgson**

1

DOWNLOAD: 'Intro' (misleadingly, the best bit)

GOOD CHARLOTTE

CARDIOLOGY CAPITOL



Whoa! A quick glance at the tracklisting for 'Cardiology' suggests Good Charlotte might have started covering Smashing Pumpkins ('1979') and The La's ('There She Goes'). Which is, if not downright creepy, then just a little bit beguiling. But no, both songs are stone-cold Madden originals. Booo! If you like your rock'n'roll played by four fat talentless fucks and Morrissey's old drummer Dean Butterworth (seriously, wtf?!), then... oh just sod off, yeah? Disgustingly derivative and Pro Tooled to the max, 'Cardiology' is monstrously offensive - the latest shit-streak by music's laziest sons. But seriously, what did you expect? Amazing indie covers? **Matt Wilkinson**

DOWNLOAD: Read that again

TERROR DANJAH

UNDENIABLE HYPERDUB



For its best producers, grime was always more than just a backing track for angry throats to lock barked bars into. With the rise of Bristol's 'purple' crew and early instrumentals now flooding the web, the sound's hyped, limber clatter has shown its dancefloor worth, and despite the presence here of MCs like D Double E and Bruza, 'Undeniable' is at its best when voiceless. So clearly the work of an originator (Terror Danjah's influence on UK bass music has been growing since 2001), 'Undeniable' is an album whose sullen, dark spaces are lit by vivid synths tapering like signal flares, highlight 'SOS' wincing with rave-land Morse code. **Kev Kharas**

DOWNLOAD: 'Time To Let Go'

7

THE RIDER

What we're reading and watching



Book

The Horror! The Horror!

Compiled by Jim Trombetta of US legendary music mag *Crawdaddy*, this compendium of '50s horror comics reprints strips banned by the US Senate in 1954 for causing juvenile delinquency.



DVD

Family Guy Season 9

The show most likely to make you stab your own hand during an attack of the midnight chef and still be laughing gets ever improbably better. Creepy Herbert still scares us, though.



Book

The Ultimate Metallica

None-more-metal photography legend Ross Halfin has compiled his most horn-throwingly stupendous images of probably the ultimate metal band of our times. Kneel in supplication and witness the might.

SINGLES

This week reviewed by
GARY POWELL
The Libertines
The Inzzation Of...



BEST COAST

CRAZY FOR YOU WICHITA



The first thing that hit me when I began listening to this track was the feelgood factor. This track has a great feelgood factor about it in a real classic sense.

This may come from the fact the overall arrangement and production reminds me of the great works of Phil Spector, with a heavy tinge of Brian Wilson and The Beach Boys.

ELLIE GOULDING

LIGHTS POLYDOR



Ellie Goulding is part of the new wave of British femme fatales making waves in the British pop scene, and who is soon to be seen schmoozing it at the Brit Awards and performing on the odd daytime TV show. But let not this fool you, what she does have in spades is a great voice and the ability to make a simple pop arrangement more interesting, just by virtue of her vocal performance.

I BLAME COCO

IN SPIRIT GOLDEN ISLAND



Wow! Talk about a real slice of '80s electro-pop! I am a big fan of electro (believe it or not) and to see someone taking it back to the likes of A-ha and

The Human League is really refreshing for me. Coco also has an interesting vocal delivery which sets her apart from her contemporaries as hers is one full of emotion and fiery intention!

PARAMORE

PLAYING GOD FUELED BY RAMEN



I find nu-metal and 'emo' rock to be over-produced and way too formulaic, but listening to this, I was siding with the teenage emos. 'Playing God' not only has a great singer in the young Hayley Williams, but in Paramore a great band with a lot of potential to be creative and push boundaries and maybe even shed the garments of emo marginalisation.

JAMES YUILL

FIRST IN LINE MOSHI MOSHI



The first thing you notice is the interesting use of a classic house music riff from the '90s, but being played on an acoustic guitar. The vocal sits well over the track, creating an interesting juxtaposition with the uptempo groove that has been set up. A great remix could easily lift it to unimagined heights.

PAUL SMITH

OUR LADY OF LOURDES BILLINGHAM



Just as I prefer the works of Frank Black to that of Pixies, the same could be said regarding Paul Smith and Maximo Park. This track shows a real maturity and I'd be interested to find out where Paul drew his inspiration from. The lyrical and dark emotional content of the backing track makes great listening and the album should be a good platform for Paul to continue being creative outside his band.

Go to NME.COM for a video interview with Gary on his new band

LIVE

CARL BARAT, I LIKE TRAINS, PROFESSOR GREEN

Edited by Emily Mackay



**NME
RADAR
TOUR**

EMERGE NME RADAR TOUR

KOKO, LONDON THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14

Four of the most exciting bands around, tantrums, spittle, celeb breakfast TV superfans and a prog-indie superstar guest slot – we sure know how to spoil you



EMILIE BAILEY

Death to the infidels and goodwill to all men – it's the last day of the NME Radar Tour. Four bands, three weeks, two hours' sleep, one beautiful dream, one half-cut KOKO crowd, no quarter asked or given – it's the stuff that dreams are made of.

Coming on around sundown: the three dates-only Bristolians **Wilder**. Having solemnly pronounced on an NME Tour video that they "have no influences – Wilder is its own genre" – allow us to play professor and briefly educate the early doors lot on what their influences actually are: Goldfrapp – as evident in the glam thwack of 'TBT', Foals – illustrated on the tightly athletic 'Wild Beasts'. Band Of Horses – the widescreen yawl of 'Crystal Cove'. Shitdisco – pretty much

everywhere in the constantly-swooshing hi-hat that makes our jaws clench and eyes flutter as we're ripped involuntarily back to a time when new rave stalked the earth like a diamanté Godzilla. And yes, what's that we can also hear? That low thrum, that oblique thread weaving through their sound? Could it be the influence of the obscure but entirely on-trend genre of 'Wilder' – basically a sort of overclocked indie-disco? Why yes, we believe it is.

Flats are more typical of the genre musicologists know as 'shouting plus barre chords'. Wearing a baseball cap emblazoned with 'I Am The Greatest', singer Dan Devine does an Olympian job of shouting, looking pissed off and generally giving it the air of a man who's about to rob you of your trainers in a Middlesbrough underpass with a sharpened spoon. He's the new face of

Scary Britain – put that on your tour posters. When he encourages people to buy their merch, well, it's like when the Cosa Nostra 'encourage' you to sell your business to them. For his part, guitarist Luke Tristram plays barre chords with the flat-out work-rate of a man who's been told by Dan Devine that he has to. Their micro-sized songs are basically music for people who always have 17 tabs open in their browsers at the same time – minute minute-and-a-half infobytes of fury. Later in their set, the sense of anything-can-happen translates into

*VIEW
FROM THE
CROWD*



*Emily
Millhouse,
17, London*

"I was right up the front when the guy from Flats threw his microphone. It nearly hit my hand! We're all here to see The Joy Formidable, really. We're very excited about the album. True, they've not written anything better than 'Austere', but I think the new songs they're showing off do grow on you."



Opposite page main image: Ritzy gets close to her adoring public
Inset: Wilder has a Damascus moment.

Clockwise from above: An Adrian Chiles-level view of TJF; Flats get angry; Chapel Club's Lewis Bowman does his

best Barney Sumner impersonation; Wilder from the, er, slider; special guest Paul Draper joins TJF onstage



something-does. After one particularly unschooled rendition, bassist Craig Pierce slams down his instrument and walks off. There's a kind of stunned silence (above the constant low-level chatter of all the over-25s who've long since decided they are far more interested in their pants). So Devine just sorta stands there. The guitarist plays a few riffs to fill space. Devine starts singing a bit. It peters out again. Watching their set is now kinda like when airport baggage handlers go on strike and you just can't get any answers out of anyone as to what you're supposed to do about your flight to Honolulu. After further awkwardness, Pierce reappears, and they close with a magnificently nuanced wall of shouting, before Devine flings his microphone into the crowd with such velocity that the photographer whose camera it nearly smashes promptly storms past security and enters into a slanging match with Flats' manager backstage.

The whiff of menace rapidly evaporates as foppish pansies Chapel Club pop up. They have essentially two settings – Joy Division fronted by

Bernard Sumner; and The Maccabees fronted by Ian McCulloch. The former is still better, as on celestial opener 'Fine Light', where Lewis Bowman recites his lyrics with the wounded air of a man who has been told that his cat will not last the night. The growling bass current that passes through the likes of 'Surfacing' is still their most primal thrill, second only to 'O Maybe I's' sonic panacotta of hooting Morrisseyan self-pity and howling MBV guitars. Louche lover Lewis dedicates 'The Shore' to "a girl that's here" and, cryptically, 'All The Eastern Girls' to "all the eastern girls". Does he mean girls from Mile End? 'Cos let us tell you, blud, those girls is skanks.

While Chapel Club have piqued KOKO's interest, it's become increasingly obvious that the room is papered with fans of The Joy

Formidable. That includes early-riser and Celebrity Superfan™ Adrian Chiles, on Level Three, out later than his 8.30pm beddy-byes ought to allow.

Even his thermonuclear alarm clock can't power in with as much ballast as TJF's opener – lesser-spotted newbie 'The Ever-Changing Spectrum Of A Lie'. Ritzy bows over backwards with her guitar. She struts and stalks the lightbulb-strung stage with grinning relish, manufacturing the delectably direct yet diaphanously fuzzed-up sound that evidently requires the forest of FX pedals by her feet.

"Another microphone...?" she teases, as roadies set up a fresh place alongside her, just before 'Greyhound In The Sips'. "What on earth could that be for?" "Paul Draper!" a dozen Mansun-enjoyers all yell back at her.

Looking a little nervous, and

predictably some eight years older than the last time we saw him on a stage, the frontman of the

'90s prog-indie darlings has turned up in a dad-ish pair of stonewash jeans and puffy leather jacket. His part is walk-on, but his aura is abiding – just ask TJF, who've never stopped singing the praises of his ex-band. Could he be the Johnny Marr to their Cribbs? And should NME therefore open the bidding on Adopt An Ageing Indie Icon Week?

Bryan, Dafydd and Thomas' set sums to their own little 'You Made Me Realise' – the infinitely-looped squall they've taken to fixing on the end of 'Whirring', in the execution of which Ritzy throws her guitar to a roadie, jumps into the crowd, swims across some heads, is given a leg-up back onstage by a bouncer, grabs her guitar and continues playing without missing a beat, before inviting everyone out to the Barfly for an end-of-tour knees-up and cheerily suggesting we all reconvene here in February for their album launch. The tour is over. Everybody get on the bandwagon. *Gavin Haynes*

Head to NME.COM/radartour for exclusive interviews and footage with all the acts from the tour

Even a thermonuclear alarm clock can't power in with as much ballast as TJF's opener



I LIKE TRAINS

THE DEEP, HULL THURSDAY, OCT 14

A gig in an aquarium gives the train lovers an extra element of otherworldiness

A shark glides with elegant menace through water dappled with artificial moonlight in a tank three stories deep. The Deep – the world's largest Submarium – suits I Like Trains, especially given that their new album is an evocation of a world where human folly has led to us disappearing 'neath the briny. Yet this somewhat

'Total Life Forever'. On 'Progress Is A Snake' a second drum adds anchor chain clatter before a dark wall of guitar and synths consigns all to a soggy void. There's a pause for fish welfare – apparently eels are not that keen on bass (guitar not sea) – before an imperious 'Sea Of Regret', the new album's finest moment. The final track

is 'The Beeching Project', a doomy song about the post-war government's decision to close miles of railway, enslaving us to

cars and thus causing climate change. Outside the venue, the dark waters of the Humber Estuary lap against a threatened coastline. When the seas eventually rise and the creatures of The Deep are once more reunited with their cousins in the actual deep, I Like Trains would provide a fitting soundtrack. **Luke Turner**

There's a pause for fish welfare - apparently eels are not that keen on bass

apocalyptic musical vision should not be used as ammunition for those who paint I Like Trains as dour. They've also been incorrectly labelled as post-rock, but from the off tonight it's clear that they're far from becalmed in the doldrums of that genre. Next single 'Sirens' investigates those parts of The Cure that gave Foals more depth on

KILLING JOKE
HAMMERSMITH APOLLO, LONDON
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16

One look at the packed Hammersmith Apollo tells you that post-punk survivors Killing Joke have been going through a revival in fortunes over recent years. It doesn't hurt that their new album, 'Absolute Dissent', is so good, inspiring mass singalongs to 'The Great Cull' and 'In Excelsis'. It also helps that they're playing with their original line-up now for the first time since 1982, lending a mighty weight to 'Change', 'Requiem' and 'Psyche'. But now that all their predictions of economic, social and environmental collapse look like they're coming true, it also feels like they're having the last laugh. **John Doran**

EINSTURZENDE NEUBAUTEN

THE FORUM, LONDON
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16

To fund the 12-ton truck that they need to transport their metal drums and junkyard gizmos on this 30th anniversary trip, Einsturzende Neubauten sell enough merch to make *The X Factor* tour look parsimonious. And that's not the only way the once coldly aggressive outfit have embraced pop methodology. Blixa Bargeld and his creepy-looking cohorts shake The Forum with propulsive, heavy-yet-melodic material culled from their last decade or so of experimentation. Long may the unstoppable wheels of their juggernaut crush all beneath. **Luke Turner**



CARL BARAT

HAYMAKERS, CAMBRIDGE SATURDAY, OCT 16

After the festival elation, Carl doesn't keep to his side of the bargain and falls a tad flat

What a difference two months makes. From the swelling ocean of lifelong devotees at Reading and Leeds to this, a village pub in Cambridgeshire. But you'd assume this is where Carl Barat wants to be, prompting his new project, in the same leather jacket he's worn every day since 2005, accompanied by a full band dressed in vaguely smart suits, like they typed in "The Hives" on Google Shopping.

There are moments where this career choice makes sense: Carl certainly looks more settled than he ever has. 'Carve My Name', a wistful, shambolic ballad, is sung with ballsy determination absent from the studio recording from his recent debut solo LP. For a moment Carl's eyes flicker with the effortless cool of his former self, the English rose who sauntered across the first half of the last decade like it was his plaything.

Too often though, he seems like he'd rather be somewhere else. This is his vanity project, his lyrics where self-indulgence masquerades as self-deprecation and even he

seems bored with it. Musically, it's the tightest, most accomplished band he's ever played in. But without the magic of The Libertines' homoerotic love/hate banter, the carefree wit of Peter's lyrical nuance and the sense of anything-can-happen anarchy – who cares?

Is it unfair to compare Carl to the Libs? It would be if this album marked a musical departure from what's gone before, but we're not talking Gorillaz and Blur here. Carl's band flit between new songs and DPT and Libs classics throughout the set. Of course 'France' and 'Death On The Stairs' elicit a frenzied response but the audience seem enthusiastic to hear new material too – it's Carl who fails to deliver.

Those early reviews that got the Libs so wrong have tonight finally been proved right: Carl Barat is playing in an over-ambitious Camden pub-band trying desperately to be cool, American and intellectual and failing at all three. **Sam Wolfson**

Head to NME.COM/artists/carl-barat for video interviews with Carl

VIEW FROM THE CROWD



Gemma Clarry, 20, Cambridge
"It weren't as good as Dirty Pretty Things, but I just love Carl."



Ben Nunn, 23, Cambridge
"I've always been a fan and tonight Carl didn't disappoint. He's the best he's ever been."



Bombay Bicycle Club bring drill to the chill and (below) party time Icelandic-style and James Blake mans the decks

ICELAND AIRWAVES

VARIOUS VENUES, REYKJAVIK THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14-SUNDAY, OCTOBER 17

Four days, one lagoon and a headrushing celebration of the best in Icelandic music and more

A city of 200,000 people – 60 per cent of the Iceland's population – Reykjavik has four independent record shops on its short high street. There are no chains – they were all forced out by the economic crash, leaving the indies (mostly run by labels) to thrive through a dedicated promotion of Icelandic bands, and turning every release into A Proper Event. The culmination of which is Iceland Airwaves, a four-day city crawl dedicated in the main to celebrating the country's own music like a true Iclander. Which is to say: hard.

Formerly Sigur Rós' string section, Amiina open Thursday night at the Art Museum. Their pretty violin ticks and polite cooing make their former paymasters seem extreme – it's mildly distressed coffee-table music for Unhappy Hipster households. Leave it to **Dominique Young Unique** to cut through the waft. "HOW Y'ALL DOIN' AAAAIIHCEEEELAAAAYYYND!" she drawls, lashing an obnoxious aural



pistol whipping with her Sega Mega Drive-powered rap.

Ever wondered what it'd be like to let Nick Cave present kids' TV? French trio **Gablé** seemingly have. You'd probably

It's testament to BBC's growth from hobbled boys into confident musicians

never listen to their crunchy, manically boggle-eyed nursery rhymes at home, but they're brilliantly unpredictable Friday night openers. It's the opposite for **Angel Deradoorian** of the Dirty Projectors – her solo EP 'Mind Raft' is a headphone delight, but sat alone at a keyboard, her one-woman Grails drone feels thin, and she seems like she can't be arsed to be there (even though Björk's watching!). Keeping it languid in a good way, however, is **James Blake**. He doesn't sing live, but 'Limit To Your Love' still sounds phenomenal; a lovelorn, heavy-hearted piano ballad built on spindly fuzzes and skimmed pebble bleeps that shouldn't work in a club, but somehow does – especially when mixed into Destiny's Child's 'Say My Name'...

After a Saturday afternoon float around

the Blue Lagoon – where we see Toro Y Moi's Chaz taking to the cloudy blue waters, literally the most chillwave thing ever – **Factory Floor's**

industrial motorik rave blasts away any lingering liquid serenity. They've become even more unrelenting, sternly storming away at 'Lying' for the entire half-hour duration of their set.

Plagued by terrible sound back in the Art Museum, the full emotional thwack of **Bombay Bicycle Club's** quiet maturity fails to shine through, turning Jack's usually rich voice into a reedy shadow. It doesn't matter though, as thousands of Icelanders drown out the sound, whooping and cheering throughout – take note, London. What seemed like a particularly British band with their horn-rimmed glasses and undramatic suburban romanticism has translated into this tiny, desolate country, testament indeed to BBC's growth from awkward hobbled boys into confident, special musicians. **Laura Snapes**



YEASAYER

ROUNDHOUSE, LONDON THURSDAY, OCTOBER 21

"Oft overlooked"? "Underrated"? Forget that, it's their biggest UK show to date

You'd never guess, but until recently life hadn't been too kind to Yeasayer. In 2007, their debut album 'All Hour Cymbals' was criminally overlooked amid fascination for the kooky swagger of 'Oracular Spectacular' by supposed peers MGMT. And this year, history cruelly looked set to repeat itself. Commercial success should have been a brisk formality for 'Odd Blood', an album that foreswore experimentalism in favour of hyper-stylised yet hugely accessible pop anthems. Yet its creators again found themselves usurped by dastardly duo MGMT, who were seizing the spotlight with the – let's be honest now – vastly inferior 'Congratulations'. Tonight, though, there's no cause for bitterness. How could there be? The

sold-out Roundhouse is, after all, playing host to Yeasayer's biggest headline show in the UK, and ever.

Now a five-piece – with original drummer Luke Fasano having recently been replaced by percussionists Jason Trammell and Ahmed Gallab – the band appear to be surging with quiet confidence as they emerge to howls of devotion. The moment is lent a surreal edge by eccentric singer Chris Keating carrying with him what looks like a giant turd. Later inspection reveals said item to be puppet 'friend' Bommel, star

of the video for 'Madder Red', tonight's sultry opening track.

However, it's the adrenaline-fuelled 'Rome' that shows where Yeasayer are taking tonight's set sonically, with its swirling synths and frantic edge. Meanwhile, 'Tightrope' – a song they contributed to benefit album 'Dark Was The Night' – recalls the band's ethereal psychedelic beginnings with its tribal beats and forlorn vocal.

Further acknowledgement of their past – via 'Wait For The Summer', 'Sunrise' and the humbling 'Red Cave' – add depth, and make you wonder why they didn't reel out this set when they played at London's Heaven earlier this year – a pleasant but subdued affair.

Tonight's show, by contrast, bursts with energy. "If you don't dance to this, I'll quit music," warns Keating before the response to party hit 'ONE', saves him the task of finding an alternative career. Yeasayer are fun without trying to be funny – though there are some sly giggles to be had at bass player Ira Wolf's arm stockings and Anand Wilder's PJ bottoms – and folk are quite literally dancing in the aisles and all the way up to the back of the main floor.

"When we first played London we were up the road at the Barfly, "and I looked over and said, 'Man, we'll never play here,'" Keating says. "Dreams really do come true." *Ash Dosanjh*

THE SETLIST

- Madder Red
- Rome
- Wait For The Summer
- Tightrope
- Red Cave
- Grizelda
- Sunrise
- Mondegreen
- Strange Reunions
- ONE
- Ambling Aip
- The Children
- 2080

An adrenaline-fuelled 'Rome' shows where they are taking tonight's set

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ON THE ROAD WITH PROFESSOR GREEN

Luckily, the most dangerous thing the east London rapper has to deal with on his first headline tour is high-velocity female underwear

BRIGHTON, CONCORDE 2, MONDAY, OCT 18

On a wind-blasted promenade, Brighton's Concorde looks out over a sea of what appears to be wet, grey cement. The former ballroom squats under a sky that is entirely indistinguishable from the sea. Despite the inclement weather, however, little can dampen the spirits of the girls who have been stood in line outside the venue since lunchtime, excitedly waiting for a chance to clap eyes on the Clapton rhymer Professor Green. As the tattooed poster boy of UK rap himself says on 'City Of Gold': "To think you came here for the treasure/But nobody ever came here for the weather".

In fact it seems that some intrepid young ladies can't wait any longer to see Pro (as his band call him) and have taken matters into their own extravagantly manicured hands. At the rear of the venue there is a rush and a push and double fire doors crash inwards, allowing a hurricane of stiletto heels, false eyelashes and flash jewellery to roar down a corridor past a confused security guard who mutters to himself, "Now, they didn't look like roadies..."

Inside his dressing room, unaware of the commotion is the 26-year-old himself, who is just happy to be here full stop. Violence, drugs, domestic upheaval and the sheer bastardry of random fate have all had a serious go at unseating him over the last few years, but it says a lot about the determination of the author of the fine rap crossover album 'Alive Till I'm Dead', that nothing so far has knocked him off course. A run of sheer bad luck culminated in him being glassed viciously in the neck by a complete stranger in a London night club in May last year. The angry red scar that sits above what is currently the most famously ironic tattoo in the whole world – he had the word Lucky inked onto his neck just two weeks before the attack – hasn't faded and probably never will. But it quickly becomes apparent that the psychological scars



haven't been allowed to heal either. Instead of spending the day savouring his first headline tour, he has been at Snaresbrook Crown Court, east London, all day waiting to get called as a witness in the trial of his assailant.

They didn't get to his evidence and now he needs to go back again tomorrow. "I just want it all to be gone," he sighs.

He thought seriously about refusing to attend court until he was told that he in turn would be arrested. He says: "Why should I be arrested when I'm on tour? Because someone stabbed me in the neck? I really hope that nothing like this ever happens again because I don't want the trouble and I don't want to be associated with it."

When NME reaches for a bottle of Highland Spring rather than a can of Red Stripe from the rider, Pro chides gently: "Water? That ain't very rock'n'roll, bruv." Then he grins sheepishly as he starts boiling a kettle to make himself a herbal infusion: "It's alright, same here. Gotta have a throat-coat tea because my voice is going, innit."

He's swapped liquor for liquorice and cherry tea bags and burning skunk smoke for vocal warm-up exercises. Perhaps the biggest lesson he's learned recently is about the damage that can happen on the inside of your throat. He says: "I don't smoke any more. I managed to knock it on the head. After all the years I'd been smoking, it was high time that I did. I'd be smoking onstage... I'd have my whisky onstage... I'd come off and my throat would be ripped to shreds. To the extent where I was spitting blood."

His backing singers are doing their warm-ups now, so we move to another dressing room. He brightens as he steps into the small, graffiti-covered space: "I've got fond memories of this room. It's where The Twang, Mike Skinner and me shot the video for the 'Either Way' remix. We were leathered." He touches the wall for a second before heading for the stage.

If he's troubled at all, you can't tell a bit of it from tonight's performance. When his full live band tear through a warp-speed, roughneck version of 'Jungle', you can feel the antique floorboards of the venue bowing dramatically under pogoing feet. He starts to vent spleen about a recent Twitter feud he's had with Ryan Jarman from The Cribbs but loses his train of thought when he gets hit in the face by a pair of panties. "I hope they're clean," he quips.

After a barnstorming version of 'Need You Tonight', Pro and the band walk off to deafening applause. All the crowd file out, apart from one young woman who hangs around sheepishly. She shouts to NME snapper Richard, who is photographing the aftermath of the carnage onstage: "Oi mate. Will you throw my bra to me?"

LONDON, KOKO, TUESDAY, OCT 19

In the labyrinthine backstage of KOKO the next day at 6pm, it is a much more relaxed and happy Professor Green who greets us. He gave evidence today so he feels like he can now finally move on: "It's good to have that out of the way. Whatever the outcome of the case, I'm no longer at risk of being arrested. So hopefully that's the end of that chapter. It's a big thing to have hanging over me. I'm sure you can see the difference in me today. Six hours sleep and some sexy time... it works wonders."

He says last time he was in the venue it was called the Camden Palace and he was high on two pills. He adds that, although it was a dark time, even then he was learning, watching how DJs would build highs and lows into their sets, to manipulate the audience: "It's important to have those highs and lows. If you keep it up all the way through you don't really notice the highs. So it's good to slow things down with songs like 'Closing The Door' and 'Where Do We Go?', which set the mood."

Onstage it is like a weight has been lifted from him. Bits of the gig are difficult to hear because of the amount of women screaming and during 'Kids That Love To Dance', he winks at his backing singers while touching his Lucky tattoo as he raps the line: "I'm back in effect/Got shanked in the neck and now I'm back from the dead." He's joined by Lily Allen for 'Just Be Good To Green' and Pixie Lott and her friends whoop and holler when he saucily namechecks her in 'Oh My God'.

Backstage after the triumphant homecoming his best mate Louis and his girlfriend Candy (Ian McCulloch from Echo & The Bunnymen's daughter) are packed into the tiny dressing room full of bandmembers and friends. As support act Ed Drewett starts pouring everyone champagne Pro turns to NME and shouts over the hubbub to us: "It's all about the highs and lows, mate." **John Doran**

VIEW FROM THE CREW



Pat Tunbridge,
front of house
sound

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Brighton, Monday, 4pm
Pro's fancub brave the breeze in Brighton



Brighton, Monday, 6pm
Pro receives rushes from the new video to 'Jungle'



Brighton, Monday, 9.30pm
"It's like a Tom Jones gig with tattoos," says NAME snapper Richard



Brighton, Monday, 10p
"Oi, mate, can I have my bra back please?"



Brighton, Monday, 10.15pm
Professor Green (centre) and friends - they're bringing sweaty back



Brighton, Monday, 10.30pm
PG phone home: towelling down after the show

Brighton, Monday, 10.45pm
Poster girls for the Green generation



Brighton, Monday, 10.20pm
DJ IQ on the ones and twos



Brighton, Monday, 11pm
Green protects his neck with a nice herbal tea



Brighton, Monday, 11.30pm
Recreating the now infamous Kate Nash Pash Splash Bash incident



London, Tuesday, 4pm
Jersey boy



London, Tuesday, 6pm
Preparing for the homecoming with yet more herbal tea



London, Tuesday, 9pm
Going KOKO-nuts in Camden



London, Tuesday, 9.30pm
Labrinth and Pro slam on the breaks with 'Jungle'



London, Tuesday, 9.40pm
Lily Allen joins Pro for 'Just Be Good To Green'

London, Tuesday, 10pm
Professor Green in the dressing room with the champagne bottle: Cluedo!

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THEY'RE ALL CHAUVINISTS

I'm the only female member in our band, and people are always making sexist comments about me. How can I stamp this nonsense out?

Riot Girl, London

Come on, sweet cheeks, dry those eyes and don't worry your pretty little head about it. Only kidding! Sexism in the workplace is wrong - I know, as I have 17 human resources grievances filed against me for just that reason. Whenever your bandmates act cretinous, remember that they are rock musicians, and know no better. My advice: nothing changes attitudes like a hoof in the goolies. **Uncle Pete**

LIGHT OR HEAVY

Our singer wants our band to pursue a more heavy direction, and our drummer agrees, but me and the bassist want to, if anything, take us down a more "easy listening" route. How can we come to a compromise without splitting?

Rent In Twain, Nottingham

Easy. Your singer and drummer must follow their hearts, and you and your bassist must follow your own. OK, so the resultant mess will be a bizarre hybrid of pastoral folk and eardrum-melting death metal, and be unlistenable, but the point is that you won't fall out. It's good to have friends. Or so I am told. I don't get out much. **Uncle Pete**

I'M AT A CROSSROADS

My girlfriend's dad has made it apparent that if I quit my band, there is a job for life at his company and I'll be "well looked after". What to do, Uncle Pete?

In A Quandary, Leicester

Twenty years from now, do you want to look back and think, "What if I had pursued my rock'n'roll dream and it had come off?" Probably not, but the fact remains you'll almost certainly be doing it from a massive five-bedroom house and you'll have a fragrant trophy wife, so stop being a twonk, take the job and hurl your guitar into the canal.

Uncle Pete

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

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GIG GUIDE

THE UK'S BIGGEST GUIDE TO THE WEEK AHEAD

Edited by Laura Snapes

BOOKING NOW



PJ HARVEY

STARTS: London Troxy, February 27

DON'T MISS

On *The Andrew Marr Show* back in April, a feathery Polly Jean Harvey played new song, 'Let England Shake', in front of an audience of Marr and Gordon Brown. Brown smiled creepily. Andrew Marr professed his love for Captain Beefheart. Why aren't all political TV shows like this, hmm? Anyway, what's important here is that PJ Harvey is back. Although details of her eighth album are yet to be released, she told Marr that over half of it was written on the autoharp, and that it's about the concept of Englishness. Frankly, she could have written three-fifths of it on a kazoo and made it about campanology and we'd still be in thrall. This is PJ Harvey, ferchrissakes. She's only playing one UK date, so act quickly. And be thankful.

NME.COM/artists/pj-harvey



THE SOUND OF ARROWS

STARTS: Oxford Jericho, Nov 7

Take Hurts, put them in pastels, and you've got Sweden's Sound Of Arrows. NME.COM/artists/the-sound-of-arrows



CONSTELLATIONS FESTIVAL

STARTS: Leeds University, Nov 14

Sleigh Bells (above), Sky Larkin, I Like Trains, BEAK>, Abe Vigoda and more join the one-dayer. Awesome! NME.COM/festivals



HURTS

STARTS: London Union Chapel, Nov 17

Grab a comb, clench your fists; Hurts play Mencia's Little Noise Sessions with Clare Maguire and Joe Worricker supporting. NME.COM/artists/hurts



GREGORY & THE HAWK/LES SHELLEYS

STARTS: London Brixton Windmill, Nov 18

FatCat kittens Meredith, Tom and Angela team up. NME.COM/artists/les-shelleys



FRIGHTENED RABBIT

STARTS: Bristol Anson Rooms, Nov 20

Hopefully the Selkirk quintet will remember not to mix grape and grain on this winter jaunt.

NME.COM/artists/frightened-rabbit



WHITE LIES

STARTS: London York Hall, Nov 22

Indie's most professional goths preview new material from their as-yet-untitled album. How mysterious of them.

NME.COM/artists/white-lies

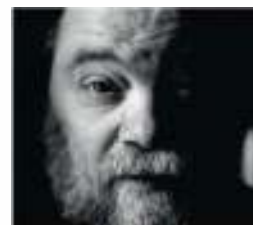


NINA NASTASIA

STARTS: Cardiff Glee Club, Nov 29

One of John Peel's favourites takes her sublime new album, 'Outlaster', on a second string of UK shows.

NME.COM/artists/nina-nastasia



ROKY ERICKSON

STARTS: 02 Academy 2 Birmingham, Dec 6

The grizzled'n'growly former 13th Floor Elevators man steps out with Okkervil River for some rare UK dates.

NME.COM/artists/roky-erickson



BRITISH SEA POWER

STARTS: London KOKO, Dec 31

Celebrate NYE in style with British Sea Power and Fiction at the Club NME New Year's Eve Ball.

NME.COM/clubnme



WIRE

STARTS: London Scala, Feb 2

Taking a break from Githead and various side-projects, Wire get back to their angular, post-punk day jobs.

NME.COM/artists/wire



TINIE TEMPAH

STARTS: 02 Apollo, Manchester, Feb 19

We're not sure what the hyphen in 'Disc-Overy' means. Luckily the songs are easier to understand.

NME.COM/artists/tinie-tempah



KATY PERRY

STARTS: London Hammersmith Apollo, Mar 17

Whereby Ms Perry probably rides some giant phallic-shaped confectionary.

NME.COM/artists/katy-perry

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PICK of the WEEK

What to see this week? Let us help



FOALS

STARTS: O2 Academy Leeds, Oct 29

NME
PICK

When most music videos offer japes in the hope of attracting a zillion YouTube hits, it's a joy to watch a clip that truly sends tingles down the spine. Foals' latest, for 'Blue Blood', does just that. Set in a school talent contest, it starts with Foals sloping offstage after a boring performance, then a frowny young boy takes to the boards on his tod to mime to 'Blue Blood'. Hearing Yannis' desperate brogue thundering out of this skinny blond bod is a reminder of just how powerful and affecting his newly discovered singing voice is. Especially live, where it's gone from jarring stabs to a thick embrace, adding an extra layer to the band's already-fractious live shows. They're joined on this tour by Toro Y Moi, Trophy Wife, Pet Moon and Crystal Fighters for a victory lap of the country. NME.COM/artists/foals



Everyone's Talking About MIDLAKE

STARTS: Exeter University, Oct 31

Admittedly, Midlake's third album, 'The Courage Of Others', was a slow-burner. But when it did finally click, it never stopped revealing its myriad flutey Brit-folk charms. A few thoughtful hours with the record before seeing them live will ensure you can appreciate the detail of their thick-wet sound like a welcome winter blanket. NME.COM/artists/midlake



Don't Miss !!!

STARTS: Manchester Academy 2, Oct 29

Darwin Deez knows how to set audience toes wiggling. Alice Glass knows how to crowdsurf. But neither of them knows how to own a crowd like !!!'s Nic Offer. Unofficially The Sexiest Man In Music, he'll leap in, get frothing, sweat over you, then leave you gasping for more as !!! pound you to death with dirty, dirty funk. Phwoar. NME.COM/artists/chk-chk-chk



Radar Stars MAGIC KIDS/ISLET

STARTS: London Garage, Oct 27

You couldn't get two more diametrically opposed bands than these. The Memphis surf-rocking ...Kids stack up genres as neat as a freshly mown football pitch, all fuzzy waltzing and lovelorn cooing. Welsh noise-scramblers Islet, however, take bits of The Mars Volta, Mi Ami, Deerhoof and dropkick them into an orderless chasm. That's what Radar Live shows are about. NME.COM/newmusic

WEDNESDAY

October 27

ABERDEEN

Young Rebel Set Cafe Drummond
01224 624642

BATH

Babyhead Komedia 0845 293 8480

BELFAST

Imogen Heap Empire 028 9024 9276

The Once Ernie Inn 028 9064 1410

BIRMINGHAM

Darwin Deez/Little Comets Hare &

Hounds 0121 444 2081

James Vulliamy Rainbow 0121 772 8174

The Psychedelic Furs HMV Institute

0844 248 5037

Robert Plant Symphony Hall

0121 212 3333

The Strange Death Of Liberal

England Flapper 0121 236 2421

Twenty Twenty/Ten Second Epic O2

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Otis Gibbs Prince Albert

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Swans Concorde 2 01273 673311

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Attack! Attack!/Freeze The Atlantic/

Go-X Thekla 08713 100000

The Eighties Matchbox B-Line

Disaster/James Cleaver Quintet

Fleece 0117 945 0996

Elliot Hall No 51 07786 534666

Feeder O2 Academy 0870 771 2000

Flying Lotus/Jamie xx Trinity

01179 351 200

Hound/Stereo Legion/Drunken

Butterfly Louisiana 0117 926 5978

Jebbo Horseshoe 0117 956 0471

Master P Prom 0117 942 7319

Memphis May Fire/Broadway Croft

0117 987 4144

Warpaint/Fiction/Z:54 The Cooler

0117 945 0999

CAMBRIDGE

Dreadzone Junction 01223 511511

Pontlak Haymakers 01223 367417

The Vaccines Corner House

01223 352047

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Brandi Carlile/Katie Herzig Glee

Club 0870 241 5093

Grindrinker Tommy's Bar

029 2066 8173

Kid Canaveral/6 Day Riot/Cat

Mouse Cat Buffalo Bar 02920 310312

Mount Kimble Arts Institute

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Erin Todd/Becca Fox Sneaky Pete's

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Yann Tiersen HMV Picture House

0844 847 1740

GLASGOW

Bedouin Soundclash King Tut's Wah

Wah Hut 0141 221 5279

The Cat Empire O2 ABC

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Jesu/Zenl Geva The Arches

0141 565 1000

Jody Has A Hitlist O2 ABC2

0141 204 5151

Tweak Bird Captain's Rest

0141 331 2722

The Vortex 13th Note Café

0141 553 1638

Wiley/JME/Fugitive Classic Grand

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Dinosaur Pile-Up/Turbowolf/Holy

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020 7354 9993

The Answering Machine Hoxton

Square Bar & Kitchen 020 7613 0709

Attack Wednesday Punk

0871 971 5418

Badly Drawn Boy Bloomsbury

Theatre 020 7388 8822

The Birthday Massacre O2 Academy

Islington 0870 771 2000

Canterbury Underworld

020 7482 1932

Carl Barat Scala 020 7833 2022

Creatures Albany 020 8692 4446

The Duke & The King Electric

Ballroom 020 7485 9006

Dutch Uncles Old Blue Last

020 7613 2478

Emanuel & The Fear Windmill

020 8671 0700

Francis Neve Bull & Gate

020 7485 5358

Here In Venice New Cross Inn

020 8692 1866

Invasion/Lasers From Atlantis

MacBeth 020 7739 5095

The Invisible Heaven 020 7930 2020

Ivyrise Barfly 0870 907 0999

Jeff Beck Royal Albert Hall

020 7589 8212

The Kinbeats/Ice Station Zebra Arts

Club 020 7460 4459

Lail Puna Garage 020 7607 1818

NME Radar Live: Magic Kids/Islet

Garage 020 7607 1818

Mama Rosin/Jonathan Jeremiah

Borderline 020 7734 5547

Merzbow XOYO 020 7729 5959

Milky Wimpshake/Tigercats Buffalo

Bar 020 7359 6191

Naive New Beaters Camp Basement

0871 230 1094

Oldwick Troubadour Club

020 7370 1434

Orders Of The British Empire/Delta

Sleep Good Ship 020 7372 2544

Post Me To The Stars/Blitches

Be Crazy O2 Academy 2 Islington

0870 771 2000

Screaming Females Luminaire

020 7372 7123

Sky Parade George Tavern

020 7790 1763

Southern Tenant Folk Union

Slaughtered Lamb 020 8682 4080

Three Blind Wolves/The Lucky

Strikes Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773

Thine Tempah/Chiddy Bang/Bluey

Robinson KOKO 020 7388 3222

Turbo Blanc/The Maximals Monto

Water Rats 020 7837 4412

We Rock Like Girls Don't Monarch

0871 230 1094

Xo Man Cargo 0207 749 7840

Yuck The Lexington 020 7837 5387

Zoo Zero Social 020 7636 4992

MANCHESTER

Avenge Sevenfold/Stone Sour/

HellYeah Academy 0161 832 1111

Chrome Hoof Band On The Wall

0161 832 6625

The Climbers Dulcimer

0161 860 0044

Happy Birthday Islington Mill

0871 230 1094

The Last Republic Dry Bar

0161 236 5920

Lissle Academy 2 0161 832 1111

Princess Nyah Academy 3

0161 832 1111

Skin The Pig Moho Live

0161 834 8180

Tame Impala Ruby Lounge

0161 834 1392

NEWCASTLE

Mystery Jets Digital 01912 619755

NOTTINGHAM

One Night Only Waterfront

01603 632717

Sum 41/The Black Pacific/Riverboat

Gamblers UEA 01603 505401

NOTTINGHAM

Clinic Bodega Social Club

08713 100000

Jackie Treehorn Chameleon

0115 9505097

Martha Tilston Maze 0115 947 5650

My Passion Rock City 08713 100000

POOLE

Hadouken! Chords 0871 230 1094

SALFORD

Lichens/Part Wild Horses Mane

On Both Sides Sacred Trinity Church

0161 834 2041

SHEFFIELD

Chesney Hawkes Boardwalk

0114 279 9090

Dan Le Sac Vs Scroobius Pip/

Misty's Big Adventure/Kid A Plug

0114 276 7093

Meursault Harley 0114 275 2288

SOUTHAMPTON

The Dillinger Escape Plan University

023 8059 5000

Kellermanns Joiners 023 8022 5612

WOLVERHAMPTON

Fenix TX Slade Room 0870 320 7000

UB40 Civic Hall 01902 552121

YORK

StringerBessant/Eureka Machines

Stereo 01904 612237



GIG GUIDE KEY:

H4 = 14 AND ABOVE H6 = 16 AND ABOVE AA = ALL AGES CS = CLUB SHOW
FR = FREE ENTRY WA = UNDER 14S WITH AN ADULT
UNLESS OTHERWISE STATED ALL GIGS ARE 18+

THURSDAY

October 28



Is Tropical, Nation Of Shopkeepers, Leeds
ABERDEEN
 The Great Park Peacock Visual Arts 01224 639 539
BELFAST
 Greg Dull Spring & Airbrake 028 9032 5968
BIRMINGHAM
 Amy Macdonald 02 Academy 0870 771 2000
 Avenged Sevenfold/Stone Sour/HellYeah NIA 0121 780 4133
 The Dillinger Escape Plan 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000
 Egyptian Hip Hop Flapper 0121 236 2421
 I Like Trains Hare & Hounds 0121 444 2081
 The Last Republic Rainbow 0121 772 8174
BOURNEMOUTH
 Tinnie Tempah/Chiddy Bang Old Fire Station 01202 503888
BRIGHTON
 Flying Lotus Concorde 2 01273 673311
BRISTOL
 Andriya Triana Metropolis 0117 909 6655
 Dave Arcari Thunderbolt 07791 319 614
 The Glants Mr Wolf's 0117 927 3221
 Lissie Thekla 08713 100000
 Los Yanguis Prom 0117 942 7319
 Magnetic Man Trinity 01179 351 200
 Roxy's Wardrobe Croft 0117 987 4144
 Sick Of It All Fleece 0117 945 0996
 The Wild Gullshots/Marmalade Sky Louisiana 0117 926 5978
CARDIFF
 Boys With X-Ray Eyes University 029 2023 0130
 Diverting Duo/No Thee No Ess Gwdihw Cafe Bar 029 2039 7933
 Martyn Buffalo Bar 02920 310312
 The Mighty Diamonds The Globe 07738 983947
 Seth Lakeman St David's Hall 029 2087 8444
EDINBURGH
 Catherine Feeny/Come Gather Round Us Sneaky Pete's 0131 225 1757
 The Coal Porters/The Sunshine Delay Village 0131 478 7810
MEN Sneaky Pete's 0131 225 1757
 Young Rebel Set The Electric Circus 0131 226 4224
EXETER
 Attack! Attack! Cavern Club 01392 495370
GLASGOW
 The Answering Machine King Tut's Wah Wah Hut 0141 221 5279

Art Of Privilege/Napoleon In Rags
 The Wise Monkey 0871 230 1094
A Band Called Quinn/The Low Miffs/Dead Boy Robotics 02 ABC 0870 903 3444
The Black Keys/The Walkmen 02 Academy 0870 771 2000
Jellybaby 02 ABC2 0141 204 5151
Screaming Females Captain's Rest 0141 331 2722
String Driven Thing Oran Mor 0141 552 9224
LEEDS
The Duke & The King Wardrobe 0113 222 3434
Is Tropical Nation Of Shopkeepers 0113 203 1831
Meursault Royal Park Cellars 0113 274 1758
Yann Tiersen Cockpit 0113 244 3446
LIVERPOOL
Canterbury 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000
Catfish & The Bottlemen/Mitchell Museum Masque 0151 707 6171
LONDON
Badly Drawn Boy Bloomsbury Theatre 020 7388 8822
The Bibbels Buffalo Bar 020 7359 6191
Billy Vincent/Three Blind Wolves Windmill 020 8671 0700
Blazy Bayley Kings College 020 7834 4740
Boy Dem MacBeth 020 7739 5095
Chale Boy Gramophone 020 7377 5332
The Chapman Family Bull & Gate 020 7485 5358
The Choir With No Name 93 Feet East 020 7247 6095
Clinic Village Underground 020 7422 7505
The Colour Of Frost Grosvenor 0871 223 7992
Devlin Underworld 020 7482 1932
Electric Wizard Electric Ballroom 020 7485 9006
Elton John/Leon Russell/Plan B/Rumer Roundhouse 020 7482 7318
Feeder 02 Shepherds Bush Empire 0870 771 2000
The Following Announcement 02 Academy 2 Islington 0870 771 2000
Future Rock/The Winter Mountain Band 100 Club 020 7636 0933
The Harrison Brothers Monto Water Rats 020 7837 4412
Ian Parker Borderline 020 7734 5547
James Yull/Silver Columns XOYO 020 7729 5959

Kellermensch Barfly 0870 907 0999
Korpiklaani/Eluvuete/Godnir, **Universe** Garage 020 7607 1818
Magik Kids/Fanzine Luminaire 020 7372 7123
Manic Street Preachers/British Sea Power 02 Academy Brixton 0870 771 2000
The Milk Monarch 0871 230 1094
Minerva Falls/Healer/Monster Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773
Mugstar Half Moon 020 7274 2733
Newslands Kings Cross Social Club 020 7278 4252
Ozric Tentacles 02 Academy Islington 0870 771 2000
Pet Moon Silver Bullet 020 7619 3639
Pontlak Old Blue Last 020 7613 2478
The Psychedelic Furs HMV Forum 020 7344 0044
Random Hand/The Havenots Garage (Upstairs) 0871 230 1094
Rinô Tôtô Rini/Flaxandrift The Rest Is Noise 020 7346 8521
Senadee/Pevin Kinel North London Tavern 020 7625 6634
Swans KOKO 020 7388 3222
Tame Impala Heaven 020 7930 2020
Teengirl Fantasy/Kitten/Twin Shadow Hoxton Square Bar & Kitchen 020 7613 0709
Tweak Bird Camp Basement 0871 230 1094
Warpaint Scala 020 7833 2022
MANCHESTER
A Flock Of Seagulls Moho Live 0161 834 8180
Eagle Twin Star & Garter 0161 273 6726
Francis Dunnery Band On The Wall 0161 832 6625
New York Alcoholic Anxiety Attack Fuel Cafe 0161 448 9702
The October Game/Toodur/Jacksonville Skyline Night And Day Cafe 0161 236 1822
One Night Only Academy 0161 832 1111
The Strange Death Of Liberal England Ruby Lounge 0161 834 1392
Twenty Twenty/Ten Second Epic Academy 2 0161 832 1111
Wildier FAC 251 0161 27 27 251
NEWCASTLE
Ellie Goulding 02 Academy 0870 771 2000
Goldie Lookin' Chain Riverside 0191 261 4386
I Blame Coco The Other Rooms 0191 261 9755
NOTTINGHAM
Anal's Mitchell Maze 0115 947 5650
Belieruche Stealth 08713 100000
Dan Le Sac Vs Scroobius Pip/Misty's Big Adventure/Kid A Gatecrasher 0115 910 1101
Dreadzone Rescue Rooms 0115 958 8484
OXFORD
Sky Parade 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000
Tom Allan Wheatheaf 01865 721156
SHEFFIELD
Diagram Of The Heart/Dansette Junior University 0114 222 8777
Fenix TX/Ultra Violent Lights/Pensive Corporation 0114 276 0262
Luke Doucet Grapes 0114 249 0909
Red Jester Penelope's 01246 436 025
SOUTHAMPTON
Doris & The Dots Talking Heads 023 8055 5899
Sum 41/The Black Pacific Guildhall 023 8063 2601
YORK
Bastard Child Death Cult Stereo 01904 612237
Wild Palms Fibbers 01904 651 250

FRIDAY

October 29

ABERDEEN
The Answering Machine Cafe Drummond 01224 624642
Cassius Forum 01224 633336
BIRMINGHAM
Crooked Dawn/The Jackdaws Sunflower Lounge 0121 632 6756
Godsized Eddie's Rock Club @ BUSK 0121 643 2093
Kald Actress & Bishop 0121 236 7426
The Return 02 Academy 3 0870 771 2000
BRIGHTON
DJ Yoda Komedia 01273 647100
The Field Coalition 01273 726858
One Night Only Concorde 2 01273 673311
Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark Dome 01273 709709
Tweak Bird/The Hard-Ons Prince Albert 01273 730499
Warpaint Digital 01273 202407
BRISTOL
Amelia Tucker/The Sustain Choir Louisiana 0117 926 5978
The Birdman Rallies Prom 0117 942 7319
The Duke & The King Fleece 0117 945 0996
Fair Weather Fendls/One Eyed Jacks Mr Wolf's 0117 927 3221
Francis Dunnery Colston Hall 0117 922 3683
Goldfish Don't Bounce Bunch Of Grapes 0117 987 0500
The Mighty Diamonds Fiddlers 0117 987 3403
Noon Bridewell Old Fire Station 0871 230 1094
Tinie Tempah/Chiddy Bang/Bluey Robinson 02 Academy 0870 771 2000
CARDIFF
Exit International Clwb Ifor Bach 029 2023 2199
Roxy Rawson Gwdihw Café Bar 029 2039 7933
EDINBURGH
Andy Wilson HMV Picture House 0844 847 1740
Confusion Is Sex Bongo Club 0131 558 7604
Mystery Jets/Tribes/The French Wives Liquid Room 0131 225 2564
No Exit Wound Sneaky Pete's 0131 225 1757
EXETER
The Eighties Matchbox B-Line Disaster Cavern Club 01392 495370
Mr Scruff University 01392 263519
The Strange Death Of Liberal England/I Like Trains Timepiece 01392 425309
GLASGOW
Ames/James 02 ABC2 0141 204 5151
Celilo Brel 0141 342 4966
The Dillinger Escape Plan Garage 0141 332 1120
Ellie Goulding/Sunday Girl/Bright Light Bright Light 02 Academy 0870 771 2000
The Fortunate Sons The Wise Monkey 0871 230 1094
Jamalca The Arches 0141 565 1000
Kontroband Oran Mor 0141 552 9224
The Latecomers Laurie's Bar 0141 552 7123
MEN Captain's Rest 0141 331 2722
The Psychedelic Furs 02 ABC 0870 903 3444
Sick Of It All/Madball King Tut's Wah Wah Hut 0141 221 5279
The Winter Tradition/Nevada Base Classic Grand 2 0141 847 0820
Zion Train Classic Grand 0141 847 0820
LEE
Chrome Hood Wardrobe 0113 222 3434
Clinic Cockpit 0113 244 3446

Port-Royal Wilmington Arms 020 7837 1384
Roger Tabor/Go-X 02 Academy 2 Islington 0870 771 2000
Roni Size/Totally Enormous Extinct Dinosaurs Battersea Power Station 020 7720 3000
Sum 41 HMV Forum 020 7344 0044
UB40 Troxy 020 7734 3922
White Light The Lexington 020 7837 5387
The Willard Grant Conspiracy Half Moon 020 7274 2733
You Say Party! We Say Die! Barfly 0870 907 0999
12 Dirty Bullets Garage 020 7607 1818
MANCHESTER
Catherine Feeny Night And Day Café 0161 236 1822
Ewan Pearson/Andrew Hung Soup Kitchen 0161 236 5100
The Holloways Moho Live 0161 834 8180
Magnetic Man Warehouse Project 0161 835 3500
Pull In Emergency Roadhouse 0161 228 1789
Wiley Academy 0161 832 1111
Yann Tiersen Cathedral 0161 832 1111
!!! Academy 2 0161 832 1111
NEWCASTLE
Anal's Mitchell Cluny 0191 230 4474
Enter The Lexicon Dog & Parrot 0191 261 6998
Hudson Mohawke World Headquarters 0191 261 7007
Mitchell Museum Head Of Steam 0191 232 4379
Mount Kimble The Other Rooms 0191 261 9755
Twenty Twenty/Ten Second Epic 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000
NORWICH
Liqueur Waterfront 01603 632717
My Passion Arts Centre 01603 660352
NOTTINGHAM
The Sunshine Getaway Chameleon 0115 9505097
Three Blind Wolves Bodega Social Club 08713 100000
Twisted Wheel Gatecrasher 0115 910 1101
SHEFFIELD
Disaster Plan B 02 Academy 0870 771 2000
Dreadzone Leadmill 0114 221 2828
Jody Has A Hitlist 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000
SOUTHAMPTON
Love Amongst Ruin/Innecity Pirates Joiners 023 8022 5612
WOLVERHAMPTON
Adrian Edmondson & The Bad Shepherds Robin 2 01902 497860
Mike Peters Slade Room 0870 320 7000
YORK
Screaming Females Stereo 01904 612237
Youngblood Brass Band Fibbers 01904 651 250



A Flock Of Seagulls Bloomsbury Theatre 020 7388 8822
Cancer Bats Electric Ballroom 020 7485 9006
The Climbers/Laura Hocking Luminaire 020 7372 7123
Delphic/Filthy Dukes/Becoming Real Ewer Street Car Park 0871 230 1094
The Doobie Brothers HMV Hammersmith Apollo 0870 606 3400
Goldfish Coronet 020 7701 1500
Goonies Never Say Die Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773
Lawrence Arabia Borderline 020 7734 5547
The Lunar Pilots 100 Club 020 7636 0933
Manic Street Preachers/British Sea Power 02 Academy Brixton 0870 771 2000
Matanli/Twin Cities Rich Mix 020 7613 7498
The Old Dance School Old Queen's Head 020 7354 9993



SATURDAY

October 30



ABERDEEN

Autumn In Disguise The Tunnels
01224 211121
LITTLE COMETS Snaifu 01224 596 111
BELFAST
The Cat Empire Spring & Airbrake
028 9032 5968
Lady Gaga Odyssey 028 9073 9074
The Temper Trap Ulster Hall
028 9032 3900
Vitalic Queens University
028 9097 3106
BIRMINGHAM
Betty & the ID Wagon & Horses
0121 772 1403
By Devices/My Own Agenda Actress
& Bishop 0121 236 7426
Micah P Hinson 02 Academy 3
0870 771 2000
Wildier Flapper 0121 236 2421
BOURNEMOUTH
Attack! Attack!/Freeze The Atlantic
Champions 01202 757 000
BRIGHTON
The Climbers/The Mariner's
Children The Hope 01273 723 568
BRISTOL
Assprin Fire Engine 07521 974070
Daddy Long Bones Bridewell Old Fire
Station 0871 230 1094
Egyptian Hip Hop The Cooler
0117 945 0999
The Eskys Prom 0117 942 7319
The Gooch/Bronnt Industries
Kapital Cube Cinema 0117 907 4190
The Great Inventor/Heg Doughty No
51 07786 534666
The Last Republic Louisiana
0117 926 5978
Lau Colston Hall 0117 922 3683
Mount Kimbie/Xlu Xlu Arncliffe
0117 929 9191
Mr Scruff 02 Academy 0870 771 2000
One Night Only Thekia 08713 100000
Subsource Croft 0117 987 4144
EDINBURGH
Cryoverbillionaires Sneaky Pete's
0131 225 1757
Ellie Goulding HMV Picture House
0844 847 1740
Pooch Voodoo Rooms 0131 556 7060
The Vortex Maggie's Chamber
0131 622 6801
Zion Train Bongo Club 0131 558 7604

EXETER

Easy Star All-Stars Phoenix
01392 667080
GLASGOW
Canterbury Stereo 0141 576 5018
El Guincho Captain's Rest
0141 331 2722
Mystery Jets/Tribes/The French
Wives 02 ABC 0870 903 3444
Worse Than Moe Box 0161 236 4355
Young Rebel Set/Cattle & Cane King
Tut's Wah Wah Hut 0141 221 5279
!!!/The Hundred In The Hands Classic
Grand 0141 847 0820
LEEDS
Bad Sneakers HiFi Club 0113 242 7353
The Bazaars Brudenell Social Club
0113 243 5866
Beardyman University 0113 244 4600
The Dead Residents Elbow Room
0113 227 7660
Pull In Emergency Cockpit
0113 244 3446
LIVERPOOL
Fucked Up Kazmier 0871 230 1094
Hadouken! University 0151 256 5555
Plan B University 0151 256 5555
Willey/JME/Fugitive 02 Academy
0870 771 2000
The Wombats Static Gallery
01517078090
LONDON
Avenged Sevenfold/Stone Sour HMV
Hammersmith Apollo 0870 606 3400
Basement Jaxx Plan B 08701 165421
The Bay Of Blood Bethnal Green
Working Men's Club 020 7739 2772
Blue Harlem Pigalle Club
020 77348142
David E Sugar Proud Galleries
020 7482 3867
The Domino State/White Noise
Sound/The Medicine Arts Club
020 7460 4459
The Higher States Kings Cross Social
Club 020 7278 4252
Joker/Nomad XOYO 020 7729 5959
Liquid Liquid HMV Forum
020 7344 0044
Love Amongst Ruin Garage (Upstairs)
0871 230 1094
Make Out Kids/That Sunday Feeling
Barfly 0870 907 0999
Mark Ronson & The Business Intl/

I Blame Coco/MNDR/New Young
Pony Club Battersea Power Station
020 7720 3000
May 66/Kids On Bridges/Primary 1
93 Feet East 020 7247 6095
Meursault/Thee Single Spy
Luminaire 020 7372 7123
Motorcycle Display Team/Lightning
Strikes The Empire State Dublin
Castle 020 7485 1773
Nell Diamond Roundhouse
020 7482 7318
The Nightingales/The Cravats
Buffalo Bar 020 7359 6191
Post Me To The Stars The Ship
Ramblin' Boy Purple Turtle
020 7383 4976
Running Club Garage 020 7607 1818
Sex Beets/Cold Pumas/Prize Pets
Old Blue Last 020 7613 2478
Shirley Collins/Alasdair Roberts
Cecil Sharp House 020 7485 2206
Trailer Trash Cargo 0207 749 7840
UB40 02 Shepherds Bush Empire
0870 771 2000

MANCHESTER

Bearsuit/6 Day Riot Night And Day
Cafe 0161 236 1822
Delphic/The Whip/Fenech Soler
Warehouse Project 0161 835 3500
The Dillinger Escape Plan Academy 2
0161 832 1111
Drama King FAC 251 0161 27 27 251
Foals Academy 0161 832 1111
Maceo Parker Band On The Wall
0161 832 6625
Mitchell Museum/Kid Canaveral
Café Saki 0161 257 0365
Screaming Females/Gary War
Islington Mill 0871 230 1094
Sick Of It All Moho Live 0161 834 8180
Swans Academy 3 0161 832 1111
NEWCASTLE
The Black Keys/The Walkmen 02
Academy 0870 771 2000
James Yull/Silver Columns The
Other Rooms 0191 261 9755
Paloma Faith/Eliza Doolittle City
Hall 0191 261 2606
NORWICH
Chrome Hoof Arts Centre
01603 660352
Lissle Waterfront 01603 632717
NOTTINGHAM
Cancer Bats/Trash Talk Rescue
Rooms 0115 958 8484
Kunt & The Gang/Arse Full Of Chips
The Central 0115 963 3413
MIEN Stealth 08713 100000
OXFORD
Feeder 02 Academy 0870 771 2000
SHEFFIELD
Darwin Deez/Naive New Beaters
Plug 0114 276 7093
Twenty Twenty/Ten Second Epic 02
Academy 2 0870 771 2000
Wildhogs New Barrack Tavern
0114 234 9148
SOUTHAMPTON
Anti Nowhere League Joiners
023 8022 5612
Dan Le Sac Vs Scroobius Pip
University 023 8059 5000
Dreadzone Brook 023 8055 5366
Morphic Fields Talking Heads
023 8055 5899
WOLVERHAMPTON
The Eighties Matchbox B-Line
Disaster Slade Room 0870 320 7000
Francis Dummery Robin 2
01902 497860

SUNDAY

October 31

BELFAST

Lady Gaga Odyssey 028 9073 9074
BIRMINGHAM
The Havenots Flapper 0121 236 2421
Lissle 02 Academy 0870 771 2000
The Nightingales The Old Wharf
0121 440 3000
Parkway Drive/Comeback Kid/
Bleeding Through 02 Academy 2
0870 771 2000
BRIGHTON
Bedouin Soundclash Komedia
01273 647100
Chrome Hoof Dome 01273 709709
Dan Le Sac Vs Scroobius Pip
Concorde 2 01273 673311
BRISTOL
Burning Skies/A Tale Of Two Cities
Croft 0117 987 4144
Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark
Colston Hall 0117 922 3683
Random Hand/The JB Conspiracy
Fleece 0117 945 0996
Yann Tiersen 02 Academy
0870 771 2000
CARDIFF
Screaming Females/Bearsuit
Buffalo Bar 02920 310312
EDINBURGH
Anals Mitchell Pleasance
0131 556 6550
Dogs The Electric Circus 0131 226 4224
Foals/Pet Moon/Toro Y Moi HMV
Picture House 0844 847 1740

Jump Press A/A Day Overdue

Cabaret Voltaire 0131 220 6176
Our Ladies Of Sorrow Sneaky Pete's
0131 225 1757
EXETER
Midlake University 01392 263519
GLASGOW
Casino City/Neon Hero 02 ABC2
0141 204 5151
Performance King Tut's Wah Wah Hut
0141 221 5279
Sum 41/The Black Pacific/Riverboat
Gamblers 02 ABC 0870 903 3444
Trapped In Kansas/Make Sparks
Classic Grand 0141 847 0820
LEEDS
The Black Keys/The Walkmen 02
Academy 0870 771 2000
Cancer Bats Cockpit
0113 244 3446
Happy Birthday Nation Of
Shopkeepers 0113 203 1831
Psycho Fiend/The Drastics New
Roscoe 0113 246 0778
Rommi Smith/Fruit Tree Project
Seven Arts 0113 262 6777
Sky Parade TJ's 0871 230 1094
Xlu Xlu/Former Ghosts Brudenell
Social Club 0113 243 5866
LIVERPOOL
The Jessie Rose Trip Masque
0151 707 6171
Mystery Jets 02 Academy
0870 771 2000

!!!/The Hundred In The Hands

University 0151 256 5555
LONDON
Aike Cooper Roundhouse
020 7482 7318
Alien Sex Fiend Electric Ballroom
020 7485 9006
Beth & The Black Cat Bones/The
Vinyl Stitches Strongroom Bar
Blank Dogs Luminaire 020 7372 7123
The Eighties Matchbox B-Line
Disaster/Robots In Disguise Heaven
020 7930 2020
Factory Star/Moxshi Dublin Castle
020 7485 1773
Francis Dummery Bush Hall
020 8222 6955
Hadouken!/Devlin/Pippa Marias/
Turbowolf Battersea Power Station
020 7720 3000
Maleficent Barfly 0870 907 0999
McAlmont/The Cesarians Dingwalls
020 7267 1577
My Passion/Dead By April
Underworld 020 7482 1932
Pull In Emergency Borderline
020 7734 5547
Sick Of It All/Madball/Knuckledust
Scala 020 7833 2022
Skinny Lister Enterprise
020 7485 2669
Smoke Fairies/Connan Mockasin/
Circulus Cecil Sharp House
020 7485 2206
Ten Second Epic Garage (Upstairs)
0871 230 1094
Therion/Loch Vostock 02 Shepherds
Bush Empire 0870 771 2000
Trailer Trash Tracys/Ono
Palindromes/Wilson Flisk The
Lexington 020 7837 5387
MANCHESTER
The Duke & The King Deaf Institute
0161 330 4019
Marina & The Diamonds/
Thecockbullkid Ritz 0161 236 4355
Paloma Faith/Eliza Doolittle 02
Apollo 0870 401 8000
Robert Plant Palace Theatre
0161 242 2503
NORWICH
Catherine Feeny/Come Gather
Round Us Arts Centre 01603 660352
Easy Star All-Stars Waterfront
01603 632717
NOTTINGHAM
Egyptian Hip Hop Bodega Social Club
08713 100000
Exotik The Central 0115 963 3413
Micah P Hinson Rescue Rooms
0115 958 8484
OXFORD
Polar Bear 02 Academy 2
0870 771 2000
Tinie Tempah/Chiddy Bang/
Bluey Robinson 02 Academy
0870 771 2000
SHEFFIELD
Left Ajar/Flight 815 Corporation
0114 276 0262
SOUTHAMPTON
Feeder University 023 8059 5000
Voodoo Six Joiners 023 8022 5612
WOLVERHAMPTON
The Doobie Brothers Civic Hall
01902 552121
Love Amongst Ruin/Innercity
Pirates Slade Room 0870 320 7000
YORK
Honeytone Cody/Ishtar Stereo
01904 612237



GET IN THE GIG GUIDE!

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

MONDAY

November 1

Wiley, O2 Academy
Birmingham

BIRMINGHAM
Wiley/JME/Fugitive O2 Academy
0870 771 2000

BRIGHTON
Screaming Females The Hope
01273 723 208

BRISTOL
The Chap/Dinosaur Outfit Fleece
0117 945 0996

Jody Has A Hitlist O2 Academy 2
0870 771 2000

US Girls/Sylvester Angfang/
Hellvete Croft 0117 987 4144

CAMBRIDGE
Manic Street Preachers/British Sea
Power Corn Exchange 01223 357851

CARDIFF
Cancer Bats Clwb Ifor Bach
029 2023 2199

The Strange Death Of Liberal
England Buffalo Bar 02920 310312

EDINBURGH
Imogen Heap HMV Picture House
0844 847 1740

Little Comets Cabaret Voltaire
0131 220 6176

EXETER
Fenech-Soler Cavern Club
01392 495370

GATESHEAD
The Divine Comedy Sage Arena
0870 703 4555

GLASGOW
Dave Arcari King Tut's Wah Wah Hut
0141 221 5279

Fighting With Wire Stereo
0141 576 5018

Frances Thordum The Arches
0141 565 1000

Happy Birthday Captain's Rest
0141 331 2722

Marina & The Diamonds/
The Cocknbulldid Old Fruitmarket
0141 287 5511

LEEDS
Micah P Hinson Brudenell Social Club
0113 243 5866

!!! Cockpit 0113 244 3446

LIVERPOOL
James Yuill/Silver Columns Mojo
0844 549 9090

6 Day Riot Masque 0151 707 6171

LONDON
dd/mm/yyyy Windmill
020 8671 0700

Alice Cooper Roundhouse
020 7482 7318

Ange Boxall/Benjamin Folke
Thomas The Lexington 020 7837 5387

Ariel Pink's Haunted Graffiti Garage
020 7607 1818

Bastard Child Death Cult The Gaff
020 7609 3063

Big Bol HMV Forum 020 7344 0044

Catherine Feeney/Come Gather
Round Us Luminaire 020 7372 7123

Dan Le Sac Vs Scroobius Pip
O2 Shepherds Bush Empire
0870 771 2000

Dead Jerichos Hope & Anchor
020 7354 1312

Denis Jones Queen Of Hoxton
020 7422 0958

Findo Gask The Fly 0870 907 0999

Francis Neve Wilmington Arms
020 7837 1384

Gaoler's Daughter Bull & Gate
020 7485 5358

Kill It Kid Borderline 020 7734 5547

Lissie Heaven 020 7930 2020

Olis Gibbs Slaughtered Lamb
020 8682 4080

O'Casey's Mondo Water Rats
020 7837 4412

Stuntmen Dublin Castle
020 7485 1773

Xiu Xiu/Zola Jesus/Former Ghosts
XOVO 020 7729 5959

Youngblood Brass Band Scala
020 7833 2022

MANCHESTER
The Doobie Brothers O2 Apollo
0870 401 8000

Sam 41 Academy 0161 832 1111

Zombie-Zombie Islington Mill
0871 230 1094

NORWICH
There For Tomorrow Waterfront
01603 632717

NOTTINGHAM
Delphic Gatecrasher 0115 910 1101

The Dillinger Escape Plan Rescue
Rooms 0115 958 8484

I Blame Coco Bodega Social Club
08713 100000

Noirville Vague Rock City
08713 100000

Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark
Royal Centre 0115 948 2525

OXFORD
One Night Only O2 Academy
0870 771 2000

WOLVERHAMPTON
Paloma Faith/Eliza Doolittle Civic
Hall 01902 552121

Voodoo Six Slade Room
0870 320 7000

TUESDAY

November 2

BELFAST

Lady Gaga Odyssey 028 9073 9074

Mystery Jets Queens University
028 9097 3106

Time Tempah Queens University
028 9097 3106

BIRMINGHAM
I Blame Coco O2 Academy 2
0870 771 2000

Jody Has A Hitlist O2 Academy 3
0870 771 2000

Stornoway HMV Institute
0811 50 50 7

Sum 41/The Black Pacific/
Riverboat Gamblers O2 Academy
0870 771 2000

BRIGHTON

Fenech-Soler Audio 01273 624343

Magnetic Man/Katy B Concorde 2
01273 673311

The Strange Death Of Liberal
England Resident Records
01273 606 312

The Strange Death Of Liberal
England The Hydrant 01273 608313

BRISTOL
Brian Kennedy The Tunnels
0117 929 9008

The Dillinger Escape Plan O2
Academy 0870 771 2000

Distorted Breed/Big Num Fleece
0117 945 0996

Dragster Croft 0117 987 4144

!!! Thekla 08713 100000

CAMBRIDGE

Gary War Portland Arms
01223 357268

CARDIFF
MEN Buffalo Bar 02920 310312

Tiger Please/Foxy Shazam Clwb Ifor
Bach 029 2023 2199

EDINBURGH
Happy Birthday Sneaky Pete's
0131 225 1757

Marina And The Diamonds/
The Cocknbulldid HMV Picture House
0844 847 1740

Paloma Faith/Eliza Doolittle Corn
Exchange 0131 443 0404

Universal You/Wombstock Voodoo
Rooms 0131 556 7060

EXETER

Xisforeyes/Violent Virtues Cavern
Club 01392 495370

GATESHEAD

Imogen Heap Sage Arena
0870 703 4555

GLASGOW

Doghouse Roses Stereo 0117 576 5018

Esben And The Witch/Dry The River
Captain's Rest 0141 331 2722

Foals/Pet Moon/Toro Y Moi Royal
Concert Hall 0115 8000

Love Amongst Ruin/Innercity
Pirates Cathouse 0141 248 6606

Parkway Drive/Comeback
Kid/Bleeding Through O2 ABC
0870 903 3444

Sondura King Tut's Wah Wah Hut
0141 221 5279

Them:Youth Nice'n'Sleazy
0141 335 9657

LEEDS

Egyptian Hip Hop Brudenell Social
Club 0113 243 5866

Ellie Goulding/Sunday Girl/Bright
Light Bright Light O2 Academy
0870 771 2000

Flood Of Red The Well 0113 2440474

LIVERPOOL
Akala O2 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

The Drums O2 Academy
0870 771 2000

Field Music Mojo 0844 549 9090

Fighting With Wire Shipping Forecast
0871 230 1094

LONDON

ILKETRANS 100 Club 020 7636 0933

Apocalypica HMV Forum
020 7344 0044

The Black Keys/The Walkmen O2
Academy Brixton 0870 771 2000

Castleton For The Painfully Alone
Luminaire 020 7372 7123

Cello Monto Water Rats
020 7837 4412

De Staat/Hedonlacs Barfly
0870 907 0999

Ice Sea Dead People/Kid Pang/
Everyone To The Anderson Queen Of
Hoxton 020 7422 0958

Little Fish/Awolnation Old Blue Last
020 7613 2478

Midlake Roundhouse 020 7482 7318

My First Tooth Old Queen's Head
020 7354 9993

The Ocean's Eyes/Tomorrow
Belongs To Us Hope & Anchor
020 7354 1712

One Night Only Heaven
020 7930 2070

Rage/The Muel Slaughtered Lamb
020 8682 4080

Rodrigo Y Gabriela O2 Shepherds
Bush Empire 0870 771 2000

Rumer Tabernacle 020 7243 4343

Standard Planets/Safari Buffalo Bar
020 7359 6191

Tellison The Lexington 020 7837 5387

Terminal Sick/Bloodwrath Dub in
Castle 020 7485 1773

The Terror Pigeon Dance Revolt!
Madame Jojo's 020 7734 2473

Wiley/Fugitive/JME KOKO
020 7388 3222

MANCHESTER
Big Bol Ritz 0161 236 4355

Broken Records Deaf Institute
0161 330 4019

Gold Teeth Deaf Institute
0161 330 4019

James Yuill/Silver Columns Ruby
Lounge 0161 834 1392

Meursault Star & Garter
0161 273 6726

Nouvelle Vague Academy
0161 832 1111

There For Tomorrow/Me Vs Hero
Academy 3 0161 832 1111

NEWCASTLE
Micah P Hinson Cluny 0191 230 4474

NORWICH
Ironik Waterfront 01603 632717

Takeda Arts Centre 01603 660352

OXFORD
Sam Amidon Jericho Tavern
01865 311775

Yann Tiersen O2 Academy
0870 771 2000



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THIS WEEK IN 1980

BEEFHEART CONFESSES, PIL GO LIVE, COMIC BEGINNINGS



FESTIVE MADNESS

Jovial souls that they are, it's reported that Suggs and co will be heading out on a tour throughout December billed as 'The Twelve Days Of Madness'. There are matinee shows at every single date except Glasgow and Brighton - admission £1 - and a spokesperson for the band says that there will be no skimping on production. "This will be the best show Madness have ever put on," he boasts.

ROTTEN IN ART SHOCK

Public Image Ltd's new album 'The Love Reaction' is the first in a series of three albums to be released by Virgin. The album is a collection of songs that were written by the band's members and is a collection of songs that were written by the band's members.



IMAGE PUBLIQUE

Public Image Ltd announce that their next release will be a live album. The entire sleeve is to be printed in French - so the band's name becomes Image Publique SA, and songs like 'Chant', 'Careering' and 'Poptones' become 'Psalmodie', 'Précipitamment' and 'Timbres Du Pop' respectively. The album sleeve, a painting by John Lydon, depicts three horses, which he says are him, Keith Levene and Jeanette Lee.

A SIDE OF BEEF

“I once stayed up for a year and a half,” Captain Beefheart tells Paul Rambali as they drive out to his home in the Mojave Desert. “Between the ages of 25 and 26½ I didn’t go to sleep at all... I lost all my friends!”

This is how interviewing Don Van Vliet - now 39, just about to release his 11th LP ‘Doc At The Radar Station’ - often goes. As Rambali puts it, he “flits from one subject to another like a bee in a garden”.

One minute he is talking about selling Aldous Huxley a vacuum cleaner, the next tutting about his big admirer John Lydon, who was supposed to meet him for dinner with a journalist from the *LA Times*. “A lady invites a man to dinner and he doesn’t even show up? *Shit*. I’d like to have met him, I’ve seen him in many audiences of mine, many! Hell yes, I recognise people in audiences! I’ve seen *you* before...”

Mainly though, he wants to make clear why he does music. “As an irritant. What would somebody this smart be doing it for other than that? I like poetry, and I put music with poetry, and things like that. Maybe I’m a cook. Or an alchemist, maybe. Who knows? I’m just getting started with the spells I do.”

ALSO IN THE ISSUE THAT WEEK

• Julie Burchill reviews Donna Summer's album 'The Wanderer', blasting that this "wretched effort" is "so white, so anything-goes, so slack and rock and weak"

• There's an advert for the "debut album from a promising new group out now!". It's The Who's 'My Generation' which was deleted in 1965, but has been repressed due to popular demand

• The Teardrop Explodes are reviewed live. "Essentially," writes Lynn Hanna, "they are packed with latent possibilities, their lack of completely firm footing leaving them intriguingly free"

• Barbra Streisand's 'Woman In Love' single is at Number One

• Another advert offers Clash gear, including bondage jackets, PVC straights, motorbike jackets, zip T-shirts and drill straights

• An innovative new comedy night called The Comic Strip opens in Soho with a compere called Alexei Sayle

NME

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THE LEGENDARY NME CROSSWORD

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

Compiled by Trevor Hungerford



A BAG OF NME SWAG



CLUES ACROSS

- 1 Arcade Fire will be seeing the light of day (5-2-5)
- 7+6D Radiohead will be out like a light, at the end of the day (2-2-5)
- 9+10A Lousy tour, Doug, I untruthfully say with this 2008 Number One album... (3-3-4-4)
- 11...Having been performed by this band (5)
- 12+30A Regarding the present of a Paul Weller album (2-2-3)
- 13+29D Possibly choked after taking an 'E' with Primal Scream (4-3)
- 14 (See 25 across)
- 15 An impulsive headlong rush to get album by The Doobie Brothers (8)
- 18 Take-offs of '60s soul group that featured Curtis Mayfield (11)
- 21 Rapper, who's seen 'Better Days', is in poorest quality (1-1)
- 23 Mercury Prize winners in 2008 (5)
- 25+14A "Oh, -----, what I like to do he doesn't/He's his family's pride and joy, his mother's little golden boy", 1980 (2-7-6)
- 26+33A "This party is overrated, but there ain't shit else to do", 2005 (4-5)
- 27 Single connection between Foo Fighters and Jay-Z (1-1-1)
- 28 Placebo album in a doomed situation (4)
- 30 (See 12 across)
- 32 This gave Vampire Weekend their break (7)
- 33 (See 26 across)

CLUES DOWN

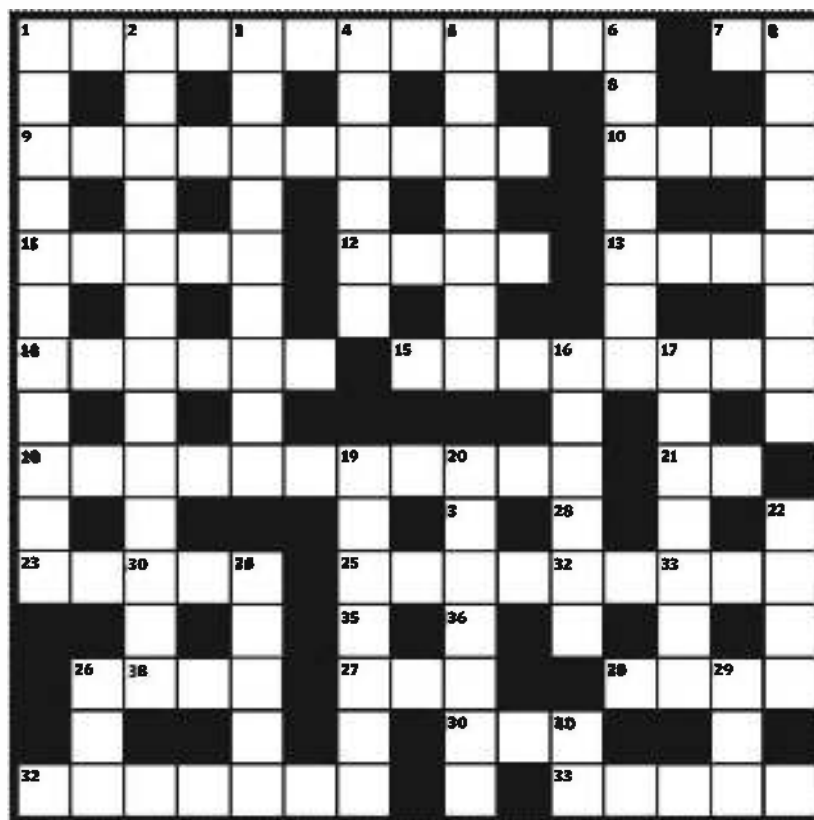
- 1 Energetic performance from Kings Of Leon (11)
- 2 Reggae artist seen turning up at usual bogs (8-5)
- 3 Emily sour about getting a piece of Octopus (4-5)
- 4 Some surprise expressed at agreement for The Subways to do a number (2-4)
- 5 Someone who gets pleasure out of going places to see Athlete (7)
- 6 (See 7 across)
- 8 They went for 'Another Girl Another Planet' (4-4)
- 16 Intense unhappiness caused by Soul Asylum (6)
- 17 Americans who would utter 'More Than Words' to the uttermost (7)
- 19 Sooner or later it'll be The Strokes (7)
- 20 Harps on about missing word from Tom Waits' album "-----, Brawlers, Bawlers & Bastards" (7)
- 22 Forename of musicians Rush, Spann and Redding (4)

- 24 Albums 'The ----- Is Yours' by Ian Brown or 'The ----- Won't Listen' by The Smiths (5)
- 26 A bit foolish to have named one of The Raveonettes (3)
- 29 (See 13 across)
- 31 Andrew --, American who had to 'Party Hard' (1-1)

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Simply cut out the crossword and send it, along with your name, address and email, marking the envelope with the issue date, before Tuesday, November 2, 2010, to the following address: Crossword, NME, 4th Floor, Blue Fin Building, 110 Southwark Street, London SE1 0SU.

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



OCTOBER 2 ANSWERS

ACROSS
1+6A Wonderful Life, 8 OutKast, 9 Barking, 11 Envy, 12 Drums, 17+31A Stainless Style, 18 Cowboy Junkies, 22 Hole, 24 Air, 26 Ten, 27+13A Take That, 28 Kiss Me, 32 War, 33+16A Ready Or Not.

DOWN
1 Who We Touch, 2 Native New Yorker, 3+23A Evan Dando, 4 Futures, 5 La Bamba, 6 Lore, 7 Faithless, 10 Gates, 14 Strokes, 15 Antidotes, 19 Jed, 20 Nina Sky, 24 Andy, 25 Stew, 29 Ira, 30+21D Mr Writer.



SEVEN INCH STORIES BY PHILLIP MARSDEN



FANMAIL

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

Edited by Kev Kharas



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The Big Issue

Keeping us locked in email battle this week...

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INBETWEENER DAYS

From: Sam Pryce
To: NME

Hearing about plans for an American remake of *The Inbetweeners* (NME, October 16) made me as furious as when they remade *The Office*. Back then I was not an NME reader, and so converted my anger into obscure origami. This time I thought I'd write – imagine... Will: "Hey guys. I was just at the store picking up some more pencils and a new model rocket." (*Fake audience laugh*). Simon: "Ha! You are such a nerd!" (*Fake audience laugh*). Will: "No, I'm not. You are!" (*Fake audience laugh*). Jay: "Your mom is a nerd." (*Fake audience gasp*). Neil: "Haha! I am dumb." (*Fake audience laugh*). Jay: "Hey! Look at that girl. She has a nice vagina!" (*Fake audience laughing and clapping and some faint vomiting noises*).

NME's response...

From: NME
To: Sam Pryce

I agree with you, actually – suburban America seems a different place to suburban England. What is American for 'bollock'? Perhaps Jay's flattening of the grey squirrel was a symbolic threat sent to Transatlantic interlopers. What did you

think of the 'boys' appearance on our cover?

From: Sam Pryce
To: NME

I did a victory jig and read it cover to cover and stuffed it in the mag drawer under my bed alongside over 50 other NMEs and a rather sticky edition of *Penthouse*.

From: NME
To: Sam Pryce

Sam, you are the first Fanmail contributor to repulse me. I salute you, and look forward to my next meticulously crafted feature heading into your stale porn stash. Get in touch at the above addresses. Winners should email letters@nme.com

NO GUFFAW CINEMA CLUB

From: Michael Thomas
To: NME

After running to the nearest shop early Wednesday morning to get my weekly NME (October 16), I was thrilled to see the name Two Door Cinema Club in small letters on the front. I was looking forward to reading an article that taught me something new about the band I love, but instead – to my horror – I discovered an article that should never have been published. Throughout Vs, Peter Robinson tried his hardest to be funny, but in doing so seemed to abuse and tease Alex Trimble. This is something I found offensive and stupid, the fact that someone, with possibly the worst humour I have ever come across, had tried to take the piss and belittle a very successful artist, whose band achieved one of the biggest crowds at NME's own stage at Reading Festival! Peter, you should be ashamed. How someone so ignorant, so lacking in knowledge of the magazine he works for, got a job there, I will never know!

From: NME

To: Michael Thomas
If you were the regular reader you claim to be, Michael, surely you'd be aware by now of the nature of the weekly Vs column, and you'd know that the playful tête-à-tête Peter enjoyed with Mr Trimble hardly found him at his most vicious. To address your other points, were you aware before you read the article that Trimble and his bandmates had recently been made homeless? Illuminating info, surely? I'd suggest, too, that Peter found employ here precisely

because he's not the sort to blindly swallow PR hyperbole, or go toadying to pampered pop egos. That and the fact he's fucking funny – KK

From: Michael Thomas
To: NME

All I understood from your email is that you'd encourage not only Peter but also others to mock and tease fellow human beings while they are being evicted from their homes. If you ever become homeless, please email me. I'd like to be the first to mock you.

From: NME

To: Michael Thomas
I'm not sure he was mocking, he only asked Alex where his bank statements were being sent – KK

THESE KIDS ARE ALRIGHT

From: Emily Collinson
To: NME

I went to see MGMT in Leeds, and I have to agree with what your review of the show at O2 Academy Brixton said about the band's fans (NME, October 16). As the night went on more and more drifted off to the bar or the sofas, it was like they didn't want to be there. During 'Siberian Breaks' a chant actually broke out in the crowd for 'Kids!' Most of them were only happy when 'Time To Pretend' or 'Electric Feel' were playing. They must have only gone for those three songs!

From: NME
To: Emily Collinson, Christian Barnett
Christian, cc'd, got in touch with us this week to say more or less the same thing. I've a question for you both – would you rather MGMT's next album return to the anthemic silliness of their first, or would you prefer it

continue in the experimental vein of 'Congratulations' in the hope of shedding the more fickle fans? - KK

From: Emily Collinson
To: NME, Christian Barnett
I'd love them to change it again so it sounds like neither of the previous two - that's why I love this band so much. If they did change their style again, I think they'd be able to leave some of these idiots behind.

From: Christian Barnett
To: Emily Collinson, NME
I like 'Congratulations' more so I would prefer them to continue making less 'popular' music if it doesn't get played on radio so much.

IPC SUB-EDITORS DICTATE OUR YOOF

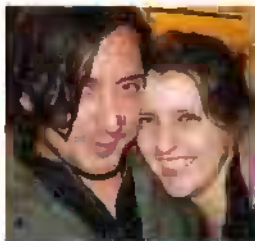
From: Kate Morgan
To: NME
Just a little note to point out that it would be lovely to one day be able to read a magazine without vomiting at the poor use of grammar. The front cover of NME from the 9th of October should read 'Mumford's Mania!' [sic - Ed] After that initial bewilderment as to weather [sic - Ed] any of you did your GCSEs, let alone finished primary school, I went on to start reading your review of Sufjan Stevens' 'The Age Of Adz'. A sentence in the second paragraph reads: 'The Apocalypse - it's a earth shattering...' I hope you know your fundamental mistake. Please seek help.

From: NME
To: Kate Morgan, NME subs desk
Subs, kan yoo veryfi Kaytes complainy play'z? - KK

From: NME subs desk
To: NME, Kate Morgan
We refuse to discuss issues of grammar with someone who doesn't even know the difference between 'weather' and 'whether'. Please seek help.

SOUL ON THE DOLE

From: Sam Evans
To: NME
A few days ago the government introduced new plans to cut uni funding and remove the cap on fees, just one of many recent cuts to things like child benefits. As someone who manages to



STALKER

From: Bryony, Brighton
To: NME
I was lucky enough to meet Carl after his Brighton gig. Loved the new material (and the old). Lovely guy.

be interested in both music and politics I can see there's a strong correlation between a shittier country and a healthier music scene. The last time there was serious political unrest was during Margaret Thatcher's reign and out of that came one of the best decades for music ever, with bands such as The Smiths, The Jam and U2 before they turned shit. So with even the government admitting that the next few years aren't going to be easy we can only hope that we get our fair share of revolutionary new bands out of the deal.

From: NME
To: Sam Evans
Even though I wasn't born until '85 I see your point Sam, though it's one I'm not 100 per cent sure I agree with. If poverty and a sense of powerlessness are vital to the production of great music, would you like me to come round yours with a gang of brutes while you watch us load all your possessions into a van? You never know, it could turn you into the new Bonoi - KK

WOMAN O'WAR

From: Sarah H
To: NME
How good are Warpaint? All anyone mentions is how hot they are, but the reality is they're the best new band to come out this year. I have no idea how you'd describe their music, which is testament to just how special it is. Actually maybe I'll have a go: psychedelic-white-witch-punk-prog?

From: NME
To: Sarah H
Do Warpaint appeal to all of the senses? I wonder what they smell like? - KK

WHO SHOULD SORT OUT THE TALIBAN?

Captain James Blunt is heading back to the frontline. According to a story out today, the army officer turned housewives' favourite has booked a ticket to Afghanistan this Christmas so he can "sing the Taliban into surrender". The goofy crooner is taking his back catalogue to the caves in an attempt to bring this long and bloody conflict to a close. Can even the most entrenched insurgent handle a full set of tracks from 'Back To Bedlam' without screaming for mercy? It's a bold move, one reminiscent of the playlist of misery tracks the US Army use to drive inmates at military prisons insane (Eminem, Metallica, the Sesame Street theme tune). Who do you think we should sent out to join Blunty?

Read Tim Chester's blog in full on NME.COM



Best of the responses...

Send Cher Lloyd out there!
Marcel, Leeds

Send RATM, they may just see enough terror in modern war to write a new album. J

I'd love to read Kanye West's tweets after he'd spent a

week or so out there.
Theamazingit

I reckon you should tell Dappy to go out there because he's well 'ard and if you tell him the Taliban are actually his own fans he won't have a problem chucking bottles at them

and shooting paintballs into them. **Dave**

I think 50 Cent has an Xbox game set in Iraq, try him out.
Majorising

Insane Clown Posse.
Megwu

ART COLLEGE DROP-OUT

From: Fergal Hunter
To: NME
What's up with Kanye West?! Have you SEEN the artwork he'd planned to use for the cover of his new album?! Him, naked, straddled by some kind of large-breasted female creature with angel wings, vampire fangs and a Dalmatian's tail?! SITTING ON THE COUCH AND SMILING WITH A BOTTLE OF BEER IN HIS HAND?! And then he has the gall to moan about his record company banning it... I don't know what's wrong with you, Kanye, but you must be a SICK PERV or a COMEDIAN because my dick hasn't laughed this hard in AGES.

From: NME
To: Fergal Hunter
Thanks for your letter, but I have to disagree with you - painter George Condo's album art for West's album 'My Beautiful Dark Twisted

Fantasy' isn't just remarkably apt given that title, it's the best LP art I've seen in years. I like the way it's smeared, too: like an impressionist's half-remembered wet dream. Doesn't that sound good to you, Fergal? Are you nutty, Fergal? I'm on my way round yours now, and I've a certain vampire-fanged model in tow. We're gonna see if we can't interrobang some answers out of you - KK



STALKER

From: Anil and Tom
To: NME
We bumped into Mick Jones at Glastonbury. Here's a picture of the three of us.

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DOES ROCK'N'ROLL KILL BRAINCELLS?

TESTING MUSICIANS' MEMORIES AFTER A LIFETIME OF ABUSE

This Week

MIKE SHINODA LINKIN PARK

QUESTION 1

Which of your songs featured in the film *Dracula 2000*?

"No idea."

Wrong. It was 'One Step Closer'



QUESTION 2

Where did Linkin Park frontman Chester Bennington work before he became a musician?

"I know of a lot of different places he worked, and one of them was a coffee shop. I think he worked in McDonald's too. No, hang on, it was Burger King."

Correct. He worked for the fast-food chain in 1996

QUESTION 3

Where was your very first show?

"The Whisky a Go Go in LA."

Correct
"I remember that gig. I was wearing the most ridiculous thing ever. I had this white beanie hat on with blue goggles and white gloves, I think because it made me feel more like a performer and not the normal dude that I knew I was. So I had to get into costume in order to get psyched up and get into character. We were awful, just horrible but we survived."

QUESTION 4

What colour was guitarist Brad Delson's hair in high school?

"If it wasn't black it was blond."

Wrong. It was purple
"Well, it wasn't for very long."

QUESTION 5

Complete these lyrics: "She said, 'Some days I feel like shit...'"

"...Some days I wanna quit and just be normal for a bit."

Correct. Taken from the track 'Where'd You Go', the fourth single from Mike's side-project Fort Minor's 2005 debut album, 'The Rising Tied'



QUESTION 6

What position did your debut, 'Hybrid Theory', reach in the UK Album Chart in 2000?

"I have no idea. Was it Number 10?"

Wrong. It was Number 4



QUESTION 7

Who else was on the bill at Linkin Park's first Projekt Revolution Tour in 2002?

"I don't remember. Can I look it up? I kept thinking Korn played, but they came later."

Wrong. It was Cypress Hill, Adema and DJ Z-Trip

QUESTION 8

Who ran across the stage wearing a pair of giant green Incredible Hulk gloves and a pink hat as a prank at one of your gigs in 2003?

"Was it Lars [Ulrich] from Metallica?"

Correct

"Lars was hilarious, we had no idea he was going to do that at the time. That came after we went onstage for a prank at one of their shows during their Summer Sanitarium Tour during the same year. Nobody pranks Metallica, but we went on and made light of

one of their heaviest songs, I think it was 'Master Of Puppets'. We sat in the middle of the stage with a picnic and blanket and Chester was skateboarding. It was really funny and it was a huge honour to do it because their security never normally let anyone through. But we had a good relationship with those guys."

QUESTION 9

What type of spider gave Chester a nasty bite during Ozzfest in 2001?

"It was a recluse spider."

Correct

"They apparently have a very dangerous bite. He was very sick, and it was weird because the bite spread all over his skin. You could see the grey poison all over his body. The scariest thing was he didn't even know about the bite because he was asleep in his bunk when it happened. It bit him on his belt line. Oh God, it was so gross."

In some cases the wounds inflicted by recluse spiders are so serious they require skin grafts



QUESTION 10

What did Chester jokingly say Linkin Park should be called before the band settled on a name?

"That would have to be 10pm Stocker. He thought of that name because I lived on a street called Stocker Street and, if we tried to record after 10pm, my neighbour would literally kick the wall connected to my bedroom. We were in the bedroom screaming our brains out and the guy next door and his wife were trying to sleep on the other side of the wall."

Correct. Before Chester arrived, the band also called themselves Xero before changing it to Hybrid Theory and, finally, Linkin Park, a homage to Santa Monica's Lincoln Park

Total Score
6/10

"That's not bad I suppose. Some of those questions I really had no idea. I was expecting worse."

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