

COBBIN

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INSIDETHIS

"THIS IS MY LAST LIBERTINES INTERVIEW"

IT'S THE FINAL STRAW FOR CARL AND PETE



"MARLEY WADED IN WITH PUNCHES AND KICKS" THE VICTIM? A KEYBOARDIST LATE TO SOUNDCHECK!



"THEY'D STAB ME TO GET TO THE TOP"

JULIAN ON THE JOYS OF BEING BACK IN THE STROKES



"Scotch eggs caused the 'chicken out of the window' incident"

BEASTIE BOYS ARE BACK AND PLANNING TO WREAK HAVOC WITH MORE FOODSTUFFS



"THE HORN WAS VERY VALUABLE" FRIENDLY FIRES ON THEIR FAVOURITE SMALL VENUE, NOT THEIR COCKS



"FUCK SECURITY!" ODD FUTURE - A BOUNCER'S WORST NIGHTMARE

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"IT WAS KIND OF A SHOCK" THE CRIBS ON JOHNNY MARR'S EXIT

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ON REPEAT

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





BLACK LIPS

Modern Art

On a cruise ship somewhere in the Caribbean, Jared Swilley looks around and shakes his head. "These people don't know how to vacation. They're cowards, because they work in an office all day and this is the only time they get to do stuff like this [by 'this' he means get off their tits on Black Lips' maugural Bruise Cruise in March]. I do this all the time. I'm committed to perpetual adolescence. Tomorrow, these people are going to be worried. Their Monday is going to suck. But on Monday I'm probably going to play tennis.

These are not the words of a man weighed down by the

It's dumb, it's immature and it's brilliant - like the best party ever

misery of modern life. This is a man on a quest for stupid fun. Luckily for Jared, the rest of his band share his liking for booze, drugs and racket sports What makes Black Lips great is that they distil all

of the above into stabs of scuzzy garage and make it sound like the best party ever. This one, set at a museum, kicks off yelling about K-holes and pills before losing itself on an escalator somewhere between floors. It's dumb, it's immature and it's brilliant. And now that you love 'Modern Art' too, I'll tell you that Mark Ronson produced not just this, but the whole album. If that's not a problem, lap it up. If it is, grow up and have some fucking fun.

Mike Williams, Features Editor On gorillavsbear.net now



EMA

Milkman

Is anyone really going to miss drone duo Gowns now Erika M Anderson has become so deliciously sleazy? "I need you to come inside/I'm gasping", she screeches on 'Milkman' - from her debut 'Past Life Martyred Saints' - over a stern military beat and lots of trashy fuzz.

Ben Hewitt, writer On drownedinsound.com now

POP LEVI

Rock Solid

Oh, thank fuck. Pop Levi returns to inject some freaky fun back into an alarmingly chaste rock scene. 'Rock Solid', from his new free online mixtage, is T Rex doing Beyoncé, a glam-rock blast of sexual pealing: "Wow! C'mon! I'm back, gi'you a liddle heartattack!" MEAN. Martin Robinson, Deputy Editor On youtube.com now

WASHED OUT

Eyes Be Closed

As 'chillwave' disappears like a faded Polaroid and Friendly Fires ponder stuffing their tennis shorts with shuttlecocks, we turn again to Ernest Greene for our Balearic fix. Eves Be Closed' is frazzled and Screamadelic, a tasty morsel from his forthcoming debut. Priya Elan, writer

On gorillavsbear.net now

THE LONELY ISLAND **FEATURING BECK**

Attracted To Us A bunch of idiots making knob-gag ironic records should be crap, but somehow The Lonely Island aren't. An A-list cast on second album 'Turtleneck & Chain' helps, but Beck's turn on this tune about being a sexually frustrated, white schmindie type is the best of all. Liam Cash, writer

On consequence of sound.net now

GANGLIANS

Jungle

If Archie Bronson Outfit, Band Of Horses and Fleet Foxes had some kmd of spaced-out love-in, then the resultant children were fed on a diet of '60s psychedelia and recorded their single in an echo-filled cave, it might sound like this. Harmonising, ambient psych-pop. Abby Tayleure, Festivals Editor, NME.COM On gorillavsbear.net

TYLER, THE CREATOR

Tron Cat

If we didn't know better about Tyler's desire to piss off all and sundry, lines like "Rape a pregnant bitch and tell my friends I had a threesome" would, understandably, rankle a lot. It's grim indeed, and possibly even indefensible, but that's all part of his enduring, erm, charm.

Susana Pearl, writer On stereogum.com now

BLEEDING KNEES CLUB

Have Fun

Having received props from Wavves and kicked up a sandstorm in Australia, this Gold Coast duo are heading to the UK 'Have Fun' is their calling card- a nearperfect two-and-a-half chord rumble of rock'n'roll raucousness.

Matt Wilkinson, News Reporter On youtube.com now

CHAD VALLEY

Fast Challenges

His name may suggest "chicken kiev manufacturer" more than "great ambient-dance hope of 2011", but 'Fast Challenges' sees Oxford's Hugo Manuel further buttressing the cheesy-in-agood-way house revival just as strongly as any parrot-wielding guitar types. Jamie Fullerton, News Editor On pitchfork.com now

HARD-FI

Good For Nothing

While F Scott Fitzgerald declared there were "no second acts in American lives", it appears Staines is a bit more forgiving After their tepid second album, Hard-Fi reconnect with their boisterous, Clash/ Albarn-inspired roots, A promising soundtrack for some summer bother.

Paul Stokes, Associate Editor On hard-fi.com now



Head to NME.COM from Monday for the On Repeat playlist



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UPFRONT

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

Edited by Jamie Fullerton



CRIBS: "THE RUG'S BEEN PULLED FROM UNDER US"

Despite promises of a new album, Johnny Marr recently phoned the Jarmans to quit The Cribs. We caught up with the brothers to find out why – and how they're turning to Queen for their next phase



NME; You announced that Johnny had left the band in March, but the decision was actually made in January, right?

Ryan Jarman: "Yeah, Johnny spoke to Ross first Ross called me saying, Johnny needs to speak to you, I'm not going to say what it is, but he needs to speak to you and it's serious? I knew straight away that Johnny was leaving the band?

Just like that?

Ryan: "He said he wanted to do The Healers again. It was still kind of a shock. I was upset because of the relationship. But at other times I've felt quite exhilarated by it, sometimes it's quite nice when you get the rug pulled out from under you or when you have intentions of making a decision - the decision is already made for you"

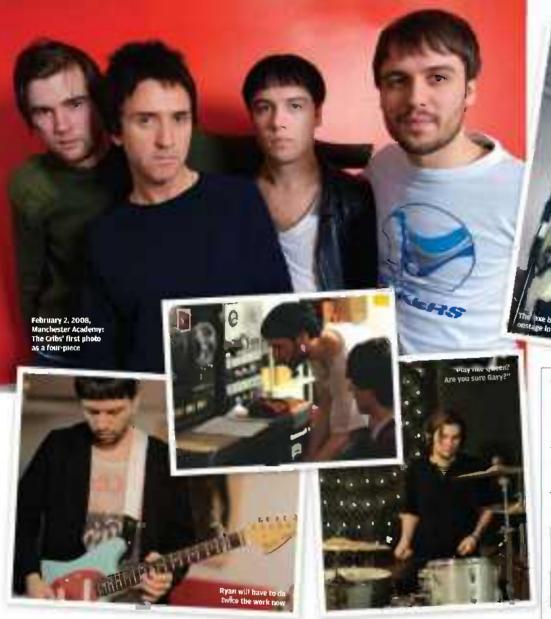
So you already wanted him to leave? The last we'd heard you were happily recording demos at Edwyn

Collins' studio in north west London last year...

Gary Jarman: "We did go into the studio, we were about to go to Coachella and I came out to rehearse. But the ash cloud occurred at that time - it was really traumatic because I got stuck in England, I couldn't get back to my wife or my house, and people were talking about all these Doomsday prophecies. But I started to get productive and we all decided we'd go into the studio. But it was a difficult time. I was burned out and decided I wanted the band to take a bit of

a break. I brought some songs to the band and Ryan and Ross had already been in there."

Ryan: "There had been something wrong with Gary's booking and Johnny was like, 'Well, I'm not going to do anything until Gary is around' So me and Ross went in to the studio and recorded. Gary and Johnny came in a couple of weeks afterwards, but to be honest the song we were writing together then was the one we were least excited about. Gary was like, 'You can't just go in immediately and do another album?



THE NEW, NEW FELLAS

NME's Jamie Fullerton argues that returning to their threepiece roots is the best thing The Cribs could have done



As Ryan and Gary suggested, The Cribs' split from Johnny Marr seems to have been one of those 'Are you thinking what I'm thinking?' moments that just took one of the parties to blurt it out and say it: both The Cribs

and Johnny are better off taking their own paths. And while Johnny's various film, solo project and book interests plus the fact that new band sessions were stalling are reason enough for the cut-off, there are a hollow hatful of other reasons why this makes sense.

'Ignore The Ignorant', the one album the band made as a four-piece in 2009, was a fine record – but it didn't hit the raw peaks of 'The New Felias' or 'Men's Needs, Women's Needs, Whatever'. Introducing Johnny was a petroi-slosh onto the creative fires of the band who, three albums in, were right to explore an extra dimension. His trademark Smithsy licks were a welcome addition embraced by fans, but although songs such as 'City Of Bugs' seemed to herald a new depth, the fact was that, as a three piece, they'd been surpassing these moments already with songs such as the epic 'Be Safe' from 'Men's Needs...'. They've clearly got it in them to unfold and expand further – extra guitarist or not.

Another moment that watered the seed of doubt in the Jarmans' mind was the gig for their label, Wichita, last July at the Garage in London. With Johnny away at the Inception premiere the Jarmans ripped through their first two albums, in order, with a youthful vigour that didn't feel like nostalgia. It's exciting to think that we've now got that to look forward to again.

Decisions like this are always massive, and are best led by gut feelings. But the gut feeling now - from most fans and the band members too - is that this downsize is actually opening up the next chapter for the band in the most exciting way possible.

So then the band break began – was it the time apart that made you realise you wanted to be a three-piece again?

Gary: "I was actually and long a

to be a three-piece again?

Gary: "I was actually but ling a studio at the time in Portland, while the band had a break. Ryan came out to visit and we just started using it, recording and playing together. It was really fun. That's what me and Ryan have always done together, just hung out, messing about with gear, trying things out. It was liberating. Johnny had been writing because he wanted to keep.

because he wanted to keep going, he started writing for a solo record. He's got all the se other projects, his film stuff and he swriting a book, so we thought, 'Ok, don't worry about it'

Ryan was like, 'OK, let's keep going, let's make a record and it'll be fun."

But all of you had pretty much promised that this was a long-term thing – Johnny especially had repeatedly said he'd make another album with The Cribs... Gary: "It's true That' the one thing I was wrong about – I felt like we'd gone back on our promise, or at least it looked like a lack of fidelity But we meant it when we said that, and I believe Johnny probably did."

So what's the plan now? A back-to-basics fifth album?

Ryan: "A lot of the songs we've been writing are quite bold, certainly not a return to 'bashing it out' like we used to. It feels like the best parts of

"I'll miss Johnny – he used to call me his 'axe brother"

RYAN JARMAN

> the early stuff, the personality of it... but sounds far more like the songs on the fourth record. Hand on heart, it certainly feels like a progression." Gary: "We've probably got about 16 songs now in various stages of completion. My idea is to record them as a patchwork, using a bunch of different producers in a bunch of

different places. I used to be really obse sed with the Queen album 'Innuendo' – I was so fixated by it for a while, and it's definitely influenced a lot of the writing. I've been in touch with the producer, Dave Richards, who works out of a studio in Switzerland, he used to do Led Zeppelin and Deep Purple. He's interested I doing it – we're going out there to visit him in July, I think."

What will you all miss most

about having one of The Smiths in your band? Ryan: "We have a

Ryan: "We have a good understanding and renlise it's not a personal thing at all. It's one of those

things where you get excited about the future, but there's something primal about it that makes you upset. I'm going to miss Johnny being around. He always used to call me his 'axe brother', which is kind of cheesy but we had this kind of bond. Now I can think, 'Yeah, that was cool—Johnny was my axe brother.'"



FRONT ROW The sun may have been setting when Friendle Fires took to the stage at The Horn pub in St. Albans last suesday (May 3) but NME's

campaign to shine a light on Britain's Best Small Venue was up and running.

Voting is already underway – you have until Friday (May i.) to no minate your favourite small – mue, after which we'll break the competition into regions and let you vote for your favourites from Monday (i.6). The winners will be announced in early June. Venues have already been lobbying for votes – see NME.COM/smallvenues for details.

To mark the start of the campaign, Friendly Fires took over their local and turned it into a private Club Tropicana in front of little more than 150 people squeezed into the back room. The hometown venue was an important

place for the band: they played their first ever show there, and would return countless times on their way up. But as Ed Macfariane led them through a riotous performance showcasing the totally tropical flavours of 'Pala', there was little doubt that they had now truly arrived, with 'I ive I hose Days Tonight' announcing itself as an instant anthem.

Although their former post-hardcore incarnation is a million miles from the sun-kissed ravers that they are today, Ed told *NME* that, deep down, not much has changed.

"The spirit of it, some of the energy

and enthustasm, is the same," he said. "And the audience is made up of family and friends. Although they're less bullied into it now than they were then." He was also quick to praise small venues as being a crucial step-up on any band's path to greatness "The most beneficial thing about having a venue like The Horn, especially the fact that it was in St Albans, was it gave us an opportunity to play in front of less of an audience, which is a good thing for a smaller band. For bands from London or the hub of the action, you get judged before you've even had a chance to develop your sound. I think we played about eight gigs at The Horn and they were very valuable."

Aside from the sweaty chaos of the gig

"A local venue like The Horn was really beneficial for us, as a smaller band"

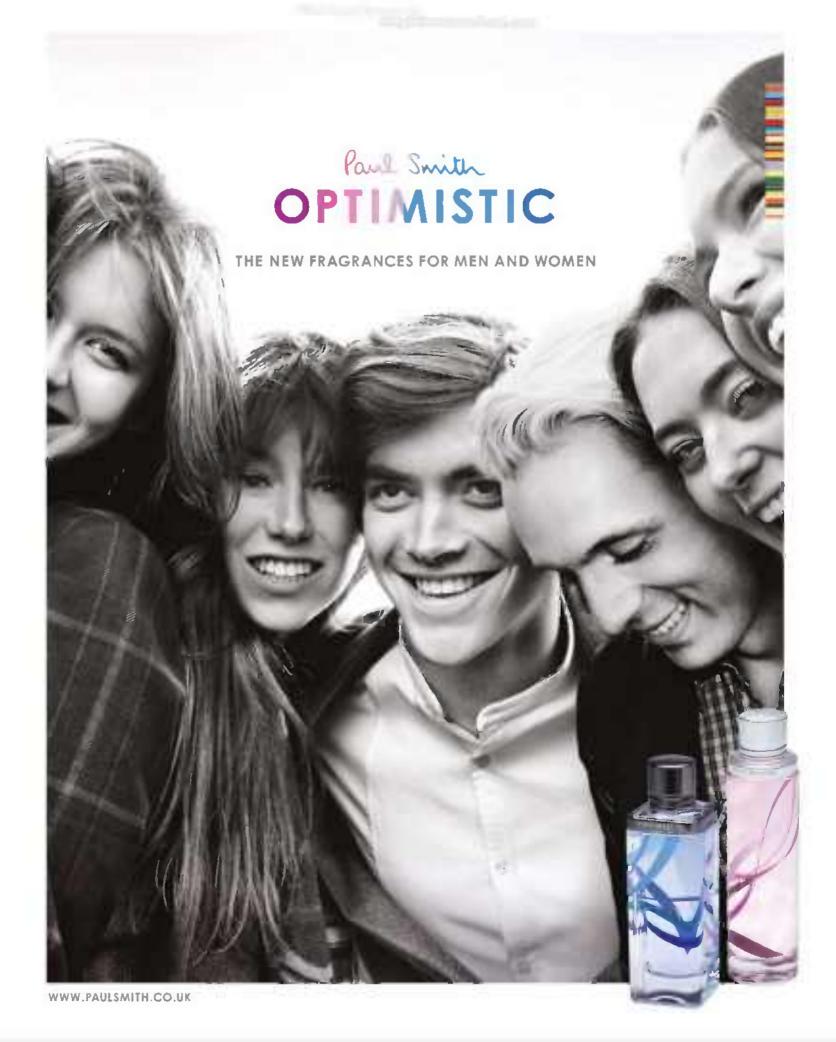
ED MACFARLANE, FRIENDLY FIRES

itself, there was a serious point to the evening – marking the moment at which NME's campaign to find Britain's Best Small Venue went live. The irresistible togetherness of Friendly Fires' homecoming was the perfect example of why our under fire institutions are so important to the health and future of our rock'n'roli. You can nominate your own favourite sweatbox at NME.COMsmallvenues until Friday, with the shortlist for the national award to be announced in the coming weeks.

Let the voting, and of course the dancing, continue ...

See NME.COM/video for Friendly Fires' track-by-track guide to 'Pala' – a video from The Horn will also be online soon.

Nominate your favourite small venue at NME.COM/smallvenues





TALKING HEADS DO TO TO TO TO THE ADS STROKES... BUTDOESIT MATTER?

Can The Strokes survive the bitchy in-fighting? Yes, says Gavin Haynes, as long as we accept they're not the band we first fell for

> Julian: "We all seem to trust each other more."

Albert: "We're very fond of each other." Nick: "Mild undertones of hostility and resentment define this band."

Fulian: "A band is a great way to ruin a relationship."

Nikolai: "We wrote and rehearsed as the four of us. Then we'd send the track over to Julian. I don't know if he had trouble being with us - I don't know what was going through his mind. There were tensions." Nick: "Maybe everyone needed money or something. 'We gotta pay our mortgage so may as well get this going again." Julian: "If we can get to everyone being happy,

everything else will fall into place. Nikolai: "It's like a marriage. You grow a little bit, but it becomes the same after a while. You need something fresh to keep it going. It's something we all needed to do personally." Nick: "I felt like the best way

for me to get my band back on track was to send them demos I made. I thought that might excite

them. But it didn't."

Albert: "There's always tension when The Strokes are in the studio together. It certainly wasn't anything like 'Abbey Road' or 'Let It Be'."

Inlian: "They'd stab me to get to the top."

sk a Stroke a fairly simple question like "How goes it with The Strokes?" over the past couple of years, and you will receive any one of a dozen different answers, Departding, Depending on whether they've decided to put up the shurters and spin positivity for the press. Depending on whether they're just too narked-off for the happy-face routine, and can't help but drip a little poison. Depending on what the other Strokes have been briefing on them lately. Depending on whether there's been another attempt at patching it up - the flashes of genuine

optimism, ar perhaps just an at-least-we-tried patch-up bit of moralising back-covering Like Middle East peace accords, Strokes love-ins seem to

Not enough shades to go round makes for an unhappy band



come and go. Occasionally, calm descends. Everyone gets on with getting along. Things are 'much better'. They're all 'really looking forward to touring the record'. Then, almost inevitably, someone shoots an RPG over someone else's Gaza Strip, and it all kicks off again.

Worse still, it's now retroactively ruining our memories. sullying all that pretty naive stuff we all chose to daub them with – The Last Gang In Town, boyz-in-da-band sense that you could go down a Lower East Side dive bar on a Tuesday night and watch them

pour beer over each other's heads while shimmying to The Cramps. These days, they probably all have media liaison agents who do that for them. And a roomful of media liaison agents pouring beer over each other's heads is less fun to watch.

No-one in their heart of hearts ever imagined that a band would take

a five-year lay-off if things were going swimmingly. But the crudity with which The Strokes have begun airing their laundry in public has taken most watchers by surprise. There are plenty of acts no longer with us who had less of an IV line of poison drip-dripping to the heart of their relationship. It has left one question hanging in the air: at the rate they're going, could The Strokes soon be over?

Five years ago, even as it stood gleaming on the launch platform, it seems that 'First Impressions Of Earth' had sewn a fresh wave of division and dissent within the band. At its heart - the issue which still doesn't seem properly resolved -- was a disagreement over democracy. Julian ran 'Is This It' and 'Room On Fire' like a benign-enough dictator. But by the time 'First Impressions...' rolled round, egos had swollen on all

sides: Julian had spent a few years being hailed as a gentus; the others were restless enough to want to flex their own considerable musical talents. There were murmurings and mutterings from the non-Julian team about 'doing things a different way', drawing on all the talents. Unstoppable force, meet immovable object: the sessions were fractious, and the subsequent tour even more so - Julian recently made reference to 'people sabotaging shows', and even complained of how they had altered their management deal so that people got paid for what they did within the band rather than splitting everything equally... Money gripes are not the first sign of a band in full bloom of creativity.

In a band touring in a splitter, the ineverable result of this might have been a punch-up outside the Chatham Tap'n'Tin, followed by doublevoddies'n'reconciliation, But for a band who had

taken to living in separate parts of the continental USA, with celebrity girlfriends and enough dough to keep them rolling along with or without their musical buddies, it seems that the problem was left to fester. And, as anyone who has ever tried to transcribe the pause-strewn mumble-soup that is a Julian interview knows, genius he may be, but he is not one of life's most talented communicators. That he recorded his vocal parts in a separate studio tells you all you need to know. When it comes to disputes he doesn't have the skills or will to fight his own corner, so he opts out, presses 'ignore', and hopes that things will resolve on their own accord. They haven't. They won't.

They made the mistake of arriving perfect in every way. Now we need to take them for what they are: independent, fallible and past 30

> After aborted sessions with White Stripes producer Joe Chicarelli in 2009, the band scrapped 18 songs and started again. Later that year, Julian revealed that there was, according to him, 'disagreement' over whether the songs for 'Angles' were complete or not. It was around this time that the other four began communicating with Julian only by email, and none of all this was exactly simplified by Albert's decision to move his casual drug-dabblings into something more all-consuming and junkie-like, sometime around his second solo album, Cómo Te Llama?. It was a habit antisocial enough to split up his own touring band, and bad enough to make him forget his guitar parts during the first phase of recording 'Angles'.

He's better now. And when 'Angles' emerged, mired as it was in the sound of compromise, it too sounded something like a slate being wiped clean. Here, we imagined, The Lost Years were at last being put aside for a brighter future. Now, though, more and more it seems like 'Angles' has merely added to the tangle of psychic scars the NYCs seem reluctant to give up. Julian is no longer being interviewed alongside his chums, which means that the game of brief and counter-brief is extended infinitely.

All of which raises interesting questions about how The Strokes will get along on their summer touring commitments - the pressure cooker that will either force them back into civility or else boil them alive. So far, the interesting answer seems to be 'quite well'.

At Coachella, they turned up and rocked the fuck out, with Julian even finding time to make sardonic banter with the crowd. After asking some version of the festival standard, "Is it hot enough for you out there?", he continued, "Cool. On my own dime, I flew out on a private jet, so I don't really know what goes on out there." Narf narf. . SXSW was well received, and at Maryland's Merriweather Post Pavilion a month later he seemed in equal fettle. Beyond these one-offs, their summer touring schedule is sparse in dates but large in crowds - Oxegen, T, Reading, Leeds... big festival shows where they'll have to convince the floating voters who probably own 'Is This It' but haven't kept up since - a tougher crowd than the choir-preach of their recent Madison Square Garden show.

f course, history proves that bands can bear grudges but still hit the ground running Pixies can get up onstage and tear the house down, then retreat to their separate dressing rooms with barely a word to each other. While they have the luxury of not making albums, they do demonstrate that coming together to share in the communion of what you do onstage can be all a band needs to get by

Right now, The Strokes are in the process of finding out whether there is enough communion available to dig them out of their hole. They are figuring out whether the term 'creative destruction' applies to them. The world is not what it was to years ago. They made the mistake of arriving perfect in every way and 20 years old. Now, as they point out, we need to take them for what they now are, emotionally independent, fallible, sometime-collaborators past 30.

"We're not the same people who made 'Is This It'." Albert recently acknowledged. "You may start off ganglike, but time and - I suppose - success changes all that. It was always our thing to grow and change, and the moment we stop doing that the band will be over," As fans, they have more to give if we too are willing to put the past aside. We have to recalibrate our expectations, and think in terms of the New Strokes rather than hanker for the past. The Old Strokes are dead. Take it or leave it.

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After a week of mayhem in the UK, Tyler, The Creator just about contained the leaking of his new album. Nearly. Here's the first review!

he run-up to the release of Tyler, The Creator's album-the mental UK shows, the wedding dress NMF cover, that stagedive picture - has caused such a stir that it's a miracle XI Recordings avoided it leal ing early. We say 'miracle'; it was just super-tight management of the

The contents of 'Goblin' have been a jealously guarded secret, with no promo copies sent out prior to the release. "I don't want opinions and shit," Tyler told NME. "I'd just rather make my shit and

Numerous fake tracklistings have circulated in the last couple of months, although those downloading hoax leaks have had to make do with Celine Dion and Shaquille O'Neal MP3s.

'Goblin' finally found its way online on May 4, despite XI's best efforts, and if anything it's heightened the pre-release buzz. Tyler himself appeared sanguine, tweeting "The cool thing is that I made an album that I wanted to listen to, and just happened to put it out. Swag."

TYLER, THE CREATOR

GOBLIN XL

Shocking yet shockingly funny. Strap yourselves in for Tyler's first major release



'I'm not a fucking rapist or a serial killer. Hied." it's here. Finally, And it might not be quite what

you were expecting...

You know Odd Future Wolf Gang Kill Them All, right? Punk kids, young offenders - a dozen-odd LA skate brats giving hip-hop a shot in the arm and a bad name in the process. But until you hear 'Goblin', you don't really know Tyler, The Creator. This one goes deeper and darker. And this time we're not just talking jokes about rape

and cuss words tossed about like hacky-sacks.

It kicks off with the title track, and if you're hoping for an opener that captures the unhinged madness of that Jimmy

Fallon performance, well, you'd best take off that balaclava. 'Goblin' is a seven-minute confessional that finds Tyler venting his darkest thoughts to a psychiatrist (or maybe conversing with a split personality, it's not entirely clear). Over eerie piano and synth notes that drip-drop like Japanese water torture, he zigzags through the story of his 20 years to date - absent father, skipping class, sleeping on his grandma's couch, dark fantasies and suicidal thoughts vacillating wildly between unswerving confidence and crippling self-doubt. He misses Thebe - his friend, Earl Sweatshirt, exiled by his mum to a camp for unruly teens in Samoa. "I'm not homophobic. " he proffers, but can't help adding a "...faggot". At the core of it rests the sort of soul-baring and selfscrutiny we saw from Eminem circa 'The Marshall Mathers LP'. It is not, it's fair to say, the sort of track most would use to open their first commercially released full-length.

But then Tyler is not the sort to play to the gallery, and 'Goblin' confi ms that, over and over, It's an album that leaves you in no doubt that Odd Future's leader is a rare talent - a brutally funny motherfucker with an imagination that squirms like a tub of maggots, old enough to know that words leave bruises but still young enough not to give a fuck about the consequences. He has a way with a line that makes you grin and recoil in the same motion: "Rape a pregnant bitch and tell my friends I had a threesome/You got a death wish? I'm a genie, it'll get done" he spits on 'Tron Cat'. But musically, it's almost oppressively mid-paced,

veering between Neptunes style beat minimalism ('Nightmare', 'Tron Cat') and curdled takes on silky '70s rare groove legend Roy Avers (notably. the actually rather gorgeous 'She', featuring Odd Future's R&B crooner Frank Ocean). Little captures the mayhem of their live performances. and choruses are obviously regarded as something of a cop out - unless they sound like 'Sandwitches', with its "Wolf Gang! Golf Wang!" chant, or the distortion soaked 'Radicals', a rare burst of kinetic rage that builds to a "Kill people, burn shit, fuck school!" So where 'Sandwitches' and 'Yonkers'

compressed all that is brilliant about

Odd Future's leader is a rare talent – a brutally funny motherfucker

> Tyler into four-minute chunks, over the course of an album - an 82-minute album, at that - the shtick can be wearying. It is a depressing moment to reach the 60-minute mark and be confronted by a track called 'Bitch Suck Dick', which features a guest spot by Tyler's trusty lieutenant Jasper The Fucking Dolphin - good name, but not born to rap, it's fair to say - and

revolves around the lyrical conceit of "socking bitches in they mouth". If there's a lesson we lear a from 'Goblin', rc's that there's still power in shock value - but it's a currency quickly devalued, and by now they're scrabbling for dimes on the

sidewalk Actually, you leave wanting to hear a little more about the Tyler who loves his mother, the one who falls for the girl down the block and drowns his sorrows in Xbox ('Her'). 'Goblin' is not the perfect album that we hoped for, but at least we know where he's coming from. Like Eminem, he's the product of a broken home, rapping to purge the dark thoughts, machinegunning obscenities like it's the only way to siphon off some pressure. Little wonder he bristles when critics call his music 'horrorcore'. This is the contents of his head, poured out Louis Pattison











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Peter Robinson Us PATRICK STUMP

The Fall Out Boy-gone-solo on his swish new suits and why he should get a 'bad guy' haircut



- · That whole Fall Out Boy thing seems like a long time ago now, doesn't it?
- · Fortunately it is out of the way now so that THE STUMP REIGN may begin
- And thoughts inevitably turn to what rain would taste like if it fell not from a cloud, but from Patrick Stump's body

Hello, Patrick, How's London treating you?

"It's treating me well. Every time I stay here I stay in a different place."

Is this because you disgrace yourself in each hotel and are forced to move on?

"Yes, each time I offend somebody and get thrown out."

Now this solo career business, Patrick. What's going on? It seemed like it would be last year. And now it's this year. Except it's gone back. This is all very distressing for a large number of people. What's happening?

First off I got to the point where I finished the record and I was like, 'THIS IS GREAT!' Then I listened to it again and I was like, 'Nah, this isn't as great as I wanted.' I could do better. So I went back to the drawing board. But then when there's a label, there's a lot of machinery. So now it's like, 'You had an opportunity to release at this time, you didn't take it, so get in line."

You missed your window. "I missed a window."

Do you think you have more windows than the average artist, or fewer windows?

"I think off of Fall Out Boy I have one window based on that attention. 'Oh, it's that guy.""

But I think that also takes a window away. 'That's from a few years ago and nothing's really happened,' people might think.

Perhaps it doesn't take the window away, perhaps it half closes it. The window is ajar.

"It puts a lot of pressure on things. It's my first solo record but I've been writing music by myself for as long as I've been writing music."

What will you be wearing as a solo artist?

"Suits, mainly. It was good to get some nice suits. I'd never bought one before."

What's your inside leg measurement?

"You'll have to ask my tailor."

'My tailor'. What an amazing thing to be able to say. Like 'my lawyer'.

"Well yeah, that's a fun one."



Are people actually going to like this stuff?

"It's hard. I hope so. I know people hate it though."

That sounds very hurtful Patrick, what are these horrible people saying?

"People are saying it's not really a rock record, that kind of thing. And it's not really an R&B record, st's not an Usher record It's just me I guess. And I suppose there are going to be people who don't like me.

Do people not like you in real life, or do they just not like the idea of you?

"I don't get told that people don't like me. If people don't like me they're very polite about it."

I'm looking at a picture of you now, Your hair looks like the hair of a good guy. And I'm wondering if perhaps you had a bad guy haircut, well, you'd get a bit further.

"YESI What I need is an exaggerated widow's peak and eyebrows that are always down. And maybe a goatee."

"Oh yes, of course. Maybe a top hat."

Oh, don't be ridiculous Patrick. "That's a classic bad guy hat, right?"

Well, maybe Patrick, but I was trying to have a serious conversation about clothing and you've made a mockery of it.

"I'm sorry, I took it out of reality for a moment there"

I accept your apology. "Good."



CEE LO GREEN 'BRIGHT LIGHTS BIGGER CHTY'

KANYE ET DRAKE AND REHANNA 'ALL DE THE LIGHTS'

NICKI MINAJ 'GIRLS FALL LIKE DOMIRIOES'

ARCTIC MORKEYS
'DON'T SIT DOWN 'CAUSE I' YE
WOVED TOUR CHAIR' (22172)

PANK! AT THE DISCO 'THE BALLAD OF MONA LISA'

THE STROKES 'UNDER COVER OF DARKHESS'

WEZ KHOLIFA 'ROLL UP'

BEADY EYE

THE VACCINES

MILES KARE REARRANGE

JUSTICE

JAMBE WOON

FLEET FOXES 'HELPLESSNESS BLUES'

THE PIERCES 'YOU'LL BE MINE"

HERVE TOGETHER

AGENC BFOOD

TWIN ATLANTIC

20 37 THE WILHELM SCREAM

THE WAKED & FAMOUS

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a CAGE THE ELEPHANT 'Around My Head'

THE DEARS "Thrones"

* NOAH & THE WHALE Tonight's The Kind

Of Night

'A Chore'





FUTURE STARS, BREAKING SCENES, NEW SOUNDS...

Edited by Jaimie Hodgson



ECHO LAKE

The London-based quintet trimming the whiskers on the shoegaze beard

h, the Rebecca Black Effect No sooner had the spectacular Dan Nixon-directed debut video for 'Young Silence' sent Echo Lake crashing softly into the blogosphere's armchair, than eagle-eyed commenters were gleefully chiding the hapless nubiles for its alleged likeness to James Frost's 'House Of Cards' Radiohead video. It's true: slated as the first ever Microsoft Kinect music vid, the discombobulating 2D on 3D effect occupies familiar dimensions to the tree fanatics' effort. But forget graphics nerd stereotypes: these plucky nu-gazers won't go down without a fight.

"What's wrong with that?! You see so many videos with bands nowadays where they're just fucking playing a show, or backstage drinking beer, doing the same generic things that apparently rock bands do," rants guitarist Thom Hill. "What's wrong with doing something a little bit different? Even if it may have been done sort of slightly once before..."

Thom has reason to be ruffled: just half an hour ago, he was abruptly made redundant by Oddbins. Likewise, Echo Lake's peculiar trajectory began after a dog's arse of a day a year or

so back; to cheer themselves up, Thom and singer Linda Jarvis grudgingly relinquished some songs to Myspace. Within hours, hip London indie No Pain In Pop was plotting the release of debut EP 'Young Silence', whose run of 500 copies sold out before they could even pop the champers.

"It's weird, we released it on Valentine's Day, and by the time we did our launch show the Saturday of that week, the EP was sold out," says Thom "We were doing a launch show for a record that wasn't in print any more!"

That EP strikes a delicate balance between lush ambient pop and psychedelia. Their tinnitus-baiting live show, however, demands ears of reinforced steel. Taking cues from Sonic Youth, Smashing Pumpkins and My Bloody Valentine, the band's sonic exhibition builds on the brain-frazzling aesthetic of the 'Young Silence' video, zinging along on Pete Hayes' Jimmy Chamberlin-inspired drum thwacks "I'd rather do something like that than be a boring and generic fucking rock band, y'know? Pretending to be cool."

Steadfastly resolved on their reverberating vision, the London quintet offer a singular voice among oceans of echoes, echoes, echoes... Jazz Monroe

NEED TO KNOW

- Due out in June, new AA-side single 'Breathe Deep'/'Another Day' purports to blend disorientating psychedelic pop with funky R&B rhythms. Of course this means it will sound exactly the same as the rest of their songs, which suits us just fine
- Linda first flexed her vocal nodes in a Belgian school choir
- The mums of guitarists Kier Finnegan and Thom are best chums, and the boys have been buddies since the minute Thom popped out of the womb. Bless



BJORNON BOARD

Alex Winston teams up with Björn Yttling for her debut album

Mention the name Björn in a pop-based sentence and you'll most likely conjure up images of grainy '70s Eurovision or Amanda Seyfreed dancing to the vapid strains of music itself dying a slow, Hollywood death. But fear not, for Michiganborn Alex Winston has got something very different planned for her Swedish collaboration.

Having batted the blogosphere with a few choice cuts of her knowingly coy sass-pop, Winston has now taken to the studio with Björn Yttling of Peter Bjorn And John to co-pen her full-length debut. "Higher powers and other forces set it up, but from the start we really hit it off," enthuses the singer. "Within the first 20 minutes of sitting down we had a song written which I'm pretty positive is gonnabe on the record. It was pretty natural, which doesn't tend to happen very often with me. I don't do a lot of co-writes where I just blindly meet up with people..."

But though her cross-continental blind date was a slight gamble, the rest of the team putting their two cents in were a much safer bet from the off. "I'm also working with Charlie Hugall, who's done Florence and a bunch of different other stuff. He's producing most of it with The Knocks," she informs us. "When I lived in Detroit I met The Knocks and they pretty much convinced me to move out here. They taught me a lot, so it's really nice to have them both as producers - they've pretty much been with me from the start?

However, if you think you've got Alex and her house of Winston sussed then you might be gunning for a fair surprise come the album's early autumn release. "It just so happens that the first batch of songs were very light and fluffy in terms of the instrumentation - but I also wanna do a bunch of different things. My main goal is definitely not writing 'Sister Wife 2' [referring to her recent mini-album]."

She may have a crack team of experts backing her up, but it's clear that this girl's no mere pop puppet. Lisa Wright

Band



Matthew Herbert on his favourite new act

"Hanging out with Rowdy Superst*r is a bit like dating a blender: you can put a whole bunch of stuff in but you never quite know what's going to come out the other

end. A rowdy smoothie would be part ice cream, part gravel, part roller disco, part fight, part David Bowie, part Rick James, part Top Of The Pops, part 'Paris Is Burning', With a twist."

TOY/THE HISTORY **OFAPPLE PIE**

LONDON, MADAME JOJO'S TUESDAY, APRIL 26

CAUGHT

There's surely none more fitting a way to spend the lost three days between two long weekends than being swathed in fuzz and making like

the last 20 years never happened. Blame it on the early dawn of summer, blame it on the national need to remember that, way back when, there were happier days, or blame it on the fact that kids will always love the green - the lo-fi revival ain't going nowhere, and thank fuck for that.

However, though tonight's stellar line-up may share a similar record collection. they're proof that nostalgia need not be an all-tarring brush. **Emerge NME Radar Tour**

openers The History Of Apple Pie (try and get past the name) opt for the grungier end of the spectrum. Clad in uniform - plaid for the boys, blunt fringes for the girls - and slacker than Cameron's preparation for PMQs, their distortion-friendly leanings come on like Pavement fronted by one of the Los Campesinos! girls. 'Science For The Young' is a nonchalantly brilliant formula for love, while closer 'Before You Reach The End' lowers the lights and gets

broodingly, brilliantly angsty on us. The real draw, though, lies with lead axe-man Jerome Watson. Bent double over his guitar and looking like the spit of a young Malkmus, every single note is bled out with utterly mesmerising intensity; without singing a word, he's entirely the focus.

Shunning the head-down shoegazing of their support, Toy are a far more self-assured bunch. Backed by a projection that looks like the inside of a lava lamp. the Google-shunning quintet tout a line in psychedelia-tinged, My Bloody Valentine

Toy couldn't be closer to The Horrors if they bought up all Boots' black hair dye

pop that decks itself out in paisley and shakes its shaggy locks for all to see. That tonight is curated by The Horrors' Rhys Webb comes as no surprise in that the band couldn't be more akin to their pals if they bought up Boots' stock of black hair dye and got friendly with a Geldof. But, similarities or nay, between the Barrett-recalling eccentricities and pleasingly fey '60s jangles, we're certainly not ready to throw Toy out the pram just vet. Lisa Wright









"THIS DRAWS A CURTAIN ON EVERYTHING The Libertines HAVE EVER DONE"

And with that, the story of The Libertine finally comes to an end. At least, that's what Carl Barât's saying. In a no-holds-barred interview, Matt Wilkinson hears why the unflinching new Libs film means waving goodbye to Arcadia forever

PHOTOS: ROLLING ENT

isten. Peter's gonna fucking kill me for telling you this, but right now he's not even in London. He's in jail in Munich. He got caught by the police with some stuff and that's where he is. You really believe he actually chose not to be here? It's fucking bullshit! He's in prison..."

The girl we're chatting to – one of two we see at east London's Troxy dressed in red tunics – is tipsy to the point of almost tumbling down the stairs, but friendly enough. She says she knows Pete Doherty personally, and, like a fair few people we chat to tonight, she has her own theory as to why the man of the moment (the ro-year moment) is a no show at the world premiere of the most official Libertines release in years.

Treated more as a friend than a documentary-maker, Roger Sargent gor closer than most for *There Are No Innocent Bystanders*, his film portrayal of the band. But it's not a particularly happy relic of their 2010 sojourn around England Bookended by scenes of joy (it starts with *NME*'s reunion photoshoot and ends with their triumphant Reading gig), the majority of its 80 minutes show a band struggling to keep their heads above water. They're under-rehearsed, bickering and – in Pete and Carl's case – still harbouring the deep-roored relationship problems that tore them apart the first time around. While it's not remotely tabloid, watching it feels like sneaking into therapy and hiding behind the couch while Pete, Carl, John and Gary let rip.

"I le doesn't trust me, and he hasn't trusted me for a long time, and as far as I can tell it's too late to do anything about it," Pete gasps about Carl. Carl, meanwhile, says it's "impossible to hang out" with Pete these days. "It's just the exhaustion," he sighs.

But, of course, barely anyone knows how tense the film is ahead it seeing it. Instead, there are hopes that tonight's premiere, which comes to years to the week since Pete started writing 'Time For Heroes' (about his experiences at that year's May Day riots), will see the band come together once more.

There are 1,700 eager fans crammed into the venue, and a couple of hundred VIPs sat rattling their rosary beads upstairs, all waiting in expectation.

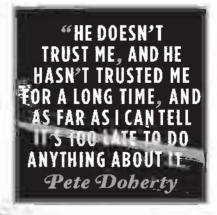
NMF first hears rumours that some thing is being planned to mark the occasion in December, when we're told oft-the-record that the band may play some songs after the film. The following month, we hear that Pete and Carl are holed up together writing new material. By the time of the Shockwaves NME Award in Pebruary, Michael Eavis reveals he's in

talks to have the band play The Other Stage at Glastonbury. In short, things are looking good. But right now, on the red carpet at The Troxy, less so. We arrive to find the place abuzz with word that Pete has pulled our at the last minute, seemingly because of a ruckus with Carl last week. When they turn up, the other three I ibs remain tight hipped about his non-appearance. They all too the party line when asked the same questions they always get asked. John says he hopes the band "can do more stuff together, but it's hard to know if and when". Gary echoes his sentiments, adding that they "would have to write new material" for

it to be worthwhile. Carl, on the other hand, nonchalantly reveals that, while the other two seem happy to get back together this instant, he needs more time. "The closes a chapter," he says forlornly about the night's proceeding. We ask if he can see himself working with Pete again, to which he considers his response: "Possibly."

However, before invbody—because we're now surrounded by hacks from the Daily Star and Daily Mirror—can really press him on it, Carl's being ushered upstairs to get his seat for the film. We're about to follow when the night's

organiser excitedly bounds over to inform us he's got word from Pete's people that he's in a taxi on his way to the venue, having just left the swanky (and wanky) Shoreditch House a couple of miles up the road.





inside to watch the film. It fucking loud - the venue se mingly

uses the same speakers for the playback as they do for visiting bands - and is peppered with audience cat-calls. These range from the silly ("I lov vou Carl Petel" to the good natured ("fucking get it together!"), but when the credits finally roll the room is detlated. No gig. No band Q&A. No nothing. People begin to file out while a DJ spins I ibs classics to an empty dancefloor. Then, in near darkne s on the roof of the Troxy, we speak to Carl. He's way more tense than usual, and before we can ask our first question, he's insisting we tell him what the "upthrust" of seeing the movie was for us. "How do you feel about everything now? Any different?" he asks bullishly. We reply by telling him we're uncertain about the future of The Libertines... Carl: "Maybe now you know how fucking fraught and difficult it i. Welcome to my world. Maybe you're a bit clearer now about how fucking difficult it is, and how, as it says in the film, 'blood from broken hearts writes the words to every song'. That doesn't make it fucking easy. So for everyone who says en masse 'just do it' [reform properly]... then you need a lot of broken hearts."

NME: So what's the future of the band?

"For me, this is the death-knell of my Libertines press. I'm not gonna talk about it ever again. I don't want to. What the fuck is the point? The film has said it all. If it made me happy like it did then, back in the day, then I'd do it and it would be great."

Are you and Pete in any contact at all? "Yeah, we are. Phone calls. Ups and downs." Some people tonight said you two had a bust-up, and that's why he's not here now.

"(Pauses) Well, we are in very different places. And right now is not the time for The Libertines. I thought the

ties, culminating in the conclusion that there was probably just too much bad blood between Messrs Doherty and Barât for this thing to last longer than one summer. Roger Sargent's cameras were present at all the significant marker points for the reunion - the NME shoot, the press conference, the (brief - four and a half hours in total) rehearsals, The Forum gig, Leeds And Reading, There are interviews with the band members (all conducted separately) and London walkabouts with Carl as he visits the old Holloway Road gaff where he and Pete used to brothel-watch,

the Bethnal Green flat

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he just finds Pete's unpredictability "exhausting" Libs fans won't mind, but other moments might be confusing for non-Albion followers. There are comments about Gary and John being sacked, the 2003 guerrilla gig at Wolfman's flat that Carl missed, Pete's time behind bars and so on, but on no outlined timescale Not that we'd like to see the film go down the 'I Love 2002' caption route, but a bit more context might illuminate why this is a story too important to be confined to the indie annuls - that The Libertines should be considered the most important band of

a generation. That's being picky, ough. The film's

thrust lie i it es. It'n ay not the itory of the

drdial, while there

accurate form (not that it claims to, having been crei ted in just one chapter of the band's life), it's ese unique on pshelt that make it

water under the bridge was under the bridge, but maybe it's not. It's a very hard fucking thing. Every time we talk about it just brings it back up."

Brings what up?

"I'm not gonna get into the tabloid fucking soap opera of it I'm just telling you how it stands right now. I don't wanna give any false hope."

But from an outsider's perspective, the reunion secmed to be quite positive.

"It was positive. It was."

It seems less so now.

"Well, I've found that recently. It wasn't as easy as I thought it was. I thought the past was the past and me and Pete could start again with our roots firmly in the ground We have to start again."

So why don't you?

"Because I refuse - pointedly - to make any kind of other record, recording or song written on the pain and nastmess and upset and anything negative that's happened in the past. If we do that then it will be a bad record, so what the fuck's the point?"

Does Pete see it that way?

"Pete, for understandable reasons, is still very hurt about what's gone on. And I believe that he doubts my love for the band and for all of it."

Is that true?

"No. It's silly really, and I wish he wouldn't." Are you hurt by it?

"I am, It's difficult. This is difficult"

t this point, we're interrupted by a worriedlooking security guard. He isn't one of Carl's people (he doesn't have any flunkies here tonight), but a venue worker convinced we're about to either fall off – or throw ourselves off – the building.



Carl jokes that things aren't that bad as we move downstairs to continue. The momentary break actually serves to open him up a bit more.

NME: If the problems between Pete and yourself are so black and white, why not just get together and sort them out properly?

Carl: "Look, obviously I'm still very emotional from the film. I'm sad, happy and angry. But The Libertines for me is a double edged sword. Sometimes it's a poisoned chalice. I don't even know if I wanna say this to you because it'll just be endlessly syndicated in such a way that it's just gonna confine me to eking out Libertines interviews and related stories and music for the rest of my life."

Is that such a bad thing? We spoke to John earlier and he said he's happy to do that stuff, that he enjoys it.

"That's not the way I intend to go, whatsoever, I don't want to give you a false impression. I'll say it now, fucking finite: this draws a curtain on everything The Libertines have ever done."

But at present... that's it for the band? "Right now, there is no Libertines future." Why not?

"I don't believe we're healed from the hurt. If our hearts heal up then we can break them all over again. But, you know, right now... It's hard. And I trust you so I'm trying to be as honest as I can with you, and I'm hoping you'll recognise that. I'm emotional from the film, I've got family here, I've had a couple of pints. And yeah, I'm confused with myself, to be honest. But there is no overhang. There is no 'will they/won't they'

question. Right now, it's not [going to happen]. If it does, then be surprised by it."

Do Pete, Gary and John know that too?

"I think so, I think Gary and John have always known it

Really? Gary didn't seem to say that on the red carpet. He was talking about new material "Gary's a beautiful human being. Listen, I'd love nothing more than to repeat that moment [of the reunion gigs]. But that moment was then. The reason I loved it that much? Because I knew then that it wasn't gonna be happening again in the near future. I know then that that was the sum and the final outing of everything that we'd done together as a band."

So the Reading gig was The Libertines bowing out?

"I think we owed ourselves that gig. And we owed it to the world. So yeah."

We heard that you and Pete have tried to work on new material together?

"Me and Pere have talked, but clearly there' still a lot of pain there. [Between] him and me.

You saw the film, man. It's not easy. In fact, this interview isn't easy."

Carl says he's eager to wrap things up now. Though he chirpily compares his current mindset about the band to being "in a beautiful har in the Midwest somewhere... the midwest of Ingland, though, we press him on whether this really is the curtain being drawn on The Libertines tonight.

"As I said, I don't really show the emotion that I'm feeling inside. This is only one-eighth of the iceberg, what you see on the outside. But I'm just doing other stuff now - I'm writing another solo album, I've got



LAOS CAFE

Clockwise from above: The best of friends/ homoerotic-friendenemy-hybrid on their way to make the big reunion announcement: back together at the Forum; proof that they can play nice and get along and share like ood boys backstage at Reading: the end of the reunion in front of 60,000-odd fans, friends and innocent bystanders.

Especially after all this. This is the end of a very long and hard road for me.

During the film, the thing that stood out was that you all looked really happy onstage, and then off it, in the interviews it seemed like you loathed each other. It wasn't easy to watch.

"That's a good observation, I suppose. Onstage, when we are all together and it's bigger than the sum of its parts, it's beaufic. It's monumental. It's a gargantuan bedazzlement of happiness, to quote Moulin Rouge."

And offstage?

"It's a different story. So there you go."

ith that, he's gone Back to his friends. Back to his house, his kid. Away from The Libertines. The following night, we're recounting the story to a friend of a friend who suddenly cut us off. "I played with a band who were tour managed by a guy who did the I ibertines gigs last summer," he says. "You know it's all bollocks, don't



"I NEED TO HEAL.

ESPECIALLY

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THIS IS THE END OF

A VERY LONG AND

HARD ROAD FOR ME"

Carl Barât

you? The whole Pete and Carl hating each other thing. It's an act. Pere's been to see Carl's baby loads of times this year. They get on great - it's just a game they play with the media, pretending to hate each other.

He's not untrustworthy, this guy Not at all. And what he says could - just like the

Munich thing - be completely true. But this writer doesn't believe him. The fact of the matter is this: There Are No Innocent Bystanders sees the band speaking for themselves, loud and clear. For every Pete soundbite stating that a full blown reunion is simply "down to Carl", there's a putdown in the form of Barât declaring something like: "It's just not that casy." I ikewise, when Carl announces that he wouldn't "feel complete as a person to not at least attempt to make another record with Peter", you can't help but be reminded of Doherty bluntly stating: "It's almost like I've never written a song with him before, to be honest. The person he is now...

What's more, Carl, Gary and John have all come clean about the band's current situation tonight (you can read what Gary has to say in the box on this page),

while Pete not showing up at all – or returning any of NME's subsequent calls - speaks for itself. Does he not give a shit about The Libertines anymore? Is he too hurt to bang out with or even speak about the others? Has he said it Il in the film am way? Or, alternatively, maybe he genuinely is otherwise occupied at present? Two words: fuck knows.

Before the premiere, Roger told us that both Pete and Carl had begged him to have the last line in the film. But as the credits role, only one of them gets their wish. He's filmed fumbling around at the piano, half-pissed and trying to remember how to play one of The Libertines' oldest, most sincere songs their first proper paean to London, 'You're My Waterloo'. But he can't remember the chords and keeps fucking it up. After a few attempts, Carl Barat abandons playing the song completely, turns to the camera, stares down the lens and says restlessly: "Right, shall we do something different now?"

Watch archive Libertines videos at NME.COM/video, plus check out red carpet photos from the premiere of the new documentary at NME.COM/photos

Which I guess is kinda the point of being in The Libertines. The Libertines is always awkward. It was never comfortable, so why should a film about The Libertines be comfortable?" We got the impression you all said things on camera because you were being filmed on your own. Was it like that when you were all together during the reunion, or did that stuff go unsaid? "It was unsaid It was a lot of 'Ring A Ring O' Roses'. I mean, it was child's play when we were together, to hold

it together.

Do you feel happy

with the way you're

portrayed as a band?

because even

with all of those truths, the things that

said about Peta by Carl, and about Carl Pete, it's an unresolo relationship, but not

in a negative sense. I mean, why would you bother creating so much animosity towards somebody else without actually having a true feeling towards them? At some stage, as far as I'm concerned, it will actually come to a head. They'il go, 'Oh fuck... I know you love me really..." Carl just basically admitted that he and Pete had a bust-up and that The Libertines are no more.

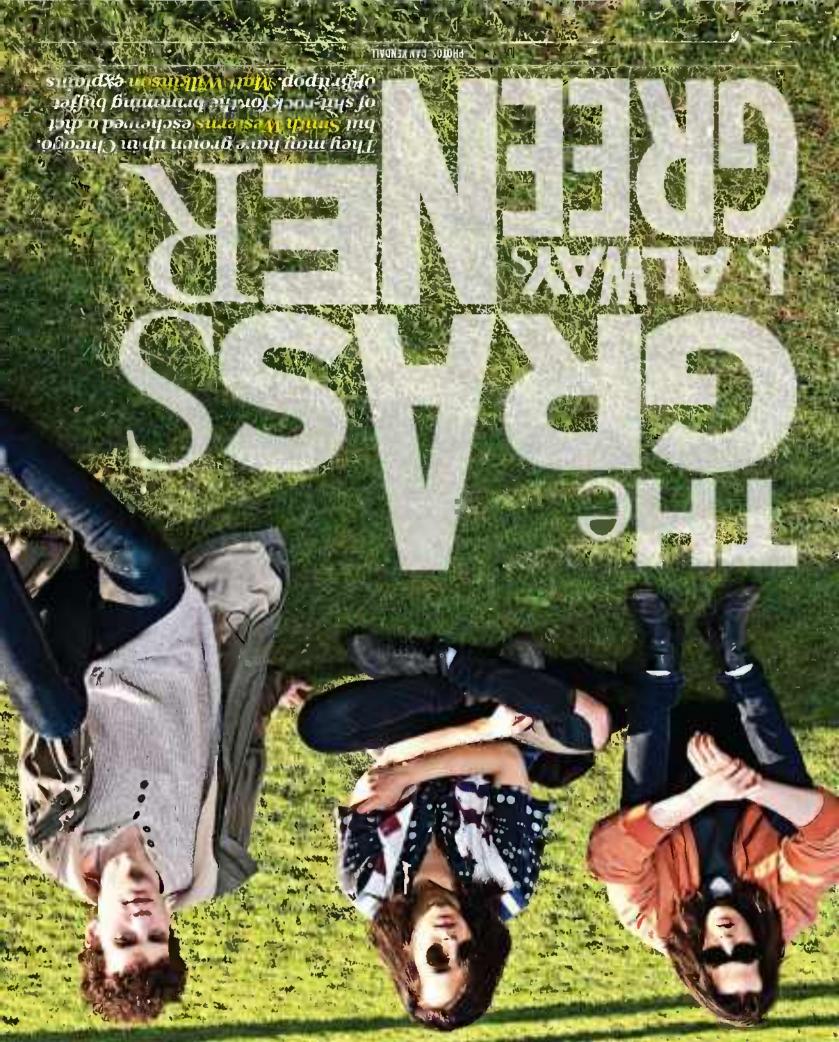
"Yeah. (Pause) i know about that, But I also know that Pete, the next day, didn't actually remember the massive bust-up." Carl obviously does... "Carl does, but that's the thing - Pete never remembers and Carl always does. But when they get together, Carl will forget the fact that he remembers, Pete doesn't remember, Pete smiles at him and all's good." So are you taking it too seriously? "Not really, no." Just another...

"...bust-up. Yep. But right before the premiere, obviously it's gonna be magnified to an intense degree." Do you think that seeing the film in the edit sulte made Pete think about the future of the band? "Yeah, it does kinda feel like a little bit of a bust-up. But I still feel that it is gonna be

oa ndividu

Fullerton

resolved. I still think



ait! You've seen Suede?! Oh my god man how were they?" Cullen Omori, Smith Western '19-year-old frontman, is looking abruptly to the ed' at present. His usually wands ring eyes have widened his flopping hair somewhat unexpectedly thrust aside from where it has been obscuring roughly 60 per cent of his face for the last half hour. To his left sits his guitarist and singwriting partner Max Kakacek, who suddenly interrupts his friend by shricking: "What does Brett look like now?" Then we go back go Cullen.

Boy boys! All in good time! Brett's late 30s, we tell them, wrongly (he's 43). "FImm," says Max "So, not so

young any more then..." And with that, both of them practically cackle their way off their stools, before Cullen goes all sullen again. It turns out that touring commitments for the Chicago band mean they won't get to see the returning Britpop lings live anytime soon. This, it transpire 15 something of a bummer.

"Yeah! And how old is he?!"

Cullen "I am really pissed off about it. I mean, it' bad luck right?" He stops talking and looks us in the eye,

waiting for a response. We nod. "I mean, the re out playing Coachella now and we're over here. My main hope

is that we're playing the time festivals in the UK or elsewhere this summer. I'm gonna, like, introduce myself if I can...

Why you should know about all this Brett idolising, in case you were wondering, is because \$mith Westerns' new album 'Dye It Blonde' is a total triumph. A British sounding, guitar-pop triumph. It contains to songs that rustle up an unashamedly glorious estimation of this country's glam-thed Britpop icons, starting with Oasis and stretching back through Morrissey and Marr, Slade, T. Rex and The Beatles (early-'70s, solo Beatles). The bands primary mission when making the album, according to Max, was: "To be as obvious as possible And to make every part of every long be a chorus, so it gets better and better the whole way through until the outro is the best bit of the whole thing."

"Yeah," nods Cullen "The 'Waterloo Sunset' effect ..

Good gameplan. 'Dye It Blonde' ii hell-bent on delivering all that stuff. Its guitars are drenched with the into-thered leaze once owned by Noel Gallagher, Teenage Lanclub and Bernard Butler. Its dreamy, weightless moments - of which ther are many recall Oasis at their most childlike ('She's Electric', 'Married With Children', 'Fade Away'). Essentially, it's Ecollection of BIG songs with BIGGI R choruses, interspersed with lots of RIALLY FU KING BIG guitar solos that sneak up and last for about five seconds before sodding off again. And you know what? It' fucking weird that it has come straight from the hearts and minds of a bunch of teenage stoners who grew up on the other side of the world

"It's because in the '90s so many British bands made these unishimedly good choruse when nobody in America v. bothered, explains Cuilen, "We wanted to be like that

to the Camden Falcon (RIP).



choose their five top Britpop songs

SUFDE

Cullen: "It's got that slow bit but then it blows up into that huge chorus! That's exactly what we tried to do with our songs this time."

TEENAGE FANCLUS "Collectively this is one of our favourite songs. It's sooooo good (sings the guitar line). I think that sounds really good, that guitar bit."

Dirty Shirt

"Cameron, my brother and our bassist, found this song. Everyone hates that album but he put it on when i was drunk one day - I heard this song and I was like, 'Whoa! This is actually really good!"

BLUR

"It's got that John Lennon, 'Instant Karma' vibe to it and it's non-stop. It reminds me of the 'Bagism' phase he went through too."

> SUEDE "Can I choose another Suede song? This one's my favourite of theirs at the moment."

I wasn't into grunge when I was growing and what I did this time round was I went back to what I was listening to in eighth grade or whatever. So when I was writing an parts for this, I was listening

tish pop solos - really trying to work out why they were so fucking poppy when they're also really heavy - and then in my own warped way trying to transfer them into the realm of Smith Westerns."

ompared to the band's 2009 self-titled debut - which saw them put the Bolan boogie through the world's est fuzz pedal - 'Dye It Blonde' is a full-on leap into the world of properly grown-up six-string, synth-heavy pop albums. No vocals hidden deep in the mix, no cheating fade-outs. Essentially, no cutting corners.

This, the band say, is down to two things. Firstly, a re imagined stance on what it actually means to be a guitar l with big ideas in 2011.

"We want people to be inspired by what we're doing, want them to tab out all the songs on guitar," explains Cullen, "There needs to be another guitar band now and I'm not saying that's us - but there needs to be something that gets away from MacBooks onstage.

"Being good at your instrument should be seen as being fucking cool, you know?" ys Max, butting in on his bandmate. "It fucking annoys me when people are like, "Oh, this sounds derivative." No! People have been playing guitars like this since the '50s and everyone knows what to expect. You've got, like, eight chords to play around with. But some new machine that came out last year, you don't know what that sounds like. Literally it could be some guy pushing a fucking button and everyone's shitting their pants over it. Bullshit! Fuck that!

Alright? Good. Secondly, the band found themselves in an odd position prior to recording. They realised that, in the last two years on the road, they've become the

"BRITISH BANDS MADE CHORUSES IN THE '90S, WHEN NO-ONE IN THE US **WAS BOTHERED"**

Cullen Omori

toast of pretty much every underground indie hero who actually means something in the US at present.

"We were suddenly surrounded by all these creative people. People who had for some reason been attracted to us," says Culkn "[Photographer] Ryan McGinley, who's become a really good triend of ours, bands like Girls and MGMT, Albert Hammond Jr, who came by and met us randomly one night. It was this real mix of people, and all of them helped us to shape the record." Further endorsements followed, from Arctic Monkeys, Florence + The Machine, Belle & Sebastian and, just recently, Odd Future's Tyler, The Creator (who wound up watching the bind sidestage at SXSW before hewe kid you not - staged an impromptu karaoke session of the band's songs aided by various passing Strokes).

Il this attention would piss some bands off, you might think. But not Smith Westerns. Cullen "It's actually really helped us. We absorbed it. Obviously we wanted to make something we were proud of and our fans liked ... He pauses for a minute and tails off, before sniggering a little and then double proudly declaring: "But what we really wanted on this album was to show all those guys who were bigging us up that we could make something just as cool as them. We've always wanted to be a band's band, undoubtedly. And I'm not ashamed of that at all." And you know what? As a fan, neither should you be.

Smith Westerns may be just about the most blatant, honest band going. And as 'Dye It Blonde' proves, they've got enough tunes to bring to life the Britpop aesthetic and match the celebrity plaudits. One thing though: will someone get them Brett Anderson's email?

Stream 'Dye It Blonde' at NME.COM





Lock up your scotch eggs! The **Beastie Boys** are back, and they're as mental as ever. **Lee Coan** talks illness and illness with New York's favourite sons

PHOTOS: TIM COCHRANE

n the week before Beastie Boy Adam 'MCA' Yauch was diagnosed with throat cancer, he was complaining to NME about a sore throat, talking about the future, laughing about the size of Barack Obama's face. 'Hot Sauce Committee Pri' (now with a rejigged tracklist and retitled 'Hot Sauce Committee Part Iwo') was in the bag, ready to drop, they'd just met Danny McBride (creator of their hilarious new viral video), but there was still a feeling something was up.

Eighteen months or so later, there's no official news on Yauch's health, the album is heading for daylight again, and we've got Ad-Rock on the phone from New York.

"Yauch's getting better," Ad says, talking about his boy in the kind of encouraging words that even the band's publicists haven't heard yet "He's still in treatment, but things are going good, he' getting better. It'd all been a case of, 'Look, we'll just drop everything, you get better, we'll entertain ourselves for as long as it takes."

"As long as it takes" took just under two years. In that time, the Beasties sat on the album, we sat on our interview, thumbs were collectively twiddled. "I'm bummed that nobody leaked anything," says Ad-Rock "We've been sitting on this shit for years now, right? It's kind of disappointing, actually. What's up with that? Nobody wants to leak our shit any more? Fuel. Come on. We need to get some less trustworthy people around us. I think for the next album we're going to need some shithead punk kids doing security."

Hang on, we thought the Beastie Boys were shithead punks? The very definition of shithead punks. Whatever. Here's that interview, fresh(ish) from the mouths of Brooklyn's finest...

Mike D: "Can someone tell me what happened to Wimpy burgers? What is the point in coming to England now you've lost all your Wimpys? [They still exist, though there are far fewer of them – Fast Fond Ed]. What did you guys do to them? They were a national treasure – I like a burger joint where you can also buy a treacle pudding. It's a rarity. You Brits overcook your food, but that shit kind of works on your weird desserts, your Wimpy burgers, and maybe also Cornish pasties."

Ad Rock: "We like to treat interviews like going into a shrink's office. We have a lot of issues, as you'll probably find out. It's cheaper for us to discuss them with you rather than pay a professional. Can I rest my head on your Iap² Is this good for you?"

Mike D: "We like London because it's a bit like New York – just with coffee that sucks MI5 needs to send out the spies to Milan. Get your boy James Bond on it because, after a few decades. I'm still looking for



that first good cup here. It's tasteless and, having looked into it, I think it's because of the lime in your water. I won't complain too much as we've had some seriously good times in London-like the time we threw a whole cooked chicken out of a 14th storey window. We don't do TVs out of windows. Roast chickens is our way."

Ad-Rock: "We hit Madame Tussauds every time we're in the UK. It's a must do for us. Man, that place is funny. We like to go there, do the tourist thing, and then, in contrist hang out in dark alleys at night, see what reall goe down in the London. And we like to go to all-night peep shows and stuff like that too. It's non-touristy, but we find you do actually get a lot of other tourists at these places. Usually Germans."

MCA "The first time we came to Britain was with LL Cool J and Run-DMC. That was a big deal for us - it was our first trip out of the States as the Beastie Boys. Our label Def Jam had just signed a deal with Columbia Records and so we got a load of money to come over here with LL and misbehave. People were

fooled into believing we were these big stars. I remember being on TV here and it was one of the very first interviews I'd ever done. The first question they asked was, 'So, erm, that's what you're wearing?"

Mike D: "I think we once travelled to England specifically for scorch eggs. You guys criously know how to scotch an egg. We don't get that enough in New York. It was scotch eggs that caused the chicken out of the window incident, actually. We saw a guy in the street wearing a bowler hat - he was like a cartoon of what we Americans think I nglish people look like. We tried to knock his bowler hat off by throwing scotch eggs at his hat from our window. Naturally, shit spiralled, out went the chicken That was,

like, 1986 Good times."

Ad-Rock: "We used to hang out with Madness and The Clash. The first time

we came over here Suggs took us out to the cinema with The Clash, which was pretty fucking odd. We went to see Re-Animator. Joe Strummer came to our show in this tiny club and we didn't even really have any songs. It was, like, 'We can wing it normally, but should we at least try to have something if Strummer's watching?' After we went to Mick Jones' house, and Johnny Rotten came over. We were just kids, and suddenly we were hanging out with these great punks - our heroes. It was so cool Our friend Trish ended up marrying [Clash bassist] Paul Simonon."

Mike D. "Making this album proved difficult because I kept breaking down in tears. I was laughing so much at stuff, on a daily basis, it ended up where I couldn't really do anything but cry. I was weeping like a beby. We had to start docume iting it all and sending the proof to our manager to show her why we still had no songs on tape"





MCA: "Mike's ongoing dental work was a major asset He was on steroids, which was making him all steroidy, and ty and angsty. He was just screaming on the record like, 'Corne! On' Out!' over and over. And then when he'd come back to the studio from the dentist, his mouth would be all numb, you know? The numbness made his tongue marginally fatter, so was

Mike D "We still hate each other. We bicker, and fight, we bespite on a daily basis. Often we'll be fighting over whether the word bespite is a word. We do Creec > Roman wrestling to settle disputes, we have full outfits and everything. I personally wear a cup - what you may call a box - to the studio. You have to, with these guys. There's not always much warning."

causing him to lisp a tiny bit. That lisp is on the record."

Ad-Rock: "We're big pranksters. Let me give you an example. This is a true story. We were hanging out at an aftershow party in Chicago when this creepy guy came up to me and says, 'I really want you to have my ring.' I was like, 'It' yours, I don't wear jewellery, dude, please keep it.' But he got angry and forced me to take it. These two idiots found it funny because this dude and his ring freaked me out. I thought it was cursed He had a real Dungeons & Dragons vabe you know? So I hid it on top of a cupboard in my bedroom, told nobody Weeks later we take a train to Philadelphia, I go to the bathroom on the train... the ring is in the sinl. I, like, started hyperventilating, and these two still won't admit they put it there. Seriously. Guys. Did you put the ring there? It's time to tell me if you did.

MCA: "We didn't put the ring on the train, but this story gets better. So he's freaking out on the train to Philly, like nearly having a heart attack. He comes out the toilet and he throws this fucking ring right down the carriage, really upset He's shouting at us, going nuts. But when he's not looking I find where the ring has landed. Two weeks later we're in a hotel in Europe and he comes down to the lobby, ghost white He' like, 'Dudes, just tell me, did one of you put the ring in my bag?' I'm like, 'Ring? What ring?"

Mike D: "Our fans can be crazy, I was at a Santigold gig recently and this dude comes up, says he loves the Beastie Boys. Then he goes, 'Dude my earplugs are really good, try th in 'He then takes these earplugs out of his ears and hands them to me. I was like, 'Thanks, but no thanks, I want to hear the how and you know that's also kind of disgusting.' He was all, 'No Try. My. E. rplugs. Put them in! They're really good earplugs! Put them in!' I had to run away. I ske, literally run."

'Mainly I've had no ide what to do with my time. All I do is walk my dog. That fucking dog. Her name is Roberta

DOG WALKING

Peterson. The problem is I'm really such a popular rapper it's not even safe for us to leave our house, it's tough."

GRILLING SHIT

grill. Fuck, do I grill. Some would say I barbecue, but barbecuing is not technically where I'm at I'm a griller. What you I'll grill your steaks. And let me tell you this Rob alP not get that shi

NAPPING

Tve been a Trumpy old man since, like, I was 10. So, like all old men, I do a lot of resting, for my aching back. It gets tougher to rebound. you know. If you have a couple too many, you need to slouch around a little bit longer."

BEJEWELLING. SHIT

"I've been ihinking about starting a jewellery company called M'gems. Our publicist didn't tell you? Shit, man. I've got an idea for a commercial that goes, 'Where's m'gems at?' Amazing.

Ad Rock: "One time someone snuck in a whole whipped cream pie to one f our shows to throw at us. You know, the kind of pie clowns have. It was a big one too, it had weight to it. It just makes me laugh, thinking of them at home king the pie, carrying the pie to the show, getting there early to get a good spot by the barrier with the pie, watching the support act with the pie, then we do the whole of our first song and WHAM. It hits [keyboardist Money] Mark right in the face Happy days."

Top: With casual-wear like this, no wonder 'paul's Boutique' took a while to find customers

Above: Run-DMC and the Beastles

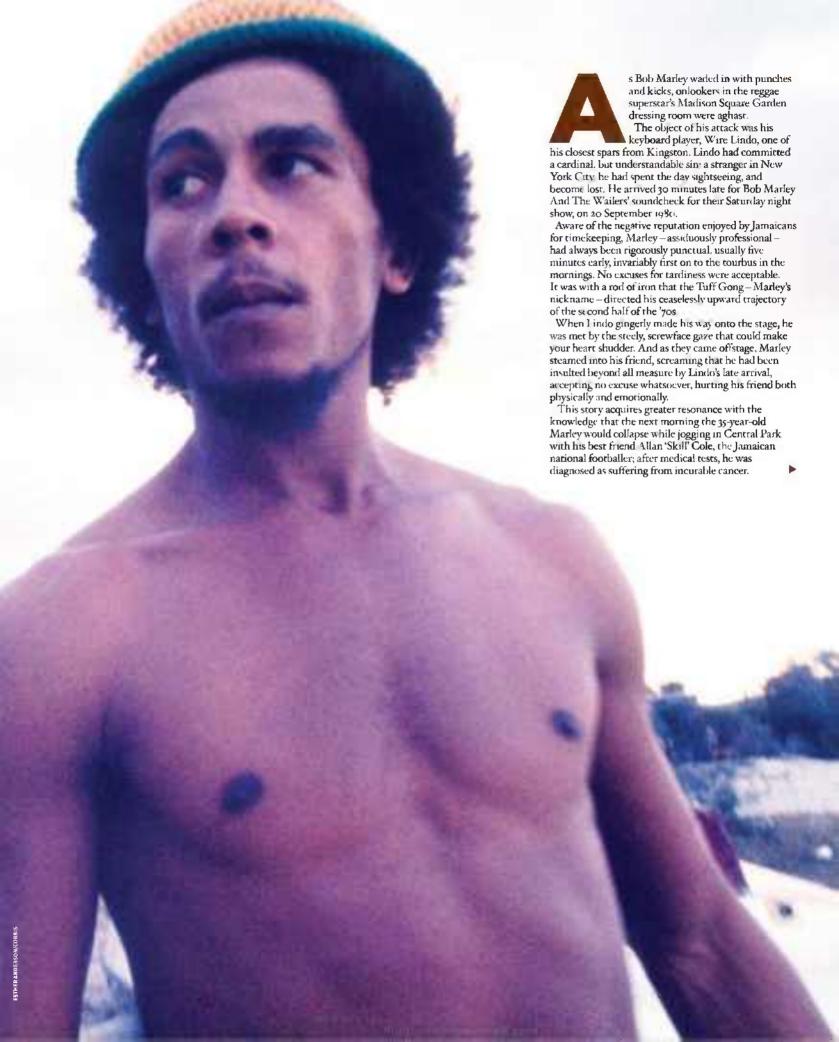
Ad Rock: "We were big backers of Barack Obama in the US election, but the thing that strikes me about him now is the size of his head. We call a head that size a domeski, as in, Obama's an utter domeski. Clinton? Another domeski. I think a big head helps you get lected, it looks good on TV. You need something to anchor you in the frame He really wants to meet us, but we've been busy. He asked Run DMC to play the White House. And Foo Fighters. don't know about the Foo Fighters, but hin DMC .. big heads. Domeskis look out for one another.'

Mike D: "People try to get me to give up music and go into politics. People trust me with big decisions. If I could get my head enlarged a bit, some silicone injections into the forehead, the domeski procedure, I could get elected to office."

Watch the band's guide to 'Hot Sauce mittee Part Two' at NME.COM/ artists/beastie-boys

Thought that **Bob Marley** was nothing more than a peace-loving weed smoker? On the 30th anniversary of his death, **Chris Salewic**z tells the story of the Marley he knew: a true rock and roll revolutionary

Spirit of revolution: Bob Marley on Hellshire Beach, Jamaica, 1973



Bob Marley's death, on May 11 the next year, would cement his myth. In death, his badman stance, one requisite for survival in a Jamaica riven with an undeclared civil war, in which life was cheap and the sound of gunshots commonplace - Marley himself was shot in a political assassination attempt in December 1976 - would became diluted; the accepted vision of Marley became that conveyed by the pensive, benign pose carried on the cover of 1984's 'Legend' hits compilation, Number One in the UK for 19 weeks, the third biggest back-catalogue seller of all time, with sales estimate as high as 40 million.

Although 'Legend' war proof of the un ring commercial viability of Marley's material Island Records founder Chris Blackwell, who had him and id Marley's career, was unconvinced by the Hear ra breatest Hits record; he stepped back, leaving his new managing director, Dave Robinson, to direct the project.

In fact, then, the 'Legend' image of Marley that adorns myriad stoner student walls was a marketing device conceived by Robinson for a TV-advertised record. "He'd learned that you should keep the word 'reggae' out of it," said Blackwell. "A lot of what people didn't like

WHEN THE THUGS ARRIVED, MARLEY **GAVE THEM A** SOUND BEATING

about Bob Marley was the threatening aspect of him, the revolutionary side. So the picture chosen was one of the seftest pictures of Bob."

This 'Legend'-sleeve Marley hardly equates with the rebel leader images you may find painted as giant murals in backwoods villages in the African bush or in the favelas of Latin America. This Marley is a hero figure, in the classic mythological sense. His story is that of an archetype, which is why it continues to have such a powerful and ever-growing resonance: it embodies political repression, metaphysical and artistic insights, gangland warfare and various periods in a mystical wilderne's. It is no surprise that globally Marley now enjoys an iconic status more akin to that of the rebel myth of Che Guevara than to that of a pop star.

t was the rude boy Marley I met, just after 8am in his yard at 56 Hope Road in uptown Kingston - to which he had gravitated from the granding poverty of Trenchtown - in Lebruary 1979. I had walked in, and introduced myself by giving him a pair of articles I had

> previous year; he reciprocated, precisely as Bob Marley should have done, by handing me a freshly rolled spliff. But within minutes I was driving with him and a crew of roughneck ghetto youth in

written in Jamaica for the NME the

Backstage at Madison Square Garden on September 20, 1980 -the same night Marley attacked Wire Lindo

a minibus through the potholed backstreets of Kingston, to the concentration camp-like Gun Court prison, a frightening product of Prime Minister Michael Manley's Emergency Powers Act of 1975. Into it was dumped, for indefinite detention or execution after a summary trial, anyone found with any part of a gun-Why are we going there?" I had asked Marley.

"To see about a youth them lock up - Michael Bernard," he quietly replied.

Michael Bernard was a cause célèbre, a political activist widely believed to have been fitted up on a weapons' charge; significantly, Bernard was an associate of some of Marley's edgier Trenchtown friends, like the gunman Tek Life, whose sobriquet is self-explanatory.

This visit to the governor at the Gun Court was to inquire as to the possibilities of a retrial or of Bernard's release from prison. Bernard said nothing. Almost all speech wal between the quietly authoritative Marley and the governor. But the true purpose of this mission to the Gun Court seemed to be to how that Michael Bernard had not been forgotten about He was eventually released four years later.

Over a period of three weeks, I would go to Marley's rehearsals and recording sessions, hang with him at a Twelve Tribes dance in the Kingston foothills, and conduct a pair of lengthy interviews. Yet the significance to me of this trip to the Gun Court with him was that such a task - pleading for a man's life -

Cameron

and the

bankers..

5 OFF-THE-RADAR REBEL YELLS FROM THE TUFF GONG

'CONCRETE JUNGLE'

On track one from the first Island Wailers album, 'Catch A Fire', Marley spells out the excoriating grimness of ghetto life.

"SLAVE DRIVER"

Also from 'Catch A Fire', with the chilling, self-explanatory

lines: "Every time I hear a crack of a whip/My blood runs cold".

'TALKIN BLUES'

Adamantly opposed to the "shitstem", Marley saw through the establishment's lies. Hence: "I feel like bombing a church...'

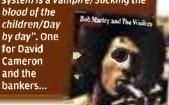
'JOHNNY WAS

The true story, beautifully told, of a ghetto brethren of the Tuff Gong gunned down in the vicious civil war endured by Jamaica in the mid-'70s.

'BABYLON SYSTEM'

From the penultimate, militant

'Survival' album: "Babylon system is a vampire/Sucking the blood of the children/Day



Studio One label, urged calm on the newly minted

Jamaican youth tribe of rude boys, those prototype

Inevitably, The Wailers became allied to the rude

filed to blades of murderous precision.

the youth now/Cos it's wrong".

dons, who still rule the roost today

juvenile delinquents who sported the same cool threads

as American soul singers and brandished ratchet-knives

boys and perceived as a kind of house band. There were tunes that seemed like messages direct from Rude Boy

Central: 'Rude Boy' itself, late in 1965; and 'Rule Dem

Rudie', and 'Jailhouse', with its lines "Can't fight against

By the time of the 1966 elections, four years after

Jamaican independence, the island was slipping into

crisis With politicians allying themselves to the vicious

thugs who had formed unofficial armies around sound

system operators like Duke Reid and Coxsone Dodd,

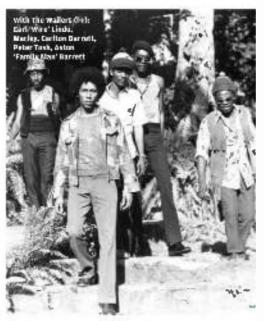
the brutal political violence of the next decade was set in

motion, leading in turn to the dominance of the ghetto

Marley himself was embroiled with a complex ghetto

figure known as Mortimer Planner - Planno - who was

revered as a Rastafarian leader and had become Marley's





manager in 1966 (his regular day Job was selling 'herb'). Seeing his client as a cash cow, he pressured Marley into playing gigs with The Wailers, which he refused to do, returning instead to his remote rural birthplace of Nine Miles. When Planner sent thugs to the village, they were given a sound beating by Marley and his old neighbourhood friends.

Ruge Boy culture had imbued Marley with a ragamuffin approach to life. After

Marley with a ragamuffin approach to life. After splitting with Studio One, The Wailers set up their own label, but they lacked the

label, but they lacked the financial clout to get onto Jamaican radio, where payola (the illegal practice of paying kickbacks to get your records aired) was a given. By 1972, 'Skill' Cole had taken on a management role with Marley, and using his footballing celebrity, would

gain entrance to the JBC and RJR radio stations, taking with him a pair of 'screwface' men, as well as a baseball bat from then on, Wailers records never lacked arrtime.

With success came wealth, and by the time Marley had acquired the former colonial mansion of 56 Hope Road from Chris Blackwell as part of his solo deal in 1974, its yard was host most days to 'ranking' badmen from the downtown ghettoes. In 1976 Marley was being shaken down almost daily for large amounts of money, following a failed horse race fix by 'Skill' Cole. This, of course, was down to the gangsters, yet the assassination attempt on him at the end of that year, before he was



due to play an open-air concert that suggested he was backing Prime Minister Michael Manley, was political. It left him with a bullet in his arm for the rest of his life. 18 months later, according to his manager Don Taylor, Marley was present at the street executions of several of the perpetrators.

year later, exiled in London following the shooting, Marley began to put together what would become the legendary One Love Peace Concert of April 1978. At this huge open-air gig, he famously held aloft the hands of Manley and Edward Seaga, the leader of the opposition.

This moment of peaceful triumph, however, turned out to be a pyrrhic victory: in the next elections, two-and-a-half years later, over 1,000 people were murdered.

By then Marley had only months to live. His final gesture of rebellion occurred on April 17, 1980, when he and The Wailers played at the Zimbahwean independence celebrations; rebels fighting the white supremacists of Rhodesia had been inspired by Marley's music.

But the audience was not what Marley had expected when he had personally shelled out over £100,000 to fly his group to the celebrations. Instead he found himself playing before the replacement clite, personified by the new president, Robert Mugabe.

The reggae rhythms of 'Positive Vibration' opened Marley's set. As they pulsed through the tropical night, outside the stadium the dense forest of fans and freedom fighters from the rival ZAPU party protested about their exclusion: seizing the moment, they forced their way into the national sports ground – through the gates, over the walls – and surged towards the stage.

Police and soldiers steamed in, batons and butts of M-16 rifles thudding brutally down on the intruders. To Marley it was a repeat of the same legacy of colonial oppression that he had witnessed in Kingston. Here the victims retaliated by tearing apart the outdoor venue,

IT WAS CLEAR THAT PLEADING FOR A MAN'S LIFE WAS NOT OUT OF THE ORDINARY FOR MARLEY

before tear gas was unleashed to stamp down the authority of the new politically privileged.

It was a troubled Marley who flew out of Zimbabwe. After all, what he had witnessed hardly accorded with one of his most celebrated pronouncements.

"Me only have one ambition, y'know," he had declared.
"I only have one thing I really like to see happen. I like to see mankind live together – black, white, Chinese, everyone That's all."

Chris Salewicz is the author of Bob Marley: The Untold Story (HarperCollins, £8.99)

REVIEWS

AUSTRA, KATE BUSH

Edited bu Emilu Mackau



FRIENDLYFIRES

PALA XL

Joyous, bonkers and more colourful than a double rainbow, the St Albans trio's second is the perfect poolside party soundtrack



t a time when laptop twiddlers appear as gods and the musical landscape shifts with a click of the refresh button, there's something about the words 'dance-punk band from Št Albans' that feels wronger than a fleet of parasailing donkeys Really, what could be more passé in 2011 than some skinny jeans-clad berk thrusting his tiny cock all up in your grill as he gamely frugs through Talking Heads' back catalogue

There was a little of this nerd-boy thrusting about Friendly Fires when they emerged, cowbells blazing, in 2006, but their selftitled debut swiftly put paid to all that by showcasing the band's increasingly assured

pop touch. And if that record had a niggling, bronze-medal feel about it in the wake of similarly fluoro-tinged debuts from Foals and Klaxons, consider the ante upped second time of asking: 'Pala' doesn't so much meet with expectations as have a quiet word in their ear, buy them a Babycham and slink off with their girlfriends at closing time.

With a primary-coloured zeal that frequently borders on the absurd, 'Pala' proves the perfect tonic for fans let down by Klaxons' transition from inspired chancers to jobbing rock band last year. Where 'Surfing The Void"s protracted birth throes sucked the mojo clean out of the new rave dons, 'Pala' is that rarest and most refreshing of

propositions, a second album that actually sounds like it was a blast to make. It's a record whose arena-sized ambitions work with rather than against the music, lending poise and focus to a sun-soaked carouse whose freewheeling spirit is a joy to behold.

Gone is the knock-kneed funk that blighted parts of their debut, replaced by relentless high-end fizz, plushly carpeted basslines and exotically plumed synths of every conceivable colour. Opener and single 'Live Those Days Tonight' sets the tone beautifully: it's a Godzilla of a tune, joiting piano stabs and dry-ice synth laid over a clattering, samba-like rhythm. One more instrument in the mix, you feel, and the whole ridiculous edifice would come tumbling down - but it doesn't, and it's hard to recall such stylised excess working so well anywhere outside of Duran Duran in their peacocking '80s prime.

'Blue Cassette' starts out with what sounds like the loop from Daft Punk's 'One More Time' before launching into the kind of dizzying chorus that'll have you begging for the oxygen tent a few bars in. 'Running Away' does Technicolor harmony pop better than anything this side of Mariah Carey's untouchable 'Fantasy', and masks an unusually bitchy lyric: "If the Northern Lights were shining/ You'd turn away". 'Hurting' sounds like J Dilla producing Hall & Oates in tiny white shorts, and is altogether lovelier than a naughty suncream rub. It's followed by the title track's gorgeous, Junior Boys-like slow jam, whose breathy sensuality showcases frontman Ed Macfarlane's newly caressing tones.

'Show Me Lights' is presumably the tune the boys are aiming to sing should that Brit Awards collaboration with Rihanna ever materialise, while 'Helpless' closes out the record with the liquid come-up vibes of Kanye's iost-in-da-club masterpiece 'Flashing Lights', complete with vaguely druggy lyrics about losing yourself in the ocean and stuff. Admittedly, amid all this swooning the band find time for a couple of duffers — 'Hawaiian Air"s goofy in-flight ode (er, "watching a film with a talking dog", anyone?) is the one moment where the record's exuberance feels forced, and 'True Love' falls back a little on the halfassed James Murphy-isms of yore.

But, in the end, resistance is futile. Big, bounteous of hook and packed with more senseless beauty than an acre of rainforest, 'Pala' offers the sort of agreeable nonsense every good summer needs as its soundtrack. Dig out those short shorts, and get on it already. Alex Denney

DOWNLOAD: 'Live Those Days Tonight', 'Running Away', 'Blue Cassette'

Watch the band's track-by-track guide to the album soon on NME.COM

THIS IS HARDSCORE

Not-evenfunny bad

Barely one

Actively

Woefully bad

Depressingly substandard

Dead-on average

6 Better than average

Really

Exceptionally good

Of-the-year

DELS

GOB BIG DADA



DELS, alias Kieren Dickins, may have the dubious distinction of being the biggest East Anglian rapper in the game, but he's no backwoods slouch. Instead, his

debut shares genes with the introspective sounds currently coming out of the capital from the likes of Ghostpoet, Sampha and Kwes (who produces a clutch of tracks here). Elsewhere, Micachu brings all her talent for earache soundz to bear on 'Violina/Bread Before Bed', while 'Shapeshift', the collaboration with Hot Chip's Joe Goddard, might just be the best electro-hop banger since Roots Manuva's 'Witness (1 Hope)'. Which is weird, 'cos the UK rap don also turns up for a spot of Cameron-bashing on 'Capsize'. Tasty. Alex Denney

DOWNLOAD: 'Shapeshift'

TENNIS

CAPE DORY CARMEN SAN DIEGO



Escapism is, of course, for the weak. But sometimes it's nice to be pathetic, and if Tennis' backstory puts you warily in mind of those people who work half the

year in pubs to spend the rest in Indonesia stocking up on insufferability, the results of married couple Alaina and Patrick's eight-month voyage on a boat round the American coast are far more agreeable. Not just there for the blog posts in life, the hipshimmying likes of the featherweight summer doowoop of 'Take Me Somewhere' and the fingerclicking crush-flush of 'Marathon' are like Best Coast after a week off the weed breathing in lungfuls of fresh ocean air. A little shade among the sugary rays might not go astray, but maybe that's just the goth in me talking. Emily Mackay **DOWNLOAD: 'Long Boat Pass'**

PSYCHEDELIC HORSESHIT **LACED FATCAT**



Matt Whitehurst isn't raising the bar for noise with his umpteenth release, but at least he's articulate. Sounding like rotting Americana, the bulk of 'Laced' is

really a blues album cut up with grime beats, techno horns, white noise, Syrian midi keys and ambient synths coated in typically washed-out hypnagogicpop style; we've been here before. Where this album stands out, however, is in its unambiguous lyrics: "Everything in this world is laced". Noise music has been content to let its harsh aesthetics do the talking alone for too long; with 'Laced', Whitehurst has challenged that paradigm. Huw Nesbitt DOWNLOAD: 'I Hate The Beach'

LET'S WRESTLE

NURSING HOME FULL TIME HOBBY



Let's Wrestle must be feeling smug. It's not long since their magnetic slackerpunk debut and already they've got Steve Albini on production duties. He's

tightened all the screws on 'Nursing Home', cranked and cleaned up the guitar riffs and limited the album to a more manageable 12 tracks (down from 16 or their first). Lyrically, they've kept the sour cocktail of British humour and American apathy, but the suburbs they're singing about are getting creepier. Singer Wesley Patrick Gonzalez deals with death with detached sympathy on 'For My Mother', while porn stars haunt his dreams and fear of inadequacy stains his waking hours. It's all strung together with punk-drunk pace and some properly good melodies. This is the real deal. Hazel Sheffield DOWNLOAD: "For My Mother"

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



ALEX DENNEY "I received a lifetime ban from the Women's **Bathing Area at** Hampstead Heath. Apparently, this dude does not look like a lady. In spite of all the moobage."



EMILY MACKAY

"I've been trying to listen to the new Stevie Nicks album, which is so superwatermarked it will barely admit its own existence, let alone, y'know, PLAY ON A CD PLAYER."



HAZEL SHEFFIELD "This week I've mostly been listening to Jack Beats, Fake Blood and some killer Lykke Li remixes by The Magician and Gold Panda. Did someone say 'girls' holiday?""



DANGER MOUSE & DANIELE LUPPI

ROME EM!

The duo's impeccably crafted Italian homage, featuring Jack White, is surprisingly magnifico



While there's no doubting the sheer canematic brilliance of Sergio Leone's The Good, The Bad And The Ugly, when it comes to cult Italian cowboy movies. the cool kids have always

had a thing for Django, Sergio Corbucci's 1966 gory revenge epic, which features a hell-bound anti-hero dispatching colossal numbers of Mexican bandits with a machine gun which he drags into town in a coffin. The film has been a rich source of inspiration to everyone from Lee 'Scratch' Perry to Quentin Tarantino Now you can add Danger Mouse to that list,

When working with Italian composer Daniele Luppi on 'Dark Night Of The Soul' and Broken Bells' debut, the pair realised that they shared a love for the emotionally resonant score for the film created by Luis Bacalov, as well as the peerless orchestral work of Ennio Morricone They embarked on a grand homage to this

golden age of Italian pop and movie music in 2006, finishing only recently; if the sumptuous sound of 'Rome' is pristine in every detail then there should be little surprise - the pair recorded in the cavernous Ortophonic Studios in the catacombs of a nco-classical church in Rome and tempted Morricone's septuagenarian Marc 4 band and Alessandro Alessandroni's I Cantori Moderni choir out of retirement.

Stylistically, the biggest gamble is the inclusion of Jack White and Norah Jones as guest vocalists - but it has paid off handsomely White turns in his best post-'Elephant' singing on 'Two Against One' and Jones acquires a new grandeur on tracks such as 'Black'. Hopefully, listeners who have had their tastes whetted by Cat's Eyes and the cult Italian 'Beat At Cinecittà' compilations will fall in love with this entrancing and gorgeously out-of-step album John Doran

DOWNLOAD: 'The Rose With The Broken Neck', 'Two Against One', 'Season's Trees'

IDIOT GLEE

PADDYWHACK MOSHI MOSHI



Gee whiz! 23-year-old James Friley, aka Idiot Glee, seems plucked from another time, back when marks on dance cards begat notches on bedposts and a swell evening at the hop was the key to everlasting love.

His debut makes like Wes Anderson leading a barbershop quartet with voices rich as full-fat milk, blissed-out organs echoing the glory days of a now-shabby ballroom. Problem is, there's a dearth of ideas here that means the whole shebang clings to cloying, torturously repetitive pastiche rather than doing anything particularly innovative. And when bands like Summer Camp and Metronomy have the nostalgia thing down to a T, 'Paddywhack' just comes across as plain old corny. Laura Snapes DOWNLOAD: 'Don't Go Out Tonight'

TITLE FIGHT

SHED SIDE ONE DUMMY



While the title may not suggest it - calling your debut album, your first offering set loose on the world, 'Shed' feels a little like calling your childhood

sweetheart 'Dogshit' - the first long-play offering by these Pennsylvania teen punks might just be one of the best punk rock debuts of the year. Sure, it doesn't even try to mess with the basic template of the best melodic hardcore (um... melodic, hard, fast, emotional) but the pop sass shown in songs like 'Coxton Yard' and 'Society' are what lift Title Fight high above the more generic offerings from this sometimes tired scene. We're looking forward to the next record already. Can we suggest 'Trowel' as a working title? James McMahon **DOWNLOAD: 'Coxton Yard'**



AUSTRA

FEEL IT BREAK DOMINO

Dark, dangerous and dramatic, Katie Stelmanis conjures a touch of devilry in her band's strong debut



Pop's a shadowy coven nowadays, and Katie Stelmants, the mastermind behind Toronto three-piece Austra, rust made those dark wings even more

crowded, 'Feel It Break', their debut for Domino (Katie released an album under her own name in 2009) will ruffle established feathers. It runs rings around Florence's hokey waft, its harshness is in sharp contrast to Bat For Lashes' wide-eyed ethereality. Instead, Katie and bandmates Mava Postepsks and Dorian Wolf delight in glistening, arpeggiated coldwave synths that evoke Depeche Mode, even Nine Inch Nails, glimmering like a sashayed sequined cape.

She's got dramatic lyrical stock to match. Made more macabre by her stern operatics, she castigates traitors ('Darken Her Horse') and on 'Lose It' her trill could shatter stained glass, flitting from Munchian disconnection ("my face screams without any motion") to confrontationally entimate ("I came so bard in

your mouth"). 'Spellwork' casts her as a scavenger, clawing after "bones or anything grown" and that insatiable ambrosia, desire. This dangerous desperation holds court on the searing, near-perfect 'Beat And The Pulse', in which devilishly bold synths recall a blunted Knife, Katie's sexy gasps contrasting with lead vocal stridence.

The tracklisting, however, proves that these treats lie in the record's first half, the second part not quite hitting such ecstatic peaks. Drum breakdowns drift too on 'The Villain's Gauntlet-ish splutter, and although Katte's piano skills are impressive, final song 'The Beast' is too stripped back and literal, erring a teensy bit on Evanescence balladry.

Still, the progression between Katie's occasionally mawkish solo album and Austra's debut is remarkable. The odd misfire aside, 'Feel It Break' is self-assured and utterly consuming. At this rate, she'll be leading the pack soon. Laura Snapes

DOWNLOAD: 'Beat And The Pulse', 'The Choke',

KATE BUSH **DIRECTOR'S CUT FISH PEOPLE**



Revisiting 11 of her post-'Hounds Of Love' tracks, Kate sets to tweaking them into the state she originally intended. Confounding expectations, there's no

whizzy technological updates (unless you count the daft, Auto-Tuned computer voice on 'Deeper Understanding'), instead she's sombrely stripped away the late-'80s/early-'90s studio clatter and started all over again. The best moments are the most unexpected, such as 'Top Of The City', which explodes into colour where previously its sting was dulled. Her vocals now sound stately, and the impression is of a grande dame breathing new life into work made as an ingénue. Priya Elan DOWNLOAD: 'Top Of The City'

BOX CODAX

HELLABUSTER GOMMA



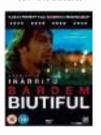
Nick McCarthy, Bavarian brains of Franz, last dipped into side-project Box Codax five years ago, and in that time, the contents have got a whole lot more

exciting. Less rigid and robotic, much cleaner than 'Only An Orchard Away', 'Hellabuster' moves on from post-punk weirdo pop to a glammier, proggier form of ELO-ish studio oddness. It's part-produced by Joe Mount of Metronomy, whose sonic fingerprints are audible on the brilliantly freaky disco of 'Seven Silvers' and the likes of 'My Room'. If 'Choco Pudding' dips its spoon too far into the bowl marked 'wacky', the whole is an eccentric gem that pulls you back again and again. Emily Mackay DOWNLOAD: 'My Room'

What we're watching this week...



DVD Black Swan For all its acclaim. Black Swan was still a divisive prospect, some lampooning Natalie Portman's 'L'Oréal does Scream' face. others marvelling at her twinkle toes (though whether they were actually hers or not is equally thorny). Join the debate.



DVD Biutiful

Javier Bardem - he of the terrifying pudding bowl crop in No Country For Old Men - plays a human trafficker here. but also a fine father and defender of illegal Chinese labourers in this incredibly bleak but beautiful film.



DVD

Benda Bilili The story of Congo band Staff Benda Bilili and their struggle to record their first album, this is one of the most heartwarming films in an age, charting the four paraplegics and three street kids' rise to global acclaim.

COSENTINO



NOAH & THE WHALE



TONIGHT'S THE KIND OF NIGHT

MERCURY

I don't know if the band know it, but they're inspired by Bruce Springsteen.

The singer's voice has that same 'good but bad' quality - you know, like he isn't the best singer in the world, but he doesn't suck. This could have been a cut off a new Springsteen record that didn't get used. and then this band discovered it and re-worked it. That's a compliment, by the way - The Boss is my man.

COCKNBULLKID



ASTHMA ATTACK MOSHI MOSHI Oh Hove this! "London Hove you, but you're bringing me down" - I feel that way too when I'm in London! This girl's

voice rules - it's like a modern '80s iam, and I feel like it would have been perfect in Sex And The City when Carrie Bradshaw is strutting her stuff down 5th Ave with a big smile on her face. The band name is kind of misleading, though - I expected to hate this song based on the name, but I was clearly wrong.

ALEX WINSTON



SISTER WIFE ISLAND Love the vocal melody on the intro, and the track itself is quite cool, lots of nice layers of keyboard parts. The

layered vocals really ruin it for me, though. I never understand when a song is directed at one person. why multiple voices are singing the whole thing. Just don't get it. Listen to 'My Girl' by The Temptations: one dude telling her how he feels, and then his bros join in to drive the point home. A cool song, though.

EDDIE VEDDER



LONGING TO BELONG

MONKEYWRENCH A nice little song, short and sweet. I was never into Pearl Jam or Eddie's

voice, but it sounds a bit more worn and rough here than I remember. Having the instrumentation just be ukulele and cello is a good call. A seldom heard combo. I fike that he really lays into the ukulele like you would on a guitar - it's so often used in such a twee sorta way these days. "Like when the wind gets tired, the ocean becomes calm" is a cool lyric. My fave song of the bunch.

THOSE DANCING DAYS



CAN'T FIND ENTRANCE WICHITA I'm not going to lie - the first thing I noticed about Those Dancing Days is that they're hot Swedish babes. Not

only that, but 'Can't Find Entrance' rules. This song has beautiful female lead vocals and lyrics I can relate to - it reminds me of Camera Obscura, if they used a lot of synths. The melody is sweet.

CHAPEL CLUB



BLIND LOOG

Is the singer really into Morrissey? Phrasing and lyrically, it's so similar. Cool guitar effects on the intro, and

actually throughout the whole song. I wish the fast guitar stuff near the end would just keep going. If this came on at a bar I would stumble over to the jukebox to see who it was by.

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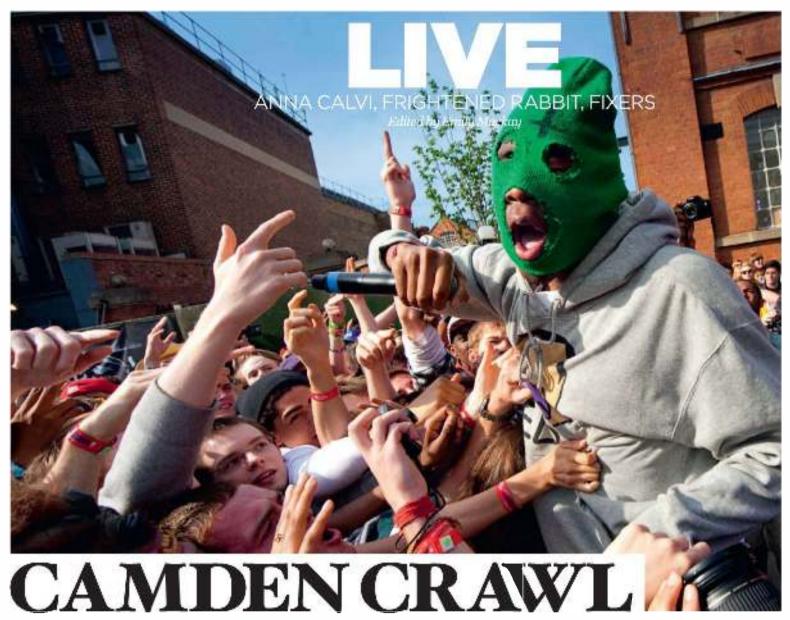
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VARIOUS VENUES, CAMDEN SATURDAY, APRIL 30 - SUNDAY, MAY 1

North London's annual shindig features glimpses of the future — and the return of a local star

SATURDAY, APRIL 30

Camden Crawl started out in 1995 as the kind of ramshackle musical gathering that ended in brawls, smashed glass and the roar of strens on its colourful streets. This year is the 10th time it has been held, and you'd be lucky to catch a whiff of street-side anarchy at this slick inner-city event, which boasts over 200 artists in over 40 venues as well as a comedy fringe.

Saturday kicks off with Norwich School of Art trio Fever Fever, who deliver a hefty blow of not-gril attitude through sawn off guitars. "Have you ever heard a girl from Norwich rap?" asks Ellie, before spitting out 'Static' from their 'The Bloodless' EP without stopping for breath. We have now.

Then it's a trek up to the HMV Forum, past crawlers gathering on the banks of the canal for a breather in the glorious sun. After to minutes of slack-jawed hip-waggling from Frankie

& The Heartstrings we've half a mind to stick a doobie in his po-face and point the way to the canal.

Welcome respite from the hype comes from Big Deal. Their spiked adolescent musings on relationships coo through the camp surroundings of The Black

Cap. SCUM turn Electric Ballroom into a pool of smoke and light at sundown. Ĭt's a shame their audience is lacking in number. It's not

so for MNDR, who are in full flow when we creep into the busy Jazz Café. London's own Mark Ronson shows up for 'Bang Bang', inducing some of the best body-popping the place has likely seen in a while.

The mayhem intensifies with Dananananaykroyd. New songs 'E Numbers' and 'Apostrophe' go down a storm, "This song's about Camden, it's cailed 'Time Capsule'," frontman John Baillie Ir announces before the next onslaught. When we're spat out of the gig to the sound of a drum'n'bass street party, the words ring in our ears. Good job the Crawl is here to drag these

The Crawl drags these streets kicking and screaming into the 21st century

streets kicking and screaming into the 21st century.

SUNDAY, MAY 1

Camden used to be the home of real punk subculture - before it got so overrun with market stalls selling shit T-shirts that you couldn't move for tourists. It takes an LA hip-hop

collective to bring anarchy home to the backstreets - namely Odd Future, who also happen to be the hottest ticket at this year's Crawl. At least it is for ticket holders who got the memo the rest are left queuing. Onstage, it gets messy immediately, Tyler, The Creator leaping straight into the crowd in a green ski-mask, spitting out 'Sandwitches' while punters pull at his face. Hodgy Beats emerges spraying water from his mouth while Syd Tha Kyd holds down the show from decks at the rear

"Fuck security!" they scream, goading the crowd to jump the barrier. Left Brain flings himself on a bouncer who tries to drag off a punter scaling the railings. "Fuck that!" Tyler concedes. "Even I wouldn't mess with this fucking security." Instead, they climb the speaker stacks during 'French', Tyler swinging from the right while Hodgy Beats warms up to a feet-first jump,





THE VIEW

FROM THE

ROWD

Lizzy Evans, 21,

from south London

and Jo Grant, 22.

from southern

Ireland

Jo: "It's Lizzy's first

Camden Crawl and

we're here for MNDR. Lizzy's

hoping to get into

A&R so we've got

our eyes peeled for

up-and-coming acts.

Our friends are

playing tomorrow -

Heathers. They're

like an Irish Tegan

And Sara. We can't

wait for the antics

to start tonight!"

flying into the crowd as they scatter beneath him. A stage invasion ensues in 'Goblin' - fists flying as the writhing mass struggle up to join the band, who promptly disappear.

You can still hear the tour manager begging punters to leave the stage 10 minutes after the gig. "Please get down," he moans, "We still have lawsuits pending from Belgium!"

Up the road a bit, Wolf Gang are delivering a set of pop songs so razor-sharp you could cut cheese with them. And there is cheese here, in the pop-pomp of 'Something Unusual' and the glockenspiel flourishes of 'Dancing With The Devil'. But it's delivered by Max McElligott with inscrutable confidence - the kind that comes when your debut album is produced by David Fridmann, no doubt.

Down at Proud, Graham Coxon pulls another huge crowd, leaving hundreds queuing outside. They miss sweaty, intimate renditions of several killer new tunes -'The Truth', 'Advice', 'What'll It Take' -- from a new album we're yet to hear details of. Elsewhere, Tinchy

Stryder is going down a storm at the Jazz Café. The star doesn't take his sunglasses off for a second - not even when the Ibiza synths of 'In My System' raise the temperature to

saturation point. We have to leave before the end, which totally sucks, but Johnny Borrell waits for no man apparently not even his Razorlight band members, which have been changing faster than his modelling contracts of late.

New recruits Gus Robertson and Freddie Stitz lack the confidence of their frontman, who continues unperturbed when a two-litre bottle of something very wet smashes off his guitar in the intro to 'In The Morning', The hits are delivered slapdash, but with crowd-pleasing energy. After the heartbeat encore Borrell's back for a brooding rendition of Edwyn Collins' 'A Girl Like You' before closing on 'America'. There is no time for more. And, while out on the street things look like they're about to get lawless, one look at those bouncers says the Crawl is in safe hands for another decade at least.

Hazel Sheffield

GLASVEGAS

ACADEMY, MANCHESTER TUESDAY, MAY 3

James Allan seems to be suffering from a confidence crisis - but he really shouldn't fret

Just the briefest glimpse of James Allan's knocking knees on Later... With Jools Holland last month was proof enough that something was awry in the state of Glasvegas, Allan's typically belting lungs sounded short on oxygen, and his oddly cowed demeanour betrayed a figure bereft of confidence. Things haven't been much better away from the TV studios, either, recent live outings have been decidedly shonky. by all accounts, suggesting that for all the talk of trumping tongue-tied inadequacy on 'EUPHORIC/// HEARTBREAK\\\\, the brittle nerves haven't been completely vanquished.

Tonight, though, both of Allan's sides - the brash and the bashful - are present, and he flits throughout from cocksure poseur to sheepish kid: a hobbledehoy trapped in the body of a 30-something rock star, selfconsciously sashaying onstage to the swanky spotlight marking the lavish beginnings of 'Pain Pain, Never Again'. During 'The World Is Yours' he crouches on one knee and tilts his head back to bellow the chorus, but follows it with an awkward half-bow, as if embarrassed by the scree still tumbling out behind him. Likewise, he basks with arms aloft in a mass singalong of 'It's My Own Cheating Heart That Makes Me

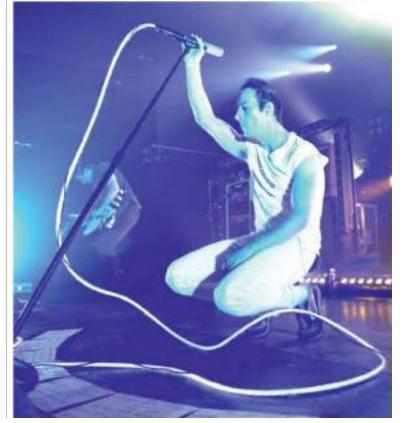
Cry', only to stop and plonk himself on the floor, dangle his legs over the edge like a toddler and gently murmur "fucking hell" as he takes it all in. Of the (many) new songs, 'Shine Like Stars' is swooning stadium rock at its finest, with its inky synths creeping towards the most skyscraping of crescendos, while 'You' is all sleek, monochrome guitar and the crazed crashing of drums. It's not all graceless bombast, though: the red-eyed tale of fraternal love and loss in 'Dream Dream Dreaming' and unabashed romanticism of 'Euphoria, Take My Hand' prick the skin just as sharply, even if the volume needle isn't being forced into the red. Older material is plundered, too-'Flowers & Football Tops' is stripped down to a brittle, skeletal form, while the word 'Manchester' is somehow shoe-horned into 'Geraldine's chorus – but tonight is really about 'EUPHORIC# HEARTBREAK\\\. "I forget the lyrics of this one, but let's give it a wee bash," Allan grins by means of introduction to penultimate track 'Lots Sometimes', but there's scant

need for self-effacement any more: this world is his, and even if it's not one in

which he feels entirely comfortable,

he should get used to living in it. It's

where he belongs. Ben Hewitt





ANNA CALVI/
GROUPLOVE/BIG DEAL

THEKLA, BRISTOL MONDAY, MAY 2

Radar's favourites, headed up by the dramatic Ms Calvi, walk the plank to bring their shiver (me timbers)-inducing fare to the Avon

cross the gangplank, past the boiler room and down winding staircases beneath sea level, into the bowels of the vessel, the crew of HMS Radar are making themselves shipshape, Bristol fashion. For the misty moonlit moments, Big Deal are manning the crow's nest. For the revelries of rum and grog, Grouplove are in the galley un-coopering the barrels And, to match any stray iceberg for grandeur, grace and power, Anna Calvi is our figurehead. Some scurvyriddled land-lubbers are claiming that this long weekend will go down in record because a couple of upper-class scroungers got hitched, or some lanky religious nutjob got blown halfway to fanny-frenzied martyrdom A big news week, certainly, but as the Emerge NME Radar Tour weighs anchor - just in from Portsmouth, bound for the far-flung waterways of, um, Nottingham Rescue Rooms - st's about to turn into a big noise month.

"Wow, crikey, like, we've never played in a boat before!" says pretty much everyone onstage tonight, gaping around at the floating converted timber boat venue of the Thekla - Battleship Rocktemkin, if you like, And Big Deal

certainly sing as though they're out of their depth, "Our sound is coming soon", coo Alice Costelloe and KC Underwood, suggesting perhaps that their sparse one electric/one acoustic impression of a very maudlin folk White Stripes is a work in progress. Yet, huddled together like a treehouse kiss-in, they fill the craft with a soothing (if oxymoronic) air of jaunty moroseness. 'Chair' is a chunky acousti-pop tune reminiscent of early '90s honeyfuzz masters like Madder Rose or The Lemonheads, 'Swoon' is a folk(ier) Delgados and 'Locked Up' is Yuck for lovers – kinda grungy, kinda romantic, kında shy, like sex with The xx.

Such coy/sulky narvety, though consistently touching, seems a tad unbelievable for a pairing so pretty and post-Freshers' Week. Much as the relative rock-out of 'Visions' proves them old enough to almost remember Blondie's 'Dreaming', Big Deal's songs are awash with teenage tribulations they've long outgrown. 'Cool Like Kurt' is a pubescent diary entry encrusted with tears and facial pus - all virginal growing pains and whimpers of "I wanna be older". Big Star cover 'Thirteen' is a delicate and dour duet referencing walking someone home from school and

having fights with your dad over the merits of 'Paint It, Black'. And the spectral pluckings of 'Homework' concern how they can never stay focused on their extra-curricular essays because they're always getting distracted by mconsequenti... Oh look! It's a bilge pipe, how quaint!

Where were we? Holy fuck! While we were lost in our head-spinning Big Deal reverse (or it might have been the scurvy fevers) the stage has been invaded by a banjo-thrashing stoner dude, the hot younger sister of Sophie from Peep Show, a singer with a small dog for hair and a bassist who's either a) a refugee from Lynyrd Skynyrd fresh from a shamanic ritual entitled Dance Of The Rubber-Legged Man, b) a kids' entertainer made entirely out of the '70s, or c) a partially shaven Gruffalo in a Stetson. And they're all leaping about playing happyclappy, chirpy-perky country-pop songs with the sort of carefree joy last seen when The Polyphonic Spree first heard Len's 'Steal My Sunshine'. This is LA's Grouplove, and you won't have wanted to be in a band so much



since witnessing Darwin Deez and his band of merry dancers.

Grouplove are shameless in their sunny summer 'vibes' – 'Naked Kids' even goes "Crussing on the highway with my friends, top down/And we're all on the way to the beach" like some surf-bum 'Friday'. But they're suave and seditious in their celebratory sounds; part Flaming Lips, part MGMT, part Arctic Monkeys-gone-hayseed and part Arcade Fire at their poppiest. If their exuberance leaves you overwhelmed and confused, it's best to take your lead from backing singer Hannah Hooper, 'Itchin'

On A Photograph' is so feel-good it sends her into the spasming paroxysms of the pissed karaoke secretary. 'Gold Coast''s blues stomp - as heavy as a ten-tonne Homme - sends her into a gypsy dance at the back of the stage. And single 'Colours' whose stuttered lyrics ("I am a man man man man, up up in the air/And I run around round round round this old town") merely add to its roiling 'Black Mirror' mania - finds her donning the mask and cape combo of an Eyes Wide Shut orgy slave. Now, where did we put that password to the dressing room..?

To Lynchian country twangs reverberating like desert canyons, on strides Anna Calvi-avarnished doll of seductive evil, the Faustian Florence - clad in classical red and black like the demonic alter ego of Kate Middleton. After a virtuoso guitar flurry of stabs and caresses showcasing the artistry of a concert pianist, a dusky groove kicks in, Anna purrs like PI Harvey on heavy-duty testosterone and 'No More Words' descends like The Bad Seeds scoring a cinematic murder mystery set in deepest Tennessee. The Bad Seeds and Peej comparisons are

unavoidable – both took garage blues into the realm of the theatrical, while Calvi does the same with bordello country rock and Weimarian cabaret, and similarly rattles the gods

'Blackout' obviously needs a velvet-clad orchestra and a plummeting chandelier behind it, but still packs a hefty punch thanks to Calvi's Wicked Witch wails and owly twoos. 'I'll Be Your Man' comes on like '5oft Queenie' after a year doing Musical Theatre at RADA. The Joan Jett-ish 'Desire' draws you in like a charmed mirror, 'Love Won't Be Leaving'

expires in a flash of electric flamenco guitar (flamectric, anyone? Electramenco?), and 'Suzanne & I' builds to a boat-rocking crescendo. It's no wonder Calvi barely speaks all night – after so much ballsy, powerful and dramatic crooning, hearing her girly, cotton-wool, marionette speaking voice is a bit like finding out Mike Tyson has a handshake like a hairdresser.

Covers of Edith Piaf's Jezebel' (as re-imagined for a Giorgio Moroder soundtrack) and Elvis' 'Surrender' (as played at a Hawaiian beach party) pinpoint the location of Calvi's heart: sunk deep in the roots of rock'n'roll but still pulsing with fresh furies. If it all goes south there's a job for life waiting for her at Les Ma, but for now she's fast becoming an icon, purging Florence's sacrificial paganchild aesthetic in favour of the danger and allure of the dusk-time dominatrix. The much a'feared clipper Creeping Chanteuse, helmed by Captain Calvi The Operatic, is approaching at nine o'clock; prepare to be boarded. Mark Beaumont

Watch a video interview with tour star Anna Calvi at NME.COM now



UIEW. From The

CROWD

Mark, 30, from

Nottingham &

Anna, 26, from

Bristol

What did you think of the show? Mark: "Really good, loved it. Anna Calvi is an amazing guitarist, just her on her own sounds so amazing, 'Desire' and 'Jezebel' at the end, what an amazing finale to the set, it was so dynamic, so loud, just her on her own, she's incredible." Anna: "And her voice is amazing."

Is Anna Calvi the demonic alter ego of Kate Middleton? Mark: "If I was royalty I'd marry Anna, for sure."



NME PROMOTION

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DIVE BAR, May 13



This summer, Selfridges is getting its rock'n'roll rocks off.

The ice cool department store will be doing-the-do with some of the most thrilling bands on earth, and it's all in aid of Project Ocean—the campaign that celebrates the beauty of the world's seas. First up are Swedish new wavers The Sounds, who'll be strutting their stuff at the capital's ultra-cool Dive Bar on May 13. Set in the Ultralounge in Selfridges Oxford Street store on lower ground, the gig

is totally free and kicks off at 6pm'. It's the perfect way to start your Friday evening before heading up the road to Club NME at Camden's KOKO venue. What's more, you'll also be showing your support to Project Ocean, which aims to spread the word about the dangers of over-fishing and help to change people's views on the fish they buy and eat. What's not to like about that?

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LIVEATLEEDS

VARIOUS VENUES, LEEDS FRIDAY, APRIL 29 - SATURDAY, APRIL 30

Blake's drowned out, Frightened Rabbit rule and Pulled Apart By Horses leave Leeds in love

rve At Leeds is a feat of competitive music programming; local crowd-pullers jostle with bankable national favourites and out-of-town gambles. Meanwhile, huddles of determined young souls traipse about the city's music venues - farge, small, corporate and otherwise - with military precision.

Villagers land the job of warming up the eager hordes on Friday night, proving equal parts gentle and ferocious, and utterly bewitching with their death and dismemberment-laden fare. Continuing the troubled troubadour vibe on Saturday, albeit with a dose of The Boss in the mix, Marcus Foster plays a humble set at Holy Trinity Church, clearly bewildered by the power of the event's advertising budget.

At The Cockpit, Tall Ships are a three-man, multi-tasking wall of sound.

Their hefty basslines rock the bones of the throng, countered with a sweet falsetto. The boat is very nearly rocked by a brief fracas with a laptop, but they claw back control with their spidery songs, reminiscent of the middle ground where Foals meet Battles.

Disappointment and ambivalence reign for James Blake, Perched serenely on a vast stage, he is overshadowed and outdone in volume by a vast and irritatingly chatty audience, as well as being hampered by stubborn feedback. For brief moments, when starry synths and silence align, the world is his cathedral - but apart from awakening the masses briefly (and somewhat inevitably) for 'Limit To

Your Love', he never really engages with his hefty congregation.

Luckily, Stalking Horse (Wu from

This Et Al's new moniker) not only engages with his audience, he marries them thrice over. As he debuts his new material, bolstered by local talent, onlookers are enthralled by his piercing

vocals and soaring tunes.

Pleasant Surprise Of The Day Award goes to Fixers, who eliminate any trace of fatigue with their Fleetwood Mac via West Coast surf-pop. Launching their set with some holy five-part harmonies, they raise the party bar way out of reach of most bands on the schedule.

Frightened Rabbit are epic from the outset, playing to an adoring, if not quite venue-filling, sect. "We know you have options so we're glad you chose Frightened Rabbit," beams Scott

Pulled Apart By Horses' willing victims carry singer Tom like some deity of noise

Hutchison. And in a line-up heavily doused with scruffy boys with guitars slung haphazardly round their necks, they do well to stand out 'My Backwards Walk' is majestic, a cocky show-stealer full of bearded bombast and heart-string-tugging gutsiness. For the encore, Scott plays 'Good Arms Vs Bad Arms' solo and has the world rapt before him.

Pulled Apart By Horses grab that baton of pubilance and run with it. Walking onstage with arms aloft, they'd probably hold the pose right through if it wasn't for their instruments. With James Brown indulging in some speaker-stack mountaineering, the willing victims of the frenzied moshpit accept their aural assault and carry singer Tom aloft from the venue like some deity of noise. In the battle of Live At Leeds, then, PABH may not play nice, but as ever, they come out victorious, Hayley Avron

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WHY THE WHITE STRIPES SPLIT





On THE ROAD WITH TIMES NEW VIKING

American lo-fi indie meets Merry Olde England as the Ohio trio hit the north on a diet of fish'n'chips, whisky and crap magazines

DEAF INSTITUTE, MANCHESTER WEDNESDAY, APRIL 27

"Touring's alright but it gets tiring. Sometimes it feels like we're never going anywhere." These aren't words we expect to hear from guitarist Jared Phillips, part of reputed tour-happy party band Times New Viking, upon meeting at Manchester's Deaf Institute. Then we clock their jaded eyes, the finished Bloody Mary, the fry-up on the table, and they admit to us that, after performing on BBC 6 Music for Marc Riley last night, they frequented one of Manchester's more bizarre clubs before retreating to a late-closing bar. Not world weary; just hungover, then.

It becomes apparent that it's Jared who is the group's fretter. They've no tour manager, only a driver ("we've flown over the fucking Atlantic by ourselves, I don't need some guy telling me when I need to get back in the tourbus," he gripes) and drummer Adam Elliott and keyboardist Beth Murphy seem happy to let him lead. Beth's often quiet, content to busy herself in David Cavanagh's The Creation Records Story or simply disappear for chunks of time - today that occurs when the group should be soundchecking, to no-one's apparent surprise Adam, meanwhile, acts as Jared's upbeat yang, enthusing about new album 'Dancer Equired's allanalogue studio production as he flicks through soon-to-be band favourste, erm, Love It1 magazine.

Following Beth's long-awasted return and the eventual soundcheck, the band retire to the venue's adjacent flat to begin tearing through their rider. Whisky is "an absolute necessity if we're to play," half-jokes a rapidly brightening Jared, swigging straight from the bottle before taking apart a pineapple with a knife that's about as effective as a slightly overgrown fingernail. He's almost giddy with excitement. "Marc Riley's down tonight with two guests, and Mark E Smith is on the list plus four, apparently! If he turns up, we'll trap him in a box and put this bottle of whisky in there alongside the last Quaalude [a popular '60s downer -Drugs Ed] in Great Britain."

The good humour and camaraderic spill into the venue's Victorian décor, with assorted members of the backstage entourage throwing themselves around



at the stage front as Times New Viking gleefully rip apart each two-minute blast like they did that exotic frust earlier on. They're in fine form, Adam the raging piston around which guitar and keyboard fuzz and squall. Met with an enthusiastic response from the 130 or so in attendance, they traipse offstage after 35 minutes, sweaty but happy. "It was good, definitely 150 per cent better than last time we played Manchester, maybe 500 per centi" smiles Jared. "Last time only 15 people showed up so I was glad more came this time, though I always hope for more." With that we head back inside again, stumbling hazily about in the venue's clubnight before returning to the flat for yet more drink and food destruction.

THE DUCHESS, YORK THURSDAY, APRIL 28

Having passed out at around 4am, we're feeling how Times New Viking did yesterday morning They, however, seem in more robust spirits as we travel over the Pennines. The north's esteemed history has tickled their fancy. "It feels good playing a city that's about 1,000 years old," says Adam, "and they always go crazy for us. Last time kids were slam dancing, it was crazy!" We decide to stop at Saddleworth Moor, location of the infamous Moors murders. It's a sweeping, uncontained landscape, though its menacing weather-beaten terrain and history don't dampen their spirits.

At The Duchess - an eerily lit cavern

of a place - we reacquaint with worse-for-wear tour supports Dignan Porch Soundcheck done, we head into York's intimate cobbled streets and boutique shops, settling down to fish and chips at its oldest pub, Ye Olde Starre Inn. As Jared's eyes fall on the hundreds of Union Jack flags dotted round the pub for the royal wedding, he demands, "I want a picture of just me, with my fish and chips and all these flags behind me, with a crown on my head if possible." There's no crown forthcoming, but it turns out the trio are a touch more Anglophilic than they'd previously let on. They eagerly survey the variety of real ales while discussing Wills and Kate, Adam and Beth's love of Lord Of The Rings and York itself, which results in a trip to the city's oldest streets, The Shambles, "Look how small people were back then," marvels the none-too-tall Adam, looking at the cramped doors and terraces. "Even I'd have to duck going in there."

Back to business: Jim Beam's on the rider, the Ohio-distifled spirit greeted like an old friend from their hometown, while elsewhere in the dressing room, homemade cakes lovingly provided by a support member's dad mostly end up smeared across the floor. The crowd's size disappoints compared to last night but they make up for it in drunken voracity - one chap's so inebriated that, after falling to the floor and passing out, he calmly reawakens and starts drinking again. Times New Viking have always been at their best live and there's a touch of the late, great Jay Reatard in the band as they fly through their set. "OK, that was song one, here's song twom shouts Adam, reminiscent of the deceased punk rocker, and by the time their flailing arms and bobbing heads have slowed, the (unheeded) calls for an encore come from both audience and dressing room alike.

Later on, with the gear loaded out and cocktail bars in sight, the drummer reflects on the show and the tour. "It wasn't as busy as usual, but after every song the applause sounded like there were 200 people there. If the world was perfect then, of course, we'd be bigger, but it's just amazing that we can give anyone a release from their lives with our music, whether that's two or 200. That's what it's all about for me." We'll drink to that. Simon Jay Catling



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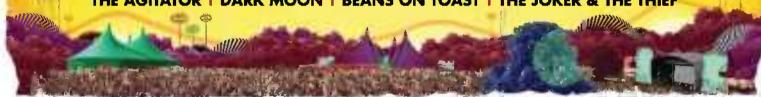
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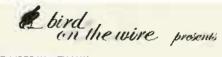
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COLLECTORS' CORNER

PRIMAL SCREAM

Call yourself a super fan? Here are the five things no Primal Scream obsessive should be without



'SONIC FLOWER GROOVE' 1987



The band would seemingly like to pretend their debut

album doesn't exist – they haven't played anything from it live in ages and never include tracks from it on compilations. It's by no means perfect, but does contain some jangly Byrds-aping gems like 'Gentle Tuesday', 'Sonic Sister Love' and the imperious 'Imperial'.

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A dub remix of Primal Scream's excellent 1997 album 'Vanishing

Point', with most of the tracks being given a new slant by dub reggae producer Adrian Sherwood. The spacious, multi-textured and unsurprisingly dub-heavy results are mostly impressive, and it's undoubtedly one of the best from the many 'remix' albums which were around at the time.

'XTRMNTR' 2000



This album was Number Three in NME's greatest albums of

the noughties poil, and sees

the band taking an extremely political stance, attacking government, police, and multinational corporations. It still sounds as powerful, angry and - yes - as sexy as it did then. It was also notable for being the final LP release on the band's old Creation Records label.

'DIRTY HITS' 2003



Neat 'best of' compilation which ignores the early years

of the group's career and starts with 1990 dance hit 'Loaded'. It features all the big songs, and pleasingly doesn't just focus on singles - hence the inclusion of 'Shoot Speed/Kill Light' and 'Long Life'. A good starting point for anyone unfamiliar with the band.

'SCREAMADELICA' 2011 ANNIVERSARY EDITION, 2011



One of the greatest albums of all time gets the deluxe treatment to

coincide with its anniversary. You can get a simple two-CD edition, which features the original LP remastered, as well as 1992's ace 'Dixie-Narco EP'. Those with a bit of extra cash can plump for the deluxe edition, which features all manner of goodies.

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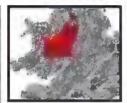
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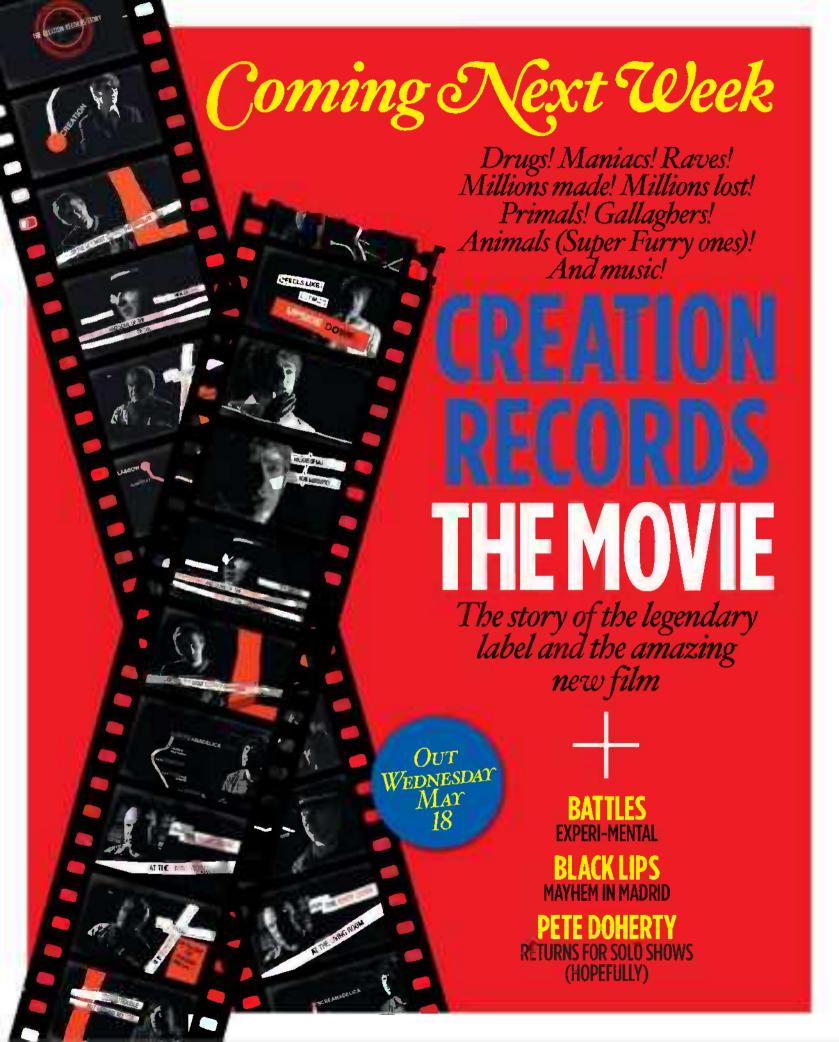
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BLACK LIPS

STARTS: London Garage, May 19

DON'T MISS

TOW OXLEY, BEN RAYNER

Punk dies young - everyone knows that. However, it seems that Black Lips missed the memo; 13 years in, they're still pissing on each other like it's the eighth grade. Upon hearing that a certain Mark Ronson was producing their sixth album, however, nerves were frayed. Was the horn-ed one going to rid the Atlanta punks of everything we held dear? Having had 'Arabia Mountain' on constantly in the NME office for weeks now, the answer is, plainly, no. There's brass, yep, but it's of the punk martachi band up to their eyeballs in tequila kind. They list raw meat as one of the instruments played. They're still the same Black Lips, just with bigger budgets and ambition. Next up: a mooted collab with Tyler and a gig on an Egyptian military base. Screw death - Black Lips are punk's thundering heart. NME.COM/artists/black-lips



TRIBES STARTS: Sunderland Independent, May 21

Camden's proudest Dinosaur Jr fans start a mammoth trek in support of new EP, 'We Were Children'. NME.COM/newmusic



HOP FARM

STARTS: Hop Farm, Kent, July 1 Summer Camp (above),

Summer Camp (above), Carl Barât, Dry The River, Clock Opera and more bring up the youthful end at this summer's geriatric getaway (hi, Moz!). NME.COM/festivals



TARTAN HEART FESTIVAL

STARTS: Beauly, Inverness, Aug 5 Frank Turner, Echo & The Bunnymen, Anna Calvi (above), Frightened Rabbit and more play this shindig. NME.COM/festivals



KASABIAN

NME.COM/artists/

kasabian

STARTS: O2 Academy Sheffield, June 4 Leicester's finest announce a slew of shows in t'north, prior to storming festival stages all summer.



CANADIAN BLAST

STARTS: London Barbican, July 2 Celebrate all things Canadian with The Hidden Cameras, Woodpigeon, Devon Sproule, Chilly Gonzales (above) and lots more besides. NME.COM/festivals



GOOD CHARLOTTE

STARTS: O2 Shepherd's Bush Empire, London, Aug 11

The Maryland pop-punkers warm up for V Festival with this one-off London date.

NME.COM/artists/
good-charlotte



MARCUS FOSTER

STARTS: London Barfly, June 13

The Communion and art luvvie superstar plays two shows to coincide with the release of his debut, 'Nameless Path'.

NME.COM/newmusic



WYE OAK

STARTS: London Hoxton Square Bar & Kitchen, June 16

New album 'Civilian' has topped the US alt.charts find out why at this one-off. NME.COM/artists/ wve-oak



BAD RELIGION

STARTS: London HMV Forum, July 10 Following their 15th album, 'The Dissent Of Man', and a stint at Sonisphere, the band hit London, Glasgow

and Wolverhampton.

NME.COM/artists/
bad-religion

A

STANDON CALLING

STARTS: Standon, Hertfordshire, Aug 12 Hercules And Love Affair (above) and Egyptian Hip Hop join the impressive bill, alongside Battles and Errors. NME.COM/festivals



KENDAL CALLING

STARTS: Lowther Deer Park, Lake District, July 29

Frankie & The Heartstrings (above), Frank Turner and House Of Pain enter the fold at this year's splendidlooking Kendal Calling, NME.COM/festivals



HARVEST

STARTS: Kingham, Oxfordshire, Sep 9 The most middle-class festival ever? Blur's Alex

James hosts The Futureheads, Eliza Doolittle (above) and more. Spiffing. NME.COM/festivals



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PICK of the WEEK

What to see this week? Let us help



NIKI & THE DOVE

STARTS: Glasgow Arches, May 17

PICK

Thanks to Cowell and his ilk, the idea of pop having the ability to knock you silly in one fell swoop has been slightly buried; tearful, gusty caterwauling has replaced genuine feeling, and anodyne conveyer-belt production bulldozed over those ecstatic moments that punch you clean in the heart in a good way. Thankfully, big-brained power pop has a saviour in the form of Sweden's Niki & The Dove (who you should know by now, given how much we've been banging on about them for the past nine months) Malin and Gustaf delight in nothing less than the SHEER POWER OF SONG, offering hot tickets back to perfect moments with the likes of the impeccable 'DJ, Ease My Mind' (something they share with Katy B's 'On A Mission'), and creeping tribal Prince-isms in the form of wondrous new single, 'The Fox'. These are your new pop gods. Worship appropriately, won't you? NME.COM/newmusic



Everyone's Talking About THE RADIO DEPT

STARTS: Manchester Deaf Institute, May 11

Quite a week for rare live comebacks, this one -Sufjan's not played the UK in five years, and it feels like an age since Sweden's Radio Dept toured here properly. The dreampop trio have influenced everyone from Beach House to Balearicboasting blog bands. NME.COM/artists/ the-radio-dept



Don't Miss THE GREAT **ESCAPE**

STARTS: Brighton various venues, May 12

Brighton's Great Escape is the perfect maritime getaway, with thrimpty zillion amazing bands to behold. They've got Sufjan's long, long-awaited UK return! Friendly Fires! And the NME Radar Stage, featuring Yuck, Aias, Fixers, Cults, Grimes, EMA, Alex Winston and tons, tons more.

NME.COM/festivals

STARTS: London XOYO. May 17

Oh Land - aka Denmark's Nanna Øland Fabricius - is almost sickeningly perfect. She sings with the elegance you'd expect from someone raised in the wings of opera houses and ballet wings. And her forthcoming self-titled debut is one of the classiest pop statements in years, all glittering warmth, dubstep womp and badass intent. NME.COM/newmusic

WEDNESDAY

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ALDERSHO

Brother/Dog is Dead West End Centre 01252 330040

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Emil Friis Green Door Store 07894 267 053

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RESTOL

El Wristo/Painting Claymores/ Poundshop Louisiana 0117 926 5978 Twin Atlantic/Fighting With Wire/ Mind Museum Fleece 0117 945 0996 CANIE

Warpaint/Connan Mockasin

Junction 01223 511511 CARDIFF

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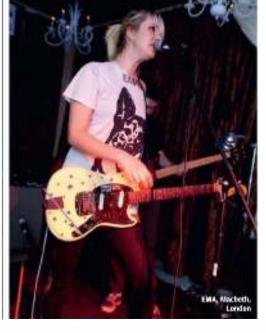
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100 Club 020 7636 0933 Engineers ULU 020 7664 2000 The Faums/Ainhactates/To The Chase Zigfrid Von Underbelly

020 7613 1988 Ghost Writers/UnitedHights 02 Academy 2 Ishington 0970 771 2000

Group Doueh/Hayvanlar Alemi Barbican Centre 020 7638 8891 Human Error/Mightymouse 93 Feet

East 020 7247 6095 Invocation/Fei Comodo Garage (Unstairs) 0871 230 1094

Mohy/Nitzer Ebh/Kommuter Roundhouse 020 7482 7318 PVT The Lexington 020 7837 5387

Sapp/Behind The Library/Alchemy Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773 Seth Lakeman/Jackie Oates Union

Chapel 020 7226 1686 Sonny Vincent Boston Music Room 020 7272 8153 The Sounds Club NME @ Koko

0870 4325527 Stalking Horse/Grass House/ Sunderbans Old Blue Last 020 7613 2478

Sufjan Stevens/DM Stith Royal Festival Hall 020 7960 4242

Tom Prior & The Gents/Katsudoii Hope & Anchor 020 7354 1312 Twin Atlantic Kings College 020 7834 4740

The Understudies/Tracey's Love Alley Cat 020 7836 1451 The Would-Be-Goods/The Starlets/

Cineplexx Wilmington Arms 020 7837 1384

Vr Ods Welsh Centre 020 7837 3722 MANCHESTER

Alela Diane Band On The Wall 0161 832 6625

The Antlers/Braids Academy 2 0161 832 1111

Das Racist Roadhouse 0161 228 1789 fron Chic Night And Day Cafe 0161 236 1822

Kirsty Almelda FAC 251 0161 27 27 251 Loudon Waimmright III Bridgewater

Hall 0161 907 9000 Martin Rossiter/Songdog Deaf

Institute 0161 330 4019 Mostly Autumn Academy 3 0161 832 1111

Rob da Bank Royal Northern College Of Music 0161 273 6283 Scout Niblett Islangton Mill

Taking Back Sunday Academy

Tek One Sound Control 0161 236 0340

0671 230 1094

MIMEMEAN ATP Animal Collective/Big Boi/ Beach House/Gang Gang Dance/Lee Scratch Perry/Ariel Pink's Haunted Graffiti/Thinking Fellers Union Local 2B2/Black Dice/Atlas Sound/

Meat Punnets (187) 230 1094 MEWCASTLE

Benga Digital 01912 619755 Heavy Load Star Inn 0191 222 3111 Jason Isaacs Tyne Theatre

0191 265 2550 Jeuce/Bang Bang Romeo World Headquarters 0191 261 7007

O'Messy Life/Shift-Static Cluny 0191 230 4474

The Rising O2 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

Sonner/Icarus Sound/Korova Dog & Parrot 0191 261 6998

NORWICH Peter Doherty UEA 01603 505401

MOTTINGHAM Frank Turner/Ben Marwood Rescue Rooms 0115 958 8484

Sacred Mother Tongue Rock City 08713 100000

OXFORD Belleruche Jericho Tavern

01865 311775 George Chopping/Ben Walker Isis Farmhouse 01865 243854

Miles Kane O2 Academy 2 0870 771 2000 Warpaint/Connan Mockasin 02

Academy 0870 771 2000 PORTSMOUTH

Ezio Cellars 0871 230 1094 SCUNTHORPE Twisted Wheel The Light

01724 844700

SEVENDAKS. Stay Seventeen/Purple Sky Stag Theatre 01732 450175

SHRFFIELD Heavens Basement/JettBlack Corporation 0114 276 0262

Levellers/Dreadzone/Back To The Planet 02 Academy 0870 771 2000 SOUTHAMPTON

Alabama 3 Brook 023 8055 5366 YORK

Beyond All Reason Stereo 01904 612237

The Urban Voodoo Machine The Duchess 01904 64I 4I3

SATURDAY

May 14

BATH

Iona/Yvonne Lyon Forum 01225 463993

BELFAST

Mojo Fury/Maybeshewill Spring & Alrhrake 028 9032 5968

BIRKENMEAD

Chemical Casino/The Universal Revolver 07871626557 BIRMINGHAM

Butterfly Stone/Hoodoo Fifties/Motive Actress & Bishop 0121 236 7426

Misty's Big Adventure HMV Institute 0844 246 5037

Page 44/Make This Relate Q2 Academy 3 0870 771 2000 Peter Doherty HMV Institute 0844 248 5037

BOURNEMOUTH

The Regular Joes The Winchester 01202552206

Fall Of The Republic Rio 01274 735549

BRIGHTON THE G EAT ESCA - Sufjan

BRADFORD

Stevens/Bralds/Breton/Charli XCX/Cloud Control/Comanechi/ Dry The River/Dustin O'Halloran/ Flats/Florrie/Foster The People/

Gable/Holy Ghost/Marcus Foster/ Matthew & The Atlas/Treefight For Sunlight/Visions Of Trees/Young The Giant/The Vaccines/White Denám 0871 230 1094

Totally Enormous Extinct Dinosaurs/DZ Deathrays/Our Mountain Digital 01273 202407 BRISTOL

Bomb Blast Men/The Flend/ Human Compost Croft 01179 7 1144

Damon & Naomi/Michio Kurihara/ Richard Youngs Cube Cinema 0117 907 4190

Das Racist Thekla 08713 100000 Lori Campbell/Siddy Bennett Mr Wolf's 0117 927 3221

Martin Harley Band Fleece 0117 945 0006

The Wave Pictures Start The Bus 01179 0 1 0

1960s Fin Engire 07521 974070 CAMBRIDGE

EMERGE NIME RADAR TOUR Anna Calvi/Grouplove/The History Of Apple Pie Junction 01223 5115 Geva Alon/Ana Silvera/Gil Karpas Junction 01223 511511

Young Rebel Set Haymakers

Q1223 567417 CARDNER

Edenheight Gwdihw Cafe Bar 029 2039 7933

Eric Clapton Motorpoint Arena 029 2022 4 488 Handsome Furs Buffalo Bar

02920 310312 Teenage Rampage/Anaal Nathrakh

The Globe 07738 983947 Yr Ods Clwb Ifor Bach 029 2023 2199

DUNDER

The Trade Beat Generator 01382 229226

EDINBURGH

Dunkelbunt The Caves 01315578989

Musika/Jamie Jones Liquid Room 0131 225 2564



As part of our campaign to find Britain's Best Small Venue, we're

asking bands to nominate theirs. This week. The Hear weaks on Morecambe's Ma Murphy's Irish Pub



What's so great about Ma Murphy's?

"The ceiling is six feet tall in places, they serve free, open-topped sandwiches during Celtic games, and the area you play in is right in front of the men's toilets, meaning you have to move out the way every time someone wants to go."

How many times bave you played there? What are the crowds usually like?

"Roughly two hundred times. The crowd are drunk. Very drunk."

Which other bands have

you seen there?
"Irish rebel band The Wolfe Tones, as well as most of the current crop of Morecambe's pop movement, including Liar Liar and Bleach."



What kind of role does it play in the local seene?

"It's the only place indie kids can go without fear of a booting."

Many other memorable nights there? "We've all slept in there

at some point. Not only that - Ryan actually hosted his own karaoke night there once."

Head to NME.COM/ smallvenues for more info on our small venues campaign and to nominate your favourite

Shuey Aurora/Howard Tooze Scala 020 7833 2022 The Straylings Barfly 0870 907 0999

Supercasino/Carousel Cartel/ East End Promise Oublin Castle 020 7485 1773

Tigertallz/Spit Like This Underworld 020 7482 1932

The Understudies The Alleycat 020 7836 1451 MANCHESTER

John Mackie/Bonehead Moho Live 0161 834 8180 The Kabeedies Night And Day Cafe

01612361822 Mike Hockaby Islington Mill

0871 230 1094 The Monkees 02 Apollo

0870 401 8000 One And A Zero/House Of 3 Hands

Academy 4 01o1 837 1111 Sound Of Rum Deaf Institute 0161 330 4019

The Stanton Warriors Sound Control 0161 236 0340 Warpaint/Connan Mockasin Ritz

0161 236 4355 65daysofstatic Royal Northern College Of Music O161 273 6283 MINEHEAD

ATP Micachu & The Shapes/Omar S/Prince Rama/Spectrum/Dent May/Group Doven/The Brothers Unconnected/Deradoorian/Zomby/ Vladislav Delay 0871 230 1094

NEWCASTLE Gatto Fritto/Jamie Blanco Star And Shadow Cinema 0191 2610066 The Kicks Stor Inn 0191 222 3111

Let's Wrestle Dog & Parrot 0191261 HPS

Skatoons Cornerhouse 0191 265 9602 Steve Cradock/Simon Fowler

Riverside **01**91 **261 438**6 NOTTINGHAM

The Alarm/The Last Republic Rescue Rooms 0115 958 8484 Clinic Bode (12 Social Club 0.8713 100000

Kunt & The Gang Maze 0115 947 5650 Taking Back Sunday Rock City 08713100000

XXXX Stealth 08713 100000 OXFORD

Diplomats Of Sound The Regal 01865 241261

Rome Pays Off/The Keyboard Choir Modern Art 01865 722733 Skyhighatrist Coven 01865 242 770

PORTSMOUTH Beans On Toast Cellars 0871 230 1094

DEADING Amy's Ghost Plug'n'Play

0118 958 1447

Elephant Keys Harley 0114 275 2288 Sollent Green/Oripback Corporation 0114 276 0262

SOUTHAMPTON

Miles Kane Joiners 023 8022 5612 ST ALBANS

Chris Helme Horn 01727 853143 SWANSEA

Modestep Sin City 01792654226 WOLVERHAMPTON

No Jacket Required Robin 2

01902 497860 YORK Alahama 3 The Duchess

01904 6 (1 413 Proxies Fibbers 01904 651 250

New Zealand Shapeshifter Bongo Club 0131 558 7604 Mick Harper Voodoo Rooms 0131556 7060 Pictism Counting House

0131 667 4268 GLASGOW Black Volvo/The Murderburgers/ Tragic City Thieves Bar Bloc

01415746066 Darden Smith Centre For Contemporary Arts 0141 352 4900 Iron Chic/Bangers/Citizens 13th Note Cafe 014 553 1638 Kritikili Mass/Foreveryold/Dirty Sally Garage 0141 332 1120 Martin Rossiter/Songdog King Tut's

Wah Wah Hut 0141 221 5279 Moon Duo/Kim Ki O Captai i's Rest 0141 331 2722 Moon Unit/Ben Butler & Mouse

Pad/Muscles Of Joy SWG3 0141 357 7246

The Rising O2 ABC2 0141 204 5151 Rush SECC 01 1 248 3000

LEEDS

Forever Never/Order Of Volces/ Road To Horizon Cockpit 0113 244 3/145

Gentleman's Dub Club University 0113 244 4600

John Spiers & Jon Boden Howard Assembly Rnom 0113 243 9999 Loose Talk Costs Lives/Tigers That

Talked Faversham 0113 245 8817 Yellowman Wardrobe 0113 222 3434 LEICEGTER

Professor Green OZ Academy 0844 477 2000 The Whybirds Musician

0871 230 IC 4

0116 251 0080 LIVERPOOL Delta Maid Masque 0151 707 6171 The High Llamas/Andy Steele/ Neville Skelly Williamson Tunnels

LONDON

Belleruche/The Herbaliser/A State Of Mind KOKO 020 7388 3222 Calm Of Zero O2 Academy 2 Islington 0870 771 2000

The Cycle Breaks/Dirty Velvets Hope & Anchor 070 7354 1312 Daniel HMV Forum 020 7344 0044 Dimbleby & Capper/Polock/ Disappearers Old Blue Last 020 /olb 178

Erasure/Martin L Gore/The Residents/SCUM/Litars/Beth Jeans Houghton/Maps/Josh T Pearson Roundnouse 020 7482 7318 Francobollo/Loser Superhero Silver Bullet 020 7619 3639

Hope & Social Bull & Gate 020 7485 5358 JD & The Longfellows Half Moon

Laurel Halo/Gatekeeper/Koox-Oct-Pax Electrowerkz 020 7837 6419

020 7274 2733

Levellers/Dreadzone/Back To The Plane 02 Academy Brixton 0870 771 2000 The Merry Gang Filthy MacNastys 020 7: 37 6067

Norwegian Dirty Rock Prince Albert 020 P804 3963 Nothing To Lose/Five Second Rule

Nambucca 020 7272 7366 Personal Space Invaders The Lexi letor 020 7837 5367 Quimby Garage (Upstairs) 0871 30 1094 Roger Waters The O2 Arena

0870 701 4444 Sacred Mother Tongue Garage 020 7607 1818

Sammer/Idlewriter/Sarah Grace The Bow 17 000 7580 3057 Secret Cities Hoxton Square Bar & Grill O. O. 7613 0709 The Sharp Roys/Matty Wells/

Ramone Lightbox 020 3242 0040

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

May 15

AREROGEN

Pearl & The Puppets/Pete Lawrie The Tunnels 01224 211121

Boy Com/With Love From Humans Komedia 0845 293 8480 Gabrielle Anlin Moles 01225 404449

BIRMINGHAM Counterpoint HMV Institute

0844 248 5037

Matmos/J Lesser/John Wiese Hare & Hounds (112) 444 2081

Soilent Green Eddie's Rock Club 0121 643 2093

The Two'n'Eights/Blak Can 02 Academy 3 0870 771 2000

ROUBNEMOUTH MC Lars than 01202 209727

BRIGHTON Das Racist/Suave Debonair Prince Albert 01273 730499

Deaf Hayana/Don Broco/Fei Comodo Audio 01273 624343

Mama Rosin The Hydrant 01273 608313 Mayday Parade/Francega Concorde

2 01273 673311 Set Your Goals Digital 01273 202407

Swimming The Hope 01273 723 568

Last Carnival/Falling Into Difference Croft 0117 987 4144

The Secret Sisters O2 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

Social Flatling/Hold Your Fire/All About Flux Fleece 0117 945 0996

The Black Spiders Clwb Ifor Bach 029 2023 2199

Enc Clanton Motorpoint Arena 029 2022 4488 Ria Jones Glee Club 0870 241 5093

Sarabeth Tucek Buffalo Bar 02920 310312 Work Millerourin Music Hall

029 2040 2000 CHESTER

These Ghosts/The Kabeedles Laugh

Inn 01244401626 DUMBE

Three Blind Wolves/Over The Wall

Doghouse 01382 227080 EDINBURGH

Explosions in The Sky HMV Picture House 0844 847 1740

PERTED Show Of Hands Phoenix

01392 667080 **GLASGOW**

Black Heart Procession The Arches 0141 565 1000

Suuns Captain's Rest 0141 331 2722

LEEDS Homecut Directive HiFi Club 0113 242 7353

The Jon Strong Band New Roscoe 0113 246 0778

Where's Strutter The Well 0113 2440474 LEICESTER

Bitsville The Donkey 0116 270 5042 The Wicked Whispers Firebug 0116 255 1228

LIVERPOOL

Peter Doherty 02 Academy 0870 771 2000

Anaal Nathrakh/Drugzilla Underworld 020 7482 1932

Dark Dark Dark The Lexington 020 7837 5387

Das Racist/Pseudo Nippon/Capital

R CAMP Basement 0871 230 1094 Dead Meadow XOVO 020 7729 5959 Icarus/Badun Cafe Oto Π**87**1 23Ω 1Π94

Jennifer Tierney Madame Joro's 020 7734 2473 The Jezabels/Luluc/Seekae Cargo

0207 749 7840

M Ward Union Chapel 020 7226 1686 Nurse With Wound/Mika Valnio KOKO 020 7388 3222

Oggie New Cross Inn 020 8692 1866 Page 44/Make This Relate 02 Academy 2 Islington 0870 771 2000 Roger Waters The D2 Arena 0870 701 4444

Said The Whale Windrell 020 8671 0700

Scarlett's Roses Bloomsbury Bowling Lanes 020 7691 2610

Serpent Venom Bull & Gate 020 7485 5358

Staff Benda Bilili Roundhouse 020 7482 7318

Xliferuiners/Empires Fade Barfly 0870 907 0999

MANCHESTER Black Lungs Star & Garter

0161 273 6726 The High Llamas Deaf Institute 0161 330 4019

Tigertailz Moho Live 0161 834 8160

MINEHEAD

ATP The Entrance Band/Tickley Feather/Teengirl Fantasy/Kria Brekkan/Ear Pwr/Floating Points/ Grouper/Actress/Oneohtrix Point Never/Kurt Vile And The Violators 0871 230 1094

NEWCASTLE

The Alley Cats The Tyne 0191 265 2550

The Monkees City Hall 0191 261 2606 Tubesnake Star Inn 0191 222 3111 Yellowman/Karibu Musica Clury

0191 230 4474

EMERGE NME RADAR TOUR Anna

Calvi/Grouplove/The History Of Apple Pie Waterfront 01603 632717 NOTTINGHAM

Perfume Genius Bodega Social Club

08713100000 **POOL**

Mutter Slater Mr Kyps 01202 748945 PORTSMOUTH

Panic At The Disco Pyramids 023 9235 8608

SOUTHAMPTON

Iona Brook 023 8055 5366 The Phoenix Foundation Joiners 023 8022 5612

Three Trapped Tigers/Tall Ships Talking Heads 023 8055 5899 SWANSEA

Henry Marten's Ghost No Sign Wine Bar 01792 465300

WOLVERHAMPTON Mark Radcliffe Wulfrun Hall

0870 320 7000 The Tangents Robin 2 01902 497860

WIDEXHAM Heavens Basement/JetitBlack

Central Station 01978 358780 YORK

Low Duo Stereo 01904 612237 Moon Duo The Duchess 01904 641 413 Tom Townsend Fibbers 01904 651 250

SUNDAY MONDAY

May 16

ABERDEEN

Laki Mera/Munich Cafe Drummond 01224 624642

BATH

Anta Green Park Tavern 01225 400050

BELFAST

Jack Beats Stiff Kitten 028 90238700 NGHAM

The Phoenix Foundation Hare & Hounds 0121 444 2081

The Secret Sisters/Simon Lynge Glee Club 0870 241 5093

RRIGHTON

Adam Ant Concorde 2 01273 673311 The Webb Sisters Komedia 01273 647100

REHETING

The Handsome Family/Daniel Knox Fleece 0117 945 0996

Infernal Origin Croft Room 2 0117 987 4144

Team Chost Louisiana 0117 926 5978 Two Man Ting Canteen 0117 923 2017 Yuck/Let's Wrestle Thekla 08713 100000

CAMBRIDGE

The Alarm Junction 01223 511511 Cults Haymakers 01223 367417 Three Trapped Tigers Portland Arms

EDINBURGH

Smoke Fairies Cabaret Voltaire 0131-220-6176

GATESHEAD

Sufjan Stevens/DM Stith Sage Arena 0870 703 4565

GLASGOW

ITaking Back Sunday Barrowlands 0141 552 4603

LEENS

Hundredth The Well 0113 2440474 LIVERPOOL

Page 44/Make This Relate Masque DIST 707 6179

LONDON

Allie Moss Monto Water Rats 020 7837 4412

AKW/Channel Calro/Bravestation Social 020 7636 4992

Black Lunes Old Blue Last 020 7613 2478

Cold War Kids O2 Shepherds Bush Empire 0870 771 2000 Fionn Regan Slaughtered Lamb

020 8682 4080 Gang Gang Dance XOYO

020 7729 5959 Handsome Furs The Lexington 020 7837 5387

Lorena B/ShirleySaid/Carrie Haber 93 Feet East 020 7247 6095

Moah & The Whale/Exlovers Roundhouse 020 7482 7318 Okkervil River Heaver

020 7930 2020 Orthreim/Eric Copeland Grosveno OR71 223 7992 Peter & Kerry/Morgan Manifacier

CAMP Basement 087I 230 1094 Planning To Rock Electrowerkz 020 7837 6419 Riverside/Tides Of Mehula Scala

020 7833 2022 Said The Whale Bull & Gate

020 7485 5358 Sherman Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773 Summs Conside Studios 0207 703 4760 This is The Kit /Sarabeth Turek Cafe Oto 0871 230 1094

Van Dyke Parks/Clare & The Reasons Union Chapel 020 7226 1686 wallis Bird St Giles in The Fields 020 7240 2532

White Denim Kings College 020 7834 4740

MANCHEST Devlin Academy 2 0161 832 1113 Goniasufi Band On The Wall

0161.832.6625 Panic At The Disco Academy 0161 832 1111

Pete Yorn Academy 3 0161 832 1111 NEWCASTLE

The Young Knives/The Neat 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000 **NOTTINGHAM**

The Duke Spirit Rescue Rooms 0115 958 8484

OXFORD Ben Montague/Lotte Mulian Jericho Tavern 01865 311775

EMERGE NME RADAR TOUR/ Anna Calvi/Grouplove/The History Of Apple Pie 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

SALEDED. Conquering Animal Sound Sacred

Trinity Church 0161 834 2041 Low/SleepingDog Queen's Social Club

0114 272 5544

SWANSEA Max Raptor/Action Plan/Say When! Sin City 01792654226

WINCHESTER Pete & The Pirates Railway Inn 01962 867795

WREXHAM Frankie & The Heartstrings Central

Station 01978 356780 Gentleman's Dub Club/The Agitator

The Duchess 01904 641 413



TUESDAY

May 17



RELEAST

Matmos/J Lesser Oueen's University 028 9024 5133

Pete & The Pirates Hare & Hounds 0121 444 2081

The Rising O2 Academy 3 0870 771 2000

Team Ghost/Anoraak Hare & Hounds 0121 444 2081

PRIMITON Steve Mason Komedia 01273 647100 Wallis Bird Latest Music Bar

01273 687 171

BRISTOL Arlei Pink's Haunted Graffiti Thekla

08713 100000 Blackheart The Tunnels 0117 929 9008

Warpaint/Connan Mockasin 02 Academy 0870 771 2000 CAMBRIDGE

Adam Ant Junction 01223 511513 CARDIFF

Brother Clwb Ifor Bach 029 2023 2199 The Victorian English Gentlemen's

Club 10 Feet Tall 02920 228893 EDINBURGH Delta Maid Sneaky Pete's

0131 225 1757

GLASGOW **Handsome Furs** Captain's Rest

0141 331 2722 Low/SleeningDog Classic Grand 0141 847 0820

Miki & The Dove The Arches 0141 565 1000 Yellowman/Sagittarius Band 02

ARE 0870 903 3444 1 LIVERPOOL Taking Back Sunday 02 Academy

0870 771 2000 LONDON

Rell ¥1 Scala 020 7833 2022 Deradoorlan/Ghost Eves/Lanev Jane Social 020 7636 4992 Ed Sheeran Borderline 020 7734 5547

EMERGE NIME RADAR TOUR Anna Calvi/Grouplove/Big Deal/ The History Of Apple Pre KOKO 020 7388 3222 The Fabulous Lampshades/

Business As Usual 100 Club nżn 7636 ng33 Foster The People Kings College 020 7834 4740 Godsized Barfly 0870 907 0999

Hang Fire Enternage 020 7485 2659 In Flight Safety Old Blue Last 020 7613 2478 Mona Electric Ballroom

020 7485 9006 Oh Land XOVO 020 7729 5959 Queens Of The Stone Age

Roundhouse 020 7482 7318 Ra Ra Riot Garage 020 7607 1818 Roger Waters The O2 Arena

0970 701 4444 Sarabeth Tucek/Mama Rosin Slaughtered Lamb 020 8682 4080

Snoop Dogg HMV Forum 020 7344 0044 Spectrum The Lexington D2D 7837 5387

Straight Lines Bull & Gate 020 7485 5358 This Club Monto Water Rats

020 7837 4412 The Travelling Band/Skinny Lister

Nect 020 7354 9993 Wiz Khalifa O2 Shepherds Bush

Emoiré 0870 771 2000 MANCHESTER

Explosions in The Sky Academy 2 0161 832 1111

Miles Kane Academy 3 0161 832 1111 NEWCASTI.

Peter Doherty 02 Academy 0870 771 2000

MORWICH Kronos Quartet Theatre Roval 01603 630000 Panic At The Disco UEA

MOTTINGHAM Noah & The Whale/Exlovers Rescue Rooms 0115 958 8484

0871 472 0400 OXFORD The Alarm 02 Academy

0870 771 2000

The Webb Sisters Glee Club

Cults Jericho 01865 798794 PORTSMOUTH Katy B Pyramids 023 9235 8608

SHEFFIELD Love At Death Beach/The Hope Explosion Harley 0114 275 2288

WOLVERHAMPTON The Black Spiders Slade Room

0870 320 7000 YORK The Duke Spirit The Duchess

01904 641 413 The Young Knives/The Neat Fibbers 01904 651 250



Our customers can get Priority Tickets to thousands of gigs across the UK up to 48 hours before general release. Text PRIORITY to 2020 to register. Was their Touts an gore their gare terrorisk



THIS WEEK IN 1994

DOGGY'S STYLE, MANIC CHANGES, HEAVY HENRY





FASTER ART RIQT

It's reported that the Manics are to release a double A-side single in two weeks' time entitled 'Faster', backed with 'PCP'. Of the album which it is from, it is thought that "it will mark a change of direction from the 'anthemic' sound of 'Gold Against The Soul"." It's also reported that they played a gig in Bangkok, during which the venue's ceiling collapsed and surveyors were called in to check the damage.

BIG GUY TALK

An interview with Henry Rollins brings some heavy responses along the lines of "I know what I know - my best friend getting murdered in front of me, the guy shooting at me, killing him and not me... Until I get that thing straight in my head I'm very hard to be around." Later, he will add: "The thing I miss most about my home is my cat. I have a picture of him which I use as a bookmark. and I look at it all the time."

is debut album has only been out for a few month, but Snoop has made quite an impression on the UK thus far. On February 12, the Daily Star ran its infamous 'Kick this evil bastard out" headline - alongside Snoop's face on its front page. It was unsuccessful With his mentor Dr Dre, Snoop played a show at littly ton Academy last week.

Interviewed together, they are unapologetic about their views, "We don't call women batche," snaps Dre. "We call bitches bitches... If a woman takes offence to us saying 'bitch', that means she must be one

There is more of this talk: the conversation will come to an end with a curt 'maybe" from Dre in response to the suggestion from NME's Dele Fadele that he should produce positive songs about strong women.

Snoop talks about his success, and the reaction he has incited. "You gotta expect that. Whenever you're black and you're doing something good with yourself you're a victim, you're designed to go to gail or go to the grave."

Fast forward 17 years, Snoop is set to headline the very friendly Lovebox festival, playing his now regarded-asclass for it ill um in its entirety. At the time in topie it believed that the Dails Star will not be running a mudslinging front page.

ALSO IN THE ISSUE THAT WEEK

- · Details of Pulp's new 'The Sisters' EP are made available. It's to include 'Babies', plus new songs 'Your Sister's Clothes', 'Seconds' and 'His 'N' Hers'.
- · Liam Howlett is annoyed about Aphex Twin. "He's made out to be a genius and I'm a cartoon," he says. "I think he's got talent, but Idon't think it's particularly musical."
 - · The Pretenders at London Astoria 2 is declared: "Special. So special."
- Sonic Youth's 'Experimental Jet Set, Trash And No Star' is given six out of 10. Simon Williams writes, "You get the overwhelming sense that you're not worthy."
- · Comedy columns on the Thrills page include: 'At Home With Oasis' and 'I'm In The Scream'.
 - · Single Of The Week is Fun-Da-Mental's 'Dog-Tribe', dubbed "the most horribly pertinent record of the season".

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

Compiled by Trevor Hungerford



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CLUES ACROSS

1+25A Panic! At The Disco. It's a slow number and she's told me, with a strange smile on her face, that I'm certainly no oil painting (3-6-2-4-4)
9 "A medal with me and you'll meddle with yourself,

big star? (5-5)
12 "Every brother is a ____, every sister is a ____, heavenly bodies in the Primal Scream family (4) Testerny doubles in the Friman Schedim lamity (4) 15-20A-34A Yealt Yealt Yeahs kept in the dark about when the gig is (4-4-3-5) 16 Manic Street Preachers single that was a cover of a hit from the previous year (8)

18 Band made up of two Liverpudlians and a Norwegian (7)

20 (See 15 across)
22 Third album released by singer in 2 down was 'Either/__' (2)
23 Hurts to keep in one position (4)

25 (See 1 across)
27 One of the Hartnoß brothers in Orbital or one of The Chapman Family (4)

28 According to The Faces, it was as good as a wink to a blind horse (3).

29+10A Your bed needs remaking for Rihanna to be on it (4-3)

30 Difficult to work out why Biffy Clyro recorded this (6)

33 Jay-Z, Prince and The Damned have all released Album' (5)

34 (See 15 across)

35 Brian ___, producer for Coldplay, U2 and James (3)

CLUES DOWN

1 Wouldn't MBE somehow be right for Marcus Foster (6-4)

2 His first album was 'Roman Candle' and final album, posthumously released, was 'From A Basement On The Hill! (7-5)

31'm into anal with REM (6)

4 Cranbernes single located in Berlin, Germany (6) 5 I'm bein' taken on a mad journey with Common and Lify Affen (6-2-4)

6 Complimentary copy of a Concrete Blonde album (4)

7 Techno act formed by Paul Hartnoll and his brother in 27 across (4)

8+260 'Misfit' girl gives dusty mat a shake (3-5) 13 Edd_____, female vocalist whose '80s group Farground Attraction had a 'Perfect' number one filt (6)

14 To worry about a guitar piece (4)
17 Fortunately she was there for Jamie Woon (4-4) 19 The Kooks continue the brilliance of The House Of Love (5-2)

21 Where Moby stayed a while to record an album (5) 23 Depeche Mode's debut album found them having to 'Speak & ___' (5) 24 They went on a 'Moon Safari' and took a 'Talkie Walkie' with them (3)

26 (See 8 down)

31 Prize edition includes band formed in '80s by Pink

Floyd's Richard Winght (3)
32 They've had dealings with both an 'Evil Woman' and a 'Sweet Talkin' Woman' (1-1-1)

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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, May 17, 2011, to the following address: Crossword, NME, 9th Floor, Blue Fin Building, 110 Southwark Street, London SEI 05U.

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APRIL 23 ANSWERS

1-28D Wasting Light, 9 I Follow Rivers, 10 Ten, 11 It's On, 12 Limbo, 13 Germs, 20-16D Ordinary Boys, 22 Disco, 25 Two, 29 Syn, 30 Toto, 32 Logos, 33 Amen, 34 Dirt, 35 Tad.

1-26A Writing's On The Wall, 3 Islands, 4-23D+5A Go Wild in The Country, 5 Chipmunk, 6 Use Somebody, 7 Taste, 8+18A Young Blood, 14 Radiohead, 17 Brel, 19 Dto, 21+2D New Shoes, 24+31A Cat's Eyes, 27+15A All At Once, 29 So Sad.





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AND IT WAS ALTRY GROWING THAT GAVE THEM THEIR DISTNOTIVE LOOK .





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Edited by Gavin Haynes







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A CANOEIST WRITES

From: Dan Crawshaw To: NME

Oh NME, I thought you were better than this - until I opened my new copy of the mag (April 30) and flipped to the reviews page to see that Gavin Haynes had given the new Fleet Foxes album a 4/10 and in your review ranted about how it is music 'for canoeing' (77) and complained that FF are merely cringeworthy hey nonny nonny falk fare. But to be honest it's not the score that gets me. It's the fact that you published an album review which says 'this band sucks', especially when you should know that a great many of your readers (myself included) love Fleet Foxes and are very excited for this album. I wouldn't be angry if the score was the same if the review actually told me, as a Fleet Foxes fan, why the album is no good, all I see is a cheap publicity stunt by a magazine I thought was better than this-I won't stop reading your great mag but my estimation of you has dipped quite a bit,

NME's response...

From: MME To: Dan Cranshaw

Dan, Haugh in your general direction. Fleet Foxes are a ghastly sacred cow via which the terminally boring attempt to cadge us into a position of inferiority with their new-found sophistication, and twish them death, pestilence, disease, famine, war, and

poor dental hygiene. On this week's newsstands, you can choose from any one of a dozen periodicals sucking up to Fleet Foxes, or you can read the one that actually cells the TRUTH. That says 'This far, Foxes. This far, but no further. Quit your beige introspection, stop telling people that their lives are basically going to be OK in

their narrow furrows and that emotion is a discrete commodity, and actually be something someone could conceivably commit suicide to without feeling irredeemably stopid.' If you think it is a stunt review, then you should see the stunt I would gladly dish out to Mumford & Sons, should an albums editor ever be

unwise enough to dangle them under my nose. It would make Evel Knievel's Grand Canyon leap look like that time you rollerbladed backwards around some cones. Don't test me, Dan, I'm warning you - GH

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

THE KING OF INNOCENT LAMBS

From: Sam Williamson To: NME

Yes I know Thom Yorke makes no sense, and yes I'm aware that he contradicts himself, but 'The King Of Limbs' is a great record, and that was an unnecessary comment by Hamish MacBain (NME, April 23). I don't care how pretentious the reviewers are, because they are all typical Radiohead fans: so far up their own arse they're no longer able to distinguish between music and the sound of a washing machine full of coins, and even if Thom Yorke recorded his gran humming The A-Team theme, it would be dubbed as 'genius' by them. But this is the first album of theirs I have properly listened to. and 'Lotus Flower' is my track of the year so far. Let's just try and ignore the fact that they make no sense. Making sense is overrated it's the 21st century for Christ's sakes, loosen up.

From: NME To: Sam Williamson

Sam, if 'The King Of Limbs' really is the first Radiohead album you've listened to. then 'Hail To The Thief' is going to BLOW YOUR MIND. 'Kid A' is going to smash fragments of your mind together at the speed of light in a sort of mindparticle-accelerator, and 'OK Computer' is going to redefine the whole concept of 'mind' more effectively than reading Wittgenstein's Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus while under the spell of a dozen tabs of LSD. We'd all wish it were otherwise, but after the first recoil of 'It's a grower... it's just GOT to be a grower', I find myself still remarkably

indifferent to its wan light. That said, you've just inspired me to give it one more spin. And also to run around shouting "It's the 21st century for Christ's sakes, LOOSEN UP!" - GH

TYLER RILER From: John O'Reilly

To: NME

This week's special Will & Kate issue (NME, April 30) promised much! Maybe some intelligent insights into recession-hit Britain? However, this was not to be, as evinced with this week's man of the moment, Tyler, The Creator, Did Tyler keenly desire to rush the gates of Buckingham Palace with a copy of Karl Marx in one hand and Malcolm X in the other? No, Tyler came across as a confused mix of boredom, self-absorption and apathy who was like, really angry because everyone else is bigger and older than me, and can I have some attention... please! No-one give this man a rattle, there

From: NME To: John O'Reilly I gave Tyler, The Creator a rattle. He sampled it, sliced it into 10 different raggedy-assed beats, and rapped pomographically over the top in the style of a petulant five-year-old, thereby mutating the entire DNA of music itself. He's a bit of a dick, John. Yes. But he's the dick of NOW, baby. Music needs its watersheds. its hoopla-people, and right this instant, Tyler's as cool as anyone's ever been - GH

may be trouble.

'END OF MUSIC' ITSELF' LETTER

From: Mark Keast To: NME So depressing to open yet another copy of NME and be

greeted by yet another list. It's painfully obvious to this reader that you share my concerns with the perilous state of British music and seem to be acknowledging that if Brother and The Vaccines are the best we have to offer, let's just indulge ourselves with what's gone before. I can't recall a time in the last 20 years when British music has been as uninspiring as it is right now. Yes, I know you'll throw some names in this letter's direction of bands who have produced quality records over the last 12 months and namecheck a couple who'll be returning (These New Puritans for the former and Wild Beasts the latter). But I still expect 2011 is going to be talked of as the year we hit rock bottom. I'm not pessimistic about the future: I'm sure something will emerge from the inertia of the British music scene but please just admit you see it too. Things are shite just now. I agree with you on Fleet Foxes, though.

From: NME

To: Mark Keast

Things have been better, Mark. And seeing as you've pre-empted my reflex to throw some recent-decent at you. I shan't patronise you too much. If you take music as a sort of directional marker for the times we live in, I'd agree we're not living



STALKER From: Rosie To: NME

"I saw Beady Eve at Southampton Guildhall and met Liam after the gig. He's a really nice bloke!"

in the sorts of times that will be defined by Oasis-style mega-gods. But there have been plenty of times in history that haven't been those sorts of times, Bad news for assholes like me who spend their lives trying to define the cod-historical bigger picture. Good news for little bands who want to strike out for the summit. Perhaps we should start a rolling prayer-vigil for the return of truly great British idols? Yes? - GH

TRAPPED VIRAL CAMPAIGN

From: Dvian Mallett To: NME

It was only recently that I realised that new artists are in trouble when browsing Three Trapped Tigers videos on YouTube. I noticed that somebody had commented.

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

TYLER, THE CREATOR: LEADING THE HIP-HOPRESURGENCE?

SWAG! SWAG! SWAG! Unless you've been at wor in Libya or cooped up in prison, no doubt you've been seeing the 5 word dribbled out all over the biogosphere. The term,

juining fellow memes - chillwave, witch house and no-fi - will no doubt disappear as quick as you can say "swag the fuck out" but for now it's being associated with a whole new brand of hip-hop, or rather, swae-hop,

For the past few years, hip-hop has grown stagnant, full of Auto-Tuned verses, Timbaland-produced hooks and uninspired bars about licking folloops. With the main contributor Ell Wayne in prison the genne started to see a freefall towards an almost impending death. However, artists like Kirl Cudi offered something to slow down the fall, with the foundation of his insightful, thoughtful raps paving the way for newer swag-hop artists like Childish Gambino. Grouping together a small minority of acts, swap-hon

represents the anti-establishment of American rap, Gracing this week's AWE cover is Tyler, The Crestor, figurehead of skateboarding, Tourette's-afflicted hip-hoo kids Odd Future Wolf Gang Kill Them All: Not heard of them? You're missing out. These guys are a movement, often compared to Wu-Tang Clan. The collective, halling from California, are fronting the new swag scene with full-frontal raps on everything from absent fathers to butt rape. Brilliantly warped, post-Lil Wayne rapper Lil B also has recorded a music collection to rival that of Tyler's gang. Read Ryan Bassif's full blog at NME.COM



written about how world-

changing they were three

years ago, but you didn't. Aside from the fact that 'mainstream' rap has been increasingly awesome for the past few years, the underground is teeming with creative rappers/producers/labels and has been since I dunno - the mid-'90s. Harry French

I thought for a moment everyone was getting sucked into OFWGKTA land, but Lil B is very promising. Shout out to 'Motivation', absolute explosion of a song. Lauvence Tldy

This is the sort of rubbish 'hip-hop was rubbish and

now it's great beause of x, y, z' article that always gets written by people who don't listen to enough hip-hop. Rap music's been great for years. James Embiricos

Stop trying to make swag-hop happen. Greg Wateon

'The drummer is my drum teacher.' This made me wonder why talented and britliant musicians such as Three Trapped Tigers have to acquire day jobs to help them get by when musicians who simply recycle chords which they learnt when they were 13, such as The Vaccines, make a living as an exciting new band. It's true that Three Trapped Tigers are far more obscure, but surely it's the job of NME to help expose the weirder acts just as much as the accessible ones. Three Trapped Tigers are releasing their debut album 'Route One Or Die' next month, and I can't think of one time I've seen any press mention of it. Come on NME, new bands need your help.

From: NMF To: Dylan Mallet Oh really, 'Dylan Mallet'... a name that just happens to be an anagram of 'All Team PR Below The Line Viral Marketing'? Weren't you the guy posting all those

messages in that forum? Complete with knowingly youth-y misspellings and just the one too many 'LOL's to ever really ring true? - GH

TOXIC REVIEW

From: Laura Sutch To: NME

Am appalled you can employ someone with such a poor perception of what decent music is, or isn't in this case. The Airborne Toxic Event are an amazing band, and their new album is accomplished and inspiring, Please sack the idiot who wrote the review, Jazz Monroe (NME. April 23). Won't be buying your magazine 'til he's gone.

From: NME To: Laura Sutch Well, I won't be buying your magazine either, so I guess we're even - GH

VS VERSUS

From: Olly Price To: NME When I first started reading NME, I liked very much to look through the Versus

column, where whoever it is talks to an artist and wasn't always nice at all, which was quite funny! The interviewee used to be an artist which NME readers dislike, such as Jay Sean or others, but I couldn't help but notice the interviewer has become a lot softer and you've started interviewing artists that readers actually like, such as Katy B. It'd he appreciated if you went back to your mean ways.

From: NMF To: Olly Price Your point is noted. Olly. Noted, but hopelessly wrong. We've had everyone through Versus, from Kate Nash to Dev Hynes to Him From That Band, none has escaped with their pomposity intact. And I'm sure someone here hates Katy B - GH

THE ACE OF TYPEFACES

From: Vella To: NME Did you forget about the

Motörhead logo in your '25 Greatest Band Logos' (NME. Appril 23), or are you just a bunch of idiots! How could you include the Nirvana smiley image, and not the Motörhead one, which has been used for the last 35 years? Any explanations?

From: NME To: Vella It was simple: we couldn't work out how to get those two little dots above the 'o' in InDesign - GH



STALKER From: Emily To: NME "Here's me (the one on the right) and my friend Polly with Alisa from The Naked And Famous."



DOES ROCK'N'ROLL KILL BRAINCELLS?

TESTING MUSICIANS' MEMORIES AFTER A LIFETIME OF ABUSE

This Week

QUESTION 1

Dinosaur Jr did a legendary cover of The Cure's 'Just Like Heaven', but which well known female artist also had some success covering the same track? "Um, I dunno (laughs)."

Wron Katie Melua did a version in 2005. 1re you familiar with ber?

QUESTION 2

After your first band Deep Wound broke up, where did your next band Mogo play their first and only gig before you formed Dinosaur?

"That will be Amherst Common, The singer Charlie was lying on the ground screaming 'Fuck the cops!' so that one ended pretty abruptly."

Correct We'd have very much liked to have seen that one

QUESTION 3

In the Adult Swim animated series Assy McGce, you voiced a pet store owner called JJ. What was the name of the episode in which you starred? "The name of the episode? I dunno (laughs). That was a cool show, though." Wrong. It was called 'Squirrels', and

was about protagonist Assy McGee's fear of, er, squirrels

QUESTION 4

Dinosaur Jr performed their album 'You're Living All Over Me' in its entirety as part of the first Don't Look Back concerts in 2005. Can you name any of the other bands who also did album concerts that year? "Dirty Three did 'Ocean Songs' in its entirety."

Correct. Also performing albums in full were Belle And Sebastian, Cat Power, Gang Of Four, Jon Spencer Blues Explosion, The Lemonheads, Melvins, Mudhoney, Mûm, Sophia and The Stooges

"Cool. We're coming to London this year to do it all again."

QUESTION 5

Which Dinosaur Jr track features on the soundtrack to the 1993 film Wayne's World 2? "Um, 'Out There'?" Correct "I'm a fan. I love that

MASCIS DINOSAUR JR



item that can be seen in its stomach? in there. You'll have to tell me." Correct. There's a toothbrush, some cheesy-puff-style crisps, a cassette tape and a load of flies

QUESTION 7

What is the correct term for a baby dinosaur? Or a junior dinosaur, if you will. "Baby dinosaur cubs?" Wrong. They

can actually be referred to as hatchlings.



QUESTION 8

To the nearest 10,000, how many hits has your bizarre interview with an unknown lady called Maureen had on YouTube to date?

"(Long pause) 19.000. Maureen is the mother of Megan, who works at Sub Pop." Correct. It's actually bad 28,956 bits at the time of this interview

"Awesome. People seem to like it."

QUESTION 9

San Francisco outfit The Dinosaurs made you guys add 'Jr' to your name for legal reasons, but what was their first album called?

"I have no idea I've never heard any of their stuff."

Wrong. Their debut album was called 'Dinosaurs'. Staying on dino-themed bands, do you know where the group Dinosaur Pile-Up are from? There's a bonus point in it for you

"Stoke-on-Trent?"

Wrong. They're from Leeds

QUESTION 10

1 few years ago, you and comedian David Cross were broadcast having a Guitar Hero 2 challenge against each other, but which track did you pick to play?

"I remember that. It was a Kiss song, or at least a band pretending to be Kiss. I think it was 'Strutter'."

Correct. Can you recall who won? "It was my first time playing it, and I got, like, 80 per cent I think. But David won." That's right, although you actually got a whopping 90 per cent. Strong work for a first attempt "Pretty good."

Total Score 6/10

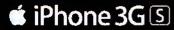
"Ob, great. After being in bands this long, I guess I'm happy with that. Thank you

gBy, Mike Myers."

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