

THE CREATION RECORDS STORY SPECIAL ISSUE

"MY DRUG-TAKING ALONE
NEARLY BANKRUPTED
US!" ALAN MCGEE

OASIS

TEENAGE
FANCLUB

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FURRY
ANIMALS

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AND
MARY CHAIN

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BLOODY
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The background of the poster is a dark, atmospheric scene from the game L.A. Noire. It depicts a crime scene on a wet street at night. Three police officers in 1940s-style uniforms are standing in the background, looking towards the camera. In the foreground, a man in a suit lies motionless on the ground. A bright light source, possibly a car headlight, illuminates the scene from the right, creating strong highlights and deep shadows. The overall color palette is dominated by dark blues, greys, and a strong red/orange glow from the light source.

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"THIS INTERVIEW IS AN EXCELLENT PROMOTIONAL TOOL FOR ME"
FARIS BADWAN REVEALS HIS THOUGHTS TO NME'S PETER ROBINSON

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ON REPEAT

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



TASSEOMANCY

Soft Feet

If you've caught Austra live, you'll have noticed two twins flanking Katie Stelmanis—alone, Sari and Romy Lightman are Tasseomancy. The Canadian sisters dwell in English folk's wood-knotted creep, 'Soft Feet' punctured by the squall of brandished swords, crashing beneath imperial thrum and drone.

Laura Snapes, Assistant Reviews Editor
On soundcloud.com/tasseomancy now

TELLISON

Say Silence (Heaven & Earth)

With a singalong chorus that grabs through your chest to your heart and gives it a little squeeze, London's Tellison and their dramatic guitar crescendos are doing what they do best.

Abby Tayleure, Festivals Editor,
NME.COM
On youtube.com now

ECHO LAKE

Sunday Evening

Sunday evenings: on one hand the ultimate school night with routine beckoning in the morning, on the other, the weekend's last hurrah. Echo Lake capture both moods serenely, mixing radiating guitars and yearning vocals in this all-enveloping slice of beauty.

Paul Stokes, Associate Editor
On abeano.com now

LOVELLE FT LADY CHANN

Uh-Oh

The debut single from 20-year-old Londoner Lovelle launches itself at you, all gut-pummelling bass dollops and clattering beats. Anchoring the whole thing is Lovelle's versatile voice—one minute cooing softly, the next reading the riot act. Unbelievably, she's currently unsigned.

Michael Cragg, writer
On youtube.com now

SMASHING PUMPKINS

Owata

Billy Corgan is sounding pretty chirpy these days. He may still look like the

goth overlord, but he spends most of new track 'Owata' crooning over a soundtrack that seems like it's been plundered from Brian Wilson's sunsoaked back catalogue. It's weirdly good too.

Tom Goodwyn, News Reporter
On NME's [MP3s & Streams](#) blog now

RONNIE VANNUCCI

Getaways

First solo taster from The Killer You'd Most Like To Go For A Pint With, and a nifty slice of full-bodied power-pop it is, too, with neat flicks of guitar, a mention of "cuban heels" and singing that sounds not unlike... the 'flamboyant' dude from the day job.

Liam Cash, writer
Listen on NME.COM/news/the-killers now

I BREAK HORSES

Hearts

A linchpin of sugarcoated Swedish smack-rockers Blackstrap, Maria Linden's new name is taken from a flinchingly raw Smog song. Her own sounds are fugged and drugged, a tincture of the dream-thrumming shoegaze that Sweden revels in and the fuzz-euphorics of Fuck Buttons.

Emily Mackay, Reviews Editor
On myspace.com now

SUUNS

Long Division

This Fugazi cover carefully holds the brooding core of the original, but surrounds it with the punk funk fizz that has brought Suuns comparisons with bands such as the DC hardcore group.

Martin Robinson, Deputy Editor
On thetoolpigeon.co.uk now

YUCK

Milkshake

No, it's not the Kelis song. But our favourite east London layabouts show us their poppiest, cutest side yet—substituting the J Mascis vibes for something altogether more... well, Teenage Fanclub-friendly.

Matt Wilkinson, News Reporter
On pitchfork.com now



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

TRACK
OF
THE
WEEK

ARCTIC MONKEYS

Reckless Serenade

If 'Brick By Brick' and 'Don't Sit Down 'Cause I've Moved Your Chair' suggested that Alex Turner had invested in a set of 10-foot-high Marshall amps with a view to out-crunching the Download and Sonisphere line-ups combined, 'Reckless Serenade' is making us think again about their summer 2011 plan. In a good way, mind.

The fact is that 'Suck It And See' boasts just as many whimsical beach-wash moments of tender clarity as it does whacked out Helder crunchers—and this one, which leaked last week just before they played it opposite a largely bemused Brian Wilson on *...Fools Holland*, is a pretty good measure of both aspects at the same time. Delight at the needling riffs that recall the most luminous licks of 'Fluorescent

The riffs recall the must luminous licks of 'Fluorescent Adolescent'

Adolescent'; grin as Alex introduces the song with an observation of "topless models", presumably momentarily forgetting Jamie Cook's love life; cheer as it becomes increasingly clear that the dull obtuseness of 'Humbug' (minus 'Cornerstone', natch) is tossed into the bin alongside the band's recently shorn caveman locks, and they prepare to release the album with the potential to blast them back on top of the UK rock summit.

Jamie Fullerton, News Editor
Streaming at NME.COM/artists/arctic-monkeys now

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UPFRONT

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

Edited by Jamie Fullerton



Pete recreates the Sistine Chapel ceiling



"Change your glasses for Kate and Jamie"

PETE'S SO-LOW RETURN

With The Libertines on the scrapheap, Pete Doherty has hopped around the UK as a solo artist once more – but is this a new chapter or a story we've read too many times already?

MAIN EVENT

Pete Doherty and Carl Barât's non-relationship might be characterised by avoidance rather than fisticuffs these

days, but at least Pete is getting a dose of blood-spilling elsewhere. Specifically tonight (May 9) at Folkestone's Icas Cliff Hall, where the claret is being sprayed around as freely as the lager from the bar taps.

The Libertines always attracted the Molsheim-welding dreamers and beer boys in equal measure and tonight's show, announcing Pete's return to solo mode after the Libs' 2011 plan for more reunion gigs was torn up, is rather skewed towards the latter. Bizarrely, though, it's an Oasis cover that really

sparks the carnage. Pete, armed with just his acoustic and a QPR flag, strums through 'Whatever' – which for whatever reason induces a mass brawl in the hall. Security guards grapple and girls screech, following hordes of flapping limbs towards the exits, while on stage Pete attempts to gear up 'Albion' just as a stage invader stretches for a handshake before being prised away.

It's a rather sour end to a gig at a time when Pete could do with a few less sour things in his life. The previous day, news broke that he could face private prosecution over the grim death of Mark Blanco in 2007 (NME.COM/

artists/pete-doherty is beginning to resemble a courtroom noticeboard), and in last week's issue of *NME* Carl essentially cut the duo's ties with the severity of a samurai beheading. He

He can still inspire devotion, but really, how long can he go on playing the same songs?

doesn't address that tonight, but neither does he make much of a statement of intent. His solo album 'Grace Wastelands' came out two years ago, and nothing written after this gets a look-in tonight. The Pavlovian beer-chucks and whoops hurled around for 'Can't Stand Me Now', 'For Lovers',

'Time For Heroes' *et al* hint at the devotion he can still inspire but really, how long can he go without sloshing some newbies into the tank?

It's a huge shame, as Pete solo can really lock into a hypnotic Dylan-esque ramshackle acoustic groove that offers a depth beyond the clattery Libs classics – and at times he does this tonight. But although he might gleefully toss his trilby into the front row halfway through the show, it's clear that unless he pours something fresh out soon the Doherty roadshow (amateur boxing dramatics notwithstanding) is going to swiftly become old hat.

For more on Pete Doherty, including vintage Libertines clips, head to NME.COM/video



Where better to hear dirty jokes than a muddy festival?

READING & LEEDS LAFFS

August festivals confirm more comedy and spoken-word acts

Here's a prospect infinitely more amusing than waiting an hour and a half to watch Axl Rose walk onto the Main Stage – we've got another line up announcement for the comedy and spoken word acts at the Reading And Leeds Festivals.

Top of the to-see list is Mark Watson, who presented the Shockwaves NME Awards in 2009, while Saul Williams and funny folk Josh Widdicombe, Craig Campbell, Tom Deacon, Steve Hughes and Marlon Davis are among the other names headed for those green fields. It's also just been announced that Transgressive Records will be hosting their club night on the stage – see NME.COM/festivals/reading-and-leeds-festivals for more information as well as ticket details for the August 26–28 bashes.

YOU WHAT?

"Music video for Noel Gallagher out at Club Ed. Epic camera, techno crane. Should be an interesting day." **Cameraman Nito Serna tweets the deets of what is believed to be Noel's first solo music video shoot. Yup, the tweet was removed very soon afterwards**



"No-one look at the crowd. It just makes them frisky"

SMALL VENUES: BIG RESPONSE

Voting hots up in NME's search for Britain's Best Small Venue

We could have filled several phone books with NME readers' and NME.COM users' suggestions for which place should be crowned Britain's Best Small Venue – and now we can announce the regional shortlists.

NME's campaign is highlighting the importance of small venues to bands and music scenes – and readers and NME.COM users have been having their say in droves. Now voting is underway to find the best venue with a capacity of under 500 in your region. As well as legendary places like King Tut's Wah Wah Hut in Glasgow and London's roo Club making the shortlists, venues in Gloucester, Penryn and Carlisle have made the cut, which shows that even in places often skipped by touring bands there are brilliant venues keeping new music vibrant. Following the vote, a panel of artists and experts will then pick one as the overall winner of the title Britain's Best Small Venue. Check the shortlist and show your favourite venue some love.

Vote for the Best Small Venue in your area at NME.COM/smallvenues

REGIONAL SHORTLISTS

SOUTH EAST

Brighton Concorde 2, Tunbridge Wells Forum, Southampton Joiners, St Albans The Horn, Portsmouth Wedgewood Rooms

SOUTH WEST

Exeter Cavern, Gloucester Guildhall, Penryn Miss Peapod's, Bath Moles, Bristol Thekla

WALES

Wrexham Central Station, Cardiff Clwb Ifor Bach, Cardiff Millennium Music Hall, Swansea Garage, Swansea Sin City

MIDLANDS

Nottingham Bodega Social Club, Nottingham Rescue Rooms, Milton Keynes Craufurd Arms, Birmingham Custard Factory, Stoke-On-Trent Sugarmill

EAST ANGLIA

Norwich Arts Centre, Norwich Waterfront, Bedford Esquires, Cambridge Junction, Cambridge Man On The Moon

NORTH WEST

Manchester Band On The Wall, Preston Mad Ferret, Liverpool Nation, Manchester Night & Day Café, Carlisle Brickyard

LONDON

100 Club, Barfly, Bush Hall, Halfmoon, Old Blue Last

NORTH EAST

Sheffield Boardwalk, Leeds Brudenell Social Club, Newcastle Cluny, Leeds Cockpit, York Fibbers

SCOTLAND

Kinross Backstage At The Green Hotel, Edinburgh Cabaret Voltaire, Glasgow Grand Ole Opry, Glasgow King Tut's Wah Wah Hut, Aberdeen Tunnels

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast Auntie Annie's, Belfast Oh Yeah, Belfast Limerick, Omagh Terrace, Derry Nerve Centre

LET'S WRESTLE

The new album **NURSING HOME** out now on Full Time Hobby

"An extremely important step in Let's Wrestle's evolution" *Loud & Quiet* 8/10



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20th London, Village Underground w/ Fucked Up
24th Nottingham, Rescue Rooms w/ Yuck
26th Southampton, Joiners w/ Yuck
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WHERE THE VEK HAVE YOU BEEN?

Crikey, it's only Tom Vek – the indie hope of 2005 who's been missing for five years. With a new album out in June, NME went to find out where he's been hiding

IN THE WORKS

Tom Vek is as cool as a cucumber – almost literally, in his milky green V-neck jumper – sat supping tea from a Vera Duckworth mug in his east London studio.

It's a sparse, all-white set-up, comprising a recording space, slender kitchen and, on the table at which we're sat, a miniature chessboard. It's the only sign – coincidental, of course – of the Kasparov-level skill with which he's managed to keep his movements secret over the past five years, and an equally good metaphor for the obsessive to-ing and fro-ing that meant his second album, 'Leisure Seizure', took so bloody long to make.

Lest you need reminding, Tom – aka Thomas Timothy Vernon-Kell – appeared in a Kooks-dominated landscape to lead the way for new rave and bring the influence of bands like Talking Heads into modern indie. Great things appeared to be on the cards following his much-hyped and lauded debut, 2005's 'We Have Sound', but then, at the end of its promo trail, he vanished. Facebook groups were set up trying to track him down, but the press release for his new album implies that, in the new digital age, he preferred to be an analogue enigma. Whether this cult of personality was chance or contrivance, he's not quite sure.

"That's definitely informed by the power of hindsight," he says wryly, occasionally smoothing his slicked-back hair. "I'm not trying to turn around and say it was all deliberate but, looking back, I want to be positive about the situation I've ended up in, so being the delirious optimist, I'll say it was all deliberate. The problem is, I don't know what I would have done differently. I always maintained that the next piece of news was that there was a new album. It's necessary to be mysterious about your operations when they're a mystery to you!"

The plan was to finish the American tour and, after a bizarre guest appearance on *The OC*, get straight back into the studio to resume work. That was early 2006. Obviously, things didn't quite go to plan. When he opened the door on NME's arrival, he was welcoming us to his fifth studio...

"I could list what was wrong with each of the ones I had before, but that would make me sound very, um, particular." He sucks air through his teeth, well aware of quite how nerdy an anecdote he's about to tell. "I don't settle for things easily. Another studio – which I'm not even counting – I was only in for a day. I had to take all my equipment up in a lift to the fourth floor, then literally turned around and brought it all out again."

He talks about how a period of trying to record at home made watching TV on a Friday night feel like a guilty pursuit, with a studio ready and willing in the other room. Again, he had to move. Fans would notice him in the pub and ask if he was making still music. He'd say, "It's still a concern of mine," and indeed it was, as his obsessive personality meant that he worked solidly for five years,

save for the odd holiday. "Some months might have been predominantly taken up with moving, or soldering plugs, but the end result is still music."

Occasionally his label, Island, would give him a friendly poke – "Come on, what are you doing? Stop mucking around!" – but for the most part Tom was left to his own devices, filling enormous hard drives full of sounds, a tiny proportion of which ended up on the record. Deadlines blurred further and further into the future. The record's title implies that all that time wasn't necessarily a good thing, and the first single, 'A Chore', storms with a fairly existentialist lament.

"When I was younger, the idea of doing absolutely nothing sounded like a brilliant idea," he explains. "Without getting too deep about it, having no real deadline wasn't very rewarding. With the album title, a seizure of leisure could be the most relaxing thing ever, or a horrible, sudden thing. It summed up these ideas of bursts of light or creativity."

Now, though, he says that this "has to be a reality" after half a decade of hiding away. The long-awaited announcement of his return left his name trending for two days on Twitter. "I knew that the reaction was a possible outcome of me choosing this route, which is the least arrogant way I can phrase it. But that's the point – you've got to excite people with music." Strong move.

WE HAVE RUMOURS

Tom addresses the rumours that swirled about in his absence

THERE WAS A FAKE TOM VEK ALBUM THAT CAME OUT
Tom: "Someone brought it to my attention, but no!"

HE MOVED TO SOUTH AMERICA
"I did some recording in Argentina because Tom Rixton, who worked on the first one, moved there. I recommend Buenos Aires for a holiday."

HE THEN MOVED TO CHINA. AND NORWAY
"No other country stuff apart from Argentina."

HE WAS IN JAIL
"No! I'm too well behaved for that..."

KLAXONS CAUGHT HIM IN A STUDIO LISTENING TO THE SAME DRUMBEAT FOR SEVEN HOURS STRAIGHT
"OK, that sounds like a great rumour. I won't debunk that one..."



"It's necessary to be mysterious about your operations when they're mysterious to you"

TOM VEK

Stephen Merchant - sorry, Tom - in his studio, April 2011



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PIECES OF ME

DANIEL BLUMBERG

The Yuck mainman on Francis Bacon, Polish films and an actually quite worrying obsession with Scottish one-man-band moon-dweller Mr Boom

My First Album

MR BOOM

"He was this Scottish one-man band who lived on the moon and got children to play the triangle and other basic instruments. We listened to that over and over again in the car."

My First Gig

MR BOOM LIVE

"I'd have to ask my mum the exact venue and date but I'm in San Francisco right now, so it's about 4am in the UK and she must be sleeping. It must have been about 1993. I remember at the end of the gig we had to look at the sky to see his spaceship going back to the moon."

The First Song I Fell In Love With

A MR BOOM SONG

"I'm afraid the very first song I fell in love with was probably a Mr Boom song. But the best song ever is 'Katy Song' by Red House Painters."

My Favourite Artist

FRANCIS BACON

"I went to his retrospective at the Tate a few years ago and his work blew me away more than anything I have ever experienced in my life."

The Book That Changed Me

INTERVIEWS WITH FRANCIS BACON BY DAVID SYLVESTER

"Bacon talks about his paintings as if they're the only important thing in the world and all other art is so insignificant. I completely agreed, then started Yuck with Max and wrote loads of songs because it was fun and insignificant."

Right Now I Love

PORCELAIN RAFT

"Every week he posts new songs that are better than the last, as well as some great videos he's made for them. It means it's really exciting to follow what he's doing. At his shows he changes what he does constantly. You don't know what songs he's going to play or what instruments he'll decide to use, so it's always new and great to see him play again. He's only been doing this for a year but he already has loads of songs you can listen to or buy on his Bandcamp."

My Favourite TV Show

DEKALOG BY KIESLOWSKI

"It was originally made for Polish television. It's a series of 10 one-hour films that are loosely based on the 10 Commandments. I remember buying *A Short Film About Killing* in a charity shop



just because of the title and then later finding out that it was part of this series. Each one stands alone and they're all incredibly beautiful."

My Favourite Film

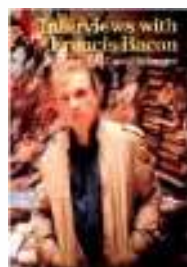
STALKER BY TARKOVSKY

"It's by far my favourite film and so different to anything I've seen before. It feels like an artform in itself. I think I could just watch that movie and no other for the rest of my life and not feel as though I'd missed anything. It's basically three men walking around a field. That's all it is, yet it's utterly mind-blowing."

My Favourite Place

HOME

"Right now, after being on tour for four months, my favourite place is probably my flat. I miss it."



Clockwise from main: Daniel rocks double-denim; classic singalong fare with Mr Boom; the sleeve for Red House Painters' 'Rollercoaster', home of 'Katy Song'; Mirosław Baka in *Dekalog*; detail from Francis Bacon's 1975 *Studies From The Human Body*; Porcelain Raft; Interviews With Francis Bacon by David Sylvester; Tarkovsky's *Stalker*

FREE YOUR FUTURE WITH FREEDERM

Want to be a music producer? Well, check out **NME** and **Freederm**'s once-in-a-lifetime competition

George Martin and The Beatles, Tony Visconti and David Bowie, Stephen Street and Blur... producers are mad geniuses, as vital to the recording of classic albums as the bands are, and we'd all love to get a closer look at what they do. Some of you may even want to produce yourself.

With that in mind, **NME** and **Freederm** have teamed up for an amazing 'Free Your Future' competition, which offers one lucky winner and a friend a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to go behind the scenes at a renowned London recording studio. If you win, you'll spend the day with a top producer, meet sound engineers and the studio owners, and be shown how some of the country's biggest bands have had their scrappy raw materials transformed into pure magic!

The prize will include travel and a night in a flash London hotel.

HOW TO ENTER

To win this very special prize, you need to show you are pretty goddamn special yourself. Here's how it works...

Visit the **Freederm** Facebook page
[facebook.com/freederm](https://www.facebook.com/freederm)

- Click to allow the app
- Select 'NMF Competition'
- Complete your contact details
- Upload a photo
- Include a description of yourself and why you should win (optional)
- Submit your entry and post it to your Facebook wall and/or Twitter for your friends to see
- Do as much as possible, as often as possible, to tell your friends to vote for you!

At the end of the competition the five entrants with the greatest number of votes will be put through to our judges and a winner will be chosen.

Your friends can vote by visiting the Vote Gallery on the Facebook page. As an added incentive for them they will have the chance to win some Topshop vouchers!

The competition closes on July 25, 2011*

MORE COMPS!

Freederm are also running other 'Free Your Future' competitions in tandem with this one:

GET ON THE RADIO!

Visit **The Big Top 40** and sit in on a radio show. Record links, meet the DJs and be there for a celeb being interviewed.

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VERSUS

PETER ROBINSON Vs FARIS BADWAN

The Horrors and Cat's Eyes man has good eBay feedback, but he can't promote records for shit



FYI

• Faris does indeed have a record out

• NME tried to convince him to buy a £65 Sinclair C5 on eBay but he wasn't very keen

• We also had to edit out a long section about Segways. Apols re that

Hello?
"It's Faris."

Hello, Faris. You've phoned early. I'm not ready.

"You fell right into my trap. I'm just going to use this moment, before we properly start this interview, to say... Well, I suppose I see this interview as an excellent promotional tool."

OK.

"I've got a record coming out."

What would you like to tell me about the record?

"Excuse me?"

Well, there are two ways of doing this. Firstly, by simply being in NME and chatting about stuff that isn't your record, you can lead people to perhaps deduce that you have a record out. Or, you can eliminate doubt and talk about your record.

"Do you remember when you did LL Cool J? He did a really good impression of not really listening to the questions. I've given this interview a lot of thought, and... Well, I hope I do as well as LL Cool J."

This is your second time on this page. The first time was fine.

"Have you ever interviewed Mick Rock? He took my photo once and he spent the whole shoot shouting, 'Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me, I'm Mick Rock, fuck me, yeah? You like it? Fuck me.'"

Would you like me to do that?

"If you did that I'd probably hang up."

I'm looking at your last *Versus* and there was some discussion about stealing wireless internet from a neighbour.

"I wouldn't know anything about that."

Apparently that is illegal.

"Well, apparently that interview was five years ago."

So shall we talk about your record then?

"Er, yeah. Well..."

What do you want to say?

"Well, it's all very well talking about the need to promote, but at the same time I guess I'm not very good at it."

Oh dear. So let's see... Do you think that people who haven't heard it will like it more than



they think they will?

"This is difficult because I'm probably never going to listen to it again."

Why, is it no good?

"It's because I like to think about the next one. I like making things, rather than *having* made things."

All I wanted was a chat, I thought it would be entertaining.

"Is this not entertaining?" (*Slightly 'meta' discussion of interview definition continues for several millennia*)

If you were to plot a graph of your coolness since you were officially Britain's Coolest Student, what object would the graph look like?

"A banana. Look, to be quite honest, this interview is all well and good, but all I ask is that you don't make me look like someone from The Wombats."

Crucially you are not in The Wombats, so you don't make terrible music...

"Your words not mine."

Do you not agree that you don't make terrible music?

"I agree with you on that."

What's in your eBay history?

"Let's have a look now. This is taking a while, it's all that illegal broadband. Recently I've been bidding on a metronome. I have an excellent feedback rating. 'Great eBayer'. 'Excellent eBayer, fast payment'. Oh, hang on - 'Timewaster'. But that's the only negative one, from 2004."

I think this has gone on long enough. Do you want to say a final thing about your music?
"I've got a record coming out."

THIS WEEK'S TOP 20

THE NME CHART

- 1 NERD 'GUILT' WIZ
- 2 CEE LO GREEN 'BRIGHT LIGHTS BIGGER CITY' Harvest/Dun
- 3 WIZ KHALIFA 'ROLL UP' Atlantic
- 4 NICKI MINAJ 'GIRLS FALL LIKE DOMINOES' Columbia/Sony
- 5 ARCTIC MONKEYS 'DON'T SIT DOWN 'CAUSE I'VE MOVED YOUR CHAIR' Island
- 6 ALEK METRIC & STEVE ANGELLO 'OPEN YOUR EYES' Parlophone
- 7 KATY P 'EASY PLEASE ME' W&A
- 8 MILES KANE 'REARRANGE' Columbia
- 9 PAMELA AT THE DISCO 'THE BALLAD OF MONA LISA' Atlantic
- 10 THE VACCINES 'IF YOU WANNA' Columbia
- 11 HURTS 'ILLUMINATED' Virgin
- 12 THE STROKES 'UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS' Reprise/Island
- 13 BROTHER 'STILL HERE' Capitol
- 14 JUSTICE 'CIVILIZATION' Real Gone Music
- 15 THE PIERCES 'YOU'LL BE MINE' Mercury
- 16 FLEET FOXES 'HELPLESSNESS BLUES' Domino
- 17 JAMIE WOOD 'LADY LUCK' Columbia
- 18 ELBOW 'OPEN ARMS' Columbia
- 19 YOUNG THE GIANT 'MY BODY' Atlantic
- 20 THE NAKED AND FAMOUS 'YOUNG BLOOD' Island

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SKY CHANNEL 382
FREESAT CHANNEL 382

NME.COM

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



NEW TO NME RADIO PLAYLIST

- FOO FIGHTERS 'Walk'
- FOSTER THE PEOPLE 'Pumped Up Kicks'
- THE VACCINES 'All In White'
- BENJAMIN FRANKS LEFTWICH 'Box Of Stones'
- BEN HOWARD 'Old Pine'

The NME Chart is compiled every week from the best of physical and digital sales through the week. It is a mix of new releases, best-selling albums and digital downloads. It is a mix of new releases, best-selling albums and digital downloads. It is a mix of new releases, best-selling albums and digital downloads.

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RADAR

FUTURE STARS, BREAKING SCENES, NEW SOUNDS...

Edited by Jaimie Hodgson



ABOUT
TO
BREAK

UNKNOWN MORTAL ORCHESTRA

Indie hero Ruban Nielson tried to keep his new project hidden – but if you've got a Midas touch like his, there's little chance of that

There comes a time in every former C86-inspired darling's life when he feels compelled to jack it all in, give up, go off and earn an honest living that doesn't involve telling interviewers that "we just make music for ourselves and if anyone else likes it then it's a bonus". That, at least, was Ruban Nielson's plan.

"I tried to become a more productive member of society," he says. After New Zealand's Flying Nun-signed twee power-punks The Mint Chicks finally folded in March 2010, guitarist Ruban retired to his adoptive home of Portland, Oregon, in the grip of this attack of conscience, and tried to get on with doing something which seemed less like dickering around. He built a portfolio of his illustrations, and started shopping it to potential employers. But job-hunting is stress city, so "just to try and make myself a happier human being", he started crafting little blobs of lava-lamp psych-melody in his bedroom. Big mistake. Three weeks into his first

appearance on Bandcamp, the emails from bloggers started arriving. Six months down the line, he's back out on the road, with the Smith Westerns, no less. He's cursed. Cursed with a Midas melodic touch that means that no matter how much he tries to outrun it, he's always being hailed as the slightly-more-concise-and-hard-hitting lovechild of Ariel Pink, the Avalanches-filtered bedroom-disco spawn of No Age.

So keen was he to get on with other stuff in his life that initially he didn't even put his name on his music – which ultimately only added to the anti-hype. "One of the bloggers who originally posted about UMO told me I should keep my identity a secret and so I just did what he told me... Basically the reason for coming out of the woods is that it's a live band now, and people will know who I am when they come to a show." Now, with an album on US underground stalwarts Fat Possum due out at the end of June, it looks like Ruban is "making music for himself, everyone else = a bonus", all over again. Poor sod. **Gavin Haynes**

NEED TO KNOW

• The Mint Chicks were Big News in New Zealand. In 2007, they took home Best Album, Video, Cover Art and Group at the Kiwi Grammys equivalent

• In 2009, Ruban was hospitalised due to 'acute renal colic', a form of kidney stones that causes pain worse than childbirth or broken bones. Ouch

• Portland's doctors wouldn't give him anaesthetic until they knew whether he could pay his bills. Assholes

The Buzz

The rundown of the music, sounds and scenes breaking forth from the underground this week



1 MILK MAID

Much like fellow Mancs and tourmates Mazes, these feral malcontents throw caution to the wind, revelling in as many happy accidents as their careening no-fi will allow. Milk Maid's madcap romp – which runs the gamut from Girls-style hippiedom to Guided By Voices' ramshackle whir – leaves almost no stone unturned, untouched or undiscovered. Some will no doubt bristle at the band's lack of focus, but as a counterpoint to the manicured, calculated indie of Arcade Fire and The National, Milk Maid are already a smashing success. Whether they can successfully capture their reckless abandon on record remains an open question, but the answer isn't far off. Fat Cat will release their sure-to-be shambolic debut album, 'Yucca', on June 20.



2 GIVERS' UPCOMING ALBUM

Holy cow, do this Louisiana-based lot sound like they're having fun, or what? Soon to release an LP on Glassnote, their track 'Up Up Up' is a wonderfully upbeat exercise in afrobeat rhythms, summery keyboards and excitable vocals. Givers more please. Arf.



3 SAUNA YOUTH'S EP

A concept record about "the frustrations created by the practical necessities of a banal life" might not sound that exciting on paper, but, by God, do Brighton hardcore garage punks Sauna Youth pull it out of the bag on their 'Lists' seven-inch. 'Bone Lawn' is especially awesome.



4 NAZCA LINES' DEMOS

We first heard about Nazca Lines (Michael to his mates) when he popped up on French electro legend Black Devil Disco Club's new album. We've since heard demos for his upcoming debut LP and it turns out that it's some of the best electro-pop we've heard all year. Watch this space.



5 MIAMI HORROR - 'SOMETIMES'

First surfacing in late 2009, 'Sometimes' is the track that brought starry-eyed dreamwave to the unwashed blogger masses. Hard to believe that until now this future classic had never been issued in physical form in the UK, an injustice rectified by Hot Pockets' imminent seven-inch.

BAND CRUSH



Lewis from Fool's Gold on his favourite new act

"I just recorded a new Oberhofer seven-inch single to be released this summer on my label, White Iris. I have an affinity for the frontman Brad, 'cos he's studying classical music theory and composition at NYU, a man after my own heart. I'm definitely encouraging him to let some more Tchaikovsky bleed into their surfy, garage punk jamz."

RADAR GLOSSARY

This week's impenetrable muso slang decoded

GUOYE-TECH

Imagine the bounce of northeast British donk music mingling with the ethereal wailing and oriental twangs of traditional Chinese folk music. Well, look no further than the likes of Hong Kong popster Joey Yung. There's even a Tibetan-spun hybrid thread of the sound for those seeking a more transcendental hardcore oriental techno experience.



RAINBOW ARABIA

CAMP BASEMENT, LONDON
WEDNESDAY, MAY 4

CAUGHT LIVE

Over-hyped, overpaid and over here? Some might say. Given the influx of hip, US hybrid-dance acts (Gang Gang Dance, Free Blood, Ponytail, Telepathe and Teengirl Fantasy have all recently had their passports stamped at UK border controls), misquoting the moth-eaten WWII mantra is understandable. But an open-door policy suggests that current occupants don't quite cut it – which might explain why LA married couple Danny and Tiffany Preston have chosen this time to make their big push across the pond. As Rainbow Arabia, the pair released a buzz-arousing EP and mini-album on American imprint Manimal Vinyl, but signed to German electronic label Kompakt for the UK and European release of their debut album, 'Boys And Diamonds'. And it's this that gets a going over tonight, on the last show of their European tour.

If they look the cooler-than part (her: shrink-wrap jeans and black dj, him: vintage trilby), then they have a crateload of tunes designed to seriously shift hips, not just provide a background against which hipster hair can grow. Sometimes more moodily monochromatic than their name

suggests, Rainbow Arabia's shape-shifting, globe-plundering grooviness is what stands out even in this drab basement midweek, as does the fact that they're equally as psyched by MIA and South African DJ/rapper Spoek Mathambo – who's just supported them on their US tour – as they are by Gary Numan, Kraftwerk and The Slits. At times throbbing more insistently than a giant boil wired to the National Grid ('Blind'), or coming on like a not-shite Ting Tings playing Balinese pop ('Without You'), the pair work their

The globe-plundering grooviness stands out even in this drab basement midweek

casually effervescent magic, wrangling wonky electronica, Lebanese synths (yes, really), wooden sticks and a whooping, Siouxsie Sioux-style voice into their kaleidoscopic mix.

It's a shame they seldom let their personalities show – only when Mrs P keeps slipping her shades on and off, or prowls the floor during excellent indutrio-disco marching song 'I Know I See I Love I Go' do we get a glimpse – but the drama in their tunes (just) makes up for that. 'This Life Is Practice', they reckon, but these two have the buoyant, tripped-out electronic pop thing properly nailed, at least. *Sharon O'Connell*

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SCENE
REPORT

SMD'S DANCEFLOOR DREAMING

James Ford and Jas Shaw tout the latest additions to their record bag



Welcome to the latest instalment of our report from clubland. Well, things have been getting slow recently, for sure. Not in the amount of music coming out – there's loads of great stuff about – but slow in tempo. Most of our favourite tunes now are below 120bpm, which signifies a wider movement towards deeper, slower sounds

as championed by the likes of Soul Clap and Visionquest.

Speaking of **Soul Clap**, our first chosen track is their 'Lonely C', featuring Charles Levine, which is on their excellent 'DJ Kicks' album. It has a wonky vocal from what sounds like an amorous *Blade Runner* duplicate and is quite simply one of the best vocals on a dance record in ages.

Next up is 'Reginald's Groove (Bicep Remix)' by **Cosmic Kids**, which is out on the excellent Throne Of Blood label. It's deep, warm and hypnotic, like a Vicodin in the sun. Check out Bicep's brilliant blog to see more of what they're about.

Locussolus is the new project of the legendary DJ Harvey. He's got an album out soon that will be well worth checking out but our favourite track is 'Little Boots'. It chugs along majestically, and manages to simultaneously sound modern and like a lost '70s kraut masterpiece.

SMD'S TOP 5

SOUL CLAP (FEAT CHARLES LEVINE)
'Lonely C'

COSMIC KIDS
'Reginald's Groove (Bicep Remix)'

DJ HARVEY PRESENTS LOCUSSOLUS
'Little Boots'

JR SEATON
'In Your Mask I See A Better Person'

INSTRA:MENTAL
'Plok'

'In Your Mask I See A Better Person' is by London-via-Berliner **JR Seaton**. He's been putting out great stuff under his own name and the Call Super moniker, all of which is well worth getting hold of.

Our last choice is from the amazing new **Instra:mental** album. 'Plok' is a super-modern analogue trip that shapeshifts between musical genres and ends up really original. It's on the same label (NonPlus) as one of our other current favourites, Kassem Mosse.

If you get the chance, check out our new mix on *Beats In Space*, which features a new **Delicacies** track called 'Gizzard'. There's also a great Visionquest mix in the same show. Until next time...

NEXT COLUMNIST:
Lee Spielman from Trash Talk

5 TO SEE This week's unmissable new music shows

WIZ KHALIFA
HMV Forum, London
May 18

CREEP
School Of Art, Glasgow
May 18

CHAD VALLEY
Sneaky Pete's,
Edinburgh
May 20



NIKI & THE DOVE
Zanzibar, Liverpool
May 21

NO JOY
Sound Control,
Manchester
May 23

Cosmic Kids' music
clearly comes from
a dark place...



EXIT festival: so
brilliant even the
grass for this bar
is exciting

WIN A SLOT AT EXIT FESTIVAL!

*You or your band could be sharing a stage with
Arcade Fire, Pulp and MIA in our new
competition to find the UK's best unsigned act*

RADAR NEWS

Radar is, of course, all about giving bands a leg-up, but this competition is something else for all you musicians looking for a big break. **NME** has

teamed up with the legendary EXIT festival and Soundcloud for the 'NME Play At Exit' competition to find the best unsigned act in the country.

In a quite unbelievable prize, the winning artist or band will get to play live on one of the stages at EXIT 2011 in Serbia. The festival takes place on July 7-10 and, as well as getting to play, the winner will have access to the VIP and press areas, making this a once-in-a-millennium opportunity.

How do we enter, you cry. Well, it's easy:

1 Create a profile for you or your band on Soundcloud, and upload the track or video you think will most impress your fans and the judges.

2 Go to the EXIT website – eng.exitfest.org – and click on 'NME Play At Exit competition'. Read the terms and conditions, then fill in the forms. Make sure to copy and paste your Soundcloud page link.

3 Once you've been entered, share the link for the competition page, exitmusic.tv/nmecom, and get as many fans as possible to vote by liking your track. The 25 acts with the most votes will go to the final round.

4 On June 1, the top 25 acts will be revealed on the EXIT website and **NME.COM**, and then the EXIT festival organisers and **NME's** new New Music Editor Matt Wilkinson will choose the winner.

Easy. And the reward is properly exciting. What are you waiting for? Get your profile together, enter the comp and get planning how you're going to blow Serbian minds...



TEENAGE
FANCLUB

THE
JESUS
AND
MARY CHAIN

MY
BLOODY
VALENTINE

SUPER
FURRY
ANIMALS

RIDE

PRIMAL
SCREAM

ALAN
McGEE

OASIS

“CREATION WAS LIKE AN ASYLUM”

It began with punk-rock fire and exploded in riots and raves, before five lads from Burnage took over and everyone got rich. But, after all the powder and pills, there had to be a comedown, and it ended with a man doing karaoke in a dress. **Mark Beaumont** straps in for the story of **Creation Records**

Nostradamus did say that Creation would end in 1999... but he didn't specify it would be a space rock label" – Gruff Rhys, Super Furry Animals, *Upside Down*

When the walls of the LA Mondrian hotel started closing in, the sirens blared, the paramedics pumped on his chest and the oxygen mask gripped his muzzle, Alan McGee knew the party was over. He'd survived the Christmas of '93 when he'd necked the equivalent of 35 Es in pure MDMA powder, snorting it like coke, and ended up laid out for two weeks in recovery. But this time, amid the morning glory of 1994, just as his gold-dusted salad days were finally upon him, he didn't feel so lucky.

"I'd been partying for days," he says, 50 and ruddy-faced, sipping tea in the chintzy environs of his old Britpop hang-out, The Landmark hotel, as if to stir up memories. "I got on a flight to LA and was met by paramedics. I booked myself out of the hospital, went to see Swervedriver, went down to Warner Brothers to do a film deal for Primal Scream and the walls started moving towards me. I ended up with tubes in me." Recalling the rush from Warners to the Mondrian, the panic attack, the swarm of 19 paramedics, the blood pressure reading of 172, the oxygen mask – his eyes glass over; distant, resolute, a speck of regret. "It was a version of me. I was a drug addict."

It was the beginning of the end of Britpop, the day the delirium died. Within five years, despite success, fame and unimaginable riches, McGee and his partner Dick Green closed the doors on Creation Records, sealing the tomb on the '90s and setting in aspic – in modern indie-rock terms – a virtually unmatched legacy.

There was Factory. There was Rough Trade. There was, if you had the slightest pallor of the grave about you, 4AD. And then there was Creation. Creation: a

label by out-of-control outsider freaks for out-of-control outsider freaks. A label of riots, ecstasy and excess; of punk-rock, psychedelia and searing, swaggering sonic exploration. A label that sparked the worldwide Mary Chain riot. That gave acid culture its crowning achievement in 'Screamadelica'. That conserved shoegazing with the warm gush of 'Nowhere', and killed it with the cranial blow of 'Loveless'. That broke new ground with every twist of its tail: 'The House Of Love', 'Bandwagon-esque', 'Giant Steps', 'Fuzzy Logic' and its black metallic suicide note 'XTRMNTR'. And a label that, ultimately, defined a generation with 'Definitely Maybe' and '(What's The Story) Morning Glory?', then stoked it with drugs, fights, record-breaking album sales, arrests, breakdowns, Rolls-Royces, visits to Number 10 and Biggest Gigs Ever until it imploded beneath its own critical mass.

It was, arguably, the best record label that ever lived, breathed, snorted, punched, raved and – consistently – innovated. And, somehow, it was all pulled off by a bunch of fucked-up, 72-hour party people spearheaded by a frantic, charismatic, snotty, ginger Sex Pistols and Television Personalities fanatic who dished out the office Es like magic M&Ms.

"Creation, in its own way, was wilder than the bands, up until Oasis," Alan smirks. "[The office parties] were pretty fucking wild. They lasted for about five days. There were shocking moments of bad behaviour."

Hence the arrival of celebrated Creation bio-doc *Upside Down. The Creation Records Story*, a warts-and-all documentary four years in the making by one-time BBC film-maker Danny O'Connor. To date, *Upside*

Down has racked up 51 film festival slots, which will see McGee embark on his own debut world tour, taking in Brazil, Paris and Moscow in one week this month. "It's like being on DMT, man," he grins, as if getting a sniff of Living The Dream once more. "A cultural DMT. This might be the only film we ever make about Creation. It's never gonna get any more honest than this. Nobody's larging it, nobody's claiming it and everybody's still alive at this point! It's not other people talking about dead people, we're all still here, so it's a great time to do the film."

And a great time to revisit the Creation story in the words of those who were there, personally reliving the come-ups, blow-outs, cave-ins and breakdowns. The nights spent higher than the sun and the days spent spinning so much fuzzy, brilliant rock'n'roll logic. The moments that made McGee this generation's Malcolm McLaren ("that's a great compliment, thank you") and Creation more legendary than all that Adam & Eve bullshit. Rocks off, children? Then let's begin...



THE CREATION 1983-1986

"It's not because I'm a massive music fan," says Alan McGee. "I just didn't want a real job. I love my dad but equally I didn't want to be my dad. He had to work in a garage as a panel beater with a hammer, knocking these panels. I didn't want that situation."

Thus it was to escape the inertia of his dead-end job at British Rail that – after a few amateurish teenage attempts at forming bands in Glasgow with like-minded punk aficionados Andrew Innes, Bobby



THE PRESIDENT
ALAN MCGEE



Clockwise from above left: The Mary Chain onstage with Gillespie; McGee inspirations The Television Personalities; A poster promoting a gig by McGee's band Biff Bang Pow!; 'The President' himself; Felt frontman Lawrence onstage in the early '80s; McGee's first two 'big' bands make the NME cover

► Gillespie and his future Creation partner Dick Green – a young, hellsy and rock-ravenous 20-year-old called Alan McGee moved to London. Throwing himself into the post-punk underground scene, within months he was inspired to start a label the night he saw Joe Foster of the Television Personalities hacksaw a Rickenbacker in half onstage at a rock dive in Victoria. The pair began promoting increasingly successful nights at The Living Room club off Oxford Street and, once they realised they were making £600 per week, funnelled the cash into miniscule-budget seven-inch releases, not least for the new band he'd started with Dick Green, Biff Bang Pow!.

Alan: "It was me and Joe Foster's idea to merge punk and psychedelia, because we loved the Television Personalities. The ideology of Dan Treacy, that's where we got [the Creation ethos] from."

Alan would give bands such as The Loft and Jasmine Minks £100 to record one-track singles at Waterloo's Alaska Studios, get them printed up by a mate of Bobby Gillespie's in Glasgow and fold and pack them by hand in his tiny flat.

Norman Blake, Teenage Fanclub: "There was all sorts of different types of records early on. Les Zarjaz, the first records by The Legend, early Pastels records, some really brilliant records. The Felt records are great."

Irvine Welsh, author: "It was more of that Tony Wilson ethos of believing in your own personal tastes. All the great independent guys had that *Broadway Danny Rose* thing."

When Bobby contacted Alan demanding he release a single by a band called "The Daisy Chain" with whom

he was trying to form "a psychedelic band with punk-rock attitude", Alan was unsure, but offered them a gig at The Living Room.

Bobby Gillespie: "First time [Alan] saw [The Jesus And Mary Chain] was the soundcheck at his club, and he thought they were incredible. 'It's insane, it's mind blowing, it's not music but it's, like, complete enthusiasm.'"

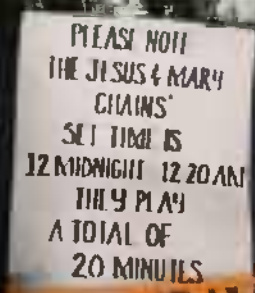
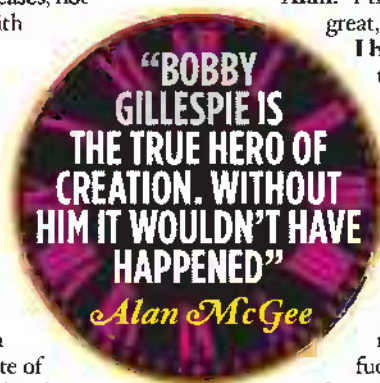
Alan: "I thought, 'Fuck, they're great, let's put out a record' I had no idea it was going to be that fucking explosive. I don't think alternative music would've taken the twist that it took if it hadn't been for Jim and William [Reid].

[Debut single 'Upside Down'] is such a violent record, it's incredible."

Jim Reid, JAMC: "I remember nobody really having much of a fucking clue what they were doing [recording 'Upside Down'], especially us.

We knew what we wanted to sound like but we were frustrated because we didn't know how to do it. Live it was pretty extreme, total chaos. We mixed it on these massive Tannoy speakers and we thought, 'Yeah, that's pretty much it' and then we went home and played it and it sounded like Dire Straits. So William and Alan went back in, removed it, shoved out all of the feedback. It didn't sound like us live but I remember thinking, 'It doesn't sound like anybody else, so that'll do.'"

Bobby: "It just blew my mind. It was fire, it was sexy, and it was pure rock'n'roll. I mean, I joined the band."



With Bobby playing only two drums for the Mary Chain (it was all he could manage), McGee set up a handful of scantily attended showcase gigs, sent the single to the press and the band on tour to Germany.

Bobby: "When we came back, the press were going crazy for us, everyone went crazy for us. Morrissey came to a gig and there were stage invasions. I just remember feeling like I was in the fucking Pistols. We got single of the week, it was Number One in the indie charts, it was magical, like a dream."

Jim: "It happened almost overnight

All of a sudden it was chequebooks and record labels offering us ridiculous amounts of money and stuff. Nobody had much of a clue how to go about doing this thing. Alan drove the whole thing – if you lost faith, Alan always had the enthusiasm and determination and belief to pep you up again. It was like a little gang, there was the Mary Chain and McGee."

Then came the legendary riots – audiences trashing the band's equipment and attacking dressing room doors with hammers, enflamed that this white-hot band only burned for 20 minutes a night.

Jim: "The whole thing started to snowball until it got to that point where people were coming along to see us with baseball bats and you're thinking 'It's getting a bit out of control, maybe we should do something.'"

Alan: "It was insane, scary really. The first riot was a little bit 'ha-ha, he-he, I'm in control of this' but the second riot I definitely wasn't in control. It was getting



There's a riot goin' on. The Jesus And Mary Chain cause chaos at North London Polytechnic in 1985

messy, people were coming out with sliced heads and stuff like that. I was like, 'Let's get the fuck out of here, somebody's gonna kill us. Maybe the bouncers.'

Were the Mary Chain stolen from Creation?

Alan: "No. Well, they *were* stolen but I was a kid, I was 23, I had no money, I was just Joe Soap that'd started a record label. Somebody came along with the backing of Warner Brothers and offered them £70,000 and they signed, you couldn't blame them for that. It wasn't a sell-out, it was the only fucking option on the table."

Jim: "To be honest with you, I regretted leaving Creation. At the time we were on Creation, Creation was nothing. Creation was a bunch of us stuffing paper covers into plastic bags in Alan's spare bedroom in Tottenham. We had kind of big ideas. I wanted to be a pop star, we wanted to make 'Psychocandy', Creation had no money to do that, so we had to go elsewhere."

Was Alan worried that lightning couldn't strike twice?

Alan: "I thought I'd find another good band, I never thought I'd find [another] best group in the world. I was just pleased to get The House Of Love and not have a real job..."

PILLS, THRILLS & SOUNDSCAPES 1987-1990

The success of 'Upside Down' afforded Creation its first 'office' (well, "broom cupboard") in Clerkenwell, and a distribution deal with Rough Trade gave them enough advance cash to make albums rather than just singles. Their first new signings were The Weather Prophets, The House Of Love and a "terrible" band Joe Foster had originally spotted in '85 called My Bloody Valentine.

Alan: "They asked [Biff Bang Pow!] to support them at the end of '87 at Chatham Town Hall, and we refused. We said that we must headline because they were so

fucking bad. So we put on this absolutely fucking monumental band that we had no clue had morphed into being amazing—we remembered them as this shite anorak band. We went, 'Fucking hell, it's Husker Dü!'"

"I was trying to bend a guitar string to get that double effect of Chuck Berry or Pixies," Kevin Shields claims in *Upside Down*. "I couldn't do it so I got the idea to tune two strings together and use a tremolo arm, and suddenly found there was this amazingly expressive thing. In the space of about four or five days we made our sound... this melting thing sort of happened."

While MBV set about recording 1988's clattergaze classic 'Isn't Anything', Alan focused on releasing The House Of Love's untitled—and LSD added—debut mini-album, including the indie hit 'Shine On'. It was Creation's first commercial success. So, after a year that McGee spent living in Manchester—immersing himself in acid house and Hacienda culture and infecting Bobby and his 'other' band Primal Scream with a similar enthusiasm—he moved Creation into a ramshackle office above a sweatshop in Hackney, complete with a basement office for him and Dick called The Bunker. Dick: "It was a shithole. There were crack dealers walking around the front door. That's when the slightly wilder parties started. Every so often it would be 'down tools and everyone into The Bunker' and that was the night gone, the next day gone. They were crazy times."

Danny O'Connor, *Upside Down* director: "McGee would come over the intercom and go, 'Right, there's a party in The Bunker' and as everyone went in they'd get handed a couple of £s and the whole place would kick off. The party would go on all weekend."

Andy Bell, Ride/Oasis: "The Valentines would show up and you're like, 'Oh wow. Suddenly there seems to be a lot of the bands here, and it seems to be a party happening.' Bobby would be there in the corner discussing Arthur Lee..."

THE MAKING OF UPSIDE DOWN

"The director's more rock'n'roll than the film!"

Although it's a comedy, *Upside Down* is a far from funny film. It's a dark, gritty, and often disturbing portrait of a young man, Alan, who is a member of a band called Creation. The film is a comedy, but it's a comedy that's more about the lives of the people in the band than about the band itself. It's a comedy that's more about the lives of the people in the band than about the band itself.



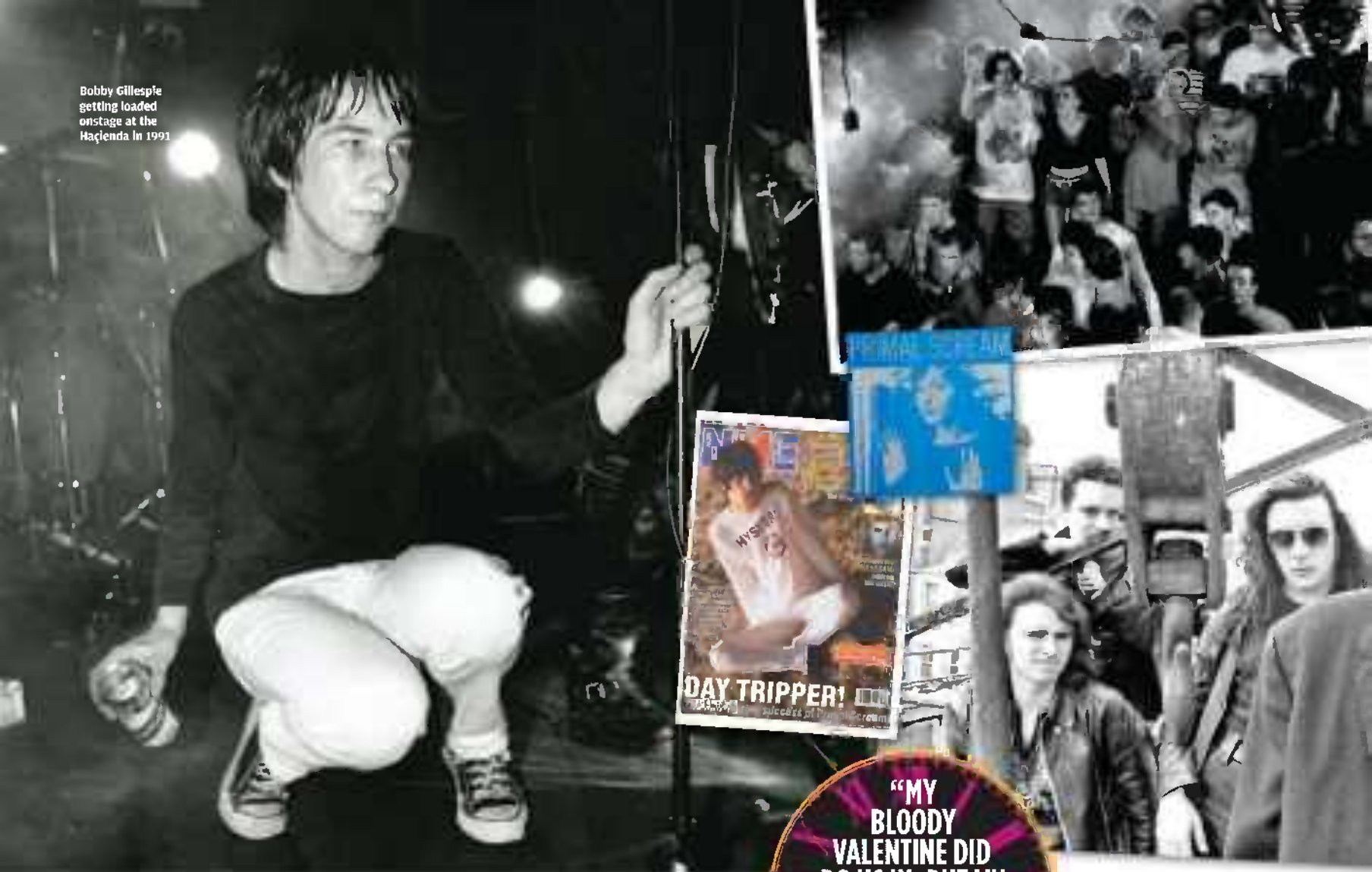
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And Alan? "The guys are ridiculously intelligent and so warm and kind. I would have been on the other side of him, but the minute you got through the door that was it. As long as you didn't burn the house down. 'The four horsemen of the apocalypse, as I see them in the film, are Bobby, Alan, and...'"

It's a comedy that's more about the lives of the people in the band than about the band itself. It's a comedy that's more about the lives of the people in the band than about the band itself. It's a comedy that's more about the lives of the people in the band than about the band itself. It's a comedy that's more about the lives of the people in the band than about the band itself.



Bobby Gillespie getting loaded onstage at the Hacienda in 1991



► **Norman:** "There was a room upstairs and it became a dancefloor, Primal Scream came down and people with bags of pills and all sorts of mad stuff."

Irvine: "Alan used to have this table which was like a Subburco table as his boardroom table but it was a glass covered table. He used to do lines of coke off it."

Alan: "I did have sex quite a lot in the Creation office – one time somebody came in and noticed a girlfriend's knickers in the corner. That was embarrassing."

The House Of Love became the first of many victims of Creation's hedonistic ethic. In *Upside Down*, McGee

tells of trying to stop a pilled-up Guy Chadwick stripping naked in a nightclub. Perhaps sensing the encroaching tsunami, he negotiated The House Of Love a massive (for the time) £400,000 deal with Fontana.

Dick: "Then along comes Ride, which was probably the biggest thing that had happened to the label. That was a big, big turnaround"

Mark Gardener, Ride: "[McGee] followed us around for five days on a tour with The Soup Dragons, and at

"MY BLOODY VALENTINE DID DO US IN, BUT MY DRUG-TAKING NEARLY BANKRUPTED US!"

Alan McGee

the end of it I think we were signed! I'm not sure. I never really understood what he said."

Andy Bell: "We were a Creation band, because we had digested everything that had been before us, but we were a pop band, and Creation was always about pop music. If there is one thing that you can put every Creation record into the category of, it is psychedelic pop music. And that goes for everything from the Mary Chain to Oasis."

Ride were Creation's first Top 40 success, reaching Number 11 with their 1990 debut album 'Nowhere',

sparking the shoegazing scene alongside fellow Creation signings Slowdive and Swervedriver and prompting some on the road McGee Envy.

Andy: "We were on tour in Europe with The House Of Love. Guy Chadwick chucked us off the tour because 'Beatles And The Stones' by The House Of Love went to 41 and our single went to Number 32, and we were still on Creation. We were younger, better looking and he'd sold out."

Though they'd go on to crack the Top 10 with the stratospheric 'Leave Them All Behind' from 1992's 'Going Blank Again' and storm Reading's main stage, Andy feels that history has wiped its mouth of Ride. "I never felt big, or even that liked as Ride. When we split up no one seemed to really notice. [We were the biggest band on Creation] for about five days."

Mark: "Then 'Screamadelica' came out..."

CREATIONS FINEST MOMENTS

SCREAMADELICA

How Primal Scream led us into a rave new world

It was, at the time, the first sign of Alan Carr's... in an Olivier-worshiping... If you're going to reinvent yourself, it's always a good idea to utterly epitomise, expand and ultimately overshadow the genre you're trying out, and Primal Scream's 'Screamadelica' did exactly that to acid house in 1991. It was the first sign of Creation releases shifting music's tectonic plates, demolishing the '80s and throwing up a new landscape for the new decade.

'Screamadelica' became a phenomenon almost by osmosis. First 'Loaded' found this formerly aimless indie guitar band infiltrating the

rave underground with its counter-cultural calling... Peter Fonda sample, ecstatic... pop horn... gospel pop and roped in the girls and groovesters. Then 'Screamadelica' – a glorified compilation album thrown together in a post-rave haze – emerged as, finally, a sophisticated rave record worth listening to at home. Virtually a real-time concept album following the enraptured highs and strung-out lows of dance culture, it straddled the dancefloor ('Loaded', 'Come Together', 'Don't Push It, Push It')... 'In...

...the... 'Stars'). By incorporating... blues, gospel, rock and choice sentiments, 'Screamadelica' was the first fully rounded and human rave record. What other dance record at the time would have included a high-harshing country-blues ballad of heartbreak like 'Damaged', rave's own 'Everybody... So that was... music reinvented. Practically in their sleep, what next? Industrial-electro riot-rock, lads? Oh, go on then...



HIGHER THAN THE SUN 1991

Alan: "Gillespie is the true hero of Creation Records. If Dick Green was on one wing, and I was on the other wing, Gillespie was centre forward. Gillespie was the magnet that made people sign to that label. Without



Anti-clockwise from above: The Scream in the late '80s; The House of Love; Ride onstage; Punters Haglanda; The sleeve for the Scream's second single 'Crystal Crescent'; Gillespie on the NME cover in 1991



LOVELESS

How My Bloody Valentines nearly broke Creation, but saved music

Bobby: "We'd been going to clubs throughout '89 and immersing ourselves in that scene and taking E like there was no tomorrow. The audience at rock gigs wasn't really happening. It was, like, guys with pints. You'd walk into a club and find 500 people going fucking mental! Every where you looked it was just wild. From immersing ourselves in that scene we thought, 'Well, why not see if we could have a record made that could be played here?' And the result was 'Loaded'." "The club pluggers had these sheets they'd send to DJs who'd fill it in. 'What was playing?' and it was 'Loaded', 'Loaded', 'Loaded', just *everywhere*. So we were aware that this record was really *happening*. It became a hit and we got onto *Top Of The Pops*."

In their new 'Loaded'-built studio, and with much goading from McGee, who was desperate to keep the buzz alive, Primal Scream gradually pieced together 'Screamadelica' on an 'afterbuzz'-only narcotic basis. Bobby: "I always did view drugs as a portal. You read about guys like Jim Morrison where it was a derangement of the senses and how it could lead you into, like, poetic vision. But we never took it in the studio. We played a couple of gigs where the whole band were on E and it was just rubbish. But being out at the clubs and being inspired and having a great night and coming home feeling really good about yourself, that inspired you to open up and try to make music like we were hearing at the clubs. Not copy it, but not so much the screaming electric guitars, more psychedelic electronic music mixed with songs. I honestly thought it was going to be an underground record, I didn't think it was going to be a massive seller."

Bobby Gillespie – as a musical visionary and a friend – it wouldn't have happened."

Initially, McGee only pressed 60,000 copies of seminal, Mercury-winning electronica cornerstone 'Screamadelica'. "It was more of a compilation album," he argues. "Five of the tracks had already been out! They were so off their heads on drugs, fuck, 'Can you just go in with Jimmy Miller and finish these two tracks?' Once we finished it we banged it out and we had no idea that record was going to fucking sell. But every fucker seems to have it. My friend Jason in Glasgow sat with me and convinced me that 'Higher Than The Sun' was the best record I'd ever put out. I went back and listened to it and went, 'Fuck, he's right.'"

LOVELESS & BROKE 1991-1993

By the summer of 1991, Creation was hitting its creative peak. Hot on the dopamine-dripping heels of 'Screamadelica' came Teenage Fanclub's classic 'Bandwagonesque' and

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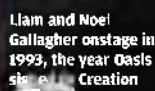
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MBV's masterpiece 'Loveless'. Both were recorded according to McGee's usual hands-off A&R approach. Norman: "We were always very impressed that Alan and Dick had to remortgage their houses to fund these records. The albums could have bombed and they would have been homeless and penniless." Indeed, the aimless, hazy two-year recording of 'Loveless' allegedly almost bankrupted the label. "A lot of shit's spoken about it," Alan argues. "It did fucking do us in, but my drug taking nearly bankrupted us! It'd be lovely to blame Kevin, but I don't think it's entirely fair. He did spend about £270,000, but Primal Scream spent about £410,000 on 'Give Out But Don't Give Up', so Kevin Shields isn't even the worst perpetrator of spending money in a studio. Me and [Creation MD] Tim Abbott would fly off to Brazil for the weekend to take

Today, a record like The Horrors' 'Primary Colours' is heaped with critical adulation just for making an amateurish stab at imitating it. Our advice – to Alan and others: sup from the source.

CREATIONS'S
FINEST
MOMENTS

The first time I saw a Fat Duc was in 1992, in the back of a truck in the middle of a street in the Bronx. I was in the car with a friend, and we were looking at the car. It was a white van with a black stripe on the side that said 'Fat Duc'. I was in the car with a friend, and we were looking at the car. It was a white van with a black stripe on the side that said 'Fat Duc'. I was in the car with a friend, and we were looking at the car. It was a white van with a black stripe on the side that said 'Fat Duc'.



Despite continued successes both commercial (Sugar's 'Copper Blue' hit Number Three) and artistic (The Boo Radleys' great lost single 'Lazarus' and its mother-album 'Grant Steps' rank among Creation's finest achievements), the financial strifes were mounting up. Debtors constantly hounded the offices and the credit net began to throttle.

What was he supposed to do? Wait for a miracle?

Oasis by chance when he turned up early at an 18 Wheeler gig at King Tut's Wah Wah Hut while the band forced their way onto the bill to play for him has become so shrouded in misinformation and myth that many now believe the story to be apocryphal and that Alan was, in fact, tipped off weeks in advance by Sony. "You're believing rubbish!" Alan bellows. "Of course I was there! Ask Noel Gallagher! I've heard this story once before – someone connected to The Libertines said that Sony gave them to me. As if Sony would give me a band that sold 50 million records to put out so

Noel Gallagher





10 MORE CREATION CLASSICS

They didn't all sell 14 million

THE BOO RADLEYS



The Boo Radleys' 'Wake Up Boo!' was a surprise hit, reaching number one in the UK charts in 1995.

18 WHEELER



18 Wheeler's '18 Wheeler' was a surprise hit, reaching number one in the UK charts in 1995.

VELVET CRUSH



Velvet Crush's 'Velvet Crush' was a surprise hit, reaching number one in the UK charts in 1995.

SLOWDIVE



Slowdive's 'Slowdive' was a surprise hit, reaching number one in the UK charts in 1995.

FELT



Felt's 'Felt' was a surprise hit, reaching number one in the UK charts in 1995.

SWERVEDRIVER



Swervedriver's 'Swervedriver' was a surprise hit, reaching number one in the UK charts in 1995.

BEASTER 1993



Hüsker Dü's 'Beaster' was a surprise hit, reaching number one in the UK charts in 1995.

BMX BANDITS



The Girl Who Runs the Beat Hotel's 'BMX Bandits' was a surprise hit, reaching number one in the UK charts in 1995.

THE HOUSE OF LOVE 1988



The House of Love's 'The House of Love' was a surprise hit, reaching number one in the UK charts in 1995.

THE GIRL WHO RUNS THE BEAT HOTEL 1986



The Girl Who Runs the Beat Hotel's 'The Girl Who Runs the Beat Hotel' was a surprise hit, reaching number one in the UK charts in 1995.

Clockwise from above: The Boo Radleys hit the big time in 1995; Super Furry Animals and their legendary tank; Oasis onstage at Knebworth; The band on two of their many NME covers; Noel, watched by McGee, with Tony Blair at Downing Street in 1997

► **Dick:** "I remember Alan [saying], 'We'll do everything, every track will be a single' and it would have made sense."

Creation's fortunes were still in the ascendant: The Boo Radleys' 'Wake Up!' had just become their first UK Number One album off the back of the horn blasted 'Wake Up Boo!'. But nobody could have foreseen what would happen with '...Morning Glory?'.

What happened was 14 million sales. Blur Vs Oasis. The third biggest-selling album in UK chart history. Fame and money beyond McGee's wildest dreams. Alan: "It changed all our lives forever. We all managed to live the way we wanted to live. If you want to be crass about it, we lived the dream. Funnily enough, by the time I was allowed to live the dream, I'd already lived it! Hahaha! Probably the most exotic thing about Britpop was that I was fucking sober!"

From the outside, it seemed as if Millionaire McGee had replaced his drug excesses with flashes of Abramovichian financial and egotistical extravagances. He took out a centre spread advert in *NME* simply to print his own review of a Sex Pistols gig. He bought Noel a Roller on a whim ("I'd promised him one night that if he sold so many million records that I'd buy him a Rolls-Royce"). He hired Learjets to fly him and Innes to Italy to DJ at Fashion Week. And, seemingly gone totally Howard Hughes, on his return to the office he bought himself an entire building across the road that only he and Bobby Gillespie were allowed to enter.

Alan laughs. "I bought an office block. I've still got it. I had an art gallery and Gillespie used to come in and talk to me every day. Me and Bobby used to sit there and go, 'Weird being big, isn't it?' I used to get told

around '92 or '93, 'You've got £80,000 to sign a new band' Then in '95 or '96 I got told I had £8 million to sign a new band! So I signed Kevin Rowland! I had a wish list that went 'Neil Young – taken; Paul Weller – tried, never got a meeting; Kevin Rowland – signed!'"

As the '90s wore on, Creation became synonymous with a different form of excess. Bands' wildest whims were indulged: Super Furry Animals were given 60-foot inflatable bears, a somewhat radio-unfriendly single release including over 50 uses of the word 'fuck' and a tank decked out with a soundsystem to drive around the festival scene for a year. "We were questioning why he was spending £20,000 on a half-page advert in the music press," says Gruff Rhys, "when we could buy an armed vehicle for £11,000, put your name on it and have far more impact for your money."

And, of course, there was the ultimate ego-stoking extravagance: Knebworth.

"Knebworth was too big," says Alan, of that modest 1996 Hertfordshire gathering of Oasis' close friends and family. "It was like being at the Town And Country Club [now the Forum], and that was the VIP bit. It wasn't that much fun for me, not really."

Danny: "[Alan] spent a quarter of a million on a hospitality tent and he couldn't get into it. They didn't know who he was. There was a backstage to the backstage to the backstage, areas within areas within areas. Bonhead said they were stood there having a beer going, 'Where's McGee?' Then they spotted Mick Hucknall. We went, 'Oi, Hucknall, do one!'"

BEAUTIFUL FRIENDS, THE END 1997-1999

"[Knebworth] was the time I should've chucked Creation," Alan sighs. "The only reason we went on another two or three years is because we got to meet



Steve Double's 1994
'Sgt. Pepper...' style
Creation montage

every fucker that we wanted to meet. We had the biggest band in the world. If you want to meet Nelson Mandela, you can meet Nelson Mandela!"

You were invited to a gathering at 10 Downing Street by Tony Blair. Do you regret going?

"I'd never apologise for it, ever. Probably, in a cool way, I shouldn't have went, but where I come from in Glasgow, to be at Number 10 hanging out with the Prime Minister, finding out what these fuckers think, fuck being cool. I met [Blair] maybe 10 times. He's actually quite a likeable guy, until he bombed Iraq. Even now I'm disappointed it went that way but I can't be apologetic. I view everything as a trip, and it was a fucking trip."

Did you like being the Britpop figurehead?

"When I was supposedly the head of Cool Britannia, I didn't even know what it was! I didn't ask [Noel] to put a Union Jack on his fucking guitar!"

With McGee playing UN Ambassador Of Britpop, the Creation spirit – in its plush new office in Primrose Hill – was being sucked dry. 'Sony people' infiltrated the staff, Oasis had their own "elite unit" and Creation was imploding under Oasis' monumental gravity.

Andy Saunders, Creation press officer: "Creation became a satellite orbiting around Oasis."

Andy Bell: "Oasis redefined it. After Oasis, everything about Creation was part of Oasis."

Martin Carr: "Creation changed a lot from when we joined. It was, 'Do what you like, here's some drugs, there's a photograph of Rod Stewart,' to proper marketing meetings and chalkboards, sums."

Dick: "The whole Creation thing was getting too big for me. It was almost more painful than some of the days we were struggling. If we have the biggest-selling

record in the UK ever, what would be the point in carrying on? The year 2000 seemed like a point that it should stop.

Alan said to me, 'I'm going – if you want to keep it going do that', [but] it wouldn't be Creation without Alan." **Gruff**: "I thought it was a really brave and memorable thing to do, it was like splitting a band up at its peak."

And Noel – who ultimately made and broke Creation – does he miss it?

"People now invest in the product and music isn't about that," he

considers. "I think if you asked any single band now we'd all love to be back on Creation, not because we don't get artistic control anywhere else, [but] it was a great atmosphere to make music and talk about what was possible... In everybody's quiet moments the sadness of it is we would all like to relive it again but we can't, none of us, because the music business is not the same. I bump it into some of the girls now and again, everyone's still doing the same thing but for record labels they don't like for bands they don't believe in. They've all got jobs now."

He pauses. Strangely moved.

"The other place was more like an asylum."

THE AFTERMATH

With Creation granted a brief and unceremonious burial, its ashes scattered. The Scream gave a fittingly innovative send off with 'XTRMNTR'. Oasis created

their own Big Brother label and dragged Andy Bell into their luxury lifeboat. The other main players were hoovered up into Sony nets.

Dick Green scuttled off to found Wichita – home of The Cribs, Bloc Party and Best Coast – and Alan McGee threw himself back into the indie fray, launching the Poptones label, putting out about a thousand albums a week and breaking The Hives. The late 2000s found him turning to management, representing, among others, The Libertines.

Come 2008, aged 47, Alan McGee quietly retired from the music business and moved with his family to rural Wales. Here he has one

friend who "writes songs like The Beatles – I only really listen to The Beatles now", reads Crowley, Grant Morrison and Kenneth Anger and lives the good life.

"Music plays a pretty remote role. I thought 'You know what, you're just repeating yourself, stop it.' So I did. I had nothing left to really say or give. I can't stand it when people are on their 15th fucking album and they're not saying anything new."

For a second, that punk fire that never went out blazes anew.

"Get off the fucking stage, dude, and let some kid come through."

For more on Creation, including interviews with artists signed to the label, head to NME.COM/blogs

From June 8 there will be a monthly Upside Down night at the 100 Club in London which will include a screening of the film, a band and DJs. The first features The Loft and DJ Mark Gardener. See therooclub.co.uk

"ALAN USED TO HAVE A SUBBUTEO TABLE AS HIS BOARDROOM TABLE – HE USED TO DO LINES OF COKE OFF IT"

Irvine Welsh



Pretty in pink
(l-r): John Stanier,
Ian Williams,
Dave Konopka

**"THE MOST IMPORTANT
INSTRUMENT ON THE
ALBUM WAS A TWO
TERABYTE HARD DRIVE"**

Dave Konopka

MACHINES

GHOST IN THE MACHINE

Despite the loss of their singer, **Battles** refused be haunted – they called in some favours and a bunch of new equipment to move up a gear. **Laura Snapes** reports on a newly oiled band

PHOTO: DAVID EDWARDS

What often makes a record remarkable is one innovatively used key instrument at its heart. For The Smiths, it was Marr's guitar. For The xx, it's an MPC sampler. Nearing the end of the recording sessions for their second album, Battles lost the most instantly identifiable sound off their debut 'Mirrored': singer Tyondai Braxton's voice. Never mind Auto-Tune – the effects he used took every frequency present and pitted them against each other to incorrigibly inhuman effect. But after Tyondai quit the band last August, the then-three-piece deleted his vocals from the record that went on to become 'Gloss Drop'. How have they filled that void?

"In some ways," guitarist/bassist Dave Konopka suggests, sat at a table at London's Wapping Project, a hydraulic power station turned esoteric art space, "the most important instrument on this album is the LaCie two terabyte external hard drive."

"We jam in a completely different way to most bands," stern-looking drummer John Stanier continues. "We didn't sit in a room and play the parts over and over again; we jammed with stuff we had already recorded, plugging in USB sticks."

"Like in the old days, you'd say, 'We had a really good connection on stage,'" quips guitarist Ian Williams. "For this, we'd say, 'We had a really good USB connection...'"

For a lesser band, this is the point where we'd sit them down and learn them hard that all this dicking around with hardware peripherals doth not rock'n'roll lore make. But Battles' story to date already has quite enough of the stuff of legend about it, thank you very much. Ian was in proto-math rockers Don Caballero, Dave in Lynx, and John was one of the founding members of metal band Helmet. Can you smell those rock onions? Because boy, do these three know them. 2007's 'Mirrored' won practically universal acclaim for blending slick, precise production with endlessly convulsive, almost absurd – but irresistibly so – tectonic dance leanings. It got them on car adverts, and even a spot on the *Twilight* soundtrack – pretty good going for a bunch of guys who bleed hardcore.

Then there's the crux of any band's narrative arc – the unexpected twist – which came when Tyondai upped sticks and left due to a lack of enthusiasm for touring, supposedly. He hasn't talked about it in detail; the lasting impression from John's vague allusion to "significant events that happened to us in our personal lives at the beginning and end of making the record" is that whatever happened between the four of them will never be disclosed.

What's certain, however, is that his departure meant that the band had to figure out how to work together again. Seemingly the external hard drive was more than just a storage device... call it life support.

"It's strange when you go from a four-piece to a three-piece," says Ian between slurps of iced coffee.

"There's more sonic space, with less collision. Sometimes collisions are charming, sometimes tiresome."

The band locked themselves away from girlfriends, New York and other music up at Rhode Island's Machines With Magnets studio – initially from May to August 2010, when Tyondai quit, before they returned in September. The year passed, the three watching sports, isolated in the middle of this "freakazoid land", as Ian puts it. It doesn't sound like the ideal set-up to keep morale high.

There's an enormous beanbag chair in the studio," recalls John, "where we would have mandatory band spooning sessions."

Who's the middle spoon?

"John, naturally," giggles Dave.

Yet for all this recalibration of what was a very finely tuned machine, not to mention losing a close friend from the band, 'Gloss Drop' itself abounds with giddiness rather than neuroses. It's in the tactile artwork, a blob of gloopy, bright pink insulation foam that's the polar opposite of 'Mirrored's' harsh reflections and angles. For a record jammed out on hard drives, it should be incredibly sterile. Nuh-uh – at times, Battles can hardly contain themselves. And, more importantly, it's in the sound, a tropical urban jungle, with lurid flowers creeping around glassy, angular monoliths.

"'Mirrored' was masculine and strict," says Dave. "And we wanted to get away from that."

"We didn't sit down and decide, 'Look, we're bummed out, so let's make a happy record,'" adds John. "It just turned out like that. It's a more feminine record!"

"We were transsexuals then," jokes Dave, of the album they nearly

finished with Tyondai. "Now we're post-op! It's different to what it was – there's more life in it."

To give the record that ultimate bolt of life, the band decided to recruit guest vocalists on a few songs on which the memory of Tyondai's singing lingered. From an initial fantasy list – Aretha and Linda

Ronstadt (Dave) to Peter Frampton and Leo Sayer (John, though he might have been kidding) – they eventually landed on Yamantaka Eye from groundbreaking Japanese group Boredoms, Kompakt's Matias Aguayo, Blonde

Redhead vocalist Kazu Makino, and GARY BLOODY NUMAN.

"He was definitely the fantasy vocalist. We'd dreamed of having him on 'My Machines,'" says John. "In some ways, he's John's Aretha Franklin," Dave laughs.

You'll find no cheesy moment of self-realisation on 'Gloss Drop', however. For all the joyous robot tropicalia, it's important to remember that every finger tap, every atom-shattering drumbeat, means as much to them as warbled woes do to singer-songwriters.

Dave stumbles when trying to define the record's sound. "It's a... lively, fun... We're so attached to it that it's hard to separate any description of it from what we've gone through. We're extremely proud of it, ecstatic, even."

"Totally," nods John. "The average listener has no idea of what we went through. It's a super personal record, and I don't think I would ever have been able to live with myself if we hadn't written those songs."

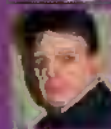
Battles may have lost their permanent vocalist, but in doing so they together reworked their own inimitable language into a deep-set, unfathomable but beguiling code. Consider this Ian, Dave and John finding their own voice.

Stay tuned to NME.COM for Battles' video guide to the album

VOX DROP

Tyondai's all-star replacements

GARY NUMAN



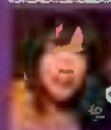
APPEARS ON: 'My Machines' You've heard The Num even if you've never sat

down with 'The Pleasure Principle' – Sugababes' 'Freak Like Me' steals his 'Are Friends Electric?'. Plus he flies planes and married a member of his own fan club. What a badass.

MATIAS AGUAYO

APPEARS ON: 'Ice Cream' Chilean-born Aguayo specialises in pairing perfect minimal techno with eerie scraps of 8-52s songs and pop eroticism.

KAZU MAKINO



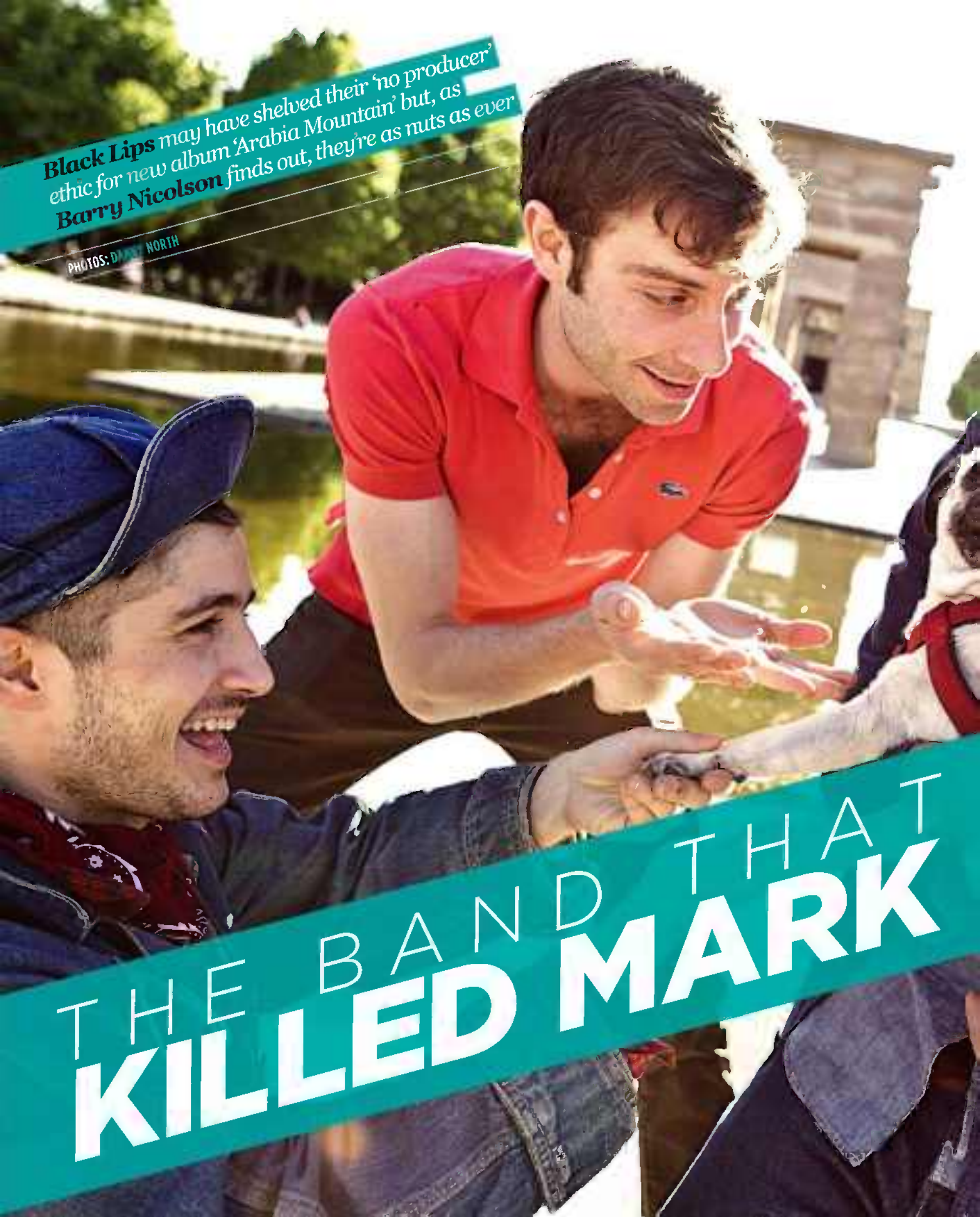
APPEARS ON: 'Sweetie & Shag' Kazu is the frontwoman of legendary 4AD

band Blonde Redhead. She has described their ethos as trying to capture the sound of a butterfly. Aww!

YAMANTAKA EYE

APPEARS ON: 'Sundowne' The founder of Japanese experimental band Boredoms is a bit nuts. He has officially changed his name three times, and once held a concert on July 7, 2007, at 7.07pm, consisting solely of 77 drummers.

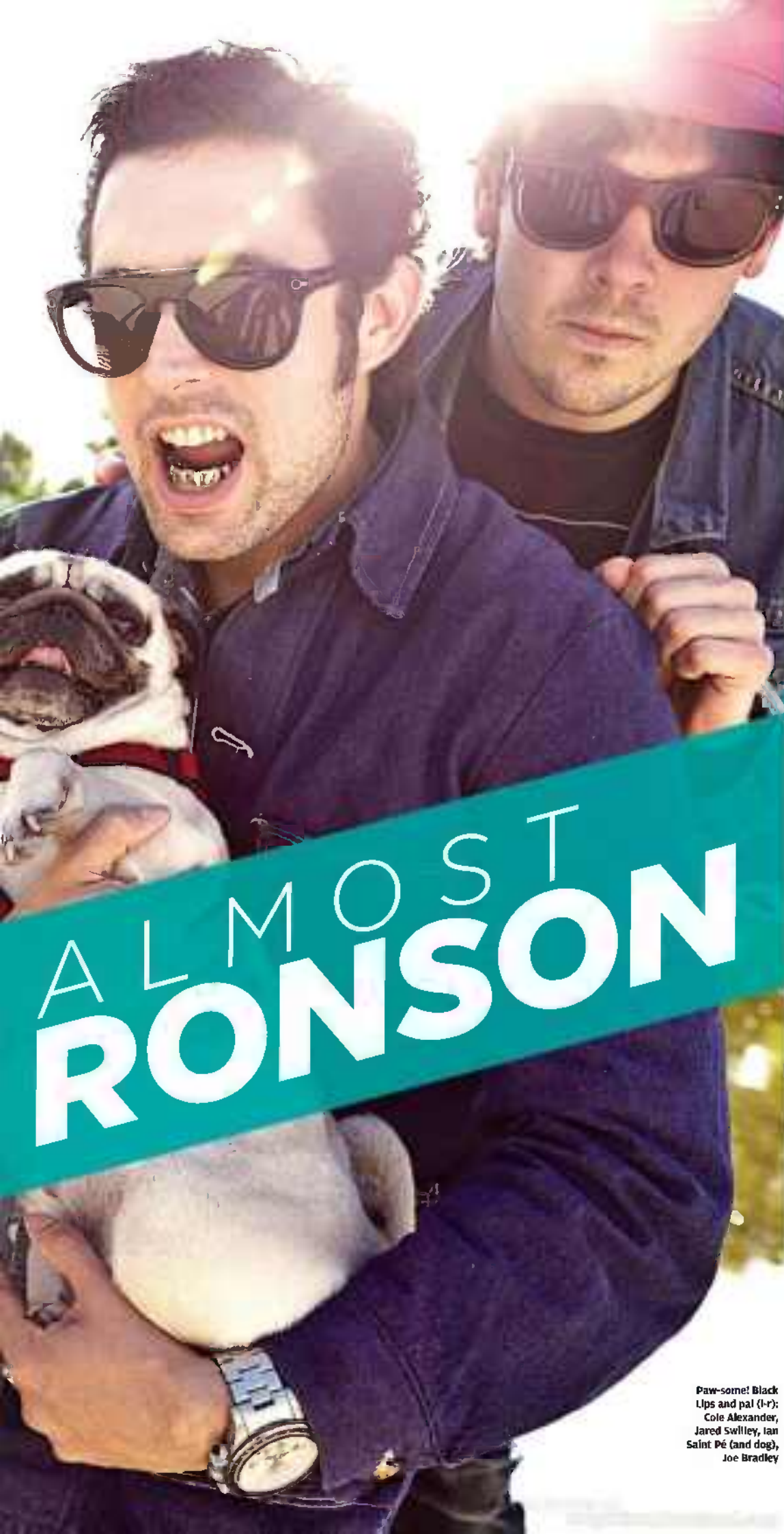




Black Lips may have shelved their 'no producer' ethic for new album 'Arabia Mountain' but, as **Barry Nicolson** finds out, they're as nuts as ever

PHOTOS: DAVE NORTH

THE BAND THAT KILLED MARK



Paw-some! Black Lips and pal (l-r): Cole Alexander, Jared Swilley, Ian Saint Pé (and dog), Joe Bradley

Write this shit down," orders Ian St Pé, jabbing a finger at *NME* between long slugs from his bottle of beer. "You wanna know the reason why Black Lips travel everywhere by splitter van and stay in hotels? Because bus call is for chumps and pussies, man. Tourbuses are for bathrobe-wearing mother fuckers who have to leave at 2am. We want to get fucked up without worrying about that. This band will *never* have bus call."

The guitarist's gold-plated lower incisors give off a sinister twinkle while he ogles the drunken fan who keeps positioning her mammaries in his sightline. His disappointment at being separated from the four-count 'em—girls he was making out with earlier ("Because I did your stupid interview") seems to have dissipated, as has his frustration at not being able to find his handmates Cole Alexander and Jared Swilley, who he suspects of being somewhere far more glamorous, gorging themselves on "boobs and blow".

We're in a divey indie bar in the middle of Madrid. When Ian walked into this bar an hour ago, he was the only person in it. Now he's pinballing between girls, holding court with the local garage rock kids (who *adore* him), sinking tequilas and proudly boasting about his most beloved possession, a 1984 Cadillac Coupe de Ville. His face is covered in cuts and bruises from tonight's gig and, for some reason we can't quite fathom, he keeps quoting *Forrest Gump*. The man is, to put it plainly, in Total Fucking Hero mode tonight.

"My younger brother is a nuclear engineer," he informs us matter-of-factly. "We were both smart kids when we were growing up, but he chose his road and I chose mine. My grandparents weren't happy about it. They told me, 'Only five per cent of musicians ever actually make it.' So I said, 'Well, why can't I be in that five per cent?' The last time I saw my grandfather, you know what he did? He thanked me. I said, 'What for?' 'For proving me wrong.'"

Of course, 'making it' is a relative thing. Black Lips have been together for 12 years and have made six great albums of chaotic, so-stupid-it's-actually-pretty-clever punk rock in that time. Have they travelled the world? Loads. Do they have an almost inhumane amount of fun doing so? You bet. Are they worried about making this month's rent? Not so much. But the Atlantan quartet have never really managed to penetrate the mainstream in any meaningful way.

The very idea sounds ludicrous. After all, this is a band whose guitarist is known for playing solos with his penis. Whose last album was made by guesswork because their makeshift studio lacked the technological capability to play back what they'd just recorded. Who had to go on the lam in India when police officers tried to arrest them for indecent exposure. This is a band who... ah, screw it. You already know who Black Lips are, and why the notion of them gatecrashing the mainstream is so utterly absurd. But if that's the case, why is industry It-boy Mark Ronson manning the faders on the band's new album, 'Arabia Mountain'? Black Lips have never even worked with a producer before. Now they're sharing a studio with a guy whose last job was Duran Duran. How the hell did *that* happen?!

Before he disappears into the night with Cole, *NME* sits Jared down for a chat to work out exactly what's going on. One by one, the other band members saunter over to join him.

"Our record label had asked us in the past if we wanted to work with a producer," says Jared, explaining how their collaboration with one of the most in-demand men in pop came about. "And we'd always been like, 'Nah, not really.' But we made up a short list of really famous producers anyway, thinking it would never happen. And I guess someone must've mentioned it to Mark, because it turned out he was up for doing it. We didn't want just any old producer. Normally, we'd just produce ourselves. So if we were gonna go with one, they'd have to have at least one Grammy."

YOU AND WHO?!

Four more 'surprising' producer/artist moments

STARSAILOR AND PHIL SPECTOR

It's sad to think that the full stop on the career of arguably the greatest producer ever is the second Starsailor album. He was insane; they were shit.

ARCTIC MONKEYS AND JOSH HOMME

The band ventured to the Californian desert to record at the QOTSA frontman's Rancho De La Luna studio. A 'difficult' album was the result...

THE STROKES AND NIGEL GODRICH

The second-album sessions were scrapped after a few weeks, and the band went back to 'Is This It' producer Gordon Raphael.

HAPPY MONDAYS AND CHRIS FRANTZ & TINA WEYMOUTH

Recording in Barbados, the two Talking Heads members drastically altered the band's sound to something barely recognisable.

Clockwise from above: Jared shows off his tat; Cole bottles it; Joe counts his earnings; Ian counts how many Grammys he expects to get

► "That's the thing," draws Ian. "If he didn't have a Grammy, well, I don't know. But the dude has three. That's not just stepping it up a notch, that's stepping it up three notches."

If ever a collaboration had the potential to turn out horribly, it was this one. But for a so-called superproducer, Ronson's presence on 'Arabia Mountain' is pretty unobtrusive. He makes no attempt to superimpose his own musical ties on the band (there *are* horns, but they're used tastefully and sparingly), and is instead content to simply record them doing their thing. And while there were some initial nerves about whether or not they'd click with him, the end result is the band's best album since 2007's 'Good Bad Not Evil'.

But while recording with a producer *any* producer – was a new thing for the band, working with Black Lips must've been a novel experience for Ronson, too. At one point, the producer's eagerness to get into the spirit of things almost cost him dearly. "There's a song on the album called 'Raw Meat'," says Cole. "So to get in the mood to record it, we started eating all this liver sashimi. Then we all started getting sick from it. Mark had to go to the hospital because his fever was so high [see sidebar]. His brain was cooking man." "Raw Meat" actually has raw meat on it," drummer



Ian's initial reaction to the news that Mark Ronson was going to produce the band

Joe Bradley adds helpfully. "Cole and I brought these big slabs of ribs into the studio, and we were totally chimping out on them. We played a human skull on another song."

Dare we ask where you procured a human skull? "Oh, on the Lower East Side," says Cole without even blinking. "You can get pretty much anything on the Lower East Side. It just depends who you know and how far you're willing to take it."

As it happens, Black Lips aren't in the mood to take it too far tonight. Jared describes the Madrid show as "pseudo-tame", which he puts down to Sunday night fatigue. It's certainly not as crazy as one recent show in Toronto where a couple started fucking at their feet, but even on a quiet night, Black Lips are still an awesome rock'n'roll spectacle. Kids throw each other onstage like sacrificial offerings; an increasingly pissed-off security guard tosses them back. *NME* counts four separate stage invasions, and at one point, Ian smashes a bottle of beer off the drum riser, then uses what's left of the neck to play a slide guitar solo. On his knees. While "pewing a geyser of alcohol over the front row. I like it," says a quiet night.

"Some kid saw us on the street today and asked Cole if he was going to play guitar with his penis," says Jared afterward. "Cole was like, 'Maybe. If I feel like it.' If it happens, it happens. Tonight it didn't. We don't do that stuff on command. I'm not gonna fuck my dick up just for you!"

"Y'all want pee-pee poo-poo?" draws Ian, only semi-sarcastically. "You might get it, you might not. Come to the show tomorrow, you just might."

In the absence of bodily fluids, dick-mangling and onstage fornication, however, we decide to raise another topic. We've heard that Jared's dad recently came out as being gay. Obviously that's a big deal for Jared, but it's an even bigger deal because of what his father does for a living: he's a bishop in the International Communion of Charismatic Churches in Atlanta.

Jared is immensely proud of his dad's decision. "Yup, my dad's a homosexual," he grins when we ask him about it. "He was a bishop, but

they stripped him of his title when he came out. He still preaches, though. We're actually a lot closer now, because he's not pretending to be something that he isn't."

Were you not close before?

"Well, yeah, I mean he's come to our shows and stuff like that. He did used to get mad about the shit that Cole would do, though. There was this one time where the music section of our local newspaper was about us, and the religion section was about my dad's church. In the article about us, it said something about how Cole would suck my dick onstage, and so of course my Dad saw it, and everyone in the church saw it... he was actually pretty pissed about that one."

It gets us thinking a bit about Black Lips, about the record they've just made, and the fact that even when they hire Mark Ronson to produce them, they still end up sounding like civilization declining noisily over the guttural screams of Eddie Cochran's ghost. They're only capable of being their delinquent, reprehensible selves. "We don't give a fuck," says Cole. "That's been our MO from day one." May they go on not giving a fuck for years to come. And may they never, ever make bus call.

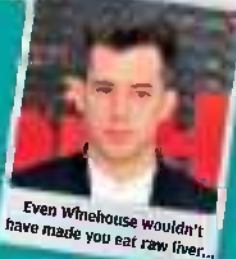
"RAW MEAT" HAS RAW MEAT ON IT. AND THERE'S A HUMAN SKULL ON ANOTHER SONG
JOE BRADLEY

RONSON LIVES

Mark on dicing with death in the name of all things Black Lips

I guess the closest I got to being infected by the band's wild behaviour was the incident with the raw liver. I was in the studio the day after a night out with Ian, and I thought maybe I was just hungover or something. Then I started shivering uncontrollably. The next thing I know, the band are putting all these blankets over me. I wake up an

hour later, just feeling moaning and groaning. One of them touched my skin and they were like, 'Listen dude, you've got to go to the fucking hospital.' When I got there, I was diagnosed with something that had a lot of syllables in it – endorhinitis, or something like that. I almost died. But I don't think it was intentional on their part..."



Even Winehouse wouldn't have made you eat raw liver...

WIREIMAGE: PIETER VAN HATTEM, GETTY, ANDY WILLISHER

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REVIEWS

THURSTON MOORE, COCKNBULLKID, PLANNINGTOROCK

Edited by Emily Mackay



MONA

MONA ZION NOIZ/ISLAND

The arena wannabes need to up their game if they're ever going to be more than just pretenders to the Kings' throne



If you had to sell Mona like some high-concept '80s action movie, with a single, simple soundbite that told people who they are and what they do, you'd only need three words: Princes Of Leon. To the ears of profit-hunting record execs everywhere, that pitch must've sounded as lovely as a Shakespearean sonnet. It also happens to be extraordinarily accurate.

Bands tend to outgrow those epithets, because there's usually something about them that's more complex and unique than anything three words can reasonably describe: nobody, for example, still refers to Kings Of Leon as 'The Southern Strokes'. For Mona, however, that transition is proving problematic. See, there are superficial similarities that

can't be helped – the hometown and the unconventional religious upbringing they have in common, for example – but stylistic ones that can't be ignored. For all that Nick Brown talks himself up as a rock'n'roll classicist, many of his songs could have been written by someone who only became aware of recorded sound after the release of 'Only By The Night'.

Obviously, this is not the hallmark of would-be critical darlings. Mona must know that, but their eye is on a bigger picture: Brown talks about saving popular culture from its own "artistic bulimia", and has declared his intention to become "bigger than Bono". Jesus wept, you might be thinking to yourself, someone has only gone and invented the American Johnny Borrell.

Yet, it's precisely because Brown is so mouthy and hyperconfident, so brass-balled and unashamedly ambitious, that you find yourself rooting for him to succeed. He's a character, and we like those. Unfortunately, that's never enough on its own.

It doesn't help that, from the opening notes of 'Cloak And Dagger' onwards, this album has so obviously been made with instant, self-gratifying mega-success in mind. It comes at the expense of almost everything else; the production is big, spacious and soulless, as if a swirling black hole of reverb sits at the centre, sucking the vitality out of everything around it.

Writing songs in broad, radio-friendly brushstrokes clearly comes naturally to Mona, but they struggle to keep it from sounding phony and contrived. In spite of Brown's best clenched-arise emoting, 'Lines In The Sand' – the biggest of the record's Big Ballad moments – contains all the romance and melodrama of U2 filing their tax return. Similarly, 'Say You Will' – which finds the frontman pursuing a mysterious beauty who, "Some say is carrying the devil's child" (wince) – promptly collapses under the weight of its own overwroughtness. And we're not trying to be needlessly cruel here, but when we first heard 'Shoot The Moon', the comparison that sprang instantly to mind was Steel Panther [judicious glam metal band from LA – Hair Metal Ed]. Then we remembered that their comedy is intentional.

The frustrating thing is that Mona aren't utterly devoid of promise. 'Listen To Your Love', the song that alerted us to them last summer, still sounds good. 'Taboo Lights', too, has a chorus catchy enough to make you forgive its other shortcomings (which we suppose makes it their 'Sex On Fire'). But that's a worryingly low hit-to-miss ratio for a band who claim to have written over 500 songs; you have to wonder if these 11 are really the cream of them, or just the ones Brown calculated had the best chance of railroading him into the world's EnormoDomes.

Mona's biggest problem, however, remains their lack of identity. That, in the end, is the reason we've spent sizeable parts of this review comparing them to other bands, and we're about to do it one last time: in spite of all the hype and bluster that surrounds them, they're still essentially playing The Bravery to another band's Killers. This album was their biggest and best opportunity to change that perception, but no matter how many freight-loads it ends up selling by, it hasn't succeeded. **Barry Nicolson**

4

DOWNLOAD: 'Listen To Your Love', 'Taboo Lights', 'Lean Into The Fall'

Watch a video interview and sessions at NME.COM/artists/mona

THIS IS HARDCORE

what our numbers add up to

0 Not-even-funny bad	1 Barely one saving grace	2 Actively terrible	3 Woefully bad or lazy	4 Depressingly substandard	5 Dead-on average	6 Better than average	7 Really good	8 Exceptionally good	9 Of-the-year good	10 Of-the-decade good
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DAVID THOMAS BROUGHTON OUTBREEDING BRAINLOVE



The more David Thomas Broughton tells you what an awful bastard he is, the less inclined you are to believe him. The maverick's third album streamlines the sprawling electro-dashed folk of its predecessors into a dual-pronged thrust of debased beauty and elegant despair ("I am a perfect louse, I bleed the goodness from your body", 'Perfect Louse'), but it's his electrifying croon that lends this its wealth of weary charms - 'Apologies' longs wistfully to "set your body on fire", while 'Joke's regrets of a rocky relationship are tinged with a poetic, silver-tongued optimism at once deplorable and discomfitingly familiar. Bleeding excellence from every pore, self-loathing never felt so worthy. **Jazz Monroe**

8

CLOUD CONTROL BLISS RELEASE INFECTIOUS



Cloud Control come to us having won last year's Australian equivalent of the Mercury Prize, which, in a year that also produced Tame Impala's 'Innerspeaker', is high praise indeed. The likes of the shimmering, Chills-y gloom of 'My Fear #2' and the wailed prophecy of 'There's Nothing In The Water We Can't Fight' more than justify the gong. Elsewhere, their magpie eye for blending folk, post-punk guitar runs and The Big Music can outrun their ability to get to the point, and a compensating layer of grave seriousness comes across as merely dull. On a scale of Speech Debelle to Klaxons, they're more towards the Gomez end of the list. Definitely loveable. Largely inessential. **Gavin Hayes**

6

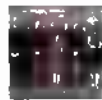
THE LONELY ISLAND TURTLENECK & CHAIN UNIVERSAL/ISLAND



If the Jackass boys can play with 3D diarrhoea as they push 40, why shouldn't The Lonely Island continue their frat-isms into middle age? The *Saturday Night Live* trio pick up where they left off with 2009's 'Incredibad', spoofing hip-hop and R&B with Rihanna, Snoop, JT et al garnering slices of self-deprecation kudos. Alas, parodying Auto-Tuned-to-hell R&B is largely pointless due to the ridiculousness of much of the genre anyway - it actually renders the Akon-featuring 'I Just Had Sex' less funny than most of his other tunes. **Jamie Fullerton**

4

ART BRUT BRILLIANT! TRAGIC! COOKING VINYL



Once, in a rather brilliant interview, Eddie Argos was questioned as to why he spoke on his records instead of sung and, confused, he replied that he thought he'd been singing all along. Therein lies the charm of Art Brut: their eccentricities are genius because they don't even realise what it is that they're doing. On 'Brilliant! Tragic!' all the usual themes crop up - loving Axl Rose, feeling sexy, the Republic of Sealand - but there's something strangely self-conscious about it all, like the way that Argos is trying to drum up, *Big Brother*-style, ever-stranger ideas, but without quite believing in them. We still love them, for all their eccentric faults - but it seems that maybe they've begun to realise it too. **Lisa Wright**

6

DOWNLOAD: 'Sealand'

FACES TO NAMES...

What the reviewers are doing this week



PRIYA ELAN

"This week I've laughed my way through Tina Fey's *Bossypants*, been wowed by White Denim's new album, 'D', and watched *Withnail & I* for the first time (well, without leaving the cinema to be alcohol sick)."



KEY KHARAS

"This week I have been trying to keep the shit as far away from the fan as possible. Time to leave the people who spell it 'on route' behind."



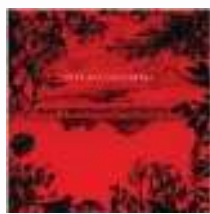
MATT WILKINSON

"I'm still in mourning that John Sullivan - aka the greatest dramatist since Shakespeare - passed away, so I've been watching re-runs of *Only Fools and Horses* non-stop while 'cwyning' myself to sleep at night."



PETE & THE PIRATES ONE THOUSAND PICTURES STOLEN RECORDINGS

They've left their indie beginnings to pen songs about death, domestic violence and shagging - and it's great



In the deluge of indie pop that followed the Libertines and Arctic Monkeys whirlwind around 2005 - known today as I Hurricane Pritchard - a few rough gems did fall to earth.

One was 2008's 'Little Death', the lo-fi debut from Reading's Pete & The Pirates, a band so airy of melody, (seemingly) upbeat of mood and economics student of accent that they *had* to be also-rans. Few lingered long enough to realise that - like Animals That Swim, Clearlake and Gorky's Zygotic Mynci in the '90s, or Stornoway last year - they'd quietly knocked out one of the indie albums of the decade, full of pathos, perkiness and pure pop perfection.

They weren't going to be ignored second time around. No more four-track jangling, now they've adopted lustrous gothic strains for 'Can't Fish' and Lynchian surf violence for 'Cold Black Kitty'. No more songs about the

difficulties of getting up in time for *Coach Trip*, now Thomas Sanders wraps his artless voice around alcoholism ('Winter 1'), firearms ('Little Gun') and motorcycle sexiness ('Motorbike'). The jubilant pop of 'United' even combines sex on the carpet with domestic violence, as if told by the neighbourhood Fritzl. No-one's calling these psychos 'bedwetters' any more...

P&TP are out to take on cinematic emoters like Band Of Horses and The National at their own game, and 'Shotgun' even aims for the supernova mass of White Lies. And while you might yearn for the simple yet stark multi-harmony pop of the debut's 'Bears' or 'Knots', the chirpy jangles that were once P&TP's forte (like 'Motorbike' here) now sound anaemic alongside the experimental 'Winter 1'. 'One Thousand Pictures' is pop in a tar-pit - black and sticky, but wonderfully pure at heart. **Mark Beaumont**

8

DOWNLOAD: 'United', 'Half Moon Street', 'Little Gun'

AFRICA HITECH 93 MILLION MILES WARP



For too long, Westerners have lazily taken 'African music' to mean the itchy polyrhythms of Afrobeat and highlife, and, before that, songs about sleeping lions punctuated by the sound of roaring lions with lyrics about having courage levels like a lion. Not Africa Hitech pair Mark Pritchard and Steve Spacek. They've seen the pyramids aflame with the righteous fires of democracy, and the mobile phone-shaped coffins Ghanaians bury their dead in, and decided to make an album of arid, forward-facing Chicagoan footwork. It may not have much to do with African dance music, but hey, it's a connected world we're living in, Disraeli, so take that dour glare off your face and join the fucking party. **Kev Kharas**

DOWNLOAD: 'Future Moves'

6

DOM SUN BRONZED GREEK GODS EP REGAL



Just in case you missed their US-only release last year, Massachusetts synth-scuzz buzz oddballs Dom have remastered their debut EP just in time for the first rays of the UK summer. While the likes of flirty, Casio-loving paean to the US 'Living In America' and lead singer Dominic's personal anthem to his cat 'Bochicha' (which weirdly recalls mid-period Supergrass) don't exactly sound wildly different to before, the re-release does ram it home that the trio have a rather nifty way with a battered Strat, cheap-ass keyboard and second-hand AC30. They've set themselves up nicely here, already nipping on the heels of fellow slacker extraordinaires Surfer Blood and Yuck... **Matt Wilkinson**

DOWNLOAD: 'I Wonder'

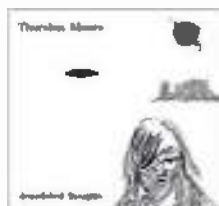
7



THURSTON MOORE

DEMOLISHED THOUGHTS MATADOR

Sonic Youth's alternative patriarch blisses out with Beck on this set of winding acoustic reveries



Thurston Moore is a cantankerous old crank who is also a living, breathing advert for the sharing, caring ethos of alternative rock. As the main singer and guitarist for Sonic Youth, he's one of the premier anthem writers of the last few decades of American indie – who spends most of his spare time laying down music which is not so much un-anthem as entirely without tune, melody or structure. And then releasing it in laughably small editions on labels so underground they're treading magma.

What, then, are we to expect from 'Demolished Thoughts', the newest offering from Thurston? (Like Elvis or Kylie, it's easier to do this when you have a name shared by almost no-one else.) As it goes, there are clues as to where you'll find this in the listenability spectrum. Firstly, the nine-track album is being touted as his fourth; actually, it's his fourth album available to, y'know, buy in a shop. It thus serves as the follow-up to 2007's 'Trees Outside The Academy' – which sounded kind of like Sonic Youth, but more beatific and way less noisy.

Right from the beginning of this joint, namely the sun-blessed bedsit strum of 'Benediction', we're pretty much in that territory, except even further down the line of accessible sweetness. While Sonic Youth have certainly moved into more classicist territory over the last decade, they've also

tempered it with stonking slabs of freeform scrawl. The closest we get to this here is 'Blood Never Lies', the longest cut at seven minutes, in which Thurston detunes his acoustic and, aided by similarly gnarly harp and violin, flies off into the ozone.

The second pointer to the sound of 'Demolished Thoughts' is that Thurston has enlisted Scientologist puppet and occasional musician Beck to produce the album, and borrowed two of his band – Bram Inscore and sometime REM and Elliott Smith hired gun Joey Waronker – as backing musicians. Being in the studio directing one of his NYC alt-rock antecedents doesn't seem to have fazed Beck, and indeed the marriage of mournful strings and upbeat, tricky folk-rock ('Illumininc', 'Space') isn't a universe away from what Beck turned out on parts of 'Mutations' and 'Modern Guilt'. That said, Thurston's inspirations are likely to be more '70s-flavoured: Nick Drake, Richard Thompson, Tim Buckley and anyone else with the ability to paint friendly, hugely pretty tunes in hyper-trippy coats.

If your relationship with Sonic Youth chiefly consists of boozily chucking yourself around to their sprinkling of indie-disco floorfillers, you may be surprised to know that Thurston Moore can 'do tender', let alone do it very well. It would be justified if 'Demolished Thoughts' found an audience outside of the long-term SY buffs who were already aware of this. *Noel Gardner*

DOWNLOAD: 'Benediction', 'Blood Never Lies', 'Space'

7

KEY NOTES

Best sleeve of the week

CocknBullKid – 'Adulthood'



The kooky sculptings of Wilfrid Wood have graced each of Anita Blay's recent releases. Top marks for brilliant, consistent aesthetic (a rarity these days).

Worst sleeve of the week



The Lonely Island – 'Turtleneck & Chain' Guys, Gayngs did the yacht rock parody a zillion times better. This looks like a post-Christmas 'trendy' DFS advert. "Buy one sofa, get three twats free!"

Best lyric of the week

"My mother turned my father into every guy I dated"

CocknBullKid – 'Adulthood'

Worst lyric of the week

"Oh I like the way she looks/Hope she cleans and hope she cooks"

Mona – 'Lean Into The Fall'

CHRISSY MURDERBOT WOMEN'S STUDIES PLANET MU



Jocularly calling your third Chicago bass album 'Women's Studies' and giving it track titles such as 'Pelvic Floor' (in which a male MC encourages women to clench their buttocks), is a good way to disillusion 50 per cent of your audience, Chrissy Murderbot. Did you forget that it wasn't AD 100? Anyway, the beats here are as accessible as juke is ever going to be, with fresh, syncopated 808 kick drums played typically at the counterpoint to clean melodies and dancehall baselines. It's all solid stuff, but if Murderbot wants to be an ambassador for the genre, then perhaps he should try tackling less divisive subjects, such as politics or war. *Huw Nesbitt*

DOWNLOAD: 'Bussin' Down'

6

ARNAUD REBOTINI SOMEONE GAVE ME RELIGION BLACK STROBE



It seems like some law of cosmic balance that, as chillwave spreads like a virus in deck shoes, a sterner '80s dance sound again rears its head. It would be remiss to accuse Arnaud Rebotini of bandwagon-riding – co-founder of Black Strobe, he's been shifting black-clad dancefloors since 1997. But in reaching for a vintage arsenal of synths and drum machines, this solo LP cultivates a strangely nostalgic vibe. The sprawling, cosmic 'The First Thirteen Minutes Of Love' is a ponderous opener, but elsewhere, techno stomps like 'Another Dictator' are stark fusions of the brutal and the sensual. *Louis Pattison*

DOWNLOAD: 'Extreme Conditions Demand Extreme Response'

6

YOUNG LEGIONNAIRE CRISIS WORKS WICHITA



What began as a single-track collaboration for Yourcodenameis:milo's 'Print Is Dead' sessions now finds itself 12 tracks deep and burnt to polycarbonate. Formed during the respective hiatuses of Paul Mullen's The Automatic and Gordon Moakes' Bloc Party, Young Legionnaire are forging their own path with this elegantly forceful record. 'Chapter, Verse' crunches heavy under the weight of its own dissonance as Mullen's vocal lines transform it into a proper post-rock singalong, while 'Nova Scotia' throbs like a lost gem from 'Silent Alarm'. This could have been a vanity effort to prove their worth, but instead they prove that not only does crisis work – so does collaboration. *Jen Long*

DOWNLOAD: 'Numbers'

7

MANCHESTER ORCHESTRA SIMPLE MATH FAVOURITE GENTLEMEN



The fundamental problem with Manchester Orchestra is that they aren't a band consisting of Morrissey, Bez and a tuba. Yet if you can overlook that, there's very little else that's wrong with them. This, their third album, continues the Atlantans' slow but upward career trajectory to date, almost akin to an American Elbow in that they're grandiose, utterly lovely, but unlikely to sell any records for at least another couple of releases down the line. The best song is closing number 'Leaky Breaks' – mainly because it's called 'Leaky Breaks', but also because it sounds like a band playing guitars plugged into their hearts. *James McMahon*

DOWNLOAD: 'Deer'

8



COCKNBULLKID

ADULTHOOD ISLAND/MOSHI MOSHI

Ms Blay's long-awaited debut finds her identity by giving her dark core a clever, colourful makeover



When we first clapped ears on CocknBullKid (née Anita Blay) in 2007, we noted her "Freudian kitchen sink dramas and minimal Kelis-like beats". In the context of the glorious Day-Glo belch of new rave, she was uniquely clinical and creepy. Early songs like 'The Vote' unfurled with a dark alchemy that shared with Missy Elliott a desire to push R&B somewhere odd and unfamiliar.

Over the following four years, the difficult birth of 2011's 'Adulthood' saw the adoption of some ill-fitting musical guises. There was the electro mgénue (2008's 'On My Own') and then the wordy ball-buster (2009's 'I'm Not Sorry'), both almost self-consciously bland, like the act of someone going through an identity crisis, ground down by school bullies, trying to be *normal*. It brought to mind a line by Blay's hero, Madonna: "When you're trying hard to be your best/Could you be a little less?"

'Adulthood' finds Blay back on track, finding her oddness through a flick-book of intelligent pop references, while the likes of Metronomy's Joe Mount and All Saints' Shaznay Lewis have assisted her in wrapping up all that darkly sarcastic self-loathing in a sparkling bow.

The highlights come in the first half: the title track wraps a bass-heavy Aaliyah-like beat over lines like "My mother turned my father into every guy I dated"; 'CocknBullKid', like a speedy rewrite of Kate Bush's 'Suspended In Gaffa', is full of joyous, self-referential wordplay ("Her words are made of glitter/She's a bullshitter").

Things get sickly sweet during the second half; the twinkly pianos on 'Asthma Attack' and 'Bellyache' feel like overdosing on leftover Easter eggs. Despite this, you're left very aware that it's still smarter and more exciting than 99 per cent of the Top 40. And that's a pretty big victory in itself. **Priya Elan**

7

DOWNLOAD: 'Adulthood', 'Distractions', 'CocknBullKid'

PLANNINGTOROCK

W DFA

If you're mates with Karin Dreijer Andersson, have co-written an opera with The Knife and make music that sounds like Fever Ray viewed in a funhouse reflection, you'd better be pretty fucking good to dodge the hail of copycat accusations surely heading your way. Luckily Planningtorock, alias Janine Rostron, has delivered 'W', a masterpiece of art-pop experimentalism that gleefully expands on her debut. Looking like something ripped from the pages of Jean Cocteau's sketchbook and sounding like an existentially challenged cat, tracks like 'Living It Out' and 'The One' make Rostron our fave Bolton-born, Berlin-resident *frau* with a freaky prosthetic nose. Bar none. **Alex Denney**

DOWNLOAD: 'Living It Out'

8

SPARROW & THE WORKSHOP

SPITTING DAGGERS DISTILLER



Although Sparrow & The Workshop have lost some of the wiriness that attracted bands like The Brian Jonestown Massacre to their debut 'Crystals Fall' (maybe vocalist Jill O'Sullivan's side-projects with Roddy Woomble have mellowed her), there's fight in them yet. On 'Pact To Stay Cold', the Glasgow-based trio blast PJ Harvey-indebted longing and angst over a thundering drum beat. Meanwhile, 'Old Habits' draws out a gentler side with more than a touch of Gram Parsons about it, a slide guitar twanging while O'Sullivan draws out her vowels, Nashville style.

Ailbhe Malone

DOWNLOAD: 'Old Habits'

6

THE RIDER

What we're reading and watching this week



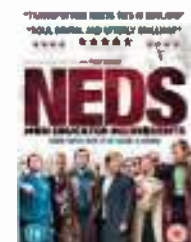
Book
Def Leppard - The Definitive Visual History

Rock snapper Ross Halfin has been capturing the Download headliners in their gnarly prime since the late '70s, and here are more than 250 of his classic snaps.



CD & DVD

The Prodigy - World's On Fire
Draw the curtains, take a quick huff of UHU, and get The Prodigy's first-ever live DVD on the tellybox, bringing the carnal brainrave of their MK Bowl show to your front room.



DVD

Neds
Neds - that's Non Educated Delinquents - is set in 1970s Glasgow and charts a young hobbledehoy's journey from angelic, clever-clogs choir boy to vengeful thug. Don't mess!

SINGLES

This week reviewed by
JIM SCLAVUNOS
Grinderman/Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds



VILLAGERS

THE PACT (I'LL BE YOUR FEVER) DOMINO

The opening strains were so self-consciously milquetoast that I fell deathly pale at the prospect of having to endure the rest. Yet, midway, I was surprised to find myself enjoying its easy swing, and I admit I became unexpectedly wistful. Which just goes to show, you never know.

YOUNG REBEL SET

LION'S MOUTH BIG FLAME

I'll toss the lyricist a crumb for devising a lurid twist on the hoary device of the war-weary soldier returning to a now-strange world; but I won't be throwing any ticker-tape parades for the generic '80s rock vibe of 'Lion's Mouth', a tune entrenched in a hellish corpse-strewn no-man's-land between late period Billy Idol and Kenny Loggins' "Danger Zone".

GRUFF RHYS

HONEY ALL OVER TURNSTILE

A quirky pop song with mildly eccentric touches in all the right places - but for some reason it bugs me, and it bugs me even more that I can't pinpoint why. So I blame Gruff Rhys for sounding like he's singing through clenched teeth while the song leaps disjointedly from one "catchy" bit to the next; having said that, I've just replayed it for the fourth time.

CAGE THE ELEPHANT

AROUND MY HEAD VIRGIN

I want to give Cage The Elephant the benefit of the doubt for championing bipolar savant songwriter Daniel Johnston. And I admit I like a good jungle monkey chant as much as the next ape, but the better part of this song conjures visions of shirtless frat-boys leaping in the festival mud, air-punching vigorously to earnest thrashers as the midday warm-up to a finale of projectile vomiting.

THE NAKED AND FAMOUS

GIRLS LIKE YOU FICTION

A conundrum, this: starts out simple enough, 808-ish kick and claps chugging away, but the verses pose a plethora of rhetorical questions, the choruses offer a self-reflexive conceit, and the outro counters with a backing vocal that seems to challenge the lead singer's authenticity. Don't know what I'm talking about? Nor I, but there's more afoot here than the boy-girl exchange might at first suggest: much easier to dance to than to decipher.

WIZ KHALIFA

ROLL UP ROSTRUM

Solely urged by duty I traveiled to the butt-end of this paint-by-numbers rap-along. Self-aggrandisement, moral hypocrisy, and petty superficiality are here - stock-in-trade for post-Diddy crooners - but en route I was struck by a revelation never noticed in all my years of being force-fed this painfully expiring genre: a middle-eight. Can this be a first, or am I grasping at straws, hunting for any excuse to laud even the least facet of this exquisitely polished turd?

LIVE

KATY B, FUCKED UP, THE RAVEONETTES

Edited by Emily Mackay



DEATH FROM ABOVE 1979

HMV FORUM, LONDON WEDNESDAY, MAY 4 & THURSDAY, MAY 5

After five years apart, the Canadian noisemeisters return for one gloriously heavy, messy and beautiful kiss'n'make-up. But if the band are suddenly this big, they'll need some new songs

A cartoon headstone adorns the backdrop. It reads, "DFA 1979 2001-2006". With the band stonewalling interview requests, this might be the closest we get to an answer on whether this Death From Above 1979 reunion is just a temporary jaunt down memory lane. For now, though, it hardly matters.

The rule that forces every band that ever existed to reform, usually for money, may be feeding a frenzy of nostalgia that stifles new talent. But every so often, it yields a gem. DFA 1979's return is as welcome as it is surprising. After all, the Canadian duo split not because they'd run out

of steam, but merely because they hated each other.

Context is everything. When 'Romantic Rights' first made DFA 1979 visible on non-hipsters' radars, the world was sold on two-piece rock bands, thanks to The White Stripes. But beyond harnessing the format to conjure an unaccountably hefty racket, DFA 1979 couldn't have been more different. Boy replaced girl, guitar replaced bass, and, crucially, a much spikier spirit was at work.

DFA 1979 offered an endearingly roguish, self-mocking

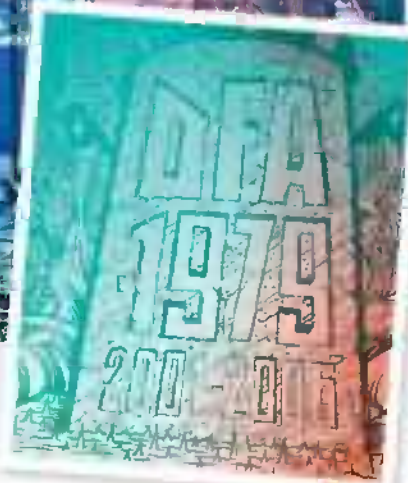
take on extreme male behaviour, in all of its priapic, hedonistic glory. Would Jack White write a song called 'Go Home, Get Down'? Exactly.

Their lone album was a surge of danceable thrash-punk that only crossed the half-hour mark during its final song. If a psychopathic attitude was indicated by its title – 'You're A Woman, I'm A Machine' – the lyrics contained moments of unexpected

tenderness: "I will never make you suffer" and "If you love him let him know". But the record was condemned to cult rather than mainstream acclaim.

Like all the best parties, this one ended abruptly and messily, with a 2006 statement admitting that bassist Jesse F. Keeler and singing drummer Sebastian Grainger barely spoke any more. For the last date listed in their online gig archive, they were third on the bill in Calgary. This was no stage-managed exit. But now they're back and – to an astonishing extent – bigger than ever. The lyric to their album's title track ran, "Now that it's over, I love you more and more", which has proved prophetic. While they've been away, their music has found a whole new

Death From Above 1979 are back and – to an astonishing extent – bigger than ever



SUPPORT & RAPPORT



**Young Legionnaire
Gordon Moakes
(bassist)**

"It's nice to be part of the phenomenon of coming back and seeing *Death From Above 1979* five years after the fact, and seeing the love that they have generated in the interim. Their fans are definitely more open to noise than a lot of bands that you could open up for."

audience, thanks to influential fans – like CSS, who wrote 'Let's Make Love And Listen To Death From Above' in their honour – and, let's just admit it, a mobile phone ad.

For night one, the Forum fills with fans too young to have caught the band first time round. They erupt when a halt comes to the warm-up music, and at 9.30pm Keeler and Grainger arrive punctually onstage. This is the last orderly thing that will happen tonight.

DFA 1979's album opens with the sound of portentous piano chords being rudely interrupted by a siren of noise and then the chaotic quasi-speed-metal of 'Turn It Out'. So too does tonight's show. Instantly, the venue is transformed into a frantic moshpit. The band are plainly startled, and cues are missed. It doesn't

stop kids singing along not just with the lyrics, but with the riff.

Keeler looks the same as ever, hooded by a thick mop of dark hair. Grainger appears to have had an '80s makeover: all in white, sporting a vaguely new romantic blond hairstyle. But the sound they make is intact: Grainger sings in a

strangulated, yearning wail, while Keeler's thunderous basslines feed through distortion pedals and a pair of amps. Live, they still sacrifice finesse to wild, brutal power – quite sensibly.

Banter flows freely on night one. Grainger hails London as the first city to pay them attention, but remembers being unpopular when he once made fun of Pete Doherty here. During the encore, even the laconic Keeler is moved to speak, expressing amazement

that tickets sold out in 20 minutes after he'd been "hesitant" to sign up for fear of no one coming.

However, though the goodwill is clearly there, DFA must face a new challenge: how to spin a thin back catalogue into a big headline show. A couple of 'Heads Up' EP tracks are aired before the set proceeds to a crowd-pleasing run of album-drawn material and the squalling climax delivered by 'Romantic Rights', during which Grainger emerges from his drunkie to prowling the stage. When Grainger introduces 'Do It!' as the last song, he's aghast to hear a chorus of boos. "We didn't speak for five years! You think we wrote new songs?" They sprint through the track, conclude with a synthesized klaxon parp, and they're gone. Yet the booing seems to have its effect. On night two, the set is extended – albeit by one song – and the band's performance is a little more brisk and

businesslike. That seems fitting, given that this audience is older and a little quieter in its reverence, though a curveball is thrown when a sample from Michael Jackson's 'Wanna Be Startin' Somethin'' bookends 'Blood On Our Hands'. Dragged back for an encore, they must rely on a B-side and EP track. 'Losing Friends' is wryly – if not accurately – introduced as the only other song the band has written. Rather perfectly, the set concludes with a violent hurrah through B-side 'If We Don't Make It We'll Fake It', before that backdrop fills our view again.

They'll be back for Reading and Leeds. Don't get attached. Don't swap numbers. Just enjoy it while it lasts. **Niall O'Keeffe**



THE RAVEONETTES

TROUBADOUR, LOS ANGELES FRIDAY, MAY 6

When they're good they're oh-so-good... but new album 'Raven In The Grave' doesn't seem to fly

No pretence, no prisoners: The Raveonettes file onstage at the Troubadour and, diving into 'Recharge & Revolt', promptly shatter the fine veneer of nostalgia that opening band Tamaryn's codeine-softened guitar riffs left behind. Sune Rose Wagner, in a white T-shirt emblazoned with a black 'R', and Sharin Foo, with nary a strand of her platinum bob

out of place, have business to attend to.

Not only are they concluding two nights in support of recent album 'Raven In The Grave', but they are also revisiting the first venue they ever played in L.A. Considering the homecoming, as well as the knitted foreheads of fans who think the latest record a mixed bag, a full frontal attack is the only option. But the blitz of new tracks, including 'War In Heaven' and

the deliciously throbbing discordance of 'Let Me On Out', isn't entirely successful. Relenting with 'Lust Lust Lust's' fuzzy, fast fast fast 'Dead Sound', they are rewarded with the loudest cheers of the night, and continue with the throwbacks, notably the Mickey & Sylvia-on-speed twang of 2005's 'Love In A Trashcan'. Ten years together will

The blitz of new tracks isn't entirely successful

teach you how to schedule a show, and though the bundle of slow '...Raven' tracks mid-set almost drag the night into boredom, the brazenly sexy 'My Tornado', performed with double drums, reminds everybody that when The Raveonettes rock, they still slay. *Rebecca Haithcoat*

REVERBERATIONS WEEKEND

BARBICAN, LONDON

SATURDAY, MAY 7 - SUNDAY, MAY 8

In honour of the watching Steve Reich, dozens of indie and classical's most forward-thinking team up for a marathon of minimalism, Tyondai Braxton performing 'Central Market' with an orchestra is disappointingly lavish and futile; Owen Pallett with the Britten Sinfonia, however, is gorgeous, if not necessarily minimalist; and Clogs' (featuring Bryce from The National) second set with Shara Worden and the New London Children's Choir is inspired. The real show-stealers, though, are the Kronos Quartet, whose three violins and lone cello squawk like gulls terrorised by the wind. *Laura Snapes*

TIM HECKER

CORSICA STUDIOS, LONDON

MONDAY, MAY 9

Tim Hecker's music is suited to overwhelming space: clouds viewed from an aircraft, the city at night, situations when your human self feels tiny in the face of nature or technology. As such, his decision to play in the pitch dark is an astute one, allowing as it does the crowd to be shaken by deep bass tones and lulled by organ pulses and dappled piano. Live, 'Ravedeath, 1972' becomes a heady and heavy sense of something sublime. Monks don't chant like they used to and the Druidian staves are broken, but in their absence, here is created a meditative connection with something intangible, other and strange. *Luke Turner*

ROLO TOMASSI

ARTS CENTRE, NORWICH MONDAY, MAY 9

This is rock at its barnstorming, rollicking best, and you lot in the crowd don't even deserve it

When it comes to heavy rock, it must be noted that however one plays the game, one will surely wind up looking silly. Silly as a drunk guy with 'SILLY' scrawled upon his forehead. Silly as two teaspoons poking at a fishcake. Silly as the word 'silly' likely sounds in your head by now. Yet, it's not *how* silly, or bat-eaty, or just plain batshit crazy a band is that elevates them to greatness; rather whether they have the balls-out virulence to persuade you of their god-given right to act in such a manner.

The good news is that Rolo Tomassi are a gang duly disposed to grasp this fundamental by the throat, and propelled by Eva Spence's banshee-like writhes of vocal and body, they look and sound pummellingly spectacular. The bad news? Well, while the folks onstage issue forth godly flames of invigorating ire, the vibe on this humid summer's eve is nigh-on stamped into nonexistence by a depressingly fringed audience, most of whom wouldn't know a moshpit if they were thrust aloft and rhythmically fondled by one. Lucky for them (for entertainment's sake, less so),

there's about as much chance of that happening tonight as of Eva diffidently chirping, "Sorry guys, it'll be Tune-Yards covers only tonight - our drummer has left to pursue a career in cattle rearing." By which we mean, *tu fucking rêves, Sally.*

This is the sound of five pleasure-seekers preaching a visceral vitality, whose subtly voracious sexual appetite is one that most of tonight's attendees never bothered to dream of. "We wanna see you going for it!" yells James (more as a plea than rallying cry) before the northern rockers tear into a jive that sounds like someone's slowed down Slipknot's 'Duality' and sped up The Doors' 'Light My Fire' and bashed the two together into a bafflingly toothsome sort of meat and ice cream lasagna. As it is, save for one preposterously fired-up geography teacher, the reaction is reverent but restrained, although this ought not distract from the pile-driving awesomeness of the show itself. *This* is hardcore, albeit one-sided. Long may Rolo Tomassi reign - and may those flapdoodle haircuts fuel their wildfire. *Jazz Monroe*

VIEW FROM THE CROWD

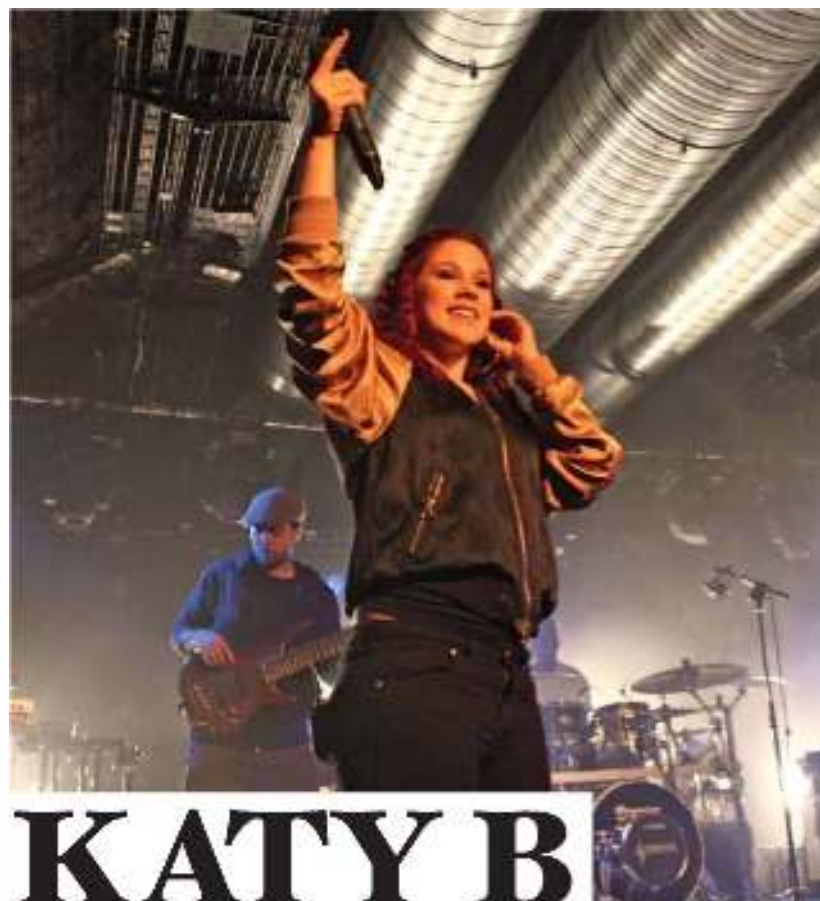


Conor and Zak, students

"We saw them support Gallows about three years ago, back at the UEA. That was awesome! Tonight was just... awesome! I think it was better than the UEA. It was the first headline gig I've seen them at so it was amazing, one of the best gigs of the year I'd say."



ANDY WILLSHER, JOEY MALONEY



KATY B

THE ARCHES, GLASGOW THURSDAY, MAY 5

Cameron and Salmond could learn a thing or two from some crowd control, Peckham-style

As poisonous politicians continue to squabble at the Scottish election count half a mile away, tonight's venue is playing host to a more unifying party. "KATEEE BEE, KATEEE BEE," chants the Glasgow crowd as the lights fade and tonight's Speaker Of The House takes to the stage to "start a rave". Snake-hipping her way through opener 'Louder', Katy B goads the crowd for a response by pointing the finger directly at them and screaming "Louder, louder!" It's a simple tactic that works perfectly as voices grow stronger, singing with more conviction than any leadership debate.

"This is my first ever headline tour, I'm probably more excited than you are," says Katy bashfully before her band – which includes a bloody bongo player – strike up 'Broken Record'. This time the crowd don't hang about for encouragement and dance into the blissful, bass-y fog emanating from the speaker stacks.

The arched venue is perfect for a night like tonight; electricity sparks from the pools of blue light silhouetting

Katy, and a cloud of dry ice hangs heavy in the air. Stalking the stage like a ginger wildcat, she challenges those not at her level of excitement to live a little and blow off some steam. It's her extreme enthusiasm that makes tonight feel excitedly unhinged. 'Easy Please Me', a song driven at rude-boys, starts off like Blur's 'Girls And Boys' before collapsing into funky-step, and 'Go Away' rattles bones with its intensity.

VIEW FROM THE CROWD



Mhairi Robertson, 20, Dumfries

"It was brilliant. Her voice is really incredible. My favourite track tonight was 'Broken Record', but I loved it when everyone went mental during 'Perfect Stranger'. I love the way she dresses as well, she's the only one who can really pull off the Ned look."

The biggest surprise of the evening comes during the brilliant 'Katy On A Mission'. As it reaches its blurry climax, the beat drops into The Streets' 'Blinded By The Lights' – perhaps a knowing nod to Mike Skinner's influence. In a year that has seen losers fawn over the likes of sub-standard culture vulture Jessie J, it's reassuring to witness a singer who doesn't have to rely on flimsy gimmicks. There's no point even debating it – ending the set with a blazing 'Lights On', Katy B is the clear winner here.

Jamie Crossan

For more on Katy B and other acts from this year's Great Escape festival head to NME.COM/video

NME PROMOTION

BONES

DIVE BAR, May 20



Everyone loves the sea, right? That's why Selfridges are setting up Project Ocean this summer.

The department store has got a few of the world's best new hands on board to help shout about the campaign, which aims to teach us all a thing or two about buying and eating sustainably sourced fish. Camden scoundrels **Bones** are the latest act to show their support. They will be playing the **Dive Bar** 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 ideal place to get in a rock'n'roll mood before heading up to Camden's **KOKO** for a night at **Club NME**. Better still, by going to the gig you'll be showing your support to Project Ocean – spreading the word about protecting the sea and ensuring our oceans are healthy for years to come.

For more information check out:

selfridges.com/projectocean

facebook.com/selfridgesprojectocean

twitter.com/selfridgesocean

*Tickets available from Saturday 11th June at 10am. Entry is strictly for persons aged 18 and over. ID may be required.



KOKO

ON THE ROAD WITH FUCKED UP

The hardcore Canadians head west with their mixture of madness and deep thought, leaving tragedy, comedy and personal injury in their wake

WHITE RABBIT, PLYMOUTH, FRIDAY, MAY 6

"I broke edge a year ago after I had a panic attack in Copenhagen," says Fucked Up's bearded lead singer Damian Abraham, sheltering among fans outside The White Rabbit, inexplicably clutching a pair of grey shorts. "I'm bipolar, you see, and I only really drink and smoke pot, to the point where I can't even imagine taking uppers."

"I've only been smoking since I was like 22," interrupts bassist Sandy Miranda. "Wait! That means I've been smoking weed for 10 years. Fuck! As long as I've been in this band..."

For a decade, Toronto's most commercially successful exponent of nth-wave hardcore has been going against the grain, or as Damian declares this evening between songs, "Fucked Up – forever about personal questions, forever about inappropriateness." Recently, this stance has seen them write a 78-minute punk-rock opera called 'David Comes To Life' about a doomed love affair that flourishes by the factory gates in a fictional English industrial town during the late '70s, "at the birth of punk and the birth of the modern right", as Damian later describes. They have released hundreds of DIY records, toured The People's Republic of China, been fined for ruining two MTV sets and played a 12-hour gig featuring Moby. In many previous interviews, other hacks have been keen to stress the band's proximity to the Marxism of the Situationists (a political and artistic mid-20th century French movement that rejected the classical bourgeois concept of the artist as mad genius in favour of art's true revolutionary political potential). This is only one side of the coin, however, as the perplexing thing about Fucked Up is that they subversively portray aspects of both philosophies, with Damian's onstage persona fulfilling the nutter quota,



while the music's themes celebrate a collision between art and politics. Live, however, all finger-wagging is put to one side.

"Some of you are probably wondering why I have a bandage on my head," jokes a semi-naked Damian. "Well, the other day I was trying to hang a picture on my wall while standing on a wheely-chair when the thing gave way and I fell back onto my wife's desk and smashed her scanner. So if anyone is up for it, I could really do with a back rub."

SUPPORT RAPPORT



Wade MacNeil,
frontman of
Black Lungs

"We're also from Toronto and I'm in another band called Alexisonfire, so I've been to the UK loads. Everything has been great this time! Being so far away from home with people you know so well can make things seem a little crazy. The only bad thing is that in Plymouth it was hard to find fish and chips!"

Venus. And while it's easy to see the chaotic friction between the band (who tonight relentlessly roll out straight-up melodic, trashy, psychedelic hardcore), Damian (who frantically runs riot in the audience) as well the crowd (who do just whatever the hell they like), it's much harder to discern the carefully constructed and sincere method that fuels the resultant madness of bodies, instruments and sound, especially when you're in the middle of it...

CLWB IFOR BACH, CARDIFF; THE CROFT, BRISTOL, SATURDAY, MAY 7

Last night's news was filled with the story that while the Great British public had emphatically rejected the Alternative Vote system, the Scottish National Party had won a decisive electoral victory. A referendum deciding Scotland's future in the UK will be forthcoming, which could – if successful – leave Britain a Tory stronghold ad infinitum, ad nauseam, by depriving Labour of its crucial Scottish support.

"I wouldn't want to run away and live in Scotland," says a male teenage Fucked Up fan discussing this possibility outside Clwb Ifor Bach while waiting for the band's afternoon matinee set.

"I wouldn't either," replies his friend. "I've been practically everywhere in the world, and the only other place I'd want to live is Canada, innit. Who'd want to bomb them?"

Recounting this exchange to Sandy backstage as she makes a hash pipe from an apple, she seems shocked.

"Really?" She says. "They must be fucking crazy."

After a brief trip to what claims to be the oldest record shop in world, Spillers, with Damian, guitarist Ben, drummer Jonah and tour support, Denmark's Iceage, the band launch into another vicious set, in which Damian pretends to commit hari-kiri with the microphone, and at one point leaves the room entirely, his screaming voice remaining eerily present over the PA. "It's like smashing atoms sometimes," says Jonah after the show. "It's explosive, and you never really know how it's going to go."

Onwards to Bristol, where last month riot police clashed with local residents protesting against the opening of a branch of Tesco in Stokes Croft, the same area where the band will be playing this evening.

"This song is going out to anyone who has been a victim of police brutality," shouts Damien onstage in Bristol. "Be that brutality down the road, across the street or across the world. This song is called 'Police!'"

This evening, Damian is prohibited from running amok among his fans because there are just too many of them. In a kitchen above the venue, he earlier admitted that much of his stage personality is born out of hyperactive anxiety. And as much as there is an undeniable comedy to Fucked Up, there is also a tragedy, be that of the personal crisis of its band members, the political world in which they live or the opposition between their ideals and the financial realities of being in a band. It is, after all, a business, not just an enterprise in expression and fun.

"In the performance space it's about putting on a show," Damien says, afterwards. "It's a weird line that you have to walk without being apolitical – which we aren't. But we aren't here to tell anyone what to think. I'm lucky to have a job where I get to sing songs for a living. Other people don't have that." *Jon Guignol*



Cardiff, Saturday, 2pm
Damian, you've left the label on your cap.
Damian .. Damian...



Plymouth, Friday, 12pm
Ben Cook pays tribute to Plymouth's smuggling past



Plymouth, Friday, 12.10pm
Bretonside Bus Station ain't seen nothing like this
(l-r): Ben, Mike, Jonah, Damian, Josh, Sandy



Cardiff, Saturday, 1.30pm
The hunter becomes the hunted... Damian snaps NME for his own personal photo collection



Bristol, Saturday, 11.55pm
The fans of the wild wild West Country get rude on Fucked Up's ass



Plymouth, Friday, 11.30pm
The crowd in The White Rabbit get properly fucked up - sorry, Fucked Up



Cardiff, Saturday, 2.30pm
Carrying the drummer really isn't going to help your bad back now, Damian, is it?



Cardiff, Saturday, 3.30pm
Ben and Mike Halletchuk (left) show they have more than one axe to grind



Plymouth, Friday, 11.40pm
Free merchandise everyone, quick!



Bristol, Saturday, 10.30pm
Mike, tour driver Tom and guitarist Josh Zucker chill out backstage



Cardiff, Saturday, 3.45pm
Someone pouring lager over a stripper isn't the first thing we'd have imagined at a Fucked Up gig



Bristol, Saturday, 10pm
Damian's feeling hot, hot, hot



Cardiff, Saturday, 2pm
Ben, Jonah and Damian go to Cardiff Oxfam and buy a copy of Kleenex's first 7-inch for £30 - as you do

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COLLECTORS' CORNER

PJ HARVEY

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



'4-TRACK DEMOS' 1993



PJ's second collection of album demos (the first was included on

the limited edition version of her debut album 'Dry'), this compilation consists of raw versions of the songs which eventually featured on her coruscating second album 'Rid Of Me', as well as six equally robust tunes that didn't make the cut.

'MURDER BALLADS', NICK CAVE AND THE BAD SEEDS 1996



Worth getting for Polly and Nick Cave's duet on and adaptation

of old folk song 'Henry Lee', a UK hit single in 1996. And, of course, the two famously became a couple shortly afterwards. Polly also joins other guests, including Kylie Minogue, to sing backing vocals on album closer 'Death Is Not The End'.

'DANCE HALL AT LOUSE POINT' 1996



Not an 'official' PJ Harvey album, this 1996 release is the first of

two collaborations with regular bandmate John Parish, along with 2009's also-recommended 'A Man A Woman Walked By'. Parish wrote the music, while Harvey concentrated on lyrics; it features a cover of Leiber & Stoller's 'Is That All There Is?' and live favourite 'Taut'.

ON TOUR: PLEASE LEAVE QUIETLY 2006



DVD film of the star's 2004 'Uh Huh Her' tour, directed by Polly's friend Maria Mochnacz.

We get to see brilliantly filmed live footage as well as candid - for someone as notoriously private as Polly, anyway - glimpses of what goes on backstage, plus a pretty good interview.

'PEEL SESSIONS 1991-2004' 2006



John Peel was a massive PJ Harvey fan and one of her

biggest champions, and this compilation of tracks she recorded for his radio show is essential for any completist. Included here are her cover of Willie Dixon's 'Wang Dang Doodle', and 'Naked Cousin', two non-album tracks which were regulars in her live set in the '90s.

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Edited by Laura Snapes

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THE STREETS

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DON'T MISS

Mike Skinner has been dangling the much-discussed end of The Streets in front of us for some time, but it seems that he's still not quite ready to give it up yet. He's just announced his last ever London show as part of October's Freeze Festival – The Streets are the only act announced so far – so seemingly the end will be rolling out bit by tiny bit. In the case of lesser acts, we might accuse them of milking their final hours for all they're worth. Mike, however, has always been something of a sentimental chap beneath that laddish exterior, so we'd imagine that for all our anguish at the thought of never again being able to sway drunkenly to 'Dry Your Eyes' at a festival, his pain is at least 12-fold ours. Join him in giving The Streets the rousing capital send-off they deserve.

NME.COM/artists/the-streets



TRIBES

STARTS: Hull Fruit, June 4

The Camden grunge scruffs tour in support of new EP, 'We Were Children'. If you like fuzzy drawing, then pop along.

NME.COM/artists/tribes



LADYTRON

STARTS: London HMV Forum, June 8

Yep, the icy quartet are still going, and about to release their fifth studio album, 'Gravity The Seducer'. Did it just get chilly around here?

NME.COM/artists/ladytron



ROCKNESS

STARTS: Dores Loch Ness, June 10

Bombay Bicycle Club (above), D/R/U/G/S, Sparrow & The Workshop, Funeral Suits and more join the monstrous festival.

NME.COM/festivals



HARD ROCK CALLING

STARTS: London Hyde Park, June 24

Former Kink Ray Davies opens for Bon Jovi on the middle day; The Killers and Rod Stewart play too.

NME.COM/festivals



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STARTS: Gdynia, Poland, June 30

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NME.COM/festivals



WIRELESS

STARTS: London Hyde Park, July 1

From the sloppy to the be-suited, Yuck (above) and The Hives join TV On The Radio and The Streets at the Pulp-headlined London park fest.

NME.COM/festivals



T IN THE PARK

STARTS: Balado, July 8

The one and only Beyoncé Giselle Knowles brings a touch of A-list glamour to the muddy, rambunctious fields of Scotland's T – and, a day later, she plays Ireland's Oxegen too.

NME.COM/festivals



FIRST DAYS OF FREEDOM

STARTS: Kent Port Lympne, July 15

Mystery Jets (above), Professor Green, Los Campesinos! and Tinchy Stryder play the inaugural "ultimate leavers' party"...

NME.COM/festivals



TRAMLINES

STARTS: Sheffield city centre, July 22

Ash, The Futureheads and Rolo Tomassi (above) join Dananananaykroyd, The Heartstrings and more at the free festival.

NME.COM/festivals



HEVY

STARTS: Kent Port Lympne, Aug 5

The Wild Animal Park plays host to Trash Talk (above), The Xcerts, The Dillinger Escape Plan, and all manner of other gnarly fare.

NME.COM/festivals



CAT'S EYES

STARTS: London Queen Elizabeth Hall, Sep 5

Faris and Rachel announce a one-off London date just as the weather turns appropriately sombre...

NME.COM/artists/cats-eyes



WILCO

STARTS: Glasgow Royal Concert Hall, Oct 24

The Chicago-based beardies tug on your heartstrings all the way from Glasgow to Bristol this autumn.

NME.COM/artists/wilco

PRIORITY

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RICHARD JOHNSON, GETTY, TOM O'LEV, REX, ANDY WHITTON, GUY EPPLE, JOE PLUMMER, DAVID EDWARDS, JEANNE RICE, VICTOR FRANKOWSKI

PICK of the WEEK

What to see this week? Let us help



THESE NEW PURITANS

STARTS: London Heaven, May 18

NME
PICK

Last time These New Puritans played London, they were smashing up watermelons and terrorising choirs of small children as they brought their album 'Hidden' to the capital's cultural Mecca, the Barbican, with the help of the prestigious Britten Sinfonia. After taking the highfalutin show to Berlin and Paris, it seemed as though that'd be the last we saw of them for a while, as Jack Barnett, Thomas Hein, Sophie Sleigh-Johnson and George Barnett scurried away to record their third album – whether that was a continuation of 'Hidden's' vicious high drama, or the creation of pop songs that Jack and George oft muse on making (and we dream of hearing) is yet to be seen. But those assumptions were foolish – in March they announced that this one-off date in May would be the chance for them to show off an expanded line-up and new material. Their restless, astonishing and peculiar brand of creativity waits for no man, child or watermelon, it would seem.

NME.COM/artists/these-new-puritans



Everyone's Talking About CULTS

STARTS: Sheffield Leadmill, May 19
Cults may have been pegged as cutesy, but there's a whole world of illicit desire and weirdness that lies beyond their sweet exterior. Their self-titled debut sounds adorable on first listen, but decipher those samples of actual cult leaders, and you'll realise they're far from a two-dimensional deal...
NME.COM/artists/cults



Don't Miss SUEDE

STARTS: O2 Academy Brixton, London May 19
They tried to keep their reunion brief, but seemingly couldn't resist the vital urges that still thrust from the belly of the Suede beast 22 years after their forming. Here, Brett Anderson and co take over Brixton for three nights, performing 'Suede' (19), 'Dog Man Star' (20) and 'Coming Up' (21) in full.
NME.COM/artists/suede



Radar Stars ISLET

STARTS: Cardiff 10 Feet Tall, May 23
It's been a while since we heard from Cardiff's finest (and only) post-rock meets *Yo Gabb Gabb!* quartet. They've been squirreled away recording their debut album – some of which you might hear at this warm-up for sunny Primavera. Prepare to be used as some kind of human instrument during the show.
NME.COM/artists/islet

WEDNESDAY

May 18

BATON

CCTV Allstars Bell 01225 460426
Taking Back Sunday/The Xcerts Pavilion 01225 447770
22 May Moles 01225 404445

BELFAST

Cold War Kids/Royal Bangs Spring & Airbrake 028 9032 5968
Daniel Knox Errigle Inn 028 9064 1410

BIRMINGHAM

Ed Sheeran Hare & Hounds 0121 444 2081
Three Trapped Tigers/Tail Ships Hare & Hounds 0121 444 2081
Warpaint/Corwan Mockasin HMV Institute 0844 248 5037
Wolf Gang/Kyle La Grange Rainbow 0121 772 8174

BRIGHTON

Beachy Head Music Club/Siglo 21 Latest Music Bar 01273 687 171
David Thomas Broughton Prince Albert 01273 730499

Mayseed Dixie Concorde 2 01273 673311

Narrows/November Coming Fire Green Door Store 07894 267 053
O Emperor/Eoin Glackin Ocean Rooms 01273 699069

21 Gun Salute The Hope 01273 723 568

BRISTOL

Brother Fleece 0117 945 0996
Koshiro/Clear The Coast/Langur Croft 0117 987 4144

The Rural Alberta Advantage The Cooler 0117 945 0999

Versa Emerge O2 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

Villagers/Michele Stodart Trinity 01179 351 200

Wallis Bird Thekla 08713 100000

The Webb Sisters St Bonaventure 0117 929 9008

CAMBRIDGE
Grey Goes Down Portland Arms 01223 357268

Noah & The Whale/Exlovers Junction 01223 511511

CARDIFF
Bag Raiders/Vanguard 10 Feet Tall 02920 228883

Don Broco Club Ifor Bach 029 2023 2199

The Horn The Hunt Gwdihw Cafe Bar 029 2039 7933

DUNDEE
Ispsyrangers Dexter's 01382 228894

EDINBURGH
Joshua Coole Forest Cafe 0131 220 4538

Miles Kane Liquid Room

0131 225 2564

GATESHEAD
Low/SleepingDog Sage Arena (Hall 2) 0870 703 4555

Over The Bridge Sage Arena (Foundation Hall) 0870 703 4555

GLASGOW
Creep School Of Art 0141 353 4530

He Slept On 57/Fires Attract Bloc 0141 574 6066

The Twisted Melons/The Fiction Buff Club 0141 248 1777

Young Knives/The Neat King Tut's Wah Wah Hut 0141 221 5279

LIVERPOOL
Bludger Fenton 0113 245 3908

Chain And The Gang Brudenell Social Club 0113 243 5866

Pete & The Pirates Cockpit 0113 244 3446

LEICESTER
Mayday Parade/Blitz Kids Sub 91

LIVERPOOL
Snoop Dogg O2 Academy 0870 771 2000

The Zombies University 0151 256 5555

LONDON
The Answer Borderline 020 7734 5547

Band Of Heathens The Lexington 020 7837 5387

Black Heart Procession Tabernacle 020 7243 4343

Chapel Club Shackell Arms 020 7249 0810

The Computers MacBeth 020 7739 5095

Conquering Animal Sound/Polock Social 020 7636 4992

Dane Rumble Dingwails 020 7267 1577

The Duke Spirit Boston Arms 020 7272 8153

Ear Pwr Garage (Upstairs) 0871 230 1094

Elouise Madame Jojo's 020 7734 2473

Eric Clapton Royal Albert Hall 020 7589 8212

Erland & The Carnival Garage 020 7607 1818

Fixers Cargo 0207 749 7840

Gabrielle Aplin The Bowery 020 7580 3057

Grant Lee Buffalo Royal Festival Hall 020 7960 4242

Guild Of Stags 93 Feet East 020 7247 6095

Heavens Basement/Jett Black Underworld 020 7482 1932

Katy B/Jagga KOKO 020 7388 3222

Little Devils/Dave Beckett/Captain Bliss Good Ship 020 7372 2544

Mama Roslin Slaughtered Lamb

020 8682 4080

Mishima Bull & Gate 020 7485 5358

My Dying Bride O2 Academy Islington 0870 771 2000

Ovo Old Blue Last 020 7613 2478

Parts & Labor CAMP Basement 0871 230 1094

PRIS Nambucca 020 7272 7366

Queen Of Hearts/The Jezabels/Bleeding Knees Club Hoxton Square Bar & Grill 020 7613 0709

Richard Navarro Arch Angel 020 7938 4137

Roger Waters The O2 Arena 0870 701 4444

Steve Diggle 100 Club 020 7636 0933

Temple Grounds Buffalo Bar 020 7359 6191

These New Puritans Heaven 020 7930 2020

This Is Laura/Martha And Arthurs Tamesis Dock

Two Spot Gobi O2 Academy 2 Islington 0870 771 2000

The Victorian English Gentlemen's Club Barfly 0870 907 0999

Wiz Khalifa HMV Forum 020 7344 0044

Yuck Scala 020 7833 2022

MANCHESTER
Ariel Pink's Haunted Graffiti Academy 2 0161 832 1111

Frank Turner/Ben Marwood Night And Day Cafe 0161 236 1822

Ghosting Season/Cloud Boat Star & Garter 0161 273 6726

The Hoosiers Academy 3 0161 832 1111

Josephine Band On The Wall 0161 832 6625

Peter Doherty Academy 0161 832 1111

Ra Ra Riot Ruby Lounge 0161 834 1392

NEWCASTLE
The Black Spiders O2 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

Duran Duran Metro Radio Arena 0870 707 8000

It Bites/Jon Amor/13 Stars Cluny 2 0191 230 4474

NORWICH
Staff Benda Bilili Theatre Royal 01603 630000

OLDHAM
Team Ghost/Daniel Land & The Modern Painters/Anoraak The Castle 0161 345 6623

OXFORD
Alessi's Ark/Georgia Seddon Jericho Tavern 01865 311775

Misty's Big Adventure Bullingdon Arms 01865 244516

Set Your Goals/A Loss For Words/This Time Next Year O2 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

PORTSMOUTH
Adam Ant Wedgewood Rooms 023 9286 3911

READING
The Faceless/Born Of Osiris Sub9 0871 230 1094

SHEFFIELD
Polarsets Forum 0114 2720964

Tigertailz/Eureka Machines O2 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

SOUTHAMPTON
Allie Moss Joiners 023 8022 5612

Show Of Hands Brook 023 8055 5366

WOLVERHAMPTON
John Otway Robin 2 01902 497860

WREXHAM
Young Rebel Set Central Station 01978 358780

YORK
Delta Maid Basement 01904 612 940

Smoke Fairies The Duchess 01904 641 413



THURSDAY

May 19

ABERDEEN

Max Raptor/Hundredth/Heights
The Tunnels 01224 211121

BELFAST

Juliet Turner Black Box
00 35391 566511

BIRMINGHAM

Parts & Labor Hare & Hounds
0121 444 2081

Young Knives/The Neat
02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

BRIGHTON

Kinema The Hope 01273 723 568
Ra Ra Riot Audio 01273 624343

Show Of Hands Concorde 2
01273 673311

BRISTOL

The Alarm 02 Academy
0870 771 2000

Aynsley Lister Thunderbolt
07791 319 614

Band Of Heathens The Tunnels
0117 929 9008

Born Blonde Thekla
08713 100000

Good Lovelies St Bonaventure
0117 929 9008

Polock Start The Bus
0117 930 4370

United Fruit/The Jelas/Holy Stain
Mother's Run 0117 925 6969

CAMBRIDGE

Alessi's Ark Haymakers
01223 367417

CARDIFF

Thank You/My Pet Monster/
James James 10 Feet Tall
02920 228883

Three Trapped Tigers/Tail Ships
Buffalo Bar 02920 310312

Versa Emerge Clwb Ifor Bach
029 2023 2199

Yellowman The Globe 07738 983947

DUNDEE

The Congos/Brynovsky Reading
Rooms 01822 228496

Miles Kane Fat Sam's 01382 228181

EDINBURGH

The Black Spiders Cabaret Voltaire
0131 220 6176

Devlin Liquid Room 0131 225 2564

Larry Miller/Against The Grain
Voodoo Rooms 0131 556 7060

Mercury Rev/Chameleons/Vox
Queens Hall 0131 668 2019

EXETER

The Nightingales/Ted Chippington
Cavern Club 01392 495370

GLASGOW

Duran Duran SECC 0141 248 3000

Earthtones/The Ocean Stereo
0141 576 5018

Funeral Party King Tut's Wah Wah
Hut 0141 221 5279

It Bites/Jon Anor/Thirteen Stars
The Arches 0141 565 1000

Julianne Barwick/No Comet/Cheer
Captain's Rest 0141 331 2722

Miles Hunt & Erica Nockalls Classic
Grand 0141 847 0820

95-c/Bad Ideas/Spoutmouth Bloc
0141 574 6066

LEEDS

Bedouin Soundclash Cockpit
0113 244 3446

Middleman/Escort Knights
University 0113 244 4600

Narrows Brudenell Social Club
0113 243 5866

Peter Doherty 02 Academy
0870 771 2000

Warpaint/Connan Mockasin
Metropolitan University
0113 283 2600

LEICESTER

Finest Kind Musician 0116 251 0080

The Lovely Eggs The Donkey
0116 270 5042

MC Lars Lock 42 0116 223 0303

Set Your Goals/A Loss For Words/
This Time Next Year Sub91

The Victorian English Gentlemen's
Club/The Voluntary Butler Scheme
Sumo 0116 285 6536

LIVERPOOL

Bearsuit/Fever Fever/Hello Bear
Mello Mello 0151 707 0898

Bronto Skylift/Mary See The
Future/Mishima Heebie Jeebies
0151 709 2666

Chain And The Gang/The Publicist/
Black Drawing Chalks Static Gallery
01517078090

Dinosaur Pile-Up/Flashguns/The
Funeral Suits Masque 0151 707 6171

Dutch Uncles/Veronica Falls/
Rhodes Zanibar 0151 707 1558

Evelyn Burke/Mikhael Paskalew/
Ellin Kaven Mello Mello 0151 707 0898

Frankie & The Heartstrings/Pete
& The Pirates/Wolf Gang Mojo
0844 549 9090

Frank Turner/Handsome Furs/The
Draymln Crypt Hall

Hal Flavin/My TV Is Dead/Shinoji
Isamu Hannah's 0151 708 5959

The Kooks/Delta Maid/The Big
House St Luke's Church

Man Get Out/Dirty Goods/
December Giant Masque
0151 707 6171

Mona/To Kill A King/Cazadores
02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

Rachel Sernanni/Dan Parsons/Kill
It Kid Studio 2 0151 707 3727

Steve Mason/The Sand Band/Dan
Croll Masque 0151 707 6171

Team Ghost/Jimmy's Parade/
Anoraak Zelig's 0151 709 7097

The View/Rialto Burns/Red Suns
02 Academy 0870 771 2000

The Whip/Yuck/Trophy Wife/Chad
Valley/Ghosting Season Kazimier
0871 230 1094

White Bicycles/Bunny Munro/Freq
Heebie Jeebies 0151 709 2666

Winter Gloves/Said The Whale/
Sunfields Shipping Forecast
0871 230 1094

Wretch 32/Kof/Maverick Sabre/Ed
Sheeran Bumper 0151 707 9902

LONDON

The Beatsteaks KOKO 020 7388 3222

Black Lips Garage 020 7607 1818

Damn Jammage/Dirty Nelly/2000
Fast Women 100 Club 020 7636 0933

The Dodos/The Luyas Scala
020 7833 2022

Explosions In The Sky Roundhouse
020 7482 7318

Face To Face Arts Theatre Club
Hut 0141 221 5279

Freeze The Atlantic Borderline
020 7734 5547

The Hollids The Lexington
020 7837 5387

Hurray For The Riff Raff Windmill
020 8671 0700

Kurt Vile And The Violators Corsica
Studios 0207 703 4760

Lonsdale Boys Club The Bowery
020 7580 3057

Louise & The Pins/Alpines Dingwalls
020 7267 1577

Low Duo Lock Tavern
020 7485 0909

Matmos/John Wiese Auto Italia
0871 230 1094

The Monkees Royal Albert Hall
020 7589 8212

Pete Yorn Kings College
020 7834 4740

The Rising 02 Academy 2 Islington
0870 771 2000

The Robot Heart Enterprise
020 7485 2659

Sarahbeth Tuck Slaughtered Lamb
020 8682 4080

The Sideliners/Clockwork Era Alley
Cat 020 7836 1451

Snuff/Midway Still Barfly
0870 907 0999

Special Needs/The Carolines/
Call Me Animal Rhythm Factory
020 7247 9386

Spotlight Kid/The Savage Nomads/
The Genies Garage (Upstairs)
0871 230 1094

STAG & DAGGER Alexander
Tucker/Banjo Or Freakout/Beat
Connection/Becoming Real/Big
Deal/The Brute Chorus/Christian
Aids/CockinBullKid/Creep/Dels/
D/R/U/G/S/Echo Lake/Eagulls/
Ghostpoet/Mazes/New Young
Pony Club/No Joy/Star Slinger/
Toro Y Mol/Wire Various venues
0871 230 1094

Suede 02 Academy Brixton
0870 771 2000

The Tallest Man On Earth
02 Shepherds Bush Empire
0870 771 2000

Two Spot Gobi Cargo 0207 749 7840

MANCHESTER

Belleruche Roadhouse 0161 228 1789

Grupo Lokita Band On The Wall
0161 832 6625

Idiot Glee Night And Day Cafe
0161 236 1822

Low/SleepingDog Academy 2
0161 832 1111

Peter Hook/The Light FAC 251
0161 27 27 251

Rush Evening News Arena
0161 950 5000

Sufjan Stevens/DM Stith 02 Apollo
0870 401 8000

The Travelling Band Deaf Institute
0161 330 4019

NEWCASTLE

Tigertailz/Spit Like This
02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

Willy Mason Cluny 0191 230 4474

NORWICH

Francesca/The Echoes/Atlas & I
Waterfront 01603 632717

OLDHAM

Deep Sea Arcade The Castle
0161 345 6623

OXFORD

Channel One Sound System Cellar
01865 244761

The Naked And Famous/Alpines
02 Academy 0870 771 2000

The Rural Alberta Advantage Jericho
Tavern 01865 311775

We Aeronauts/Matt Sage/Deer Park
Bullington Arms 01865 244516

POOLE

Ben Montague/Lotte Mullan Mr Kyps
01202 748945

READING

Don Broco/Burn The Fleet Face Bar
0118 956 8188

Dreadzone Sub89 0871 230 1094

SHEFFIELD

Cults Leadmill 0114 221 2828

SOUTHAMPTON

Heavens Basement/Jett Black
Talking Heads 023 8055 5899

Young Rebel Set Joiners
023 8022 5612

WOLVERHAMPTON

Manic Street Preachers/The Joy
Formidable Civic Hall 01902 552121

The Zombies Robin 2 01902 497860

YORK

Boo Howerdine Black Swan Inn
01904 686 911

Eureka Machines/Kid Dead Stereo
01904 612237

Preston Reed Basement
01904 612 940

FRIDAY

May 20

ABERDEEN

Crookers Forum 01224 633336

The Draymln/Pose Victorious
The Tunnels 01224 211121

BIRMINGHAM

Fever Fever/Black Bears/Lost Gypsy
Dolls Actress & Bishop 0121 236 7426

Pete Yorn HMV Institute
0844 248 5037

The Ripples/Fighter Pilots/
The Tanslers Sunflower Lounge
0121 632 6756

BRIGHTON

The Alarm Concorde 2 01273 673311

Headjam Hector's House
01273 681228

Jonny Kearney/Lucy Farrell The
Hydrant 01273 608313

Parts & Labor/Teeth Of The Sea
Green Door Store 07894 267 053

BRISTOL

The Blue Aeroplanes/Emily Breeze
Fleece 0117 945 0996

The Bronze Medal/These Words
02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

Flags/Jack Hatch/Drop Vinyl Grain
Barge 0117 929 9347

Gecko Croft Room 2 0117 987 4144

Isola/The Dosadi Experiment Croft
0117 987 4144

Low/Sleeping Dog Trinity
01179 351 200

The Nightingales Thunderbolt
07791 319 614

Shoot The Moon Fire Engine
07521 974070

Smerlin's Anti-Social Club Fiddlers
0117 987 3403

Staff Benda Bilili Colston Hall
0117 922 3683

Young Rebel Set/Beat Connection
Start The Bus 0117 930 4370

CAMBRIDGE

Man Must Die Junction 01223 511511

DUNDEE

Yashin/Sacred Betrayal Beat
Generator 01382 229226

EDINBURGH

Bedouin Soundclash Electric Circus
0131 226 4224

Chad Valley Sneaky Pete's
0131 225 1757

Funeral Party Liquid Room
0131 225 2564

Glenn Hughes HMV Picture House
0844 847 1740

Joanne Shaw Taylor The Caves
0131 557 8989

The OK Social Club Cabaret Voltaire
0131 220 6176

GLASGOW

Chain And The Gang Stereo
0141 576 5018

Kill The Captains Bloc 0141 574 6066

Max Raptor/Skinny Villains King
Tut's Wah Wah Hut 0141 221 5279

No Dice/Journey To Europe Garage
0141 332 1120

Peter Doherty Barrowland
0141 552 4601

Queens Of The Stone Age
02 Academy 0870 771 2000

Tigertailz/Spit Like This Cathouse
0141 248 6606

LEEDS

Alessi's Ark Brudenell Social Club
0113 243 5866

Belleruche/Boy Corn HiFi Club
0113 242 7353

Toro Y Mol Musiquarium
The Victorian English Gentlemen's
Club/The Voluntary Butler Scheme
Milo 0113 245 7101

Yuck Cockpit 0113 244 3446

LEICESTER

Chris Helme Firebug 0116 255 1228

Nine Below Zero Musican
011

SATURDAY

May 21

BELFAST

Chain And The Gang Menagerie
028 9023 5678
Deetron Stiff (titten 028 9023 8700
Japanese Voyeurs Queens
University 028 9097 3106
O Emperor Auntie Annie's
028 9050 1660

BIRMINGHAM

Afrojack/AN21 Hare & Hounds
0121 444 2081
Go The Length/The Young
Runaways/Chasing Skyscrapers HMV
Institute 0844 248 5037
The Monkees NIA 0121 780 4133
Radio Dead Ones/Kings Of The
Delmar/Dronks For Europe Wagon
& Horses 0121 772 1403
Spindrift/The Velvet Texas
Cannonball Rainbow 0121 772 8174

BOURNEMOUTH

Jewce/Bang Bang Romeo/Nemesis
Champions 01202 757 000

BRIGHTON

Arrows Of Love/Tropical
Underground The Hydrant
01273 608313
Jack Beats/Zinc Digital
01273 202407

BRISTOL

Gelsha/Gonga/The Hysterical
Injury Croft 0117 967 4144
Lady Made/Lori Campbell/Kit
Bennett No 51 07786 534666
London Wainwright III Colston Hall
0117 922 3683
The Scribes Mr Wolf's 0117 927 3221
UK Subs Fleece 0117 945 0996
Wilder/Friend Electric Start The
Bus 0117 930 4570

CAMBRIDGE

The Duke Spirit St Paul's Centre
01223 354 186

CARDIFF

The High Llamas/Spencer McGarry
Season/Zervas & Pepper The Globe
07738 983947
Kakdi Tatham Gwdihw Cafe Bar
029 2039 7933
Manic Street Preachers/The Joy
Formidable Motorpoint Arena
029 2022 4488

DUNDEE

Adam Ant Fat Sam's 01382 228181
Angelic Upstarts/The Dundeez/
Patrol Beat Generator 01382 229226

EDINBURGH

The Oli Brown Band The Caves
0131 557 8989

GATESHEAD

Malcolm Middleton The Central
0191 478 2543

GLASGOW

Band Of Heathens Classic Grand
0141 847 0820
The Beatsteaks/Fallsafe King Tut's
Wah Wah Hut 0141 221 5279
Crookers/Aeroplane/D/R/U/G/S
The Arches 0141 565 1000
The Dodos/The Luyas The Arches
0141 565 1000
Getawaycab/Fiction Faction Bloc
0141 574 6066
Joanne Shaw Taylor/Paul & The
Harper Woods Heroes 02 Academy
2 0870 771 2000

STAG & DAGGER Admiral Fallow/
Bo Ningen/Broken Records/
Chad Valley/Clinic/Ed Sheeran/
Ghostpoet/Kurt Vile And The
Violators/Mazes/The Rura!



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

asking bands to nominate theirs.
This week, Gareth from Los
Campeños explains why he
loves Moles in Bath



What's so amazing
about Moles?

"It's your archetypal indie
club in appearance, but with a
friendliness and innocence
that you don't get in bigger
cities. It's got a better than
average drinks selection
(Blue Moon on tap!) and
has recently branched out
to include a café and, from
next year, a much-needed
record store!"

Why is it important –
to you, and on a wider,
local level?

"As far as pop culture goes,
Bath's always in the shadow
of Bristol. Bristol has Skins,
whereas Bath is more like
The Railway Children. You
see, unless you're a Chinese
exchange student or an old
person, Bath is an incredibly
dull place to spend time in,
let alone grow up in. Worst
of all, Bath is a city that
prefers rugby to football.
Moles offers an escape
from all this."

Fist at the ready,
Gareth is always
primed for a fight



How many times have
you played Moles?

"Just the once, but it sticks
out as a favourite of mine."

Who else have you seen
play there?

"Oooh, in recent memory,
the likes of Franz Ferdinand,
Slow Club, Cold Cave and
Dananananaykroyd."

Any memorable nights
on the sauce there?

"Several. Moles is a really

good place for me to get
drunk 'cos I can try to seduce
impressionable girls by
pointing out our band's
name stenciled onto the
wall, and then they can be
all like, 'Oh but look, The
Vaccines played here too, I
wish I'd seen that...'"

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

Alberta Advantage/Sons And
Daughters/Star Slinger/Tall Ships/
Three Trapped Tigers/Toro Y Mol/
Tribes/Veronica Falls/Walls/
Wah Wah Hut 0141 221 5279
Warpaint/Yuck Various venues
0871 230 1094

LEEDS

Damon & Naomi/Richard
Youngs Howard Assembly Room
0113 243 9999
Dirty Velvets Wardrobe
0113 222 3434
The Faceless Cockpit 0113 244 3446
The History Of Apple Pie Milo
0113 245 7101
No Turning Back/Deal With It Royal
Park Cellars 0113 274 1758

LEICESTER

The Watch Musician 0116 251 0080

LIVERPOOL

The Beaus/Elephant Keys/The
Conspirators Heebie Jeebies
0151 709 2666
Cast/The Sea/Winterhours
Crypt Hall
The Computers/Lafaro/
Blitz Kids 02 Academy 2
0870 771 2000
Dan Parsons/All Mankind/Bleeding
Knees Club/D2 Deathrays Heebie
Jeebies 0151 709 2666
Fucked Up/Young Legionnaire/
Brakfs/Films/ANR Kazimier
0871 230 1094
Funeral For A Friend Otterspool
Promenade
Funeral Party/Lower Than Atlantis
02 Academy 0870 771 2000

The Good Natured/Pegasus
Bridge/Django Django Mojo
0844 549 9090
Jacobi/Will Maitland Pilgrim
0151 625 1446
Jamie xx/SBTRKT/Creep Shipping
Forecast 0871 230 1094
The Kicks/The Errys Masque
0151 707 6171
Killaffaw/Strawhouses/The Sixteen
Tonnes Picket 0151 708 5318
Micky 9s/The Red Show/The
Hollows Masque 0151 707 6171
Mugstar/Hot Club De Paris/
Battleships Static Gallery
0151 707 8090
Niki & The Dove/Teeth/Idiot
Glee/Beat Connection Zanzibar
0151 707 1558

Philip Selway/Eric Pulido/Marques
Toiliver/Lanterns On The Lake /
Alessi's Ark St Luke's Church
The Phoenix Foundation/Fivers/
foxx Bandits Marquee 0151 707 6171
Sound Of Guns/Fly With Vampires
St George's Hall 0151 707 6171
Spank Rock/Amanda Blank/Marina
Gasolina Marquee 0151 707 6171
LONDON
The Alarm 02 Academy Islington
0870 771 2000
Amsterdam Borderline
020 7734 5547
Apteka/Mirina Ray Rhythm Factory
020 7247 9386
Drew Salda Camino 020 7841 7331
Eric Clapton Royal Albert Hall
020 7589 8212

The Futureheads/Kunt & The Gang
Scala 020 7833 2022
The Guilty Hands/Subsource/
Bad Pollyanna Fiddler's Elbow
020 7485 3269
Hyetal/Gatekeeper Charlie Wrights
020 7490 8345
Jeff Warner/The Wagon Tales Old
Nun's Head 020 7639 4007
Jesus Loves America/Concrete Lung
Electroverlz 020 7837 6419
Lisa Eldahl 02 Shepherds Bush
Empire 0870 771 2000
The Mekons/Viv Albertine Windmill
020 8671 0700
Mercury Rev Roundhouse
020 7482 7318
Mr Scruff KOKO 020 7388 3222
Redeye/Pistols & Vultures Dublin
Castle 020 7485 1773
The Scaredy Cats New Cross Inn
020 8692 1866

Shout Timber/The Paparazzi 93 Feet
East 020 7247 6095
Smerin's Anti-Social Club XOYO
020 7729 5959
Suede 02 Academy Brixton
0870 771 2000
40 Watt Sun/Fen Garage (Upstairs)
0871 230 1094

MANCHESTER

Max Raptor Moho Live 0161 834 8180
Nick Harper Academy 2 0161 832 1111
Pagan's Mind/Neonfly Satan's Hollow
0161 236 0666
Poppy & The Jezebels Night And Day
Cafe 0161 236 1822
Queens Of The Stone Age Academy
0161 837 1111
Roger Waters Evening News Arena
0161 950 3000
Staff Benda Bilili Bridgewater Hall
0161 907 9000
Wave Machines Deaf Institute
0161 330 4019
Zoo Matt & Phred's 0161 273 5200

NEWCASTLE

Knuckle Dragger Cluny 0191 230 4474
The Men They Couldn't Hang
Cumberland Arms 0191 265 6151
The Rising 02 Academy 2
0870 771 2000
Rush Metro Radio Arena
0870 707 8000

NORWICH

The Dirt/Dead Touch/Pout At The
Devil Waterfront 01603 632717
Yellowman Arts Centre 01603 660352

OXFORD

Villagers/Michele Stodart
02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

POOLE

Imperial Leisure Mr Kyps
01202 748945

SHEFFIELD

The Call New Barrack Tavern
0114 234 9148
MC Lars/Weird Science/MC Chris
Corporation 0114 276 0262
Parts & Labor/Teeth Of The Sea/
Jack Rabbit Harley 0114 275 2288
Young Knives/The Neat 02 Academy
2 0870 771 2000

SOUTHAMPTON

Versa Emerge/Not Advised Joiners
023 8022 5612

WOLVERHAMPTON

Brother Slade Room 0870 320 7000

YORK

Ian McNabb The Duchess
01904 641 413

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SUNDAY

May 22



ABERDEEN

Joanna Shaw Taylor Lemon Tree
01224 642230

BATH

Joanna Chapman-Smith Chapel Arts
Centre 0122 5404445

BELFAST

My Dying Bride Spring & Airbrake
028 9032 5968

The Phil Kids Ulster Hall
028 9032 3900

BIRMINGHAM

The Alarm O2 Academy 2
0870 771 2000

Eureka Machines Asylum
0121 233 1109

Red Shoes Kitchen Garden Cafe
0121 443 4725

BRIGHTON

Forever Never The Hydrant
01273 608313

Kurt Vile And The Violators The
Hope 01273 723 568

Miles Kane Audio 01273 624343

BRISTOL

Ben Montague/Lotte Mullan Fleece
0117 945 0996

Beth Hart/Richard Warren
Louisiana 0117 926 5978

Lonely Tourist Tobacco Factory
0117 902 0344

Mighty As Always/Six Seconds Croft
0117 987 4144

CARDIFF

Mayday Parade/Bltz Kids University
029 2023 0130

Smoke Fairies Glee Club
0870 241 5093

DUNDEE

Stevie & The Moon Dexter's
01382 228894

EDINBURGH

Crookers Liquid Room 0131 225 2564

Miles Hunt/Erica Nockalls Voodoo
Rooms 0131 556 7060

Pete & The Pirates Sneaky Pete's
0131 225 1757

The Webb Sisters Queens Hall
0131 668 2019

EXETER

Heavens Basement/Jett Black
Cavern Club 01392 495370

GLASGOW

Braids/No Joy Captain's Rest
0141 331 2722

The Hoosiers King Tut's Wah Wah Hut
0141 221 5279

The Nightingales/Ted Chippington
Admiral 0141 221 7705

The Rising O2 ABC2 0141 204 5151

LEEDS

Black Lips Brudenell Social Club
0113 243 5866

Corrina Greyson/ShaoLin HiFi Club
0113 242 7353

Devlin University 0113 244 4600

LEICESTER

The Good Lovies Musician
0116 251 0080

LIVERPOOL

Mike & The Mechanics Empire
0870 606 3536

LONDON

Beppe Grillo O2 Shepherd's Bush
Empire 0870 771 2000

Black Milk & Elzhi XOYO
020 7729 5959

Earthtone9 Garage 020 7607 1818

Hundredth/Heights/Hero In Error
Garage (Upstairs) 0871 230 1094

Julianne Barwick Slaughtered Lamb
020 8682 4080

The Sea Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773

Sound Of Rum/Holy Vessels Tamesis
Dock

Vetoes Bull & Gate 020 7485 5358

Yat Kha Borderline 020 7734 5547

MANCHESTER

Bedouin Soundclash Academy 2
0161 832 1111

Blind Atlas Dulcimer 0161 860 0044

Simon & Oscar Ruby Lounge
0161 834 1392

Toro Y Mol/Beat Connection Deaf
Institute 0161 330 4019

Wiz Khalifa Academy 0161 832 1111

NEWCASTLE

Coloursmusic Cluny 0191 230 4474

Dazed Star Inn 0191 222 3111

The Hilibillies From Outer Space The
Tyne 0191 265 2550

Sound Of Guns/Killer Godzilla Cluny
2 0191 230 4474

Three Trapped Tigers/Tail
Ships/Young Liar Head Of Steam
0191 232 4379

Versa Emerge O2 Academy 2
0870 771 2000

READING

Luke Pickett Face Bar 0118 956 8188

SOUTHAMPTON

John Otway Brook 023 8055 5366

The Wave Pictures Joiners
023 8022 5612

WOLVERHAMPTON

Frank Turner/Ben Marwood Slade
Room 0870 320 7000

YORK

The Boxettes Fibbers 01904 651 250

Thank You Stereo 01904 612237

BATH

Mu Coalition Chapel Arts Centre
0122 5404445

BIRMINGHAM

Cults Hare & Hounds 0121 444 2081

Devlin HMV Institute 0844 248 5037

Simon Lyng Glee Club 0870 241 5093

BOURNEMOUTH

30h13 Old Fire Station 01202 503888

BRIGHTON

Bedouin Soundclash Concorde 2
0113 673311

Thank You Prince Albert
01273 730499

Truckstop Honeymoon The Greys
01273 680734

BRISTOL

A Genuine Freakshow/Branches
Croft Room 2 0117 987 4144

Bear Beats Band Mr Wolf's
0117 927 3221

Lost Lalka/Fathom Fifteen/The
Peppermint Hunting Lodge Fleece
0117 945 0996

33 Thieves/7th Suite/Port Erin Croft
0117 987 4144

CAMBRIDGE

The Wave Pictures Haymakers
01223 367417

CARDIFF

Chris T 10 Feet Tall 02920 228883

Islet 10 Feet Tall 02920 228883

Set Your Goals/A Loss For Words/
This Time Next Year Millennium
Music Hall 029 2040 2000

EDINBURGH

The Nightingales/Ted Chippington
Sneaky Pete's 0131 225 1757

Villagers Liquid Room 0131 225 2564

EXETER

The Hotel Ambush/Idely/
Codex Alimentarius Cavern Club
01392 495370

GATESHEAD

Marianne Faithfull Sage Arena
0870 703 4555

GLASGOW

Adam Ant O2 Academy
0870 771 2000

Alessi's Ark Captain's Rest
0141 331 2722

Emeralds/John Knox Sex Club
The Arches 0141 565 1000

MC Lars O2 ABC2 0141 204 5151

Sparrow & The Workshop King Tut's
Wah Wah Hut 0141 221 5279

HITCHIN

Flashguns/Wildlife/Maddox Club 85
01462 432767

LONDON

Abigail Washburn & The Sparrow
Quartet Wardrobe 0113 222 3434

Braids Cockpit Room 2 0113 244 3446

The Hoosiers Cockpit 0113 244 3446

Runaround Kids/Toyger The Well
0113 2440474

LEICESTER

Dutch Uncles Musician 0116 251 0080

Moonlight Sinatras The Donkey
0116 270 5042

LIVERPOOL

Duran Duran Echo Arena
0844 8000 400

LONDON

Beat Connection/Entrepreneurs Old
Blue Last 020 7613 2478

Brother Heaven 020 7930 2020

Burn The Fleet/Bad Sign Barfly
0870 907 0999

Cass McCombs St Mary's Church
020 7254 6072

The Cave Singers Hoxton Square Bar
& Grill 020 7613 0709

David's Lyre The Lexington
020 7837 5387

Eric Clapton Royal Albert Hall
020 7589 8212

Fit & The Connptions Hideaway
020 7561 0779

Frontier Ruckus Windmill
020 8671 0700

The Holloways Garage 020 7607 1818

Jonny Kearney/Lucy Farrell
Slaughtered Lamb 020 8682 4080

Kilford The Music Painter Social
020 7636 4992

The Lazio Device Proud Galleries
020 7482 3867

Low Dup Bull & Gate 020 7485 5358

MX Test O2 Academy Brixton
0870 771 2000

Pop Levi Barfly 0870 907 0999

Treetop Flyers Borderline
020 7734 5547

Yellow Wire Garage (Upstairs)
0871 230 1094

MANCHESTER

Julianne Barwick Kraak
07855 939 129

No Joy Sound Control 0161 236 0340

The Rural Alberta Advantage Deaf
Institute 0161 330 4019

Sophie Barker Band On The Wall
0161 832 6625

Three Trapped Tigers/Tail Ships
Night And Day Cafe 0161 236 1822

Versa Emerge Academy 4
0161 832 1111

NEWCASTLE

Hayseed Dixie Riverside
0191 261 4386

Warpaint/Connan Mockasin
O2 Academy 0870 771 2000

OXFORD

Nathaniel Rateliff Jericho Tavern
01865 311775

Two Wings/D Gwalla Port Mahon
01865 202067

SHEFFIELD

Coloursmusic/Zebedy Rays Harley
0114 275 2288

The Travelling Band SOYO
0114 276 7552

SWANSEA

Francesca Sin City 01792 654226

YORK

The Phoenix Foundation The
Duchess 01904 641 413

United Fruit Stereo 01904 612237



TUESDAY

May 24

ABERDEEN

MC Lars The Tunnels 01224 211121

BELFAST

...And You Will Know Us By
The Trail Of Dead Limelight
028 9032 5942

BIRMINGHAM

Alessi's Ark Hare & Hounds
0121 444 2081

Don Broco/Burn The Fleet Flapper
0121 236 2421

The Hoosiers HMV Institute
0844 248 5037

Turn Off The Sun/Bungalows
O2 Academy 3 0870 771 2000

BRIGHTON

Mountain Goats Coalition
01273 726858

95-c The Hydrant 01273 608313

BRISTOL

Coma Brides/Brain Twitch/
The Front Croft 0117 987 4144

Frank Turner/Ben Marwood
St George's Hall 0117 923 0359

Hi Fiction Science Fleece
0117 945 0996

Out Like A Lion/Bravo Brave Bats
Start The Bus 0117 930 4370

Sophie Barker Thekla
08713 100000

Symmerian/From Ruin Croft Room
2 0117 987 4144

CARDIFF

Dutch Uncles/Drafts 10 Feet Tall
02920 228883

Reaper In Sicily Clwb Ifor Bach
029 2023 2199

Rowan Liggett Gwdihw Cafe Bar
029 2039 7933

30h13/Innerpartysystem University
029 2023 0130

EDINBURGH

The Lovely Eggs/Kid Canaveral/
Cancel The Astronauts Voodoo
Rooms 0131 556 7060

Sparrow & The Workshop Sneaky
Pete's 0131 225 1757

GLASGOW

Black Lips Stereo 0141 576 5018

The Glasgow Slow Club Bar Bloc
0141 574 6066

Mayday Parade/We Are The In
Crowd Garage 0141 332 1120

Sound Of Guns/The King Hats
King Tut's Wah Wah Hut
0141 221 5279

VersaEmerge Cathouse
0141 248 6606

LEEDS

Big Kids The Well 0113 2440474

LEICESTER

Findley Webster Band Musician
0116 251 0080

LIVERPOOL

The Rising University 0151 256 5555

LONDON

Abigail Williams/Thulcandra Barfly
0870 907 0999

Bedouin Soundclash KOKO
020 7388 3222

Beth Hart Borderline 020 7734 5547

Braids The Lexington 020 7837 5387

Broken Records Cargo
0207 749 7840

Cass McCombs Old Blue Last
020 7613 2478

Chain And The Gang Boston Arms
020 7272 8153

Cults Scala 020 7833 2022

D/R/U/G/S/Beat Connection/Night
Angles Madame Jojo's 020 7734 2473

Eric Clapton Royal Albert Hall
020 7589 8212

Funeral Party Heaven
020 7930 2020

Fuzzy Lights Social 020 7636 4992

Godsize Garage (Upstairs)
0871 230 1094

Kan Slaughtered Lamb
020 8682 4080

Marianne Faithfull Barbican Centre
020 7638 8891

Niki & The Dove Electrowerkz
020 7837 6419

Rotkappchen MacBeth
020 7739 5095

Sarah Nixey Enterprise
020 7485 2659

Some Velvet Morning Bull & Gate
020 7485 5358

Tete Monto Water Rats
020 7837 4412

THIS WEEK IN 1986

JANET'S NASTY, BOBBY'S MESSY, MAGGIE'S SEXY



BOBBY'S PEARLS

Neither Bobby G nor NME's David Swift are fans of the second ever Primal Scream single, 'Crystal Crescent'. Swift reckons it's "a mess", and Bobby agrees, saying, "It's ironic... We love pop music so much, but we can't get the record right." Fortunately, on the flipside is the perfection of 'Velocity Girl' ("It was just right, making that record"). Bobby insists the Scream will be massive; Swift thinks they need to "Shape up!"

CAUGHT: THE FUZZ

Steven Wells meets We've Got A Fuzzbox And We're Gonna Use It, who are riding high off the back of debut single 'XX Sex', and are delighting and pissing people off in equal measure. Turns out one girl at a Jesus And Mary Chain gig pleaded with them to cease facilitating the wet dreams of corrupt male consumers. "But why should we be all grey and miserable?" argues Maggie Dunne. "Then we'd just end up looking like men!"

JACKSON: FOR REAL

In what is billed as the 'Girl Control' issue, the main attraction is a world exclusive interview in Los Angeles with Janet Jackson. Later to become one of the defining albums of the '80s and a blueprint for much of modern R&B, her third album, 'Control', has been out now for three months. Soon to come is the album's second big single, 'Nasty'. "It's about men and the way they flirt," she begins. "When I was working in Minneapolis, I was walking from the hotel to the studio, and there were all these guys hanging around, shouting seriously sexual stuff, some really dirty stuff. I went in and started working on the song right after that. So many men call women, 'baby'. It takes away your dignity. I've got a name, and if you don't know it then don't shout at me in the street."

Asked if this is the spirit of modern feminism, she continues: "A lot of people feel feminists are too strident and too straightforward, but I feel they're women who want to be in control of their lives and particularly their careers. If you want to call me a feminist for wanting those things, that's fine by me." And is she a sex symbol? "I'm more of a rebel than a sex symbol. Along with my brother Randy, I'm the rebel of the Jacksons. We were the first to leave home without getting married. We're the ones who broke with tradition. I suppose I'm a rebel, a rebel without a cause."

She concludes: "I'm not sure what the cause is yet."

ALSO IN THE ISSUE THAT WEEK

• Details of The Smiths' new single are reported. Taken from forthcoming album 'The Queen Is Dead', it's called 'Bigmouth Strikes Again', while its B-sides are 'Money Changes Everything' and 'Unloveable'

• A mail order advert headlined 'Cool In The Spool' offers up NME's freshly compiled 'C86' cassette for £2.95

• Pete Shelley's 'On Your Own' single is reviewed, and "brings to mind a funky Genesis"

• There's an extensive feature on Fred Perry, whose shirts are well on their way to becoming iconic thanks to the patronage of the '60s mods, the 2 Tone peeps and everybody else

• Ramones' 'Animal Boy' album is reviewed, with John McCready noting that "the sound of four grown men feigning a lobotomised state for the sake of their bank balances simply won't wash anymore"

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CLUES ACROSS

- 1 Hacked off with all the cuts from 'The King Of Limbs'? Get 'Knives Out' again (3-7)
7+19D Their chart singles include 'For All The Cows' and 'Long Road To Ruin' and also 3 down (3-8)
10 Partnership of Theo Hutchcraft and Adam Anderson (5)
11 Bill packs everything wrong for band coming out of Atlanta (5-4)
12 Human League's formal statement of beliefs on new album (5)
13 Charlie _____, put the power into his drumming for The Rolling Stones (5)
14 Black Rebel Motorcycle Club music is part of the show line-up (4)
15 (See 4 down)
17 No guy is wild enough to be frontman of The Vaccines (5)
20 Predictable ways of life with punks who were 'Staring At The Rude Boys' (4)
21+32D "If you gonna do it, do it right/Right?", 1985 (2-4-3)
23+37A Could Luton be turned over before heading west to find renowned jazz record label (4-4)
26+32A Ideas much ruined on Suede album (4-5)
27 (See 7 down)
28 On the way out get nothing from country rocker Steve Earle (4-1)
30 They came from Brazil with a 'Donkey' (1-1-1)
32 (See 26 down)
34 Joe _____ & The Jing Jang Jong (4)
35 A bit of calypso singing from Rihanna (1-1-1)
36 (See 9 down)
37 (See 23 across)

CLUES DOWN

- 2 'Together' this act gets in another verse (5)
3 Use by foot, perhaps, this chart single from 7 across (4-2-3)
4+15A 'Are 'Friends' Electric?' asked Gary Numan of those people massed in the underground (7-4)
5+8D Roll off the usual reworking of a Yardbirds classic (5-4-2-4)
6 Band fronted by Alan Donohoe that broke up with a 'Klang' (5)
7+27A Legendary folk rock band that featured Sandy Denny on vocals and Richard Thompson on guitar (8-10)

- 8 (See 5 down)
9+36A He wrote and recorded 'Roll Over Beethoven' and 'Johnny B Goode' (5-5)
16 Day varies somehow being with The Kinks (3-6)
18 REM album that's environmentally friendly (5)
19 (See 7 across)
22 "I touch no-one and no-one touches me/I am a _____, I am an island", Simon & Garfunkel (4)
23 "Don't you wanna come with me, don't you wanna feel my _____ on your _____", 2006 (5)
24 'A Snowflake Fell (And It Felt Like A _____)', Glasvegas EP (4)
25 They had the ability to perform 'My Sharona' (5)
29 Rob turns out for this act (3)
30 '_____ Button Cloth' - missing part of Lemonheads album found in the discards (3)
31 'Dance To The Music' was a '60s hit for _____ And The Family Stone (3)
32 (See 21 across)
33 Unofficially, just the start of a Muse number (3)

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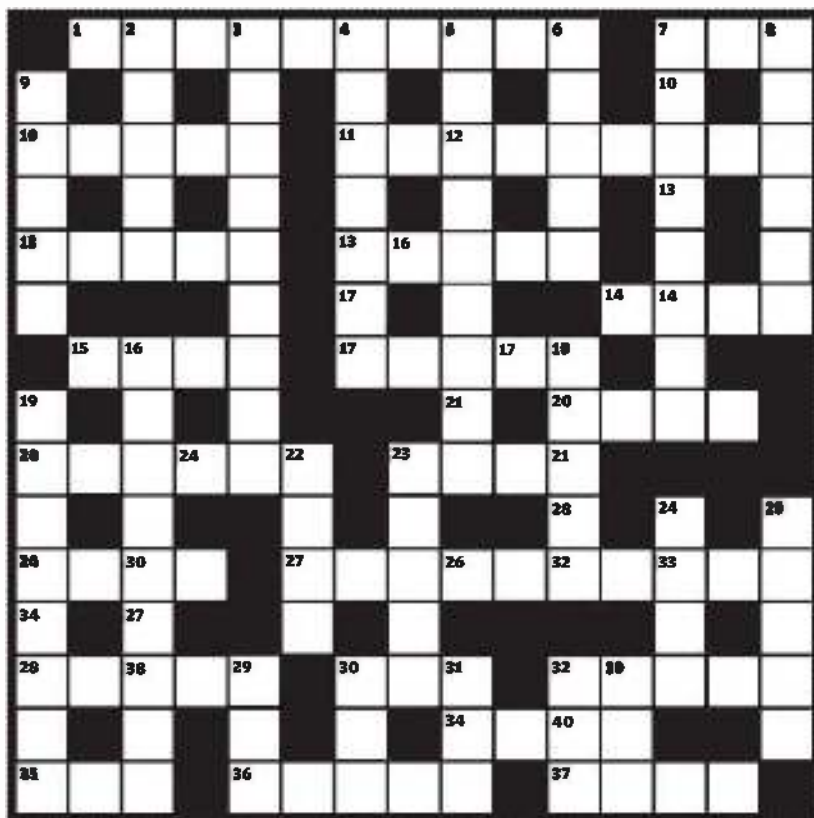
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Evoke-15 Marshall digital radio!

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ACROSS
1+8A Bread And Circuses, 5 Palace, 10 The Immortals, 14+21A Bad Day,
17 Still, 19 Angles, 23 Ed's, 25 Kraftwerk, 26 Cocks, 28 It's Me, 31+27D
Mustang Sally, 32 Money

DOWN
1 Back To Black, 2+30A Arctic Monkeys, 3 Abs, 4 Disarm, 5+24D Primal
Scream, 6 Lady Soul, 7 Cradle, 11 M/A/R/R/S, 13 Ruby, 15+16A+12A Dog
Days Are Over, 18+9A The King Is Dead, 20 Entreat, 21 Dickson,
22 Newman, 29 Tom.



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Edited by Mark Beaumont



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From: Matt Rothwell
To: NME

After reading NME's story about Liam Gallagher saying he will never play at Glastonbury ever again (NME.COM, May 8), I was annoyed and surprised. A festival as big as Glastonbury should be right up Mr Gallagher's street but what do I know? When I heard the news I was disappointed, but to see Mr Gallagher walk out of Glastonbury's doors shall not concern me. To be honest I think he's being a bit of an arse about it, saying "the sound is shit and really quiet". What is he? Deaf?

NME's response...

From: NME

To: Matt Rothwell
While I suspect Glastonbury won't look back on its fortunes in years to come and bemoan the Beady Eye Crash of 2011, Liam's comments have opened a can of crusty worms. Has Glasto 'lost it'? Is it too overcrowded? Half of Hollywood will be glugging

Stella Cidre in sponsored wellies by the T4 Dubstep stage - too sleb? 'The Fly' will indeed sound like a small fruitfly caught in an empty baked bean tin five miles away - too quiet? All open to argument, but what Liam doesn't take account of is that Glasto is a constantly evolving entity that acts as a newflash for

the musical zeitgeist - if it was still 60,000 Levellers fans shitting in buckets along to Carter USM like in 1992 he'd think it was just as unbearable. The facts: a) you only see nothing but Choo-welled celebrities if you lock yourself in a VIP Portakabin backstage all weekend, b) the sound's been of a decent enough

volume since The Killers' inaudible hiss-fest a few years ago, and c) the only noticeable downside of the increased capacity is that going to Shangri-La or Trash City at midnight is inviting death by crush - MB

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

GLASTO BLASTS

From: Rob Sainty

To: NME

Liam Gallagher has his opinions and I agree with him. Glasto IMO has lost its way. It used to stand for something. Now it's going down the V Festival way of thinking, which is not a good thing. I'm all for diversity but Beyoncé and Tinie Tempah are not festival music. They're not even music, period.

From: Joss Morgan Giles

To: NME

There is no festival on Earth that is more musically diverse and better value for money. You won't get Liam Gallagher and Beady Eye playing there, and that's because people who go to Glastonbury want music of a certain quality, not just Oasis rewritten.

From: Daniel Gilligan

To: NME

WOOOOO HOOOOO! I'm going to paint my tent yellow and re-name myself Mr Happy... LIAM GALLAGHER is not at Glasto! But what I really love is the fact his clothing range is one of the most expensive currently on the market, so you can betcha bottom dollar if Glasto paid the same as Leeds/Reading he would come running back! Oh, Mr Gallagher I loooveeee your hypocrisy.

From: John Noon

To: NME

Liam's got a point, Glastonbury seems to be more about fashion and pricks trying to be cool by going there. Even though Beady Eye are shit, at least he will say something different to all the arse-kissing and collaborating that happens these days.

From: Connor Pregowski
To: NME

Glastonbury and a lot of the rest of the music festivals these days are absolute shit, filled with washed up mainstream garbage acts like Beyoncé and Jay-Z (*Um, washed up? You sure? - MB*). Even if you don't like Oasis/Beady Eye you still have to respect his opinion, because he's one of the last few music icons who actually has an opinion these days, regardless of whether it's right or wrong.

From: Richard Bridgewater

To: NME

Who's the secret Glastonbury band? With The Killers and Foo Fighters both in the UK I'm going for one of them or maybe the Arctic Monkeys, but this is Glasto, a man whacking a cat with a banjo is good enough for me. Are we there yet?

From: NME

To: Richard Bridgewater

Ah, there's the rub. Truth is, it doesn't matter who's playing, how many times you spot a naked Pixie Geldof whittling wooden pagan penis effigies in the Green Penits Field or if you can actually hear 'Single Ladies' - it's Glastonbury, it's a triumph of humanity against The Man and it'll be brilliant, Liam or no Liam. Unless it rains, of course, in which case it'll be like starring in *127 Hours* but with a soggy arse - MB

ARCTIC JUNKIES

From: Tom Stewart

To: NME

Alex Turner's songwriting ability is developing similarly to Lennon's, using codes and metaphors that are open to interpretation. All the lager throwers who want the lyrics spelt out for them

album after album should go and listen to the fucking Pigeon Detectives. Songs such as 'Secret Door', 'Cornerstone' and 'Pretty Visitors' are among the band's finest. Just enjoy the ever-intriguing development of a truly special band and we can all get along.

From: Mark Andrew Riley

To: NME

Bottom line, it's great to see Arctic Monkeys progressing musically. And I love the fact the lyrics are going a bit 'I Am The Walrus', seeing as so many of their previous lyrics are over-analysed.

From: NME

To: Tom Stewart;

Mark Andrew Riley

A poetic bent and a stylistic adventurism are the lynchpins of our continued fascination with Arctic Monkeys, and long may it beguile and surprise us. I mean, how many other bands could make a brooding and ominous classic single out of a chair-based schoolboy prank? I'm personally looking forward to forthcoming hits 'Drawing Pin In Your Arsecheek' and 'The Cushion That Your Fart Makes' - MB

PASHING PUMPKINS? NO

From: Susie Gale

To: NME

Billy Corgan is NOT the Pumpkins. I don't recall



STALKER

From: Amy

To: NME

"I went to see Best Coast in Glasgow and I met band member Bobb Bruno. Best Coast was probably one of the best concerts I have ever been to! And I have been to MANY!"

him doing videos solo and doing interviews all on his own. Smashing Pumpkins wasn't a solo project. I was a really hardcore Pumpkins fan up until 'Mellon Collie And The Infinite Sadness' but could not care less now. It's not the same.

From: Jaroslav Korbel

To: NME

So, Billy Corgan's refusing to reform the original Smashing Pumpkins line-up (NME.COM, May 6)? I say he's better off without them anyway. I loved the earlier stuff, but his music since the break-up is amazing. Pumpkins changed, but for the better. We have a nice Czech saying: hundred people, hundred tastes.

Web Slinging

The highlight of this week's NME.COM blogs

FIVE THINGS GIG-GOERS NEED TO STOP DOING

Here are a few guidelines that I suggest you follow next time you go to see your favourite band live:

1. Don't order a mimosa or a mojito at a music venue. Chances are, if the queues to the bar are longer than the queues to the ladies' toilets, then there isn't time to make something that complicated. Get a cider.
2. There's no need to sprint through a venue to be at the front of the crowd when you're the first person through the door. You'll be at the front, don't worry. If you do run, you'll probably fall. And people will laugh at you.
3. Don't sit on someone's shoulders with a drink in your

hand. While you're dancing and having fun, you're spilling your beverage of choice all over the poor sucker standing behind you.

4. There is no need to take pictures throughout the entire performance. Have you ever been stuck behind someone at a show who never put the camera down? And because it's blocking your view, you're forced to watch the whole thing through a tiny camera screen. Not fun.

5. Couples - please don't make out at the bar. We have to watch it. It's gross. Go watch the band, for crying out loud.

Read Rebecca Schiller's blog in full on NME.COM



Best of the responses...

I HATE the over-protective boyfriend who starts a fight because someone touches their girlfriend. When you take your girlfriend into the middle of the crowd don't expect to remain untouched. Pricks. Ollie Judge

I think you need to distinguish between the accidental contact that's inevitable at a crowded

gig - which the reasonable boyfriend probably wouldn't readily seek to punish - and actual deliberate groping or 'grinding', which isn't acceptable in any such context. Paul Todd

If one more short person asks to go in front of me, I may just decapitate them and raise their head aloft on a pike. Get there

early, munchkins. Rhys Lavery

Talking during album tracks/rarities, punishable by death. Too strong? Neil Shaw

Well, I'd love it if people didn't slash in plastic cups and lob it, maybe that's too much to ask though. Can't stand it when people text, tweet,

Facebook, film etc all the way through the gig. If you want to be at the gig put your flippin' iPhone away. If not then do one, you biffs, your phone activity disturbs me. Mike Shotton

People who think just because you're short they can pick you up and try to make you crowdsurf. Vicky Rutherford

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From: NME

To: Jaroslav Korbel;
Susie Gale

Unfortunately for Corgan, guys, we are fast approaching a global reunion band crisis. Scientists now estimate that, unless we act now, by 2013 the planet will be entirely drained of bands to reform. And while this will inevitably lead to all-out US invasions of trout farms in Surrey, in the short term there's only one option: conscription. Under this new rule Billy Corgan will be legally forced to play with every previous member of Smashing Pumpkins all at once, and you know what? The ensuing onstage bile, fury and bloodshed will be a million times more exciting than the whiney old bilge they usually play - MB

ADELE HELL

From: Matt Heasell

To: NME

Re: Fleet Foxes being kept off Number One by Adele. Take That are the only ones who can top her sales so face facts: she's at Number One until they release a new album in a year or two. Depressing, eh?

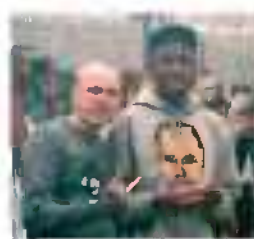
From: NME

To: Matt Heasell

Brief and pessimistically to-the-point there, Matt, but as Fleet Foxes become the 548th indie band to be kept off Number One by the new Alison Moyet - landing on a large pile of Strokes, Wombats and Vaccines bones with which Adele has bored of picking her teeth - you raise a crucial and timely question. To wit: who the felching McFuckary is still buying '21'? Has it replaced basic foodstuffs for

the lower middle classes? Are horse-faced dinner party planners wandering around Waitrose going, "Ooh, Gavin, we're completely out of Adele albums! Best stock up, it's a long weekend"? Was '21' of exactly the right crystalline chemical make-up that scientists hoped several billion of them dropped over Fukushima might prevent meltdown? Did the royal family insist on every inch of the barrier rail on the royal wedding parade route being lined with copies of the Adele album, as its reflective gleam would give Princess Kate the fairytale glow to outshine Diana? Was Bin Laden hunted down via a systematically angled series of Adele albums placed at five-yard intervals between Washington and Abbottabad so as to reflect his whereabouts directly

into the Pentagon? And can all this Adele album-buying please fucking stop now? Who's up for a Facebook campaign to get everyone in the UK who hates Adele to buy the new Pete & The Pirates album next week? - MB



STALKER

From: Gaz

To: NME

"Here's a picture I took of me and Tyler, The Creator of Odd Future. Their show at Village Underground in London was amazing, like a rap version of Gallows!"

DOES ROCK'N'ROLL KILL BRAINCCELLS?

TESTING MUSICIANS' MEMORIES AFTER A LIFETIME OF ABUSE

This Week GOLDIE

QUESTION 1

You're called Goldie not because of your gold teeth but because you used to have dreadlocks and looked like Goldilocks. "I haven't had long hair since I was 18! But that's correct, yes."

Hang on, that's wasn't the question! In Goldilocks And The Three Bears, whose porridge is just right? "Baby bear's."

Correct

QUESTION 2

Where did you paint graffiti piece 'Future World Machines' in 1987? "Wolverhampton Art Gallery."

Correct. Graffiti first brought you in contact with 3D from Massive Attack and Banksy, correct?

"Yeah, I've followed graffiti since the age of 18."

Are you still at it?

"Yes, I have an art show every year. I've just finished one in Korea. There are still a lot of really good people out there who do some amazing stuff."

QUESTION 3

Why were you unable to appear on Channel 4's The Games in 2006?

"I broke my leg, my femur, water ski jumping. Sorry. I was off my tits on acid! Ha! All accidents happen for a reason."

Correct

QUESTION 4

What did you serve when you appeared on Come Dine With Me's Christmas special last year?

"Lamb!"

Correct. Can we have the recipe?

"It's my wife's recipe. I could tell you but then I'd have to kill you. Ha!"

QUESTION 5

You've recently taken a shine to classical music in BBC shows such as 2009's Maestro, Classic Goldie and Goldie's Band – By Royal Appointment. Which instrument is known as 'the concertmaster' and is the leader of the entire orchestra behind the conductor?

"Shite! I would say viola or cello."

Wrong. Principal first violin

"That's what I said! Viola's got to be correct!"

[Wrong. A viola is tuned a 5th lower than the violin – Classical Ed]



QUESTION 6

Noel Gallagher and David Bowie feature on your 1998 album 'Saturnz Return'. How long does opening track 'Mother' go on for?

"The actual master is 58 minutes, but we extended it with silence at the

beginning and end to just over an hour. I wanted to give the record companies the middle finger as to what I could and couldn't do artistically."

Correct. 60.19

QUESTION 7

How much was your character Angel Hudson owed from Paul Trueman when you first appeared in EastEnders in 2001?

"Oh, bloody hell. Was it eight grand?"

Wrong. £30,000. And what did you do when he didn't pay up?

"Shagged his girlfriend with very big feet!"

Er... trashed his mum's bed and breakfast, apparently!



QUESTION 8

What colour dress was your dancing partner Kristina Rihanoff wearing when you were voted off Strictly Come Dancing in 2009?

"Ah, bloody hell. Pink?"

Wrong. Gold. To match your gold hat!

"There we go."

How did you enjoy the Strictly experience? "Check my bank account."

QUESTION 9

Can you name the other five contestants who were with you in the Celebrity Big Brother house in 2002?

"Oh, God. Les Dennis. Melinda Messenger. Fucking hell. News presenter... woman... Anne Diamond. Mark from fucking Take That. And one more. Oh god. One more, one more... Glasses... Sue Perkins. Fantastic!"

Correct. Did you enjoy it?

"I grew up in children's homes with 40 kids who didn't know who each other was. So to spend five days with celebrities who all knew who each other was but pretended that they didn't was a fucking good laugh!"

QUESTION 10

You chose The Films of PT Anderson as your specialist subject on Celebrity Mastermind. In Boogie Nights, how big is Mark Wahlberg's character Dirk Diggler's penis?

"Ten and a half inches."

Correct

Total Score
7/10

"How's my memory? What's that? Pardon? Who are you? Excuse me? Where am I? What year is it? Ha ha!"

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TOM WAITS!
MARK E SMITH!
CAPTAIN BEEFHEART!

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