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# ON REPEAT

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



## ST VINCENT

**Big Black Maria**  
With The White Stripes done and dusted, Annie Clark is doing the decent thing and filling the void in 2011 for an alt. guitar hero whose cover versions are as important as their own tunes. This used to be a Tom Waits song. It isn't now.  
**Hamish MacBain, Assistant Editor**

## LIL WAYNE

**Sorry 4 The Wait**  
It's OK, Weezy – especially because, by the sound of it, things have gone a bit 'Scarface' lately. Riffing off 'Rolling In The Deep', this is a typically danger-poking tale of being "somewhere between joy and pain." Which apparently means being on a drugscapade with a lady of the night and sleeping with a hammer under the pillow.  
**Priya Elan, Assistant Editor, NME.COM**

## ELECTRICITY IN OUR HOMES

**Aching/Breaking**  
Although presumably not an ode to osteoporosis and old age, this nevertheless displays a maturing of 'Leccy's sound from ramshackle post-punk discord of yore to ramshackle romance not a million miles from the hoary standard set by a certain Mr J White.  
**Luke Turner, writer**

## KAI FISH

**Cobalt Cheeks**  
All our solo love is being fired in the direction of Ronald Vannucci Jr and his mega-big Big Talk project now, so the idea of the bassist from Mystery Jets going it alone isn't exactly a heart-thumper. Until you hear the Yuck-gone-blockbuster crunch of 'Cobalt Cheeks' – which is almost as huge.  
**Jamie Fullerton, News Editor**

## M83

**Midnight City**  
New M83 material has been more elusive than genuine contrition from a News Corp honcho of late, but Anthony Gonzalez has finally obliged and made

it worth the wait. A riot of stadium-epic power drums, synth choruses set to Kate Bush and a runaway sax cut from Cut Copy's cloth combine to excellent effect.

**Tim Chester, Deputy Editor, NME.COM**

## MOGWAI

**Get To France**  
Following thunderous seventh album, 'Hardcore Will Never Die, But You Will', the Scottish post-rockers release the rather more delicate 'Earth Divisions' EP. This lead track sparkles with the tinkled ivories and tense, glimmering strings of a creepy lullaby that could turn and incinerate your dreams with napalm at any second.  
**Laura Snapes, Assistant Reviews Editor**

## SUMMER CAMP

**Better Off Without You**  
After the bunny-boiling obsession of 'I Want You' comes this slap in the face, where Ms Sankey has decided the cad isn't worth her time after all. "If you said you were never coming back, I'd be so happy!" she soars. Don't go buying flowers too quickly, chaps.  
**Susana Pearl, writer**

## PATTI SMITH

**Rolling In The Deep (Adele cover)**  
Would the first lady of heartbreak please stand up? Raw, guttural and proof that even a seriously over-played, chart-storming power ballad can still convey real anguish. Only Patti Smith could transform an omnipresent break-up song into the war cries of the vengeful.  
**Anne T Donahue, writer**



## GIRLS

**Vomit**  
Let's get this straight: Girls' Christopher Owens is a total hero. He's your favourite bands' favourite songwriter for a reason, and this is it. 'Vomit' is 'Live Forever' with gospel choirs and a million frazzled, fucked-up guitar solos that sound like Crazy Horse going mental. So, pretty damn good then.  
**Matt Wilkinson, New Music Editor**

TRACK  
OF  
THE  
WEEK

## KANYE WEST & JAY-Z

Otis

Who needs a chorus when you've got Otis Redding? Not Kanye and Jay-Z, who unveil the much-hyped 'Watch The Throne' by sampling the pipes of the world's greatest soul singer. "Does it make it eeeeeeeasier?" he croons before a single beat has dropped. Not exactly, but it makes it a load better than hip-hop's other behemoth, Eminem, unnecessarily staining the

pants of the otherwise epic 'Bad Meets Evil' with a giant Bruno Mars-shaped skid mark. Anyway, I digress. Jigga and Yeezy really don't do easy. They do massive.

Rumour has it Tyler, The

Creator was invited in to do some session work with Jay-Z a few months back. Just in case Lil' T thinks he's on his level, Hova cuts him down to size with the first line: "I invented swag". Consider yourself told, young man. So what's there to read into Jay-Z grabbing the intro? Not much. Kanye gets the beat and the last word; Jigga gets the best line: "Run up on Yeezy the wrong way, I might merk ya!". In between they go verse-for-verse in the old school way. Jay says, "I got five passports / I'm never going to jail"; Kanye responds, "I made Jesus walk so I'm never going to hell". It's all big statements and all rather silly. Bring on the album.  
**Mike Williams, Deputy Editor**

*Jay-Z cuts him down to size with the very first line, "I invented swag"*





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# AMY WINEHOUSE

## 1983-2011

*She was brave, beautiful, thrilling and inspirational, a musician whose heartbreaking frankness gave British pop its soul back. Beneath the iconic appearance and troubled hellraising was, says **Emily Mackay**, a daring talent whose life ended far, far too soon*

**R**eading all the self-righteous shit being talked on Twitter last Saturday as news of Amy Winehouse's death broke through, I wished more than anything that she was still around to slap down the idiots who thought they could explain her away in 140 characters. Amy, after all, never suffered fools gladly. She never stated the obvious, said or did the appropriate, the expected, or the right thing. Talking about her brilliant, bitchy lyrics in 2004, she said, "I've always wanted to present a point with a twist. You know, like, 'I'm really angry about this, you're a bastard and you can't even get a bone!' I just want to say things I would find funny if I heard them."

The wicked cackles and the finger clicking joy that Amy packed into her songs should be weighed against the heavy sadness of her death, and her

recent decline shouldn't overshadow the firecracker personality and phenomenal drive of the gobby north London girl who gatecrashed the pop scene in 2003 with a fistful of amazing, vibrant jazz-pop songs in one hand and a glass of wine and a fag clutched in the other.

It's said that myths are public dreams and dreams are private myths. Amy Jade Winehouse focused all her considerable force on living out her dreams in the most public of ways. She strove to make herself one with the mythology of rock'n'roll, jazz and blues, and finally, at the horribly mythic, horribly young age of 27, succumbed to it. Yet although she was

ultimately destroyed by her dedication to living out the time-honoured image of the rock'n'roll bad girl, the soul mama who plumbed the depths so we

didn't have to, it isn't colluding in that self-destruction to celebrate the fearless, cocky spirit at the heart of it.

Amy Winehouse's dedication not only to living every word, every note, of her song to the full, but to total naked, sometimes ugly honesty was a rare inspiration in pop. Never just pretty, never just palatable, she defiantly covered herself in dockers' tattoos, and was fiercely, hilariously open about her tooth and nail struggles with love, life, drink, drugs and food.

*She focused  
all her force  
on living out  
her dreams*

Her magnetic presence was cheeky, mouthy, earthy and infinitely lovable, but her voice carried within it the womanly weight of the world.

Born in Southgate in 1983 to taxi-driver father Mitch and pharmacist mother Janis, Amy was immersed early in the world of jazz and classic crooners such as Frank Sinatra and Dinah Washington. She began writing song at 14, and soon afterwards was expelled from the famous Sylvia Young Theatre School for piercing her nose. She sang around London with jazz bands for a time, before signing to Island Records by the age of 18, and right from her appropriately named debut, 'Frank' (which bagged her a Mercury nomination and an Ivor Novello Award for 'Stronger Than Me'), it was clear Amy was a mischievous, rebellious, unique new voice. She later said she was "only 80 per cent" behind







Amy prepares for an NME Awards show at London's Astoria in 2007





Onstage at  
Glastonbury, 2007



myth a mess. In an early interview Amy said, "My greatest fear is probably dying with no-one knowing of any contribution I'd ever made to creative music." No fear of that, but just to be sure: what we should be remembering and celebrating here is the woman who made a platinum plated, globe-straddling success of an album stuffed with lyrics like "He left no time to regret, kept his dick wet", who'd rhyme "chips and pitta" with "not bitter" without batting an enormous false eyelash. We should be remembering the brash, brave, wickedly witty vamp who in her first *NME* feature openly admitted that 'Back To Black' was "completely autobiographical. I was drinking too much... my house was a mess - blood, vomit spunk up the walls. Disgusting." Rather than the stumbling, lost woman the world witnessed onstage in Serbia last month, we should honour the never-apologising, never explaining, velvet-and-venom-voiced minx, the stone-cold classic songwriter who became the first British artist to win five Grammys, as well as a total of three Novellos, who steered British chart pop in a whole new-old direction. Adele and Lady Gaga have both acknowledged Amy's role in paving the way for their success; it's a heartbreaking shame that she never found the strength to further her own remarkable achievements before she died.

Let's think instead about her glory days, when her trash-talking transformation from the fresh faced, cheeky, beautiful girl that laughs out from the cover of 'Frank' to

*A classic  
songwriter,  
she took pop  
in a new  
direction*

avast! raved and ravaging  
rock'n'roll heartbreak  
queen was a shock  
and a delight. In  
my review of  
'Back To Black',  
I wrote: "It's  
her biting,  
up-front  
humour that  
bitch-slaps these  
gorgeous  
appropriations of  
Motown and  
Soul into the 21st  
century... It's  
sex, drugs and  
rock'n'soul  
with no rehab  
and no equals  
in sight."

The rehab,  
of course,  
did come  
eventually,  
but the  
equals never did. Many  
since have tried to  
replicate the Winehouse  
effect, but none have come  
close to her, perhaps  
because no-one else was  
willing to go as far as her.

We should be grateful for  
what she gave the world before she went  
where no-one could touch her.

her debut, which she didn't feel she'd  
had full control over, and it was her  
second album, 'Back To Black', that  
began the creation of Winehouse as  
mythical creature, with her super-sized  
sculptural beehives, the obscene red  
pout, the inch-thick jet-black liner.  
Sadly, as she revelled in the huge success  
of an album birthed in publicly  
exorcised heartbreak, her energies  
began to turn in the wrong direction,  
and she was more often in the press for  
her riotously lived life than her  
neglected music. She told us she was  
trouble right from the start, though,  
and even as just a tabloid personality,  
she made everyone's lives more  
interesting as she barrelled relentlessly  
through her own. She was a physically

astounding  
creature in  
the flesh:  
tiny, tottering  
on enormous  
heels, all  
rail-thin limbs  
and cartoon features.

It's galling how  
much in latter days,  
following endless,  
remorseless red-top  
coverage of her  
relationship with  
Blake Fielder-Civil,  
appearance in court  
on assault charges and increasingly  
messy indulgences in drink and drugs,  
the cartoon became a caricature, the



## Remembering Amy



**MARK RONSON:**  
"She was my  
musical soulmate  
and like a sister  
to me. This is one  
of the saddest  
days of my life."



**RUSSELL BRAND:**  
"I saw Amy on  
stage with [Paul]  
Weller. The awe.  
Winehouse! That  
twerp, all eyeliner  
and lager  
dithering up Chalk  
Farm Road under  
a back-combed  
barnet, the lips  
that I'd only seen  
clenching a  
fishwife fag and  
dribbling curses  
now a portal for  
this holy sound.  
She wasn't just  
some hapless  
wannabe, nor was  
she even a ten-a-  
penny chanteuse  
enjoying her 15  
minutes. She was  
a fucking genius."

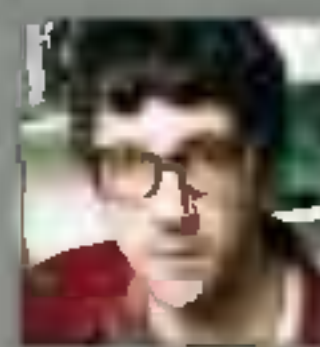


**MICK JONES, The  
Clash:** "Terrible,  
terrible. I've  
known her a bit  
and I'm very  
saddened."



**RYAN JARMAN,  
The Crips:** "I only  
met her a few  
times, but she  
seemed like a  
really nice person."

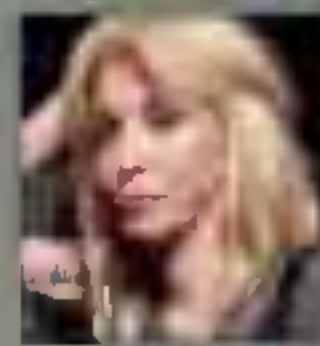
One of the worst  
things is, I have  
this belief that  
we'll all be saved  
by the music, and  
it's just not true.  
I'm absolutely  
bummed out."



**GRAHAM  
COXON:** "Poor  
Amy. This is  
such a dreadful,  
tragic waste...  
when she was  
on it she was up  
there with the  
absolute best.  
Amazing voice.  
I'll miss it."



**GUY GARVEY,  
Elbow:** "The word  
'soul' in music has  
come to mean  
slick and cheesy,  
but Amy put so  
much of her  
sweet, troubled,  
complicated self  
into that amazing  
music that she  
reclaimed the  
word. She only  
ever sang her  
soul. I hope we  
can focus now on  
her music and not  
her personal life.  
To those who  
tried to rob her  
of her dignity,  
you failed."



**COURTNEY LOVE:**  
"I won't even  
say, 'Waste of  
glorious sublime  
talent,' which  
I feel. I'm  
fucking gutted.  
I tried with her,  
I tried twice."





# HOW NME FELL FOR AMY

PHOTOS: DEAN CHALKLEY

*In October 2006, with 'Back To Black' about to be released, a 23-year-old **Amy Winehouse** gave her first major NME interview to now-editor **Krissi Murison**. What follows is a brassy and typically disorderly insight into a born star on the cusp of going supernova*



**KRISSI MURISON: "IT'S BLACKLY IRONIC** now to think that much of Amy Winehouse's first *NME* feature was spent building a case for her for realness. Before October 2006 Amy was the lippy but wholesome jazz-lite warbler blurring into an already grey area between Melua, Stone and Cullum. The interview took place a week before the release of 'Rehab', the song that would change perception of her forever, and happened not in the Good Mixer as stated here, but in a short crawl of Camden's many dingy bar-rooms. Even then I knew it was an interview I'd never forget. Amy was warm, bitchy, hilarious, bruisingly honest, sussed and wide-eyed. She ordered a jug of cocktails "to share" then drank it herself, jumped out of her seat to serenade me with perhaps the world's first public performance of her version of 'Valerie' (I'd asked her if she liked any guitar bands) and finished up by marching me to the Good Mixer to teach me how to play pool and to introduce me to her new boyfriend. We all agreed he was a much better catch "than the last one", Blake, with whom she would of course be reunited a few months later. En route we passed some old musicians loading their equipment into the Jazz Cafe. "Alright Amy!" they shouted, apparently dear old friends, and she chatted with them for 10 minutes discussing what they were playing in their set and arranging to return in a few hours to join them onstage. "Who were they?" I asked as we walked on. "No idea babe," she grinned. "They sound amazing though." And that's how I'll remember Amy best: a dazzling head-case and the biggest music fan I've ever had the pleasure to spend an afternoon getting drunk with."

*NME*, October 28, 2006

In a list of people you might have been surprised to see in *NME* in recent times, Amy Winehouse is up there with Meat Loaf, hip-hop-phobic Tory leader David Cameron and comedian Harry Hill, whose live show we reviewed in a quiet week this June. But in the three years since she became the nation's second favourite jazz warbler, the girl formerly known as "the one who isn't Katie Melua" has undergone quite a transformation.

Today, in dingy Camden boozer The Good Mixer, resplendent in her trademark war-paint make-up, necking jugs of cocktails and sporting a huge, naked woman tattoo on her arm, she's every bit the outrageous pop icon that makes Lily Allen look like Mother Teresa. And it's all down to one song. Recorded with New York DJ and currently America's hottest producer, Mark Ronson, 'Rehab' is a hip-sashaying homage to '60s girl-groups like The Supremes and The Shangri-Las, sung through the pipes of Aretha Franklin and the liver of Janis Joplin. And its storyline? Amy The Troubled Alcoholic's refusal to get help. What a furtive imagination, young lady.

"It's completely autobiographical. I was drinking too much," says Amy in her wider-than-wide Lahndan accent.

Roughly how much is too much?

"About 20 units a day. Anyway, one day

my mates came round at about roam, I was passed out with an empty bottle of Jack Daniel's in my hand. My house was a mess – blood, vomit, spunk up the walls. Disgusting."

While her friends set about making a bonfire of her puke-stained possessions ("they burned all my clothes!"), a still-hallucinating Amy was sent packing to her dad's house.

Amy: "The next morning my managers came round and said, 'I here's this place we wanna take you'. I was like, 'OK mate, let me put my face on and have a fucking bath first, bastards'. So I went to rehab and the fella there said, 'Why do you think you're here?' – it's all in the song – and I said, 'Well, people have brought me here 'cos I'm drinking a lot at the minute, but I'm not an alcoholic. I'm here 'cos I'm in love and I messed up. And I've been drinking for six months for my depression'."

So Amy discharged herself. Today, she is still depressed (she was diagnosed with manic depression a year and a half ago) and still drinking, but she's also dazzling company – ferociously funny and, despite rumours about a figure-ravishing eating disorder, startlingly attractive. With a new boyfriend, new management team and a dignified truce with the ex who inspired most of her

new album, 'Back To Black', she's happy to divulge details

about any subject you could imagine. From her new addiction of choice ("What is Amy's favourite prescription drug? Is it a) Diazepam b) Valium or is it c) Coproxamol? *I love them all!*"), to the truth behind a recent tabloid story in which she was said to have thrown

a candlestick at a gatecrasher of her birthday party ("it wasn't a gatecrasher, it was my boyfriend, and it wasn't a candlestick, it was a bottle of Jack Daniel's"). Within the course of the evening, she'll also prove herself quite the music buff, eulogising Johnny Cash one minute, dancing to the ska selections she's made on the jukebox the next. She says she met Pete Doherty on a TV show ("he asked me to sing some

Billie Holiday with him. It never happened, but it still might..."), that she likes The Zutons ("the Valerie band"), although accidentally told the singer to fuck off at a party once. And in case you're wondering, yes, she plays the guitar and yes, writes all her own songs. Coupled with the attitude, the tattoos (11 at last count), the talent and the bad behaviour, Amy Winehouse is rock'n'roll alright.

*She's ferociously funny and startlingly attractive*

*"You to make me rehab, I said, 'No, No'"*

*"I was drinking too much. My house was a mess – blood, vomit, spunk up the walls"*

*"I was drinking too much. My house was a mess – blood, vomit, spunk up the walls"*

## Influential and unique

*How 'Back To Black' changed pop forever*



If for no other reason than for helping to establish an entire cottage industry of retro-soul jazz divas, 'Back To Black' can be considered one of the most influential albums of the past 10 years. It is also, however, unquestionably one of the best.

Amy's 2003 debut, 'Frank', had been a serviceable introduction to her one-off voice, but its follow-up was a raising of the bar for mid-noughties pop music, going on to become one of those rare albums that is both stupidly successful and richly deserving of it. As *NME*'s Emily Mackay noted in her review – which hailed the album as a "tapestry of undeniable musical brilliance" – the key was not only Amy's inimitable vocal, but the uncompromising emotional honesty throughout.

Amy's talents as a songwriter are too often understated; in contrast to her heavily co-written debut, 'Back To

Black's every song is imbued with her own insecurities, contradictions and self-loathing to create something genuinely – perhaps even uncomfortably – real, true and soulful. It's evident, even from the most cursory of listens to 'Love Is A Losing Game' or 'Tears Dry On Their Own', that there was nothing inauthentic about the anguish and despair in her voice: all that was entirely firsthand. It's perhaps surprising, then, that it became such a success – the third-best selling British album of the noughties, in fact. At its core 'Back To Black' makes for decidedly uneasy listening, though the choice of Mark Ronson as producer certainly sweetens proceedings.

The story of Amy Winehouse will always be one of talent wasted rather than fulfilled, but in a pop landscape filled with poor imitations, this album stands as testament to her uniqueness. *Barry Nicholson*

Amy, photographed for her first *NME* feature in 2006





Fans flock to Amy's home to pay their respects



Trying out the other side of The Hawley Arms' bar



Amy at the The Good Mixer, her local haven

# QUEEN OF CAMDEN

North London was Amy Winehouse's spiritual as much as physical home. As the tragic news broke, **Jamie Fullerton** headed down to her favourite corners to hear local tributes

**C**amden Square, a quiet, leafy enclave of arguably London's most colourful party district, has been a second home to a scooter-mounted brigade of paparazzi for a long time. Before today they would patiently wait outside one particular white-painted semi-detached in the hope that Amy Winehouse would pop out en route to a court appearance, to pick up an ice pop, or for some other such mundane chore.

But at around 8:45 tonight they stand in line behind a blue-and-white police cordon as a black private ambulance pulls up to the property ahead of them. Besuited workers walk into the building with a folded maroon bag, then shortly afterwards walk back out and lift the singer's body into the back of the vehicle.

News had already broken about the death of the most talented and famous singer of her generation. But for many, this visual confirmation was the first time it became a reality. "It's... weird that she's gone," local fan Laura Simpson, wearing a Slayer T-shirt and leather jacket and dabbing a tear out of her right eye, says as she

stands on the path opposite. "Everyone knew her in Camden, a lot of pub [staff] knew her and had a good relationship. She has a good image here."

"We rang each other up straight away," Laura's friend Maria Matheou adds, as behind her a lady wraps a bunch of flowers before laying them on the square's gate. "People were stopping others on the street to tell each other. We'd see her around here, popping into the shop, having a drink. I saw her DJing at The Monarch a while back, it was cool, she was chatting and laid-back. It's a big loss."

**W**ith the rustle of sycamore leaves and the clicking of the camera shutters practically the only sounds in Camden Square, it feels improbable that anything else could be making a noise elsewhere in Camden tonight – mainly because Amy was the loudest thing here.

A walk down the road into the centre of the area, however, and the shutters are up for another Camden Saturday night. The Hawley Arms – famously one of

Amy's favourite watering holes – is rammed. But the staff's hackles are up – bags are searched for notepads, with anyone caught in possession quizzed about their motives.

If you're a journalist, you're not coming in. The only other hint of the loss is the candles flickering on the window ledge out the front.

Camden wasn't so much a playground for Amy as a living room – with her as the focal point. And the Hawley was possibly where she sat most comfortably. She did an impromptu show there last October, and felt so at home she'd

think nothing of nipping into the kitchen to swipe a bag of meatballs to take on the short hop home.

Tonight, indie hit after indie hit fires out of the jukebox but nothing, on this night alone, from 'Back To Black'.

*"Everyone knew her here"*  
Laura, fan



Blur's 'Charmless Man' gains the most beers-in-the-air cheers, which seems somewhat fitting. In the '90s Camden was the beating heart of Britpop. And while Amy's music may have sounded more at home in the jazz bars of Soho, as the guitars faded from national consciousness her ubiquity here made her the modern icon of the borough.

**U**nder the railway bridge and into Inverness Street, The Good Mixer Saturday crowd are also out in force. Above a table in the main bar area a painting entitled 'The Mixer Lads' presides over the booze swilling. In the image Morrissey grasps a pool cue and Shane MacGowan sips a tea – making us question the accuracy of the artists' impression – but most prominent is Amy, beehive in full effect, tats on display.

Landlady Sarah Hurley is raising a glass tonight for her friend – a regular of almost a decade. Outside the pub was the scene of some of the singer's most flash-blitzed paparazzi scrums, but inside it was a piss-up haven.

"She was 18 when she first started coming," an emotional Sarah explains. "Before 'Back To Black' came out she was in here every day, for hours – playing pool, having a drink. When the doors opened – she was in. She got to know everyone pretty well, she had this competition with one of the lads over who could read a book fastest."

The Mixer was a place of celebration for Amy, but the contrast between the pap-pack waiting outside and the friendly glow inside summed up her bittersweet life as a superstar. "We'd shut the blinds so she'd get some privacy," Sarah chuckles through a tear. "You'd get 40 scooters outside. But she was always going out and she loved playing pool. If someone wanted an autograph she'd just say, 'Can I finish my shot first?'."

"The market boys, the fruit and veg traders, they'd come in and go through *The Sun* and see the pictures – Amy would just laugh at herself. But later on it seemed more lonely for her. When she first came in she'd be with the same group of friends – then things happened, the stories, and in the end she'd just come in with her two bodyguards, Neville and Andrew. To the outside world it looked like she had everything you could dream of – but that doesn't really help when you're going home alone at night."

**B**ack on Camden Square, with midnight approaching, police have pulled back the cordons and nod sagely as fans ask for permission to step over and place paintings, guitars and goodbye notes. A couple hug intensely as three young girls zip under the line and place a rock each by the flower pile, while drunks drop off half-finished cans of Stella as rather undignified offerings. Camden's first night in a long time without Amy Winehouse is over, but you get the impression she's never going to really leave this place.

# Amy in her words

**"MUSIC IS THE ONLY THING I HAVE WITH REAL DIGNITY IN MY LIFE. THAT'S THE ONE AREA IN MY LIFE WHERE I CAN HOLD MY HEAD UP AND SAY 'NO-ONE CAN TOUCH ME'"**

**"I believe in casual sex. I know it's sad that I think cheating on people is fine. But I think it's like smoking a spliff"**

**"I don't ever want to do anything mediocre. I hear the music in the charts and I don't mean to be rude, but those people have no soul"**

**"I'm either a really good drunk or I'm an out-and-out shit, horrible, violent, abusive, emotional drunk"**

**"I'm probably already a diva, if that means that you don't give a fuck about opinions. I don't suffer fools gladly. I'm not here to make friends"**

**"Kids who listen to Dido and think 'I want to be like her' make me want to vomit"**



**"I DON'T THINK YOUR ABILITY TO FIGHT HAS ANYTHING TO DO WITH HOW BIG YOU ARE. IT'S TO DO WITH HOW MUCH ANGER IS IN YOU"**

**"I like pin-up girls. I'm more of a boy than a girl. I'm not a lesbian though. Not before a sambuca anyway"**

**"I'm of the school of thought where, if you can't sort something out for yourself, no-one else can help you. Rehab is great for some people but not others"**

**"I only write about stuff that's happened to me...stuff I can't get past personally. Luckily, I'm quite self-destructive"**

**"M**ustification is that most people my age spend a lot of their time thinking about what they're going to do for the next five or 10 years. The time they spend thinking about their life, I just spend drinking"

**"It's not important to me to make other people at ease. I am difficult, but that's because I don't really give a fuck"**



Flowers, a guitar and other tributes left by grieving fans near Amy's Camden Square flat



Other fans left hand-made artwork and candles in memory of the singer



# 'SHE WAS THE REAL DEAL'

*Amy's image became iconic, yet her personality always shone through. Here our leading photographers share the stories behind the pictures*



## CAMDEN, 2006

Marian Paterson, *NME* Picture Director: "We were shooting The Cool List, and we'd shot loads of artists already - Beth Ditto, Lily Allen - all with massive entourages, so I was shocked when the biggest star of them all, Amy Winehouse, arrived at the studio on her own, with no fuss. She asked us to join her down the pub when we finished. What struck me was how this huge talent had no ego."



## ISLE OF WIGHT FESTIVAL, 2007

Andy Willsher, *NME* photographer: "When Amy was on top form, she was a captivating performer. She was really singing her heart out that day and her huge crowd were enjoying singing along with her in the sunshine."



## BACKSTAGE AT KOKO, LONDON, 2006

Tom Oxley, *NME* photographer: "It was moments before she was going on. My phone rang and it was my sister. She said, 'I'm pregnant?' I blurted out 'YOU'RE PREGNANT?!' Amy stopped what she was doing and looked at me... she grabbed the phone and shouted 'CONGRATULATIONS?' My sister didn't believe me when I told her who it was."





**NO  
BALL  
GAMES**

**CAMDEN, 2006**

Dean Chaikley, *NME* photographer:  
"This shot reminds me of James Dean. There's no fancy pants background, it's very real and in keeping with her demeanour. She didn't live in a manor house in the country, she stayed in Camden, close to her roots. She had something about her, she had the music inside her. She was definitely the real deal."



# UPFRONT

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

Edited by Leonie Cooper



## FESTIVALS IN CRISIS?

*Glastonbury's future looks bleak. The competition? Doomed. That's the view of Michael Eavis, who insists that by 2015, summer won't ever be the same again. Is he right?*

*Festival organisers and NME readers have their say*

### MAIN EVENT

Well that's that then. Fun while it lasted. Glastonbury has "probably three or four years" left in its tank, Michael Eavis told *The Times*

earlier this month. And its competitors? They're due to be swept over the same cliff towards oblivion, as – in the eyes of the man behind Britain's largest rock festival – the public are simply bored of hanging out in fields.

"Partly it's economics, but there is a feeling that people have seen it all before," he said. "Womad and Latitude are not selling out. We sell out only because we get huge headliners."

But the first signs of armageddon are generally not when your entire run of

2011 tickets sell out in two hours – so it's curious that Eavis has suddenly turned from Somerset sage into prophet of doom. Some see his recent words as an act of theatre. Like Glastonbury's fallow years, is he taking the chance to drum up demand by artificially constricting supply? Or has Eavis, in his usual plain-speaking, over-egged way, articulated an under-represented truth? Is the festival market now on the brink of saturation, stagnation, and decline?

The past decade has been good to festivals, and total spend was up by £50 million between 2009 and 2010. There are now over 700 festivals every year in Britain, in a market already worth some £1.4 billion a year. In 2008, the credit crunch swept away the hindmost – including Zoo8, Tapestry and Wax:On

Live. It was assumed that the bubble had finally burst. But it hadn't. The years since have seen the launch of several minor festivals and one major one, Sonisphere. But with a finite number of top-drawer acts being stretched ever more thinly across the circuit, are festivals in danger? Faced with underwhelming line ups, samey bills and identikit facilities, have we – as Eavis makes out – lost some of the magic in the boom?

In recent years, fewer bands are making the leap to headliner status – and there's a consequent desire among promoters to secure the most bankable stars, regardless of how often they've been rotated. Of the big four – Kings Of Leon, Muse, The Killers and Arctic Monkeys – at the big four festivals – T,

Reading And Leeds, Glastonbury and V – three have played four headline slots in the past four years (the Monkeys' forthcoming V appearance will be their fifth). The Killers have headlined five in four years, and The Verve even managed three in the course of a year.

"I think Eavis is right insofar as too many festivals are not offering something that is unique," Stuart Galbraith, founder of metal upstarts Sonisphere, points out. "That's not our experience – we believe in serving particular niche market areas, and we've sold out because of that. But yes, there's a sense that some of the mid-level festivals may be on the brink of thinning out."

"Frankly in all my years of reading *NME* I can't think of a more uninteresting time for music," argues





Eavis says  
it's game over...



Enjoy it while  
you can? Fans  
at Bestival



... But Bestival's  
Rob da Bank  
still has hope

reader Mark Keast. "A consequence of this is that there's a reliance on reformed bands – or the usual faces – who most festival goers have seen several times already. I'm amazed that music fans get excited about seeing Foo Fighters once, never mind every other year."

"I'd like to see less festivals, with less bands spread across them," inveterate *NME* letter-writer Neil Renton agrees. "Imagine if Beyoncé or Arctic Monkeys or Mumford & Sons were only playing at one festival in Britain. How hard would it be to get a ticket – but how hard would you try? How much would you look forward to going instead of thinking that if you miss them you can always watch them at the iTunes shows on ITV2 on Tuesday night?"

"There are not an endless supply of headline level acts," says Geoff Ellis, organiser of *I In The Park*. "It's foolish to expect that some won't play more than one festival. In the last five years there are not many acts who have progressed to arena level, many who have are pop-based acts, and even less have progressed to stadium level." So is there an easy fix? Maybe not. "With fewer acts to choose from at the top end it's inevitable that some will play the festival circuits two years in a row," says Ellis.

"It's tricky booking the right headliners," says Bestival and Camp

Bestival supremo Rob da Bank. "I'm sure that for a lot of festivals it is partially true that they live and die by the headliners they've secured. We've managed to book the only worldwide shows by The Cure and Björk this year, but it takes a lot of effort to pull it off. I'm as confused as anyone by Michael Eavis' comments. Glastonbury was a massive inspiration to us in terms of starting a festival, and it's still the best in the world."

He acknowledges, though, that this year feels a little different. As head of the Association Of Independent Festivals, he's put ticket prices on their collective agenda. "In the past few months, we've noticed that certain festivals aren't selling out like they used to. It's quite a recent

***"I'm as confused as anyone  
by Eavis' comments. Glasto's  
a massive inspiration to us"***

**ROB DA BANK**

phenomenon." Bestival remains a sell-out, but he's keen to emphasise the fine line that separates success and failure. "We only really start to make money when we sell the last few thousand tickets. If you miss that target, you can fall pretty deep into the red



The Killers  
headlined  
the 'big four'  
five times in  
four years

pretty quickly. With Bestival, it took us five years to break even. It's a high-risk business."

"To give you an example," says Galbraith, "the risk exposure of a festival like Sonisphere is in the region of £10 million. If you miss your ticket sales target by 10,000, you're in the red by about £2 million. It's a game that can only be played by those with deep pockets, those who are willing to lose really large amounts of money for three or four years in the hope of turning a profit in the medium-term."

But readers of *NME* don't seem to mind the raw ticket price – even at the top end of the spectrum. "A holiday, a gig and a memorable experience all with a price tag of around £200?" Matthew Smylie says. "That's still great value in today's climate." They do, however, chiefly object to the hidden extras.

"Finding out the set times, using clean toilets – these things are basics, not excuses for further merchandising," Josh Reynolds complains. "Oh and those £7 cardboard boxes of noodles? Jog on."

This is a point that festival bosses are reluctant to concede. "It's difficult," says da Bank. "We have to have that income. Obviously, I'd love everything to be cheaper. But the prices are going up with suppliers. Maybe there's mark-up on some of those, but you forget how much stuff needs to be paid for. It all adds up."

As the economy contracts and festivals are usurped by other attractions as fashion items for the *Grazia* crowd, we may not be so spoilt for choice in future. The good news seems to be that shows that are unique – the ones that offer more than just lager and the Followills – will always have a place in our hearts.



# PUSHING THE ENVELOPE OR TAKING THE PISS?

*Karen O and Carl Barât are the latest in the line of rock stars to announce plans for operas after Damon Albarn launched Dr Dee earlier this month. Should we applaud their brave, creative vision or are they really just pretentious chancers? NME writers argue the toss...*

## OPERA IS TOTALLY ROCK'N'ROLL says Dan Martin



*Popstar To Operastar* didn't do much for the world, except to give little Joe McElderry the chance to get back on the telly. But the

weird Sunday night phenomenon may just speak of bigger things happening within our culture.

Tangent: geeks will be familiar with the principle of 'morphic fields', a phenomenon of random collective action whereby, say, a group of monkeys on an island work out how to use a rock as a knife, and on another island a thousand miles away, a different group of monkeys learn the same. The theory's that because the same thing is happening to them, there must be a link, or a wider design.

*Rock'n'roll is founded on the basis of ridiculous theatricality*

That's just science fiction, of course, but can you think of any more likely reason why, just a week after McElderry squealed his way to victory live on ITV1, the principle of *Indiestar To Operastar* is taking root in our very heartland? The inevitable bleatings will have risen up by now, on both sides of the cultural divide, that this is the pretentious folly of out-of-their-depth show-offs desperately trying

to find new ways to get attention as the record industry burns. I say, 'never'.

Consider the evidence. Damon Albarn's *Dr Dee, An English Opera*, the story of an eccentric 16th-century scientist/magician, has not only been receiving rave reviews at this year's Manchester International Festival, following 2007's *Monkey: Journey To The West*. Albarn's no stranger to adventures in high concept, and of course they don't always work. But he's living proof that indie people should not be precluded from dreaming bigger.

Meanwhile, Karen O already has the drama and extravagance of opera coursing through her veins. She promises a "psycho opera" of her own, representing "an assault on the tragic joys of youth". It's absolutely in keeping with the values that YYY have always represented. And yes, while the prospect of Carl Barât starring as the Emperor Nero in a pop-converted version of 17th-century Monteverdi work *The Coronation Of Poppea* is the most ridiculous thing we've ever heard, it's no more ridiculous than anything else Barât has done lately.

Rock'n'roll is founded on basics of ridiculous theatricality. Our most captivating music right now is all about that theatricality, from Wild Beasts' daft sex-dreams of Ophelia via the Lake District, to Zola Jesus' psych-goth fantasia, to My Chemical Romance dicking about with rayguns in a post-apocalyptic future. Which is better – that or Viva Brother? Let's not even answer that one, actually. Let's just reserve the right to laugh at everyone if they go wrong.



## OPERA IS FOR KNOBS says Hamish MacBain



Assuming – rightly – that no-one who reads or is in this magazine knows anything at all about opera (I just did a straw poll of the office, no-one can even name one), what does it mean to you? For anyone who's ever been in a guitar band, let's be honest: it's shorthand for dressing up nice and going to venues that aren't sponsored by O2. Which of the following statements holds more allure? "I'm off to Barfly to see Joy Formidable" or "I'm off to the Royal Opera House to see... er... um..."

I don't know anything about opera, and I don't give a monkey's about knowing anything about opera. Also: I've got nothing against opera, or indeed people trying to appear grander than they are just for the sake of it (props to Hurts' tongue-in-cheek opera singer, for example). But how is the posturing of indie types like Damon (who must HATE being called 'indie'), Karen O (ditto) or Carl Barât (who thinks writing a song called 'Je Regrette, Je Regrette' lends him an air of sophistication) not utterly maddening? If some douchebag on *The X Factor* starts singing a Radiohead song, everyone scoffs – how dare these uneducated plebs meddle with the holy scriptures they don't understand? Ask an opera buff: they feel the same contempt

for guitar-wielding grease-balls using their passion as a pose. To decide, suddenly, that you're going to be 'into' opera and write operas is as lame as one of the guys out of *The Wanted* saying they're going to make 'OK Computer'.

That's not to say, 'stick to what you're good at'. I'm all for pushing things forward and all that. But the opera thing is, in all cases mentioned, so, so obviously a pose – a half-arsed attempt to be seen as 'adult' (Damon's even grown a bloody beard for the occasion, to contrast with the baggy jeans he wears for doing hip-

*Opera is so, so obviously a pose; a half-arsed attempt to be seen as adult*

hop, or the Fred Perry polo he wears for Blur). If you get your mind blown by minimal techno while off your head in Berlin, say, and decide that you can't even look at a guitar again, fair enough. That's divine intervention. But any kind of contrived attempt to do what you think is going to make people think more highly of you... well, it's guaranteed to end in disaster. I'd love to get any one of those people to do a 'Pieces Of Me' in this magazine, and make them name their five favourite operas.





# SPEED DIAL PJ HARVEY

Now on her fourth Mercury nomination, the singer admits she knows little about her fellow nominees – or how she'll spend the cash if she wins

## Hey Polly! How does it feel to be nominated for the Mercury Prize for a record-equalling fourth time, for *'Let England Shake'*?

"Well, I always welcome such recognition of my work. It's wonderful that people have responded to the record and [the judges] have nominated it for the prize."

**The subject matter is hard going – did you expect the album to get such widespread acclaim?**

"I didn't have any expectations. I knew that I wanted to make this work and I knew that I had made it as well as I possibly could have done at this time, and that was what was important to me. But I had no expectations as to what other people would or wouldn't make of it."

**How much do awards mean at this stage in your career?**

"As I said, it's always welcome when you've worked very hard on a piece of work. But I don't judge myself by it; I don't judge my work as an artist by it. I just continue to do my work, and I don't feel influenced, really, by other judgements upon it."

**Your fifth album, *'Stories From The City, Stories From The Sea'*, won the Mercury on September 11, 2011, when you were in Washington DC. Describe the events from your perspective...**

"It was a very unusual day. The Pentagon was burning outside of the hotel window, which was very surreal. We were trying to get to a show but the whole city was locked down. The band and I had to wait in the hotel until the evening when we were finally allowed to move on to the next destination."

**What were the shows like after that?**

"I remember very well that they were of such a heightened energy. All of the audience and the band and myself – there was a great feeling of unity and of being



in the present moment, because at any other moment you didn't know what was going to happen."

**With that album being partly about New York, it must have taken on an extreme resonance.**

"Yes, that was quite unusual – that the record I had begun to write when living in New York should then receive that award on that particular day, but sometimes things happen like that in life, don't they?"

**Despite being nominated four times now, this year will be the first time you'll attend the awards. What happened on the first two occasions?**

"I've been trying to remember. I've got a feeling I was on tour. Of course it was a long time ago, because the first nomination was for *'Rid Of Me'* [1993] and the second was *'To Bring You My Love'* [1995], both albums I did lengthy tours for."

**What will you do with the prize money if you win?**

"I haven't even considered that. If the situation arises, I'll consider it then."

**In the history of the prize, are there any winning albums that you love?**

"(Long pause) No! Let me put it this way – I don't own any of the albums that have ever won the Mercury Prize except my own, because I made it."

**Are there any of this year's other shortlisted albums you are into?**

"To be honest with you, I haven't heard any of them, and I'm not familiar with any of them! Or any of the nominated artists' work in any great depth."

**What would you have liked to see nominated?**

"In the last 12 months... No, I can't think of anything!"

**So you don't keep up with contemporary music?**

"Not for a lack of knowing it exists, but because I find nothing that interests me. I listen to Neil Young a lot at the moment. I listen to older artists, The Doors and things that excite me, and I find very little that excites me that's happening today."

**In what sense do you find it unexciting?**

"Largely unoriginal. I think mostly that's the reason, because I've already heard it done a hundred times better before, and it doesn't speak to my soul. Everybody is different in that way. I'm not saying there isn't great work existing now – for many people there is – but for my own personal taste there's nothing that really grabs me and makes me want to go out and do more investigation into this music. I feel much more inspired by other avenues of artwork these days, personally. I find theatre very inspiring. I might get great inspiration from paintings, from going to exhibitions, but very rarely do I feel stimulated by a piece of music from contemporary artists."

**You've got a bit of a break until September now – any plans?**

"Yeah, I have quite a lot of work going on. Things that are a bit difficult for me to talk about at the moment because they're in the starting phases, but I am beginning to work on different projects already. I will be continuing to work with Seamus Murphy [who made the films for *'Let England Shake'*] definitely, so he and I will be beginning to

unfold our next project. And I'll also be thinking about doing some music with theatre in the future as well."

**Let us know your thoughts on the Mercury Prize at [NME.COM/blogs](http://NME.COM/blogs)**

## MERCURY RISING

*Polly's been up for the prize four times, meaning that she's tied with Radiohead for the title of most nominated. Here are her four nods...*

### 'Rid Of Me' (1993)

Raw, caustic and sung in deathly falsetto. The extensive tour that followed the album brought on a nervous breakdown.

### 'To Bring You My Love' (1995)

Marking PJ's first album without the band, this is considered her breakthrough work, drawing influence from religion and Captain Beefheart.

### 'Stories From The City, Stories From The Sea' (2001)

Goodbye Dorset, hello New York: Polly gets polished for her epic, almost poppy fifth album.

### 'Let England Shake' (2011)

NME's only 10/10 album of the year so far – a haunting, peerless treatise on the atrocities of war.



Biffy's  
gardening  
project hasn't  
quite taken off



## BIFFY GET BACK ON TRACK

*Newsflash from Clyro HQ: the Scottish rockers finally have a new album in the works*

**B**iffy Clyro are heading back into the studio before Christmas, with the follow up to massive-selling 'Other Revolutions' expected out by summer 2013. With 22 tracks written already – including newbies 'Black Chandelier' and 'The Joke's On Us' – bassist James Johnson filled us in on what to expect and how things have been going.

### NEW MUSIC

"Simon's still finalising some of the lyrics to 'The Joke's On Us'... It's heavy, I hate to say it's typically Biffy, because that sounds like we're just peddling the same old nonsense, but it could have fit on the last record – although it's got a bit more of an aggressive edge to it."

### HITTING THE STUDIO

"We don't want to take six months off and forget what it's like to be a band. We want to get into the practice room, but at the same time we don't want to rush things. You've only got one chance

to make a record, so you have to make it right and you have to make it well – that's the challenge; it's not easy, even after five records."

### LA LIVING

"It's such a creative city. If you need to get a Theremin into the studio in half an hour, you can do it. In Glasgow you've got no chance of that."

### EVOLUTION

"Radiohead could bring out any sort of music and you'd be like, cool – you don't get pissed off, they don't alienate their fans. I want people to forget about us for a few months so we can come back and surprise them!"

### STAYING SANE

"Making 'Puzzle' we were all pretty close to losing our minds – we were in Canada in the pissing rain for two months and had no outside contact, it was just the three of us. Not one we would choose to repeat!"

## NOEL SINGLE TAKES FLIGHT

*Ex-Oasis man's solo project up and running – and here's how it sounds*

**T**he world got its first taste of Noel Gallagher's High Flying Birds on Monday morning when the former Oasis guitarist unveiled the video for his debut solo single, 'The Death Of You And Me'.

The song was scheduled to be made available at the rather exact time of 8:21am on Gallagher's YouTube channel, prompting some impatient users to post irate comments until it finally arrived eight minutes later. Almost two years on from the Oasis split, however, the question remains: was it worth the wait?

Well, fans expecting a radical shift in direction will have to keep waiting for Gallagher's promised collaboration with Amorphous Androgynous, because 'The Death Of You And Me' sticks fairly rigidly to the sound of his later Oasis contributions, in particular 2005's 'The Importance Of Being Idle'. Over a shuffling country-esque rhythm, Gallagher – singing mostly in falsetto – laments how "The kids are looking gritty, but isn't it a pity/That the sunshine is followed by thunder/And thoughts of going under", before a classic-sounding chorus kicks in, the lyrics of which ("It will be the death of you and me/I can feel the storm clouds sucking up my soul") Noel claimed at his recent press conference were to do with his wife Sara, but seem destined to be interpreted as being about Liam. The brass band that turns up *apropos* of nothing, however, is certainly a curveball that no-one saw coming, and suggests that, free from the expectations that accompanied Oasis, Noel might feel free to attempt the unexpected a little more than usual elsewhere on the album.

The accompanying video, set in a roadside diner, plays up the song's lazy, languid country vibe, and seems to tell the story of a bored and listless waitress and the mysterious trailer she disappears into at the end, with the promise: 'To be continued.' Consider our appetites whetted...

### PROTEST Pop!



Queen drummer Roger Taylor is re-releasing his now rather topical 1984 song 'Dear Mr Murdoch', in which he calls the News International boss "king of the tits". In these turbulent times, don't be surprised if some other acts come up with protest songs of their own...

**ELBOW**  
'Eat Some Rocket Boys!' Guy and co take on childhood obesity

**FRANK TURNER**  
'Eton Trifles' They were really shit and, y'know, posh people have problems too

**RADIOHEAD**  
'Coe = Tosser' A bitter rant about the Olympics coming to London. "Why not Oxford?" Thom wails incessantly over sparse electro

**KASABIAN**  
'Pterodactyl!' Leicester's finest are up in arms that the winged dinosaur didn't get enough airtime in the Jurassic Park trilogy

**THREE TRAPPED TIGERS**  
'No Trapped Tigers!' Math-rockers tackle animal rights



Noel failed to laugh at MME's Liam impression



# PIECES OF ME SKREAM

*The Magnetic Man star on his adoration for East 17, Australian comedy and a coke-snorting policeman*

## My first album

### 'STEAM' BY EAST 17

"I was about six or seven. I was a massive East 17 fan. My favourite track was probably 'Steam'. I only remember this because I've got a dance move I do jokingly backstage, with that song in mind."

## My first gig

### EAST 17, ROYAL ALBERT HALL, LONDON

"I remember my mum taking me - it must have been around the same time that the album came out. I remember thinking it was amazing, but looking back now, it was probably dreadful. But the thing was, at my primary school, the boys liked East 17 and the girls liked Take That. I can't believe I just admitted that."

## The first song I fell in love with

### 'WHY LEAVE US ALONE' BY FIVE SPECIAL

"It's only since I've been older that I've been able to understand music more. It would probably have been something like Five Special's 'Why Leave Us Alone'. The chord change in it just gets me every time. It's amazing. It makes me wish I was around in the '70s."

## My favourite lyric

### 'JUST AS LONG AS WE'RE TOGETHER' BY PRINCE

"I particularly like: 'I'll get the music baby, you bring the wine'. I don't know why, really. It kind of reminds me of me. I didn't get to catch him at Hop Farm because I'm currently waiting for my girlfriend to give birth, but my brother's girlfriend went and she said it was epic. I really didn't want to hear about it."

## My favourite work of art

### BANKSY'S COCAINE COPPER

"It's probably one of Banksy's. It's the one where there's paint dripping around London, and at the end of that is a policeman snorting a line of coke. If you follow the trail of dripping paint around London, that's what it gets to. The idea behind it was genius - that he actually rode around with paint dripping off the bike. I read about it and thought about how much effort must have gone into it."

## Right Now I Love

### ECHO PARK

"I can do a sly little plug here. I've got a new artist on my label called Echo Park, who is originally from LA, but now resides in Chile. We're putting his album out later on this year. It's on the same sort of tip as Chromeo, kind of like straight-up funk - he produced it all himself. He's really, really



good, and should be one of the people to look out for. It's a throwback to early '90s R&B. It's very what I'm into."

## Favourite TV Show

### ANGRY BOYS

"Well, my all-time favourite TV show is Jeremy Kyle. I know that's really bad, but when I'm hungover on a Monday morning, it makes me feel a little bit better about myself. But my favourite show is *Angry Boys* on BBC3. It's a comedy by Chris Lilley, an Australian actor and writer. It's so on point, and the way it's put together, he's playing every part, and it's just mad. He hits the nail on the head with the irony of Australian life."



Clockwise from main: Skream, possibly doing his 'Steam' East 17 dance; lyrical genius Prince; the 'mad' *Angry Boys*; East 17 singer Brian Harvey and his massive forehead; 1994 album 'Steam'; Five Special's 'Why Leave Us Alone'; Banksy's artist's impression of what the police do with confiscated contraband





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## PETER ROBINSON Vs BAXTER DURY

The son of legendary Blockhead Ian is impressed by our interviewer's tales of dancefloor poo

Hello, Baxter.

"How are you? (*Spluttering*) Sorry, I'm choking on a pecan."

It sounded like a chuckle in your voice. The reality's disappointing. "I was starving. I knew you'd ring. I found some pecan nuts."

And you thought you could get one in before the phone rang? "I got loads in. I was quite ambitious. But it backfired."

How was your weekend?

"It was pretty chilled. My little boy was playing football in Hayes, which is a bit of a shithole, and then it rained so it was like a suburban monsoon."

What sort of music does your son like?

"He said to me the other day that my music reminds him of Old Gregg from *The Mighty Boosh* – 'and,' he added, 'that's not a good thing'. He's not a massive fan of mine. He always says to me, 'Grandad was a lot better than you are.' He also says things like, 'Grandad gets a lot more press than you do, Dad.' (*Laughs*) But he's into Katy Perry at the moment."

And you're now on the same label as Katy Perry.

"Yes! I don't know if that means we get in the same lifts though..."

Do you think Katy Perry still does lifts?

"I haven't done lifts for *decades*. I don't do lifts. Who do you think I am? Actually, I don't think my record company has lifts any more, they were all sold by the company that owned it last. I bet XL have got loads of lifts. Unnecessary lifts that go nowhere. XL are brilliant, aren't they, really? And Adele is ridiculously good. The maths are all there. Even if you see Limp Bizkit covering one of her songs, it's still a good song."

That's the ultimate test really, isn't it: if a song can survive an assault from Limp Bizkit, it must be alright.

"Exactly! I'd like to see Limp Bizkit doing The Horrors, actually..."

If the maths are all there for Adele, what is the equation for your new album?

"There would be a large amount of disappointment, plus rejection, plus some London buses."



Are we talking double decker buses or bendy ones?

"(*Gravelly voice*) Routemasters. That was a very bronchial 'Routemasters'. Don't tell anyone I've been eating pecan nuts to get that sound in my voice, will you? It'll be 'Pecan Cockney, Baxter Dury'."

Perhaps Pecan Cockney is the new Champagne Socialist.

"Yes!"

What is your song 'Leak At The Disco' about?

"It's about someone realising how old they are, or maybe not realising how old they are – someone in the process of having a bit of a nervy B."

The title made me think of someone I know who DJs at a London club that recently had a foam party. When the foam was cleared at the end, the cleaners found a gold tooth and a poo.

"I'd be quite pleased if I'd prompted a reaction that had been that extreme. They're two extreme expressions."

I suppose it's flattering – there was someone having so much fun their tooth fell out, and someone else just didn't want to leave the dancefloor.

"The thing with the poo is, a gold tooth is almost destined to fall out at some point. The poo falling out – well, poos don't just fall out, do they? So it's pretty amazing, really. I'd be proud."

When BBC Three cover music festivals and do those sweeping shots over thousands of people, the question is: how many of them are secretly doing a poo? "Do they show that on TV, though?"

## THIS WEEK'S TOP 20

## THE NME CHART

- 1 36 THE STROKES 'MACHU PICCHU' (RCA)
- 2 29 DRY THE RIVER 'NO REST' (V2)
- 3 16 THE KOOKS 'THE SABOTEUR' (W&A)
- 4 1 HARD-Fi 'GOOD FOR NOTHING' (RCA)
- 5 5 FOSTER THE PEOPLE 'DON'T STOP (COLOR ON THE WALLS)' (CAPTIVA)
- 6 13 MILES KANE 'WHALES' (GEMINI)
- 7 25 METRONOMY 'THE RAY' (Dance Attack)
- 8 19 COLDPLAY 'EVERY TEARDROP IS A WATERFALL' (CAPTIVA)
- 9 35 TRIBES 'SAPPHO' (NBM)
- 10 3 WILD BEASTS 'RED OF NAILS' (Dance)
- 11 7 JAMIE XX 'FAN BEATER' (V2)
- 12 23 FRIENDLY FIRES 'HAWAIIAN AIR' (V2)
- 13 14 BEN HOWARD 'THE WOLVES' (NBM)
- 14 3 THE JOY FORMIDABLE 'A HEAVY ABACUS' (HUSTLE/CAPTIVA)
- 15 21 CHAPEL CLUB 'BLIND' (FELONY)
- 16 37 HOWLER 'I TOLD YOU ONCE' (Vocal Fresh)
- 17 28 ARCTIC MONKEYS 'BLACK TREACLE' (Dance)
- 18 12 DEATH CAB FOR CUTIE 'YOU ARE A TOURIST' (HUSTLE)
- 19 11 TOM VEX 'A CHORE' (NBM)
- 20 7 ALL THE YOUNG 'WELCOME HOME' (HUSTLE)

## NME RADIO

Hear the chart rundown first every Monday at 7pm on NME Radio  
[NME.COM/RADIO](http://NME.COM/RADIO)

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## NEW TO NME RADIO PLAYLIST

THE DRUMS  
'Money'  
THE KOOKS  
'Is It Me?'  
CAGE THE ELEPHANT  
'Right Before My Eyes'  
ADELE  
'Rumour Has It'  
BEASTIE BOYS FT  
SANTIGOLD  
'Don't Play No Game That I Can't Win'

The NME Chart is compiled each week by NME Radio and is based on how many times each track has been played on the station over the previous seven days.



# RADAR

FUTURE STARS, BREAKING SCENES, NEW SOUNDS...

Edited by Matt Wilkinson



ABOUT  
TO  
BREAK

Jordan's beard-  
growing ability is  
cruelly mocked

## HOWLER

America's next big guitar hopes – new on Rough Trade and ready to rock

**W**ait here. I'll get the key," says Howler's loping frontman, Jordan Gatesmith, as he leaves *NME* alone momentarily in the depths of Minneapolis coffeehouse Java Jacks. We're flanked by a disreputable-looking couch, a cobwebbed set of school lockers and a busted swivel chair. It's safe to say that this is the part of JJ's none of the latte-sippers upstairs see. "I hope you weren't tempted to sit on the couch," cracks Gatesmith, returning with keys in hand. After two clicks, the door opens wide, revealing a shockingly spacious haven. This is the practice space Howler have called home since the band formed a year ago. There's a pinball machine and a wall adorned with countless record sleeves, including hallowed releases from Twin Cities' legends Hüsker Dü and The Replacements. Head back further and there's a makeshift stage, where only eight weeks earlier the mostly teenage band, including Gatesmith, Ian Nygaard, Max Petrek and Brent

Mayes, made the kind of impression that even a jet-lagged, seen-it-all A&R from Rough Trade UK couldn't deny. A record contract was drafted up the very next day.

Admittedly it's odd that something so simple as the band's only recorded collection of songs to date, the rip-roaring 'This One's Different' EP (out August 1), should sound so revolutionary in 2011 – but that's mostly a testament to just how far the pendulum has swung since The Strokes released 'Is This It' (almost 10 years ago *to the day*, spookily). Fact is, you can scarcely be called a rock band now unless you display a fondness for rinky-dink Casio loops. What Howler are doing is putting pure, gutsy faith back into the power of knee-trembling, guitar-shredding pop.

As we finish up our tour, Gatesmith gushes about his latest obsessions: The Jesus And Mary Chain, shoegaze, and raucous recordings of Jay Reatard. All are strongly influencing Howler's first full-length, which he is already well into writing. It's a reminder that, at 19, Gatesmith still has a world of potential he's yet to unlock. *Jonathan Garrett*

### NEED TO KNOW

**BASED:** Minneapolis, Minnesota  
**FOR FANS OF:** The Strokes, The Replacements

**BUY IT:** 'This One's Different' EP (released August 1)

**On NME.COM:** Watch an exclusive video from the band

**BELIEVE IT OR NOT:** The building where So-TM, Howler's local label and recording studio, is housed was also where serial killer Andrew Cunanan committed his first murder in 1997. Cunanan's most famous victim was fashion designer Gianni Versace.



# The Buzz

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



## 1 INC'S DEBUT EP

When they're not photographing their washboard abs, real life bros Andrew and Daniel Aged make like Prince at one of his debauched Paisley Park parties. The purple one's 'Dirty Mind' is, on the evidence of 4AD-issued debut EP '3', their soundtrack of choice, but lest anyone get the wrong idea they've now dropped the prefix 'Teen' from their name. Perhaps the Ageds like to keep their post-midnight activities strictly legal - news that'll reassure their label, given all the sweaty come-ons, orgasmic synths and pounding backbeats on show here. As far as we know, they've not yet made anyone a 'Millionaire' (as they state on '3's best track - online at [NME.COM/blogs](http://NME.COM/blogs)), but Inc sure know how to make an indecent proposal.



## 2 THEME PARK'S WAX

The band once known as Ark People have previously obsessed over Talking Heads ('Milk'), but on 'Wax' they show a more subtle side, recalling The Maccabees' most melodic moments. Head to [NME.COM/blogs](http://NME.COM/blogs) to hear it now, ahead of its release (along with another newie, 'A Mountain We Love') on August 29.



## 3 NEW NAVY'S VIDEO FOR 'ZIMBABWE'

In which Foals go tropical. The Sydney upstarts' Rory Anderson-directed vid sees them put an office lackey through his paces - chucking computers around and waging all manner of work anarchy - while they slum it on the world's most heavenly beach. Schweet.



## 4 ENNU'S 'COCONINO'

Steel City is about the last place you'd expect to produce a synth trio enamoured with woozy, Walkmen-styled ballads, but in fairness, the mashed-up delirium of partystarter-in-chief and fellow Pittsburgh resident Girl Talk didn't make much sense when we first heard it either. And we all know how that turned out.



## 5 RUSSO

South London's very own Russo is all about girl power (though not the Tory-endorsing style espoused by Ginger Spice in the '90s). Her schtick is primed by gritty lyrics and grittier vocals, like a ghetto version of Lily Allen. With a deep love of dubstep, could the Polydor-signed singer pick up where Katy B left off? Maybe, just maybe...

## BAND CRUSH



Frank Turner on his favourite new act

"Ben Marwood's a singer-songwriter from Reading who I've known for many years. He's put out a number of EPs in the past few years, and finally made a debut record earlier in 2011 called 'Outside There's A Curse'. I successfully managed to get him a record deal with my label, Xtra Mile. It's an incredible record, and I'm really glad to have had a tiny part in making it happen."



## LIL B

OLD BLUE LAST, LONDON  
SATURDAY, JULY 16

### CAUGHT LIVE

East London's most notorious venue sold out tonight's show in minutes. Those lucky enough to get in end up rubbing shoulders with the UK's hip-hop elite: Skepta, JME, Jammer, and Carri 'Cassette Playa' Mundane, not to mention New Yorker Santigold, are all out in force. Why? Because everyone wants to see if Berkeley, California's self-proclaimed BasedGod can live up to the hype.

And what hype. Lil B may not be the most lyrically dense rapper in the world, but his notoriously OTT one-liners, minimalist flow and ultra-naughty lyrical content have made him a bloggers' fave of 2011.

Amazing, then, that this is his first UK show. Aside from the slebs, the grubby pub room is inhabited by a curious mix that includes trendy Hoxtonites, meek onlookers and rap-loving grime kids. But everyone moshes, and that's what defines - and, at points, threatens to destroy -

proceedings, leaving tonight feeling more metal than rap. When the bass-led intro to 'Hoes On My Dick' drops we're on the verge of kicking off, but it's last year's hit 'Ellen Degeneres' that receives the biggest, most seismic reaction. As soon as the word "swag" leaves Lil B's blinged-out gob, the floorboards become trampoline-like and all hell breaks loose. So when he then invites the entire room to come and join him onstage, he leaves the fraught-looking bouncers no option but to let it happen. Things don't let up -

*Punters hang from the railings and stand on top of the bar to catch a better view*

punters hang from the railings and stand on top of the bar to catch a better view, while our host cracks random jokes about the Royal Family, Justin Bieber and him being (ahem...) the John Lennon of hip-hop. Later, he also allows every single fan in the building to have their Kodak moment. He's out to impress, and that's exactly what he ends up doing. *Joseph 'JP' Patterson*



SCENE  
REPORTTRASH  
TALK'S PUNK  
PROGNOSIS

*Lee Spielman dives headfirst into this week's hardcore and metal pit*



There's plenty of variety on offer this month, from thrash ballads to metal hip-hop. If you're after something that can drown you in its heaviness, one band I'm loving right now is Xibalba. They're from southern California and they're for people who like Sepultura. They've got a '90s

death metal influence – they're into things like Disembodied and Morbid Angel – and are signed to A389 Records.

On the opposite vibe, Ancient VVidom are super stoner rock heavy. There's Nate from Integrity in there, and one of the dudes from Iron Age too. It's music to smoke weed to – for fans of Alice In Chains and so on. They released a split record with Charles Manson recently: they just visited him in jail, put down their iPhones, started taping and mixed it later.

Zach Hill, the drummer in Death Grips, used to play in Hella, one of the gnarliest heavy bands of recent times. Now he's doing this, which is basically like Wu-Tang-style raw, aggressive raps meets Black Flag. They sample the riff from 'Rise Above', then overdubbed all these live drums onto it. It's raw, it's very real, and it makes you want to punch things.

Punch are a power ballad thrash band from San Francisco who make music with crazy time signatures and tour so hard. They were on 625 Records originally, but now they've signed to Deathwish Inc. They also have a girl singer, which is pretty unique in itself.

LEE'S  
TOP 5

XIBALBA  
'Pulled'

ANCIENT VVIDOM  
'By Fire Light'

DEATH GRIPS  
'Beware'

PUNCH  
'Sour Grapes'

SOUL SEARCH  
'Stuck'

Soul Search are from LA and for fans of '80s hardcore. They've got an EP out called 'Bury The Blame' which you should definitely check out because they are the southern California hardcore band right now. People come to their shows specifically in order to go completely nuts.

Finally, if you're in Britain, I can recommend one more band you ought to check out at your local – that's us, Trash Talk. We're back on tour during August, and it promises to get very heavy, so come on down.

NEXT WEEK'S COLUMNIST:  
Popjustice's Peter Robinson

5  
TO SEE

This week's  
unmissable new  
music shows

BABESHADOW  
Boilerroom,  
Guildford  
July 27

THE HISTORY OF  
APPLE PIE  
Old Blue Last,  
London  
July 28

TALL SHIPS (pictured)  
Forum,  
Tunbridge Wells  
July 29

LEOPALLOOZA  
Bude, Cornwall  
July 30

CRYSTAL STILTS  
Static Gallery,  
Liverpool  
Aug 1

DZ DEATHRAYS  
PLOT UK ATTACK

*White-hot Brisbane duo's EP reaches our shores*

RADAR  
NEWS

Aussie thrash-pop newcomers DZ Deathrays have announced details of their debut UK single. The duo – who reached Number

Eight in NME's Top 50 Bands Of 2011 list recently – will release the five-track 'Ruined My Life' EP on September 19. Speaking to Radar, singer/guitarist Shane Parsons tells us that although the songs have been around for a while, 'Ruined My Life' is a big release for the band.

"We're planning to spend a good amount of time over in the UK in the future, so to get the EP released properly there is a massive bonus," he says. "Even though when we were over in May

it all kicked off for us, we didn't actually have anything at all that people could buy." Fans won't have any such problems this time round, as the band are releasing the EP every which way possible. "We've even got it coming out on cassette through [new Transgressive imprint] Kissability," Parsons explains, "just so we've got every format base covered."

With tentative plans to come back for a tour of what Parsons calls "proper shows" to coincide with the release, the band are also looking ahead to recording their debut album, which they want to put out early next year.

"We've written about 90 per cent of it," he says. "We've been going pretty crazy on it since we got back home from our last tour, and we had this massive surge of songs just come to us about three weeks ago. We're gonna head back to the UK to road-test some of them properly later this year and then start recording it as soon as we get back home."

*"We've just had a massive surge of songs!"*

SHANE PARSONS, DZ DEATHRAYS

Indeed, Shane adds that the only thing stopping DZ Deathrays from being completely free-thinking at present is the fact that him and bandmate Simon Ridley are still trying to hold down office jobs amid all the madness of touring, writing and recording.

"It's pretty full-on," he sighs. "We're pulling some major days off."



Made from Xibalba  
with special guests  
The California Death  
Metal War's Choir



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# Prince Of REINVENTION

PHOTO: PIETER M VAN HATTEM

Former Test Icicle, muse of Florence and Lightspeed Champion **Dev Hynes** swapped Dalston for NYC and ended up working with Beyoncé's family and Jay-Z. Now he's back with Prince-y project Blood Orange – **Sam Richards** hears how he went from nu-metal screamer to crooning like a girl

**W**hat have you achieved in the past six years? Swiped a traffic cone and got away scot-free? Perfected spaghetti bolognese on a budget? Won over a fiver on the pub quiz machine more than once?

Well, Dev Hynes has achieved quite a lot. He started out in one of the most important and short-lived underground bands of the noughties, was the driving force behind one of the decade's biggest albums, got enlisted by Jay-Z to offer fashion advice, and starred butt-naked in a ketamine-fuelled film with Macaulay Culkin. Oh, and crashed round Beyoncé's mum's house while he was writing tunes for her sister, Solange.

With his Lightspeed Champion project shelved for the time being, Dev is about to add another role to his CV: he's now indulging his love of Chris Isaak and falsetto soul under a new alias, Blood Orange.

Constantly changing personae? Extreme prolificacy? Studio megalomania? Starring in weird movies? Singing like a girl? Did someone say 'mini-Prince'? Dev reveals how he went from Essex boy to sexy motherfucker in six deft reinventions...

## 1 THE GRIMEY NU-METAL SPLURGE

Not counting a stint as lead cellist in his school orchestra, Dev's first tilt at musical infamy was as one third of silly Day-Glo electro-punk band Test Icicles, a kind of proto-Klaxons who burned brightly and briefly

across east London in the middle of the last decade. Their attempts to mush nu-metal, skate-punk, electro and grime into a palatable purée were flawed, but it was fun watching them fail.

"It was a confusing time," admits Dev. "We were 18. Our minds moved so quickly. Test Icicles was everything we were listening to in one. Later I learned to fine-tune my influences into different projects."

You know that some people still consider Test Icicles to be one of the great lost bands of the noughties?

"Ha! Well, some people liked it, but a lot of people really fucking hated it. And they let us know that they hated it. So I find it completely hilarious when Test Icicles get brought up in a positive light now, because it wasn't shone upon us at the time."

## 2 FLORENCE'S ONE-MAN MACHINE

Not many people know that back in the days before she had her own harpist, choir and orchid roadie, Florence Welch's Machine basically consisted of Dev and an acoustic guitar.

"We played house parties and random venues, covering Green Day and Blink-182. It's kinda hilarious. The Machine's pretty big now!"

Last time you spoke to *NME* you were complaining about not receiving due royalties from 'Lungs'...

"Well, that's how it was portrayed, via a bad day on the phone. But I don't care or think about that stuff. I helped inform 'Lungs' in some respects, but it was recorded over a long period of time, so I was in and out."

For the record, Dev now seems utterly unfussed about claiming a slice of the 'Lungs' pie. He and Flo still hang out when she's in New York, and they now share the same manager, Mairead Nash (of Queens Of Noize).

## 3 THE PLAID-CLAD TROUBADOUR

After Test Icicles split in 2006, Dev pulled a startling U-turn and transformed himself into a confessional country-folk troubadour called Lightspeed Champion, flying out to Omaha, Nebraska, to work with Bright Eyes' producer Mike Mogis. At the time, Lightspeed was pitched as 'the real Dev', but it turns out that the plaid shirt and trapper hat were just another disguise.

"The first Lightspeed album could have gone in multiple directions. At one point it was going to be more grunge-based. At another point I was talking to this guy Dntel [aka Jimmy Tamborello of The Postal Service] and it was going to be kinda electronic. Eventually it went in this Gram Parsons direction."

What was it like uprooting from the vomit-flecked streets of Dalston to the frozen wastes of Nebraska?

"I liked being in Omaha but it was definitely very different. There were mountains of snow. Mike lived at the top of a hill and Conor [Oberst] lived at the bottom, so we'd go down to Conor's house on a sled."

Dev released a second "unashamedly over-the-top" Lightspeed Champion album at the beginning of last year, revealing his love for Broadway musicals – and thus crasing most of the fanbase he'd built up with the first one.





## "I DON'T CLAIM TO UNDERSTAND FEMALE PERSPECTIVES"

*Dev Hynes*

► "It's partly my fault – I decided that I hated touring. I'm constantly apologising to Domino. No other label would put up with my shit. It's not like I'm always getting arrested or anything, but I definitely have strong views that also tend to change."

So does Lightspeed Champion still exist?

"I wrote and recorded an album last year but I don't know what I'm going to do with it. It could be a Lightspeed album, but it's really acoustic, with a lot of vocals. So it could be something else entirely."

### 4 BEZZIE MATES WITH BEYONCE AND JAY-Z

When Dev moved to New York in 2008, his initial aim was to just write songs for other people. "My childhood fantasy was never to be a performer, I always just imagined having this *discography*," he says. "I find doing other people's stuff way more satisfying and I keep the leftovers for me."

Doesn't becoming a gun for hire mean that you have to end up taking the corporate shilling from artists you don't necessarily respect, like, let's say, *The X Factor* loser Diana Vickers?

"I'm willing to work with anyone because what's the worst thing that could happen? You could write some sucky music, but no one dies. And you may end up with something good."

Or, indeed, you could end up dosing at Beyoncé's mum's house...

"I was producing a Theophilus London track that we got Solange [Knowles] to sing on. At the end of the take, I pulled up my Blood Orange stuff. She heard it and liked it, and also it turned out her boyfriend [video director Alan Ferguson] really liked Lightspeed Champion. So she asked me to come out to Santa

Barbara and start writing and producing for her. I was living at her house in Hollywood for a bit and at one point we even went back to Houston and stayed at her mum's house. Her mum's so nice, she bought me chicken."

And presumably you're now on high-fiving terms with both Beyoncé and Jay-Z?

"Yeah! Hahahaha! It's really weird! They're totally chill."

We hear that Jay-Z hired you as a consultant for Rocawear – what does that actually involve?

"I don't even know! I just occasionally hang out in the office and say what I like. It's wild."

### 5 THE SEMI-NAKED GONZO MOVIE STAR

If you want to get an idea of the other kind of company Dev's been keeping since moving to Brooklyn, have a gander at former Moldy Peach Adam Green's gonzo drug-fuelled iPhone movie *The Wrong Ferarri* (it's streaming at [thewrongferarri.com](http://thewrongferarri.com)).

As well as dressing as Super Mario, Dev appears half-naked, alongside the likes of Macaulay Culkin and Har Mar Superstar, with a bagel for a medallion and playing a recorder. One memorable scene occurs when Adam, wearing a dog costume, is diagnosed as a "mental hermaphrodite". The cure? To anally violate him with a purple vibrator, obviously.

Dev: "Hahahahaha, oh my God! It's so bonkers, very New York. What's funny is how seriously Adam took it all. I love that guy."

What was it like to babble random lines about drugs and deviant sex alongside the guy from the *Home Alone* films?

"Every Christmas my friend Fred [Macpherson, from London five-piece Spector] holds a *Home Alone* night, so it was pretty crazy..."

## The Best Of Dev

### TEST ICICLES

BOA V PYTHON (2005)

Three-minute monster movie dance-punk spazz-out.

### TEST ICICLES

ALL YOU NEED IS BLOOD (DEV'S REMIX) (2006)

A gothic take on Test Icicles' 'Dig Your Own Grave' EP.

### THE CHEMICAL BROTHERS

ALL RIGHTS REVERSED (FT KLAXONS AND LIGHTSPEED CHAMPION) (2007)

What new rave should have sounded like.

### LIGHTSPEED CHAMPION

MIDNIGHT SURPRISE (2007)

A twanging 10-minute single – we're not in Dalton anymore.

### LIGHTSPEED CHAMPION

TELL ME WHAT IT'S WORTH (2008)

Arguably Lightspeed's finest moment, with (uncredited) vocals from Emmy The Great.

### FLORENCE + THE MACHINE

BIRD SONG (2008)

The only Florence song officially credited to Dev.

### LIGHTSPEED CHAMPION

MARLENE (2010)

Highlight of a patchy second album – with a great video.

### DIANA VICKERS

ME & YOU (2010)

Written by Dev, only slightly failed by Vickers' 'idiosyncratic' vocal stylings.

### LIGHTSPEED CHAMPION

THE MESS YOU'RE IN (2010)

Ludicrously over-egged collaboration with Beach Boys arranger Van Dyke Parks.

### THEOPHILUS LONDON

FLYING OVERSEAS (FT DEVONTE HYNES & SOLANGE KNOWLES) (2011)

Atmospheric slow-jam that provided Dev's 'In' with the Knowles family.

### BLOOD ORANGE

DINNER (2011)

Our first taste of Blood Orange. Video features Dev pouting on a basketball court.

### BLOOD ORANGE

SUTPHIN BOULEVARD (2011)

Dev's makeover as an '80s pop crooner is complete.

## 6 ANDROGYNOUS R&B CROONER

And so to Dev's latest incarnation, the fragile-but-tough, gender-neutral, '80s past-pop thang that is Blood Orange. Knocked out in studio downtime while jobbing for Vickers and Solange, Blood Orange's 'Coastal Grooves' could be Dev's best record yet, simply because it's his least self-conscious – even if he does sing most of the songs from the perspective of the popular girl at school who's crying inside.

"I learned to sing properly for the first time after I had to have my throat lasered and couldn't even talk for three months. I was listening to Chris Isaak and Cass McCombs and a French singer called FR David and they influenced my new voice. Working with female singers a lot, I've gravitated toward songs that suit a female vocal, and I also like the androgyny of FR David, so that's why the Blood Orange songs came out sounding like they did. I don't even claim to think I understand female perspectives – it's a very cinematic version."

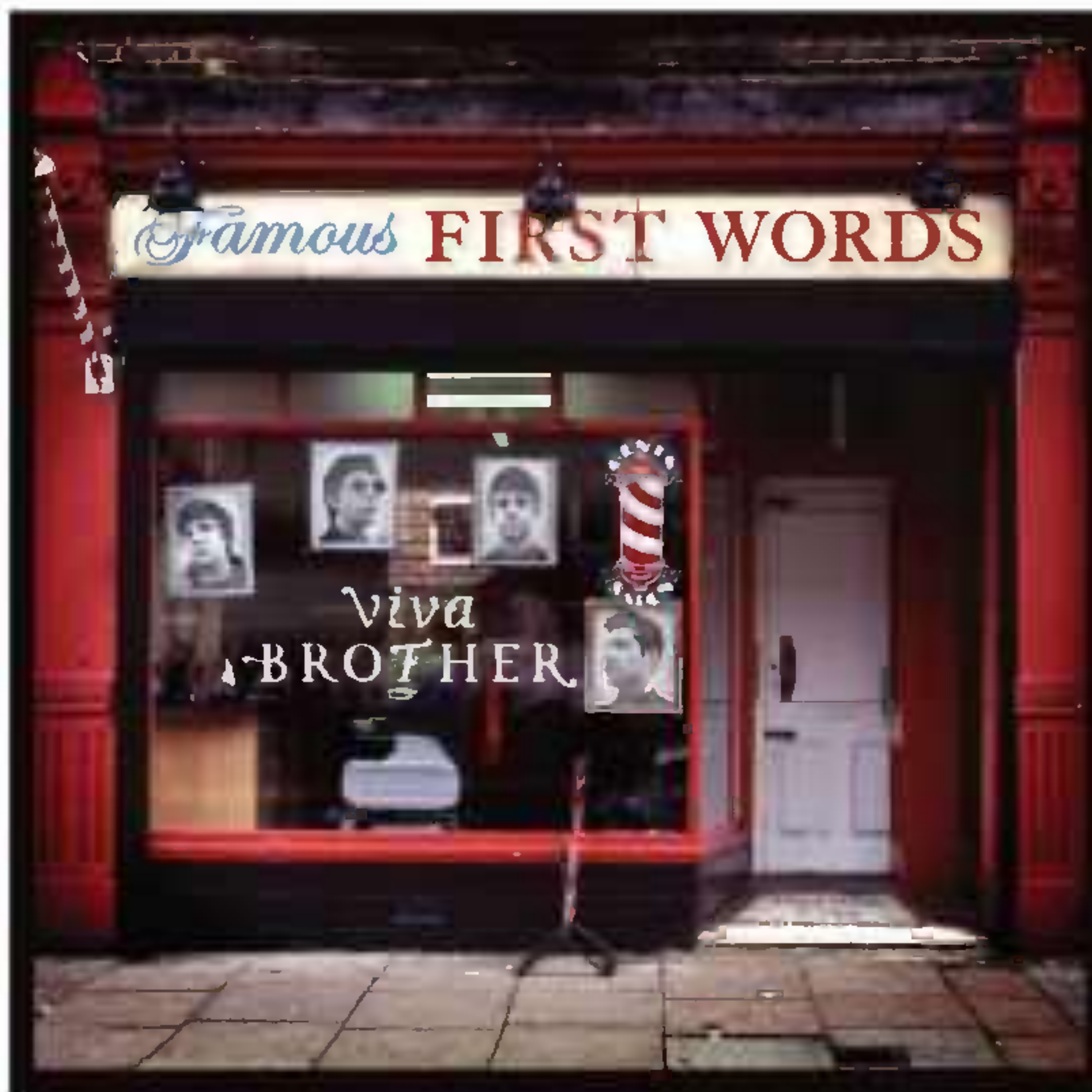
Is Blood Orange your most personal guise yet?

"It might be, but only because it's the last thing I've written. I still didn't want to use my own name, because I want to avoid connotations, positive or negative. It's definitely the most relaxed record I've made, though, because I wasn't trying to tick boxes in my mind."

The first line on the album seems to sum up your whole shapeshifting ethos: "I am unique, not yet complete"...

"Yeah, I respect artists who are able to invent themselves, because it's just music – there's no reason not to try something out. I have ideas of where I think I want to eventually end up. It's just taken a while."





# Viva BROTHER

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# "OASIS WERE LIKE US... IT WAS LIKE DOMESTIC VIOLENCE BETWEEN BROTHERS"

*Ray and Dave Davies were the Noel and Liam of the '60s, one a gifted songwriter, the other a hellraiser, and with **The Kinks** they made some of the decade's best hits. But by the time they were beatified by Britpop, they had messily split – and they're still not speaking. As their classic albums are reissued, **Matt Wilkinson** meets both to hear about their incredible, incredibly violent career*

**I**t's a glorious irony that the following interview takes place on the day that rock'n'roll's most obscene siblings saunter back into view and verbally rip each other to shreds. As we wait for Ray Davies to arrive at a north London branch of Café Rouge, Noel Gallagher is busy regaling 'axegate' – in all its plum-splattered glory – to the media. By the time we've finished chatting to The Kinks legend about his songs, his career and his kid brother Dave, Liam Gallagher will have forced the word "shitbag" back into the national psyche. "Oasis were kind of like us," Ray muses. "They had that indefinable element of excitement both around them *and* on their records."

If there's one band of brothers who can relate to the endless family wranglings and wrongdoings of Oasis, it's The Kinks. Recent times have seen Ray and Dave appear more at odds with each other than ever before, which is why we meet Dave about 200 miles away from London a full three weeks previously. We're in the lobby of a plush hotel in Taunton, Somerset when the guitarist – who pretty much invented the notion of distortion as you and every other six-string disciple on

the planet know it – walks in from the blazing heat in a crisp black suit and cowboy hat. He looks more like Johnny Cash than someone who grew up in the London borough of Haringey.

The Kinks' best albums – from 1964's 'Kinks' (key track: 'You Really Got Me') to 1969's 'Arthur (Or The Decline And Fall Of The British Empire)' (key track: 'Victoria') – have been recently reissued, along with hundreds of rare mixes. At the same time, Dave and Ray's seemingly endless differences appear to have reached a bitchy boiling point. But first, we're here to discuss the band's legacy. "Legacy?" Dave splutters. "Well, there's a lot of it..."

**T**he two youngest in a family of eight kids (and the only boys), Ray and Dave Davies' upbringing was never going to be normal. "We didn't have TV, so our family just made our own music," Dave says of those post-war years in London's Muswell Hill. "It was like how folk music started out in little villages."

It was a happy time, he adds, and after the brothers, along with their bass-playing mate Pete Quaife, had

been seduced by Leadbelly and Elvis, they tried their hands at US-style R&B, eventually landing a contract with Pye in the wake of Beatlemania.


Things didn't go their way at first. "I was *really* unhappy with the sounds we got early in our career, and I was always experimenting with electrical things – I used to get shocks all the time," says Dave. "I found this little amplifier in the shop next door. It was a green Elpico amp – I decided to cut the speaker up with a razor blade." The results? "I plugged it in and it had this raspy, farty sound to it..."

Luckily, Ray had just the right tune for this "raspy, farty" accident.

"I knew 'You Really Got Me' would be a hit," the singer says. "It was so loud, so different! I wrote it when I was 14 or 15. I'd just been in hospital – I broke my jaw and I couldn't sing, and I was trying to write this R&B song with two chords. Then a couple of years later The Kinks recorded it as a single."

'You Really Got Me' got Pye off their backs and, due to its groundbreaking guitar sound, put them a step ahead of The Beatles, The Stones *et al.* "When I heard it [the finished version]," Dave says, "I just ▶"





Bassist Pete Quaife takes action against the warring Davies brothers (Ray, seated, Dave, right) in 1964

## "I WAS CLOSE TO BRIAN JONES FROM THE STONES. WE SHARED THE SAME GIRLFRIEND BUT DIDN'T KNOW IT!"

*Dave Davies*

thought, 'Uhh! Shit!' It was like having sex for the first time! You know, 'Shiiiiit! Amazing!' It was *that* good."

But the band still had to battle – against lawyers, countries (America banned them after Dave threw a punch at a US TV studio lackey) and each other. Most notoriously, drummer Mick Avory knocked Dave out *during a gig* in Cardiff in May 1965 after the guitarist demolished his kit. Now, Dave casts off the scuffle with a guilty grin, stating with an eyebrow raised: "As Mick integrated in the band, he learned what *not* to do..."

Ray's take on the stormy atmosphere that engulfed him and his bandmates (their mantra was 'The band that fights together, stays together') is more forthcoming. "I was literally banging my head against the wall because it drove me completely mad. I spent many hours in the studio filling holes where all the

punches were. It was like domestic violence – some people just end up taking it."

But the pair's unique formula worked on record. "Ray started to develop his craft *after* we had our hits – 'You Really Got Me' and 'All Day And All Of The Night,'" says Dave. "Suddenly he started observing people and seeing their behaviour and he became a poet."

Ray: "After 'You Really Got Me' went to Number One the record company pretty much let me do what I wanted to do with releases. We'd record in their basement and then we'd go up to the sixth floor and sit with the head of the company and play him our new song. I'd go, 'This *has* to come out in the next month', and he'd ask why, so I told him, 'Because we're gonna have good weather! And it's called 'Sunny Afternoon!'"

While Ray was at home writing his first 'soap storyline' classics ('Sunny Afternoon', 'A Well

Respected Man' and 'Dedicated Follower Of Fashion' – which, despite its fey overtones, was actually a scathing attack on a fop who took the piss out of Ray's presumably uncool trousers), Dave was sucking up all that swinging London had to offer.

"It was really competitive between bands back then. Me and Brian Jones from the Stones were very close. We shared the same girlfriend for three years, but didn't know it! She was a French actress and I'd meet her every time I went to Paris. It just so happened that us and The Rolling Stones went to Paris at different times..."

Dave's wife, who's sitting with us, guffaws before he continues with the story. "Me and Brian really liked each other. And then we realised we kind of liked the idea of a *ménage à trois* kind of thing. We toyed with the idea of it. Really!"



# BLOOD BROTHERS

*Rock'n'roll's other raucous relatives  
~ and the ones who get on famously*

## SCRAPPING SIBLINGS

**THE EVERLYS**  
Phil and Don Everly were bona fide diva rock stars. Addicted to speed, hating on managers and loathing each other, they wrote the blueprint for Ray and Dave Davies.

**THE BEATLES**  
The Jesus And Mary Chain siblings Jim and William never really got on. "After each tour we wanted to kill each other, and after the final tour [in 1998] we tried," says Jim.

**THE JACOBS**  
Never has one musical family caused quite so much controversy...



**THE CARTERS**  
All seemed to be going swimmingly for Gallows' Frank and Steph Carter. Until Frank walked out on the band because he couldn't hack making any more music with them, that is.

## HAPPY FAMILIES

**THE RADIOHEADS**  
Apparently, Radiohead's Jonny and Colin once had an argument over who got to read Gormenghast before bed. Otherwise it's been total plain sailing.



**THE BRITPOPPERS**  
Embrace's Danny and Richard were billed as the next Liam and Noel, although in reality they were a far more loving - and fuckloads more boring - pair of Britpoppers.

**THE SKELLYS**  
James and Ian Skelly of The Coral are that rare thing: a couple of brothers who - shock! - get along and make good music!

**THE JOHNSONS**  
Though deep down you just know they hate each other's guts...

**D**espite all the classics they recorded, The Kinks were not really classed as one of the cooler bands of the '60s. Indeed, by the end of the decade, when many would argue they were at their creative peak (and at rock-bottom commercially - 1968's 'The Kinks Are The Village Green Preservation Society' and '69's 'Arthur (Or The Decline And Fall Of The British Empire)' were both chart failures), they found themselves more isolated than ever before.

"We're still viewed as outsiders," says Ray. "If you wanna see what was really happening in the world look at The Kinks' catalogue. I wrote about the underbelly of what was happening. It's harder to be an outsider. You'd walk into a room with a load of music business people and they'd all look the other way..."

"Were we cool?" considers Dave. "No. Because Ray and I were always trying to stretch ourselves. The early '70s were particularly awful - you'd play an album and it would just sound the same after every track. The problem we had was that every album sounded different."

Things reached a nadir in 1973, when The Kinks'

albums - by this point encompassing everything from vaudeville (1972's 'Everybody's In Show-Biz') to straight-up musicals (1973's 'Preservation: Act 1') - had long stopped bothering the Top 100. Low on the bill at a festival at west London's White City Stadium with Sly And The Family Stone and the Edgar Winter Band - supporting acts they hated and who hated them - Ray cracked, threatened to quit onstage and then tried to overdose on barbiturates off it.

Speaking about it now, he's aloof. "They wanted us kicked off because they couldn't follow us, and we became very competitive as a band. Some of our most mammoth shows had been ones where we were supporting people who were lesser than us but who happened to be more popular at that time. There was that air of self-destruction with The Kinks."

**R**ay didn't quit - instead the band somewhat bizarrely became a successful arena rock outfit in the US, thanks to high chart placings for albums such as 'Low Budget' and covers of the band's earlier songs by The Knack and The Pretenders. In 1983 the MTV friendly video for nostalgic single 'Come Dancing' provided them

**"I WROTE ABOUT THE UNDERBELLY.  
IT'S HARDER TO BE AN OUTSIDER"**

*Ray Davies*



Ray Davies onstage at White City Stadium, July 1973, shortly before his suicide attempt. Inset and right: happier times during The Kinks' mid-'60s heyday



Main picture: Ray Davies plays to his adoring US public in 1976. Below: Dave Davies today, Ray with Noel Gallagher 2010, and Damon Albarn 1995



## “LAST TIME I WAS TALKING TO RAY, WE DID SAY, ‘MAYBE WE SHOULD TRY AND DO SOMETHING’...”

*Dave Davies*

with their biggest hit to date. However, back home, it wasn't until Britpop that they were really given the love they've always been due – ushered in by Damon Albarn duetting with Ray on a mesmerising version of 'Waterloo Sunset' on TV show *The White Room* and Graham Coxon admitting he used to bring himself back down to earth when he was losing the plot in Blur by listening to 'Shangri La' on a loop, not to mention Liam and Noel's patronage.

Later still, Pete Doherty would nick wholesale chunks of Kinks classics to make his own compositions better, while everyone from Mumford & Sons to The Horrors have also fallen at the band's feet.

Ironically, then, that while all this was happening, Ray and Dave decided they'd simply had enough of each other. Their last album together was 1993's 'Phobia', and since then they've forged solo careers and gleefully dissed each other in the press. Even when Ray got shot

while chasing a mugger in New Orleans in 2004, and when Dave suffered a stroke a year later (today his speech is almost back to normal, and he's also relearned to play guitar), the duo failed to make up.

"Me and Ray have spoken about this," Dave says. "Last time I was talking to him, we did say 'Maybe we should try and do something...' But I've gotta have something in black and white, because he says something and then he does something else. He said to me, 'Will you stop saying horrible things about me in the press?' And I laughed! I said, 'Ray, I've just read an article on you with a picture on the front looking really angry saying, 'Ray Davies is gonna make a Kinks album without Dave!'"

The guitarist stops laughing and becomes more serious. "When I'm with Ray I always feel like he's got another agenda going on. Why can't he just say, 'I would not have been where I am today without Dave'? Could you imagine, even if he didn't mean it,

how many cracks that would cover? Why is it so difficult to say something like that?"

We put that question to Ray. "If I hadn't had Dave as my brother I would have found someone like him," he says. "He is important to me. Did you see that film *Good Will Hunting*? Matt Damon and Ben Affleck wrote that together and a lot of the brother stuff that's going on there... I can understand it completely."

So why can't they just bury the hatchet?

"You don't even have to be in the same room [to make music], but I could never make a record with my brother like that, because then we wouldn't have the energy. But that's the way it's looking at the moment. And a lot of Kinks records are *just* the energy – that's what gives records the excitement..."

With that, Ray tells us he's off, and he says this with a straight face, to "help somebody lift a toilet off a van". Rock'n'roll legends – both of them.



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# "I remember punch Marcus Mumford"

They helped Laura Marling and the UK folk brigade hit the big time, but a darker new album hints that *Slow Club* won't be left behind for long, says **Jazz Monroe**. Just don't mention the 'T' word...

PHOTOS: ANDY WILLISHER

**A** Mumford & Sons/Slow Club sex tape – that's the next plan for world domination!" declares Rebecca Taylor, rocking back and forth in her chair and squawking with excitement. "God, there are so many girls who would buy that video! Let's just put it out there." Shrieking between every second word, Slow Club's singing drummer suddenly calms down as logistics bring her stammering into cold reality. "What? I'm not – I'm filming! It's just Winnie [Marshall, Mumford's banjo player] and Charles [her Slow Club guitarist/longer partner]," she splutters. "I haven't slept with any of them, and Charles hasn't either... much as he'd like to sleep with Marcus, I'm sure."

Rather at odds with this lewd vision, we're in a quaint café near Slow Club's flat in Finsbury Park, north London. Rebecca's fantasy wasn't offered randomly – we were asking the pair to dive back into 2009, to a heady time when pretty much every one of their gigs was a wormhole into 2011's most g/w/p-worthy music: Laura Marling, Noah and The Whale, Mumford & Sons and Jay Jay Pistolet (before he became Justin From The Vaccines) all played second, third or fourth fiddle to the twosome on tour.

Back then Slow Club were the ones giving the leg-ups to such newcomers on the folk touring scene – it's not a huge stretch to suggest that many wouldn't have got within twanging distance of an arena if it wasn't for their help. Not that they'll say it themselves – instead they're

keen to emphasise that back then it was one glorious on tour love-in.

Well, almost. "I once punched Marcus," says Charles, "because he stood on my sister's foot. But it was only a playful jab." Marcus actually started out banging drums for both Slow Club and Jay Jay Pistolet, but according to Rebecca and Charles his talent was apparent right from day one.

"He sang this harmony, and we were like, 'WOAAAAAH!'"

Rebecca laughs. "We were like, 'Alright mate, you go and get *massively* famous.'" She steadies herself and continues. "But they deserve it. No matter how hard we try, we're just going to be two idiots from Rotherham."

**W**hile Rebecca seems resigned to wilting in Marcus and co's shadows, Slow Club could prove themselves to be far more than "idiots from Rotherham". Second album 'Paradise' ditched the calmer climes of their debut for a *tour de force* of melodic vim and wide-eyed vigour. In places it evokes a spooked Cibo joined by Tom Waits' luckier band; other songs reflect Rebecca's hip-wiggling tendencies, inspired by a tour of Norway with Moshi Moshi label mates Casiokids where they developed a taste for the country's dance scene. That said, we can't help but wonder whether there are any vestiges of resentment towards the old crew. Slow Club invited them to play numerous gigs way back when – and now their friends are megastars.

How did it feel to see, say, Justin Young catapulting past Slow Club in terms of popularity the moment The Vaccines got signed, having given him that first helpful push?

Charles: "I was really happy for him. He's an amazing songwriter. He's a good friend of ours."

Rebecca: "Can we just not say that? 'Cos he was a right twat to Gareth [Campesinos!, Rebecca's boyfriend], on Twitter."

Charles: "Well, he's a friend of mine anyway..."

Ahem. Through a super-awkward silence, we change tack. We've heard that as well as the album, there's an acoustic EP in the works? "We recorded it in Sheffield. It's gonna be a sexy record," a wide-eyed Rebecca half-jokes. "Songs To Woo Girls To?"

Is that going to help ditch the twee tag that clings to them so closely? "No," she laughs. "Well... 'Songs

To Woo Smashed Girls To' Bondage! Tie them to the bed and whip 'em! Horrible horrible sexual acts!" She grins. "That's what this is going to soundtrack. Hopefully. Ideally."

Perhaps Rebecca's not exaggerating so much. While 2009 debut 'Yeah So' saw the 'twee' stamp placed firmly on their foreheads, 'Paradise' trades all that in for Sonic Youth crunch and Arcade Fire yelp, before simmering

in a fiery hotpot of Smiths-y acoustic numbers. But before we can so much as blurt out our compliments, an elephant thunders into the room.

"Someone at *NMF* did a little review of one of the tracks," Charles whines, "and it was as if they hadn't listened to it. I hope that people can get away from the twee thing, 'cos it's nothing to do with us." "It's fucking annoying and pisses us off constantly," Rebecca seethes. "If anyone calls 'Paradise' twee I'm gonna smack 'em in the chops."

There we are then. Elephant dispatched. 'Paradise' is a delightfully insistent reiteration that they're twee no more, giving a deeper, more honest yield than any of their old pals have yet harvested. An opening lyric such as "Baby brother in the next room/Trying to bring him back to life" is unlikely to lend itself to daytime radio, but it shows how far they're prepared to pursue their vision – from the rat-infested swamps of Hackney Marshes, where they recorded the album, to the calmer waters of Finsbury Park. And the next step? Despite their confidence in the new album, Slow Club don't expect to be on platinum disc trading terms with the folk glitterati quite yet.

"One day I'd like to travel in silk pyjamas and be Mariah Carey," Rebecca grins. "But for now we're happy with a nice van, and maybe a Travelodge once every three days." And a video camera and dodgy porn script for when Marcus visits, we assume...

## FOLK OFF

*Slow Club's folkie peers who haven't ~ yet ~ made it big*

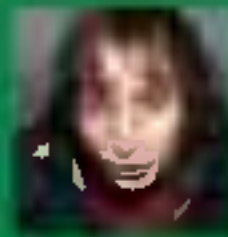
### EMMY THE GREAT



After breaking through with 'First Love', 'Virtue' came out a few

months ago. She recently did readings of *Sweet Valley High* with Liz Summer Camp.

### KID HARPOON



Released debut album 'Once' in 2008; last seen howling with Florence on a

cover of Bruce Springsteen's 'I'm Going Down'.

### EUGENE MCGUINNESS



After much solo tomfoolery, Eugene joined Miles Kane's tour band.

### PEGGY SUE



2009 saw them sign to Wichita, and this year Peggy Sue could step up

with promising September-bound new album 'Acrobats'.







nd

"IF ANYONE CALLS US TWEE, I'LL SMACK 'EM IN THE CHOPS!"  
REBECCA TAYLOR



# REVIEWS

HUDSON MOHAWKE, SHE KEEPS BEES

Edited by Emily Mackay



## VIVA BROTHER

**FAMOUS FIRST WORDS** GEFEN

*The gobby quartet are spiky, funny and almost lovable – it's just a pity none of that transferred onto a disappointing, formulaic debut album*



**S**ometimes there are things in this job you have to do that you really don't want to, like taking the musical bin out or having the sick sonic family pet put down.

If you've followed their story at all, to dislike the spirit of Viva Brother is near impossible, at least unless you're a joyless, knee-jerking moron. We're talking about a band who say things in interviews like, "People are afraid to write massive songs that'll sound good on the radio. We're self-elected to do that. We

nominated ourselves because we had to", and, "Don't tortoises live for, like, 700,000 years or something? They must be fucking bored out of their minds." Unfortunately, while it's hard not to love them, in many places on their debut it feels a lot less rewarding to actually listen to them.

But let's start, as they do, with the best bits. 'New Year's Day', the opener, kicks the doors in with an irrepressible bounce and Blur-toned riffs as bright and shiny as a button. If it doesn't provide the trousers to all their

mouth, it at least makes for a pair of gobby shorts. 'Darling Buds Of May' is a raw howl (well, a yap at least) of energy. But the rest... 'Electric Daydream', clearly meant as their 'Champagne Supernova', seriously lacks fizz. There's no lyrical content here with lasting weight or worth much comment at all, unless you count "He makes a meal out of everything/ But he's never had me round for tea".

It's just flimsy. We can't, for example, imagine anyone playing 'New Year's Day' at even Hogmanay 2011, for all Brother's addition of long life to their band name, while they'll definitely still be playing Pulp's 'Disco 2000'. 'David', almost exactly halfway between 'Digsy's Dinner' and 'Tracy Jacks', is impossible to take seriously; it's like the same exercise repeated over and over with different vowels twisted round Lee Newell's mouth each time for variation.

And 'exercise' is the word. 'Famous First Words' sounds less like a manifesto, more like a misguided step-by-step guide. How To Revive British Guitar Music In Ten Easy Steps: 1) Lennon Shades. 2) Slag Everyone Off. 3) Big Anachronistic Bidding War. 4) Major Label Deal. 5) Met Bar Launch Gig. 6) Grandiose Claims. 7) Erase Your Past. 8) 'Hit' America. 9) Talk About How Everyone's Pigeonholed You Wrong. 10) Stephen Street. Every song sounds as if it has been written to a formula for greatness excitedly, adorably scrawled on the back of a beer mat in the Third-To-Last-Chance Saloon. And when The Vaccines, Bombay Bicycle Club and The Horrors are storming the charts just by, y'know, writing good songs, you might question who it is we need saving from here.

Still, Viva Brother should have been our champions against those who sneer about 'beer-swilling lads' as if they've never swilled themselves, and fail to grasp that rock'n'roll should be as much about booze, obviousness, sex, shouting, raw hope and sopiness as it is about self-conscious, flamboyant smarts. It's just a shame that they kind of forget the second bit and they've been allowed to get this far by a label that should have known they weren't up to it. Part of me still hopes I'm terribly wrong, and that two years from now, Viva Brother are headlining Glastonbury, and bellowing shite about tortoises over an adoring crowd before retiring to Electric Daydream Heights to party like they're in the video for 'Country House' and laugh about that NME review of their first album. On the strength of this, though, nah, sorry. *Emily Mackay*

5

**DOWNLOAD: 'Darling Buds Of May', 'New Year's Day', 'Still Here'**

**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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## HELADO NEGRO

CANTA LECHUZA ASTHMATIC KITTY



Not to judge, but if you're still here after reading of 'field recordings' ('Allanzar'), 'Spanish mumblings' ('Globitos') and 'bubbly psychedelic meanderthons that sound like exotica popster El Guincho and sonic smartypants Arthur Russell nipping out of their minds to the moon and making love in some craters', you're probably the kinda cat that takes to breezily bizarre future-pop better than your average grit-pop tit-shop. This is good, but 'Canta Lechuza' deflates its ambition by bleeping and whirring in every direction at once, landing in a confused heap of awkward samba jangle and rippling steel drums, a curious and compelling mess. **Jazz Monroe**  
**DOWNLOAD: 'Globitos'** **6**

## WARM BRAINS

OLD VOLCANOES MARSHALL TELLER



If you'd have told us back in 2005 that the members of dance-punk outfit Test Icicles would go on to become some of the most diverse and prolific musicians around, we would have laughed right into your neon sunnies. But, with Warm Brains marking guitarist Rory Attwell's fourth musical venture to date (via RAT: ATT: AGG and KASMs), you've got to admit there must've been something in the water. This time round he touches base at varying points along the '90s spectrum - from the riffs of 'Let Down', straight out of 'Leisure'-era Blur, via glimpses of Pavement-esque slacker charm to a kind of sweetened grunge ('Rotunda'). An(other) unexpectedly brilliant curveball. **Lisa Wright**  
**DOWNLOAD: 'Let Down'** **8**

## THE VOLUNTARY BUTLER SCHEME

THE GRANDDAD GALAXY SPLIT RECORDS



Not that I'm comparing Voluntary Butler Scheme's Rob Jones to Bobby Gillespie - God knows what kind of brutality the indie police would dole out if I did - but whichever genius told Bobby to shut the fuck up and let the music speak on 'Screamadelica' should dust down his bollocking trousers and give Rob a stern talking to. 'The Granddad Galaxy', you see, is an album of two halves. One is a plodding meander through kitchen sink clichés and half-arsed soliloquies; the other is an imaginative instrumental racket of drums, strings and - on the standout 'Satisfactory Substitute' - eight-bit snake-charmer flute. Basically, Rob, keep your gob shut and your mind open. **Mike Williams**  
**DOWNLOAD: 'Satisfactory Substitute'** **6**

## WOODEN SHIPS

WEST THRILL JOCKEY



Oh Ripley Johnson, you greedy bugger. It's not enough for you that you've already frazzled our noggins with the relentless psychedelic rock of 'Mazes', the album you made with your paramour Sanae Yamada as Moon Duo, is it? Now you've returned with another slice of down'n'dirty space-rock. But it's impossible not to bow down to 'West', the third album proper from San Francisco troupe Wooden Ships. From the visceral splurge of 'Lazy Bones' to the laser-guided grooves of 'Flight', each looping riff is hammered into submission until it stretches out for miles and miles. As long as he keeps on being this magnificent, Mr Ripley can be as avaricious as he damn well pleases. **Ben Hewitt**  
**DOWNLOAD: 'Lazy Bones'** **7**

## FACES TO NAMES...

What the reviewers are doing this week



MIKE WILLIAMS

"Emily Mackay had a Kasabian epiphany. I wanted one of my own. It was a toss-up between Wolf Gang and Katy B, and Wolfy won. Well done, you win a pork pie."



BEN HEWITT

"My shower's broken. It was cathartic to sit in the bath while drinking lukewarm white wine and listening to Suede's 'Dog Man Star' - at least until my neighbour threatened to 'batter me' if I didn't stop singing along."



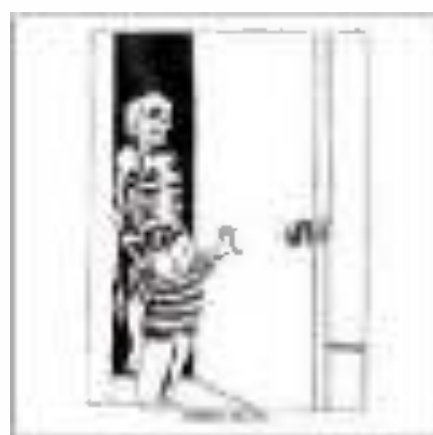
EMILY MACKAY

"Co-creating the term 'massive-aggressive', working on a Razorlight musical, discovering Deep Cut and wishing The Knife would hurry the cock up."

# CEREBRAL BALLZY

CEREBRAL BALLZY COOKING VINYL

*The Brooklynites rip up the punk rulebook, turning DC-style sonic assaults into brutal party anthems*



So, it turns out not everyone was thrilled by the rise of the kind of pop-punk favoured by Blink-182 and their many brethren. Or so it would seem listening to Cerebral Ballzy's

self-titled debut album, an opening gambit that shreds the history of all those pretenders and turns the clock back to 1982, forcibly deleting the cargo-shorted from existence.

Hurling into our consciousness at the tail end of last year with a divisive name of the kind hated by journos but that fans love to see in print, the Brooklyn-raised skaters have since made it their mission to kick, spit and scream through a series of life-affirming and brutally energetic shows.

But it's not just pop-punk that Cerebral Ballzy are attempting to erase from our minds. They've also done away with pretty much the entire New York music scene, post its CBGB heyday. Expunged from the record are all those artsy types like Vampire Weekend, The Strokes and Yeah Yeah Yeahs, as if Cerebral Ballzy want to remind us all that it's within the grime of Brooklyn after dark that all the *real fun* happens. And, hell, why not? It's every generation's right and duty to appoint its own Year Zero - and if that means resurrecting the ferocious snarl of early DC hardcore just to give it a good hard kicking in the gutter, then all the better.

They certainly favour the high-speed visceral assault of Minor Threat and early Black Flag across this brief, hungry album, and past comparisons to Bad Brains aren't wholly off the mark if a little glib, considering 'Cerebral Ballzy' doesn't attempt any sort of dub crossover and frontman Honor Titus stops short of indulging in those bands' political rhetoric. This is a party band playing party music simply to skate and go wild at shows to. It's a humble aim and the main theme of their album.

That's not to say they're not insightful or self-aware about their irreverence. "Don't wanna deal with the consequences/Of being young and reckless!" yells Titus in the opening 'On The Run', in regretful acknowledgement of the hangover to follow. They're most fun when they're really letting loose, though, which is pretty much always. 'Cutting Class' provides a fine ode to "roaming the streets" during school hours, while the self-explanatory 'Junkie For Her' ("I can't get enough of her") and 'Drug Myself Dumb' are sledgehammer-subtle, adrenalised blasts of raucous fury.

Most importantly, 'Cerebral Ballzy' is terrifyingly frivolous - it's like a *Daily Mail* writer's worst-nightmare vision of youth, only twice as angry. In other words, it's the ideal soundtrack to wild abandon this summer. **Tom Edwards**

**DOWNLOAD: 'Cutting Class', 'On The Run', 'Drug Myself Dumb'** **7**







# HUDSON MOHAWKE

**SATIN PANTHERS** WARP

*Ace producer Ross Birchard leaves the IDM underground behind with an EP of future pop and big-room beats*



If having your name dropped across social networking platforms is any gauge of success, Ross Birchard's doing just fine. Recently, Just Blaze, producer

for Eminem and Jay-Z, tweeted in a spasm of evangelical fervour that he was nearly moved to tears by the young Scot's production chops.

He's late to the party. Hudson Mohawke's debut 'Butter' dropped on Warp in 2009, prompting ears to adjust to his world of sprung hip-hop beats, alien tune signatures and the kind of fractured, Day-Glo synths that felt as if they were sheared from another sonic plane altogether. It sparked rumours of hook-ups with everyone from Rihanna to Kele Okereke.

The 'Satin Panthers' EP is a more direct proposition, with any IDM flab cleaved away to make room for maximum big-room potential. And 'Thunder Bay' could take on the biggest, all plastic dancehall horns and

pitch-shifted samples bolted to a stomping, stuttering chassis. Elsewhere, 'All Your Love' stimulates the nostalgia nerve centres by pairing a sped-up, defiantly sugary R&B sample with handfuls of house piano chords.

Pleasingly, the swampy, virulent strangeness that characterised 'Butter' is still present – 'Thank You' sees marching-band drum rolls and ricocheting G-funk synths explode into only pools of colour. But it is 'Cbat' that really impresses here. With bursts of martial snare and brass held together by a minimalist, bass-powered spine, it's reminiscent of The Neptunes' spare genius and feels like off-the-peg future pop. It also gives credence to the idea that, come album two, Hudson Mohawke could well be the guy to deliver us from the ersatz euphoria of David Guetta hell-pop – and that's enough to make anyone weep with joy. *Louise Brailey*

**DOWNLOAD:** 'Anti-D', 'Cbat', 'Thunder Bay', 'All Your Love'

## GYPSY & THE CAT

**GILGAMESH** RCA



There was a time when chaps like Aussie duo Gypsy & The Cat, with their big Phil Collins-style reverby drums and saccharine lyrics, would be

lampooned as nothing more than MOR merchants. Then, the last couple of years happened: the '80s became hip and people started listening to Hurts. 'Gilgamesh' is steeped more within America's hypnagogic approximation of said decade, yet shares the close-to-the-wind sincerity of their Manchester contemporaries. They've definitely got the hooks, but ultimately the pair need to look towards countrymen The Temper Trap and Empire Of The Sun for lessons in how to do this sort of thing more acceptably. *Simon Jay Catling*

**DOWNLOAD:** 'Sight Of A Tear'

## SHE KEEPS BEES

**DIG ON** NAMES



This album may have been laid down in a log cabin in the back of North America's beyond, but if you're expecting soppy musings akin to Bon Iver's first effort, think again. Feeding the rawness of early PJ Harvey through the Yeah Yeah Yeahs' experimental but always pop-tilted sonics, this Brooklyn bedroom-blues duo's earthy and exact clatter is imposingly atmospheric. At times recalling Florence Welch – before her indoctrination into the white witches of The Order of Enya – it's Jess Larrabee's languorous vocals which bring the sparser tracks like 'Blind To The Cup' and 'Burn' to life. In the already intoxicating 'See Me' and 'Sister Beware', she's damn near invincible. *Leonie Cooper*

**DOWNLOAD:** 'Sister Beware'

## THE RIDER

*Inside or outside, the movies we're watching this week*



**Film**  
**Super 8**

After the damp squib that was *Star Trek*, JJ Abrams, with a bit of help from Steven Spielberg, gets back to his monster-baiting best with *Super 8*, a lovingly crafted homage to the movies of his youth – but with big, beastly aliens rocking their cosy suburban core. *Previews from Saturday*



**Event**

**Roof Top Film Club**  
Supposedly, it's summer – so make the most of the balmy season by joining the Queen Of Hoxton's outdoor film club, showing classics like *Grease*, *The Big Lebowski* and *Eternal Sunshine Of The Spotless Mind*. *London Queen Of Hoxton, until Sep 30*



**DVD**  
**Submarine**

In which Alex Turner proves his mettle as a skilled soundtracker, lighting up Richard Ayoade's wonderfully bizarre coming-of-age story with the delightful likes of 'Piledriver Waltz'.

## THIS WEEK'S SINGLES

reviewed by NME's

**BARRY NICOLSON**



## CHER LLOYD

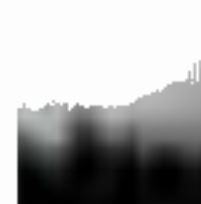
**SWAGGER JAGGER** SONY



It's no surprise that Cher Lloyd's debut single is a rebuke to her 'haterz'. She's an underdog, after all, scrapping her way to a multi-million pound record deal after losing *The X Factor*, and colluding with fellow cultural outlanders Cheryl Cole, RedOne and will.i.am. But when your ace card is a chorus lifted from a song that Huckleberry Hound sings better than you, perhaps the haterz have a point.

## RICHMOND FONTAINE

**LOST IN THE TREES** DECOR



Richmond Fontaine have always struck me as sounding like The Hold Steady if they'd grown up idolising Uncle Tupelo instead of Bruce Springsteen. "We were all pretty fucked up", growls frontman Willy Vlautin, over an alt.country clatter of chicken-wire guitars and fortysomething frustration, determined to have fun, fun, fun until her indoors complains that the kids are trying to sleep.

## NOAH AND THE WHALE

**LIFE IS LIFE** VERTIGO



If, like us, you misread the title of this single and got excited about Charlie Fink covering mulleted '80s Austrian pomp-rockers Opus, you are both a) too knowledgeable about said pomp-rock, and b) mistaken. But for a misplaced consonant, this could've been brilliant; instead, it has to settle for being quite good, a further glass-half-full break from their nu-folk shackles, and naggingly catchy to boot.

## YUCK

**SHOOK DOWN** FAT POSSUM/PHARMACY



Contrary to Yuck's normal scruffy slouch, this song does not sound like Dinosaur Jr. Yet frustratingly, it takes a full 2:43 for the cursed record to do anything: up to that point (when someone – possibly accidentally – steps on a guitar pedal), it's all wishy-washy acoustics and sighing, 'Arse'd? Not us!' vocals. But it definitely doesn't sound like Dinosaur Jr. So there's that.

## JESS MILLS

**LIVE FOR WHAT I'D DIE FOR** ISLAND



Because it's looking increasingly like Madonna's going to be shit for the rest of her career, we've got no real problem with north London 'songstress' (I'm legally obliged to call her that) Jess Mills trying on the skin Madge slithered out of, python-like, after 'Ray Of Light'. It even suits Mills well enough, though the scales have seen better days.

## THE PHANTOM BAND

**CHEMICAL UNDERGROUND**



The Glaswegian sextet could (theoretically) feed the world's hungry, clothe its poor, usher in a utopian age of peaceful human-on-human co-existence... and probably still be shrugged at dismissively by the world at large. Which is a shame, because as a slice of beardy-weirdy indie-rock, it's actually pretty great.



*Coming Next Week*

OUT  
WEDNESDAY  
AUGUST  
3

**DAVE GROHL**

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE  
NIRVANA REISSUES

**YUCK**

SLEEP-DEPRIVED IN  
SEATTLE WITH THE  
FUTURE OF GRUNGE

**THE SAND BAND**

MEET NOEL GALLAGHER'S  
HIGH FLYING BIRDS!

*Punk Explosion!*

# THE CLASH

HOW THE SUMMER OF '76  
CHANGED BRITISH MUSIC FOREVER

**ALSO...** THE UK'S BIGGEST GIG GUIDE, THE BEST NEW BANDS & PETER ROBINSON VS...



# LIVE

LATITUDE, LOVEBOX

Edited by Emily Mackay



Ed Friendly Fires takes time out to watch the Women's World Cup Final

## BENICASSIM

VALENCIA, SPAIN THURSDAY, JULY 14 – SUNDAY, JULY 17

*Spanish sunshine brings out the best in Friendly Fires, The Strokes, Mumfords and Arctic Monkeys*

**T**he first thing we discover about Benicàssim is that it's really not about the music. We don't mean that in a negative way (this year's line-up is pretty formidable), nor to insinuate that it's somehow all about beer sales and corporate branding (though at €7.50 a pint, we imagine Heineken have made a tidy fortune this weekend). No, what Benicàssim is really all about is 'the chilling'.

See, while back in Blighty the average festival-goer spends the entire day on their feet, trudging between stages to watch unremarkable mid-afternoon sets by lower league indie bands and searching in vain for a toilet that doesn't smell like the last occupant emptied every bodily orifice into it simultaneously, punters at Beni are barbecuing under the cloudless Spanish

sky. Or larking about in the nearby waterpark. Or having go-kart races. Or swimming in the Mediterranean. They have a pleasant mid-afternoon siesta, go watch some bands as the sun begins to set, party until 6am, then rinse and repeat. It may not offer the same eclectic breadth of choice as, say, Glastonbury, but you can't help but come away with the sneaking suspicion that this is how festivals should be done.

Of course, there are some similarities. Brits are everywhere. And, as with pretty much every other festival in 2011, Plan B is here, too. Despite the heat, Ben Drew takes the stage in yet another ill-fitting suit straight off the First-Time Offender rack at Burton, but his Thursday night slot feels a bit looser and more lairy than we're accustomed to, and with a set as familiar as this, that's no bad thing. How loose and

lairy? Drumkits get wrecked, put it that way.

Following him are The Streets, whose farewell tour is turning out to be a thing of Eagles-esque proportions. We half-expect a shirtless Mike Skinner

to remind the crowd that "I'm never gonna play these songs at a large international music festival on the Mediterranean coast or Spain again!" but thankfully he focuses instead on delivering a rowdy, hit-filled set of the sort that we'll genuinely miss once he's gone for good (whenever that may be). It's left to Pendulum to take the crowd into the really small hours.

Come Friday, however, pretty much all anyone can talk about is The Strokes.

No-one really knows what's going on with the band right now, and the hour we spend in the artists' area before their set reveals frustratingly little (Albert chats on the phone; Nick wanders around looking for Julian). But know

*You come away with the suspicion that this is how festivals should be done*

this: even if these guys really do hate each other, the magic of watching them play together remains undimmed. Last weekend at T In The Park, they were merely very good. Tonight, they are sensational.

"Wow, muchos fuckin' people," grins Julian as he looks out on the crowd





Arctic Monkeys,  
in association  
with World  
of Leather



Mike Skinner's Festle  
Tips lay off the  
nitrous when you  
start flying



The Strokes:  
under cover  
of darkness

shortly before they erupt to the unmistakable siren-esque jangle of 'Last Nite'. There are also muchos fuckin' people watching from the side of the stage – including (after a shameful blag) ourselves and Brandon Flowers, who can't resist a look or two of air guitar to a searing 'Reptilia'. In marked contrast to their T set, even unfamiliar 'Angles' tracks like 'Machu Picchu' and 'You're So Right' are met with unconditional enthusiasm. The Strokes still have it, no doubt. But do they still want it?

After such a heroes' welcome for the New Yorkers, it's another swerve in gear as Friendly Fires limber up to drive Benicàssim into the rave and towards sunrise. Now, this band's specifically 'Brits abroad' USP makes them possibly the most perfect booking thinkable for this festival. This being jam, of course, there's no jumping in any pools, just fluoro-spattered couples on each other's shoulders, getting down to guitar-spangled Balearica.

Tame Impala, meanwhile, prove to be a decidedly less thrilling proposition on Saturday evening. Their fuzzy-headed retro-psychedelia works great on record, but 'Solitude Is Bliss' and 'Lucidity' sound aloof and noncommittal tonight, as though they've taken the chilled-out

vibe of Benicàssim too literally. When the most interesting thing you can say about this set is that Kevin Parker delivers it shoeless, you know something's amiss.

Bombay Bicycle Club do a far better job of looking like they're enjoying themselves. Jack Steadman takes the stage with his shirt collar up in a Cantona-esque show of defiance (perhaps), before treating us to a slew of tracks from incoming third album 'A Different Kind Of Fix', as well as older favourites like 'Evening/Morning'. And cockle-warmingly triumphant it all sounds too, at least until everybody buggers off to Mumford & Sons, who should start sending every band they clash with this summer a nice Marks & Spencer hamper and a card conveying their apologies. The numbers that turn out for them are ridiculous, but not unjustified –

Mumford & Sons are a consummate festival hand, whose entire setlist consists, not so much of songs, but of moments, all of them written to be bellogged long and loud into night skies.

Before 'Awake My Soul', Marcus even displays a deft touch of local diplomacy, asking the audience, "Who here is English? You know there's lots of festivals in England, right? And who here is Español? I thank you for having us and hosting all these filthy British people". Christ, even the three new songs they play – 'Lover's Eyes', 'Hopeless Wanderer' and 'Lover Of The Light' – already sound like road-worn anthems.

You worry for Arctic Monkeys at that point: though they've topped their share of big bills, they're not exactly 'natural' headliners. But from the opening notes of 'Library Pictures' it's clear they're energised and up for the

## VIEW FROM THE STAGE



**Adrian, The Dandies**

"This is my first Benicàssim. It's been great so far. My band The Dandies played the Jack Daniel's stage – it went really well, even though it's quite a small stage. There was a blog on NME that rated us as one of the lesser-known bands to watch this weekend, which was great. The best thing I've seen was The Strokes last night. They were absolutely amazing. Band of the weekend!"

challenge. 'Suck It And See's more festival-friendly moments feature heavily, as you'd expect – the Roses jangle of 'She's Thunderstorms', the tricky, angular 'All My Own Stunts' and the title track's shimmering West Coast harmonies are highlights – but after an initially mixed response from fans (if not critics), the album is blossoming in the live setting. That said, it always helps when you can toss in a 'Mardy Bum' or a 'When The Sun Goes Down' for good measure.

All of which simply ups the ante for Arcade Fire to deliver their now customary killer headline set on Sunday, leaving you breathless with their mournful fervour. No siesta 'til the suburbs for Win, Regine and the gang – after all, Benicàssim may be four blissful days of R&R for the punters, but for the bands, it's closer to bloodsports. **Barry Nicolson**

Head to [NME.COM](http://NME.COM) for full coverage including loads of massive photos





Jonathan prays to the weather gods

# LOVEBOX

**VICTORIA PARK, LONDON** FRIDAY, 15 JULY – SUNDAY, 17 JULY

*The Drums triumph at a spectacularly soggy festival, but Snoop Dogg and Beth Ditto fail to banish the thunderclouds*

**F**or it is solely fine weather that doth make the festival fine", wrote Shakespeare in his most famous, in-no-way-entirely-fabricated play. You know, the one about a superstar lute player backstage at Worthy Farm, smoking opium with some pantry girls and an ancestor of Michael Favis? Anyway, it established the fact that rain at festivals totally sucks. Well, guess what? This year's Lovebox proved his point by being a total washout.

While it's true that there may be some contexts in which a dripping wet Lovebox is a sign of a good job well done, for those stood glumly in the afternoon showers, wondering if Snoop Dogg has the tenacity to tell the grey clouds to "fuck off, yo!", there's little respite. The rain does temporarily bolt – but perhaps only because it's

embarrassed that what should be a full, glorious playback of the rapper's groundbreaking 'Doggystyle' suddenly becomes Snoop covering 'Jump Around'. The man's soon turning 40 – and, in truth, his international gangster shtick has become so codified and slow, he's become redundant.

Far more vital are The Drums, who are so off-the-scale post-modern these days that apparently everyone has

each song exuding rain-busting warmth. New track 'Money' is gobbled down as eagerly as all their oldies by today's small but faithful gathering.

Santigold briefly manages to bring out the sunshine after baying for it from the stage – and drags a bevy of mud-splattered punters up with her to dance enthusiastically during 'Creator'. Meanwhile, rewind to Friday's Rinse FM blowout, where Skream, Plastician and P-Money generate the kind of dubstep fission that still feels as potent as the sun: a supernova with plenty more energy to burn. But poor old Beth Ditto, playing on the Sunday, seems to have entered what scientists would call the white dwarf stage of the star cycle (as in, she's done for). A good five years after

she was last interesting, she returns with a solo electroclash effort that's ashamed to admit it's not Lady Gaga. Razzmatazz is hard to do when everyone's in raincoats, sure, but screaming "It's GAY DAY!" over and over just seems a bit cheap. But what this weekend has ultimately proved is that when there's thunder in the skies, there can be little thunder in our hearts. *Alex Hoban*

*Jonathan Pierce and co are on startling form, unveiling rain-busting new songs*

forgotten they exist – and only a handful of people turn up to see the Warhols of indie unveil a proud new line-up and (even prouder) new songs from forthcoming album 'Portamento' as they headline the second stage on Saturday. It's a real shame, as Jonathan Pierce and party are on startling form, with



Beth Ditto attempts a pagan sun ritual, to no avail



# POSITIVUS FESTIVAL

**SALACGRIVA, LATVIA** JULY 15-16

*Not even Mark Ronson can spoil the good vibes*

**H**e gets a lot of flak, Mark Ronson, but he doesn't mess about when it comes to the bosh. This is Positivus' fifth birthday, and Ronson knows better than to fanny around, scratching the shit out of 'Run The World (Girls)', his own 'Bang' and indeed 'I'm Not A DJ' in a DJ interlude during his bouncy Business Intl show. Cutely, when he attempts to get the madly arm-waving crowd (all the way back past the sound tent, mind – apathy isn't big in Eastern Europe) to sing 'Latvia' instead of 'New York', only about two people deviate from the original lyrics. Jay-Z: more powerful than nationalism.

The day before, **Pulled Apart By Horses** and **Frankie & The Heartstrings** do their best to woo Latvian hearts by matching the crowd's energy. Invading each other's stages with BMX bikes and generally japing around, P&H also treat us to a new song, 'Berlin Call', a raw and driving thing with a big bassline and bone-rattling chorus. **Chapel Club**, too, are unveiling fresh thrills in the early evening light that filters through beachside pine trees (you heard us – this site on the Baltic coast is freakishly beautiful). They've turned up minus most of their pedals and their sound man, but with a Frankie-trouncing three impressive new songs, all of which seem to have a livelier, dancier edge than sometimes-drowsy debut album 'Palace'. The first,

'New Colours', starts with thick layers of organ, a brooding bassline and a fleet-footed beat. 'Waterline Park' is moodier, slower, again draped in organ. Best of all, though, is 'Shy', with some genius half-spoken lyrics ("You don't have to be Adam Curtis to see the covert truth") and a falsetto chorus of "Shy/I wasn't always...".

"There were girls down the front who knew all the words," frontman Lewis Bowman enthuses later, "and they were trying to sing along to the new stuff by the second chorus. There was one girl crying during 'The Shore'. I hope it was for the right reason."

We're sure it was just too much joy for her ducts to carry. The new-song fest is continued by **Beach House**, Victoria LeGrand whipping her long dark curls orgasmically through a freak rain shower, like Rebekah Brooks' absent, tortured conscience. 'Other People' sounds, well, a lot like Beach House: the chorus is ever more soft-focus slowcore power ballad, the mood ever more pass-out beautiful. Pretty soon they'll be able to kill you stone-dead with pleasure in just one bar.

It's left to **Röyksopp** to whip that endlessly enthusiastic crowd into one last frenzy, dancing demented across the stage with sacks on their heads, their sharp, bubbly electro-house culminating in a fizz of fireworks over the pines as the hands wave seemingly all the way back to Riga at this most aptly named of festivals. *Emily Mackay*



Calm down, Chapel Club bassist Liam, it's just a festival

**NME PROMOTION**

## AFTER HOURS PHOTOGRAPHY

*The Sony Ericsson Xperia™ neo smartphone, now available on T-Mobile, lets you shoot professional quality pics straight from your phone*

**I**f you're a professional photographer shooting from the pit at a gig – three songs, no flash, then get the hell out – or a fan snapping shots from the crowd, capturing the right pic at a show can be a tough job. Especially when you're snapping a flamboyant, beguiling performer, like synth demon Katie Stelmanis from Austra, in low light conditions, with only lasers for illumination. The solution? The Sony Ericsson Xperia neo smartphone, small enough to fit in your pocket so

you can shoot throughout the gig, but sufficiently mighty to deliver near-pro quality images, no matter how much of a beginner you might be.

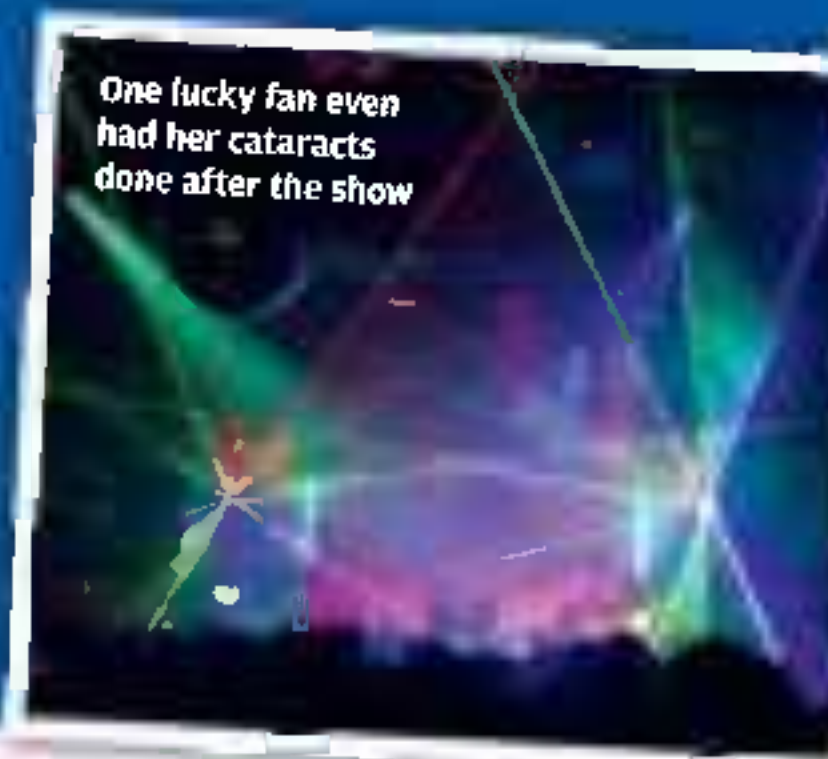


### THE PRO LOWDOWN

Over the past two weeks we've been sending **NME's** photographers out to gigs to put the **Xperia neo** through its paces (with top results). This week, **Richard Johnson** hits London's Cargo to shoot Toronto's dark pop hopes **Austra**

"The Xperia neo is so quick – you just press the camera button and it comes on, and to focus, you just touch the point on the screen that you're aiming for. Unlike a lot of mobile phone cameras, it doesn't just aim straight for the middle of the shot – at a gig, the action will never be dead centre. One touchscreen swipe from left to right brings up a menu with flash settings, versatile shoot modes, and just one tap flips the camera to the front of the phone, in case you want to take a

photo of you and your mates – and there's facial recognition technology to keep your aim focused."



Sony Ericsson Xperia neo smartphone is now available on T-Mobile. For more details head to [www.t-mobile.co.uk/neo](http://www.t-mobile.co.uk/neo)







Everything  
Everything: slaying  
festivals is no sweat

# LATITUDE FESTIVAL

HENHAM PARK, SOUTHWOLD THURSDAY, JULY 14 - SUNDAY, JULY 17

*Born to be mild? Maybe, but The National, Foals and Hurts still dazzle at this classy rural gathering*

**I**t's customary when writing about Latitude to crack wise about quinoa stalls, Radio 3 listeners and well-scrubbed parents with children called Poseidon and Quintus. But when Glastonbury offers accommodation in luxury Winnebagos for £10,000 a pop, it's absurd to regard Latitude as uniquely posh. Sure, the odd *Brideshead Revisited* type can always be spotted reclining in a gondola to the strains of *Swan Lake*. But this year I saw a drug-baked guy wearing a Mickey Mouse outfit sliding around in dreck while watching Glasvegas in slanting rain. So it all evens out.

This was the muddiest Latitude ever, and boasted the weakest line up in its five-year history; Paolo Nutini is barely fit to bellow 'Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da' at your local Lucky Voice, let alone

headline a festival. Yet, for those willing to steel themselves against the drizzle, the weekend was still stuffed to the gills with delights. And if the music palled, you could always escape to the knitting workshop in the Faraway Forest.

That said, Latitude has certainly proven itself when it comes to giving headline slots to unexpected acts. Last year it was Florence; 2011 sees brooding, beloved yet relatively cultish Brooklynites **The National** helming Friday night, and *bow*. The word anthemic has trailed them like a crustie's string-tugged dog, yet tonight they don't go for the rousing jugular, instead pulling out the rarities, rewarding the devout who've followed

them over the past decade. It's testament to their grace that when they perform closer 'Vanderlyle Crybaby Geeks' with mics turned off, singing hoarsely into the crowd, they transform Latitude into an intimate, hushed affair.

*It's clear that everyone  
fancies the creaseless  
Armani pants off Hurts*

If **The Cribs** are missing the talents of guitarist Johnny Marr on Saturday they're not showing it. They put a performance of admirable bug-eyed intensity, and add a much-needed splash of colour thanks to Gary Jarman's electric pink wig.

**Foals'** Saturday night set in the Word Arena features few setlist curveballs, but still offers plenty to quicken the pulse. This is the last date on their two-year tour to promote 'Total Life Forever' and it's very much an emphatic full stop rather than a taste of things to come. There's no new material, just breathtakingly precise, tick-tocking renditions of 'Spanish Sahara', 'Cassius' and 'This Orient'. And with **Paolo Nutini** wheezing through 'New Shoes' on the Obelisk Stage, the tent is unsurprisingly full to bursting with grateful refugees. Sweat drips down the canvas. Steam rises from the moshpit. Take a bow, chaps. Now go and write an even more brilliant third album.

**Foals** are the master craftsmen to **Everything Everything's** eager understudies. Both deal in high

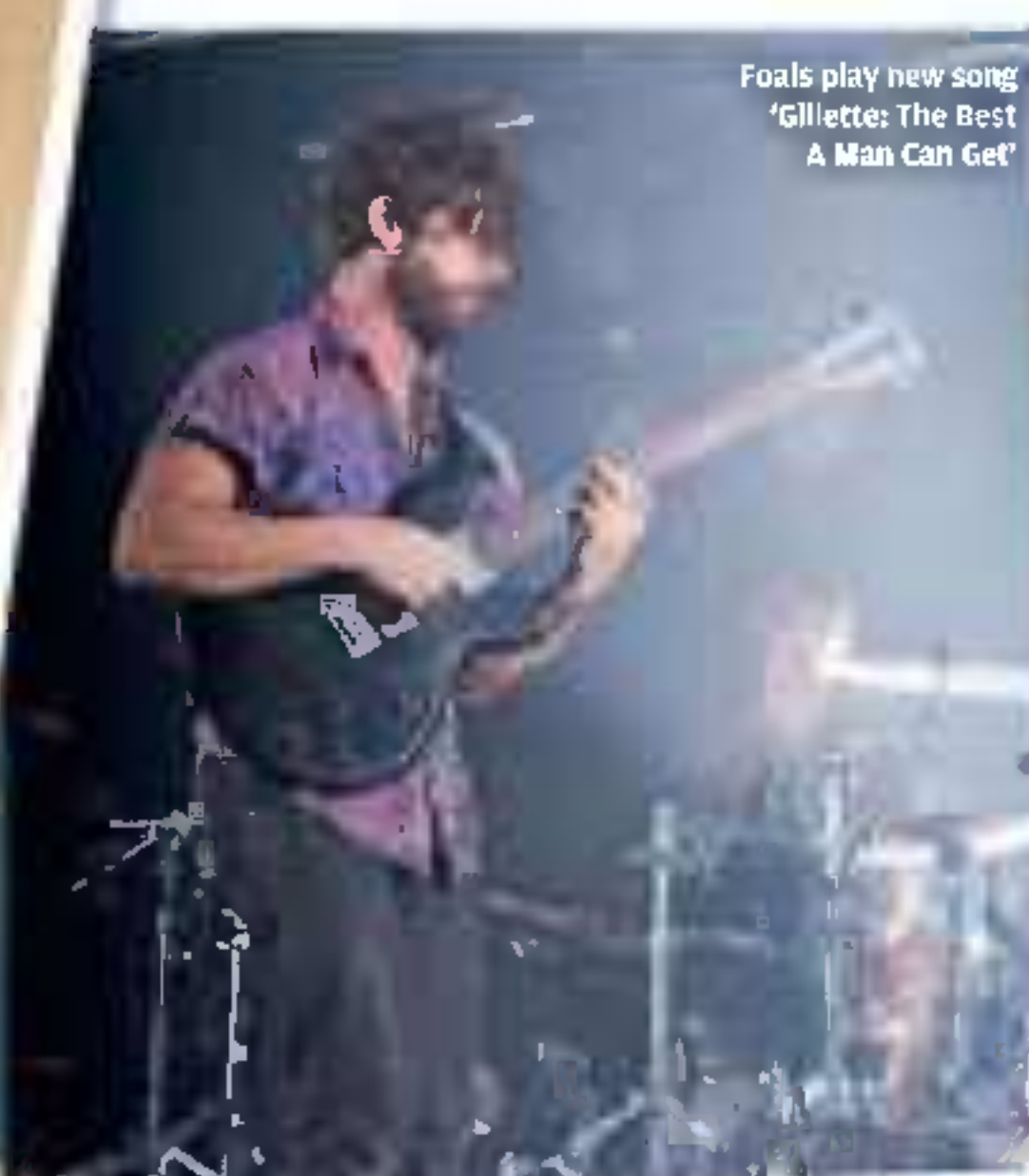




James Allan finds the perfect outfit for the wet Suffolk summer



The Cribs: still capable of wiggling out even sans Marc



Foals play new song 'Gillette: The Best A Man Can Get'



Brett Anderson works those abs



The National's anthemic

mindful, lyrically oblique art-rock – not the kind of music you'd think would connect at a festival. To win over a festival crowd, you usually need to belt out everyman anthems that can be enjoyed by drunk people who sort of know the words. That's why Coldplay go down well at Glastonbury. The closest thing Everything Everything have to this is 'Schoolin', a pell-mell volley of gibberish that features the word 'cerebellum' and the line "I'm whining like a breaking bus".

Perhaps this crowd knows all too well how it feels to whine like a breaking bus, because EE end their set to ear-splitting applause, prompting bassist Jeremy Pritchard to hail the "biggest and best crowd we've played to all summer". It's an extraordinary moment, one that sends you blinking out into the rain, reeling at this band's ability to create communal magic from such defiantly uncommercial material.

The prospect of watching Glasvegas strain their way through wafy, pain-wracked tracks from 'EUPHORIC ///HEARTBREAK///' is unappealing at the best of times, but during a Sunday

night downpour, it's unendurable. So it's no surprise there's an exodus to the tent for synth-pop pioneers OMD, who have been doing this for long enough to sense an opportunity. Singer Andy McCluskey welcomes the surge of people with "We're not going to play an hour of experimental music. We're going to play 15 hit singles." Then they open with 'Enola Gay'. The ensuing set is colossally cheesy but sort of amazing, and makes me nostalgic for an era when pop music came with a dream of the future embedded inside.

Hurts, of course, can never sound like the future, only an update of the past. But then, perhaps it's time we all dropped the "80s revival" label. Sure, when they were new, it was fun to chortle at the wet-look quiffs, sax solos and self-consciously moody videos. But now they've sold

a million albums, it's time to stop sneering. Hurts are a phenomenon. How many other British bands sell

out arenas in Ukraine and get mobbed on the street everywhere from Reykjavik to Berlin? The key is the emotional power of the songs, which comes across no matter what the setting.

Still, a field in Suffolk is probably not the ideal venue for a Hurts show, but 'Stay' has evolved into something like a universal power ballad, and the bit in 'Verona' where lantern-jawed opera guy (or Richard Sidaway to his mum) does his hurricane-voiced solo spot is both hilarious and majestic. Of course, it doesn't hurt that everyone fancies the creaseless Armani pants off Hurts. They're clearly entering boy band territory in that respect.

At one point, a teenage girl behind me yelps, "Hurt me, Theo!" Which is slightly

## VIEW FROM THE CROWD



**Oliver, 24, London**  
"It's been amazing. It's my second time here but I prefer this to every other festival I've been to. The music's really good, there's always different acts. I mainly came to see Hurts and James Blake, but Crystal Fighters blew me away."

weird, but at least it's preferable to the placard that used to be popular at East 17 shows in the '90s: "Point your erection in my direction".

Speaking of pin-ups, Suede's Brett Anderson seems to be looking younger and skinnier than ever. What's his secret? Perhaps he should do a workout video. Slap your arse with a microphone for an hour a day and watch the pounds fall off. In all seriousness, the Suede reunion just gets better and better, and tonight the likes of 'Animal Nitrate' and 'We Are the Pigs' are outrageously good fun: the perfect leap around like-a-twat festival performance. But this comeback has reached a crossroads.

Suede are too good to be a pure nostalgia act. The solution? A no-brainer: Bernard Butler rejoins the band, they write a genius new album, headline Glastonbury 2013, and be hailed forever as one of the great British bands. Easy! Come on, Bernard. You know it makes sense. *Luke Lewis*

*NME.COM/festivals has pictures and videos with loads of bands backstage at the festival*







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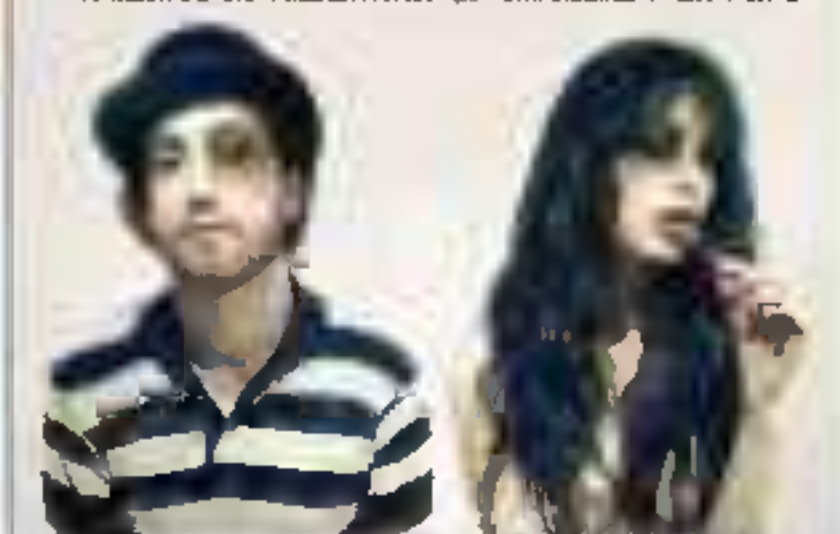
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# GIG GUIDE

THE UK'S BIGGEST GUIDE TO THE WEEK AHEAD

*Edited by Laura Snapes*

# BOOKING NOW



## THE DRUMS

**STARTS:** London Hoxton Bar & Grill, Sep 5

DON'T MISS

Pop's been a much quieter place without The Drums, even though it's only been six months since they came off tour. However, it wasn't such a peaceful time for the band – Adam Kessler quit, and Jonathan stated recently that they almost split up in the middle of making new album 'Portamento' (meaning 'transition', fact fans). Thankfully, they fought through to tell the tale – and going by Jonathan's typically flamboyant statements, it's going to be a bleak one, touching on everything from his "extreme religious roots to transgenderism to violence". Naïve tunes about the beach: be off with you! But for all the misery at its core, new single 'Money' proves the Floridians haven't lost their way around an ear-worming hook. Breathe a sigh of relief – and catch them at one of these tiny London shows...

[NME.COM/artists/the-drums](http://NME.COM/artists/the-drums)



## UNDERAGE

**STARTS:** London Victoria Park, Aug 5  
Where bands are the only "responsible" adults – Pulled Apart By Horses (above), Ms Dynamite, Fixers and more join the fun.

[NME.COM/festivals](http://NME.COM/festivals)



## MORRISSEY

**STARTS:** O2 Academy Brixton, Aug 7  
Let's hope that dog bite heals in time for Moz to round up his current tour with two London dates.

[NME.COM/artists/morrissey](http://NME.COM/artists/morrissey)



## BOARDMASTERS

**STARTS:** Newquay Watgate Bay, Aug 12  
Charlie Simpson joins Klaxons, Bombay Bicycle Club (above), Willy Mason and more at Newquay's extreme sports fest.

[NME.COM/festivals](http://NME.COM/festivals)



## BESTIVAL

**STARTS:** Isle Of Wight Robin Hill Country Park, Sep 8  
Reclusive Liverpoolians The La's join the island festival, with Tribes (above), Wolf Gang and more.

[NME.COM/festivals](http://NME.COM/festivals)



## BETH JEANS HOUGHTON

**STARTS:** Brighton Ballroom, Sep 27  
There's a while to go before kooky lady BJH releases her debut proper, so bide your time with this tour...

[NME.COM/artists/beth-jeans-houghton](http://NME.COM/artists/beth-jeans-houghton)



## YOU ME AT SIX

**STARTS:** Preston 53 Degrees, Oct 8  
The Surrey pop punkers take their as-yet-untitled third album out for a seven-date jaunt around the UK.

[NME.COM/artists/you-me-at-six](http://NME.COM/artists/you-me-at-six)



## THE PIGEON DETECTIVES

**STARTS:** O2 Academy Newcastle, Nov 6  
After playing Reading and Leeds, the Pigeons try and reclaim past glories with a whopping great tour.

[NME.COM/artists/the-pigeon-detectives](http://NME.COM/artists/the-pigeon-detectives)



## A DAY TO REMEMBER

**STARTS:** Manchester Academy, Nov 15  
Florida punks headline the last Eastpak Antidote tour, with supports August Burns Red and The Ghost Inside.

[NME.COM/artists/a-day-to-remember](http://NME.COM/artists/a-day-to-remember)



## ALOE BLACC

**STARTS:** Birmingham HMV Institute, Dec 3  
One imagines Aloe will have a fair few dollars by the time this tour reaches its conclusion...

[NME.COM/artists/aloe-blacc](http://NME.COM/artists/aloe-blacc)



## ALL TIME LOW

**STARTS:** O2 Academy Newcastle, Jan 15  
Maryland's premier pop punkers head over to play their biggest UK headline shows to date.

[NME.COM/artists/all-time-low](http://NME.COM/artists/all-time-low)



## RAMMSTEIN

**STARTS:** O2 Arena London, Feb 24  
The freaky German rock beasts play an arena tour in support of their greatest hits, due in 2012.

[NME.COM/artists/rammstein](http://NME.COM/artists/rammstein)



## PARKWAY DRIVE

**STARTS:** London IndigO2, Apr 7  
The Australian hardcore act bring 'The Deep Blue' to Blighty, before swiftly recording its follow-up.

[NME.COM/artists/parkway-drive](http://NME.COM/artists/parkway-drive)

# PRIORITY

Our customers can get Priority Tickets to thousands of gigs across the UK up to 48 hours before general release.

Text PRIORITY to 2020 to register. When Priority Tickets are gone, they're gone. Terms apply.

# O<sub>2</sub>



# PICK of the WEEK

What to see this week? Let us help



## KASABIAN

STARTS: London Roundhouse, July 29

NME  
PICK

You don't have to be Inspector Clouseau to figure out what the Dickens Kasabian are trying to get at with their upcoming fourth album, 'Velociraptor!', due out in September. First up, as if the fact that they've named it after a bleedin' dinosaur isn't enough, it's a dinosaur with a big, gauche exclamation mark after its name. In case you need it spelling out even further, this is code for MASSIVE. And just one look at the song titles – 'La Fée Verte' (about dead potent booze absinthe, if you've never seen *Moulin Rouge*), 'Acid Turkish Bath', 'Goodbye Kiss' – will tell you that this is a record of high drama from Leicester's finest; high on booze and barbiturates and y'know, probably some babes along the way. If you think you can handle it, wangle your way into this iTunes festival gig for a sneaky preview of the monster.

[NME.COM/artists/kasabian](http://NME.COM/artists/kasabian)



### Everyone's Talking About INDIETRACKS FESTIVAL

STARTS: Ripley Midlands Railway Centre, July 29

Festivals are on their way out, says Glastonbury's Michael Eavis – but with events like Indietracks on offer, we can't agree. Set in a rail museum, headlined by Edwyn Collins (above), The Hidden Cameras and Crystal Stilts, it's perfect for all kinds of trainspotter.

[NME.COM/festivals](http://NME.COM/festivals)



### Don't Miss JEFFREY LEWIS & THE JUNKYARD

STARTS: Preston Mad Ferret, July 31

Think you don't like history lessons? You've probably never had one from Jeffrey Lewis, whose shows include lectures on Kim Jong Il, the Berlin Wall and more, all lovingly drawn by the pro scribbler. We hope some new songs will be on the cards too.

[NME.COM/artists/jeffrey-lewis](http://NME.COM/artists/jeffrey-lewis)



### Radar Stars THE HISTORY OF APPLE PIE

STARTS: London Old Blue Last, July 28

Not one but three bands currently tickling Radar's fancy: first, The History Of Apple Pie, whose sugary take on 'Loveless' is setting cardigan-wearing loins aflutter; then Gross Magic's sweet'n'sleazy pop; and finally, baggy beauties Being There.

[NME.COM/artists/the-history-of-apple-pie](http://NME.COM/artists/the-history-of-apple-pie)

# WEDNESDAY

July 27

## ABERDEEN

The Elijah/Out For Tomorrow  
The Tunnels 01224 211121

## BELFAST

John Spillane Black Box  
00 35391 566511

## BIRMINGHAM

Room 94 02 Academy 3  
0870 771 2000

## BRIGHTON

Babe Shadow Sticky Mike's Frog Bar  
01273 749 465

Me & My Shadows/Jayne  
Broadhurst/Mark Wright Latest  
Music Bar 01273 687 171

## BRISTOL

Anta/The Dosadi Experiment/  
Isola Croft Main Room 0117 987 4144  
Goan Dogs/Branches/Fixtures  
Fleece 0117 945 0996

Oh Jupiter/Quadrilles/Iveree  
Louisiana 0117 926 5978

Pajama Club 02 Academy 2  
0870 771 2000

Phillip Sayce The Tunnels  
0117 929 9008

## CARDIFF

No Choice Club 1 for Bach  
029 2023 2199  
Zail Undertone 029 2022 8883

## COVENTRY

Ash Kasbah 02476 554473

## DERBY

Silent Screams Victoria Inn  
01332 740091

## EXETER

The Carrier Cavern Club  
01392 495370

## GLASGOW

Electricity In Our Homes Captain's  
Rest 0141 331 2722

Haight-Ashbury/Bearbones/Blue  
Sky Archives King Tut's Wah Wah Hut  
0141 221 5279

## GUILDFORD

We're Not Partys/Run From Robots/  
Order66 Boilerroom 01483 440022

## LEEDS

Gretanova/Arizona Bay/  
The Dismissive Attack  
Milo 0113 245 7101

## LEICESTER

Calfin Rose Musician 0116 251 0080

## LONDON

The Bellrays Borderline  
020 7734 5547

Burning Condors/Claire Cameron  
Band Punk 0871 971 5418

Cashier No 9 Hoxton Square Bar &  
Grill 020 7613 0709

Don't Wait Animate Rhythm Factory  
020 7247 9386

The Dregs Albany 020 7388 0588

Eddie Spaghetti 02 Academy 2  
Islington 0870 771 2000

Example/Wretch 32/Yasmin

Roundhouse 020 7482 7318

Gackt HMV Forum 020 7344 0044

Gadadillo Prince Albert 020 8894 3963

Gypsies/Anchor & The Wolf Dublin

Castle 020 7485 1773

Kristeen Young Monto Water Rats

020 7837 4412

Manny Norte/Rattus-Rattus Garage

(Upstairs) 0871 230 1094

Mark Ronson & The Business Intl/  
Nolsettes Old Royal Naval College

020 8269 4747

Math & Physics Club/Very

Truly Yours/Pocketbooks Windmill

020 8671 0700

Meln Kaftan Cable Street Studios

020 77901309

The Miserable Rich MacBeth

020 7739 5095

Nathaniel Rateliff Cargo

0207 749 7840

Quantic & His Combo Barbaro

KOKO 020 7388 3222

Robots In Disguise/Rubicks

XOYO 020 7729 5959

Sam Duckworth The Lexington

020 7837 5387

Siriusstar Camden Rock

0871 230 1094

Sophie Madeleine Enterprise

020 7485 2659

Steve Cropper + The Animals

229 Club 020 7631 8310

Steve Mason/Dennis Bovell

Shaddewell Arms 020 7249 0810

Strung Out/Anti Vigilante/Chief

Underworld 020 7482 1932

To Kill A King Garage 020 7607 1818

The Twice/Montagues Barfly

0870 907 0999

## The Velvetines Nambucca

020 7272 7366

The Victorian English Gentlemen's  
Club/The Minutes/The Voyeurist  
Old Blue Last 020 7613 2478

## MANCHESTER

Ivorylre Roadhouse 0161 228 1789

Lars Fredrikson & The Old Finn

Casuals Moho Live 0161 834 8180

Tyler Mae Dry Bar 0161 236 5920

## NEWCASTLE

Athlete Cluny 0191 230 4474

Black Country Communion

02 Academy 0870 771 2000

Shake AJetti Cluny 2 0191 230 4474

## NORWICH

James Morrison UEA 01603 505401

Malena Murala Arts Centre

01603 660352

## NOTTINGHAM

Iron Maiden/Airbourne Capital FM

Arena 0115 948 4526

## PORTSMOUTH

Wreckless Eric/Amy Rigby Cellars

0871 230 1094

## READING

It Must Be Madness Sub89

0871 230 1094

Kath Bloom South Street Arts Centre

0118 960 6060

Silhouettes Face Bar 0118 956 8188

## SHEFFIELD

Justin Townes Earle The Greystones

0114 266 5599

## SOUTHAMPTON

Modulate/Deviant-UK Talking Heads

023 8055 5899

## STOKE ON TRENT

Derek Holt/Dave Rea Blakey's Cafe

Bar 01782 617 585

## SWANSEA

Vintage Trouble Sin City

01792654226

## TRURO

Kaideka/El Schlöng Live Bar

01872 264 611

## WAKEFIELD

Let's Wrestle/Piskie Sits/Vinyl

Party The Hop 0871 230 1094

## YORK

Henry Cluney Stereo 01904 612237

Tiger Please/Young Minds Fibbers

01904 651 250



REX, SOLO SYNDICATION, TOM MARTIN, ANDY FALLON, ANDY WILLISHER, PIETER VAN HATTEN, ED MILES, RICHARD JOHNSON, EMILIE BAILEY, AMY BRAMMALL



## THURSDAY

July 28



## BATH

Ash Komedia 0845 293 8480

## BELFAST

Kevin Montgomery Errigle Inn  
028 9064 1410

## BIRMINGHAM

Against The Wheel/She Brew/2nd  
Side Made Hare & Hounds

0121 444 2081

Lakota Sioux/Poetry In Numbers/  
No Americana 02 Academy 3

0870 771 2000

Tyburn Drop/Obzidian Scruffy  
Murphy's 0121 333 3201We Start Partys HMV Institute  
(Temple) 0844 248 5037Wrapped In Plastic/Endorphin/  
Seventh Horizon Actress & Bishop

0121 236 7426

## BRIGHTON

Algernon Cadwallader Green Door  
Store 07894 267 053Mitchell Museum The Hope  
01273 723 568Preston Reed Latest Music Bar  
01273 687 171

## BRISTOL

The Bronze Medal Thekla  
08713 100000The Carrier/All Teeth/Landscapes  
Croft Main Room 0117 987 4144Kath Bloom/Men Dangler/  
Don Mandarin Cube Cinema

0117 907 4190

The Wild Gullfoots/Jebo/  
Gargantuan Fleece 0117 945 0996

## CAMBRIDGE

James Morrison Junction  
01223 511511

## CARDIFF

Eddie Spaghetti Club For Bach  
029 2023 2199Good Librarian 10 Feet Tall  
02920 228883

## DERBY

Laguna Sunrise Victoria Inn  
01332 740091

## EDINBURGH

The Bellrays/The Primevals Cabaret  
Voltaire 0131 220 6176Julia & The Doogans Beanscene  
0131 667 5697

## EXETER

OK Pilot/Caves/Sundials Cavern Club  
01392 495370

## GATESHEAD

Tiger Please Three Tuns  
0191 487 0666

## GLASGOW

The Dots/Stolen Sundays/  
Majestic Dandelion Captain's Rest

0141 331 2722

Mike Fantastic 02 ABC2

0141 204 5151

The Ray Summers/Johnny & The  
Gilos/Mass Consensus King Tut's  
Wah Wah Hut 0141 221 5279

## GUILDFORD

4th Street Traffic/Goldtones/Prince  
Charming Boilerroom 01483 440022

## MATHFIELD

Lisa Mills/Jon Cleary The Forum  
0844 477 2000

## LEEDS

The Solicitors New Roscoe  
0113 246 0778

## LIVERPOOL

A Day Overdue/Drop The Girl/  
Save Your Memories Picket

0151 708 5318

## LONDON

Caitlin Rose/Gerard Starkie Windmill  
020 8671 0700Casablanca Sunshine/Civil War  
Buffalo Bar 020 7359 6191Chase & Status/Nero Roundhouse  
020 7482 7318The Hans Commission 100 Club  
020 7636 0933The History Of Apple Pie/Gross  
Magic/Being There The Old Blue

Last 020 7613 2478

John's Children/Andy Lewis  
Barfly 0870 907 0999Kids Can't Fly/Next Stop Atlanta  
Boston Arms 020 7272 8153Left Step Band/Beau & The  
Arrows/Jordna Reyne Arch Angel

020 7938 4137

Luke Pickett Bull & Gate  
020 7485 5358Modulate/Deviant-UK Purple Turtle  
020 7383 4976

Murdock Nambucca 020 7272 7366

Nicolas Jaar Fabric 020 7336 8898

One Eyed Jacks Garage (Upstairs)  
0871 230 1094

Pajama Club XOYO 020 7729 5959

The Peppermint Hunting Lodge  
Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773

PRIS Monarch 0871 230 1094

The Redlands Palamino Company/  
The Rosellys The Lexington

020 7837 5387

Status Quo Old Royal Naval College  
020 8269 4747Tying Tiffany/You Love Her  
Coz She's Dead 93 Feet East

020 7247 6095

## MANCHESTER

Avital Raz Night And Day Cafe  
0161 236 1822George Borowski/Linda Paganini  
Deaf Institute 0161 330 4019

Hot Vestry/Arks Fuel Cafe

0161 448 9702

Iron Malden/Airbourne Evening  
News Arena 0161 950 5000Sworn To Oath Alter Ego  
0161 236 9266

## NEWCASTLE

Henry Cluney Cluny 0191 230 4474

## NORWICH

Malefice Arts Centre 01603 660352

## NOTTINGHAM

The Last Resort/Lars Fredrikson  
& The Old Firm Casuals Rock City

08713 100000

Ultra 90s Bodega Social Club  
08713 100000

## OXFORD

Room 94 02 Academy 3  
0870 771 2000

## PORTSMOUTH

Mungo Jerry Cellars 0871 230 1094

Robert Alexandra Giles Pyramids  
023 9235 8608

## PRESTON

Athlete 53 Degrees 01772 893 000

ReConnected 02 Academy 2  
0870 771 2000

## SOUTHAMPTON

Marcus Foster Joiners 023 8022 5612

Robots In Disguise Talking Heads  
023 8055 5899

## ST ALBANS

Carshalton Beeches Horn  
01727 853143

## ST AUSTELL

Leather Zoo Brewery 0845 241 1122

## TUNBRIDGE WELLS

Jim Stapley Trinity Arts Centre  
01892 525111

## WINDSOR

Steve Hall/Carey Marx The  
Firestation 01753 866865

## WOLVERHAMPTON

Devoted To Rock/Naked Remedy  
Robin 2 01902 497860

## WREXHAM

Electricity In Our Homes Central  
Station 01978 358780

## YORK

Definition Kennedy's Cafe  
01904 620 222Hells Bells The Duchess  
01904 641 413Jules & The Gang Victoria Vaults  
01904 654307Never Means Maybe Stereo  
01904 612237Serious Sam Barrett/David Broad  
Black Swan Inn 01904 686 911Washington Irving Basement  
01904 612 940

## FRIDAY

July 29

## ABERDEEN

Drop The Lime Snafu 01224 596 111

The Magnetic Mind The Tunnels

01224 211121

## BELFAST

Duke Special Auntie Annie's  
028 9050 1660Eoin Glackin McHugh's  
028 9050 9999The Rubber Bandits Striff Kitten  
028 90238700

## BIRMINGHAM

Jet Pack HMV Institute (Library)  
0844 248 5037Karma Suite 02 Academy 3  
0870 771 2000Little Liam & The Mystery Lads  
Actress & Bishop 0121 236 7426Modulate Eddie's Rock Club  
0121 643 2093

## BRIGHTON

Curves Sticky Mike's Frog Bar  
01273 749 465The Redlands Palamino Company  
The Hydrant 01273 608313

## BRISTOL

The Atomic Rays Bunch Of Grapes  
0117 987 0500

Loefah Thekla 08713 100000

Room 94 02 Academy 2  
0870 771 2000

Termites Fleece 0117 945 0996

Uphills Croft Front Bar 0117 987 4144

## CARDIFF

Cleome Buffalo Bar 02920 310312

Electricity In Our Homes Undertone  
029 2022 8883That Sunday Feeling/Go-X University  
029 2023 0130

## COVENTRY

Audio Heroes Carey's Bar  
07714 105091

## DERBY

Laguna Sunrise Victoria Inn  
01332 740091

## DERRY

The Defects Playhouse 028 7126 4481

## GLASGOW

Black Country Communion/Michael  
Schenker 02 Academy 0870 771 2000Endor/Michael Cassidy/  
Mondegreen Flying Duck

0141 564 1450

The Japanese Popstars Chambre69  
0141 248 6447Nicolas Jaar The Arches  
0141 565 1000Passenger Captain's Rest  
0141 331 2722Patricia Vonne King Tut's Wah Wah  
Hut 0141 221 5279Rebel 69/Wasted Radio/  
The Kleptocrats Classic Grand

0141 847 0820

Riva Starr/Hahaha Sub Club  
0141 221 1177

Sintonic Cathouse 0141 248 6606

Toy Tin Soldier Griffin 0141 331 5171

## GUILDFORD

Babe Shadow Boilerroom  
01483 440022

## KENDAL

Kendal Calling Chase & Status/  
House Of Pain/The Whip/MolotovJukebox/The Milk/Frankie & The  
Heartstrings/Dinosaur Pile-Up/Kill

It Kid/Too Young To Love/Airship

## LEEDS

Humanfly/El Schleng/Bludger  
Cardigan Arms 0113 274 2000

## LEICESTER

Nedry/Cassette Culture Firebug  
0116 255 1228

## LIVERPOOL

Deacon Blue Echo Arena  
0844 8000 400Mitchell Museum/Esper! Mello Mello  
0151 707 0898

## LONDON

Andrea Oliva/Cadenza Egg  
020 7428 7574Audiovisuals Enterprise  
020 7485 2659

Big Meanie MacBeth 020 7739 5095

Deadbeat Darling Barfly  
0870 907 0999Further Rhythm Factory  
020 7247 9386The Glitches Horse Hospital  
020 7833 3644

Kasabian Roundhouse 020 7482 7318

The Last Resort Underworld  
020 7482 1932Louder Clouds Roadtrip  
020 7253 6787Million Way/Moon Visionaries  
93 Feet East 020 7247 6095Quixote/The Brays Grand  
020 7223 6523Ready The Horses Cable Street  
Studios 020 77901309Rival/The Krishanthis Hope &  
Anchor 020 7354 1312Rollercoaster VI 02 Shepherds Bush  
Empire 0870 771 2000Sort You Right Nice Nambucca  
020 7272 7366Squeeze/Turin Brakes Old Royal  
Naval College 020 8269 4747Temperatures Cafe Oto  
0871 230 1094TRC/Heights/Polar 100 Club  
020 7636 0933Unknown Pleasures Dublin Castle  
020 7485 1773

## LULWORTH

CAMP BESTIVAL Blondie/ABC/  
Claire Maguire/Fenech Soler/  
Labrinth/Cuban Brothers/TwoWounded Birds/Caitlin Rose/Laura  
Marling/Alessi's Ark/James Vincent

McMorrow 01929 400 352

## MANCHESTER

Dignan Porch/Then Thickens/Daily  
Life Fuel Cafe 0161 448 9702

I Am Blackbird Roadhouse

0161 228 1789

Phillip Sayce Band On The Wall  
0161 832 6625

## MILTON KEYNES

Epileptic Hillbillies Pitz  
01908 660392

## NEWCASTLE

Artisan Dog &amp; Parrot 0191 261 6998

The Bellrays Cluny 0191 230 4474

Ben Thornley Bridge Hotel  
0191 232 6400Let's Wrestle Dog & Parrot  
0191 261 6998Riff X/Free Radicals/Alaska Young  
02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000

## NORWICH

Capdown Waterfront 01603 632717

Marvin Ayres The Forum  
01603 662 234

## NOTTINGHAM

Pete & The Pixels Contemporary  
0115 948 9750

## PORTSMOUTH

Ratpack/Mark Archer South Parade  
Pier 023 9273 2283Tickin' The Pickle Cellars  
0871 230 1094

## READING

Ed Lofstedt Rising Sun 0118 957 2974

Sephroth/That Darn Sasquatch/  
Artemis Face Bar 0118 956 8188

## RIPLEY

INDIETRACKS Suburban Kids With  
Biblical Names/Jonny/Pocketbooks

01773 747 674

## SHEFFIELD

Wreckless Eric The Greystones  
0114 266 5599

## SOUTHAMPTON

The Carrier Joiners 023 8022 5612

Henry Cluney Talking Heads  
023 8055 5899

Lemuria/ Unit 02380 225612

## STOKE ON TRENT

Screwloose Sugarmill 01782 214991

## STRATFORD UPON AVON

GLOBAL GATHERING Pendulum/  
Steve Angello/Professor Green/  
Beardyman/Jaguar Skills

0871 230 1094

## ST ALBANS

Kindred Shins/Alexis Kings Horn  
01727 853143

## TUNBRIDGE WELLS

Algernon Cadwallader/Tail Ships/  
OK Pilot The Forum 08712 777101

## WINCHESTER

Mobo/The Ashbies Railway Inn  
01962 867795

## WOLVERHAMPTON

Quill/Mezzotonic Robin 2  
01902 497860

## YORK

Athlete The Duchess 01904 641 413





# SATURDAY

## July 30

**BELFAST**

Marcel Dettman Stiff Kitten  
028 90238700  
**The Outcasts** Empire 028 9024 9276  
**BIRMINGHAM**  
Drongos For Europe/Rust/Dirt Box  
Disco Wagon & Horses 0121 772 1403  
Jackpike 02 Academy 3  
0870 771 2000  
Jimmy Davis Adam & Eve  
0121 491 1500  
Nine Bar/Sensitise/Mission  
Custard Factory 0121 604 7777

**BRIGHTON**

Albert Mooney World's End  
01273 692311  
AK/DK Green Door Store  
07894 267 053  
Format/Ophelia's Nunnery Cobblers  
Thumb 01273 605 636  
**BRIISTOL**  
Adrian Sherwood/Viso Nero/Viv  
Albertine Thunderbolt 07791 319 614  
COI/The Diversions/Model Boat  
Croft Main Room 0117 987 4144  
Edenheight Old Duke  
0117 977 7137  
Manana Fire Engine 07521 974070  
The Motherload Mr Wolf's  
0117 927 3221  
The Mudheads Cat And Wheel  
0117 942 7862  
Neo-Ritmo/Hello Lazarus/Lights  
& Clockwork Fleece 0117 945 0996  
Social Flatline/Off The Wall Croft  
Front Bar 0117 987 4144

**BUIDE**

LEOPALDOZA The Datsuns/Wolf  
Gang/Man Like Me/Fiction/Max  
Raptor/Exit International/Yaaks/  
The Skints/Little Fish/Kill It Kid  
**CARDIFF**  
Some Kind Of Leader Undertone  
029 2022 8665  
We Are The Afterglow/Samuel H  
Buffalo Bar 02920 310312  
4th Street Traffic Club For Bach  
029 2023 2199

**CARLISLE**

Manatees/Mister Manana/  
Manhattan Project Brickyard  
01228 512220

**COVENTRY**

One Great Day Carey's Bar  
07714 105091

**DERBY**

Whitemoor Victoria Inn  
01332 740091

**DUNDEE**

Bad Name Beat Generator  
01382 229226

**EDINBURGH**

The Laymanites/Friends Are  
Friends/Hurricane Party Maggie's  
Chamber 0131 622 6801  
Little Miss Lead HMV Picture House  
0844 847 1740  
Tobias Lutzenkirchen Cabaret  
Voltaire 0131 220 6176  
Villa/Craig Smith The GRV  
0131 220 2987

**GLASGOW**

Athlete/My First Tooth The Arches  
0141 565 1000  
Dubfire SWG3 0141 357 7246  
Ex-Cathedra/The Junkman's Choir  
King Tull's Wah Wah Hut 0141 221 5279  
Hells Bells Garage 0141 332 1120  
Hidden Masters/The Magnetic  
Mind/The Cosmic Dead Captain's  
Rest 0141 331 2722

The Cribs,  
Kendal Calling

**Let's Wrestle Nice'n'Sleazy**

0141 333 9637  
Senser Classic Grand 0141 847 0820  
The Tenements 02 ABC2  
0141 204 5151

**GLOUCESTER**

Mostly Autumn Guildhall Arts Centre  
01452 503050

**GUILDFORD**

Coda Boieroom 01483 440022

**KENDAL**

**KENDAL CALLING** The Cribs/Echo  
& The Bunnymen/Beardyman/  
The Young Knives/Tim Burgess/  
Easy Star All Stars/Alice Gold/Sonic  
Boom Six/Failsafe/Little Barrie

**LEEDS**

Shoes And Socks Off/Hymns Nation  
Of Shopkeepers 0113 203 1831

**LEICESTER**

The Bobbytraps The Donkey  
0116 270 5042  
Earthtone9 Firebug  
0116 255 1228

**LIVERPOOL**

Kof 02 Academy 2 0870 771 2000  
The 53s/Mortiboyz Shipping Forecast  
0871 230 1094

**LONDON**

Albourne 02 Shepherds Bush Empire  
0870 771 2000  
Carnage/Damn Dice Camden Rock  
0871 230 1094

**Chorinho Cable Street Studios**

020 77901309  
Deferred Success/Malowski  
Windmill 020 8671 0700  
The Floyd Effect Albany  
020 8692 4446

**Halfway To New York Zigfrid Von**

Underbelly 020 7613 1988  
James Morrison/Benjamin Francis  
Leftwich Roundhouse 020 7482 7318  
Kling Hammond 100 Club  
020 7611 0933

**Kites/Don't Wait Animate/**

Morgan O'Faye Nambucca  
020 7272 7366

**The Long Haul/The Tripdown**

Project Hope & Anchor 020 7354 1312  
The Merry Gang Zenith Bar  
0207 226 1408

**People Are Things/Deeds Of The**

Nameless/Paradigm Shift Dublin  
Castle 020 7485 1773

**The Pogues/Buzzcocks Old Royal**

Naval College 020 8269 4747  
The Robot Heart/Laura Hocking  
Union Chapel 020 7226 1686

**Room 94 Kings College**

020 7834 4740  
The Tomorrow Men Barfly  
0870 907 0999

**The Usual Pleasures Hoxton Cell**

020 7739 1800  
The Vinyl Stitches/Andy & The

**Prostitutes/Belter New Cross Inn**

020 8692 1866  
World/Inferno Friendship Society  
Underworld 020 7482 1932

**LULWORTH**

**CAMP BESTIVAL** Groove Armada/  
Mark Ronson & The Business Intl/  
House Of Pain/Ella Doolittle/Ms  
Dynamite/Newton Faulkner/The  
Cuban Brothers/The Wonder Stuff/  
Gentleman's Dub Club/Kathryn  
Williams 01929 400 352

**MANCHESTER**

Black Country Communion/Michael  
Schenker Academy 0161 832 1111  
Capdown Moho Live 0161 834 8180  
El Schleng Satan's Hollow  
0161 231 0111

Modulate/Deviant-UK/The Ladder  
Academy 3 0161 832 1111

**MILTON KEYNES**

Luke Pickett Grauford Arms  
0871 230 1094

**NEWCASTLE**

Ambershift/Llistless/Discord Cluny  
0191 230 4474  
Kiss Your Commander 02 Academy 2  
0870 771 2000

**Zero Error Riverside 0191 261 4386****NOTTINGHAM**

In Helsinki Reindeer Inn  
0115 966 3629  
Warrior One Stealth 08713 100000

**We Are Fiction/Decade/Hero**

Rock City 08713 100000

**OXFORD**

The Driftwood Stage/  
The Liftenen/The Dacolls  
Wheatheaf 01865 721156

**PONTYPRIDD**

Henry's Funeral Shoe/Kyshera  
Club Y Bont 01443 491424

**POOLE**

The Cropdusters/Trav Cats Mr Kyps  
01202 748945

**PORTSMOUTH**

Hairforce 5 Cellars 0871 230 1094

**PRESTON**

Jon Aveyard The Continental  
01772 499 425

**READING**

No Americana Face Bar  
0118 956 8188

**RIPLEY**

**INDIETRACKS** Edwyn Collins/  
The Hidden Cameras/Help Stamp  
Out Loneliness/Butcher Boy/  
The Wendy Darlings/Gustafan/  
Just Handshakes (We're British)  
01773 747 674

**SALISBURY**

Fash Steward/The Canyon Star  
Arts Centre 01722 321744

**SHEFFIELD**

Lethal Bizzle/Ghetts/Lovelle 02  
Academy 0870 771 2000

**SKIPTON**

**MAGIC LOUNGE** ABOUT The  
Human League/New Young Pony  
Club/Fenech Soler/Crazy P/  
Florrie/Friends Electric/Mr B The  
Gentleman Rhymmer 01756 799 608

**SOUTHAMPTON**

Eddie Spaghetti Joiners  
023 8022 5612

**SOUTHEND**

Loom & The Beau Ideal/Bright  
Young Things Royal Basement  
01702 437 650

**STOKE**

The Tumbling Dice Full Moon  
01782 625471

**STRATFORD UPON AVON**

Tinie Tempah/Axwell/Labrinth/  
Dirty South/Yasmin  
Global Gathering 0871 230 1094

**TUNBRIDGE WELLS**

Anti Nowhere League/  
Lars Fredrikson & The Old Firm  
Casuals The Forum 08712 777101

**WAKEFIELD**

Imp/St Gregory Orange/Above Us  
The Waves The Hop 0871 230 1094

**WOLVERHAMPTON**

You And What Army? Slade Room  
0870 320 7000

**YORK**

RSJ/Carnellian/Fall Of Gam  
The Duchess 01904 641 413

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## SUNDAY

July 31

## ABERDEEN

Dividing The Silence/Despite My Deepest Fear/Semperfire The Tunnels 01224 211121

## BELFAST

Colly Strings/A Northern Light/Like Statues Empire 028 9024 9276

## BIRMINGHAM

All Our Glory O2 Academy 3 0870 771 2000

Athlete HMV Institute (Library)

0844 248 5037

Iron Maiden/Airbourne NIA

0121 780 4133

Wreckless Eric/Army Rigby Kitchen Garden Cafe 0121 443 4725

## BRIGHTON

Capdown/Random Hand/

Mouthwash Concorde 2 01273 673311

Gema Hadridge The Hope

01273 723 568

Lars Fredrikson & The Old Firm

Casuals Digital 01273 202407

## BRISTOL

Damon Brown Coronation Tap

0117 973 9617

Howlin' Lord Tobacco Factory

0117 902 0344

Kill Cassidy Louisiana 0117 926 5978

Lemuria/Cheap Girls/Caves Croft

Main Room 0117 987 4144

## BUDE

LEOPALLOOZA James Vincent

McMorrow/Alice Gold/Jarle

Bernhoft/The Milk/Pollock/Lulu &

The Lampshades/Company B

## CARDIFF

The Gentle Good/Gindringer/John

Maus Club Ifor Bach 029 2023 2199

JKLMO Buffalo Bar 02920 310312

## DUNDEE

Fash Stewart Doghouse

01382 227080

## GLASGOW

The Gathering The Arches

0141 565 1000

Jonnie Common Captain's Rest

0141 331 2722

Modulate/Je\$us Loves Amerika/

Surgyn Classic Grand 0141 847 0820

Tiger Please King Tut's Wah Wah Hut

0141 221 5279

## KENDAL

KENDAL CALLING Blondie/Frank

Turner/Fenech Soler/The Chapman

Family/Let's Buy Happiness/Red

Suns/Nedry/The Plea/Youself/

## LEEDS

Federation Of The Disko Pimp HiFi

Club 0113 242 7353

6 Fingered Man Northern Monkey

0113 242 6630

## LONDON

Fist Chivairy Dublin Castle

020 7485 1773

The Ideals Barfly 0870 907 0999

Moby Roundhouse 020 7482 7318

Swing Kids/Wolves Like Us

Underworld 020 7482 1932

That Sunday Feeling O2 Academy 2

Islington 0870 771 2000

## LULWORTH

CAMP FESTIVAL Primal Scream/

Beardyman/Katy B/Wretch 32/

Easy Star All Stars/Frankie & The

Heartstrings/Sound Of Run/Skinny

Lister/Benjamin Francis Leftwich/

Modestep 01909 400 352

## MANCHESTER

Shit & Shine Islington Mill

0871 230 1094

## NEWCASTLE

Boy Jumps Ship O2 Academy 2

0870 771 2000

Natey's Whore Kid Sister/Fawn

Spots The Tyne 0191 265 2550

## NOTTINGHAM

Eddie Spaghetti Rock City

08713 100000

Let's Wrestle Chameleon

0115 9505097

## PRESTON

Jeffrey Lewis & The Junkyard Mad

Ferret 07919 896 636

## RIPLEY

INDIETRACKS Herman Dune/

Withered Hand/Very Truly Yours/

Zipper/Sloppy Joe/A Fine Day For

Sailing 01773 747 674

## SHEFFIELD

Frank White/Hillbilly Cats New

Barrack Tavern 0114 234 9148

## SKIPTON

MAGIC LOUNGEABOUT Badly

Drawn Boy/Ed Sheeran/Steve

Mason/Misty Miller/Henry

Johnson/Clint Boon 01756 799 608

## SOUTHAMPTON

Heidi/Tom Budden/Luca Pilato Junk

Club 023 8033 5445

Room 94 Hamptons Bar

07919 253 508

Til Dusk/Crosstown/Munich Brook

023 8055 5366

## STOKE ON TRENT

Cover Story Blakey's Cafe Bar

01782 617 585

## WOLVERHAMPTON

Mezzotonic/The Linelight/

Diamond Lil Robin 2 01902 497860

## YORK

The Fallen The Duchess 01904 641 413

Morpheus Rising Fibbers

01904 651 250

## MONDAY

August 1



Blondie, O2 Academy Liverpool

## ABERDEEN

Tiger Please Cafe Drummond

01224 624642

## BIRMINGHAM

Ivyrise O2 Academy 3 0870 771 2000

## BOURNEMOUTH

Room 94 Old Fire Station

01202 503888

## BRISTOL

Lucy Rose Louisiana 0117 926 5978

Resurrectionists/Lentic Waters/

Saturday's Kids Croft Front Bar

0117 987 4144

## CARDIFF

Archimedes/Ngod Undertone

029 2022 8883

Iron Maiden/Airbourne Motorpoint

Arena 029 2022 4488

## DUNDEE

The Ocean Between Us

Beat Generator 01382 229226

## GLASGOW

Manatees Stereo 0141 576 5018

## LEICESTER

Moonlight Sinatras The Donkey

0116 270 5042

## LIVERPOOL

Blondie O2 Academy 0870 771 2000

Crystal Stilts Static Gallery

01517078090

Ed Sheeran Mojo

0844 549 9090

## LONDON

All Our Glory/A Day Overdue/

Famous Class Garage (Upstairs)

0871 230 1094

The Creepshow/Moonshine Stalkers

Underworld 020 7482 1932

Eli Paperboy Reed & The True

Loves O2 Academy 2 Islington

0870 771 2000

Fribo Slaughtered Lamb

020 8682 4080

The Lye Burns/British Worthies

Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773

The Pleasures/Kirla Boston Arms

020 7272 8153

Wildlife/Vaults/Oh Dae Sue

Old Blue Last 020 7613 2478

## NORWICH

Demented Are Go Arts Centre

01603 660352

## OXFORD

Icon O2 Academy 3 0870 771 2000

## SHEFFIELD

Jeffrey Lewis & The Junkyard Harley

0114 275 2288

## ST ALBANS

Chris Flegg/Lee Kosmin

Rose & Crown 01727 831607

## YORK

The Beatdown Stereo 01904 612237

Lars Fredrikson & The Old Firm

Casuals Fibbers 01904 651 250

## TUESDAY

August 2

## BIRMINGHAM

Eli Paperboy Reed & The

True Loves O2 Academy 2

0870 771 2000

The Jayhawks/Mark Olson/

Ingunn Ringvold HMV Institute

0844 248 5037

## BOURNEMOUTH

Into The Falls Ibar 01202 209727

## BRIGHTON

Gema Hadridge/Ophelia's Nunnery/

Rehearsal Summer Latest Music Bar

01273 687 171

## BRISTOL

Triaxls/Zoltar Speaks/Immersed

Earth Croft Front Bar 0117 987 4144

## CARDIFF

Wibidi Undertone 029 2022 8883

## DERBY

Death Of Thieves Victoria Inn

01332 740091

## GLASGOW

That Sunday Feeling Cathouse

0141 248 6606

## LEICESTER

Jason Ringenberg Musician

0116 251 0080

## LONDON

Athlete Union Chapel 020 7226 1686

Bouncing Souls O2 Academy 2

Islington 0870 771 2000

Clockwork Era Catch 020 7729 6097

Crystal Stilts Madame Jojo's

020 7734 2473

Jeffrey Lewis & The Junkyard/

Esper! The Lexington 020 7837 5387

Ringo Deathstarr/Deep Cut

Hoxton Square Bar & Grill

020 7613 0709

Saturday's Kids/We Come

First/Conductors Dublin Castle

020 7485 1773

## MANCHESTER

Boy Jumps Ship/Mint Soya/

Cuba Cuba Dry Bar 0161 236 5920

Lemuria Star & Garter 0161 273 6726

## NORWICH

Ivyrise Brickmakers 01603 441118

## SOUTHAMPTON

The Eyes Of A Traitor Joiners

023 8022 5612

## YORK

Pleasures/Velvet Star Stereo

01904 612237



Athlete, Union Chapel, London



Frankie & The Heartstrings, Camp Festival, Lulworth

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O<sub>2</sub>



## THIS WEEK IN 1988

THE HOUSE OF LOVE SHINE ON, NICO SIGNS OUT



## FEELING THE LOVE

**B**elieve the hype!" runs the intro, simply. "The buzz was set up by a barrage of sparkling 45s and an acclaimed debut LP, while upcoming single 'Destroy The Heart' will confirm The House Of Love as the best new rock group in Britain."

The House Of Love are set to be big ("maybe Wedding Present big," writes Danny Kelly. "Maybe bigger: perhaps, someday soon, stadium big"). Their debut single 'Shine On', when it arrived at the zenith of the hip hop summer, felt "like an iceberg in the Sahara". The self-titled album that followed was "not a classic, but the prelude to one". Singer Guy Chadwick is on top of the world. This week, in an almost unheard-of situation, his band are on the cover not just of the *NME*, but its rival weekly music paper *Melody Maker*. "We've always had brilliant reviews," he says. "Nobody has ever been able to write anything bad about us because... well, we don't rob anyone. I think we're brilliant..."

The aforementioned single will end up topping John Peel's prestigious Festive 50, with The House Of Love signing a gigantic major label deal early in 1989. But the band enthusiastically embrace the rock'n'roll lifestyle, and the recording of their second album descends into expensive farce. Their chaotic downward spiral has begun.

## ALSO IN THE ISSUE THAT WEEK

• The Smiths are rumoured to be reforming "with Morrissey and Marr working with new musicians".

• On the same page, it's reported that Echo & The Bunnymen "appear" to have split. "Maybe this is the big one," Ian McCulloch responds cryptically.

• Single Of The Week is Spacemen 3's 'Take Me To The Other Side', with Helen Mead writing "burn baby burn, and let your consciousness be damned". My Bloody Valentine's 'You Made Me Realise' is also reviewed favourably.

• The Pastels compilation 'Suck On The Pastels' is reviewed by Bob Stanley, and awarded "8 for the LP, 2 for the compiler's efforts".

• Wire are caught live at London's Astoria: "A bit of a tired show," writes David Quantick, "and too often the patches of commercialism badly applied showed through."

## DIARY OF A MADMAN

Mark E Smith provides *NME* with excerpts from his European tour notes. "We catch a 6am ferry with a group fronted by a superstar from a famous group (Queen)," he writes. "They shout and, like all Covent Garden rockers, try to be rebellious in public. Seems my Armani pullover is a fashion faux pas to these Canterbury Revenge middle class hard rockers. Then, unprompted, they launch into a defence about playing with this star, saying how talented they are in their own right, how he even comes on their bus sometimes."

## DEATH OF AN ICON

Under the headline 'Last Of The Bohemians', *NME* runs an obituary for Nico. "The high priestess of teutonic angst died in Ibiza last Monday night of a brain haemorrhage. She was found unconscious by the side of her pushbike and taken to Cannes Nisto hospital, where she died at 8pm. Her close friend and manager says: 'She went at the exact opposite of what we would have considered the appropriate moment to shuffle off this mortal coil. We suspected she'd end up some cranky old woman in a home, outliving all of us.'"

NME

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BACK ISSUES OF NME: £4.50 in the UK (£5.50 in the EEC, \$6.50 in  
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Compiled by Trevor Hungerford

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### CLUES ACROSS

1+17D The Joy Formidable are counting on it, but it's a bit bulky, mind..... (1-5-6)  
 4+12D .....Kraftwerk are counting on it, and it's easy to mind..... (6-10)  
 8 .....Kosheen are counting on nothing other than their own mind (3-2-2-4)  
 9 (See 12 across)  
 11 A look of embarrassment as Aussie indie pop band The Hummingbirds performed this number (5)  
 12+9A A famous cover of a Hole number (9-4)  
 13 'You Can Call Me...' suggested Paul Simon (2)  
 15 Girlfriend with The Smiths totally unaware she's in this (4)  
 18+9D Going solo from The Fiery Furnaces, some old seasonal stuff from Eleanor Friedberger (4-6)  
 20+27D Beastly mob taking on 'The King And All Of His Men' (4-4)  
 22 Björk makes her first solo appearance on album (5)  
 23 Time to complete Queens Of The Stone Age album '...Vulgaris' (3)  
 24 Tuned in, perhaps, around the end to hear a Muse number (10)  
 25 (See 1 down)  
 28 Tom Vek's boring task of making music (1-5)  
 30 The XX, Mute label band or The Nashville, '60s pop band (5)  
 31 House music act appearing in a gin joint (1-3)  
 33 The Maccabees' singer has nothing on crazy Arnold (7)  
 34 It can't be true that '... Is The Most Fun A Girl Can Have' with Panic! At The Disco (5)  
 36 Huge hitmaking group with an appearance in Camelot (3)

### CLUES DOWN

1+25A None of the old folks are here for you, but it's 'Welcome Home' anyway (3 3-5)  
 2 Primal Scream get a nasty burn recording this album (4 4)  
 3 Mad keen preview, perhaps, of an American band (7-7)  
 4 As Benjamin Paul Ballance-Drew is better known (4-1)  
 5 Their albums include 'Muswell Hillbillies' and 'The Village Green Preservation Society' (5)  
 6 At that moment in time in 1990 it was a hit for The Charlatans (4)

7 Isaac Hayes had hit with 'Theme From .....', a 1971 movie (5)  
 9 (See 18 across)  
 10 I start harmonising with founder member of The Smashing Pumpkins (3)  
 12 (See 4 across)  
 14 Californians seeking 'A Place In The Sun' start off in Littlehampton (3)  
 16 Verse missing from Travis' album '... To J Smith' (3)  
 17 (See 1 across)  
 19 Jamie ... of The xx or James ... of Hadouken! or Jimmy ..., jazz musician (5)  
 21 A new Shonen Knife album for when you're not doing anything (4-4)  
 25 Shout for nothing at a Swiss electronica act (5)  
 26 Echobelly album seen twice in London (2)  
 27 (See 20 across)  
 29 US psychedelic rock band with some precious material get stuck into a pop album (4)  
 32 'Psycho Jukebox' as now played by ... Fratelli (3)  
 35 Bluetones' number taken from The Drifters (2)

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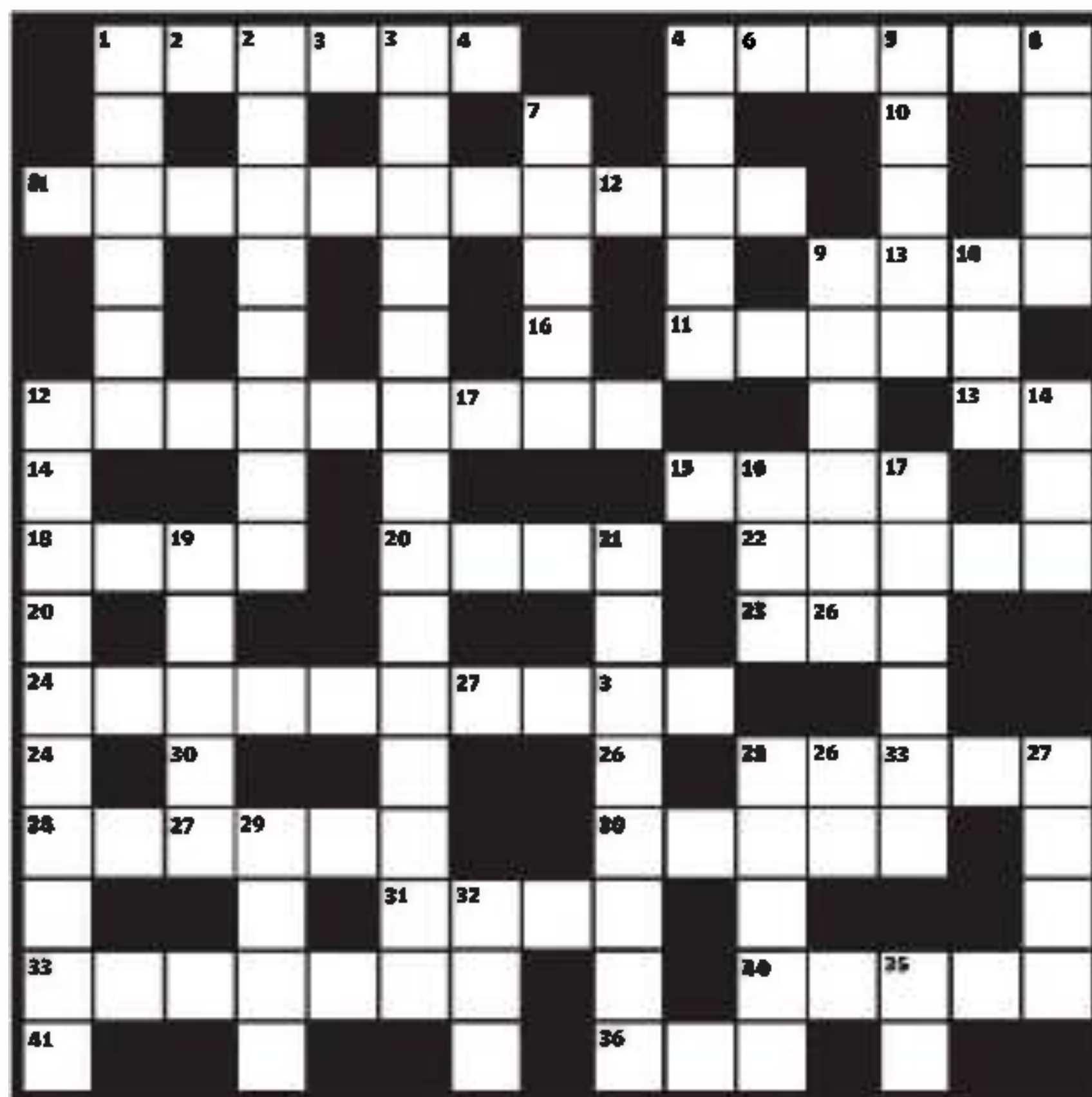
### JULY 9 ANSWERS

#### ACROSS

1 All In White, 6 Walk, 10 Techno Fan, 11 Liars, 12 Gist, 13 Get Back, 15 Age, 16 Archer, 18 On Call, 19 I'm Real, 20 Jeepster, 23 Your Ghost, 27 Let Love In, 29 Alive, 30 Uffley, 31 Stone, 32 Mat

#### DOWN

1 Anti-Gravity, 2 Licks, 3+9D Nine Black Alps, 4 Hefner, 5 Tony Bennett, 7 Adam, 8 KRS-One, 15 All That I Am, 17 Circuital, 21 Respect, 22 Boxers, 24+25A Glory Days, 27+14D Lou Bega, 28+26D Neo Wave



## COLLECTORS' CORNER

### YEAH YEAH YEAHS

Call yourself a super fan? Here are the gems that no Yeah Yeah Yeahs obsessive should be without



### TELL ME WHAT ROCKERS TO SWALLOW

(2010)



The New York trio's first DVD consists mainly of a performance at The Fillmore in San Francisco that captures the rawness of the band's live show and showcases the star quality of Karen O. Director Spike Jonze, who was among the camera operators, began dating the charismatic singer around the time.

**Need To Know:** Features early version of 'Cheated Hearts'.

### IS IS

(2007)



Although this EP, featuring five songs, was released after the band's second album 'Show Your Bones' in 2006, these highly charged and sexually frank set of songs were actually recorded in 2004 during a reportedly turbulent time in the group's short history.

**Need To Know:** The band made a live film to accompany the EP, shot over two nights - one before a mixed-sex audience and then one comprising females only.

### HEAD WOUND CITY - HEAD WOUND CITY EP

(2007)



Nick Zinner was briefly part of a 'supergroup' with members of Blood Brothers, The Locust and Holy Molar. Their seven-song, 10-minute EP is an amalgamation of punk, hardcore and psychedelic. In contrast to the poppier material Zinner wrote for the Yeah Yeah Yeahs' 'Show Your Bones'.

**Need to know:** The EP was written, recorded and produced in just one week.

### WHERE THE WILD THINGS ARE (OST)

(2009)



Karen O wrote the majority of the soundtrack for the kids' movie directed by old squeeze Spike Jonze. She was helped out on her dreamlike ditties - occasionally featuring a children's choir - by her Yeah Yeah Yeahs bandmates on the recording, as well as other pals from Liars, Deerhunter and The Raconteurs.

**Need To Know:** Despite being on the trailer, Arcade Fire's 'Wake Up' is not featured in the movie or soundtrack.



# FANMAIL

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

Edited by Barry Nicolson



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## The Big Issue

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## HURT FEELINGS

**From:** Alexander Middleton  
**To:** NME

I find it hard to believe that Hurts managed to top your poll for the best act at T In The Park this year, despite possibly the greatest live show on earth right now playing the very same weekend. Of course, I'm talking about Primal Scream playing 'Screamadelica' start to finish. Now, to be fair, I never saw Hurts play, and I'll admit, they are a pretty good group, but I don't think the people voting took into consideration JUST HOW AMAZING HEARING THAT ALBUM LIVE IS! This is an album that helped sculpt British music, and I'm not even talking about dance music! Every group in Britain since then has owed a great deal to that album, maybe some more than others. But from opening with 'Movin' On Up' to the peak of 'Come Together', it made paying £200 for a ticket worth it, and then some. It's a moment that I may never see again, and I find that hard to say about Hurts.

**NME's response...**

**From:** NME  
**To:** Alexander Middleton  
It seems to me that one of two things has happened here, Alexander. Either Hurts covertly employ a well-drilled unit of paid-by-the-click freelance

trolls sourced from the cheap labour pools of former Soviet Bloc nations... or people are just really, really into them. Occam's razor dictates it's probably the latter, although how far can you really trust a man

with eyebrows as villainous as Theo Hutchcraft's? As for 'Screamadelica', I caught the show in a Glasgow arena a few months back, and my flabber was left oddly ungasted. I'm going to commit an act of indie

heresy here and say that 'XTRMNT' is Primal Scream's real masterpiece anyway... - BN

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

## LET'S RIP THE PISS OUT OF RAZORLIGHT

**From:** Alex  
**To:** NME

Nice to see that good ol' Razorlight starlet Johnny Borrell has gone back to his old modest self... Oh wait. I hope for the sake of the musical nation that this time he won't bawl to us about his nicotine sleeping fix. Leave it out.

**From:** Joe Holyoake

**To:** NME

Is that Lieutenant Dan from *Forrest Gump* in the new Razorlight line-up?

**From:** NME

**To:** Alex and Joe

What a year it's turning out to be for us long-suffering music journalists. First Justin Hawkins rejoins The Darkness (sporting Colonel Sanders' moustache, no less!) and now Razorlight are 'back', cap in hand and in search of redemption. Except, after reading that interview, I almost (and I stress *almost*) found myself feeling sorry for J-Bo. Now that he employs that guy with the hat, he's not even the most noteworthy member of his own band anymore - BN

## NICE FIGHT!

**From:** Stu Conway

**To:** NME

Watching Elbow at Glastonbury and Foo Fighters at T In The Park, an idea for a feature occurred to me. Why not get Guy Garvey and Dave Grohl in a pub together and get them to have a 'Nice Off', to find out who is the actual nicest man in rock? My money's on Garvey, but it'd be close!

**From:** NME

**To:** Stu Conway

The difference between

Grohl and Garvey is that Dave's rich enough to pay people to be nasty for him (you should meet his bodyguard). Anyway, a compendium of the stories we here at NME Towers swap about our most excruciating rock star encounters would make for much better reading. Care to guess which mid-table indie frontman once ended an interview by calling me a 'silly little journalist from a silly little magazine'? Or who signed off on the immortal line, 'Aren't these the sort of questions you should be asking The Wombats?' before hanging up the phone? - BN

## MORRISON LIMPS ON...

**From:** Jack

**To:** NME

"Bottom line, [Jim] Morrison was an egomaniac and it was written all over his smarmy face: I am sexy, I am smart and complicated, and everyone loves me. So the secret is out. Morrison was an over-rated tool, fraud and charlatan, and his body of work is mediocre at best, completely irrelevant and hopelessly dated at worst." (NME, July 9)

What the fuck? Never reading NME again. Who on Earth are you letting write this pile of bollocks? [Sniiiiip! Jack goes into a 135-word rant here about how shit EVERYTHING is - Bored Ed]

**From:** NME

**To:** Jack

I know nothing about you, Jack, but nonetheless I like to picture you writing this missive at your computer, venomously stabbing at the keys with quivering, rage-fuelled fingers, apoplexy swelling your face until it resembles nothing more than a pair of pink tights



overstuffed with wet guts, issuing forth an inchoate scream as you press 'Send'... and then realising that, on the opposite side of the page, Gavin Haynes had written a completely separate feature, one celebrating His Jim-ness as the Dionysian envelope-pusher at least some people think he was. It doesn't half warm my cockles - BN

**From: Fionn Barra**  
**To: NME**

I was fascinated by the last issue's disparate views on Rock Icon Jim Morrison. It is as plain as the pout on his face that the man was both a legend and a loser. The Lizard King was a Luciferian figure who burned bright but shattered on impact... his poetry was shit, for sure, but his lyricism was often beautiful and the songs sublime. Gavin Haynes, while not delivering anything we haven't heard before, exhibited the fact that Morrison represented everything that is great about rock'n'roll - reckless idealism, deviancy, sexiness and a burning passion for self-expression. He wrote some crap, we know, but when lightning struck, the tree burned!

**From: NME**  
**To: Fionn Barra**  
The duality of The Jim, that yearning to peer behind



## STALKER

**From: Noah**

**To: NME**

"Here's me with Faris from The Horrors after their Eden Centre gig. He's much taller than I expected"

existence itself, to drink deep from the forbidden wine (or whatever else was available) and transcend this terraqueous material plane while simultaneously acting like a rambunctious drunken asshat is part of the reason why he's one of my favourite rock stars - BN

## AN EXCITABLE ALBARN-PHILE WRITES

**From: Emma Smith**

**To: NME**

My music highlight of the week was [Damon Albarn's] *Dr Dee: An English Opera*. I am a huge Blur, Gorillaz and Albarn fan and love everything he is involved in. This opera was absolutely beautiful, for the eyes and ears! The projections were amazing and the physical theatre was spectacular! Damon, who was

# Web Slings

The highlight of this week's NME.COM blogs

## MERCURY PRIZE FIGHTING

M People's triumph over 'Parklife'. Speech Debelles holding the statue aloft in a room full of confused people. The continued presence of the oddball wank-jazz band that never wins. We all know how strange the Barclaycard Mercury Prize can be, but this year they might have surpassed themselves.

Two words spring to mind immediately: Wild Beasts. Even by the usual and inevitable standards of omission, that's a screaming oversight. You could add to those words Hurts, Radiohead, Arctic Monkeys, The Streets, Friendly Fires. Some might include The Vaccines. Surely they could have made room for some of these?

Gwilym Simcock fans might disagree, but there's a spare slot for starters. Although on second thoughts, maybe he should win. There's no point nominating the avant album no-one's heard of if you're never going to follow through with it. Elsewhere on the list it veers from the inevitable (James Blake) to exciting (Everything Everything), to a bit WTF.

The presence of Elbow and PJ Harvey displays a lack of imagination - could either of these two pull off the double win? And if they do, where does that leave newer bands?

Read Tim Chester's blog in full at [NME.COM/blogs](http://NME.COM/blogs)

### Best of the responses...

Arctic Monkeys? Miles Kane? Yuck? Beady Eye? Even if you hate Beady Eye, surely you agree with them over Tinie Tempah and Metronomy.  
**Remy Bennett**

Pleased Everything Everything are in there.  
**Edwin Gilson**

Elbow and Metronomy? Two great acts that, sadly, are undeserving of nominations

based on these two records.  
**Joshua Dixon**

It's a decent list. I'm pleased Everything Everything are finally getting some credit.  
**Paul Wade**

Wild Beasts, The Horrors, Arctic Monkeys and Bill Wells & Aidan Moffat albums are better than any of these nominations. Such a joke.  
**Kyle Fitzpatrick**



performing as himself, was giving his all to every song and you could tell he had put his heart and soul into this project. At the end he showed his usual, excitable stage presence and jumped about, applauding the performers and audience! When the show was over an excitable selection of the audience gathered around the stage doors and waited for the composer to appear. After around 20 minutes, he showed up a big grin on his face... (Incredibly long, unbelievably detailed description of how Damon signed Emma's programme, smiled at her, drove away, and left her sobbing with happiness edited for brevity's sake - BN) It was the happiest moment of my life so far and I'm grateful to Damon for having the patience to see everyone that night and for being an absolute genius and making the music he makes so inspiring.

**From: NME**

**To: Emma Smith**

Emma, your enthusiasm is both touching and slightly exhausting. I was lucky enough to see *Dr Dee* on opening night, and while the reaction to it has been mixed, Damon should be applauded for attempting something so wide-open to ridicule as a conceptual folk-opera about the life of a Tudor-age English occultist. Can this really be the same man who once wrote 'Country House', then made Alex James ride a pig in the video, all to sell a few more singles than Oasis? Looked at from that perspective, Damon's growth as an artist has been off the scale - BN

## BEADY BYE, ANYONE?

**From: Dillon**

**To: NME**

I'm fucking fed up with this hype about Beady Eye just because of Liam Gallagher. If Liam Gallagher made a band

called (*Unforgivably homophobic made-up band name edited for reasons of good taste - BN*), the Oasis shitheads would still say his music's good when really it's just decent. You want an under-rated artist and the album of the year? Listen to Miles Kane's 'Colour Of The Trap'. That's what I call an album.

**From: Margaret**

**To: NME**

Is it really worth keeping up with Liam and Noel's never-ending feud? It's quite obvious they dislike each other, and the odds of Oasis reuniting are slimmer than that of Radiohead ever being interesting. Yes, Noel's solo album seems quite exciting, but come on, who expected a POSITIVE reaction from Liam? His response wasn't even that humorous compared to some of the remarks he's made. If the Gallaghers choose to abandon their

side projects and announce an Oasis reunion - and cancel it two weeks later - then feel free to blather on all you like. But until then, I'm not interested.

**From: NME**

**To: Dillon and Margaret**  
Mental note to self: must ask Liam what he thinks of these letters. Could be a potential news story in the offing - BN



## STALKER

**From: Lisa**

**To: NME**

"I bullied Yannis into this photo at Latitude Festival. I was slightly worse for wear"

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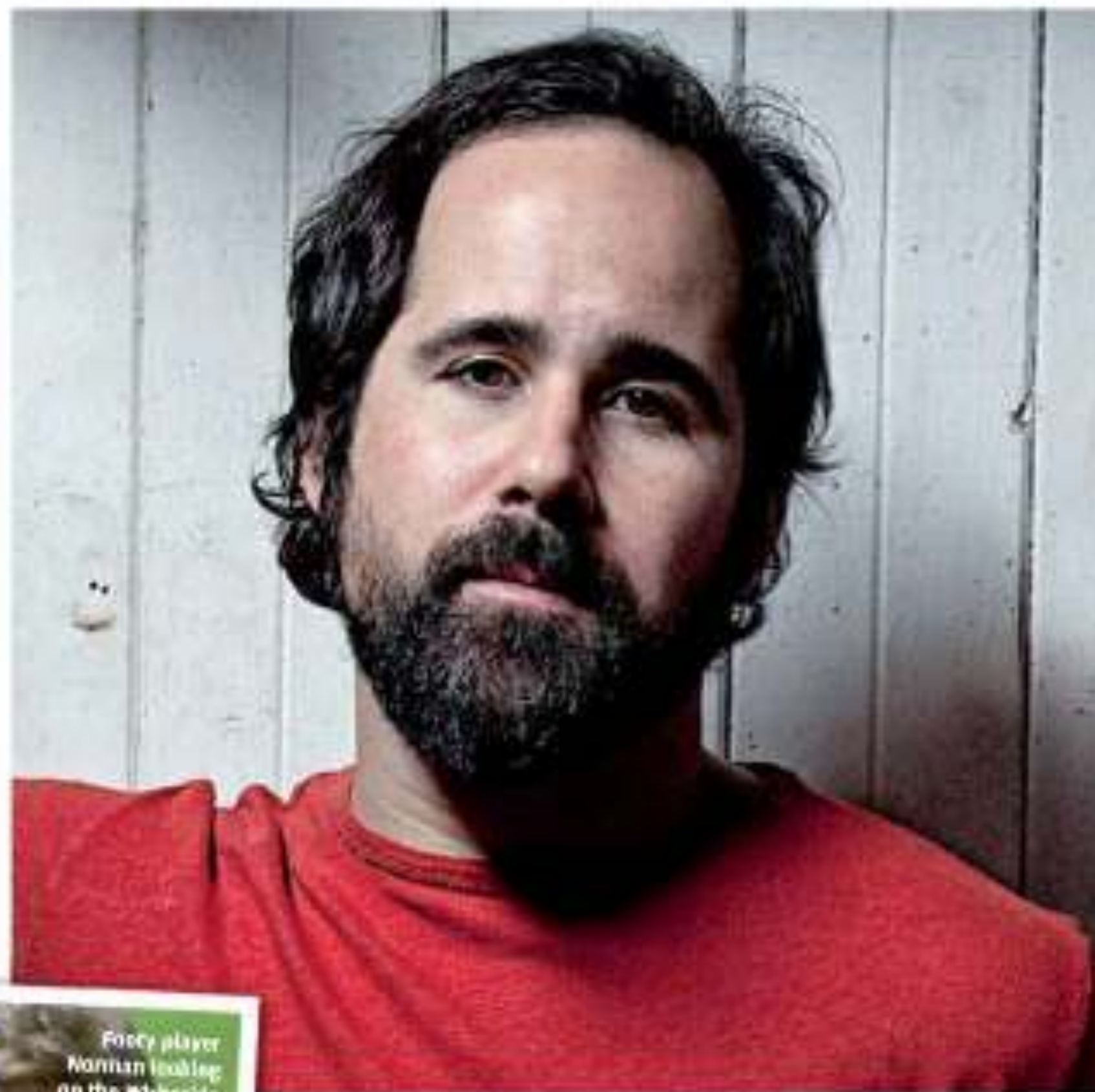


# DOES ROCK'N'ROLL KILL BRAINCELLS?

TESTING MUSICIANS' MEMORIES AFTER A LIFETIME OF ABUSE

*This Week*

## RONNIE VANNUCCI THE KILLERS



### QUESTION 1

The Killers star on the covers for the 'Day And Age' singles (below) – who got which cover?

"I'm on 'World We Live In'. Dave is on 'Human'. Brandon's on 'Spaceman'. And Mark is on... What's Mark on? Man! Did Mark get one?"

*Half a point. Mark is on the cover of 'A Dustland Fairytale'*



### QUESTION 2

What was the name of the Vegas wedding chapel in which you were working as a photographer when you first met Brandon and Dave?

"The Chapel of the Flowers. 1717 Las Vegas Boulevard, just north of the Stratosphere Tower."

*Correct. Are you a trained photographer?*

"I am trained. I wouldn't call me a photographer. I worked there for two and a half years. We'd rehearse in the day and I'd go off to work at night time."

### QUESTION 3

You grew a big beard to launch your solo project Big Talk – but who had their moustache first, you or Jason Lee from My Name Is Earl?

"Well, how are you going to prove that one?"

*This is assuming you didn't have one on 'Hot Fuss' but you did on 'Sam's Town'*

"I've worn moustaches before. But to the public I'd say that Jason Lee had it first."

*Correct. My Name Is Earl started in September 2005. 'Sam's Town' came out in 2006. Do people still get you confused?*

"One time I was coming out of an elevator at the MTV Music Awards and I saw Bam Margera and the Jackass crew. Bam comes up to me and goes, 'Dude! What are you



Football player Norman Whiteside on the Whiteside



The undisputed Earl of facial hair – even Ronnie agrees

doing here?" I'm like, 'Er, what are you doing here? I'm here for the awards. I'm playing.' He goes, 'Playing?' I could see the realisation in his eyes that I wasn't Jason Lee. Years later we laugh about that!"

### QUESTION 4

What type of hat are you wearing in the video to The Killers' 2006 Christmas single 'A Great Big Sled'?

"Great Big Sled? I wore a Santa hat!"

*Correct. Will there always be a Killers Christmas single?*

"Yeah. Every year. It's our way of giving."

### QUESTION 5

You completed your BA at the University of Nevada, Las Vegas on May 14 this year. What bonus item did

you receive as well as your diploma?

"The keys to Ham Hall. When The Killers started we used to practise in my garage but everybody's work schedules screwed up so we could only practise late at night. So we used to break into Ham Hall at the University of Las Vegas to practise there. We'd break into the percussion room, use all the stuff, and carefully put everything back. We practised for hours. I can remember writing 'Glamorous Indie Rock & Roll' and 'Somebody Told Me' in that room. Now we can go in any time we want! I actually may take them up on that."

*Correct*

### QUESTION 6

What's the total diameter of the five cymbals you use on your standard drum kit set up?

"Including bottom high hats?"

Er... yes

(Gets out iPhone calculator) "You've got two 18s so that's 36. You've got two 22s so that's 44. And you've got one 24. So that's (tappidy-tap) 104 inches."

*Correct*

### QUESTION 7

Which Spice Girl was on Jonathan Ross' TV show when The Killers first played on the programme, in November 2004?

"Ginger Spice! She's very nice. And extremely flexible."

*Correct*

### QUESTION 8

Name the two songs on Brandon's solo album 'Flamingo' that you play the drums on.

"'Playing with Fire'. And I didn't actually play on this one but everyone gives me credit for it: 'Crossfire'."

*Correct*



Ronnie lends a helping hand on 'Flamingo'

### QUESTION 9

Which ex-Man Utd and Everton player do British Killers fans sometimes change the words of 'Mr Brightside' to?

"You've got me there because I don't even follow football."

*Wrong. Norman Whiteside*

(Sings) "'I'm Norman Whiteside'. That's pretty funny!"

### QUESTION 10

The Killers stole their name from a fictitious band in the video to what single from what album?

"The band was New Order. The video was 'Crystal'. And the album was 'Get Ready'."

*Correct*

*Total Score*  
**8.5/10**

"Pretty good, but I didn't even know about Norman Whiteside until you mentioned him, so maybe you should give me a bonus point? I'm not asking for a handout."

Go to [NME.COM/blogs](http://NME.COM/blogs) to see the full Braincells hall of fame (and shame)





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