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ON REPEAT

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



TRASH TALK

Burn Alive

Stop everything! Trash Talk have made a pop tune! OK, pop is stretching it, but sub-two-minute stabs of breakneck anger and fist-pumping revolution don't get more accessible than this.

Mike Williams, Deputy Editor

DRC MUSIC

Hallo

In between helming *Dr Dee* and reforming The Good, The Bad & The Queen, Damon Albarn's somehow managed to "do Africa" again this year. So far, so worthy. But this is actually his best track in ages, a nagging Afro-pop stormer that more than keeps his quality/quantity ratio ticking over.

Rick Martin, News Editor

NITE JEWEL

She's Always Watching You

Once of the Italians Do It Better stable, Nite Jewel, aka Ramona Gonzalez, always had something more interesting to her than the posier end of the Italo house revival. This beguiling, Dirty Projectors-ish dreambeat ramble, dominated by her lazy, liquid voice, promises an intriguing second album.

Emily Mackay, Reviews Editor

OH LAND

Bloodbuzz Ohio (The National cover)

In a recent interview, Laura Marling said that she'd always imagined swapping National singer Matt Berninger's rich tones for a female vocal. Oh Land's Nanna clearly heard her plea – this cover transforms the triumphant, thick guitars of the original into a haze of icy glimmers, swapping slow-burning intensity for spine-chilling fragility.

Laura Snapes, Assistant Reviews Editor

REM

Radio Free Europe

Consider it salt in the wounds. Thirty years after the track was recorded, one of REM's earliest demos surfaces to

showcase a band on the brink: an act energetic and enthusiastic yet naive of the legacy they would leave behind and the spotlight they would be thrust into.

Anne T Donahue, writer

DRAKE

Club Paradise

Named after a daggy strip club in his native Toronto, here Drake lists the real names of its working girls while ruminating on how far he's come. His trademark anxiety and self-doubt remain as he notes, "I feel awkward at this fashion week shit". Alert Humblebrag!

Ailbhe Malone, writer

KING KRULE

The Noose Of Jah City

Zoo Kid, for legal reasons, is dead, but Archie Marshall is still alive and kicking. His intriguing croak anchors the lead track from his forthcoming 'King Krule' EP, rich and full against the sort of delicate atmospherics that made us pay attention in the first place.

Liam Cash, writer

ACID HOUSE KINGS

Heaven Knows I Miss Him Now

Well, this is a thoroughly lovely bit of knock-kneed, softy indie pop. That Smiths-indebted song title (which was in itself doffing its cap to Sandie Shaw's 'Heaven Knows I'm Missing Him Now') not indie enough for you? If you buy the single you also get a version sung by cult icon Dan Treacy.

Luke Lewis, Editor, NME.COM



LAURA MARLING

Pray For Me

This new track is yet another jaw-dropper, one which finds Marling in a paranoid and desperate frame of mind as she visits the unmarked last resting place of her lost soul. Yet for all the moribund, serious-business subject matter, it still hums with her unmistakable spirit.

Priya Elan, Assistant Editor, NME.COM

TRACK
OF
THE
WEEK

TRIBES

Halfway Home

Tribes: spilling out of Camden bars with their ramshackle riffs, livers of 60-year-olds, snow-spangled nostrils and nipple-exposing rips in their clothes... The band whose early singles sounded as though they were recorded in a tin can, and whose debut album we thought would sound much the same... Nuh-uh, sonny Jim. They've only gone and made what we can only call a *stadium rock record*. Entitled 'Baby', it's out in January, when there'll be plenty of pontificating over whether Johnny

Lloyd and co will end up going early Kings Of Leon (great) or Mona (absolutely cocking awful) with it. But for now there's 'Halfway Home', a finger-picked, wistful preview, aflame with yearning

vocals, that boldly strides along with the promise that Tribes might actually be much more than the janglin', banglin' good time boys they could have been. Mind you, that was a state of affairs already more than satisfactory in the first place.

It's more REM than Razorlight, more 'Only By The Night' than yet another night in the Barfly, it's just *more*: a-stir with effort and ambition, emotion and excitement. While it's a bit too early to envisage scoffing candy floss at the O2 Arena while this one's belted out from the stage, it's becoming increasingly clear that Tribes are dreaming big big big. You get the impression it's going to be rather fun joining in with the reverie, wherever they might end up.

Jamie Fullerton, Features Editor

It's becoming increasingly clear that Tribes are dreaming big big big

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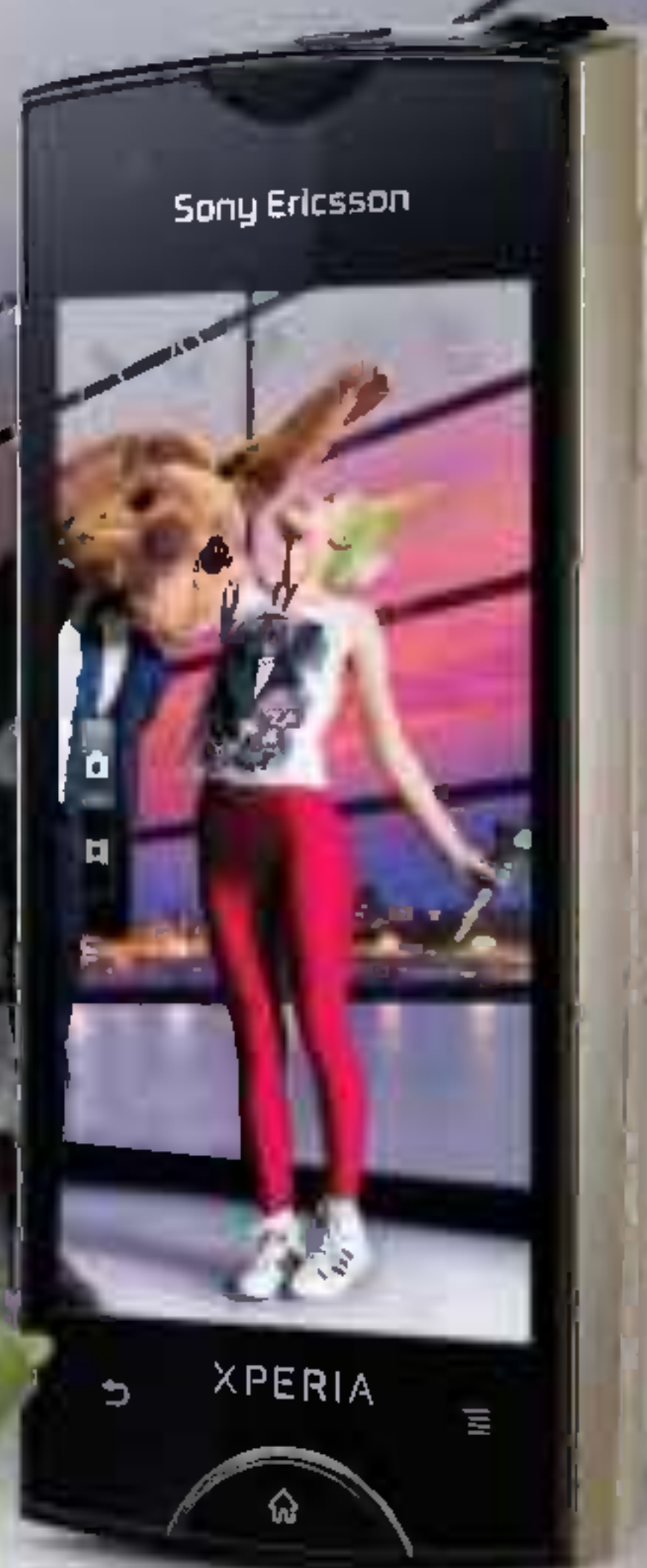
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UPFRONT

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

Edited by Rick Martin

EMERGE
STIMULATION DRINK
NME
RADAR
TOUR

THE FRESHEST TOUR IN TOWN

Wolf Gang, SCUM, and Niki & The Dove fire up the Emerge NME Radar tourbus engine...

MAIN EVENT

Freshers' week: a time for awkward introductions, drunken debauchery and, er, advertising your carnal desperation through the medium of T-shirt. While none of the bands on this year's Emerge NME Radar Tour would be seen dead – quite literally in SCUM's case – in garb as garish as the traffic light Ts sported by the student hordes outside Bristol's Thekla tonight (October 3), they're certainly ticking the first two boxes as NME's legendary term-time tear-up kicks off in frosty fashion.

Camaraderie? It's in short supply tonight – as we turn up at the venue, headliners Wolf Gang have commandeered the venue's sole 'dressing room' (a bog and sofa), leaving SCUM dicking around on their bikes in the car park. Also keeping their distance are Niki & The Dove's Malin Dahlström and Gustaf Karlöf, who slink onstage to kick off proceedings.

Not that Malin looks fussed by the challenge of warming things up – where she was giggly on their last UK tour, tonight she's as thunderous and steely as a Scandinavian Grace Jones. She and Gustaf elicit mysterious burlings from their neon gizmos that are promptly shattered by Magnus Bökqvist's ballistic drums at the start of 'Mother Protect', which, with its tribal beat and menagerie of wolves turns Malin into a post-apocalyptic earth goddess.

Tonight SCUM sound *huge*, like My Bloody Valentine on an orchestral, krautrocky tip, their sound writhing towards the horizon like a silver-flanked beast riding a dirty engine. Cohen looms from the stage, casting shapes as the word 'revolution' spirals on video behind them. It's deliciously overwrought, and proof that this tour will result in the invention of some proper icons.

Wolf Gang's Max McElligott, meanwhile, has frontman charm in spades. Girls scream at him as his quiff flops left and right, and 'The King And All Of His Men' is a flashy, glam stomper. "It's a Monday night, but you are allowed to dance!" Max exclaims, prompting foot shuffling aplenty to their ELO-echoing, Bowie-lite strains. An older song, 'The Kill', tints the mood darker before 'Suego Faults', the

anthem to a utopian fantasy land. It's an escapist world where Wolf Gang are the biggest band going – and there's reason to believe they could be, as a fan hands them a box of homemade cookies.

The show ends with a crash down to reality – of sorts – as the whooping hordes are replaced with shit-faced Jack Sparrow clones for the venue's pirate-themed club night. While Wolf Gang get lost in the Thekla throng, SCUM escape into the night on their BMXs. Niki & The Dove, meanwhile, returned to London hours ago.

When NME rejoins the tour at

Portsmouth's Wedgewood Rooms the following day, the mood has lightened. There are dressing rooms for all, and, more importantly, free beers. We quiz Max on the other bands. "Niki & The Dove – they're..."

he touches his index finger and thumb together, signifying perfection. "I loved it so much, I was filming it on my phone." In his crisp white shirt, he's the picture of composure while his bandmates snore on sofas. Across the empty bar, Malin sits uploading a picture of a postcard she bought in Bristol. "My idea was to send one from every date," she says, a parrot earring dangling amid clouds of crimped hair. "How is the tour going? Well, apart from them cutting off the sound last night, it's good!"

Sam from SCUM is equally enthusiastic. "It's one of the best tours we've ever done. We've been doing autographs for kids, I love it! And we have older dudes coming up to talk about our influences too, in a nice way."

We haul SCUM and Wolf Gang off for noodles. On our right, Wolf Gang are sweating from their eyeballs as last night's excesses catch up. To our left, Melissa, Bradley, Sam and Huw from SCUM look bemused. It's freshers' week through and through – especially when

BIG MOUTH

What the punters thought



Zaranna, 16, Portsmouth
Who was your favourite?

"SCUM – they're really different. They interacted with the crowd and looked like they were enjoying it."

Excited about Wolf Gang?

"I've heard a couple of their songs, but I came because I wanted to find some good new music!"



Oscar, 17, Winchester
Who are you here to see?

"SCUM, they were much better than Niki & The Dove and played with the crowd well! They were really cool. Tom from SCUM's vocals are almost like an instrument themselves."

Had you heard them before?

"No. I'd buy their album if I had some money!"



Give us a smile then guys, you're all on tour together!



Tom turns up and starts lecturing Bradley on hygiene: "It's really easy to use a washing machine. Just ask your mum!"

Later, as Niki & The Dove keep their set concise, we spot Melissa and Bradley sprinting through the crowd with a Spar bag. "We got vodka!" they hiss at Sam, who's too enraptured by Malin's voguing to move. Finally, Niki get their swansong, 'DJ, Ease My Mind', a massive pop hit in waiting.

Waiting in the wings, SCUM have changed out of their skivvies – or in Tom's case, the 1940s suede jacket he bought in Bristol yesterday – and into their stage garb. Tom's back in the flares he almost definitely stole from the sleeve of Bowie's 'David Live', and poor Sam

has got his polo neck on back to front. Being sleek goths takes practice. "Can we please get all of these lights off?" asks Tom before 'Amber Hands'. In the red of the safety lights, he's down on his knees as if leading the crowd in a séance.

They finish, and Wolf Gang's dressing room is a cloud of hairspray and hugs

before they step up for a triumphant headline set; outside, SCUM sign autographs, and a much happier Malin and Gustaf go back to London.

All three bands have survived the opening days of NME Emerge

Radar Tour mayhem. By the time they get to London's KOKO in a fortnight – with Aussie duo DZ Deathrays joining the jaunt – they'll be old pros.

To buy tickets to the final Radar Tour dates, head to NME.COM/radartour

"We've been doing autographs for kids – I love it!"

SAM, SCUM



Steve Jobs, 1955-2011

HOW STEVE JOBS REVOLUTIONISED MUSIC

Last week, Apple's founder died aged 56. Here are the ways in which the technology innovator truly changed the way we all listen to music

R.I.P.

The sheer variety and breadth of tributes to late Apple founder Steve Jobs, who died on October 5 after a long battle

with pancreatic cancer, only served to underline how he was much more than just a god to the world's tech-geeks. In fact, his impact on the music world was just as important as his technological innovations – if not more so. Over the past decade, Jobs revolutionised the way the world buys, listens to and even makes music – and this is how he did it.

Making music portable with iPods Plenty of people had tried to create digital music players by the time Jobs launched the iPod in October 2001. But they pegged the size of these players between 128MB and 2GB, and most saw the device as something you would perpetually reload. Jobs' genius was to allow you to store your entire music library on even the earliest iPods. To today's music fans, having every song

you own with you at all times is effectively part of The Universal Declaration Of Human Rights.

Revolutionising music downloads with iTunes

Again, plenty of people had already tried to create MP3 download stores. But most were little more than patchy collections, and labels were still wary of making their music available to downloaders. Jobs convinced them otherwise – and revolutionised how the world consumed music in the process.

Giving bedroom bands a platform with GarageBand

As we live through wave after wave of lo-fi/chillwave/grunge revivals, we can in part thank Uncle Steve. The world of recording software was and is often a bewildering place, but GarageBand, cuddly, jargon-light and free with any Mac computer, has set the standard for software that anyone can pick up and use. Even huge artists use it. The beat on Rihanna's 'Umbrella'? That's a GarageBand drum preset.

Inventing a genre of music

Specifically, Apple ad music. From Chairlift to Feist to The Bird And The Bee to Oh Land, slightly twee, slightly indie artists have never had more opportunities to receive a cheque for a million dollars.

Making white earphones cool

Were white earphones ever *uncool*? That was the question people were asking themselves by 2003. The visual landscape of how we consume music – as well as our expectations of gadgets and technology – has been completely altered by the care Apple took to make their devices look like lava lamps of techno-goodness.

Starting another music revolution with iCloud

One of Jobs' last acts as Apple CEO was to unveil the iCloud. It meant that you could now store all your music centrally and dip into it whenever you needed, from any device you wanted – the biggest change in a decade of how we consume and store music.

CORE DATES: APPLE'S LAST DECADE

2001 Apple introduces the iPod. "Listening to music will never be the same," Jobs tells his press conference, correctly. 73 per cent of all music players sold in the US today are iPods

2003 The iTunes Store opens. It has since sold 16 billion songs

2004 In August Jobs announces he has undergone surgery to remove a tumour from his pancreas

2007 Apple introduces the iPhone in January. The smartphone revolution is go

2008 Apple opens its App Store as an update to iTunes

2009 Jobs takes extended leave from Apple for health reasons

2010 iPad is launched. It claims an 80 per cent share of the tablet market

2011 Apple unveils the iPad 2, the iCloud, and the iPhone 4S. It becomes the world's biggest company when its stock price rises above that of oil giant ExxonMobil. Microsoft announces it is finally discontinuing its iPod competitor, the Zune



It's only a matter of time before Gaspard (left) starts making leather jackets too



JUSTICE BEEF UP FOR NEW ALBUM

The French electro mavericks carve up classic rock and whet our appetites for 2012 tour

Justice are putting their heads on the block with a new album drenched in AC/DC, Who and Daft Punk influences. But while they've been making it they've also been putting meat on the block, as Xavier de Rosnay has decided to take up butchery as a hobby.

"Xavier is a very good cook," Gaspard Augé points out. "In fact, he just recently learned how to cut meat at butchery lessons."

"There are so many key skills," Xavier picks up. "I think the big challenge is to get the most out of an animal, without ruining the pieces." A self-professed red meat lover, Xavier has previously expressed his enjoyment for horse.

Recorded in their own studio in Paris

over a nine-month period, Justice release the long-awaited 'Audio, Video, Disco' on October 25. The pair are spending most of their time in London at the moment, preparing for their upcoming tour.

"Gaspard is living in my spare room," Xavier explains. "Well, he's on a sleeper couch at the moment, because the builders are still making the room for him." While they haven't officially released any venues or dates yet, the pair say the tour is scheduled to start on New Year's Day 2012. "We just thought it would be a cool day to start," says Xavier. "We had the option, so we thought, why not go for New Year's Day?"

Read a full interview with Justice in next week's NME

NME
EXTRA

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WIN!

- One of three signed Kevin Cummins Joy Division books and read a Q&A with the legendary snapper
- One of five Totally Enormous Extinct Dinosaurs T-shirts
- One of five sets of exclusive signed Florence albums and posters

READ!

Florence's first ever cover feature from the 2009 new bands issue of NME

HEAR!

The issue playlist, including tracks from Florence, Noel Gallagher's High Flying Birds, Joy Division and WU LYF

For all this and much more, head to NME.COM/extra (only available to UK readers until midnight on Tuesday, October 18). And for more goodies and exclusive content, check back next week

POP WILL TWEET ITSELF

Keeping us amused in 140 characters or less this week...



THEO HUTCHCRAFT, HURTS

Afternoon Erfurt! Another city, another refreshing wipe-clean borstal rape shower to start the day...
@Theohurts

ANDREW WK PARTY TIP: All men should wear high heels to a party at least once - just so they can understand what women are going through.
@AndrewWK

EDDIE ARGOS, ART BRUT
Liverpool was ace. I think people enjoyed it. I can never tell in Liverpool though as I haven't got a fucking clue what anybody is saying.
@EddieArgos

BLACK LIPS
Dogs don't do science. All they do is obey and lick their own asses. Bats and dolphins on the other hand...
@TheBlackLips

KATE NASH
What's happening to me? Sister Act just made me cry like 3 times.
@KateNash

COXON AND MARR ON 'HERO' BERT JANSCH, 1943-2011

Scottish folk legend Bert Jansch died last week (October 5) after losing his battle with cancer. Tributes from musicians the Pentangle founder and solo artist influenced, collaborated with and befriended during his celebrated career have flooded in, with Graham Coxon contacting NME to offer his memories of Jansch. "He was a flawless guitar player, and from my experience a 'what you see is what you get' no-frills, staunch fellow with nothing to prove to anyone. He was top of the pile whether he thought so or not," he said. Johnny Marr also offered his memories, calling the 67-year-old an "incredible musician". "He lived only for the things he cared about and always stayed true to his belief that artistry was more important than the mainstream," the former Smiths man declared. "He was one of my true heroes."



ENTER SHIKARI BRAVE THAI TYPHOON TO FINISH THIRD ALBUM

After jetting out to Thailand to finish their album, you might have expected Enter Shikari to be keen to sample the delights of the so-called sex capital of the world, Pattaya. But frontman Rou Reynolds says it just made him feel down. "It's the most debauched place you've ever seen - hordes of 60-year-old white millionaires walking around with five Thai girls - or what they think are girls," he said. "It just made us feel sad for the people working there."

As if that wasn't enough of a distraction, the St Albans noise terrorists also had to contend with a typhoon. "It cut our phone lines and we were out of contact for 24 hours," he recalls. "We just went out and ran around with it. It was mad." Rou and the boys will be hoping to kick up a similar storm (sorry) with the record - which is slated for release in January.

SPEED DIAL

JAMES ALLAN

Glasvegas are still reeling after being dropped by Columbia, but their frontman assures us the indie rockers are still fighting fit, with new songs in the bag and plans for the future

You were dropped by your label recently, but you're still touring. Is this the last we'll see of you for a while?

"Aye, I think so. I don't know if we'll maybe do some one-off gigs here or there. I'm basically just a performing monkey, it's our managers who know about all that."

Will there be any new songs at the gigs?

"Aye. We're just deciding which of them to play. Aside from the wee EP [see sidebar] I've written, I've got about 15 songs that are demoed for the next album."

Did getting dropped come out of the blue, or was it expected?

"Nah, I didn't see it coming because I never think about these things. I know that we were the black sheep on the label, and maybe there was always a bit too much uncertainty around our band. Compared to some of the other bands on their roster, it was a bit like a dad with two sons, being disappointed in one for not being more like the other. I don't know how many times the people upstairs went on to us about the Mercurys. It was an awards ceremony, and I thought it was nice of them to invite us, but I had other things to do that day..."



You told us at the time you didn't know if you'd bother signing to another label, is that still the case?
"I can't see us doing it on our own, to be honest. A lot of labels have been eager to hear new material."

You were bottled at V Festival earlier this year – what the fuck happened there?

"I'm quite a sweet person, but I've got certain expectations of how people should treat other people, and when it isn't that way... I'm like a fucking tornado. And I would've battered every one of those wee fuckers. I'd have ripped every single one of them a new asshole. But whether it's a guy trying to punch me in the pub, or someone writing about us on a website, I'll take all the negativity. I'm the one who can handle it."

Did you guys ever seriously think about splitting up?

"It's a bit like being married. It's never as simple as saying, 'I'm thinking about splitting up.' It's a bit deeper than that. Sometimes you come to a point, for whatever reason, where you think, 'Is it possible that this thing isn't going to break?' Sometimes everything's crumbling around you, and there's nothing you can do. When passion and love is involved, that can be like an atomic bomb. But having said that, no, we never did! (Laughs)"

JAMES: THE FUTURE FOR GUV

"'I Feel Wrong' and 'Stronger Than Dirt' were parts one and two of a mini-album I'd written, similar to the Christmas EP [2008's 'A Snowflake Fell (And It Felt Like A Kiss)']. Originally, I didn't want to put 'Shine Like Stars' on EUPHORIC /// HEARTBREAK ///, but the label made a deal that if we did, they'd release this wee EP. We shook hands on it, but they never did it. I don't know if I want to integrate [these songs] with the new album. It's down to us deciding when the time's right to release it, and how we want to release it."

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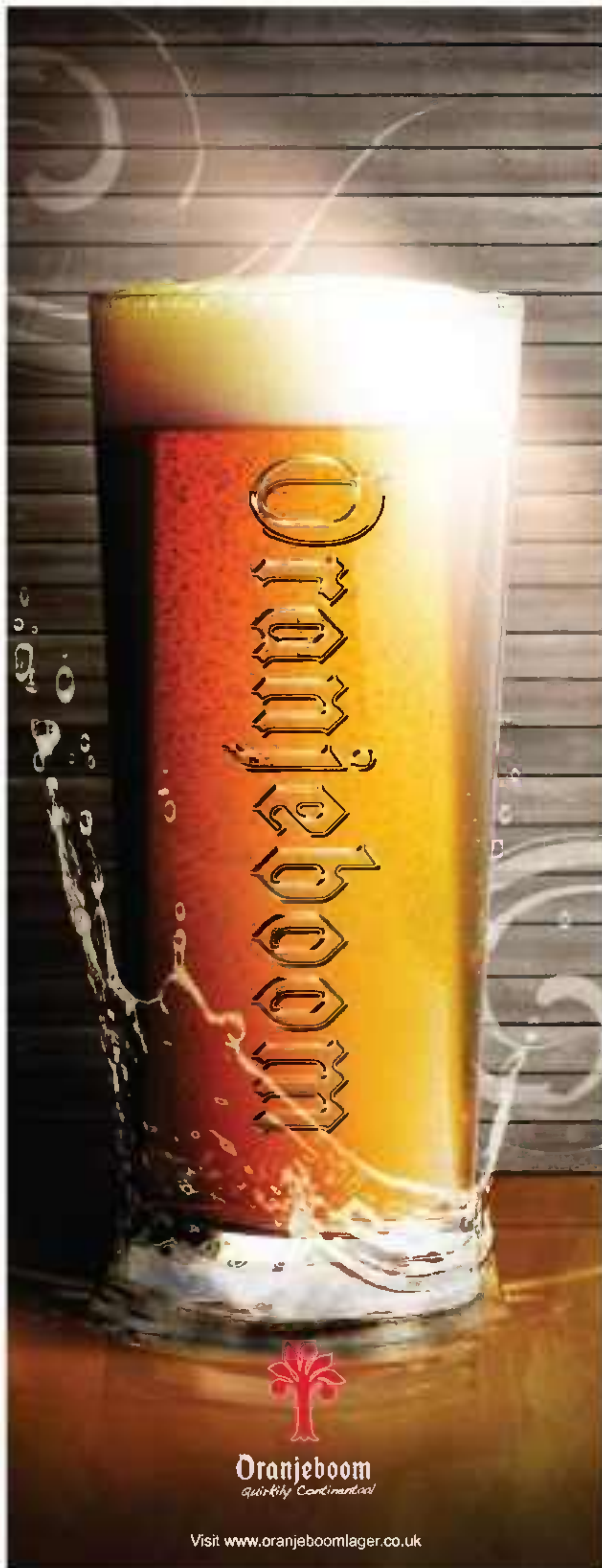
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PETER ROBINSON Vs ANNIE MAC

The BBC Radio 1 DJ discusses London buses, being a tastemaker and rubbish dubstep mixes

Hello, Annie Mac.
"Hello! How are you?"

More importantly, where am I, and the answer is: on a London bus, keeping it real.
"What number bus?"

The 38. What's your favourite bus route?
"The 52. Or maybe the 6."

Interesting as it is, that's enough bus chat. I imagine you get cars mostly these days anyway.
"Well, if you do radio after 10 at night, you're entitled to a car on the BBC."

Can I just say that as a licence payer, I don't object to you having that car. As long as you are safe.
"Thanks! There are all sorts of dodgy people hanging outside Radio 1 at night."

Zane Lowe, for instance.
"Yes! Hanging out, trying to find the latest hottest record."

He just keeps trying to go hotter, that's his problem. He's going to do himself a mischief one day.
"He always thinks the latest Skrillex dub is just round the next corner!"

What are you doing today?
"I'm on my sofa with my blanket, listening to new music."

There's a lot of bad music around isn't there?
"Oh yes."

What's shit at the moment?
"It's about 99.9 per cent shit at any given moment. You have to weed out the good stuff."

Well, we know what you like, Annie Mac, because it's on your excellent new *Annie Mac Presents: 2011* album, available soon from all good music outlets. So I repeat: what's bad?
"I don't think I'm in any position to personally dictate what's good and what's bad, but..."

You are! You're 'a tastemaker'!
That's what you do!
"I just play what I like and..."

And if anyone else likes it that's a bonus?
"Yes! I think if you start thinking of yourself as a tastemaker that's a very



bad day. I'll tell you what I don't like. I don't like this big, tearout, apocalyptic dubstep stuff. I'm not a fan of that."

What's the difference between good dubstep and bad dubstep?
"If you think about dubstep it's derived from dub, and I think if you listen to a lot now there's not much dub in it. You can't really hear any roots in it, all you can hear is lots of treble and 'wob-wob-wob', weird horrible stuff."

A lot of it's your fault!
"How do you mean?"

Record labels across London. Meeting rooms. People going, 'How do we get people interested in this rubbish record?' Other people going, 'Get a dubstep remix done so Annie Mac will play it on the radio'. So although you've championed a lot of good dubstep, you're also responsible for most bad dubstep too.
"No! NO! You can't put that all on me! What about Mistajam? What about Zane Lowe! It's turned into rock music, Zane knows how I feel about that! But you're right, every pop thing out there does have an atrocious dubstep remix."

This would be a good opportunity to say to labels very clearly: you are about to pay six grand for a shit dubstep remix, I'm not going to play it, you're pissing this cash up the wall, just give it to charity instead.
"I can't speak for everyone. Because there will be people who *do* play it. But those labels have realised now that I'm not going to play those mixes."

Are you happy in life?
"I'm very happy, thanks for asking."

THIS WEEK'S TOP 20

THE NME CHART

- 1 2 NOEL GALLAGHER'S HIGH FLYING BIRDS 'AKA... WHAT A LIFE!' Capitol
- 2 8 BEN HOWARD 'KEEP YOUR HEAD UP' Nonesuch
- 3 9 GIVERS 'UP UP UP' Island
- 4 10 MILES KANE 'COME CLOSER' Capitol
- 5 11 BOMBAY BICYCLE CLUB 'LIGHTS OUT, WORDS GONE' Nonesuch
- 6 1 KASABIAN 'DAYS ARE FORGOTTEN' Dummy
- 7 6 FLORENCE + THE MACHINE 'SHAKE IT OUT' S&W
- 8 23 THE VACCINES 'NORGLAND' IT
- 9 5 THE HORRORS 'I CAN SEE THROUGH YOU' IT
- 10 15 KASABIAN 'RE-WIRED' Island
- 11 18 NIKI & THE DOVE 'THE DRUMMER' Virgin
- 12 17 THE BIG PINK 'STAY GOLD' 4AD
- 13 3 COLDPLAY 'PARADISE' Parlophone
- 14 21 FOSTER THE PEOPLE 'HELENA BEAT' Capitol
- 15 19 ARCTIC MONKEYS 'THE HELLCAT SPANGLED SHALALA' Island
- 16 13 MARINA & THE DIAMONDS 'RADIOACTIVE' Atlantic
- 17 14 HOWLER 'I TOLD YOU ONCE' Real Gone Music
- 18 36 FRIENDLY FIRES 'HURTING' IT
- 19 32 TRIBES 'WHEN THE DAY COMES' Nonesuch
- 20 28 THE WOMBATS 'OUR PERFECT DISEASE' Island

NME RADIO

Hear the chart rundown first every Monday at 7pm on NME Radio
NME.COM/radio

NME TV

Watch the Top 10 video chart countdown every weekday on NME TV
SKY CHANNEL 382
FREE SAT 510

NME.COM

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



NEW TO NME RADIO PLAYLIST

• ARCTIC MONKEYS 'Suck It And See'
• RYAN ADAMS Tracks from 'Ashes & Fire'
• WUXX 'We Bros'

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.



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RADAR

FUTURE STARS, BREAKING SCENES, NEW SOUNDS...

Edited by Matt Wilkinson



ABOUT
TO
BREAK

KING KRULE

Formerly known as Zoo Kid, Archie Marshall is a glorious bag of musical confusion

I've heard that apparently I'm pretty hard to get hold of," says King Krule about his public persona. "I find that pretty good. I kind of like that image." We should point out we're talking to Archie Marshall, 17-year-old *tour de force* behind King Krule, his latest and greatest musical guise. You might already know him as Zoo Kid, the oddball of intrigue behind one of last year's best singles, 'Out Getting Ribs' – although he's pretty much dropped that moniker now.

Sat in the garden of his mum's south London semi, we're in the midst of dissecting how he's become the hottest unsigned act in the country over the past 12 months. Wanna hint? It's his music. Intertwining a brittle, unfecisble and stunningly eclectic ragbag of influences, Archie's numerous online personas (there are six in total, he says) all seem to offer something different – from dub to dubstep to *almost*-indie. Talking to him, you get a glimpse of where he's coming from. "A lot of the guitar lines are influenced by New York No Wave, but the chords are always influenced by Chet Baker

songs. And Django Reinhardt! My favourite guitarist. Then there's a few MCs that are actually quite good, like Leaf Dog. Also I'm quite fond of Josef K too." Later on, he'll wax lyrical about the virtues of Connan Mockasin, Joe Strummer and his brother's old band Words Backwards – each one with as much passion as the last, inexplicably. It's this sheer breadth of musical knowledge that's flooring everyone – from fans lucky enough to have seen King Krule live, to label reps, to XL's in-house engineer Rodaidd McDonald, who worked alongside Archie on King Krule's November-bound EP.

Away from the music, he's just as enticingly contradictory – the Burberry-wearing, piano-playing, graffiti-obsessed, bull terrier-owning, Brit School-attendeec (he hates it) who couldn't give a fuck about being famous, yet is headed down that exact path thanks to his seemingly effortless way with a tune and the boundless limitations of his mind. "If I do well, I do well," he says with a shrug. Settle on a name and you've got every chance, we tell him. "Do I? Do I really have to settle on anything?" *Matt Wilkinson*

NEED TO KNOW

- **FROM:** East Dulwich, south London
- **FOR FANS OF:** Joe Strummer, Gil Scott-Heron
- **BUY IT:** New EP 'King Krule' is out on November 8, through True Panther
- **SEE IT LIVE:** The band (they're a four-piece live) hit the road for their debut UK tour this November
- **BELIEVE IT OR NOT:** Archie's mum was briefly in post-punk band The High Bees



ICONA POP ARE GOING GLOBAL

Swedish electropoppers move to London and gear up for their debut with a bold gameplan

RADAR
NEWS

Almost a year since the brilliantly squelchy, jump-rope chant that was 'Manners' appeared on the 'Kitsuné Maison 10'

compilation, Swedish duo Icona Pop are finally getting it together to go global. New EP 'Nights Like This' is out this week on Mercury, with bandmembers

Caroline Hjelt and Aino Jawo revealing to *Radar* that the less-is-more approach was essential to their evolution as a band.

"'Manners' came out pretty early on," says Caroline. "We were still writing a lot, but we wanted to take our time before the songs felt ready to come out."

That song was honed in the days after the pair met for the first time on a pissed night out in their native Stockholm, and since then they've been writing at home, with new producer Elof Loelv (Niki & The Dove), Robyn collaborator Patrik Berger and New York super-producer duo The Knocks on board too. They all appear on 'Nights Like This', which, frankly,

sounds like the kind of massive electro-pop that Rihanna should be releasing at the moment.

"I think 'Lovers To Friends' is my favourite!" trills Aino when quizzed about her favourite track on the EP. "There's so much emotion involved, the whole song is about heartbreak. But they all mean so much – 'Nights Like This', which we wrote with Elof, is about staying out, and wanting to stay

"We spend so much time dreaming about what we're gonna do" **CAROLINE HJELT**

in the same moment forever, never wanting to go home."

Having now moved to London to be closer to their label while putting the final touches to their forthcoming debut album (out by mid-2012), they say they never stray far from what they call the "Icona Pop world". "It's everything we do," says Caroline. "We spend so much time as just the two of us, dreaming a lot about what we're gonna do." Finally, it feels like Icona Pop are ready to let us in. It's about time, ladies. *Laura Snapes*

The Buzz

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



1 AU PALAIS

Fresh from Sounds Of Sweet Nothing, the label that brought you the grungy anti-anthems of Gross Magic, comes... something completely different. Enter the ice-cold, pristinely appointed 'Tender Mercy' EP by London-via-Toronto duo Au Palais. Out in November, the title track (hear it at NME.COM/newmusic) is all about icy overtones, as disembodied vocals rise above eerie shudders of synthy oddness. As it unfurls things get pitch-blacker still, like an operatic Zola Jesus opus as conceived by The Knife. Befitting their name (French for 'at the palace'), Au Palais never let down their defences...



LITTLE BEARD'S 'ME TOO'

Having recently closed a show with a blistering cover of Nirvana's 'In Bloom', the Floridians' debut single rather unexpectedly shows off their softer side. Sprightly indie-pop in the tradition of The Field Mice, it proves they're not ones to shy from a challenge.



SEALINGS

With an iPod for a drummer and a healthy disregard for volume safety levels, the Brighton duo are a blistering live prospect. They're on the Italian Beach Babes label, keen on Pixies basslines and very, very prone to feedback. Head to *NME's* Radar blog now to hear them (and see a fan-made GIF pic of their recent Brighton gig).



CHEERLEADER'S 'DREAMER'

'Dreamer', from what is almost certainly the only electro-pop duo inside the sleepest city in the US (Hartford, Connecticut), might initially be mistaken for a ghostly séance. But by the time the pom-pom-worthy chorus kicks in, Cheerleader sound ready to wake the dead.



DOMINO'S APP

The label, not the pizza place (although in fairness both are good). Download Domino's official iPhone app to listen to every band on their roster (from Austra to Arctic Monkeys), as well as their excellent radio series helmed by the likes of Radiohead bassist Colin Greenwood and Transparent's Jack Shankly.

BAND CRUSH



Christopher Owens from Girls on his favourite new act

"I really like Melted Toys. It's my friend's band so I got into them from there really. Their 'Washed & Dried' EP is really worth a listen, though. I mean, we're friends, but I do think they sound really great too!"

SCENE
REPORTHURTS' TIPS
FROM THE
TOURBUS

*Theo Hutchcraft on the new
music soundtracking his travels*



Hello NME. Theo here, from sunny Stuttgart. Hope you're all well. Here are some bright young things that have snagged our lugs recently. I'm going to try and describe them as best I can, without sounding like your nan talking about porn. Straight in at the deep end, there's

Ayshay, a Kuwaiti avant-garde dystopian who's somewhere in between Diamanda Galás and Laurie Anderson. She uses only her voice (bent almost beyond recognition) to craft hypnotic and haunting soundscapes inspired by the Islamic songs of her childhood. Dark, intense and refreshingly beautiful.

Burns is the electronic provocateur behind European Sex Music, the infamous club night of madness at the Russian Bar in Dalston. The son of a boxer and painter, his music sounds exactly like that: tough and obtuse, yet melodic and atmospheric. Like watching the terrace at Space burn down (if that makes any sense). Watch the insane video for 'Iced Out' which features female bodybuilders, jelly and dead animals.

Next up is **Willy Moon**. There's been a lot of chatter about this dapper chap from east London, but not much information. I guess it kind of sounds like electronic rockabilly. There's something a little Joe Jackson about it, except desperately modern. A lot of potential. Have a listen – he'll be all over the place soon.

THEO'S TOP 5

AYSHAY
'Wam-U'

BURNS
'Iced Out'

WILLY MOON
'I Wanna Be Your Man'

CASPER
'Der Druck Steigt'

SAINT SAVIOUR
'Fallen Trees'

One from the European dispatch now. **Casper** is a Berlin rapper who has torn the German charts apart with his album 'XOXO'. Aggressive, uncompromisingly epic hip-hop with a voice which will get under your skin regardless of the language barrier. *Wunderbar*.

And finally we have the wonderful **Saint Saviour**. She's supported us a few times, and every time almost reduces me to a quivering mess. Formerly the voice of Groove Armada, her delicate gothic pop sits somewhere between Imogen Heap and 'Waking The Witch'-era Kate Bush. That's all, folks. Enjoy, enjoy.

NEXT WEEK'S COLUMNIST:
Jacob Graham from *The Drums*

5 TO SEE

*This week's
unmissable new
music shows*

FEAR OF MEN
The Hope, Brighton
October 14

COLD SPECKS
St Pancras Old
Church, London
October 17

PEACE
The Garage, London
October 17

FOE (pictured)
Sticky Mike's Frog
Bar, Brighton
October 18

WARM BRAINS
Night And Day Café,
Manchester
October 18



Nice of friends to
play in a front
room, but they did
interrupt spoons

FRIENDS

THE CASTLE, MANCHESTER FRI, 30 SEPTEMBER

CAUGHT LIVE

It's apt that as Brooklyn's Friends bring their last-days-of-summer pop into Manchester for the first time, the warmest season

decides to return fashionably late to finally switch its fabric-drenching glare on full. So hot is The Castle tonight that promoters Now Wave disappear mid-gig and return with an industrial-sized fan, which reduces the tiny pub's back room capacity by a third.

Let's not get carried away, though; Friends are far from a finished product. Some of the sounds tonight stick as a cut and paste from the fug of hypnagogia and synthpop that's bled through the blogosphere for the past couple of years. In keeping with their ramshackle formation (pre-

Friends, two of the band had moved in with the others to avoid a bug infestation in their own flat) there are a lot of half-formed ideas here, a couple of off-key vocals there, and a slacker approach that at times comes across more as unrehearsed rather than designed aesthetic.

There's a nagging sense that they've got something special beyond the Brooklyn veneer

Yet we haven't come out for nothing, for the five-piece have this nagging sense that they've got something special beyond the '80s-waving Brooklyn-indie veneer. In fact, tracks like 'Feelin' Dank' and 'Friend Crush' hark further back to the sort of '60s girl soul-pop that draws together current seminal groups like Deerhunter and Warpaint. There is that facet of blurred boundaries between aural textures, but ultimately these are pop songs pure and simple – exemplified by the jutting basslines that strike through the perspiration (not to mention the spontaneous onstage dancing exhibited by frontwoman Samantha Urbani and

multi-instrumentalist Nikki Shapiro). More than that, the band seem like a tight-knit unit whose emotional cohesiveness largely makes up for any instrumental flaws. They've a way to go yet, but Friends' possess glowing potential in abundance.
Simon Jay Catling



Willy Moon. Or
won't he? Art

THE EXORCISM *of*

*Florence
+ The Machine*

Ghosts, rituals and tragic heroines haunt ***Florence + The Machine***'s powerful new album. ***Krissi Murison*** wouldn't expect anything less from the ultimate drama queen

PHOTOS: DEAN CHALKLEY



“I was going to cut my hair all off, get it really short and shaved underneath. Sort of like a monk’s haircut. A bit Joan Of Arc.”

Southeast London’s most famous resident since Enid Blyton has just floated into her local tapas restaurant, all wafty diaphanous dress, jangly charm bracelets and six-inch heels. We are discussing how awkward it must be to have everyone always recognising her wherever she goes.

“Oh, not really,” shrugs Florence Welch as every diner in the room cranes to get a better look. “Only on days like today when I’m dressed as a parody of myself.”

“Besides,” she continues, “you can’t constantly worry if everyone’s noticing you, because then you’ll get detached from actually being in the world and being present. I mean, it would be slightly grandiose to thi...”

Um, do you hear that?

“No, what is it?”

Listen!

“What? The song? I kind of recognise it. What is it?”

It’s you. They’ve just put your new single on.

“So it is! Oh how embarrassing...”

Cue *The X Factor* style voice-over: three million albums sold. Best New Artist Grammy bagged. Voted 53rd most influential person in the world by readers of *Time* magazine. Watched by a billion people at the VMAs last September. Officially the most Googled person on the planet the day after. Still living at home with mother in... Camberwell?

“I know, I know. I told someone that the other day and they were like, ‘Are you fucking kidding me?’” Florence cringes as we remind her that she still hasn’t got around to moving out of the sprawling Victorian house where she grew up with her mum and 18-year-old brother – despite also being Number 14 in *The Sunday Times*’ annual Top 20 Young Music Millionaires rich list this May. She’ll be staying there for the rest of the year as she sees through the release of second album ‘Ceremonials’, the follow-up to ‘Lungs’. And we get the impression she rather likes her location, too: it helps to prove that – despite the platinum discs and awards prestige and becoming a global fashion icon and being called an “inspiration” by Beyoncé – she hasn’t actually changed *at all*. She’s still the same ditz, dyspraxic girl with bruises on her legs and fury in her heart that first charmed us all those Emmy The Great support slots ago.

“I had a strange experience when I was about to do the VMAs,” she says. “It was one of those days when you’re eating food out of tins because there’s nothing left in the cupboard. So I’m there, in my pyjamas on my floor watching TV and a massive advert for the VMAs came up and I was like...” – she mimes spooning beans into her mouth – “‘Oh look! I’m doing that! I’m not sure anyone else who’s doing that is sitting in a house in south London in their pyjamas eating food out of a tin right now!’”

She’s right, of course, but she needn’t protest so much. Truth is Florence is exactly the same super-enthusiastic, terribly nice, neurotic, art school semi-posho she’s always been. Everything is still ‘a-MAZ-ing’, everyone continues to be ‘soooooo nice’, she has the same habit of stopping and starting each sentence five times before she completes it, and she still treats interviews “like therapy sessions – where I work out a lot of how I’m feeling about stuff”. Which is pretty good news for me, given this is the first major interview she has done in a year and a half.

“I am OBSESSED with drowning,” she decides as we start discussing ‘Ceremonials’ and its recurring water imagery. “It’s about succumbing and being completely overwhelmed by something that’s bigger than everything.” She hesitates as a new idea pops into her head. “I think it comes from being in love for the first time. Like totally and utterly in love. Like first 17-year-old love. I remember falling in love with this boy – who was in a band, obviously – and having the first glimpse he might like me too. I had to go on a family holiday for



“I WAS A SCARED KID, A WORRIER. IT GIVES YOU THE FEELING OF BEING HAUNTED”
Florence

two weeks. I spent the entire time sat at the bottom of the swimming pool screaming at the top of my voice. I just wanted to be somewhere that completely encapsulated me where I could just thrash and scream.”

That’s our Florence, turning even a quiet family break in the Algarve into an Oscar-worthy Best Dramatic Performance nomination. So it’s a little surprising to hear how she tried to turn the histrionics *down* on this new album. “Oh yes, definitely,” she concurs. “My first gigs were all: arrive, get drunk, scream. Arrive, get drunk, scream, fall over, scream. So I think now I’m learning how to act with a bit more restraint.”

If listening to ‘Lungs’ often felt like you were standing at the sharp end of a wind tunnel, ‘Ceremonials’ certainly has more shade and space to hide in. There are still the epic singalongs like ‘Shake It Out’ (which

you’ve already heard) and ‘No Light, No Light’ (which she claims is inspired by Otis Redding, although we can’t quite hear it ourselves), but there’s also delicate introspection on ‘Breakdown’ (which sounds exactly like Arcade Fire at their most French) and her first bona fide

soft-rock masterpiece in ‘Never Let Me Go’. It is undoubtedly a much better album too, produced entirely by Paul Epworth rather than the hodge-podge of names that vied for room on her occasionally overwrought debut.

Not that it isn’t still clearly a Florence album – and destined to be loved and loathed with exactly the same fervour as the first. Loved by those who hear the voice of a clomping angel and see the body of a girl next door living out her every bat-shittingly brilliant fantasy. And loathed by those who call the pipes a foghorn, her kookiness ‘contrived’ and refuse to accept that jumping out of a tree on E on your 16th birthday constitutes any kind of spiritual awakening, as Florence (sort of) claimed in her first *NME* interview. To those people, I say: there’s a nice feature with Slow Club on page 50.



What scares you now?

"God, there's so many things. I don't want to talk about them because they might become real. It's usually just about hurting people you love or messing up the opportunities that have been given to you. You move from being a kid and being scared of vampires and werewolves into equally unrealistic scenarios to do with relationships and your job."

Fame, Florence will later declare as we are leaving the restaurant, "is like standing on the edge of a cliff trying not to fall off".

Is it true that you and Paul Epworth held séances while recording the album?

"We didn't have séances but we bought matching headaddresses at one point. It's nice to get yourself in a state of mind where you're slightly removed, like it's a ceremony or a ritual. We burnt a lot of candles. You want to get into a state of mind where it feels like you're conducting a ritual, almost. It could either be sacrifice or exorcism or absolution, good or bad, it doesn't matter."

Paul says he thinks you're psychic...

"Yeah, he's told me this. I think he means that sometimes when you're songwriting, a song will just appear and you have no idea where the words came from or what you're talking about til it's finished. That's how most of my favourite songs are written. 'Shake It Out' just happened like that."

So you can't tell what I'm thinking right now?

"I think as a performer you pick up other people's emotions so much and you feed off them because they're like your paint. Like an artist gets so intoxicated by colours and for a chef it's flavours. For songwriters, it's emotions and stuff – you sort of absorb them. I get really affected by people's moods. I feel, like, because you're using your emotions so much in your work you get quite a heightened sense of emotions in other people and the atmosphere in a room. But no, I wouldn't say it was psychic."

When Florence was 11 she was obsessed with witches and the occult (it was 1996 and proto-*Twilight* spook-fest *The Craft* had just come out), forming a coven with her best friends and making love potions out of her own blood in her lunch breaks. These days it's a different type of doomed woman that she feels a spiritual connection with. "There's definitely a tragic heroine theme – Joan of Arc, Frida Kahlo and Virginia Woolf – women who are totally powerful and in charge and dominating but also fragile," she says of the figures who stalk the new album. Joan of Arc crops up with Florence's dead grandmother on 'Only If For A Night', whereas 'What The Water Gave Me' is named after a Kahlo painting and re-tells Woolf's suicide in 1941, when she loaded her pockets with stones and walked into the River Ouse.

"I think songwriting is like a collage of images; it's almost like a scrapbook of different things that you see. All of a sudden I saw her in my head, walking towards the river bank, and it stuck with me. It's so powerful, that thing of weighing yourself down with stones, so intense, but there's also something so bucolic about a stream at the end of a country house. It's idyllic in one way but horrifying in another. That's the thing about drowning, it's not violent in a way that some other ways [of dying] are. It's like letting something wash over you. I think there's a romance in it" ▶



Florence in the video for new single 'Shake It Out'

'Ceremonials' opening track 'Only If For A Night' is about – whimsy alert! – the ghost of Flo's gran, who she claims visited her in a dream while she was on tour with MGMT, in a campervan in a German wood. What truths from the beyond did she pass on? "She told me to 'Concentrate on your perfect career,'" relays Florence, adopting a haughty old lady voice. "Can you imagine?! It's like, 'You've left the laundry out and it's going to rain!' OK grandma, thanks! I thought it would be something... I know, more cryptic."

Despite such vision, Florence claims she is "not, like, a mystic person" and that any ghosts in her lyrics – and there are lots on this album – are purely metaphorical. "It comes from being a really scared kid. I was a worrier and possessed by guilt which gives you the feeling of being haunted constantly. I think it comes from being the eldest child and having a stupid, overdeveloped sense of responsibility. You worry about messing stuff up, and you strive to make yourself better constantly. It's the stuff that follows you around in the back of your head – mistakes you made two years ago that suddenly creep up on you from dark corners when you're asleep."

Flo THROUGH NME



MAY 2008

"I once jumped offstage and tried to organise a mass game of tag, but my dad grabbed me by the shoulders, pushed me back onstage and told me to stop being a silly tart."

NOVEMBER 2008 >

"Onstage is where I feel most comfortable, and then reality is slightly less comfortable for me. Real life is hard! I get nervous in one-on-one social situations. I'm a real dork and really self flagellating, but onstage, you can escape all of that."



Florence
And The
Machine

The Machine is a thundering hit album. Why is her past the only one everyone in the world is talking about? Florence Welch has something to say.

"I spent my 16th birthday jumping out of a tree. I had something falling the ground."

JANUARY 2009

"My first gigs were all improvised, freeform vocals and lyrics. I would stamp my feet and clap my hands and sing whatever the fuck came into my head. The first gigs I did were always drunk. But being too drunk is not good because you can't remember gigs."

NOVEMBER 2009 >

"I can be so reckless and impulsive and very self-destructive. Suddenly everything just goes boom. CHAOS! AAARGHH! MUST DESTROY ALL GOOD THINGS IN MY LIFE RIGHT NOOOOOW! The whirlwind takes over and I end up breaking things."





how do I get from here?"
The spots a flaw in platform heels/idea

Do you identify with these tragic women artists?
"Yeah, I think so. [Being a performer], you've chosen a lifestyle that leads to real elation and real devastation. It can be so lonely. You sacrifice having a normal life for this dream and it's so fantastic, but the exhaustion in your emotions and your body can become really massive. There are moments when you're exhausted and you're singing and you feel so exposed."

It sounds like you could be talking about Amy Winehouse. Did you know her?
"No and I am so sad to have never met her. It is really strange [that they hadn't met]. When I found out I was like, 'Oh, I never will.' I remember seeing her at Glastonbury performing and being completely in awe of her. Her voice just seemed so unique and powerful, but she wasn't trying to be anything she wasn't; she was raw and real. It was just after she and Lily had, like, kicked the door open for female singers. Growing up, it was such a male band-dominated music environment and that album [*'Back To Black'*] was seminal, [it proved that] women could be strong, powerful and rebellious but as a singer, not a band. Especially with Amy, it's that sense of being able to entrance the audience, but at the same time being so vulnerable."

Is that a uniquely female thing?
"I think female performers are more willing to expose

their vulnerability and it's that really intoxicating mix of vulnerability and strength."

Perhaps it's because she's female that Florence is so worshipped by girls of a certain age and theatrical disposition. The front rows of her shows are filled with them in their kaftans and glitter and dodgy red dye jobs. 'The Cult Of Florence' - "The what???" (she does a pretty convincing job of being constantly befuddled by her fame) - has undoubtedly done wonders for equality in the gig-place. Sure, it's been fine to be female in rock music for a long time, but thanks to Florence, it's finally OK to be feminine too.

"That's interesting," she says, again befuddled by the compliment, "because I like it when I don't sound too pretty. Most of my influences have been male singers and the people I grew up watching perform were all these garage punk bands who went to Camberwell Art College with male singers who were almost trying to exorcise the audience. So when I write songs like 'No Light, No Light', I'm thinking about the rhythm and the chant and the aggression rather than the melodic mellifluousness of it."

Quite. But putting melodic mellifluousness to one side for a moment, Florence actually has taken inspiration from a fair few female performers on 'Ceremonials'. There's Stevie Nicks (obviously), PJ Harvey (whom she would love to be able to play as many instruments as one day) and Adele (who, disappointingly, I can't draw her into any kind of bitch-spat or at all). "Rolling In The Deep is one of my favourite songs in maybe, like, ever. It's soooooo good," she gushes, rather sickeningly. But she's a rival female solo artist. And she's sold

MEET THE Machine

ISSA SUMMERS PIANO & SYNTHS



Florence: "Issa didn't play keys before but I told her to

learn, so she plays in my band. She's the original Machine from Florence Robot Is A Machine [the first incarnation of the band]. She's also doing an upcoming remix of 'Countdown' with Beyoncé - fingers crossed."

heavy metal band before. He played the drums so well that I had to teach him how to play badly. I was like, 'No, you have to play like a 12-year-old if you want to be in my band.'

TOM MONGER



"Issa found him in her studio carrying what looked like a

phonebooth wrapped in a blanket. It turned out to be a harp, so we got him in to play because we'd been using the harp setting on the keyboard for the 'Dog Days...' demo. He comes from generations of orchestral harpists. Once during a gig when he was a harpist in a punk band he attached bicycle clips to his nipples."

BOBBY ACKROYD GUITAR



"Nicknamed Bobby Analogue. He was the first permanent

guitar player I had, so we've been on some pretty extreme adventures. He didn't have any tattoos before I started this band, now he's got about 10 including a really big praying nun. He's my best friend."

MARK SAUNDERS BASS



"Mark's from Essex and apparently he's one of the best

bassplayers in London. Mark's the dark horse in the band and is also probably the funniest member. He likes to rehearse in slippers."

CHRIS HAYDEN DRUMS



"Chris was Bobby's best friend, which is where we found him. He used to be in a

more records than you! You should hate her!

"Music's not a competition in any way," says Florence, sounding like the ghost of her dead grandmother rising from the grave to give me a lecture. "I've never seen a need to compete with any female artist. I think I play these songs to get out any aggressive tendencies I have because I'm literally the least aggressive person in the whole world. When I first heard Adele sing, I thought, 'That's really beautiful', and it inspired me to go and write a song, 'My Best Dress', which never ended up on the album. It was a sort of murder ballad for a dead lover."

And that, once again, is our Florence - taking any potential obstacles that stand in her way and turning them into gothic torch songs for romantic corpses. A self-parody? Sure, but still the same ridiculously excellent one she's always been.



For exclusive hidden content, including Florence's first ever NME cover feature from 2009, plus the chance to win gig tickets, signed CDs and posters, go to NME.COM/extra. See p9 for details.


For a sneak peek into the making of 'Ceremonials', go to NME.COM/video

"MUSIC'S NOT A COMPETITION. I'VE NEVER NEEDED TO COMPETE WITH ANOTHER FEMALE ARTIST"

Florence



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THE FACT

*Arcade Fire are fakers, Arctic Monkeys are clichéd posers and the UK music scene is dead, set to be rebuilt by four gobby Mancunians. So say **WU LYF** anyway, as they outline Phase Two of their career manifesto to **Barry Nicolson***

PHOTOS: ANDY WILLISHER

You join *NME* in the main hall of Manchester's Oldham Street Methodist Centre, where we're wondering what false pretense the believer at the front desk has been fed to let us in here. Opposite a marble plaque trumpeting the greatness of God, the four scrawny youths who comprise the Lucifer Youth Foundation are monkeying around between photo takes on the flip-down chairs while hip hop blares from a set of iPod speakers. There's no reverence in the Almighty's house today, just wilful, mischievous anarchy.

And that's precisely how WU LYF like it. When we sit down with the band, guitarist Evans Kati insists that, "We're not as hateful as people think," but nonetheless, WU LYF's very existence seems an extended middle finger to music industry norms. That hasn't changed simply because they've started doing interviews and people know their faces, but on the eve of their biggest tour yet, they're entering a critical phase of (what they wouldn't call) their 'career'.

Which is what we've come to talk about. In the words of frontman Ellery Roberts, WU LYF are about much more than. "We will entertain you for 40 minutes, then you can go home. Or, if you're in London, you can talk about it on Twitter." They're four fiercely intelligent kids (Ellery has just started an Open University course in International Studies to keep him busy on tour) full of opinions, ideas and ambitions who have created something – something special and potentially significant – but who are still in the process of figuring out what it actually is. These gigs will go a long way towards answering that question.

Bearing that in mind, we sat down to hear their new manifesto. As WU LYF's Phase Two begins, this is what they want to achieve and how they plan on achieving it. And, for that matter, how they expect it all to end.

TAKE HEAVY POP TO THE PEOPLE

'Heavy Pop' is not simply a song title or sound, but a philosophy, a way of doing things.

WU LYF are still working out its parameters, but they're adamant it **must** be open to all. As Ellery says, "The idea of 'Heavy Pop' is to make popular music that means something, and you can't make popular music without people. I don't believe in dumbing down for an audience, but you can't change anything unless you can change people, and you can't change people unless you connect with them."

He scoffs at the mention of the band's last *NME* interview, when he declared that he wanted to appear "on *Graham Norton* with Lady Gaga," but they do want to bring the mainstream round to their way of thinking. They just don't want to give an inch in the process.

"Have you *heard* Everything Everything?" he asks, shaking his head. "They have fucking adverts for Dove soap on their website. I mean, advertising on your own website! We do exactly what we want to do, and always have done, but I'd still rather be U2 than some righteous, whiny little guy sat in a bar, flying the flag. It shouldn't be elitist. We want to speak to everyone."

INSPIRE, DON'T IMITATE

"The UK indie scene is totally dead," says Evans with stony-faced finality. "Hopefully we're gonna build a new way of looking at music that's more authentic. But we don't want to start trends. Who's that band from Manchester who pretend to be us? Stay+. They took our 'mystique' thing and tried to create a scene out of it, but there's no substance to it whatsoever [Stay+ used to hide their faces in photos and not give proper interviews]. We weren't *trying* to make a mystery out of ourselves, but they've gone out of their way to do all this weird stuff. At the end of the day, it all comes down to the music." ►





WU's company
r): Ellery
Roberts,
Joe Manning,
Tom McClung,
Evans Kati



"I DON'T WANT TO BE AN OLD ROCKER AT 40, CHASING GIRLS"

Evans Kati

STAY OFF THE BEATEN TRACK

As a new band who've released a well-received debut album after a solid year of simmering hype, WU LYF's absence from the UK festival circuit this summer was... conspicuous. And entirely deliberate.

"Oh, we hate UK festivals," laughs Evans. "That's for certain. I end up watching a few songs from Reading or Glastonbury on TV, and it just depresses me. It's outdoors and it's raining, there's heaps of mud... I wouldn't want to be there. And the line-ups are fucking shit as well. Honestly, I can't see us playing one. Maybe we'd do a massive headline show, just to piss everyone off. At European festivals, people go to listen to music, they're not just aiming to get drunk and have a laugh to some big indie tunes. We don't make music for that."

NEVER BECOME ROCK STARS

"We were at a festival in France the other week when the Arctic Monkeys walked in, all sunglasses and leather jackets and haircuts," smirks Ellery. "We

thought they were taking the piss. They weren't."

As we've already discovered, WU LYF aren't yet sure of exactly what they are, but they're crystal clear about what they don't want to be. Ellery in particular seems near-phobic of becoming some run-of-the-mill, clichéd rock star, swollen with his own self-importance and vanity, mindlessly trashing hotel rooms and having tantrums. "We are a pop band," he insists. "We're four 20-year-old guys making pop hits, and it doesn't really matter what we say, or what we think. So what, you know?"

DO NOTHING INAUTHENTIC

"A lot of what we deal with is the ideal of youth," says Ellery. "You know how Arcade Fire are always talking about the 'kids', but they're not really the kids? Or those plummy-voiced academics on TV discussing the UK riots? We talk about things through experience, and I wouldn't want to fake any of those experiences. What we sing about is an expression of something that someone else might choose to express by throwing a rock through a window. We just put it into songs."

WU TOO?

How well do these new bands pull off WU LYF's secretive style?

STAY+



Manchester dance collective who won't say how many people are involved in the project (hint: it's four).

NME verdict: Good tunes but no need for the coyness.

OUTFIT



Liverpool David Byrne enthusiasts who have minimal net presence and once described their influences by drawing a pie chart.

NME verdict: Now we're talking!

ALT-



An NME shoot (left) with the Leeds band was pulled because they hid their faces and so looked naff.

NME verdict: Get better ideas or give up the bullshit.

FAMY

London chancers who've half-inched WU LYF's entire aesthetic, from the stoopid name to the howling singer, tribal drums and muddled web presence. They don't even have any official photos (yawn).

NME verdict: Must try harder.

DON'T END UP A ZOMBIE

We interview each band member individually, but when it comes to the future of WU LYF, they all say the same thing: "We don't want to do this forever."

Ellery recently said that he envisaged the band releasing two more albums before splitting at the age of 25. When it comes to WU LYF and the press, however, we're inclined to take every proclamation with a shakerful of salt – except, it would seem, this one.

"We're gonna stick to that," says Evans. "Dragging something out when there's no need is a bad idea. There's always a point where bands lose their credibility. It's not set in stone that we're gonna quit by 25, but it's a destructive lifestyle. I don't want to be an old rocker at 40, out on the road chasing girls. We don't want to be The Rolling Stones. They're just zombies."

"It's a plan," says Ellery. "Like the Hayemaker [David Haye, former WBA world heavyweight champ] had his plan to win the championship and drop out before he became braindead from being punched in the face too many times. We'll make three records, give it our best shot, and move on."

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STREET PARADE



He hung with Damon in the Congo. Friendly Fires begged him for a collab. He wears red pyjamas for gigs. Who, asks **Ben Hewitt**, is **Totally Enormous Extinct Dinosaurs**?

PHOTO: JIMMY WILSON

W

omen would walk up to you, stroke your hair and grab your dick," blushes Orlando Higginbottom, the man behind the moniker Totally Enormous Extinct

Dinosaurs, as he recovers the foggy memories of a night on the tiles in the Democratic Republic Of Congo. "You just have to smile, take their hands off you and get on with it."

So *this* is what happens when you seek adventure in strange and foreign climes with a ragtag bunch of musos spearheaded by Damon Albarn: you spend your evenings in darkened rooms, nervously clutching your bottle of beer and trying to ignore the bevy of dames groping your cock. Your days, on the other hand, are spent making an album for Oxfam with local musicians – plus the likes of XL Records chief Richard Russell and Gorillaz producer Dan The Automator – flanked by security and shuttled about by car, avoiding the lawless streets of capital city Kinshasa. "I remember coming back into Heathrow and seeing fences and guns, and thinking, 'Wow, England's amazing!'" laughs Orlando. "You realise how fucking lovely it is to walk down the street and not worry."

Today, we're in a safer, swankier locale: an Oxford pad under the stewardship of Orlando's father, a music professor at the university. With its shelves groaning underneath the jumbled weight of quaint crockery and a view of England's green finery, it's all rather *Brideshead Revisited* – and a far cry from the producer's African fieldtrip, where the streets looked like "landfill sites". There, he wasn't able to go anywhere without security lest he was robbed or mugged; here,

"MY COSTUME SAYS, 'FUCK TRAINERS AND CAPS'"

ORLANDO

the biggest danger is being mobbed by some of his dad's bashful students.

Polite and softly spoken, clucking around the kettle and tentatively sniffing the milk to see if it has gone sour, it's hard to picture him as one of the UK's most in-demand dance producers. He was invited to Congo at Albarn's behest to contribute to the 'Kinshasa One Two' LP that features a litany of other up'n'comers such as Actress and Kwesi. It's released through Warp Records this month with all proceeds helping to support Oxfam's work in the DRC and its creation was, as Albarn put it, a unique process: "Having that many people willing to go out there, who have no idea of what's going to happen, but just

throwing themselves into it, I realised I was witnessing a whole new way of making music. I like Orlando a lot – he's musical, smart and funny. His table tennis, however, needs work." TEED was equally in awe. "You're taken out of your normal environment, and your references are just blown apart."

His references include remixes for the likes of Katy Perry and Friendly Fires (their drummer Jack Savidge enthuses: "Through his remix of Professor Green's 'Monster' he even achieved the impossible by making Pro Green and Example sound good"), and busying himself in his studio down the corridor putting the finishing touches to a debut album that marries washed-out synths with a warm, human glow reminiscent of early Hot Chip. And, of course, dressing up in a giant, garish dinosaur costume every time he goes onstage.

I wanted to do something that was, 'Tuck you, trainers and baseball caps: I'm going to wear a dinosaur costume,'" says Orlando, munching on a chocolate biscuit and explaining why he opted for such elaborate garb (he made the first cut at himself with the help of his mum, but he now has a friend to do his tailoring and has extended the get-up to include some rather eye-catching headdresses). "Generally, people are very happy to see some dude dressed up as a dinosaur. But there are times when it confuses people. I'll be standing waiting to go onstage and thinking 'God, this lot are going to think I'm a real fucking weirdo.' But that's great – maybe they need to see something exciting."

Doing 'something exciting' has been Orlando's chief concern since he "became a teenager, bought some turntables and started to get high" and left his classical roots behind. First he took tuition at the Junior Academy Of Music and toured Europe playing world-class orchestras; next came a Radiohead-inspired guitar band – something of an obligation for any Oxford fledgling – but it was dance music that he latched onto: jungle at first, before a long obsession with drum'n'bass that ended when it became saturated with nerdy blokes who refused to

dance. The answer to such dreary snootiness? Write a couple of silly electro tracks, pick a daft name and set up a Myspace account with a picture of a fuck-off big dinosaur. Naturally.

"It was a joke, but a joke I was pretty serious about," he reflects. "Music is up its own arse."

Such frippery could potentially render Totally Enormous Extinct Dinosaurs a bit... well, *novelty*. But from what NME hears of the debut album, which is set to drop early next year, it's bristling with a soul and warmth that recalls the spirit, if not the aesthetic, of Metronomy's 'The English Riviera'. New single 'Garden', in particular, takes the crux of The Smiths' 'How Soon Is Now' – namely, that going clubbing can make you as miserable as sin – and runs it through chilled his-and-hers vocals, glistening melodies and

isolated whizzes and beeps.

"That's exactly what my album is about," agrees Orlando, wide-eyed. "The excitement, the

knowledge that deep down you're going to go out and have a night the same as any other, but the *chance* you might have something really magical happen: you might meet someone you might go to some magical place."

He grins: "The A&R guys at Polydor have a joke that people are going to put their hankies in the air at my sets, rather than their lighters, because they'll all be crying."

It's that hankering for the perfect night only to know you'll come up short or that capturing of the blissful high inevitably followed by the grinding comedown, that make this dinosaur feel oh-so-human. And it's that melancholia that Orlando returns to once we depart, heading back to his studio to scrawl another potential tracklist on his whiteboard and indulge in just a bit more knob-twiddling before he can declare his work complete. Have your hankies at the ready.

DINOSAUR HANDBOOK

Everything you need to know about TEED



Q Away from the decks, Totally Enormous Extinct Dinosaurs goes by the still-rather-inspired name of Orlando Higginbottom.

Q Orlando went to school with a lot of the Blessing Force mob – Foals, Jonquil, Trophy Wife et al – and could have been part of the collective, but wanted to focus on his "own thing".

Q His invite to Congo came through the publishing company he shared with Damon; they'd never met, but he describes the Gorillaz chief as "a real good force".

Q As well as his own monster tunes like 'Garden', TEED has proffered remixes for everyone from Friendly Fires to Katy Perry, and even made the utter naughtiness of Perry's 'Firework' listenable.

Q Despite his name, he says he "doesn't really give a fuck about dinosaurs".

NME EXTRA For exclusive hidden content, including the chance to win one of five signed TEED T-shirts, go to NME.COM/extra. See p9 for details

To watch the video for 'Garden', head to NME.COM/video

THE KICKING, THE SCREAMING, THE PANIC, THE VOMIT... THE GREATEST

What's the best song from the last 15 years? As NME.COM hits its 15th birthday, we compiled our top 150 – and at the top was Radiohead's prog-sprawling masterpiece **'Paranoid Android'**. NME.COM editor **Luke Lewis** explains its endless appeal



Where were you when you first heard it? I'll never forget. April 10, 1997, a Wednesday night: the first exclusive play on Radio 1's Evening Session. I'd expected 'The Bends' part two. What I heard instead was bizarre and breathtaking: six and a half minutes of spiralling melodies, twisted metal dissonance, robot voices, and a desolate choral coda featuring the words, "The dust and the screaming... the vomit... the vomit". The song left me spellbound, exhilarated, slightly baffled... but pretty certain I'd just experienced An Event, something colossal and unprecedented. I immediately called up a friend to try and make sense of what we'd just heard. What I definitely *didn't* do was snort tea through my nose and go, "Ha ha! The dust and screaming! That's hilarious!"

It's puzzling, then, that Radiohead have always insisted that 'Paranoid Android' – the solemn, sprawling lead single from their 4.5 million-selling third album 'OK Computer' – was all a bit of a giggle. Far from penning a universal hymn of woe, Thom Yorke claims he picked the title as a self-mocking "joke", and says the lyrics are "not personal at all".

The band have said that the writing process was "a laugh". When they came to perform the song, said guitarist Ed O'Brien, the whole thing had them "pissing ourselves as we played". Anyone would think they'd written 'My Humps', not one of the towering rock songs of the 20th century.

And yet... they protest too much. I have a theory. I think that Radiohead *knew* they'd written an era-defining masterpiece, but – in a very British way – felt embarrassed by the grandeur of their creation, and ever since then have bashfully tried to make light of it. They're not fooling anyone.

See, 'Paranoid Android' may do many things, but it doesn't exactly get you firing up the ROFL-copter. There's a reason why it has never been used as a goofy soundbed on *The Planet's Funniest Animals*. Anyone with ears and a brain can tell that this is a song about the horror of modernity. Yorke surveys the grand sweep of humanity and finds he's

disgusted by all of it. We've all been there, especially while watching *The Xtra Factor* with Olly Murs.

The more pretentious among us might point out that 'Paranoid Android's' fragmentary structure and overarching mood of bleak horror recall TS Eliot's *The Waste Land*, a poem that Yorke and Colin Greenwood once performed aloud at school (and according to Greenwood, Yorke was "totally" into it).

So, is 'Paranoid Android' a '90s equivalent – a modernist masterpiece with distortion pedals? Well, yes, I think that's exactly what Radiohead were aiming for.

And you know what? They succeeded. Besides, this idea that 'Paranoid Android' was intended as a joke – a sozzled attempt to rewrite Queen's 'Bohemian

Rhapsody' – doesn't quite tally with Yorke's own account of how he wrote the lyric. The came to him at 5am following a hateful night out among coked up music biz types in Los Angeles.

"I was trying to sleep when I literally heard these voices that wouldn't leave me alone," he recalled, back in 1997. "Basically ['Paranoid Android'] is just about chaos, chaos, utter fucking chaos."

'PARANOID ANDROID' WAS SOMETHING COLOSSAL AND UNPRECEDENTED

RADIOHEAD SPEAK!

Bassist Colin Greenwood on the moment it all came together

'Paranoid Android' has been chosen as the best song of the past 15 years. Happy?
Colin: "That's brilliant. Thanks so much! It's very cool that people still like it."

What's your standout memory of recording it?
"We were in Bath, recording at [Tudor manor house] St Catherine's Court. We were having drinks, and then we started doing percussion on a drum loop that Phil [Selway] had made. It grew from there. We'd already rehearsed an early version of the song, played it on tour with Alanis Morissette – obviously it didn't go down very well. Originally it had a 10-minute organ outro [see sidebar overleaf], which ultimately we ditched and replaced with the "rain down" section. Was that the

right decision? I think so, but sometimes I regret the lack of psychedelic, patchouli-soaked organ madness."

Was it obvious you'd written something special?

"I don't know. Who can say? There's something savage and cartoon-like about it, which was reflected in the video, which I really love. The song is wild and savage – something we did when we didn't know how to do anything. There were no rules. The recording took a long time, but it wasn't difficult. It was easy. It was a fun time."

Give us a visual picture of the moment it all came together...

"We'd had a drink – but only one. Orange juice with vodka. And we were in this large wooden ballroom. We'd lit candles. And we were

jamming, which is something we'd never done before. That brought a spontaneity, which helped the song come to life. It's essentially three different songs stitched together. Were the lyrics there from the very start? I don't remember."

What do you think people love about it so much?
"It's a bit like 'Bloom' on our new record ['The King Of Limbs']. I like songs that have a universe inside them. Loud and soft, pretty and ugly, fast and slow. 'Paranoid Android' is all those things. It's brilliant to play live. As for why anyone else likes it? It's like being in your own comic strip. Serious fun."



ROGER SARGENT/PYMC. CORBIS, ANDY WILLISHER, BUZZ ANDERSEN

(l-r): Robbie
Williams,
Jason Orange,
Mark Owen,
Gary Barlow,
the other one



A cameo from the band in the 'Paranoid Android' video



This is why no-one believes you're joking, Thom



THE 20 BEST TRACKS OF THE PAST 15 YEARS

See NME.COM for the full list of 150

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. RADIOHEAD
'Paranoid Android' | 11. ARCTIC MONKEYS
'I Bet You Look Good On The Dancefloor' |
| 2. ARCADE FIRE
'Rebellion (Lies)' | 12. MGMT
'Time To Pretend' |
| 3. OUTKAST 'Hey Ya!' | 13. JAY-Z
'Empire State Of Mind' |
| 4. THE STROKES
'Last Nite' | 14. FOALS
'Spanish Sahara' |
| 5. THE KILLERS
'Mr Brightside' | 15. MIA 'Paper Planes' |
| 6. THE WHITE STRIPES
'Fell In Love With A Girl' | 16. BEYONCE
'Crazy In Love' |
| 7. HOT CHIP
'Over And Over' | 17. MISSY ELLIOTT
'Get Ur Freak On' |
| 8. AMY WINEHOUSE
'Rehab' | 18. QOTSA 'No One Knows' |
| 9. THE VERVE 'Bitter Sweet Symphony' | 19. JUSTICE VS SIMIAN
'We Are Your Friends' |
| 10. THE LIBERTINES
'Time For Heroes' | 20. BLOC PARTY
'Banquet' |

When pressed to reveal more about the "kicking squealing Gucci little piggy" who inspired the song, Yorke described it as "inhuman... you do often see demons in people's eyes. Everyone was trying to get something out of me. I felt like my own self was collapsing in the presence of it." Hmm. So not quite dashed off as a rib-tickling novelty wigout then? Lest you doubt that 'Paranoid Android' burns with a core of genuine misanthropy, note the hex on the single sleeve. The ensuing world tour was called Against Demons. 'Paranoid Android' is a song about seeing evil in the world around you, and being absolutely terrified by it.

So how come it's so thrilling to listen to? What prevents 'Paranoid Android' from being unbearably bleak is the song's endless inventiveness. It's so complex, it took Radiohead 18 months of rehearsal before they could play it live. Tellingly, 'Paranoid Android' is essentially uncoverable: those who've tried, like Weezer, have failed dismally.

Standout moments? How about the guitar solo, hissing and spitting like a power cable let loose in a storm? Or better yet, the bit where the guitar cuts out, leaving a chasm of distortion before the final choral lament, which has always made me think of hooded

monks marching with bowed heads, like Joy Division's 'Atmosphere' video?

Of course, it's really three entirely different songs stitched together, and was built up piecemeal, layer upon layer, growing into this crazy toppling Jenga tower. Colin Greenwood recalls the weird feeling of vertigo this instilled: "We recorded the first bits and we were really into it. Each of the other bits had to be as good as what came before. It was really exciting... but it just raised the stakes each time and piled the pressure on."

The best song of the past decade-and-a-half? Yes, because 'Paranoid Android' predicted so much of what came after. Not just the tenor of rock music, which took a more gloomy turn in the song's wake, but the broader culture too. 'Paranoid Android' was recorded

before most of us had internet access or mobiles. But the world it skewers – one of dislocation, information overload, bile – speaks to our times uncannily. Long may this extraordinary song rain down, rain down on us.

NME.COM

WHO ELSE MADE THE LIST?

So, 'Paranoid Android' came out on top of our new list of the 150 greatest tracks of the past 15 years – now head to NME.COM to see the full run-down, complete with the stories behind some of the top songs and new interviews with the likes of Arctic Monkeys and The Killers. Plus, in the coming weeks we'll be asking users to vote for their favourite albums from the past 15 years – all part of us marking NME.COM's 15-year anniversary.

INSIDE THE ANDROID

Classic influences? Apple Mac cameos? This song has 'em all



ROBIN

The video was directed by Magnus Carlsson, and starred the Swede's animated Robin character. Playful yet disturbingly weird, it was edited to remove mermaids' breasts. The bit where a fat diplomat in a G-string cuts off his own arms and legs with an axe is fine though, obviously.

MARVIN THE PARANOID ANDROID

A depressed robot in Douglas Adams' *The Hitchhiker's Guide To The Galaxy*. Yorke used the description to parody the way the media and public saw him. How self-aware.

MYTHICAL '14-MINUTE VERSION'

While supporting Alanis Morissette in 1996, Radiohead frequently performed an early version of 'Paranoid Android', complete with an epic Hammond organ solo at the end and a "rave down".

MELLOTRON

The song saw Radiohead's first high-profile use of this retro instrument, which plays tape loops when you press a key.



B-SIDES

Both versions of the single were backed by stunning songs: the prog-tastic 'Polyethylene (Parts 1 & 2)', the guitar-driven Morricone thrash of 'Pearly', the bitter, waltzing 'A Reminder', and 'Melatonin', the synths of which pointed to the band's future.



THE BEATLES AND QUEEN

The inspiration in stitching together discarded songs was taken from these two rock legends, and two of their maddest songs: the Fab Four's 'Happiness Is A Warm Gun' and Queen's 'Bohemian Rhapsody'. "It really started out as three separate songs," said Yorke, "and we didn't know what to do with them. Then we thought of 'Happiness...' and said, 'Why don't we try that?'"

FRED

Unusually for Radiohead, they featured a guest star on 'Paranoid Android' – Fred, an Apple Mac speech simulator. His is the amiable voice that repeats, "I may be paranoid but not an android" behind Yorke in the first section's chorus. He also starred in 'OK Computer's 'Fitter Happier' – wonder if he got any royalties.



*Ty Davidson's rehearsal space,
Manchester. August 19, 1979
© Kevin Cummins*

IAN CURTIS: AN ICON IN PHOTOS

Kevin Cummins took some of the most iconic **Joy Division** photos ever – now he's opened up his archives to present a series of posters for NME

People have always asked me what's on the wall," Kevin says of the 1979 photo above. "I think it's chord progressions, as this was taken in their rehearsal space I'd hung his coat on a nail as a prop. The press called music from Manchester 'grey

overcoat music', so we thought we'd put the coat in the shot just to take the piss" "Live," continues Kevin, "the two most dangerous people I've ever shot are Ian and Iggy Pop – both of them get lost in their world, and with Ian's epilepsy he could fall off the stage. But that dance

came out of nowhere. It wasn't stylised – he let himself get lost inside his head" Turn over for more of Kevin's photos, which are also on show at London's Proud Gallery as part of the *Exemplar: Joy Division* exhibition running until December 11. See proud.co.uk.

NME EXTRA For exclusive hidden content, including the chance to win copies of Kevin Cummins' book *Joy Division* and to hear Kevin's thoughts on shooting Ian Curtis and the band, head to NME.COM/extra. See p9 for details





NME

IAN CURTIS

Hulme, Manchester. January 6, 1979
© Kevin Cummins

NME

High Open Air Pop Festival, Lancashire.
August 27, 1979 © Kevin Cummins

JOY DIVISION



CAPTURE YOUR GIG MEMORIES IN FLAWLESS QUALITY

The new **Xperia™ ray** smartphone will take amazing images for you – even in low light or from the madness of the moshpit!



It's been more fun than is strictly healthy, but, sadly, the wellies and poorly folded tents are being chucked absent-mindedly into cupboards for another year. Yes, festival season is over, meaning it's back to sweaty dives for us all. Usually, given most gigs take place in something approaching darkness, getting a decent shot of the carnage onstage is nigh on impossible, but with the new Xperia™ ray smartphone from Sony Ericsson, it's as easy as taking a snap in the park at midday. The phone comes with a built-in 8.1MP camera with

Exmor R™ for Mobile cutting edge Sony technology for capturing images in low light and also comes equipped with the capacity to record video in HD, meaning you need never come home with boring, dull and lifeless images or videos again.

The camera is also armed with face recognition software, auto focus and a built-in photo stabiliser, which means even when the moshpit is frenzied, your snaps will still come out looking posed and planned.

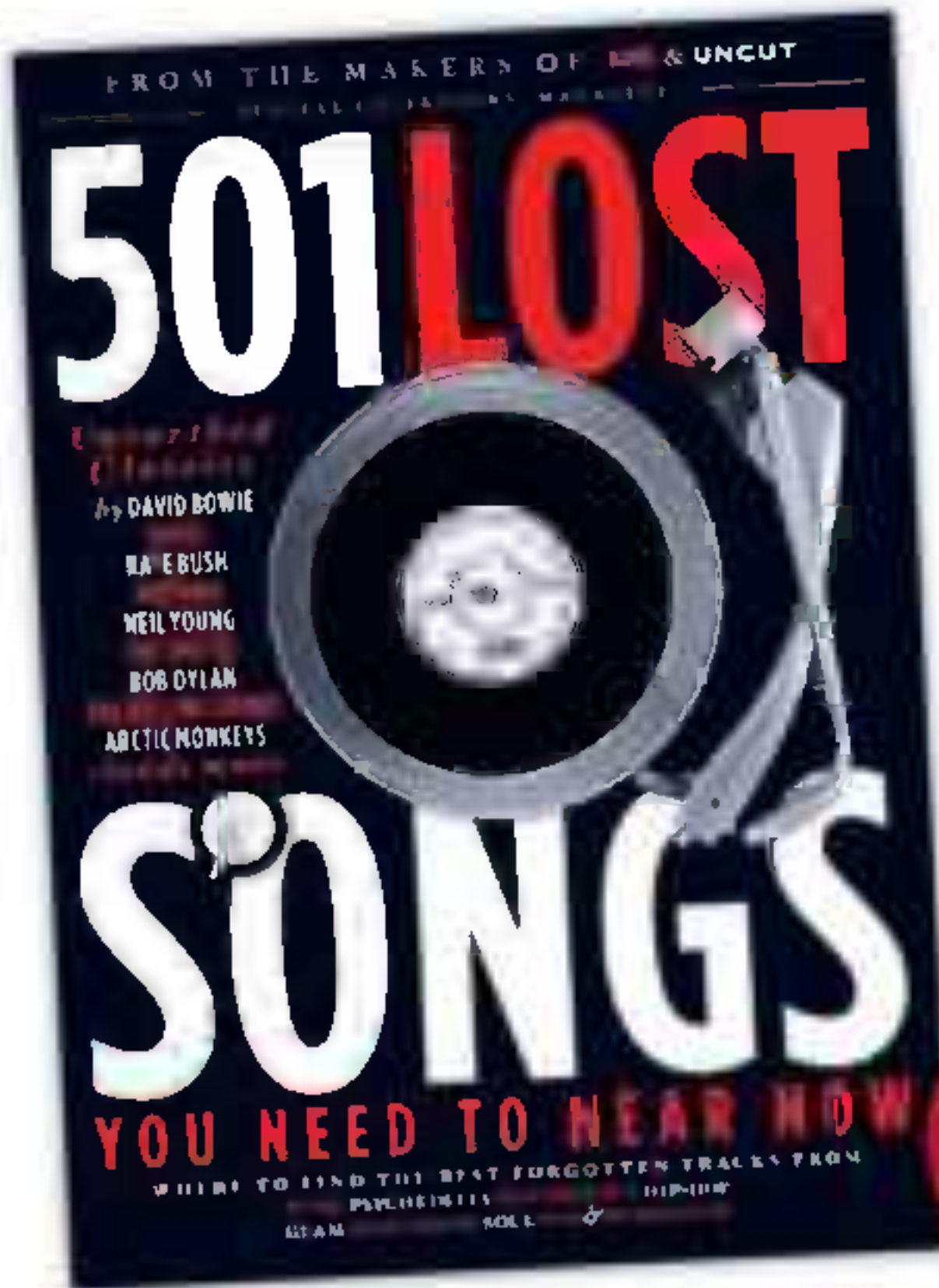
The Xperia™ ray comes* with an amazing set of tangle free LiveSound™ headphones, which are rightly renowned for their amazing

sound quality. The smartphone is also fitted with enough storage space for over 3GB worth of music. It's also sleek, light (just over 100g) and equipped with all the top features you'd expect from a quality smartphone, including email, web browsing, and Facebook Inside Xperia™.

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Coming Next Week

**IT'S DANCE,
BUT NOT AS
WE KNOW IT...**

Also in this issue:

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THE 20 OTHER ACTS
SMASHING DANCE
BOUNDARIES RIGHT NOW

**ARCTIC MONKEYS
VS THE FANS**

SHEFFIELD'S FINEST
ANSWER YOUR QUESTIONS

**COLDPLAY
ALBUM VERDICT**

CHRIS IN CRISIS, OR
IS THIS THEIR BEST
RECORD YET?

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ROCK GODS**

OUT
WEDNESDAY
OCTOBER
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Plus: **THE UK'S BIGGEST AND BEST GIG GUIDE**

REVIEWS

SPECTRALS, VERONICA FALLS, M83

Edited by Emily Mackay



NOEL GALLAGHER'S HIGH FLYING BIRDS

NOEL GALLAGHER'S HIGH FLYING BIRDS SOUR MASH

The Chief adjusts to being commander of no man but himself on an masterfully relaxed solo debut that reminds lil bro who's boss



Is Noel Gallagher fucked? Less than 100 days since his comeback press conference and he's been abandoned by Radio 1 (too old), failed to *really* set the charts

alight with any of his new tunes and seen the debut performance with his High Flying Birds on Italian TV lambasted by Oasis fans who said he looked too nervous to pull off being a frontman (sample YouTube comment: "Come on Noel! You'll get used to it!").

Noel's admitted from the off, of course, that the idea of standing centre stage without little bro around to lap up the attention has left him biting his fingernails. But actually hearing him say that is really weird. Why? Because he's the most brash, outspoken, bolshy and bitchy musician – no, *personality* – of the last 20 years. To have the guy come across as vulnerable just doesn't sit right. And that's exactly what makes this album so crucial, because for the first time since 'Don't Believe The Truth' in 2005, Noel Gallagher actually has something to prove to people. He'll always have 'Wonderwall' to bang his head against, sure, but to start your post-Oasis career with a shitter of a solo album? That's something that's definitely not in the manuscript.

But let's not be prissy here. You'll have already seen the album's mark at the end of this review. It's no monstrosity, no major fuck-up, and no minor fuck-up either. On the contrary, it's rather brilliant in places. Take the second track, 'Dream On'. Noel says it's "throwaway", which doesn't do it any favours. It's a key song here because it's so goofy. It's carefree and catchy as hell; catchy the same way 'Telegram Sam', 'Hotel Yorba' or – hah! – 'She's Electric' were. There's a great, moronic line in it about all the kids drinking up their lemonade, and it proves that away from the arched-eyebrow seriousness of the past decade ('Falling Down', 'Stop Crying Your Heart Out', 'Little By Little'), Noel can still bash out a three-minute guitar-pop gem that sounds at once wonky, blithe and brilliantly stupid. And for a 44-year-old father of three, that's pretty impressive. It also takes precisely 52 seconds to get to the chorus, which as any burger-flippin', jukebox-owning hick from 1950s America will tell you, is the OPTIMUM time in pop to get the masses singing along. Any longer and you've lost them. I raise this point for a reason, because structurally Noel's reined *everything*

in on these 10 tracks. Gone are the days of the three-minute intro (apart from opening track 'Everybody's On The Run', everything here gets down to business within about 20 seconds), and gone are the maddeningly repetitive guitar solos and endless outros. In fact this is probably the first Noel album since '...Morning Glory?' where you feel the songs never really outstay their welcome, and it's all the better for it. Weller played the same trick on 2010's 'Wake Up The Nation' (where many of the songs clocked in at around two minutes), and while there's nothing as brash'n'breezy as that here, it's still an absolute joy to listen to the songs, think to yourself, 'THIS is where the vocals need to start', and then hear Noel's voice come in. Simple, but effective.

Elsewhere, you'll have already heard 'The Death Of You And Me', which along with 'If I Had A Gun...' is the best thing on here. It's got the much-touted brass section wheezing away at the side (you'd hope Noel takes them on tour), and marks a highpoint of Side A. Just about, that is, because the aforementioned '...Gun...' trumps it. Ever since that scraggy soundcheck bootleg appeared online it's stood out as something special, so you've gotta give its creator credit for fully realising its potential in the studio. Its chords, capo placing and canter-pace may be nicked from The Book Of Wonderwall, but it's a far more contemplative piece overall, even sounding faintly glam when the drums and distortion kick in. The yearning, lovelorn chorus of, "Excuse me if I spoke too soon/My eyes have always followed you around the room" is one of the prettiest things Noel's ever come up with, and it rightfully feels like the album's centrepiece. By the time the ending saunters in (with a guitar line pinched from 'Fade Away'), he may as well be off buying guitar-shaped beds and waiting for Chris Martin to cover it at Glasto.

Of course, 'Stop The Clocks' and '(I Wanna Live In A Dream In My) Record Machine', both of which have been online in demo form for years, are the two that sound the most Oasis-like. How could they not? The former – now with added choir and 'Don't Look Back In Ager'-esque guitar solo (the only one on the record, incidentally) – features a chorus dug straight outta the soul of Noddy Holder's platform boots, while album closer 'Stop The Clocks' is an altogether more simplistic muse on what happens when you die (it's uplifting rather than depressing, because it's Noel). But then, you already know what they're like, 'cos you've heard them both before. Their inclusion

here is slightly perplexing because of that. Noel says it's because they're too good to fall by the wayside, and that they act as a final goodbye to his Oasis years... and you can kind of see his point. But he needs to stick to his guns, because the genuine newbies here (like 'AKA...What A Life!' and 'AKA...Broken Arrow') show he's still got enough chops in him to carry off being solo without surviving off his former glories. Now, you want him to run with the idea of change and end up god knows where.

The big question, of course, is does he miss Liam? And yeah, he does at times. Take opener 'Everybody's On The Run'. It's a brilliant song. It's got a 100-piece Abbey Road choir on it and would sound great bouncing off the walls of Wembley Stadium. But it's built for Liam Gallagher to wrap his lungs around. Without him, it's subbed to merely 'great' status, and the lingering thought of what it'd be like with its rightful singer in place is tantalisingly frustrating.

They need each other, everyone knows that. But this is a redundant point, as well as a minor quibble. We all know where Noel and Liam stand at present, and things aren't gonna change between them for at least another album apiece. What Noel's done on '...High Flying Birds' is test the water, keep the good ship from listing and hand over a collection of tracks of which the best can stand proudly alongside 'The Importance Of Being Idle'. Fuck radio, fuck the charts and fuck nerves. Noel's still got it. Only a fool would write him off. **Matt Wilkinson**

8

To see Noel discuss Liam, Kurt, U2 and the state of rock'n'roll, head to NME.COM/video

DOWNLOAD: 'Dream On', 'If I Had A Gun...', 'The Death Of You And Me'

THE BIRD SEEDS

This might be Noel's album and tour but he's not the only one involved – who are the musicians that make up the rest of the High Flying nest?

JEREMY STACEY



Responsible for drums in the Birds' live show and on record, he's also worked with Echo & The Bunnymen, Eurythmics, Charlotte Gainsbourg and Malcolm McLaren.

MIKEY ROWE



The pianist and organ player has form with Noel – he played on 'Heathen Chemistry' and 'Be Here Now', as well as the world tour for the latter.

RUSSELL PRITCHARD



The curly-topped bassist with The Zutons, on live duties – Noel says he just "called me up one afternoon and said 'Have you got a bass player?'"

LENNY CASTRO

New York percussionist who's played with The Rolling Stones, Elton John, Stevie Wonder, Slash and Fleetwood Mac (in front of Bill Clinton, no less). He's on the album, and will also be on live duties. No pressure, Noel.

CROUCH END FESTIVAL CHORUS

As well as appearing on 'High Flying Birds', this symphonic choir have performed with both Ray Davies and Oasis at the Electric Proms, and recorded with Davies, The Divine Comedy and Travis.

WIRED STRINGS

Noel insisted that female string players appear on the album because "they play strings a lot sexier than men". This all-female ensemble, based in London and New York, have worked with Beyoncé, Coldplay and Adele.

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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SPECTRALS

BAD PENNY WICHITA

Yet another Yorkshireman proves adept at writing songs about sorrow that are strangely uplifting



Twenty-one is rather a young age at which to write an album about heartbreak – but if the results are as promising as the debut full-length by Yorkshireman Louis

Jones, aka Spectrals, then the more life-crushing decimations of young-blossomed relationships the better, we say.

It all turned out OK in the end, though, we hear – Louis is apparently now with the girl that all the songs on 'Bad Penny' are written about, back when his heart was shakier. The fallout that remains, though, is an album full of the kind of glisteningly downbeat jaunts that feels familiar from Alex Turner's Shadow Puppets and, in particular, the scintillatingly heart-wrenching solo soundtrack he released earlier this year for *Submarine*.

To brand 'Bad Penny' as morose, though, would be to ignore the layers that characterise it – like fellow Yorkshireman Richard Hawley does, on the likes of 'Confetti' and 'You Can't Live On Love Alone' Louis expertly sets his jazzy guitar lines to that perfect mid-point between shimmering optimism and gut-hurting sadness. It gives the album a lapel-grabbing drive that most heartbreak records lack. And at the risk of labouring Turner comparisons, the chugging 'Doing Time' could drop nicely onto Arctic Monkeys' 'Humbug' and improve it considerably.

Equally pleasingly, the album is a little bit funny, rather than just a lot mopey – when relaying unrequited love on the gorgeous lilt of 'Lockjaw' Louis sings: "We can't kiss as you've got lockjaw, though I can't be sure..." Which is the kind of wry rhyme you could imagine could come from the lyric book of a certain Alex Turn... OK, sorry, you get the point.

But take that comparison as a mark of pedigree rather than of any lack of individuality – this is a hugely personable album full of gawky heartbreak and Yorkshire sad-glam that makes you feel like you know Louis as well as your oldest school chum. A decidedly British album, yes, but not one confined to its borders: 'Many Happy Returns' boasts Spector-rattle drums that send shivers snaking down the spine, and Louis' deft croon throughout gives credence to his declaration last year that he was "dead into" Scott Walker. Indeed, you wonder what ambitions quiet Louis is hiding under his hood – and you also wonder how big things could get if you had a whip round for a string section to see if things could really lift the ceiling off. For now, we'll lift our caps and welcome another intelligent, funny, soul-baring songwriter to the fold, quietly hoping that, come album two, he isn't feeling *too* happy in love. **Jamie Fullerton**

DOWNLOAD: 'Lockjaw', 'Doing Time', 'Many Happy Returns'

FACES TO NAMES...

What the reviewers are doing this week



ALEX DENNEY

"I've been hammering the blissfully good new Real Estate record while asking myself the question, 'What would Special Agent Dale Cooper do?' in basic decision-making tasks."



JAMIE CROSSAN

"After being stung twice in the head by an angry wasp, I've spent most of this week dousing my scalp in vinegar while watching the new series of the brilliant *Boardwalk Empire*."



JAMIE FULLERTON

"I've been wearing my brand new Big Talk T-shirt and been baffled by Noel Fielding's new artwork, featuring hardcore pictures of demons having sex with porn stars."

NEW FOUND GLORY

RADIOSURGERY EPITAPH



Surely the return of Blink-182 should've been the spark that saw Lock Up Stage also-rans New Found Glory explode from superfluosity. Instead, the Karl

Pilkingtons of skate punk release a seventh album that advances the genre not an inch – growing pains bellowed along to 'gnarly' guitars and everything else that Charlie Simpson made cringeworthy back in 2003. With pace set to 'perky', the occasionally impressive hooks of (oh yes) 'Summer Fling, Don't Mean A Thing' and (oh no) 'Dumped' merge into a glossy mud from which nothing to rival 'All The Small Things' emerges. And if you're not aspiring to the benchmark, why bother? **Mark Beaumont**
DOWNLOAD: 'Summer Fling, Don't Mean A Thing'

4

TROPHY WIFE

BRUXISM EP BLESSING FORCE



One thing that impressed about the Blessing Force coterie when they sprang into view last autumn was their boldness of message and sound: Chad

Valley's brilliantly garish chillwave, Pet Moon's apocalyptic clatter, Rhosyn's crinoline camp. While Trophy Wife's understated debut single was beguiling in its own way, their new EP feels tame. Each of its five songs bears the production work of a different knob-twiddler – including Yannis on the chilly, stinging 'Wolf' – meaning that flashes of excitement feel fleeting. A loose narrative about dislocation and new beginnings is lightly curious, but not bold enough to earn cultish adoration. **Laura Snapes**
DOWNLOAD: 'Wolf'

6

REAL ESTATE

DAYS DOMINO



Real Estate's self-titled debut album, a badly mixed but charming portrait of suburban dreaming, fitted right into the emerging glo-fi of 2009. Two

years, lots of touring, and a wad of cash from Domino Records later and the New Jersey four-piece have shaken off the sun-flecked dust of that haphazard genre to reveal a clean and canny record. On 'Days', melodies sit above the muted chug of 'Green Aisles' and the intricate guitars of 'It's Real'. Even on contemplative instrumental 'Kinder Blumen' there is effort to shake off the stasis that glo-fi turned into a manifesto and push forward onto new ground. **Hazel Sheffield**

DOWNLOAD: 'Green Aisles'

7

CLASS ACTRESS

RAPPROCHER CARPARK



Elizabeth Harper is a folk singer who traded her six-string for entry to the discotheque. This, her debut, attempts to meld the trace-paper

beats of chillwave with the predatory attitude of '80s funk-pop. It's a hit and miss affair. 'Weekend' finds her confessional singer-songwriter background lining up to the jittery beats with the right amount of awkward grace like some cross between Feist and Glass Candy's Ida No. At other times, like on 'All The Saints', her eloquent enunciation jars with the cutesy hip-hop beats, and the effect is akin to watching Gwyneth Paltrow rapping 'Straight Outta Compton'.

Priya Elan
DOWNLOAD: 'Weekend'

6

GAUNTLET HAIR

GAUNTLET HAIR DEAD OCEANS



If we were Gauntlet Hair, we'd be pretty sick of people comparing us to Animal Collective by now. Does every new, interesting band really have to suffer that fate? Sure, GH singer Andy R sounds a touch like Avey Tare (then again, stick that much reverb on a vocal and so might Tom Waits), but it's pretty obvious that this blogtastic Denver duo are way more in thrall to the West Coast than the East; Abe Vigoda, HEALTH and No Age's noise-pop inform the best parts of this fine debut LP, rendering it a swirling headfuck of manic energy mixed with blissed-out melody. Also, any band that tells Pitchfork to "suck our medieval, hairy, wizard dicks" is more than alright by us. **Rob Webb**

7

MARBLE VALLEY

BREAKTHROUGH SEA



Patched together on Pavement's recent reunion tour by their drummer Steve West, this latest outing from his solo project is unlikely to generate quite as many column inches. While it's not entirely free of a certain ramshackle charm, West's resolutely deadpan vocal and wry delivery put this closer in spirit to slacker kings The Dandy Warhols than anything that Team Malkmus would put their name to. Nothing here exactly sucks, but everything trundles along at such a narcotic pace that it's tough to make it all the way through without half-wishing that some sort of catastrophic natural disaster would happen outside the window just to perk things up a bit. **Tom Edwards**

4

SHONEN KNIFE

OSAKA RAMONES DAMNABLY



Hard to believe that frivolous Japanese ladies Shonen Knife have now been a band for 30 years. It took them a decade before wider recognition reached them (thanks largely to the patronage of Kurt Cobain), and playing buzzsaw punk-pop about cats and dessert for three decades requires Herculean dedication. It means they've been in the game for eight years longer than their chief influence, the Ramones, managed. A perfect excuse to toast themselves and their progenitors with 13 Ramones covers, which sound exactly like you'd expect. For better or worse, Naoko Yamano doesn't quite capture the chilling ruination of heroin addiction when she sings 'Chinese Rock'. **Noel Gardner**

6

GEM CLUB

BREAKERS HARDLY ART



Consisting of only nine tracks and running for just under 40 minutes, Gem Club's debut is a delicate and brief record, but also one that's more layered and considered than their initial EP, 'Acid And Everything'. There are traces of Sufjan Stevens, for sure, but this Massachusetts duo have more in common with Low or Sigur Rós (the former for the drones, the latter for the harmonies). 'I Heard The Party' is the stand-out track, mournful and church-like, lea Berberian's tender harmonies winding around vocalist Christopher Barnes' tones, as they despondently claim that "I heard that party's here". It's crystallised, but the light shines through. **Alibhe Malone**

7

DOWNLOAD: 'I Heard The Party'

KEY NOTES

Best sleeve of the week



Class Actress, 'Rapprocher'

Elizabeth Harper's one classy dame. 'Rapprocher' means to 'come closer' in French. And with an album cover like this, and a look like that in her eyes, why wouldn't you?

Worst sleeve of the week



Trophy Wife, 'Bruxism' Meanwhile, the cover stars of 'Bruxism' could have learned a thing or two about seduction from Class Actress. To make matters worse, they appear to be floating in space. Not the out-of-this-world experience they were aiming for.

REVIEWED NEXT WEEK

- Coldplay - 'Mylo Xyloto'
- Drake - 'Take Care'
- The Field - 'Looping State Of Mind'

VERONICA FALLS

VERONICA FALLS BELLA UNION

Their influences might be all too familiar, but the spectre-loving twee team still make a good fist of it on their debut



Thus far, Veronica Falls have been regarded with a degree of scepticism entirely befitting a band who were signed on the strength of a

10-minute-old Myspace page. Their members look like they've pouted on the covers of Belle And Sebastian EPs, and their attempts to distance themselves from a C86 aesthetic can't hide the debt their fey indie owes to it. Basically, if Veronica Falls were a fashion accessory, they'd be a tatty Penguin Classics tote bag modelled after the first-edition jacket of an obscure 1930s novella called *You Probably Won't Have Heard Of This*.

The irony is that you almost certainly have heard of the bands they take their cues from. They might even be a little overfamiliar: in 2011, there's nothing particularly unique about riffing on the likes of the Shop Assistants, Beat Happening or The Pastels.

Veronica Falls, however, do display a natural affinity for it. This debut may be frozen in

a perpetual, sexless adolescence, but they've somehow made that seem charming rather than cloying, even as vocalist Roxanne Clifford swoons longingly at ghosts ('Found Love In A Graveyard') and sighs odes to a boy so childlike he's probably still in buckled shoes ('Stephen'). They shouldn't be dismissed as mere wimps of whimsy, either: these songs are played with confidence, and only the album's exquisite, wintry closer 'Come On Over' is allowed to breach the four-minute mark. In keeping with their insistence that the Velvets are actually a bigger influence than C86 - a bit like arguing chicken-or-egg with a mouthful of omelette - many are also morbid affairs; as on 'Beachy Head', a blushing hymn to the UK's favourite suicide spot.

Veronica Falls aren't quite a love 'em or hate 'em proposition; they're far too arch for that. But even if they're a hard band to fall in love with, this record is ridiculously easy to admire. **Barry Nicolson**

6

DOWNLOAD: 'Come On Over', 'Found Love In A Graveyard', 'Stephen'



XENO & OAKLANDER

SETS & LIGHTS WIERD



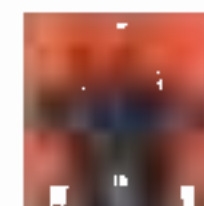
Bands drawing on '80s synth-pop have hardly been scarce these last few years, but the latest missive from New Yorkers Xeno & Oaklander is not the work of dilettantes. Liz Wendelbo and Sean McBride have the Human League/Thomas Dolby textures down to a tee but, crucially, they haven't skimped on the songwriting, and 'Blue' and 'Autumn's Edge', with their hypnotic shared vocals, revolve around delicious melodies. The industrial edges of 2009's 'Sentinelle' have been smoothed out in favour of a Giorgio Moroder pulse, while the Italo-tinged 'Italy' arrives just in time to be a balmy late-summer hit, if a rather unimaginatively titled one. **Frances Morgan**

7

DOWNLOAD: 'Italy'

PRINCE RAMA

TRUST NOW PAW TRACKS



Hitting Number Three in the Billboard New Age chart with your last album is an achievement to wear sparingly lest you get mistook for whale music artists, which siblings Taraka and Nimai Larson really aren't. In fact, despite the hand-twirling dancing and the air they give off of having found themselves on retreat in Kashmir, the Brooklyn duo's fifth album is less pan-pipe chill-out and more a brooding and oppressive morass of sound akin to a shamanistic Zola Jesus - all thrums, howls and echoes, eddying rhythms, scurrying drums and, weirdly, the slowed-down hoover from Belgian hardcore. Just ignore the jazz-handy group psychiatry of 'Trust'. **Chris Parkin**

6

DOWNLOAD: 'Summer Of Love'



M83

HURRY UP, WE'RE DREAMING NAIVE

A grandiose double-album paean to childhood dreaming that only occasionally needs the naughty step



On ne voit bien qu'avec le cœur. L'essentiel est invisible pour les yeux (One sees clearly only with the heart. What is essential is invisible to the eye). Not our words, but that of a

clever fox in *Le Petit Prince*, Antoine de Saint-Exupéry's profound children's book. The book tells the story of a child-like alien who travels to other worlds. Visiting Earth, he meets a crash-landed aviator in a bleak desert.

While the stranded pilot is a weary grown-up, the prince is yet to be tainted by adulthood. If Anthony Gonzalez (M83) is like the aviator, having imagined this double album while in the Joshua Tree desert in California, 'Hurry Up, We're Dreaming' is itself the Little Prince: guileless and dreamy. Quite a bold statement to make, but this is an album of equal valour.

'Intro' really captures the spirit of the album, guest Zola Jesus' voice both otherworldly and powerful. It's a jaw-dropping start that fades

into 'Midnight City', arguably one of the best tracks to be released this year. Its dancefloor-filling melody boasts the finest sax solo you're likely to have heard in the past 20 years.

It's this pomp that makes the album work, and on 'Reunion', *The Breakfast Club* soundtracked by Toto, the fantasy is properly realised. Gonzalez has said that each track on the album is an interpretation of people's dreams. But there's another theme that runs through both sides of this epic: childhood innocence. At times this works well ('Splendor'), but the Dora The Explorer-like voiceover on 'Raconte-Moi Une Histoire' is a mega pceve. There's a lot to take out of 'Hurry Up...' but moments like this, and the synth interlude of 'Klaus I Love You', detract from the overall vision.

But, if you can look past that and use your heart, you might rediscover your own absentminded childhood and an album full of hidden pleasures. **Jamie Crossan**

7

DOWNLOAD: 'Midnight City', 'Reunion', 'Intro'

KUEDO

SEVERANT PLANET MU



While he might have cut his teeth as half of industrial dubstep provocateurs Vex'd, Kuedo's debut album has little to do with that genre, and nothing to do

with the vague 'post-dubstep' descriptions that usually get thrown in his direction. Instead, Jamie Teasdale has honed a beguiling blend of sci-fi soundtrack synths (think Vangelis' iconic theme to *Blade Runner*), booming hip-hop bass and the jittery percussion of Chicago footwork. While its melodies are curiously soothing, the stuttering drums of 'Flight Path' are the opposite - caffeinated, edgy and invigorating. That same battle between tension and relaxation runs throughout, fuelling this understated gem of an album. **Rory Gibb**

DOWNLOAD: 'Flight Path'

8

LONEY, DEAR

HALL MUSIC SOMETHING IN CONSTRUCTION



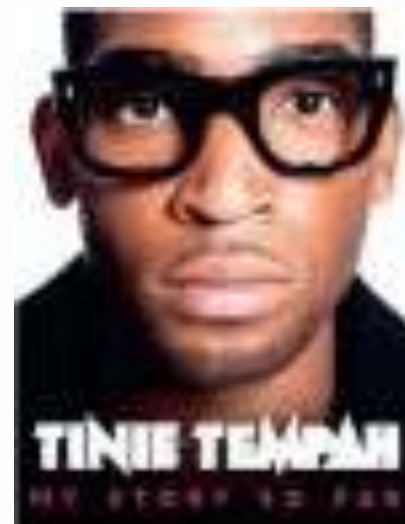
Loney, Dear's Emil Svanängen, it is often said, could do with a big cuddle. Not that it'd make much difference, you feel - the Swedish songwriter's fifth LP is mainly

another delicate sojourn into oceans of really-fucking-mellow. This time, the horns are a-tootin' ('D Major') and the church bells chiming ('My Heart'), meaning that while, say, 'Largo' starts like a Pixar remake of Werner Herzog's alcoholism, prostitution and crime lark *Stroszek*, there's a fireworking climax round every miserable corner, chasing the shadows, catching the sun. Still not Friday night material, then, but a moving display of one man's myriad sorrows nonetheless. **Bless. Jazz Monroe**

DOWNLOAD: 'My Heart'

7

THE RIDER
What we're reading, doing and downloading with this week...



Book

Tinie Tempah: My Story So Far

He's only 22, but Tinie's written the first instalment of his life story so far. Mind you, if our debut album went double platinum, we'd want to chat about it too.



Event
Drive-In Movie Experience

You won't need a car - you can enjoy *Rocky Horror...*, *Scary Movie* and *Silence Of The Lambs* from a deckchair. Just bring a radio to tune into the soundtrack. **North Weald Airfield, Essex**



Gadget

BT Infinity home hub
This nifty WiFi hub from BT is optimised to cope with seriously high levels of streaming and downloading from the likes of Spotify and iPlayer, making it the ultimate heart of any student home.

THIS WEEK'S SINGLES

reviewed by NME's
MIKE WILLIAMS



COLD SPECKS

HOLLAND PARADYSE



Pastabating - according to NME's Alan Woodhouse - is the cycle of carb-loading and cry-wanking favoured by high-stamina single males. Gentlemen, here is the soundtrack to your teary "soul-searching". Don't be tricked by the hipster name (she used to be called Basket Of Figs and HotelGhost, FFS) and sultry foghorn voice; this is teenage gospel that should be tossed onto the shit tip with last night's spaghetti.

CONNAN MOCKASIN

FAKING JAZZ TOGETHER PHANTASY



Connan Mockasin would never soundtrack a dirty hand spin, though. He looks like Sandy off *Flipper*. Ironic, really, when "faking jazz together" is clearly a euphemism for a circle-jerk session. Is it a coincidence his brilliant album is called 'Forever Dolphin Love'? Or that his eerie falsetto sounds like the cries of a porpoise with a penetrated blowhole? Take it out, Sandy, dirty boy. I'm off for a lie down.

DJANGO DJANGO

WAVEFORMS BECAUSE



Hello, I'm back. All this womp womping was making it difficult to concentrate on the dream I was having involving Django Reinhardt, a stuttering physics teacher and an east London foursome goofing on Mr Oizo, Polyphonic Spree and The Beach Boys. If you like your art pop delivered by a bunch of merry andrews from Dalston, this is required listening.

BOMBAY BICYCLE CLUB

LIGHTS OUT, WORDS GONE ISLAND



I'll defer this one to the great Mark E Smith: "I've always tried to dress smart. It's important. Primark sells some alright stuff at a fair price. You don't want to be walking around like an urban scarecrow. Nobody takes a scruff seriously." Great tune. Shift clothes. Sort it out, lads.

TODDLA T

STREETS SO WARM NINJA TUNE



Let's have a quick break from all this strenuous reviewing to consider a serious question. Does Toddla T own a bong, and if so, can I have a go on it? In fact, give me some Night Nurse while you're at it and let's make this a party. I say party, I mean paranoid haze of 8-bit doom wobbles and politically conscious lyrics about the world and stuff. Only Sheffield's finest could brew that up and end up with a bosh classic on his hands. Give that man a medal (and a bong).

CASIOKIDS

DET HASTER! MOSHI MOSHI



The gangly-limbed, pearly-toothed Norwegians are back, and thank fuck they've lost none of their swish poppy charm. Not a million miles away from their previous calling card 'Fot I Hose' (probably the best single of 2009, in case you were wondering), this is relentless, joyous and teetering on the right side of Vaudevillian. A bit like pastabating, in fact.



SONIC EDITIONS
—*Limited Edition Music Photography*—

UNCUT

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at The Royal Albert Hall**

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LIVE

RADIOHEAD, RIHANNA, SLOW CLUB

Edited by Emily Mackay



FOALS

LAKE OF STARS FESTIVAL, NKOPOLA, MALAWI SUNDAY, OCTOBER 2

The math-poppers are right at home at a weird and wonderful party

It's about 6am in Nairobi's Jomo Kenyatta airport when the itching kicks in. We're bleary eyed and jet-lagged and crowded into an endless corridor of flight gates, tat shops and international hubbub, and Yannis is flexing his forearms to show us a series of coaster-sized red patches. He's been hit by the Malarone, a powerful anti-malarial drug whose possible side-effects – ranging from rashes, vomiting and diarrhoea through to paranoia, depression, panic attacks and hair loss – take on a compelling, psychosomatic quality when you're sleep deprived and have read too much of the info leaflet.

We're heading south, to the warm

heart of Africa, to Malawi and the sixth Lake Of Stars Festival, and we're a long way off even halfway there. Another flight to Lilongwe on the "pride of Africa", Kenya Airways, and it's time to board a beat-up bus for a five-hour transfer to the southern shores of Lake Malawi. As we career down the roads, surrounded on both sides by bright fire-red earth, huts, houses, stalls, graveyards, coffin shops, tyre merchants and the general bustle of African life, it becomes clear that no-one on board has seen anything like this before. Daily life revolves around the roads; people chill in the shade while children run up to the windows to give us the thumbs up. Groups of traders offer newspapers, vegetables and Chupa Chups. It's an

eye-opener, not least for Yannis.

"It was overwhelming, and elicited a wide array of different emotions," he admits later on. "Some of the things you see on the roadside it's hard to look at first-hand, because you've inherited these images of women walking around and it's emotionally deceptive in the setting it's presented on TV. It's a different culture, and just because it's not rich in material products doesn't mean it's not rich in other ways."

Later, we stop in a small desert town to pay a local man 50 kwacha to use his toilet (there's no water in the cistern) and grab some Special Brew (still made by Carlsberg, but not trampagne out here) at an empty brick building with a TV hanging off the wall called the Boyz

Pub. After some initial staring from both sides, the ice melts quietly and Foals make some new friends.

When we do reach the Sunbird resort at Nkopola, it quickly becomes clear the journey's been worth it several times over. A series of bars, BBQ stands and stages scattered across the sand by the shores of a heart-stoppingly beautiful lake, it's perhaps the most interesting festival we've ever been to. It's certainly the most surprising. Malawian bands make up the majority, and encompass everything from local reggae legends Black Missionaries to big ballad man Lucius Banda, via the highly politicised soul funk group Body Mind & Soul and *Big Brother Africa* celebrity Maskal, who fills his set with guest rappers, video



The boys pose with beneficiaries of the MicroLoan Foundation



You don't get kung fu orphans at Wireless, do you?



Bassist Walter hopes he won't be last to be picked for the footie team

game synths and a run-through of Lionel Richie's 'Stuck On You'.

But there's music from across the globe, too. South African post rockers Bateleur made a five-day drive up from Cape Town (sleeping in dried-out swimming pools on the way) to air their riff tapestries live, while acts from Japan, China, Namibia, Kenya and the US share the bill with some truly oddball stuff, like the Amitofo Kung Fu collective, a crew of Malawian orphans trained by a Taiwanese monk.

Saturday morning it's all fluorescent board shorts and beers in the swimming pool. For everyone except Yannis, that is, who appears briefly from his room fully dressed with his laptop to elicit some friendly ribbing. "You breaking for lunch?" Jimmy asks from his pool perch by the swim-up bar before a gargantuan flying thing tears through the sky and sends

the band diving underwater for cover. Jack's semi-dazed from a night under a mosquito net and a 9am soundcheck.

Later the band are taken to an HIV testing stand, a Book Bus, and to meet some local ladies, beneficiaries of the MicroLoan project, an organisation that aims to help women gain education and start their own businesses. They greet our bus singing, and for Yannis it's the best music he's heard all weekend. "I love a capella singing," he admits. "It reminded me strangely of Alvin Toffler's recordings of prison singing in the Southern US states – the idea that it's just your voice and a heartbeat rhythm. It's something that comes from Africa, that you can boil music down to its purest state, which is voice and a pulse."

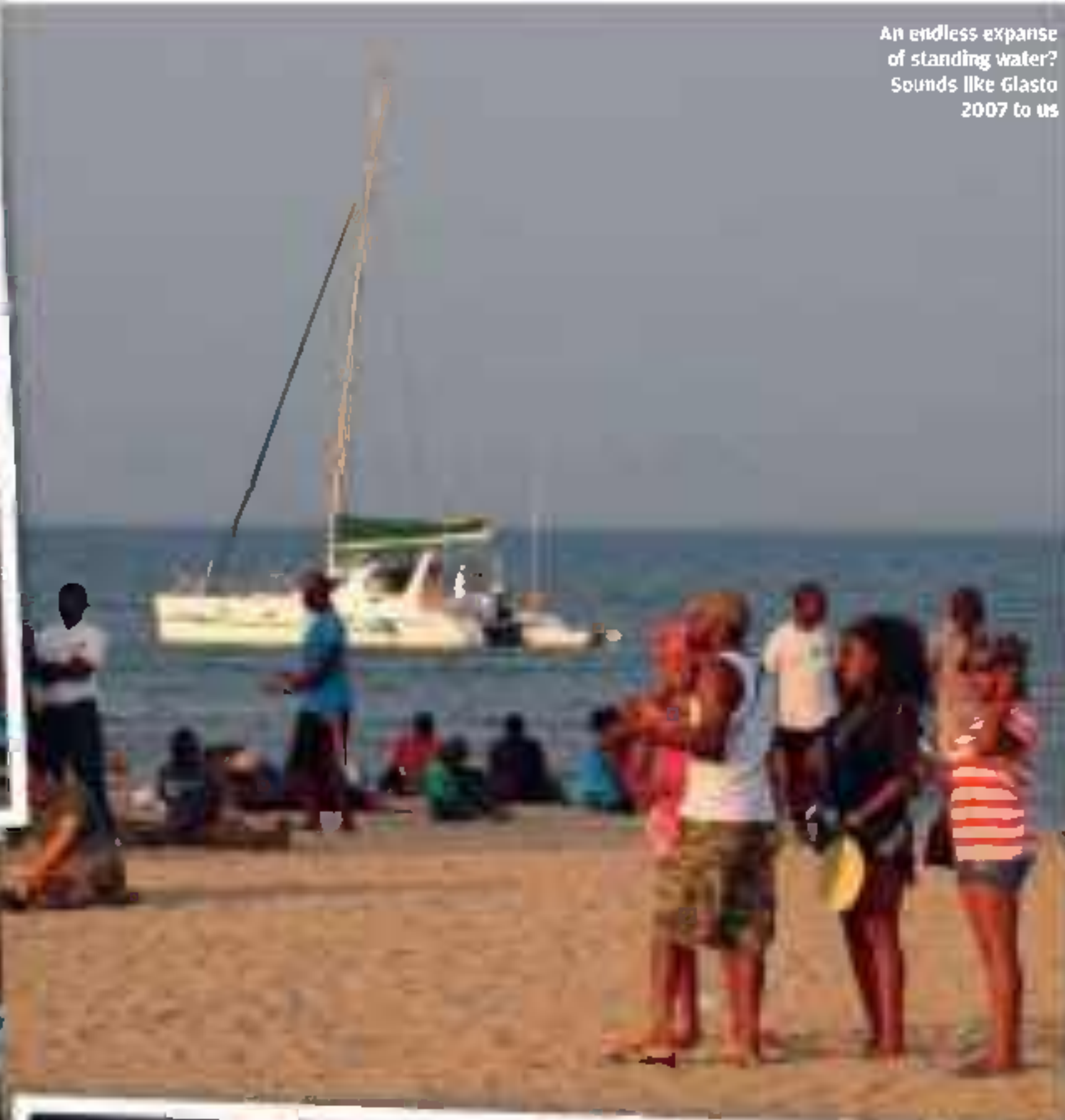
Foals' headline set is everything we'd expect from

VIEW FROM THE CREW



Will Jameson, festival director

"We want to develop the event industry in Malawi and we're trying to get people to consider it for a concert or festival. We run outreach programmes during the weekend, and money from the ticket goes to the MicroLoan project. There's all sorts going on."



An endless expanse of standing water? Sounds like Glasto 2007 to us



the highly tuned machine they've become while touring the second album, Yannis in gregarious form ("Grazie, it's an honour to be here") and Jack stepping up to – and often surpassing – some of the immense drum skills we've seen on display all weekend. There's a few monitor issues

from the front row to take his top off but doesn't feel obliged, instead unleashing 'Two Steps Twice' before they vanish into the balmy night.

There are no new songs. While ideas for the new album are gradually taking shape (Yannis fancies trying "a stripped-back style that focuses on

drums and vocals" while Edwin "wants to get in some big fat bass") this is very much a farewell to the first two.

After the set,

and after a fair few Special Brews, at 4am, it's time for an early morning safari, during which Foals find elephants, warthogs and crocodiles enjoying the early morning sun at Liwonde National Park. Hey, it beats the late-night wildlife at your local festival, right? *Tim Chester*

"It's not rich materially, but Malawi's rich in other ways"

YANNIS PHILIPPAKIS, FOALS

and a couple of concerned techs doing laps of the stage, but the inevitable onslaught of their tight-knit torpedoes continues apace, from 'Cassius' to 'Balloons', and the likes of 'Miami' are broken down into improvised sections, pretty much a first for the band according to Yannis. He faces calls



RADIOHEAD

ROSELAND BALLROOM, NEW YORK
THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29

All The Big Apple would have lost limbs to see this show – they just don't really want to listen

Considering people were offering to sell their kidney to get hold of a ticket, those at the second of Radiohead's two Roseland Ballroom dates didn't half make a racket. "It's alright," said Thom Yorke towards the end of the set. "You can talk, I don't care."

New York had been talking, all week. First there was a weirdly muted *Saturday Night Live* television performance, then an hour-long special of *The Colbert Report* two nights later. During an awkward interview, political satirist Stephen Colbert asked, "Why do we like you?" "We haven't got a clue," said Yorke, like he meant it.

The scramble for tickets proved Radiohead can still cause a fuss. People wanted to be seen at the Roseland, and the victorious 3,500 obviously felt entitled to natter. Jack Black and Danger Mouse swilled drinks on the balcony. A queue snaked around the building; pale-faced teenagers held placards begging for tickets.

'The King Of Limbs' got a substantial airing, Jonny Greenwood thrashing his way through 'Little By Little', Yorke grinning as he tested

some teeth-rattling bass before 'Feral' and dancing maniacally with three maracas in 'Lotus Flower'. If the album was controversial on its release, its live incarnation will silence critics. Only 'Codex' failed to translate, lost on the noisy crowd.

'The National Anthem' and 'Myxomatosis' were both fresh and mean as ever. 'Like Spinning Plates' was a highlight, and seemed unplanned, Yorke dismissing drummer Clive Deamer with the words, "Stick around, Clive," before hammering out its refrain on the piano. 'The Daily Mail', 'Staircase' and 'Supercollider' made up a trio of lesser-known tracks, the first two unreleased. 'Nude' polished off the two-hour set.

BIG MOUTH
What the punters thought



John Wier, 29
"My favourite part was 'The National Anthem'. They played a lot of new songs that weren't on the new album, some I didn't recognise. Given they're a legendary band, I would have liked to see a bit more from their artillery, like 'Paranoid Android'."

It was a show of few surprises. Radiohead have secured a new fanbase over the course of the last two albums, exonerating them from endless calls to play 'Creep' and 'Paranoid Android' from the old guard. But if their Roseland shows are anything to go by, they may need to work hard to keep the attention of their new fans. *Hazel Sheffield*

GIG MOUTH
The week's best banter



"And to think, back when this was built, they used to have gladiators in here, fighting each other to the death. Amazing, really" **Joe Mount gives Metronomy's riotously happy crowd a history lesson at the Royal Albert Hall**

SUUNS

THE GARRISON, TORONTO SUNDAY, OCTOBER 2

Our precious Suuns, where have you been? Oh, that's right – touring the globe for most of the year, before returning to your Canadian motherland for this show tighter than any well-placed analogy. But, of course, we let you down; Torontonians chose to stay home in the warm, and the size of crowd the band have become accustomed to in Europe stayed right there. It's a reminder that we won't know what we've got until it's gone – or famous. So congratulations, Toronto – you missed a hell of a show. As the gang treated us to rare tracks and hearing damage, all other exports seem timid and safe, as tracks like 'Arena', 'Up Past The Nursery' and 'Gaze' made other so-called 'experimental' bands seem like science fair rejects. 'Experimentation' can imply 'stabbing in the dark', but there was nothing unintentional about the face-to-the-keyboard or shred-til-you're-dripping techniques showcased by the Montreal four-piece. Of course, you Brits love them – they're ahead of the curve. We Canucks are still a little bit scared. Rightfully so – talent is frightening. And when faced with a band at ease with themselves, you're given a choice: avoid them completely or dance with the grace of a head-banging square dancer. Do-si-do, monsieurs. One day we'll clue in. *Anne T Donahue*

BIG TALK

SCALA, LONDON WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 28

Half an hour after Ronnie Vannucci's biggest Big Talk headline show yet, he's meeting fans at the upstairs bar. We ask if that was the first time a bra had been thrown at him while he was onstage. He stops for a stretched pause, then shakes his head: "Nah". As The Killers' drummer, Ronnie may be no stranger to adoration from fans, but he must still be a touch surprised by how much love his solo project has been garnering. Earlier, the bra in question whizzed past his clipped beard as the front-row scrum reached fever pitch – a small mark of how there are increasing numbers of people who understand that songs about whisky, plus massive Springsteen wheeze-choruses, plus a live guitarist with skintight flares and a



moustache'n'headband combo straight from a 1976 porno casting can't be anything other than scintillating onstage. Indeed – Ronnie may not be sporting a jacked with an embroidered tiger on it, but with a foot on the monitor, a bellyful of liquor and the power pop likes of 'Under Water' and 'Replica' finally blustered into life, he's roaring just as loudly. *Jamie Fullerton*

ELEANOR FRIEDBERGER

PLATFORM CAFE, LONDON THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29

Even with the promise of a stripped-down show, it's surprising to see only a guitar and a microphone onstage tonight. You'd be hard-pressed to find much instrumentation in The Fiery Furnaces' frontwoman's back catalogue that hasn't been reversed, sped up or recorded in a deer carcass. The intimacy of tonight's venue allows for unusual dynamics, though, subtle as they be, such as when Friedberger steps a few inches back during the jaunty 'Heaven' to perform her own backing vocals, allowing her voice to ring completely organically into the room. This works especially well on the previously unheard songs she plays that are even newer than those from her debut, which isn't even out in the UK yet – more literal and emotive than anything that has preceded them – adding a further degree of intrigue to those lines too close to heart even to warrant her signature through-the-teeth singing. Her weirdness surfaces now mainly through her self-deprecating comedy. "That's supposed to sound like the Buzzcocks," she giggles as she pummels some power chords on another new song, 'Tomorrow'. While it might break down the fourth wall for some, especially during the more bereft ballads, it adds another dimension of humanity that makes the songs all the more affecting. *Leah Pritchard*



RIHANNA

THE O2, LONDON WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 5

The rude girl runs this town with killer tunes and glowing lady-parts

Oh Alan Graham, if only you could see her now. If the Northern Irish farm owner who cast RiRi from his land for wearing a rather tasteful bra in her 'We Found Love' videoshoot, what would he think of her arriving onstage in a giant neon womb, with doors that slide open vulvically to reveal Rihanna in a silky blue dress, which is quickly ripped off to reveal a bejewelled bikini? By the time we get to 'S&M', an anonymous dominatrix is holding Rihanna in white chains and handcuffs as hands rise from below her and start fondling her crotch. The song ends in a sort of live spanking.

If Mr Graham was here this evening he'd probably be doing emergency baptisms in the back of Nando's. But even the paying crowd at The O2

seem nonplussed for the first hour, and Rihanna really has to work to win them over.

Perhaps their lethargy comes from her overexposure. This is her third visit to the O2 in two years. She's playing nine more times here before the year is out. Not only do her repeat

'What's My Name?' sees RiRi redefining the hamstring

visits make each occasion less special, her hectic schedule forces her to play a passive role in her own artistry. Arguably, the line between wielding sexual power and being objectified is the amount of control you have over what's going on. Rihanna is objectively the sexiest woman in the world. But as

she gets sleepier, and starts to just go through the motions, all her use-me antics become more uncomfortable to watch.

Perhaps because of this, it's the slowies and lesser-known tracks that get the best response. 'Run This Town' is a killer reminder of how Rihanna can command a 20,000-capacity venue with a single snarl, while 'Hate That I Love You' sounds genuinely fraught, with Rihanna accompanied only by Nuno Bettencourt from Extreme on acoustic guitar.

And then it just gets silly. She saves 'Unfaithful' – which is performed atop a flying grand piano – 'Rude Boy' and 'Umbrella' for the last 20 minutes. By the time she's redefining the hamstring in 'What's My Name?' you realise, it's fucking Rihanna, and, for now, she can do whatever she

wants. No doubt her new album, out next month, will be accompanied by another world tour. But then it's time to take a big break. Those legs have looked after you for too long, babes – it's time you looked after them. **Sam Wolfson**



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*...ch, Tuesday, 5pm
Rebecca has a message for anyone sneaking up
behind her as she enjoys a pre-gig beer*



*...not many people know, but Rebecca has inked a
sponsorship deal with Oligate Max 1000*

THE WATERFRONT, NORWICH WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 28

Perched outside the venue in the confusingly scorching September sun, waiting for Rebecca Taylor, Charles Watson and their newly bolstered crew of touring bandmates to arrive from an acoustic radio session (which will later be gigglingly described as “like being on Alan Partridge”), we’re greeted by an endearingly amusing sight. Sat cross-legged under a tree, ukuleles in hand, are a group of young teens singing along to a lovably rickety rendition of Noah & The Whale’s ‘5 Years Time’; they’re far too young to possibly be a local support band so we can only assume they’re a particularly enthusiastic bunch of Slow Club devotees. It’s about the twee-est thing we’ve ever seen. They may as well all have Stuart Murdoch tattoos under their paisley shirts, and therein lies the amusement – for it takes a single spin of new album ‘Paradise’ and all of about 25 seconds in conversation with the band to realise that they’re really nothing at all like the teapots-and-hollyhocks cutesy image that they were previously tagged with. Loading in her glittery drumkit and decked out in killer blue-and-gold boots and a raging hangover, Becky is as LOL-a-minute as her now infamous @slowclubrebecca tag suggests. “Sorry, you’ve caught me on the worst day,” she apologises to us. “I drank

about a million whiskies last night and then was sick in the shower.” Like we said, teapots and hollyhocks, not so much...

Over in the Wetherspoon’s across the water, the band (completed by bassist Stephen Black, AKA support act Sweet Baboo, and drummer Avvon Chambers) are still, even with the hangovers, in chirpy spirits – indulging in a quick pre-soundcheck tippie, discussing the finer merits of Robyn and engaging in an impromptu practice of a Grandaddy track that they’re intending to cover later.

VIEW FROM THE CREW



Sam, Tour
Manager

“We were in Glasgow and someone started on our friend for no reason; we got in a taxi but one of the guys clung on to the door while we were driving off at like 45 mph. Then he called the police on us!”

Though Charles and Rebecca are still the core of the band, it seems that having two extra touring buddies is suiting them down to the ground. The atmosphere is somewhere between that of a school trip and letting four siblings loose for the first time without parents. Nicknames abound (the latest being ‘Batteries’ after the boys find out that Becky got four As at A-Level), play-fighting is king, and the quartet piss about as though being in Slow Club is the most fun job in the world, which it probably is.

A quick soundcheck later and we’ve all wandered over to local eatery Thai

On The Barge. Not for the first or last time, the band are discussing genitalia. Having recently watched the film *Teeth*, talk quickly moves from whether the gnarly vagina dentata themed flick rings true for Becky’s own nether regions to the

various characters that each of the lads’ bits would assume if they could talk (Avvon’s is some kind of army corporal while Charles’ merely makes a withering grumble). Then it’s back to The Waterfront and a quick change: new braces for Charles (cue everyone’s amused cries of “Marcus!”) and some baggy jeans for Becky, who is aiming for Cheryl Cole but keeps being told she looks like Monica in the Springsteen episode of *Friends*.

The gig is a triumphant hour of banter, crowd abandon and, obviously, wonderful tunes. Afterwards, we find Becky sprawled on the pavement trying to cool off. “I got really obsessed with reading this girl off Twitter’s Tumblr recently and she was there in the front row! I found myself doing stuff during the gig to impress her so she’d write something nice...” We’re sure she needn’t have worried.

AUDIO, BRIGHTON THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29

Another baking hot day and a minimal amount of sleep later (a brief overnight trip back to respective London homes seems a stupid idea in retrospect) and we’re all back in the band’s big, red van on the way to Brighton, with strains of The Beatles ringing through the air.

Before the musical section of the day begins there’s the serious business to attend to – namely, seeing how many bandmembers can survive the most worryingly ancient-looking rides known to man. The waltzers act as a warm-up, the Crazy Mouse roller coaster proves scary if only for the creaking tracks which hang ominously over the edge of the pier, while it’s left to the boys to hold the fort on the epic-looking Turbo – all

three proclaiming its brilliance afterwards, but looking absolutely terrified during. Then there’s bumper cars to be rammed, 99s to be shared and, in the giddy holiday abandonment of it all, Charles announces that he’s going to get his ear pierced. He might look nautical, we suggest. “He’ll look like a prick,” Becky deadpans. And that’s the end of that idea.

Over dinner at a fancy fish restaurant, the band’s label boss, Michael from Moshi Moshi, swings by for a brew – and talk once again takes a turn for the post-watershed. “I’d do nude,” proclaims Becky. “I could be the next... Jordan?” No, who’s that girl off *Hollyoaks*? Gemma Atkinson. I am gonna rake it in...” From the reactions that veer from laughter to resigned discouragement it’s hard to tell whether the singer is being serious or not, but you wouldn’t put it past her.

Luckily, before potential *FHM* deals can be done, it’s time to get back to the day job. Audio – the last proper date of their UK tour – is rammed to the rafters, and the quartet are on jubilant form. Current single ‘Where I’m Waking’ kicks proceedings off in rambunctious style, ‘Never Look Back’ and ‘Horses Jumping’ prove to be reined-in, poignant centrepieces, and the smattering of old classics (‘Giving Up On Love’, ‘Our Most Brilliant Friends’) are received with whooping applause. It goes so well that Charles and Rebecca even return for a second, unseasonal encore of ‘Christmas TV’. It’s a fittingly glorious end to a tour that’s seen fights, bruises, vomit, exhaustion and vast amounts of sweat and, we’d imagine, tears. Not bad for a couple of twee indie types, eh? *Lisa Wright*

AMY GRAMMALL



Norwich, Wednesday, 9pm
Rebecca plans to sabotage the pre-gig hug with a glass of warm piss



Brighton, Thursday, 6pm
You’d think Moshi Moshi could shell out for a better tourvan than this – it looks like a bumper car



Brighton, Thursday, 6pm
Sorry we didn’t get a photo when they were on up with The Partridge the day before



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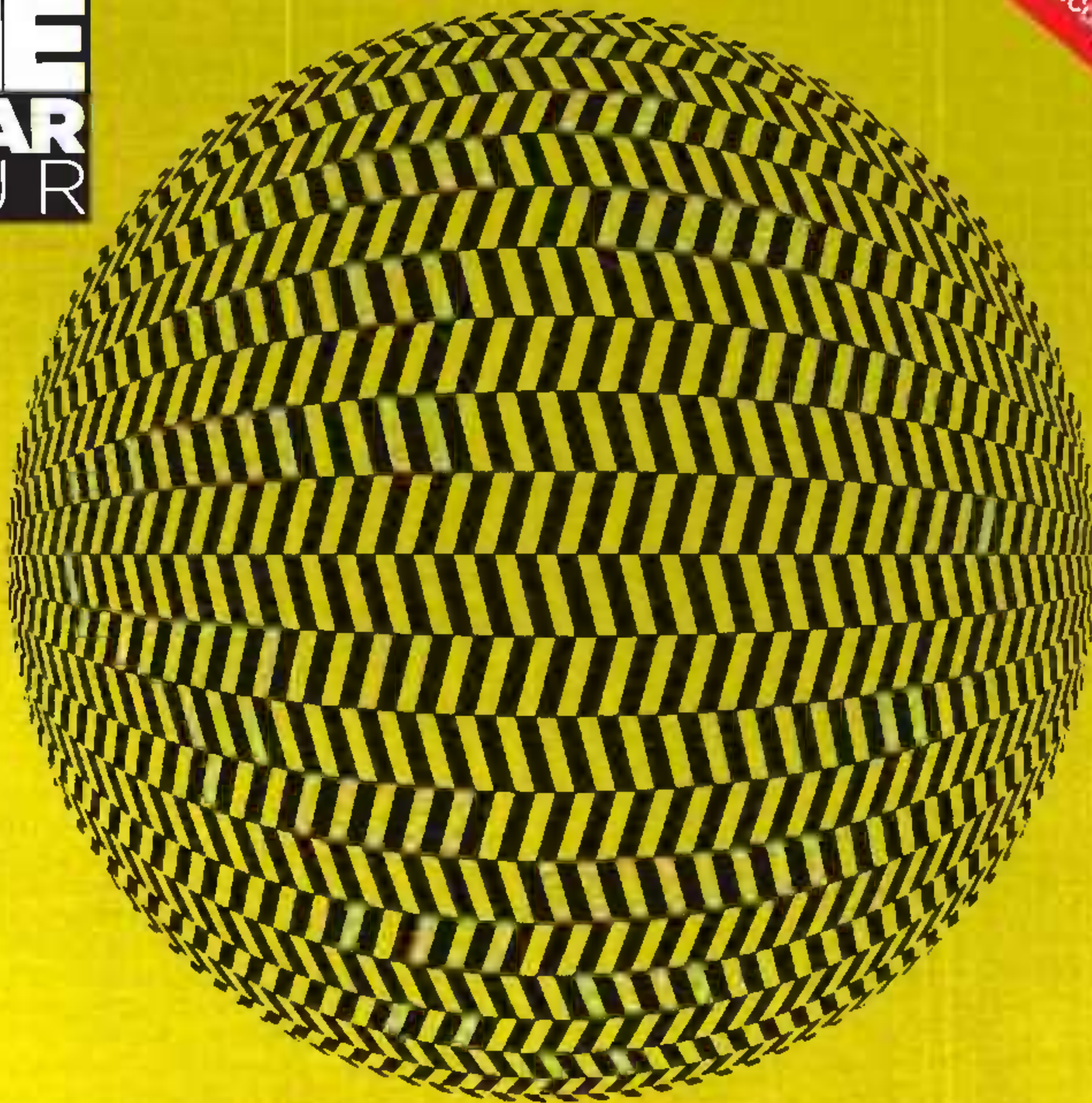
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GIG GUIDE

THE UK'S BIGGEST GUIDE TO THE WEEK AHEAD

Edited by Laura Snapes

BOOKING NOW



THE MACCABEES

STARTS: Oxford Town Hall, Oct 24

DON'T MISS

The oh-so-welcome return of the poshest-Christian-named and prettiest-faced band in indie rock gets under way in earnest, with a winter tour of cosy venues. What we've heard so far of their new stuff has shorted our motherboards, and forthcoming third album 'Given To The Wild' (due in January) looks set to be a blinder, both more complex and more anthemic than we've heard from them yet. Guitarist Felix White has been talking about how he's ready to join the indie elite alongside the Monkeys and Kasabian, but rather than getting too big for their boots, our Maccabees are staying close to their slow-building, old-fashioned-live-sloggers roots, flogging tickets in local record shops to keep the booking fees low. Bless. NME.COM/artists/the-maccabees



CEREBRAL BALLZY

STARTS: London, Hidden Club Oct 28

The hard-partying Brooklyn punks terrorise the UK. Miss the snotty oiks at your peril. NME.COM/artists/cerebral-ballzy



ZULU WINTER

STARTS: London CAMP Basement, Nov 1

The epic pop quintet are set to play their first ever headline show. Fingers crossed it won't be their last. NME.COM/artists/zulu-winter



BLOOD ORANGE

STARTS: London Cargo, Nov 14

Dev Hynes' newest project and slickest incarnation yet stops by at Cargo for a one-off show. NME.COM/artists/blood-orange



UNKNOWN MORTAL ORCHESTRA

STARTS: London O2 Shepherd's Bush Empire, Nov 20

They tour their ace debut. NME.COM/artists/unknown-mortal-orchestra



EMA

STARTS: London Heaven, Nov 23

Erika M Anderson brings 'Past Life Martyred Saints' on tour in support of Zola Jesus, for one of the the ghouldest post-Halloween outings of the year. NME.COM/artists/ema



ALEXI MURDOCH

STARTS: Brighton Haunt, Nov 24

You might know him from *The OC* soundtrack, but this London-born, Berlin-residing singer-songwriter has plenty more to offer. NME.COM/artists/alexi-murdoch



THURSTON MOORE

STARTS: Dublin Button Factory, Nov 27

The Sonic Youth guitarist takes to the road solo, performing cuts from 'Demolished Thoughts'. NME.COM/artists/thurston-moore



M83

STARTS: London Heaven, Dec 1

The first date is sold out, but there are seven more second chances to catch the French dreamwave artist, aka Anthony Gonzalez. NME.COM/artists/m83



SLOW CLUB

STARTS: London Union Chapel, Dec 19

Slow Club return to the Union Chapel to play their fourth Chrimbletide show in a row. Expect carols aplenty. NME.COM/artists/slow-club



FOALS

STARTS: Manchester Warehouse Project, Dec 30

Their final show this year is as close to New Year's Eve as possible - we'll have to see what 2012 brings. NME.COM/artists/foals



THE BLACK KEYS

STARTS: Nottingham Capital FM Arena, Feb 3

Previewing songs from their as-yet-unnamed seventh album. And yes, Danger Mouse is back on board! NME.COM/artists/the-black-keys



YOU ME AT SIX

STARTS: O2 Academy Leicester, Mar 17

They had to back down on calling their album 'Little Death', but you can be sure they'll give it everything live. NME.COM/artists/you-me-at-six

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PICK of the WEEK

What to see this week? Let us help



THE HORRORS

STARTS: Norwich Waterfront, October 11



2011 was the year that The Horrors went from good to great. While 'Primary Colours' helped the group ditch the goth tag they'd erroneously garnered on their debut, 'Skying' was where it all began to make sense. And amid the fuzz and feedback, Faris' – and as it isn't mentioned enough, Rhys' – musical genius was unmasked. It goes without saying, but tracks like 'Still Life' and 'Changing The Rain' are the kind of songs that make even more sense five. Luckily, The Horrors are on it like an on thing. Starting on October 11 in Norwich, they're hotfooting it all over the country on a 14-show tour. If you can get there, our money's on their Manchester date (October 15), where they're playing at the Warehouse Project with support from Toy and the ever-brilliant Factory Floor. Not to be missed.

NME.COM/artists/the-horrors



Everyone's Talking About TRIBES

STARTS: Portsmouth Wedgewood Rooms, October 18

The Camdenites hit the road ahead of debut album 'Baby', due in January 2012. Expect previews, as well as current single 'Sappho' – and they'll also be gearing up to support Kaiser Chiefs in Europe, so if you see any 'stadium moves', don't indulge them – we like our Tribes rough'n'ready. NME.COM/artists/tribes



Don't Miss LAURA MARLING

STARTS: Exeter Cathedral, October 14

Marling's taking that creepy '...Creature' out on tour. And in a pious move, it's all going to take place in cathedrals. Marling recently announced matinee shows for the dates in Gloucester, Sheffield, York and Birmingham, so there's double the chance to see her. And here's a tip: cathedrals aren't known for comfy seating. Bring a cushion. NME.COM/artists/laura-marling



Radar Stars EMERGE NME RADAR TOUR

STARTS: Leeds Cockpit, October 12

If you haven't caught the musical behemoth that is the Emerge NME Radar Tour yet, get on it sharpish. Wolf Gang, SCUM, Niki & The Dove and DZ Deathrays are now into the second leg of the trip, and hitting their stride. Who knows, they might have all bonded, and vocalists will swap from band to band... Only one way to find out. NME.COM/radartour

WEDNESDAY

October 12

ABERDEEN

Thomas Truax The Tunnels
01224 211121

Your Demise Cafe Drummond
01224 624642

BELFAST

Bressie Limelight 028 9032 5942

BIRMINGHAM

Josh Groban Symphony Hall
0121 780 3333

Kerl Hlison/Starboy Nathan 02

Academy 0870 477 2000

Mazes Hare & Hounds 0870 264 3333

The Pierces/Marcus Foster Glee
Club 0870 241 5093

Sarah Blasko Hare & Hounds
0870 264 3333

Submotion Orchestra 02 Academy 3
0870 477 2000

BOURNEMOUTH

Ben Howard Old Fire Station
01202 503888

BRIGHTON

Charon The Haunt 01273 770 847

Emily Barker & The Red Clay Halo

Komedia 01273 647 100

The Fall of Messiah Prince Albert

01273 730 499

Silent Screams The Hydrant

01273 608 313

Sun Glitters/Ice Sea Dead People

Green Door Store 07894 267 053

BRISTOL

The Atomic Rays Thunderbolt
07791 319 614

Bombay Bicycle Club 02 Academy
0870 477 2000

Dananananakroyd Thekla

08713 100000

Foreign Beggars/Central Spillz

Fleece 0117 945 0996

Roddy Woomble Colston Hall

0117 922 3683

Skint & Demoralised/The Crookes

The Cooler 0117 945 0999

Vanishing Point Greenbank

0117 939 1726

CAMBRIDGE

Emmy The Great/Stealing Sheep
Junction 01223 511511

The Travelling Band Portland Arms
01223 357268

CARDIFF

Bastille Club Ifor Bach 029 2023 2199

VNV Nation The Globe 07738 983947

EDINBURGH

Munich Electric Circus 0131 226 4224

EXETER

Ugly Duckling Cavern Club

01392 495 370

GLASGOW

The Icarus Line King Tut's Wah Wah
Hut 0141 221 5279

MK: ultra/The King Hats 13th Note
Cafe 0141 553 1638

Nedry Captain's Rest 0141 331 2722

Roddy Frame 02 ABC 0870 903 3444

Wake! Wake! Oran Mor

0141 552 9224

HATFIELD

Rizzle Kicks University Of

Hertfordshire 01707 285008

Scott Matthews/Sam Brookes

University Of Hertfordshire

01707 285008

LEAMINGTON SPA

Jazz Morley Bedford Inn 01926 339551

LEEDS

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Shopkeepers 0113 203 1831

EMERGE NME RADAR TOUR Wolf

Gang/SCUM/Niki & The Dove Cockpit

0113 244 3446

You Me At Six/Deaf Havana/

Lower Than Atlantis 02 Academy

0870 477 2000

LEICESTER

Erasure De Montfort Hall 0116 233 3111

Iona Musician 0116 251 0080

Paris Suit Yourself Music Cafe

0116 262 5050

LIVERPOOL

Blitz Kids Masque 0151 707 6171

LONDON

Arks Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773

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Brett Anderson KOKO 020 7388 3222

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Dale Earnhardt Jr Jr/Caan/Polarsets

Proud Galleries 020 7482 3867

Dixie Witch/Roadsaw/Sasquatch

Purple Turtle 020 7383 4976

The Duke Spirit/LA Salami Barfly

0870 907 0999

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Dynasty 02 Academy 2 Islington

0870 477 2000

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Octagon The Lexington 020 7837 5387

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020 7837 4412

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Ronika Lock Tavern 020 7485 0909

Suicide Silence/Emmure/Deez

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Ballroom 020 7485 9006

True Widow MacBeth 020 7739 5095

Victoria Park/Mosquito Half Moon

020 7274 2733

We Were Promised Jet Packs XOYO

020 7729 5959

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Bill Orcutt/Jessica Ryan Islington

Mill 0871 230 1094

David Dondero The Castle

0161 237 9485

Dels Ruby Lounge 0161 834 1392

The Feeling Manchester Academy

0161 832 1111

Katy B 02 Apollo 0870 401 8000

Kirsty Almeida Band On The Wall

0161 832 6625

NEWCASTLE

Birds Vs Planes Riverside 2

0191 261 4386

Nero 02 Academy 0870 477 2000

NOTTINGHAM

James Vincent McMorrow Glee Club

0871 472 0400

Kids In Glass Houses/Francesca/

Save Your Breath Rock City

08713 100000

Virgil & The Accelerators The

Greyhound 0115 943 0250

PORTSMOUTH

Forever The Sickest Kids Wedgewood

Rooms 023 9286 3911

READING

Stiff Little Fingers Sub89

0871 230 1094

SHEFFIELD

Cave Painting Forum 0114 2720964

ST ALBANS

K-Lacura Horn 01727 853 143

SWINDON

Gabby Young & Other Animals Arts

Centre 01793 614837

WAKEFIELD

Missing Andy Black Flag 01924 378693

WOLVERHAMPTON

The Specials/By The Rivers Wulfrun

Hall 0870 320 7000

WREXHAM

1349 Central Station 01978 358780



THURSDAY

October 13

ABERDEEN

Mojo Fury/Velvet Audio Cafe
Drummond 01224 624642

BATH

Ian McFeron Chapel Arts Centre
0122 5404445

BELFAST

Jape Spring & Airbrake 028 9032 5968

Lafaro Limelight 028 9032 5942

BIRMINGHAM

Bombay Bicycle Club O2 Academy 2
0870 477 2000

The Joy Formidable/And So I Watch You From Afar HMV Institute (Library)
0844 248 5037

Spunge HMV Institute 0844 248 5037

Wilcox Hare & Hounds 0870 264 3333

BOURNEMOUTH

Scott Matthews Old Fire Station
01202 503888

BRIGHTON

The Outer Church Komedia (Upstairs)
01273 647100

Show Of Hands Komedia
01273 647100

Sparrow Prince Albert 01273 730 499

Stiff Little Fingers Concorde 2
01273 673 311

We Were Promised Jetpacks Sticky Mike's Frog Bar 01273 749 465

BRISTOL

The Answer Thekla 08713 100000

Cave Painting/Camera Culture Start The Bus 0117 930 4370

Clayton Blizzard/Ratface Croft (Front Bar) 0117 987 4144

The Duvall Project Greenbank 0117 939 1726

Peter Murphy O2 Academy 0870 477 2000

The Producers The Tunnels 0117 929 9008

Random Hand Fleece 0117 945 0996

Richard Parker/Holy Stain/Velcro Hooks Croft (Main Room)
0117 987 4144

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01332 204 873

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0141 331 2722

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Erasure O2 Academy 0870 477 2000

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0870 903 3444

Munich King Tut's Wah Wah Hut
0141 221 5279

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01483 539 539

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0151 256 5555

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Iamx Heaven 020 7930 2020

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O2 Shepherds Bush Empire
0870 771 2000

The Quotes Bedford 020 8682 8940

Relentless In Love/City Lights Barfly
0870 907 0999

Sarah MacDougall Green Note
0871 230 1094

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0115 958 8484

Shadows Chasing Ghosts Rock City
08713 100000

OXFORD

Andrew Roachford O2 Academy 2
0870 477 2000

POOLE

Touchstone Mr Kyps 01202 748945

PORTSMOUTH

Foreign Beggars Highlight Comedy
023 9229 8563

PRESTON

Tellison Mad Ferret 07919 896 636

READING

Spit Like This Face Bar 0118 956 8188

SALFORD

James Vincent McMorro St Philip's Church 0161 834 2041

Sarah Blasko Sacred Trinity Church
0161 834 2041

SHEFFIELD

Skeptat/Tempa T O2 Academy
0870 477 2000

SOUTHAMPTON

Evile Talking Heads 023 8055 5899

Herman Dune Joiners 023 8022 5612

Toyah Wilcox Brook 023 8055 5366

You Me At Six/Deaf Havana Guildhall
023 8063 2601

FRIDAY

October 14

ABERDEEN

Copy Haho Cafe Drummond
01224 624642

2 Bears Snafu 01224 596 111

BATH

Becky Green Chapel Arts Centre
0122 5404445

BEDFORD

Toddla T Pad 01234 212161

BIRMINGHAM

The Horrors O2 Academy 2
0870 477 2000

Nero Custard Factory 0121 604 7777

Noah & The Whale O2 Academy
0870 477 2000

Wakey! Wakey!/To Kill A King HMV Institute 0844 248 5037

BRIGHTON

Buffo's Wake Cobblers Thumb
01273 605 636

The Curs Sons Horse & Groom
01273 680696

Evile The Hydrant 01273 608 313

The Kills Concorde 2 01273 673 311

Mazes The Hope 01273 723 568

The Valentines/Good Luck Jonathan Prince Albert 01273 730 499

Withered Hand Hobgoblin
01273 602519

BRISTOL

Apparat Arnolfini 0117 929 9191

Ben Howard Thekla 08713 100000

Caspa Motion Ramp Park 01179 723111

The Postman/Andy Tokyo O2 Academy 0870 477 2000

Yob Croft (Main Room) 0117 987 4144

CAMBRIDGE

Jakki Man On The Moon 01223 474259

CARDIFF

Blue Gillespie Buffalo Bar
02920 310312

Bombay Bicycle Club Cardiff University SU
029 2023 2199

The Rainband Gwdihw Cafe Bar
029 2039 7933

CARLISLE

Heatseeker Club Victoria
01228 533 476

COVENTRY

Toploader Kasbah 024 7655 4473

CREWE

Tellison The Box 01270 257 398

DERBY

Rebel Truce Victoria Inn 01332 204 873

DUBLIN

Jape Sandino's 028 7130 9297

EDINBURGH

Ashrays Whisky 01315 563095

Bill Wells/Aidan John Moffat
Cabaret Voltaire 0131 220 6176

Bwani Junction Electric Circus
0131 226 4224

Middle Finger Salute Liquid Room
0131 225 2564

Volitantes The One Below
0131 229 3402

Jon Gomm Voodoo Rooms
0131 556 7060

EXETER

Laura Marling Cathedral 01392 213161

Scott Matthews Phoenix
01392 667080

GLASGOW

The Blood Arm Captain's Rest
0141 331 2722

Drugdealer Cheerleader/Idol Dead/
Xavia Classic Grand 0141 847 0820

Ed Sheeran O2 ABC 0870 903 3444

Katy B O2 Academy 2 0870 477 2000

Litl Stereo 0141 576 5018

Peter Murphy King Tut's Wah Wah Hut 0141 221 5279

GUILDFORD

Dodgy Boilerroom 01483 539 539

We Start Partys Youth & Community Centre 01483 533942

LEEDS

Benjamin Francis Leftwich Brudenell Social Club 0113 243 5866

Dananananakroyd/Castrovalva The Library 0113 2440794

Dreamcatcher The Well 0113 2440474

Midnight Special Duck & Drake
0113 246 5806

Soul Circus Test Space

The Twang Cockpit 0113 244 3446

LEICESTER

The Kabeedles Firebug 0116 255 1228

Skeptat/Tempa T O2 Academy
0870 477 2000



SATURDAY

October 15

BATH

The Atomic Rays King's Arms
01225 425418

BEDFORD

Nimmo Brothers Esquires
01234 340120

BELFAST

Z Bears Stiff Kitten 028 9023 8700

BIRKENHEAD

The Hexmen The Swinging Arm
0151 666 1666

BIRMINGHAM

Ben Howard HMV Institute
0844 248 5037

Enter Shikari/Your Demise/letlive
02 Academy 0870 477 2000

BRIGHTON

James Owen Fender/Foreign Office
The Hope 01273 723 568

James Vincent McMorrow St
Bartholomews Church 01273 620491

Jennifer Left/The Half Sisters/
Minor Sounds Prince Albert
01273 730 499

Joy Orbison Digital 01273 202407

The Music Box The Globe
01273 770 685

RubyLuv/The Bronze Medal/
Penguins Kill Polar Bears Concorde
2 01273 673 311

Sarah Blasko Green Door Store
07894 267 053

Submotion Orchestra Coalition
01273726858

Ugly Duckling/Suave Debonair The
Haunt 01273 770 847

BRISTOL

DZ Deathrays Thekla 08713 100000

The Enablers/Line The Cube
0117 907 4190

The Fireworks/The Sunny Street/
Jonny Collins Croft (Front Bar)
0117 987 4144

Jamie Woon/Jamie xx (DJ set)
Motion Ramp Park 01179 723111

The Social Club/The Attika State
Croft (Main Room) 0117 987 4144

Wakey! Wakey!/To Kill A King
Fleece 0117 945 0996

CAMBRIDGE

The Pierces/Marcus Foster Junction
01223 511511

CANNY

Sankara/Shadow of the Sun Buffalo
Bar 02920 310312

Y Bandana/Y Cyfoes Clwb Ifor Bach
029 2023 2199

CARLISLE

Cold Flame Tithe Barn 01228 532515

Shadows Chasing Ghosts Brickyard
01228 512 220

COVENTRY

Puddle Of Mudd/Soll Kasbah
024 7655 4473

DERBY

Evil Scarecrow Old Bell 01332 343701

Skullfunk Victoria Inn 01332 204 873

EDINBURGH

Erasure Corn Exchange
0131 443 0404

The Kiks/Lost Weekend Studio 24
0131 558 3758

New Confessions Liquid Room
0131 225 2564

Strawberry Ocean Sea Electric
Circus 0131 226 4224

FALMOUTH

The Beat Princess Pavilion
01326 211222

Rosie Vanler Miss Peapod's
0871 230 1094



GLASGOW

Achren/Zombie Militia 13th Note
Cafe 0141 553 1638

Blurt Nice'n'Sleazy 0141 333 9637

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

City And Colour 02 Academy 2
0870 477 2000

The Digzys/Scott Charles Maggie
May's 0141 548 1350

Kyla La Grange Captain's Rest
0141 331 2722

Noah & The Whale Barrowlands
0141 552 4601

Peaches/Plaid The Arches
0141 565 1000

Still Marillion 02 ABC 0870 903 3444

GUILDFORD

Joana And The Wolf Boilerroom
01483 539 539

LEEDS

Deer Park Santiago 0113 244 4472

Miles Kane/Folks University
0113 244 4600

Paper Plane Fenton 0113 245 3908

Peter Murphy Cockpit 0113 244 3446

LIVERPOOL

The Blood Arm Mojo 0844 549 9090

Damien Dempsey 02 Academy
0870 477 2000

Heights Picket 0151 708 5318

Roddy Frame Kazimier 0871 230 1094

Spector Shipping Forecast
0151 709 6901

LONDON

blessthefall/Pierce The Veil/
Motionless In White Garage
020 7607 1818

Blamma! Blamma!/David's Lyre/My
Tiger My Timing Nest 020 7354 9993

Boyz n'olze Coronet 020 7701 1500

Brian Fallon/Dan Adriano/Chuck
Ragan 02 Shepherds Bush Empire
0870 771 2000

Drums Of Death/Andy Hung/Solar
Bears MacBeth 020 7739 5095

Elly Jackson/Green Gartside/
Shingai Shoniwa/Boy George
Roundhouse 020 7482 7318

Jackson's Warehouse/Dakota
Beats/The Strangers Dublin Castle
020 7485 1773

Jakki Good Ship 020 7372 2544

Kotsiras/Mitropanos HMV
Hammersmith Apollo 0870 606 3400

My Little Empire/The Electric
Modern/Manifesto The Shoreditch
020 7033 0085

The Nomadics Hope & Anchor
020 7354 1312

The Nova Saints Windmill
020 8671 0700

The Rainband Cargo 0207 749 7840

Red House Gloryr Barfly
0870 907 0999

The Scenes George And Dragon
020 8896 9499

The Skammers Rivoli Ballroom
020 8692 5130

Tokyo Pinsalocks/Galapagoss/
Hondalady Bloomsbury Bowling
Lanes 020 7691 2610

You Me At Six/Deaf Havana/Lower
Than Atlantis 02 Academy Brixton
0870 477 2000

3d Acid Glasses/Active Child/Beau
Old Blue Last 020 7613 2478

MANCHESTER

theFALLEN Dry Bar 0161 236 5920

Benjamin Francis Leftwich Ruby
Lounge 0161 834 1392

Herman Dune Islington Mill
0871 230 1094

The Horrors/Factory Floor/Toy
Warehouse Project 0161 835 3500

The Joy Formidable Academy
0161 832 1111

Sonic Boom Six Moho Live
0161 834 8180

The Specials 02 Apollo 0870 401 8000

NEWCASTLE

Ed Sheeran Northumbria University
Toploader Tyne Theatre 0191 265 2550

The Leisure Society Arts Centre
01603 660 352

Skeptat/Tempa T Waterfront
01603 632 717

NOTTINGHAM

Roddy Woomble Glee Club
0871 472 0400

Tubelord Chameleon 0115 9505097

OXFORD

Duotone The North Wall Arts Centre
01865 319 452

Ley Lines Festival Bullingdon Arms
01865 244516

Ley Lines Festival 02 Academy 2
0870 477 2000

Viking Moses Modern Art
01865 722733

PORTSMOUTH

Chapel Club Wedgewood Rooms
023 9286 3911

Ox Cellars 0871 230 1094

PRESTON

Marble Valley Mad Ferret
07919 896 636

READING

The Crookes Plug'n'Play
0118 958 1447

Magpies & Thieves Rising Sun
0118 957 2974

The Travelling Band South Street
Arts Centre 0118 960 6060

SHROPSHIRE

The Answer 02 Academy 2
0870 477 2000

The House of Lords Corporation
0114 276 0262

The Soul Circle Gang/Ols Moore
& The Gypsy Dogs Penelope's
01246 436 025

Tellison Harley 0114 275 2288

The Twang Leadmill 0114 221 2828

SOUTHAMPTON

Sponge Joiners 023 8022 5612

STOKE ON TRENT

Blitz Kids Sugarmill 01782 214 991

ST ALBANS

Toxic Twins Horn 01727 853 143

WARRINGTON

Sky Parade/The Koolaid Electric
Company The Lounge 01925 639 777

WINCHESTER

Ich Smith The TV Set Railway Inn
01962 867795

SUNDAY

October 16

BEDFORD

Chantel McGregor Esquires
01234 340120

BELFAST

Emmy The Great Limelight
028 9032 5942

Mike Watt Auntie Annie's
028 9050 1660

BIRMINGHAM

The Blood Arm Rainbow
0121 772 8174

Bowling For Soup 02 Academy
0870 477 2000

Lite Flapper 0121 236 2421

Little Comets/Yaaks 02 Academy 2
0870 477 2000

Missing Andy 02 Academy 3
0870 477 2000

BOURNEMOUTH

The Travelling Band Champions
01202 757 000

BRIGHTON

ApparatThe Haunt 01273 770 847

Chapel Club Komedja 01273 647 100

The Enablers/Koguzama The Hope
01273 723 568

Eric Taylor/Alex Kirby Prince Albert
01273 730 499

Giants The Hydrant 01273 608 313

Skeptat/Tempa T Concorde 2
01273 673 311

BRISTOL

Burials/Sloppy Joe/Between
The Embers Croft (Front Bar)
0117 987 4144

The Restarts/Breadful Children
Croft (Main Room) 0117 987 4144

Sponge/The Sneak Eazles Fleece
0117 945 0996

CARDIFF

Andrew Roachford 10 Feet Tall
02920 228883

New Model Army University SU

DERBY

Art Brut Victoria Inn 01332 204 873

EDINBURGH

The Hawklords Queen's Hall
0131 668 2019

James Apollo/Numbers & Letters
Sneaky Pete's 0131 225 1757

Wounded Knees/Alasdair Roberts
Scottish Storytelling Centre
0131 556 9579

GLASGOW

Herman Dune King Tut's Wah Wah
Hut 0141 221 5279

Josh Groban Royal Concert Hall
0141 353 8000

Mostly Autumn/It Bites The Arches
0141 565 1000

Ms Dynamite/Modestep Arches
0141 332 1120

LEEDS

The Horrors/Toy University
0113 244 4600

LEICESTER

Benjamin Francis Leftwich Musician
0116 251 0080

LIVERPOOL

Katy B 02 Academy 0870 477 2000

Peter Murphy 02 Academy 2
0870 477 2000

The Twang Masque 0151 707 6171

LONDON

Amor De Dias The Social
Duman 02 Academy 2 Islington
0870 477 2000

Headcat Garage 020 7607 1818

Ivorylase Borderline 020 7734 5547

Mafia Lights/No Climate/Outfit Old
Blue Last 020 7613 2478

Mary Hampton/The Paper Cinema
Cecil Sharp House 020 7485 2206

Odessa Barfly 0870 907 0999

Test Their Logik New Cross Inn
020 8692 1866

NEWCASTLE

Bill Wells/Aidan John Moffat Black
Swan 0191 261 9959

Saltlick The Tyne 0191 265 2550

Tellison Cluny 0191 230 4474

NORWICH

The Pierces/Marcus Foster
Waterfront 01603 632 717

NOTTINGHAM

Spectrals Bodega Social Club
08713 100000

OXFORD

Blessthefall 02 Academy 2
0870 477 2000

Emily Barker & The Red Clay Halo
Jencho Tavern 01865 311 775

PORTSMOUTH

MONDAY

October 17



Jessie J,
O2 Academy
Birmingham

ABERDEEN

Example Liquid & Envy
01224 595239

BATH

Stiff Little Fingers Komedia
0845 293 8480

BEDFORD

Marc Almond Corn Exchange
01234 269519

BIRMINGHAM

blessthefall O2 Academy 2
0870 477 2000
James Vincent McMorrow Glee Club
0870 241 5093
Jessie J O2 Academy 0870 477 2000
Skeptat/Tempa T HMV Institute
0844 248 5037

BRIGHTON

Scott Matthews/Sam Brookes
Ballroom 01273 605789
EMERGE NME RADAR TOUR Wolf
Gang/SCUM/Niki & The Dove/DZ
Deathways Concorde 2 01273 673 311
BRISTOL
The Blood Choir Croft (Main Room)
0117 987 4144
Roddy Frame Fleece 0117 945 0996

CAMBRIDGE

Benjamin Francis Leftwich ARU
01223 363 271
The Crookes Portland Arms
01223 357268
CARDIFF
The Pierces/Marcus Foster Glee Club
0870 241 5093
The Travelling Band 10 Feet Tall
02920 228883
1349 Bogiez 029 2034 1463
COVENTRY
Miles Kane/Folks Kasbah
024 7655 4473
DERBY
Red City Radio Victoria Inn
01332 204 873

EXETER

Evlie Cavern Club 01392 495 370
GLASGOW
Greg Holden Captain's Rest
0141 331 2722
Little Comets Oran Mor 0141 552 9224
GUILDFORD
Laura Marling/The Leisure Society
Cathedral 01483 547860
HATFIELD
Atmosphere University Of
Hertfordshire 01707 285008
LEEDS
Apparat Wardrobe 0113 222 3434
Chase & Status O2 Academy
0870 477 2000
Herman Dune Brudenell Social Club
0113 243 5866
LEICESTER
Noah & The Whale O2 Academy
0870 477 2000
LIVERPOOL
Sky Parade/The Koolaid Electric
Company O2 Academy 0870 477 2000
LONDON

The Artisan The Social
Brigade Bull & Gate 020 7485 5358
Circle Corsica 020 7288 1495
Cold Specks St Pancras Old Church
Colt.44 New Cross Inn 020 8692 1866
Ewan McLennan Slaughtered Lamb
020 8682 4080
Fest Palladium 020 7494 5020
Flin Social 020 7636 4992
Good Voodoo Half Moon 020 7274 2733
Jens Lekman/Lia Ices Heaven
020 7930 2020
Katie Malco Old Blue Last
020 7613 2478
Lucy Ward Green Note 0871 230 1094
Male Bonding Garage 020 7607 1818
Roddy Woomble Scala 020 7833 2022
Sam Duckworth Borderline
020 7734 5547

Spectrals Monto Water Rats
020 7837 4412
Tubelord/Peace/Decibels Garage
(Upstairs) 0871 230 1094
Warm Brains/Fever Fever Hoxton
Square Bar & Grill 020 7613 0709
MANCHESTER
City And Colour Academy 2
0161 832 1111
Ed Sheeran Academy 0161 832 1111
Ivryrise Moho Live 0161 834 8180
Polarsets FAC 251 0161 27 27 251
Tindersticks Bridgewater Hall
0161 907 9000
NEWCASTLE
Wretch 32 O2 Academy 0870 477 2000
WU LYF Other Rooms 0191 261 9755
NORWICH
Bowling For Soup LIEA 01603 505401
NOTTINGHAM
The Answer Rescue Rooms
0115 958 8484
Bombay Bicycle Club Rock City
08713 100000
OXFORD
Chapel Club O2 Academy
0870 477 2000
PORTSMOUTH
Brian Fallon Pyramids 023 9235 8608
READING
The Twelves Revolution 0871 230 1094
SHEFFIELD
Ben Howard Plug 0114 276 7093
Katy B O2 Academy 0870 477 2000
SOUTHAMPTON
Wakey! Wakey! Brook 023 8055 5366
STOKE ON TRENT
Everything Burns Harry's Bar
01782 416 567
ST ALBANS
The Restarts Horn 01727 853 143
WREXHAM
Marble Valley/Horse Guards Parade
Central Station 01978 358780

TUESDAY

October 18

BELFAST

Josh Groban Waterfront
028 9033 4455
The Joy Formidable Lmelight
028 9032 5942

BIRMINGHAM

Jessie J O2 Academy 0870 477 2000
Miles Kane HMV Institute (Library)
0844 248 5037
Only Route Out O2 Academy 3
0870 477 2000
WU LYF HMV Institute (Temple)
0844 248 5037

BRIGHTON

Bardo Pond The Blind Tiger
01273 681228
Circle/Baron/Brain Jelly Green
Door Store 07894 267 053
Foe Sticky Mike's Frog Bar
01273 749 465
Julian Cope Concorde 2 01273 673 311
Noah & The Whale Dome
01273 709709
Sam Duckworth Komedia
01273 647 100
Viking Moses Prince Albert
01273 730 499
Wakey! Wakey!/To Kill A King The
Haunt 01273 770 847

BRISTOL

Benjamin One/Second Class Citizen
Croft (Front Bar) 0117 987 4144
Enter Shikari/Your Demise/letlive
O2 Academy 0870 477 2000
Jens Lekman/Lia Ices Thekla
08713 100000
Marble Valley/Horses Guard
Parade Louisiana 0117 926 5978
Maybeshewill/Lite/Light Of Words
Fleece 0117 945 0996
We Start Partys/Hold To This/Syren
City Croft (Main Room) 0117 987 4144

CARDIFF

Hullabaloo/We Are The Afterglow
Undertone 029 2022 8883
Japanese Voyeurs Club Ifor Bach
029 2023 2199
Joe Bonamassa Motorpoint Arena
029 2022 4488
Yngve And The Innocent Gwdihw
Cafe Bar 029 2039 7933

CHELMSFORD

Kevin Pearce Hooga 01245 356 811

DERBY

Tellison Victoria Inn 01332 204 873
EDINBURGH
Copy Halo Sneaky Pete's
0131 225 1757
Jellybaby HMV Picture House
0844 847 1740

EXETER

The Beacons Phoenix 01392 667080
SATESHEAD
Modern Works/Running From
Wolves/Unsung Heroes Three Tuns
0191 487 0666

GLASGOW

The Dykenes Oran Mor
0141 552 9224
Ocean House/Lions/Signals In the
Sky Stairway 0141 221 1009
Puddle Of Mudd/Soll/
DearSuperstar Garage 0141 332 1120
The Specials/By The Rivers SECC
0141 248 3000
GLOUCESTER
Laura Marling/The Leisure Society
Cathedral 01452 528095
LEEDS
The Travelling Band Brudenell
Social Club 0113 243 5866

LEICESTER

Evlie Sub 91
LIVERPOOL
Skeptat/Tempa T Academy
Tindersticks Philharmonic Hall
0871 230 1094

LONDON

The Blood Arm White Heat @
Madame Jo Jo's 020 7734 2473
Chapel Club/Other Lives
O2 Shepherds Bush Empire
0870 771 2000
City And Colour Roundhouse
020 7482 7318
Darren Hayman Albany
020 8692 4446
Elephant Stone/The Koolaid Electric
Company /The See See The Lexington
020 7837 5387
Foreign Office Shackwell Arms
020 7249 0810
Frank Vignola Trio Half Moon
020 7274 2733
Hrvatski/Rene Hell CAMP Basement
0871 230 1094

Low Level Flight Buffalo Bar
020 7359 6191

Lucy Rose Garage (Upstairs)
0871 230 1094

Macklemore XOYO 020 7729 5959

Marketa Inglova Bush Hall
020 8222 6955

Nero Electric Ballroom
020 7485 9006

New Kid In Town 93 Feet East
020 7247 6095

Paul Curren Hoxton Square Bar and
Kitchen 020 7613 0709

Rocketclover Hoxton Cell
020 7739 1800

Sam Brookes The Bedford
0208 682 8940

Secret Chiefs 3 Garage 020 7607 1818

The Staves Slaughtered Lamb
020 8682 4080

Toploader Jazz Cafe 020 7916 6060
Ultrasound Borderline 020 7734 5547

EMERGE NME RADAR TOUR Wolf
Gang/SCUM/NIKI & The Dove/DZ
Deathways KOKO 020 7388 3222
Xzibit O2 Academy Islington
0870 477 2000

MANCHESTER

blessthefall/Pierce The Veil
Academy 0161 832 1111
Apparat Ruby Lounge 0161 834 1392
Gold Teeth Deaf Institute
0161 330 4019
Little Comets Club Academy
0161 832 1111
Spector Roadhouse 0161 228 1789
Warm Brains Night And Day Cafe
0161 236 1822

NEWCASTLE

Chase & Status O2 Academy
0870 477 2000
The Horrors/Toy Digital
01912 619755

NORWICH

Depth/Everything Burns
Brickmakers 01603 441 118

NOTTINGHAM

The Crookes Bodega Social Club
08713 100000
It Bites/Mostly Autumn Rescue
Rooms 0115 958 8484
Katy B Rock City 08713 100000

OXFORD

Benjamin Francis Leftwich/
Daughter O2 Academy 2
0870 477 2000

PORTSMOUTH

Tribes Wedgewood Rooms
023 9286 3911

READING

Foreign Beggars Sub89
0871 230 1094

SHEFFIELD

Toddla T University 0114 222 8777

SOUTHAMPTON

Bowling For Soup Guildhall
023 8063 2601
Josh Pyke Brook 023 8055 5366
Submission Orchestra Joiners
023 8022 5612

STOKE

Ed Sheeran Keele University
01782 621111

WOLVERHAMPTON

Virgil & The Accelerators Robin 2
01902 497860

WREXHAM

Polarsets Central Station
01978 358780



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HMV Institute,
Birmingham

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THIS WEEK IN 1959

IMPRESSIVE IMPRESARIO, EDDIE DREAMING OF ENGLAND

FRANKIE VAUGHAN • 'JUKE BOX JURY' writes from LAS VEGAS • TV SENSATION

IF YOU LOVE ME
CARINA

MUSICAL EXPRESS
WORLD'S LARGEST SALE • ABC certified figures

SAMMY TURNER ALWAYS

★ MARTY WILDE ★ TOMMY STEELE

LARRY PARNES
The first Impresario and Artists' Manager in the history of British Show Business and NME Polls to have six artists in the Poll Winners' Charts. Says...

'WELL DONE'
To 'HIS BOYS' and their loyal fans who made them

SWEEP THE BOARD
with **21 PLACES & 50,000 VOTES** in the **NME POLL**

★ BILLY FURY ★ DICKIE PRIDE ★ VINCE EAGER

IN THE TOP 20
Favourite Male Singer
MARTY WILDE, the only singer to have 2 places in the 'BEST DISC OF THE YEAR' - 'DONNA' and 'TEENAGER IN LOVE' - now rising 'THE SEA OF LOVE'

★ WATCH OUT FOR MY NEW SINGERS OF 1960 ★
JOHNNY GENTLE ★ DUFFY POWER ★ JULIAN A ★ JOE BROWN ★ SALLY KELLY ★ THE VISCOUNTS

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EDDIE COCHRAN
"MY FINEST WISH IS TO VISIT BRITAIN"

Does BILLY cause too much FURY?

PETE DUNBAR SPOTTED JERRY KELLER'S WIT

PEBBLES AND HERAPYRE IN PICTURE!

SAMMY DAVIS JR. KEEPS ON ROLLING

THE DRAGON

PULL WINNERS' CONCEPT

EDDIE'S DREAM

Eddie Cochran, who in 1958 gave the world 'C'mon Everybody', discusses his passions ("I still like guns, of which I have quite a few"), his acting skills ("I hope some day to be really good at it") and his desire to come over to play in England and "meet some of the kind people who have written me the best letters I have ever had". Tragically, it is on that very UK tour on Saturday, April 16, 1960, that the by-then 21-year-old Eddie will be killed in a car crash.

AMERICAN BOYS

The regular missive from the US brings speculation as to Elvis Presley's next film (which may be *West Side Story*, possibly opposite Harry Belafonte), and there's a glance at Sammy Davis' schedule for his movie: "He left for Hollywood every morning at 2.30am, arrived about four, slept one hour, then worked all day and flew back to Las Vegas for 7pm for his show. Sammy's total sleep for one week's filming was reportedly five hours!"

LARRY'S LAMBS

Larry Parnes has only been managing artists for three years, but already he has shaped late-'50s, pre-Beatles rock'n'roll more than anyone else ever, and this week's cover featuring five of "his boys" is testament to that.

His formula is simple but effective: find good-looking teenage boys who can sing, change their last name to something provocative, then watch the hits roll in. He encountered Tommy Hicks in the Stork Room on London's Regent Street and agreed to become his manager, renaming him 'Steele' and getting his associate Lionel Bart (who in 1960 will unleash *Oliver!*) to write him some songs. All of the acts that follow will have very similar stories.

Parnes views his charge as employees, and does not treat them well. Vince Eager, wondering why he has never received record royalties, is told bluntly: "You're not entitled to any." When he responds that, "It says in my contract that I am", Parnes corrects him. "It also says I have power of attorney over you, and you're not getting any."

Next year, he will hire a Liverpool group by the name of The Silver Beatles to back his singer Johnny Gentle. Two years after that - with a slight change of name themselves - the same group will begin releasing the records that will swiftly start to make Larry Parnes' approach to rock music seem redundant.

ALSO IN THE ISSUE THAT WEEK

• Teen idol Fabian talks about his music career: "As I'm tone deaf, I sounded like a jackass. You could've bowled me over when I was told there were possibilities."

• Number One in the NME Music Charts is Bobby Darin's version of 'Mack The Knife'.

• Craig Douglas' follow-up to the massively successful 'Only 16' is called 'The Riddle Of Love', and is described as "a medium pace, steady beat number with a delightful lyric that makes some most disrespectful references to some of history's most renowned romances".

• A news report says that "efforts are still being made for Cliff Richard to make his Palladium debut".

• Frankie Vaughan writes a letter from Vegas ("I'm here now until November"), in which he thanks *NME* for "again voting me Favourite British Vocal Personality in your poll".

NME
NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

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THE LEGENDARY NME CROSSWORD

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

Compiled by Trevor Hungerford

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A BAG OF NME SWAG



CLUES ACROSS

- 1 Look down on Ben Howard? I wouldn't stoop so low (4 4-2)
 8+9A That sound from The Strokes is perhaps a hiccup, chum (5-6)
 10 (See 19 down)
 11 (See 10 across)
 12 '___ It Out' by Slipknot or '___ In The Rain' by Del Amitri (4)
 13+16A "White lips, pale face, breathing in snowflakes", 2011 (3-1-4)
 15 Sang very strangely on EP by '90s indie band Bleach (4)
 16 (See 13 across)
 18 Yo! NME gets moving to The Drums (5)
 20+27D He covered Soft Cell's 'Say Hello, Wave Goodbye' in 1998
 22 Not an Avril Lavigne album worth keeping hold of (3-2)
 23 Ike And Tina Turner went as far as the '___ City Limits' (7)
 25 Singer-songwriter ___ Buckley, father of Jeff, who also died at a very young age (3)
 26 Ellie Goulding includes an old Elton John number (no it's not 'Your Song', more 'yourself') (3)
 28+16D Nursery rhyme stuff on an XTC album (7-3 6)
 29 "I did my best to notice, when the call came down the line", opening line to 2008 hit (5)
 30 Their singles include 'Staying Out For The Summer' and 'If You're Thinking Of Me' (5)
 31 '___ Gold' by Big Pink or '___ Together' by Suede (4)

CLUES DOWN

- 1 Hard-Fi have one while Spandau Ballet have two (4)
 2 An extra performance from both Eminem and Tangerine Dream (6)
 3+18D Laddish stuff from the Kings Of Leon (5-3-5-7)
 4 Nirvana, Bob Dylan and Bruce Springsteen have all recorded in this manner (9)
 5 They're just a 'Song Away' and it's all just a game for them (6)
 6 Ryan Adams has burnt himself out with new album '___ & Fire' (5)
 7 Early name for Editors, dropped on realisation already used by '70s 'Magic' pop group (5)

- 10+11A Hard-Fi starting off with a home match? (4-2-3-5)
 14 "She has a ___, we really do adore her / For she has a ___, and we touch her", Texas (4)
 16 (See 28 across)
 17 'The Time Is Now' for them to 'Sing It Back' (6)
 18 (See 3 down)
 19+10A Disarray at ending of a Mercury Rev number (4-3-3)
 21 Those who were swindled into buying this Culture Club single? (7)
 24 The soothing sound of Deep Purple or Kula Shaker (4)
 27 (See 20 across)

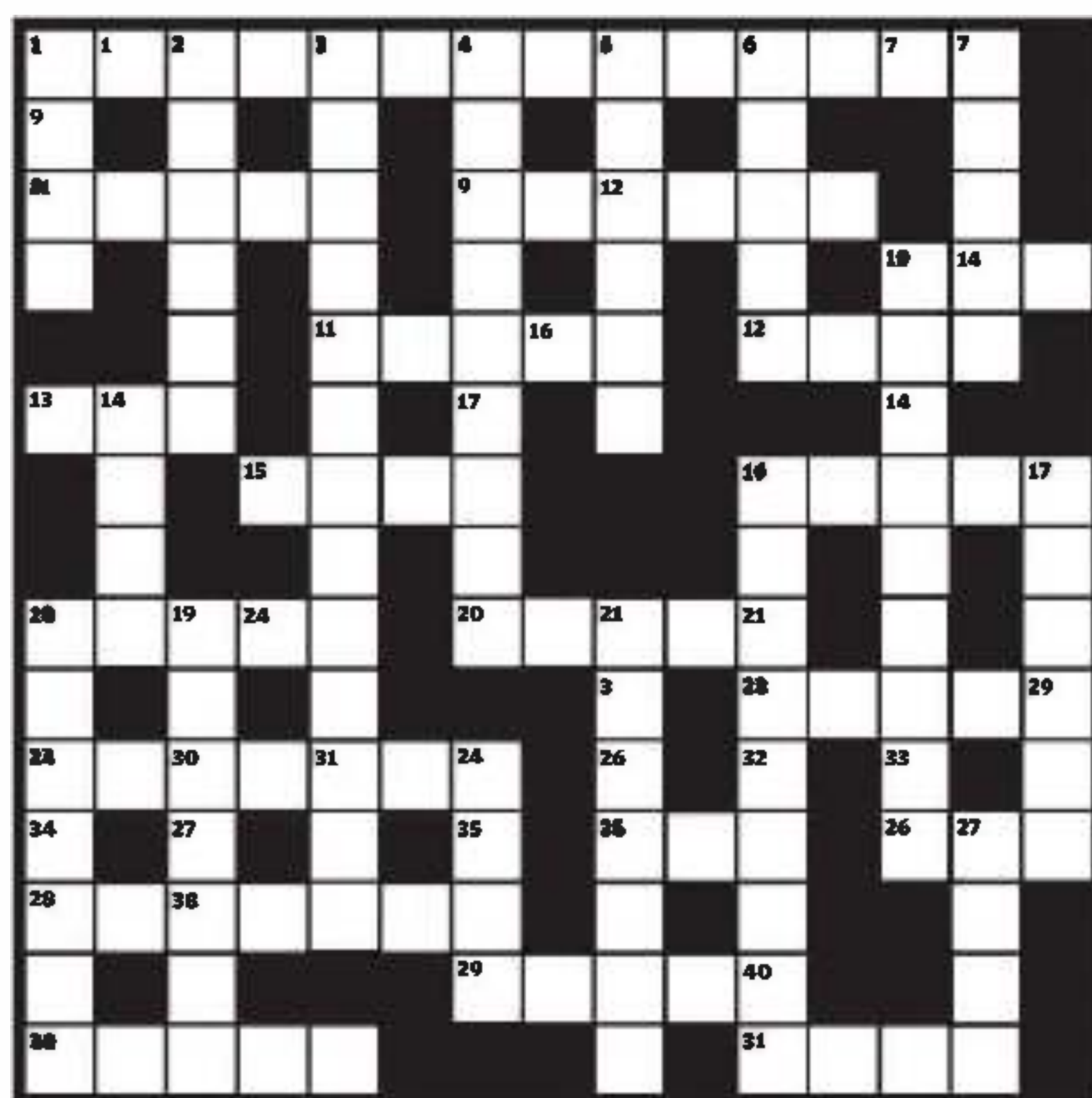
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Simply cut out the crossword and send it, along with your name, address and email, marking the envelope with the issue date, before Tuesday, October 18, 2011, to the following address: Crossword, NME, 9th Floor, Blue Fin Building, 110 Southwark Street, London SE1 0SU.

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

SEPTEMBER 24 ANSWERS

- ACROSS**
 1+26D A Different Kind Of Fix, 9+11A Origin Of Symmetry, 10+21D Pretty In Pink, 13 Adore, 14 Top, 15+16A DJ Shadow, 19 Lorca, 21 I'll Be, 22 OPP, 23 Cults, 25 No Time, 28 Wham, 30 Noble, 31 Facades, 32 Xymox, 33 Shake It
DOWN
 1 Aroused, 2 Is It Me? 3 FBI, 4 Riot Radio, 5+7D No, Not Now, 6 Karma Police, 8+24A Hyde Park, 12 Echoes, 14 Two Princes, 17 Cass, 18 Glory Box, 20 Ralphs, 27 Germ, 28 Weak, 29 Most



COLLECTORS' CORNER MANIC STREET PREACHERS

Call yourself a super fan? Here are the gems you mustn't be without



SUICIDE ALLEY (NEW)



The self-financed, punky debut single, released while the band were still unsigned. Only 300 copies were pressed; around 200 had a picture sleeve, while the rest were a mix of plain sleeves and a handful of handmade covers featuring glued-on newspaper cuttings by Richey Edwards, not yet properly in the band. The track does not feature on the new collection of 'all' the band's singles, 'National Treasures'.

Need To Know: On the picture sleeve, Richey is not in the shot - because he took the photo.

UK CHANNEL BOREDOM (1990)



A track which appeared on a 1990 flexi-disc given away by fanzines

Hopelessly Devoted and Goldmining. Reportedly recorded for just £25, the title is taken from the band's first press release, written by Edwards. Only 1,000 flexi-discs were pressed, on which the Manics track sat alongside one by a band called The Laurens.

Need To Know: The song was re-recorded and given a new title, 'A Vision Of Dead Desire', for the B-side of the re-release of 'You Love Us' in 1992.

LOUDER THAN WAR (2001)



DVD of the band's historic 2001 gig in Cuba, ostensibly to promote new album 'Know Your Enemy'.

It was the first time a western rock band had played on the island, and the show was attended by Fidel Castro himself. The DVD also includes interviews and a documentary about the trip.

Need To Know: The title comes from a conversation the band had with Castro about the gig, when he told them the performance "cannot be louder than war, can it?"

NICKY WIRE - I KILLED THE ZEITGEIST (2006)



The Manics' bass player released his debut solo LP while the

band were on a break between albums. It contained many songs which ruminated on his friendship with missing Manics guitarist Richey Edwards. Frontman James Dean Bradfield released his solo album 'The Great Western' soon afterwards.

Need To Know: The secret track is a cover of Wire favourites Echo & The Bunnymen's 'Ocean Rain'.

FANMAIL

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

Edited by Barry Nicolson



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KELE-GATE

From: Ken Grand-Pierre
To: NME

Long time reader here. I haven't always agreed with you guys on certain things, but I have always felt you were treated unfairly in terms of backlash - and this recent Bloc Party spat furthers my views on that. I am writing to you guys to say thank you for not only writing about the ordeal, but also having the resolve to put the unfiltered audio up. I think it's absolute bullshit how you can do that and people can still scapegoat you for simply reporting the news. Kele's blog made me quite sick in the sense he kept bragging about "kidding about it". Well, yeah man, you didn't say that in the interview, so what did you expect? I just wanted you to know there was at least one reader who read what you posted and made a truly unbiased opinion based solely on the facts. Thanks again and keep up the good work.

NME's response...

The criticism we've received over this whole affair seems to boil down to the fact that we accurately reported everything that Kele and Russell said. We'll plead guilty to that, if Kele wants

to play games with the press by feeding us lies, that's his prerogative, but he shouldn't be surprised when journalists take those lies at face value. He's within his rights to 'call out' the media for

fabricating quotes or taking his words out of context, but given that neither of those things have happened here, I'm not sure what point he's trying to prove. It's important to note that

we didn't go looking for this story, Kele brought it to us - BN

Get in touch at the above addresses. Winners should email letters@nme.com to claim their voucher

SMALL TALK ABOUT BIG TALK

From: Ryan
To: NME

So me and my mate flew into Manchester to see Ronnie Vannucci's solo project and it didn't disappoint. Not only did we manage to meet him, the rest of his band and the support band Most Thieves before the gig (by the way check them out, they are out of this world and you would love them!) a few of us managed to sneak in to watch their soundcheck and after the gig watched Big Talk's acoustic set in the pub down the road and got to hang out and drink with them all. BEST DAY EVER! Ronnie for president!

From: NME
To: Ryan

In a world of callous wankers, RVJr is one of rock'n'roll's genuine nice guys, boasting world-class facial hair to boot. As surprisingly great as that Big Talk record was, though, I have to admit I was a little disappointed to discover that Ronnie hadn't seized the opportunity to revisit his ska-punk roots. If ever there was a curveball waiting to be thrown to Killers fans, channeling the spirit of Attaboy Skip was surely it - BN

THE PASSION OF THE JARV

From: Jack Cooper
To: NME

After weeks of reflecting on Pulp's triumphant co-headline set at Reading and Leeds this year I've been left wondering... How has Jarvis Cocker not been nominated for the Godlike Genius award? For starters I was in the crowd at Reading this year and he

commanded the stage and the crowd followed his every word. Everything was perfect, from his natural wit in between songs to the final jaw-dropping delivery of 'Common People' (which we may never hear again). He had the crowd in his pocket singing every word, it was almost as if the messiah had returned. To be honest, NME, I'm quite disappointed you didn't give Jarv and the gang the full acclaim they deserved in the R&L review issue, but you're the critics. What was most impressive was the transformations during the set. I mean the Jarv went from the smooth moves dancing machine in 'Disco 2000' to a sexually frustrated teenager as I quite clearly remember him pelvic thrusting a speaker for about a minute and a half! Anyway I hope you consider him, he's a legend in the industry!

From: NME
To: Jack Cooper

FYI Jarvis already won Godlike Genius in 1997, so we're waaaaay ahead of ya. However, I witnessed Mr Cocker fingerwag his way to greatness at T In The Park and, although I'm usually sceptical of reunion shows, Pulp's were a lesson in how to do them properly and leave us wanting more. A legacy-bolsterer not a memory-tarnisher - BN

THE OTHERS ARE STILL ALIVE

From: Grant
To: NME

The Others' gig at The Lexington last Saturday was absolutely immense. I travelled down from Scotland for it, and it was an absolute pleasure to be part of an atmosphere like

that. Dom came onstage and said, "It's not many bands who can name everyone in the first three rows." There was a real sense of community, with The Others (as well as the support, The Supernovas) taking time out to chat and have a drink with fans. It's great to have them back.

From: NME

To: Grant

The news that scientists have discovered neutrino particles that can travel faster than the speed of light - thereby potentially disproving Einstein's theory of relativity and opening the door to the possibility of time travel - got me thinking last week: soon, I'll be able to Friendster message my 2005 self to advise him to shave a point or two off of that hyperbolic Others album review he's working on. I was young and contrarian and I really did think 'This Is For The Poor' was one of the great debut singles of the noughties, but for The Others, time has been a cruel mistress. That said, of all the bands who comprised that short-lived London's Burning scene, The Others were the only ones worth a damn, so it warms my heart to hear that they're still out there somewhere. Long live the Kamikaze 853 Stage-Diving Division - BN



STALKER

From: Jack

To: NME

"I met Tribes after their set at Truck earlier this summer. They all signed Miguel's drumstick that I caught."

'OUTRAGED FROM RURAL AUSTRALIA' WRITES

From: Iona Moller

To: NME

I was just wondering why The Wombats are so hated? I just don't understand. I'm Australian, so I could be incredibly out of the loop, but what have they done wrong? I've seen them live and they had an energetic, entertaining set. 'Let's Dance To Joy Division' is a great festival singalong. I feel that if I continue in this vein the letter will end "outraged from rural Australia" so I'll stop now.

From: NME

To: Iona Moller

The three-pronged case for the defence of The Wombats will always run thusly: "They make good

Web Slingsing

The highlight of this week's NME.COM blogs

WHO SHOULD BE IN THE ROCK AND ROLL HALL OF FAME?

Earlier this year shock rocker extraordinaire Alice Cooper finally earned his well-deserved spot in the Rock And Roll Hall Of Fame, rounding off my personal checklist of musical heroes to make it into the coveted hall. Alice deserved it. Who else could work their way up the musical ladder by making ballet-dancing spiders look terrifyingly rock'n'roll on a stage?

The annual nominations for the 2012 inductees aren't looking too shabby this time around. Hot off of their headline slot at Bestival, The Cure have made it into the final 15,

possibly cementing a spot for Robert Smith's messy 'do and smeared lipstick at the Cleveland landmark. Also appearing on the shortlist are Guns N' Roses, Red Hot Chili Peppers, Beastie Boys, Joan Jett And The Blackhearts, Donovan, Eric B And Rakim, Heart, Freddie King, Laura Nyro, Rufus With Chaka Khan, Faces, The Spinners, Donna Summer and War. Inductees will be revealed on April 14.

Who do you think deserves a spot in the Hall Of Fame, and who do you think's been overlooked?

Read Rebecca Schiller's full article at NME.com/blogs



Best of the responses...

When neither Nirvana, The Smiths, Black Flag or Pixies aren't included it cannot be considered legit. I went through every inductee since it began and it was mostly depressing reading. **Michael Carter**

Depeche Mode never get anything given to them even though they changed the face of electronic music through sampling/songwriting. Let alone influencing nearly everyone. **Danois Martin**

Beastie Boys. Great discography and, perhaps most crucially, they're still making great records. **Daire Beare**

Jack White will definitely be inducted at some point,

he should be now but he hasn't been around long enough. **Sarah Joy Ford**

As long as The Smiths are not inducted the RARHOF will forever be an absolute sham. **James Spath**

pop music! They're really nice guys! Journalists are all dicks!" And, to be fair, there may be some truth in that last one. My own personal hatred of The Wombats, however, is based on the belief that pop music should never be so safe and so bland as the entirety of Murph and co's oeuvre. If they bring you some small modicum of happiness, then good for you. But, to me, they're about as appealing a proposition as cold ejaculate on a mouldy Ritz cracker - BN

DANANANANA NO MORE

From: Martin Reynell

To: NME

Gutted Dananananaykroyd are splitting up. Some of the best, most fun and smileyest gigs I have been to in the last two years have been to see the Scottish noise merchants leading the party. Just bought

tickets for the Oxford gig for one last hurrah that I am sure will leave a smile on my face for days. You will be missed guys!

From: NME

To: Martin Reynell

So it's farewell, Dananananaykroyd. Your demise came much too soon, but in addition to the two excellent albums of Red Bull-fuelled fight-pop you leave behind, your legend will hereafter and for evermore be enshrined on space-filling blogs about bands with zany names. And, unlike the man you took that name from, at least you won't get old and shit, making you the equivalent of *Caddyshack II*. Rest in peace - BN

OBLIGATORY GALLAGHER LETTER #7,642

From: Kate Deane

To: NME

I think Noel Gallagher is

doing so well on his own, I'm loving the new songs he is doing. I did worry that 'The Death Of You And Me' sounded too much like 'The Importance Of Being Idle', but it really has grown on me now. He has also seemed to sharpen up his look - clearly his new married life is having a good impact on him. I would have liked to have seen more tourdates from him, but I guess he is testing the water to see how well he will do on his own. I think it's great that him and Liam have gone their separate ways and - who knows - maybe somewhere way into the future there could well be an Oasis reunited tour! All in all I love the new stuff, but didn't love him saying in an interview that he enjoys *The X Factor* which he watches with his daughter. That's a big NO-NO, Mr Gallagher!

From: NME

To: Kate Deane

I have nothing to add to this letter, except to advise Kate against including her home address, her postcode and her telephone number in the next missive she sends us. I'm off to teach her this the hard way by ordering 12 pizzas to her house, because I'm a journalistic dick like that - BN



STALKER

From: Allen

To: NME

"Ran into Miles Kane after a *Rocky Horror Picture Show* singalong. He seems somewhat worried."

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DOES ROCK'N'ROLL KILL BRAINCELLS?

TESTING MUSICIANS' MEMORIES AFTER A LIFETIME OF ABUSE

This Week PINK EYES FUCKED UP

QUESTION 1

Your new album *'David Comes To Life'* is set in the fictional British town of Byrdsdale Spa. Name an actual British Spa town.

"Oh my gosh. Leamington Spa? I'm going to leave it there rather than make up a bunch of fake ones."

Correct. Also Bath Spa, Cheltenham Spa, Droitwich Spa and some others

QUESTION 2

How much damage did *Fucked Up* allegedly cause when you played MTV Canada (below) in 2007?

"It was \$2,000-worth. The second time for bonus points is \$9,000-worth. That one they sent us a bill for."

Correct



Damian cuts himself shaving yet again

QUESTION 3

You have released five 12-inch singles based on the 12 signs of the Chinese Zodiac. Name five other signs of the Chinese Zodiac

"I grew up in a neighbourhood with a huge Chinese community so I should know these. Rat, Ox, Tiger, Dog and Pig were the records.

There's a rabbit and a horse.

There's a lamb?

Or goat? No,

a sheep. I think that's my year.

There's also year of the dragon and year of the snake."

Correct. Also rooster and monkey

QUESTION 4

You're from Canada. Name five Canadian musical acts that NME has actually heard of

"Ha ha! Alright. I can do this. Number one, our proudest achievement, Nickelback. Number two, our second greatest, a punk sensation, Avril Lavigne (right). The



rapscallions from Scarborough, Barenaked Ladies. Canada's biggest hip-hop sensation, Dizzy Drake. The Dream Warriors with 'Wash Your Face In My Sink'. I remember watching them on Top Of The Pops when my dad lived in England. Bryan Adams. Neil Young. Leonard Cohen... Canada! We produce the best and worst music in the world."

Er... correct!



QUESTION 5

Pink Eyes is your stage name, but in what film are the following song lyrics quoted?

"You've got green eyes/You've got blue eyes/You've got grey eyes/And I've never seen anyone quite like you before".

"It's a New Order song. The movie is... High Fidelity?"

Wrong. It's from *'Temptation'* by New Order, and Diane sings it in *Trainspotting*

"Damn it! You're right. *Trainspotting* started this faux-Scottish scene in Toronto that was nauseating. [But] it's a much better movie than *High Fidelity*."

QUESTION 6

You released a cover of Band Aid's *'Do They Know It's Christmas?'* in 2009, featuring Vampire Weekend and Broken Social Scene, among others. How many official versions of *'Do They Know It's Christmas'* have there been?

"Official versions? Three."

Correct

QUESTION 7

The front cover of *'The Chemistry Of Common Life'* features the rare phenomenon of *'The Manhattan Solstice'*, which is what, exactly?

"It's also sometimes referred to as Manhattanhenge. It's the time of year when the sun is positioned in such a way that the sun comes through the buildings in a corridor effect."

Correct

QUESTION 8

What was the name of the therapist who you spoke to when you and your wife appeared on an episode of the American reality TV show *Newlywed, Nearly Dead?*

"I've tried to wipe that show from my memory through a heavy regiment of marijuana. I'm going to say Dr Asshole."

Wrong. Gary The Therapist

"Gary definitely had some unresolved issues of sexuality. He talked adamantly about how heterosexual he was but he was obsessed with talking about other men's penises and privates."

QUESTION 9

Which of the following isn't an actual band name? Holy Fuck, Fuck Buttons, The Fuck You Ups, The Exploding Fuck Dolls, The Fuckin' Shit Biscuits, Fuck Pony, Fuckbomb, Fuck On The Beach, The Fucking Wrath, The Fucking Champ, Fuck A Duck?

"The Fuck Biscuits is fake."

Wrong. Fuck A Duck is fake

"That should be a real band. I'm a fan of most of those bands you went over."

QUESTION 10

You released a single called *'No Pasaran'*, which is Spanish for what?

"They Shall Not Pass'. I picked up this amazing book on the Spanish Civil War last time I was at Heathrow, but I left it on the plane."

Correct

Total Score 7/10

"That's better than I thought I'd do. I think my memory would have been way better if we had done this last year. I started smoking pot last year and I think that has affected it."

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

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