

11 OCTOBER 2014

NME

David Bowie

First listen to the new music

**Julian
Casablancas**

The NME album verdict

**Dog Man Star
turns 20**

Brett Anderson
interview

**THE
UNSEEN
NOTEBOOKS
OF**

IAN CURTIS

**A personal journey
into the mind of a
troubled genius**

**+
EXCLUSIVE INTRO
FROM
DEBORAH CURTIS**

**"His lyrics tell much
more than a conversation
with him ever could"**

"Love is a haunting melody that I have never mastered, and I fear I never will." WILLIAM S BURROUGHS



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gold handcuffs EP
out now

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LETTER OF THE WEEK

WINS RED DOG MUSIC HEADPHONES!
reddogmusic.co.uk/nme



TRENT RULES, YEAH?

As a Nottingham chap born and bred, I've really enjoyed seeing bands from my town in *NME* recently. It never happened when I was a teenager – it was all Manchester, London, Cardiff and Sheffield. There's a great music scene in Nottingham right now, with Sleaford Mods, Jake Bugg, Indiana, Ronika, Amber Run, Natalie Duncan, Liam Bailey and more getting some level of musical success, and they all sound quite different. Most of them have played at a community festival called Hockley Hustle. Jake Bugg charged us four cans of lager to play the last one. Bet he costs a bit more to book than that now, huh?

Jared LeftLion, via email



Dan Stubbs: You're right – Nottingham is definitely punching above its weight right now. It's the little city that could. Even better is that many of the artists you list celebrate the region in their sound, writing about local life and letting those rounded vowels ring out loud and proud. I do reckon it'd be good if there was a 'Nottingham sound'

developing, though, like Bristol's trip-hop scene or the Madchester groups of the '90s. The internet has robbed us of the chance for that kind of thing to germinate in isolation, sadly – all the more reason for folk like you to gather local like-minded types for events like your Hockley Hustle (nice plug, by the way).

MARR'S BARRED

The hype over 'Godlike Genius' Johnny Marr has left him complacent – he's a contemptuous hypocrite. Previously in *NME*, Marr hit out against Spotify, saying, "I can't think of anything more opposite to punk rock." He's just streamed new album 'Playland' on it, and taken out a banner advert too. Morrissey is put down for standing by his views, but Morrissey wouldn't advertise his album in KFC. As a man who supports record shops, why would Marr support one of the main reasons for their demise?

C Hill, via email

DS: Things are changing in the music world, C. Last week we learned that Universal are to sneak retrospective product placement into old videos, that clothing chain Urban Outfitters claim to be the world's biggest vinyl retailer, and that Thom Yorke sold an undisclosed quantity of his new solo

album for less than the price of a pint each. You can't blame artists for putting their music where the listeners – and cash – are. As for Morrissey, he is a man of resolute principles, you're right, but he never looks to be having much fun. It's a lonely life up there on a pedestal.

A 'TINE-Y BIT SPECIAL

After seeing The Libertines (pictured below) at Hyde Park, I felt it was pointless going to their gigs at Alexandra Palace, but I heard Peace were supporting, so I thought, "Fuck it." It was the best decision (and show) of my life. I didn't get crushed and I didn't lose all my friends! I never expected to see them live, and now I've seen them twice. Long live the Libs!

Dean Rogers, via email

Is it just me or is the new Jackals tune a serious banger? Sounds like an energetic Dirty Pretty Things crossed with 'Up

The Bracket'-era Libs! Sure, they'll never be as exciting as Pete and Carl, but there could be a couple of excellent albums in there.

Kate Moore, via email

DS: Pete Doherty joked at one of the shows about the audience all getting babysitters for the night, but judging by the Libs-love in the mailbag this week, a lot of you were witnessing the magic for the first time. As for the Jackals tune, I can't help feeling that Carl trying to piggy-back a solo career onto the reunion is cynical on his part, but he does seem aimless without Pete. If Libs-go-pirate sea shanties are your bag, fill your Chelsea boots.



LONG LIVE STICKY CARPETS

I cannot stress how important your search for Britain's Best Small Venue is. Local music needs support, and it's exciting to see new spaces such as Newcastle's Think Tank opening, meaning Newcastle bands get support slots and local record stores are involved as ticket vendors. Celebrate these sweatboxes for the phenomenal havens of the indie scene they truly are!

Liam Hall, via email

DS: You're so right, Liam. As well as giving people like us the chance to later show off about seeing stadium-filling acts in tiny venues, small venues are an essential part of the music ecosystem. Without them, bands can't build up a fanbase or find out what it's like to drive 200 miles in a Transit van and play for four cans of lager (hello, Jake Bugg). See page 11 and cast your votes in our search with Jack Daniel's at NME.COM/smallvenues, readers.

BOTTLING IT

After reading your pathetic and petty review of the recent Catfish And The Bottlemen album 'The Balcony', I have lost faith in the human race. It was unnecessary to slate a band who have worked tirelessly to build a fan base and are finally receiving some recognition. You should fucking do one, you shitty little ass lickers.

Sam Chapman

DS: Lost faith in the human race for giving an album 4/10? Have a little perspective, please, Sam! The Bottlemen album is the very definition of a 4/10 – just less than OK. The reviewer's main problem with it is that it's a pointless throwback to a mid-'00s scene that, to this day, limps on like a zombie-eyed twat in a trilby. Innovate, don't replicate. Check out 'Wait For Me' by The Pigeon Detectives, Sam. I reckon you'll like it.



LOOK WHO'S STALKING

My friend and I queued for curry at Festival No 6 in Portmeirion with the brilliant James Bagshaw from Temples, who played that day. He was lovely, and likes his curry spicy. Lily Corke Butters, via email



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EDITION



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NME.COM/DIGITAL-EDITION

NME TRACK OF THE WEEK

1. Lorde
Yellow Flicker Beat

With Lorde curating the soundtrack to the next installment of *The Hunger Games*, the thought strikes that her success is no less impressive than the story of teen warrior Katniss Everdeen. 'Yellow Flicker Beat' is Lorde's first new material since her debut album, and it's big. Lyrics about blood made from precious stones, production by Paul Epworth – a track befitting a pop superhero.

Eve Barlow, Deputy Editor

2. Dean Blunt
Trident

Trident is the Metropolitan Police's code name for an investigation into gun crime in London. Dean Blunt, the myth-maker who once made music with Inga Copeland under the name Hype Williams, takes the tension between law officials and communities, and channels it into this eerie piece of music, complete with samples from news footage of the aftermath of a shooting. Blunt releases his new album in November.

David Renshaw, News Reporter

3. The Amazing Snakeheads
Can't Let You Go

It's unclear who Dale Barclay is talking about here, but it probably isn't former bandmates William Coombe and Jordan Hutchison, who he emphatically dismissed back in June. Pleasingly, the Glaswegian band's frontman still sounds like a stalker and depraved lunatic. When he sings, "*As I look out into the night*", over creepy strumming, it's like he's breathing, hot and beery, down the back of your neck. By the end, he's screaming, "*Take me away so I can die*". Whatever you say, Dale.

Ben Homewood, Reviews Editor

4. The Voyeurs
Stunners

Frontman Charlie Boyer may have removed his name from his band's, but it's still the Londoner's strangled vocal that crowns The Voyeurs' new track. Taken from forthcoming album 'Rhubarb Rhubarb' (read about it on page 18), 'Stunners' is a glam-rock stomp of sexual ambiguity for girls who like boys who like girls to be boys. "*Baby, baby, baby, just try it on*", he pleads.

Lisa Wright, writer

5. Rolo Tomassi
Adrasteia

Mythological Greek deities seldom came more badass than Adrasteia: she was the nymph who had to protect Zeus from his wrong 'un father. That's probably why Rolo Tomassi's track of the same name sounds like the summoning of some ancient power. Utter bedlam is unleashed through a combination of heavy riffs and Eva Spence's throat-tearing screams, and then it all goes quiet with a gentle piano coda, the calm after the storm.

Ben Hewitt, writer

**6. Eyedress feat. GEORGiA**
When I'm Gone

A highlight of the NME Awards Shows with Austin, Texas, Manila-based producer Eyedress (aka Idris Vicuña) is gearing up to release his debut album next spring. If it carries on in this vein, it'll be essential. Processing a glitch-pop dubstep sound between Jai Paul and Gold Panda, 'When I'm Gone' is a wobbly ballad with Jessie Ware-like vocals from Londoner GEORGiA. Anxious robot pop.

Matthew Horton, writer

7. Cherry Glazerr
Had Ten Dollaz

Earlier this year, LA's Cherry Glazerr soundtracked a collection by fashion house Saint Laurent with a 22-minute version of 'Had Ten Dollaz'. Now, they've condensed it to just four minutes and are releasing it as a single. It's lost none of its charm in the edit – Clementine Creevy's caws are still rife with an enthralling urgency while her bandmates Hannah Uribe (drums) and Sean Redman (bass) pile on the attitude with strutting rhythms.

Rhian Daly, Assistant Reviews Editor

8. Mansionair
Second Night

Mansionair are signed to Chvrches' Goodbye Records, and though this track from the Sydney trio's debut EP sounds nothing like the Scottish electro-pop group, it achieves a similar blend of intimate and anthemic. Over beats borrowed from old R&B ballads, singer Jack Froggatt shares his insecurities, lamenting that "*something doesn't feel quite right*" in an emotional, but unshowy, voice. Classy stuff that points to a bright future.

Nick Levine, writer

9. Splashh
Color It In

Splashh's first new material since the release of their debut album 'Comfort' last year is a decidedly more lo-fi affair, taking influence from My Bloody Valentine's MO of burying hooky melodies deep within a canvas of fuzz. It's a noisy treasure hunt – and 'Color It In' is reminiscent of Brian Eno's indie anthem 'Needle In The Camel's Eye', alongside Sasha Carlson's murky, sedated vocals. If you dig deep enough, it's a hugely rewarding listen.

James Bentley, writer

10. Grubs
Dec 15

Emerging from the scattered network of UK bands in love with shouty indie rock and DIY culture, Grubs live in Cardiff, Bristol and London and feature personnel from Joanna Gruesome and Trust Fund. 'Dec 15' lasts 86 seconds, rhymes "*swimming pool*" with "*cynical*" and, matching its late-'80s jangle-pop vibes, was released on flexi disc. Hunt down the impressively lurid video, in which the trio erotically guzzle cheeseburgers.

Noel Gardner, writer

ESSENTIAL NEW TRACKS

► LISTEN TO THEM ALL AT NME.COM/ONREPEAT NOW

11. Joey Bada\$\$ Christ Conscious

With a release date for his debut album still to be announced, Joey Bada\$\$ continues a drip feed of tasters with 'Christ Conscious'. It's all over in under three minutes, but both the New York teenager's raps and the beat are unhurried. Producer Basquiat heightens its hypnotic effect with slow brass and 'dum-de-de-dums'. Joey's typically cocky. "*I always drop hot shit*", he snaps. Good job, because the wait for his album feels interminable.

Ben Homewood, Reviews Editor

12. Fryars Long Road To Nowhere

Shades of gospel, country and dreamy pop colour this Beck-like track from London's Fryars (aka Ben Garrett, a man Lily Allen once described as "a genius"). 'Long Road To Nowhere' failed to make the cut for forthcoming album 'Power', out November 17, but the fact that material this good ended up on the studio floor promises much from the album itself.

Dan Stubbs, News Editor

13. Nothing July The Fourth

Domenic Palermo grew up in the Philadelphia borough of Kensington, America's heroin capital, and this time 10 years ago was serving a prison sentence, having stabbed a man in the chest in a brawl. Shades of his dark past inhabit the nihilistic chords and crushing production of his Deftones-y hardcore crew Nothing's new single. But when its sweeping, melodic chorus hits, 'July The Fourth' becomes an optimistic and hopeful, albeit brutally heavy, slice of thundering hard rock.

Al Horner, Assistant Editor, NME.COM

14. Years & Years Desire

"*I must be tough, I must keep fighting*", sings Olly Alexander on Years & Years' excellent new single. A straight shot at the Top 40, it's three-and-a-half-minutes of crystalline carnival-pop, complete with a massive chorus as the band gallop their way away from love and safety and into the risky but exciting world of lust, danger and chance.

David Renshaw, News Reporter

15. Alt-J Latch

Radio 1's Live Lounge's shtick wore thin long ago, but occasionally it throws up an interesting cover. Where Disclosure's original perfectly captured the dizzying moment of falling in lust, Mercury winners Alt-J's take on 'Latch' brings the song's sense of desperation to the fore. In Joe Newman's hands, against such a stripped-back arrangement, the lyric, "*Now I've got you in my space*", sounds more menacing than amorous, as if the object of his affection is terrified and about to do a runner.

Andy Welch, writer



16. Bad Breeding Chains

Stevenage's Bad Breeding have already shown they're one of Britain's angriest new bands but new single 'Chains' takes things one step further. In just one minute and 45 seconds, the group lay waste to your ears with a hurricane of trembling bass and searing guitars. The accompanying artwork shows a bleak, rubble-filled room. The inside of your head will feel much the same after they're done.

Rhian Daly, Assistant Reviews Editor

17. Röyksopp Skulls

'Skulls' is taken from Röyksopp's last ever album, apparently – but hold those tissues! The Norwegian duo are still going to keep releasing music in other formats. 'Skulls' should keep you going for a while either way. It's made of the darker parts of their recent Robyn collaboration (think 'Monument' over 'Do It Again') and it's addictive: throbbing, pneumatic pulse, ominous string stabs and robot vocals that promise great things.

Hazel Sheffield, writer

18. Ultimate Painting Ten Street

James Hoare from Veronica Falls and Mazes frontman Jack Cooper became pals while their two bands were touring together; now, they've formed a duo called Ultimate Painting. Their self-titled debut album is coming out on US indie Trouble In Mind this month, and 'Ten Street' is as good as anything they've released with their primary groups – imagine The Feelies combined with the melodic end of The Velvet Underground.

Phil Hebblethwaite, writer

19. These New Puritans Spitting Stars

The final track on 'Expanded (Live At The Barbican)', a soon-to-be-released recording of the April show where the innovative art-rockers were accompanied by a 35-piece band of brass, strings and weird shit (magnetic resonator piano, ultra low bass singers), 'Spitting Stars' is a symphonic treat. The only new track on the release, it draws a complex line between alternative modern classical and a desolate warehouse rave.

Leonie Cooper, writer

20. Speedy Ortiz Doomsday


Newly recorded for a charity seven-inch, 'Doomsday' was the first song Sadie Dupuis wrote for Speedy Ortiz. Given that they formed following the split of her old band Quilty and the deaths of two close friends, it's profoundly despondent: "*Baby it's doo-oo-oom*", Dupuis sings, without her usual sardonic shroud. Meanwhile, she and the band play a grey dirge that shapeshifts like the fog of depression, unspooling into a broken solo.

Laura Snapes, Features Editor



TheWeek

► EVERYTHING THAT MATTERS IN MUSIC ■ EDITED BY DAN STUBBS

A black and white photograph of David Bowie and Maria Schneider. David Bowie is on the right, leaning his head against Maria Schneider's head. Both are smiling warmly at the camera. Maria is wearing a denim jacket over a dark top. David is wearing a dark shirt. The background is dark and out of focus.

Bowie with
composer and
big-band leader
Maria Schneider,
his collaborator
on 'Sue (Or In A
Season Of Crime)'



Bowie

does jazz

Collaborators on brand-new track 'Sue (Or In A Season Of Crime)'
reveal all about the recording of the eight-minute song

David Bowie has famously worn many hats in his long career but not – until now – that of the jazzman. That's all set to change with brand-new track 'Sue (Or In A Season Of Crime)', which appears on the forthcoming compilation album 'Nothing Has Changed'. 'Sue' is not just a bit jazzy – it's proper jazz. It's also the first track Bowie has recorded since releasing the career-reviving 'The Next Day' in 2013.

The track's origins – fittingly – are in a jazz club. Bowie and producer Tony Visconti went to see Grammy-winning composer Maria Schneider and her 17-piece big band at The Birdland in New York. "I was totally floored by the beauty and power of her music," says Visconti. "I learned she was a student of Gil Evans and worked as his score copyist. Gil Evans and Stan Kenton were jazz composers David and I were both very fond of, and so was Maria, apparently."

A plan was hatched for Bowie and Schneider to collaborate. This summer, the three gathered in the studio in New York, with members of Schneider's band. "Initially we worked from David's demo of the untitled song," says Visconti. "Over the course of three long sessions in a rehearsal studio, [Maria] and core members of

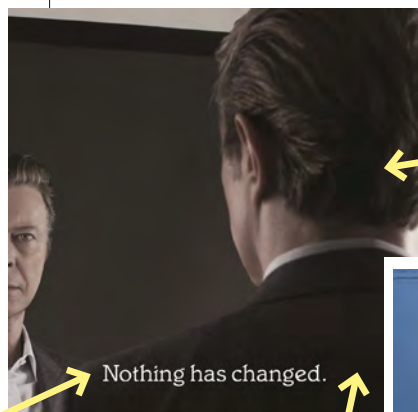
her band jammed over the bassline for several hours. After this, Maria and David met to finalise the arrangement and structure, and Maria kept me in the picture by sending me musical scores of her updates – her writing was very meticulous. When the day arrived to record the piece with the full 17-piece band, David handed lyrics to Maria, myself and our engineer – and it was only then we learned it was called 'Sue'."

Schneider says she's "so thankful" to have had the chance to work with Bowie: "It was a fantastic collaboration that brought us to a place that I don't know that either of us envisioned, but after the fact, felt entirely inevitable. He has been such a fresh inspiration for me."

The four-minute radio edit receives its first airing on Guy Garvey's 6 Music show on October 12, with the full, eight-minute version premiering on *Stuart Maconie's Freakzone* later that night. The track is released as a limited 10-inch vinyl single and digital download on November 17, with another new track, 'Tis A Pity She Was A Whore', on the B-side. A beat-driven, lo-fi track named after a 17th-century play and influenced by World War I, it sounds, in Bowie's words, like what might happen "if Vorticists wrote Rock Music". ■ DAN STUBBS

Mirror images

Jonathan Barnbrook, the London-based designer behind Bowie's 2013 album 'The Next Day', talks us through the 3-CD (top), 2-CD and vinyl versions of the 'Nothing Has Changed' sleeve



"I was faced with the task of making something of interest in a world where the record cover is no longer the subject of discussion that it was in the 20th century. The release of an album is now an event – the physical package in the shop is but a small part of the whole."

"The title throws up thoughts of Dorian Gray, and the portrait of him that ages in his attic. In the younger photos, how is Bowie imagining his future? Does he feel immortal? Did Ziggy Stardust cause him to lose his true identity? With the later images, is he thinking about his legacy? Can a soul and the decisions made be seen in someone's face?"



"We're dealing with a set of tracks from Bowie's past, which a lot of people already know. It's a bit more reflective in its tone. Most 'Best Of' designs are overdone, but this design is deliberately minimal and, well, un-designed."

"The words 'Nothing Has Changed' have been made to look like a caption. All the other info appears on a sticker, which can be peeled off, leaving only the image and those words."

"The theme of Bowie looking in the mirror is a strong enough 'archetype' to provide a visual link and makes it clear this is a collection of songs reflecting the experience of one person's life."

"I hope they make the listener reflect a little on what a 'Best Of' is – a whole life experience of one musician, driven by their unique creative force."



'Sue...': the first listen

What to expect from Bowie's "quite brilliant" new single

'Sue...' is Bowie doing jazz, but it's also a murder ballad, sung from a first-person perspective. It can be split into three sections: the first building calmly, the second violent and discordant, the final sparse and disturbing, tumbling over itself as the song wraps up. The lyrics tell a tale that begins happily but quickly sours. "Sue, I got the job/We'll buy the house", it begins, but minutes later our

narrator is pushing Sue "down beneath the reeds" as saxophones squeal. Finally, we flash backwards – or forwards – to the discovery of a message from Sue: "I found your note/That you wrote last night/It can't be right/You went with him", it says. It's Nick Cave meets Scott Walker meets Herbie Hancock – and it's quite brilliant.



MY LIFE IN A SUITCASE

FIVE TOURING ESSENTIALS

Johnny Marr



BOOK Soft City by Jonathan Raban

"It's half a novel, half an autobiographical story of experiences in and around London and New York in the early '70s, and how cities make up our personas and self-identity."

FILM Once Upon A Time In America



"It's beautiful to look at, it recreates New York's Lower East Side in the '20s and '30s and it has the perfect soundtrack by Ennio Morricone."



DVD BOXSET Heimat II

"It's part of a trilogy of films. The second series took seven years to make. It shows a German family's history through the generations... a story of young idealism."

GAME 2014 FIFA World Cup Brasil



"I think games are a waste of time, but I'll watch the crew get overly competitive with each other – a virtual football hooligan."

HOME COMFORT The Mind Machine

"It's an electronic box you connect to headphones and some special goggles to change your brain waves. Under the right conditions you can actually have hallucinations."



► Johnny Marr's tour starts at Lincoln Engine Shed on October 13

Britain's Best Small Venue 2014: the shortlist

Jack Daniel's and NME's search for this year's best gig hotspot enters final phase

Last month, the search for Britain's Best Small Venue in association with Jack Daniel's kicked off once again. Now in its fourth year, the campaign celebrates the spaces that inspire, encourage and support local scenes.

Small venues are still an endangered species – since the 2014 campaign began, Leeds Cockpit closed after 20 years, a statement explaining, "It is no longer viable to deliver you the level of service you deserve with the building in its current condition." Meanwhile, Guildford Boileroom's owners were taken to a hearing following noise complaints. Happily, the venue survives.

We asked you to nominate the UK's best small venues. Those votes have been compiled to form this shortlist of venues from 11 regions, all in the running to be Britain's Best Small Venue 2014.

RAMSGATE MUSIC HALL

► **LOCATION** Ramsgate ► **CAPACITY** 125 ► **OPENED** 2014 ► **RECENT GIGS** Cate Le Bon, Honeyblood, The Amazing Snakeheads (pictured), Perfume Genius,

Woman's Hour ► **BIG MOMENT** "Our official launch party with Cate Le Bon will go down in the memory. The place was brimming and the feedback was bonkers-ly positive. After what started as an idea on a long drive back from ATP, it had actually become a reality!" **Julian Bigg, owner**

NORWICH ARTS CENTRE



► **LOCATION** Norwich ► **CAPACITY** 290 ► **OPENED** 1977 ► **RECENT GIGS** Peace, Mystery Jets, Micah P Hinson, Wild Beasts ► **BIG MOMENT** "Too many great moments to count!

But the current staff have picked out Gruff Rhys, Tinariwen, Ghostpoet, Liars and The Pharcyde. We're also proud that half of this year's Mercury Prize nominees were artists who had played NAC within the last year." **Grace Jackson, front of house & marketing**

THE SUGARMILL



► **LOCATION** Stoke-On-Trent ► **CAPACITY** 400 ► **OPENED** 1994 ► **RECENT GIGS** Wolf Alice, Pulled Apart By Horses, The Wytches, The Strypes ► **BIG MOMENT** "Over

the years, we've hosted hundreds and hundreds of bands, many of whom have gone on to massive success, like Coldplay, Muse, Daft Punk and The Libertines." **Danni Brownsill, promoter**

PJ MOLLOY'S



► **LOCATION** Dunfermline ► **CAPACITY** 300 ► **OPENED** 2010 ► **RECENT GIGS** Baby Strange, Neon Waltz, We Were Promised Jetpacks, Circa Waves ► **BIG MOMENT**

"Having Jake Bugg play only his second headline solo gig the week that his first album went to Number One. The buzz around the venue and town was incredible and it was such a game-changing moment for the venue."

Calum Miller, owner

PICTUREDROME

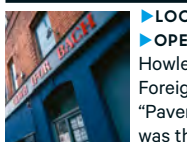


► **LOCATION** Holmfirth ► **CAPACITY** 650 ► **OPENED** 1998 ► **RECENT GIGS** British Sea Power, Buzzcocks, Killing Joke, Peter Hook ► **BIG MOMENT** "We managed to get

Joan Armatrading to come for not one, but two evenings for the price of one as she likes the place so much."

Peter Carr, owner

CLWB IFOR BACH



► **LOCATION** Cardiff ► **CAPACITY** 200 ► **OPENED** 1983 ► **RECENT GIGS** Howler, Future Of The Left, Johnny Foreigner, La Dispute ► **BIG MOMENT** "Pavement playing in '97, which I think was their only Welsh gig to date, and

more recently, the Mclusky and Jarcrew reunion benefit gig for Le Pub in Newport selling out in 20 minutes." **Richard Hawkins, promotions and works manager**

THE TRADES CLUB

► **LOCATION** Hebden Bridge ► **CAPACITY** 200 ► **OPENED** 1984 ► **RECENT GIGS** Acid Mothers Temple, Pins, Jimi Goodwin, Temples ► **BIG MOMENT** "Patti Smith (pictured) played her most intimate UK show in years back in 2012. The show was already booked when the town was flooded by storms – twice. Patti donated her fee to the town's flood fund. So not just an amazing, emotional show – she also gave the town a real helping hand." **Mal Campbell, promotions manager**

Courtney Barnett at the Sebright Arms

NME
BRITAIN'S
BEST
SMALL
VENUE
IN ASSOCIATION WITH
JACK DANIEL'S

SEBRIGHT ARMS

► **LOCATION** London ► **CAPACITY** 150 ► **OPENED** 2011 ► **RECENT GIGS** Parquet Courts, The Orwells, Darlia, Courtney Barnett ► **BIG MOMENT** "The Lumineers played two shows here in one day. One in the venue and then another one upstairs in the pub, on our old piano." **Loretta De Feo, events manager**

LIMELIGHT



► **LOCATION** Belfast ► **CAPACITY** 475 ► **OPENED** 1985 ► **RECENT GIGS** Royal Blood, Neutral Milk Hotel, Public Enemy, 65daysofstatic ► **BIG MOMENT** "Oasis playing live the

week that 'Definitely Maybe' went to Number One in 1994, and more recently Slayer tearing the roof off with two back-to-back shows." **Dino Cafolla, manager**

THEKLA



► **LOCATION** Bristol ► **CAPACITY** 400 ► **OPENED** 1984 ► **RECENT GIGS** Bo Ningen, Foxes, Future Of The Left, Jagwar Ma ► **BIG MOMENT** "We've been lucky to play host

to some incredible secret and intimate shows from the likes of Babyshambles, Disclosure, Crowded House, James Blunt, Mumford & Sons, Florence & The Machine, Franz Ferdinand and more over the last few years." **Pat Somers, promotions manager**

THINK TANK

► **LOCATION** Newcastle ► **CAPACITY** 600 ► **OPENED** 2013 ► **RECENT GIGS** Interpol, Deap Vally (pictured), Skaters, Jaws ► **BIG MOMENT** "When Royal Blood played to about 12 people. It's amazing to be there before it all kicks off." **Stephen Davis, owner**

drinkaware.co.uk for the facts

► Head to NME.COM/smallvenues to vote for your favourite now. Voting closes on November 6, when the winning venue will be announced along with a very special show hosted by NME and Jack Daniel's. ► Turn to page 13 for information on a special gig to help save Newport's Le Pub.

Singer-songwriter Johnny Flynn swaps stage for screen in Channel 4's *Scrotal Recall*

Never mind the bollocks

There are certain things you might expect to read about a Channel 4 comedy called *Scrotal Recall*. Suffice it to say, "Starring sensitive nu-folkie and Mumfords contemporary Johnny Flynn" probably isn't one of them. But Flynn has been an actor for longer than he's been a musician, and it's a profession that runs in the family, from father Eric to half-brothers Daniel and Jerome of *Soldier Soldier* and *Game Of Thrones* fame. Up until now, the singer-songwriter's roles have largely been in little-seen arthouse movies, Shakespeare productions or one-off episodes of *Holby City*. *Scrotal Recall*, which started last week and airs at 10pm on Thursdays (catch up with the first episode on 4OD), is different: Flynn plays the lead, Dylan, who is diagnosed with chlamydia and sets off on a journey to come clean to his former partners, righting a few old wrongs along the way. Hilarity and pathos, we're assured, ensue. "The title made me curious," Flynn tells

Antonia Thomas and Johnny Flynn star in new C4 sitcom *Scrotal Recall*

NME on set in Kilbirnie, North Ayrshire, where a pivotal wedding scene is being filmed. "When I was first given the script I was told, 'It's called *Scrotal Recall* but it's actually really sweet and well written!'" The reason why I loved it is that it's this wonderfully nuanced and developed story, with these brilliant characters, and the experiences they have are ones that everybody has. It's funny and painful and sad and sweet. It's got that snappy title, but there's a multi-layered thing underneath." Dylan isn't quite as much of a player as the show's premise suggests, and while Flynn himself has never had to seek out his ex-girlfriends to brief them on his sexual health, there are certain aspects of Dylan's journey that he can relate to. "I got married three years ago, and when something like that happens, you do think back on your past relationships," he explains. "Being in touch with people that I'd had a romantic connection with and saying, 'I'm having a baby,' or, 'I'm getting married'...

"I LIKE TO KEEP MUSIC AND ACTING IN SEPARATE UNIVERSES"
Johnny Flynn

you kind of methodically go and do that. If there was anything still lingering, that's where you put it to rest."

While Flynn is playing the starring role in *Scrotal Recall*, he's not contributing to the soundtrack at all: a deliberate decision, he says, "because I like keeping music and acting in separate universes". He has, however, been busy touring the festival circuit in support of his last album, 2013's 'Country Mile', and has just finished writing the music for another comedy series, BBC Four's *Detectorists*, starring Mackenzie Crook. "I've been shooting during the week and going off to play shows at the weekend," says Flynn. "I'll start recording a new album soon. I'm getting better at putting on a different hat, but it can be quite hard to turn it on and off when you're filming a show. I don't love festival season for that very reason: it's quite sporadic, a lot of weekend jaunts."

Before Flynn can start thinking about a follow-up to 'Country Mile', however, there's yet more TV work on the cards: "I'm doing a show called *Mummy's Boys* for Comedy Central, which is a live-audience sitcom. In that one, I get to be much more brash and in-your-face." Given that Flynn reports he gets naked in a forthcoming episode of *Scrotal Recall*, it seems we'll be seeing plenty of him in the months to come. ■ BARRY NICOLSON

LAUGH TRACKS Three more musicians in sitcoms



Prince in *New Girl* 2014
Playing himself (seriously, who else could Prince play?), the Purple One cropped up on this Zoëy Deschanel-starring sitcom to offer some improbable relationship advice.

Noel Gallagher in *The Young Person's Guide To Becoming A Rock Star* 1998

The Chief made an agonisingly wooden cameo in this Channel 4 series about a Scottish indie band trying to make it big, teaching singer Ciaran McMenamin the chords to 'Wonderwall'.



Creed Bratton in *The Office* 2005-2013
A member of The Grass Roots, a jam-band who found success in the late '60s onwards, Bratton plays a fictionalised – and infinitely more insane – version of himself in the US version of *The Office*.



Cult bands Mclusky and Jarcrew reunite to save Newport venue

Vive Le Pub

Newport's TJ's, famed as the venue where Kurt Cobain proposed to Courtney Love, closed its doors in 2010. Now, Le Pub – the last small venue in the South Wales city – is also under threat. Its fate hangs in the balance as it struggles to raise £10,000 for soundproofing, following noise complaints. In order to achieve the goal, two cult local bands – Mclusky and Jarcrew – are reforming for charity performances in Le Pub itself and at Clwb Ifor Bach in Cardiff. “Le Pub is part of an ecosystem of venues,” says Mclusky frontman Andy Falkous.

Mclusky

► FROM Cardiff, Wales
► YEARS ACTIVE 1996–2005
► SOUNDS LIKE Angry, ranty agit-punk – with humour
► KEY RELEASE ‘Mclusky Do Dallas’ (Too Pure, 2002)

Jarcrew

► FROM Ammanford, Wales
► YEARS ACTIVE 1999–2005
► SOUND LIKE Disco-punk riot-starters
► KEY RELEASE ‘Jarcrew’ (Gut, 2003)

“Not everybody wants to play covers in local pubs or gets to headline to 2,000 people.”

Tickets for both gigs sold out in minutes, much to Falkous’ amusement. “The funny thing is Mclusky never sold out Clwb Ifor Bach when we were an active band,” says the singer, who formed Future Of The Left with drummer Jack Eggleston following the group’s 2005 split. The one-off gig isn’t a full “reunion”, more Future Of The Left playing Mclusky songs, but it’s the closest

fans are ever likely to get to hearing tracks like ‘You Should Be Ashamed, Seamus’ live again. Supporting Mclusky are fellow Welsh noise-merchants Jarcrew, whose line-up features all six members playing together for the first time in



a decade. Hatchets have been buried, says frontman Kelson Mathias. “We hadn’t spoken to our original bassist [Ben Milner] since he was replaced in 2004, but we have both him and his replacement playing together,” he says. “It’s just trying to keep things harmonious because this will be the

only chance we’ll have to do this.” Although there have been murmurings about them finishing their long-abandoned second album, Mathias denies this will be a springboard for a comeback. “Logistically, it’s a nightmare to get everybody together. We’re scattered throughout Wales and one of the guitar players, Tom, works off-shore in Norfolk as a geologist,” he says. “I see this as like an old man’s sewing club. We get together, moan, play some music, and hopefully help save a venue which is vital in helping grassroots bands learn their craft.” ■ GARY RYAN

► NME and Jack Daniel’s are searching for Britain’s Best Small Venue. Vote now at NME.COM/smallvenues

Jarcrew and Mclusky (below): reunited to save Le Pub

THE MINI INTERVIEW



Nick Oliveri

Former Queens Of The Stone Age bassist

You’ve just put out a new solo record, ‘Leave Me Alone’. How is it different to your previous work?

“I was going to make an acoustic record, but then I decided that they’re boring so decided to make an electric record but play all the instruments myself. A couple of guests play guitar solos, but I did everything else. There’s some Queens-fuelled stuff on there.”

Are you bringing your live show to the UK?

“Yeah, but the tour has been postponed until March, unfortunately. I’ve got a new drummer and we’re getting everybody ready.”

You’re supporting QOTSA in LA on Halloween night. Will you play with them?

“Josh [Homme] asked me to do six songs with Queens, like an encore set. A reunion, but not a reunion. I’m going to get up and play some bass and sing some songs at the end of the show. It should be interesting.”

Is this the start of you playing with them more?

“That’s pretty much up to Josh. It’s his band. I put myself out there a few times in the past 10 years. I’d go and see them play and say, ‘Hey man, I’m here! Do you want me to sing a song?’ I stopped asking after a while, and then he asked me! It’s not up to me, is what I’m saying.” ■ KEVIN EG PERRY

New York icons star in new exhibition



The work of Bob Gruen goes on show in London

Unseen photographs of Mick Jagger, Johnny Rotten and Alice Cooper are set to go on display as part of a new exhibition in London this month. A series of images taken by US photographer Bob Gruen will be on display at *Rock Seen*, which runs at the Londonewcastle Project Space in Shoreditch, London on October 5–28 as part of the LDNY Festival. Gruen was on the streets of New York

in the ’70s, making iconic punk venue CBGB his second home and capturing images of stars including David Bowie and Debbie Harry. He also documented John Lennon and Yoko Ono’s relationship as their personal photographer and followed the anarchy as the Sex Pistols arrived Stateside. The exhibition also a stage for impromptu performances.

► For a selection of posters taken from *Rock Seen*, turn to page 33



13

RETNA, GETTY, BOB GRUEN



PICTURE

PERFECT

The NME Music Photography Awards with Nikon 2014 has come to a close. It's time to congratulate the winners and gawk at some of their amazing images...

After a night of long, hard deliberation, our esteemed panel of judges has selected the winners of this year's NME Photography Awards with Nikon. "Every year we say it, but every year it's true – the standard keeps getting better and better," says NME Editor Mike Williams. "Some of the work this year is truly mind-blowing, doing what great music photography always should: capturing a moment and making it feel like the most important and visceral moment you've ever experienced."

What's especially heartening this year is the range exhibited in the winning entries: these photos capture bands just starting out as well as those at the peak of their powers; they represent scenes from all over the world; they show confident shots from both budding and experienced photographers. "Music and photography have always had a beautiful relationship, and it's inspiring to see talented photographers emerging," says NME Picture Editor Zoe Capstick.

AND THE WINNERS ARE...

Just take a look at the gong-worthy entries that have taken home this year's prizes...



FESTIVAL

Drew Stewart

Chic feat. Nile Rodgers

Bestival, Isle Of Wight, England SEPTEMBER 2014

"The look the security guard gave me just sums it all up. This was the finale of Bestival and it's my favourite memory of the weekend."

OUTSTANDING CONTRIBUTION

SAVING THE BEST TILL LAST... GIVE IT UP FOR CHALKIE!

Legendary photographer Chalkie Davies is this year's recipient of the NME Music Photography Awards with Nikon's Outstanding Contribution prize. Born in Sully, outside Cardiff, he moved to London at 16 and began shooting for NME: he did The Clash's first NME cover, captured a classic photo of Debbie Harry the morning after

an all-nighter, and often had Sid and Nancy over to his flat, shooting candid shots of the iconic couple. With London conquered, he moved to New York and embedded himself in the CBGB scene, roaming the streets of Manhattan with the Ramones. On receiving the award, Chalkie said: "It was totally unexpected and a huge honour."





PROFESSIONAL

Matias Altbach

Mac DeMarco

Teatro Vorterix, Buenos Aires,

Argentina MARCH 2014

"I love the expression on his face, the gestures, the framing. It's fun and flashy at the same time. Mac is an amazing frontman."



PORTRAIT

Sean Carpenter

Claw Marks NOVEMBER 2013

"They're my friend's band, but who wouldn't want a photo of five half-naked guys covered in red wine on their wall?"

UNDER 18

Jerin Michael

**Ashley Fenlon,
Oracle**

Scruffy Murphy's,
Birmingham, England

AUGUST 2014

"It's a huge boost of confidence to have a piece of work published, and it was really inspiring to flick through this year's entries and look at the previous winners' work."



LIVE



Jemma Dodd

Taylor Jardine, We Are The In Crowd

Hit The Deck festival, Nottingham, England APRIL 2012

"I caught her mid-hair-flick. It happened really quickly and I'm so glad I was prepared!"



THE PRIZES

All the winners in the Amateur categories win a Nikon D5300 kit worth £719.99 (RRP), while the winner in the Professional Photographer Of The Year category gets a Nikon D610 camera and 24-85mm lens worth £2,299.99 (RRP). All readers who voted for the Readers' Choice winner will be entered into a draw to win a COOLPIX S9700 camera.



D5300



D610



S9700

FEAST YOUR EYES ON THE BEST OF THIS YEAR'S ENTRIES

Soon you can download the NME Music Photography Awards with Nikon special-edition digital magazine, featuring all the winning photos and interviews with their creators, a spotlight on the Highly Commended and Runners-up entries, and an extended interview with Chalkie Davies, winner of the Outstanding Contribution award.

►For more information on this year's competition head to NME.COM/photoawards



STAYING IN

THE BEST MUSIC ON TV, RADIO AND ONLINE THIS WEEK

GOING OUT

THE BEST LIVE EVENTS

THIS WEEK



Iggy guests on *The John Peel Lecture*, BBC 6 Music, October 13

Iggy Pop

The John Peel Lecture

►LISTEN BBC 6 Music, 7.30pm, October 13

Every year, a notable figure in music gives a BBC lecture intended to give insight into – and create debate around – the music industry. This year, Iggy Pop will address the audience at Salford's Radio Festival, where he'll discuss free music in a capitalist society. "This is a struggle that never ends," he told the BBC, explaining why he'd chosen that subject.

latest project, a musical with Fatboy Slim. *Here Lies Love* follows the journey of the First Lady of the Philippines as her family is exiled to Hawaii.

La Roux

Lauren Laverne

►LISTEN BBC 6 Music, 10am, October 9

Elly Jackson might have been overlooked for the Mercury Prize but she'll show off the synth-pop brilliance of her second album

'Trouble In Paradise' as she heads over to Maida Vale to take part in 6 Music Live.



The Clash

Anarchy In Manchester

►WATCH Sky Arts, 3.45am, October 10

This new series collating the best moments from the late Tony Wilson's *So It Goes* show continues. This week, relive The Clash's appearance, where Joe Strummer and Topper Headon discussed punk.

Jessy Lanza

Four To The Floor

►WATCH Channel 4, 12am, October 8

The Canadian Hyperdub-signed producer cites Timbaland and Missy Elliot as inspirations for her debut LP, 'Pull My Hair Back'. Spot their influence as she recreates her electro-soul on Channel 4's new programme.

Glass Animals

X-Posure

►LISTEN XFM, 10pm, October 13-14
The Oxford four-piece released their debut album 'Zaba' earlier this year on producer Paul Epworth's (Adele, Florence + The Machine, Primal Scream) label, Wolf Tone. They'll join John Kennedy for two nights this week to play some of the record's highlights.

David Byrne

The Radcliffe & Maconie Show

►LISTEN BBC 6 Music, 1pm, October 13

The former Talking Heads singer drops by the 6 Music studio this week to chat to Mark Radcliffe and Stuart Maconie about his



Telegram

The east London group tour new single 'Regatta'.

►DATES Bedford Esquires (October 10), Leicester Cookie (11)

►TICKETS Bedford £7.50; Leicester £7 from NME.COM/tickets with 70-75p booking fee

Ming City Rockers

'70s-punk-loving newcomers play this hometown show.

►DATES Hull Adelphi (October 11)

►TICKETS £8 from seetickets.com with 80p booking fee

Sivu

The Cambridge songwriter brings his debut LP to life.

►DATES London Oslo (October 14)

►TICKETS £9.50 from NME.COM/tickets with £1.14 booking fee

5 TO SEE FOR FREE

1. Avi Buffalo

Rough Trade East, London
►October 11, 1pm

2. Demob Happy

South Sea Live, Sheffield
►October 8, 7pm

3. Jagaara

The Hope, Brighton
►October 10, 8pm

4. Temple Songs

Sixty Million Postcards, Bournemouth
►October 10, 8.30pm

5. Bad Sounds

The Old Blue Last, London
►October 13, 8pm

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PRIORITY

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PLEDGING £200,000 TO GET FOO FIGHTERS TO PLAY CORNWALL? GIVE IT TO THE LOCAL SCENE INSTEAD

BY LAURA SNAPES

It's great to see people-power luring bands away from the traditional touring circuit, but Cornwall needs investment in local arts



Last week was a momentous one for Cornish culture: Aphex Twin's new LP 'Syro' went Top 10, becoming the highest-placing record by a county act since Thirteen Senses a decade ago. Not that Richard D James would care, but the local press largely ignored it, instead celebrating a crowdfunding campaign to bring Foo Fighters to Cornwall. At the time of writing, 1,844 backers had pledged over £214,000 in three days, acing the £150,000 target with eight weeks still to run. The Foos haven't yet accepted, but a recent scheme to bring them to the US city of Richmond proved successful, so there's every hope.

It's impressive in a way. Cornwall isn't on touring circuits because it's miles away from everything. The main chance to see big acts comes at the Eden Project's summer Sessions or the Boardmasters festival. An under-served audience is making themselves heard. I grew up in Falmouth, so I know what it's like to frequent the one

covers band that do Franz Ferdinand because it's *something*, but while I admire these fans' energy, I'm also sceptical.

Crowdfunding schemes like these are billed as grassroots victories, but it's not so simple. Ultimately, this money will leave the poorest county in the UK and benefit businesses muscling in on local independent promoters: a company called Warner Young started the funding drive after noticing a Facebook campaign. An associated businessman chalked up the campaign's swift traction to "agile methodology" leading to "positive impact". There are expensive corporate funding packages and noxious "exclusive" benefits available. They're upfront about their involvement, but it feels slimy, and it's the opposite of what Cornwall's music scene needs.

While regular people *have* been supporting the campaign, their willingness to stump up for a gig that might not happen is sad news for indie promoters who struggle to get people to pay to watch local acts. Even Peace barely filled Falmouth's Princess Pavilion earlier this year. The harsh truth is that the arts aren't most Cornish people's priority, while those involved have to be self-sufficient. Cornwall Council are "unable to offer direct financial assistance" to

the arts, but funnelled £35m of Lottery money into the deserted Heartlands project, a new cultural centre.

So you see this Foos-designated £214,000 (and rising) and imagine what else it could fund: sustainable community projects in poor towns like Redruth, which recently hosted the inaugural Inland Art Festival with a hard-won Arts Council grant. It could better equip Troubadour, a brilliant studio/venue in a Falmouth harbour warehouse frequented by the town's great bands – The Black Tambourines, Red Cords and Lost Dawn among others. Penzance punks Crows-An-Wra could press a record. Knee Deep Festival could ensure its future.

It's this kind of musical people-power that Cornwall should take pride in. Foo Fighters' 'Sonic Highways' project illustrates Grohl's love for homegrown music scenes but the best thing he could do for the county is to say, "Keep that money. Build something that'll stick around." ■

► For more opinion and debate, head to NME.COM/blogs

LOST ALBUMS

#50

Turbowolf

Turbowolf (2011)

Chosen by Mike Kerr, Royal Blood

"The first album by Turbowolf is definitely worth checking out – it's serious business. It sounds like an explosion in a riff factory. They're a four-piece from Bristol with a regular set-up of instruments – drummer, bass player, guitarist – and the singer has a very powerful moustache. But they riff like no-one's business. They're into their mythology and ancient Egypt. More than often, they play with a giant sphinx's head at the back, beaming over the stage. To me, it's like AC/DC on speed. We're taking them on tour with us in November."



► THE DETAILS

► RELEASE DATE November 11, 2011

► LABEL Hassle

► KEY TRACKS Seven Severed Heads, A Rose For The Crows

► WHERE TO FIND IT CDs available from their website

► LISTEN ONLINE On Spotify





The Voyeurs

**They've shortened their name
and broadened their horizons
on album number two**

En route from a greasy spoon to The Voyeurs' studio in Limehouse, east London, some local wit thinks he's sussed out who the band look like. "Lynyrd Skynyrd!" he shouts. "Aren't they all dead?" asks Charlie Boyer, until recently the nominal head of the snappily dressed five-piece. The man looks thoughtful, before the smile comes back to his face. "Supertramp!" he bellows down the street. Fair play, reckons bassist Danny Stead; at least he wasn't the guy who recently told him, in less than friendly terms, "Where I'm from, you'd get kicked to death for looking like that."

Rewind 30 minutes, and the band are discussing their second album, 'Rhubarb Rhubarb', recorded with producer Oli Bayston (himself an artist by the name of Boxed In) in Hackney. But it was here in Limehouse, the once opium-rife heart of old maritime London, that the LP was written. "It's a lot colder," says Charlie, mulling over the differences between this record and the band's debut, 'Clarietta'. "The last one's arguably like a proto-punk

record, whereas this one there are elements of show tunes, dark comedies and storytelling. They're just more alienating songs. But there's more variety; it's less of a one-trick pony."

Unlike 'Clarietta', which was largely written by Boyer, 'Rhubarb Rhubarb' was more of a full-band affair – hence the change of name from Charlie Boyer & The Voyeurs. It's a transition that Boyer says upped the quality of the output, if only because "five heads are better than one". The new approach also freed up individual band members to express themselves more. For guitarist Sam Davies, that meant his long-time obsession with Blur came to the fore in the Coxon-like guitar lines of 'The Smiling Loon'. And for keyboardist Ross Kristian, it meant swapping Velvets-y organ drones for krautrock synths. "I was struggling to be heard on the last record," he says. "I wanted to get some melody across this time, so I started to clean the sounds up. It adds a different dynamic."

One song on the album, 'Stunners', is inspired by a transvestite club of the same name whose punters the boys used to meet on cigarette breaks.

"You'd see people getting changed out of their suits into miniskirts by the bins," says drummer Samir Eskanda. "The song is more a tribute to

the idea of the place, really," says Charlie. "It was a place where people could go for release, to just really be themselves. You wonder where those guys go now that it's gone."

The record's title comes from a custom used by actors with non-scripted parts in scenes – by repeating the word 'rhubarb' over and over, they create the impression of a hubbub

or a background noise. "You can see the title two ways," says Charlie. "You could see it as a nice bit of self-deprecation if you like, this idea of making noise without thinking. Or it could be making a stand against that."

"Increasingly, music is just background noise," says Samir. "The way it's sold, the way it just ends up being 'content' online." Not that The Voyeurs are at all gloomy about the fact. "I think you have to have a slight sense of humour in music," says Charlie. "It's all well and good posing every night, but to have some humility about it is important."

That's probably just as well round here. Supping our tea, we get ready to leave, Supertramp bloke lurking just round the corner.

■ ALEX DENNEY

► THE DETAILS

- ▶ **TITLE** 'Rhubarb Rhubarb'
- ▶ **RELEASE DATE** November 10
- ▶ **LABEL** Heavenly
- ▶ **PRODUCER** Oli Bayston
- ▶ **RECORDED** Flesh & Bone/The Premises, London
- ▶ **TRACKS INCLUDE** 'Stunners', 'Say You Love Him (And Choke)', 'May Will You Stop'
- ▶ **CHARLIE BOYER SAYS** "One thing we talked about before writing this album was to have less. An album we all liked when we went into recording this one was 'Plastic Ono Band', so that was a starting point in terms of just paring the sound away to bass, vocals and slap-back drums and just having that going for bars and bars. To me there's nothing more exciting than making something really good with just three parts."

**"I THINK YOU HAVE TO
HAVE A SLIGHT SENSE
OF HUMOUR IN MUSIC"**
CHARLIE BOYER



ANATOMY OF AN ALBUM



"IT INVOLVED LOOKING AT THE LITTLE THINGS IN FRONT OF ME"

Jeff Tweedy

yankee hotel foxtrot / wilco



STORY BEHIND THE SLEEVE

Surfacing so soon after 9/11, 'Yankee Hotel Foxtrot's cover image of two towers picked out against a blank background had a particular resonance. They're actually the twin Marina City towers, on the north bank of the Chicago River, and the cover was finalised before the catastrophic events.

THIS WEEK...

Wilco: Yankee Hotel Foxtrot

On October 13, Jeff Tweedy's new band Tweedy – featuring Jeff and 18-year-old son Spencer – will release debut album 'Sukierae'. An ideal opportunity, then, to revisit this modern rock classic...

THE BACKGROUND

When alt.country pioneers Uncle Tupelo split in 1994, co-frontman Jeff Tweedy hooked up with Jay Bennett, John Stirratt, Max Johnston and Ken Coomer to form Wilco. Albums 'AM' (1995), 'Being There' (1996) and 'Summerteeth' (1999) showed an increasing shift towards power-pop, but Tweedy's approach veered off-piste when he began working with avant-garde experimentalist Jim O'Rourke in 2000. This alienated both Bennett – who left the band at the end of the sessions for 'Yankee Hotel Foxtrot' – and their label Reprise, who dropped them after hearing it. Wilco released the album online, where it created such a buzz that a chequebook war broke out. It was won by Nonesuch – a Warner subsidiary, just like Reprise.

FIVE FACTS

1 In another unsettling coincidence, 'Yankee Hotel Foxtrot' was originally intended to be released on September 11, 2001, before Reprise pulled the plug.

2 Aside from the album's electronic washes, O'Rourke's other major contribution was bringing drummer Glenn Kotche into the Wilco fold. Bad news for original drummer Ken Coomer. "Eight years ended in one 15-minute phone call," he recalled.

3 Wilco began streaming 'Yankee Hotel Foxtrot' on their official website on September 18, 2001. It racked up 50,000 listens on the first day, a figure that rose to 300,000 by the time Nonesuch took the band on.

4 The album title is a radio call sign used by the Israeli intelligence agency Mossad. Tweedy was fascinated by 'The Conet Project', Irdial Records' boxset of recordings of Numbers Stations across the globe, and sampled it on 'Poor Places'. Irdial sued and a settlement was reached.

5 The working title for the album was 'Here Comes Everybody', also the name of a song that eventually turned up on the CD with *The Wilco Book* in 2004.

LYRIC ANALYSIS

"I would like to salute the ashes of American flags" – 'Ashes Of American Flags'

The song is all thorny, opaque reflections on the dichotomy of patriotism. "The real patriots in our history – our recent history anyway," Tweedy said later, "are those people who stood on corners burning flags, and helped bring other people's kids home from the war."

"Tall buildings shake/ Voices escape/ Singing sad, sad songs" – 'Jesus, Etc'

Those inescapable parallels with 9/11 again. No-one's suggesting Tweedy somehow predicted the events of that day, but the effect – throughout – is eerie.

"I'm an American aquarium drinker/ I assassin down the avenue" – 'I Am Trying To Break Your Heart'

He's had a skinful, he's careering down the street, possibly making pistol fingers as he lurches along. "You were so right when you said I've been drinking," Tweedy admits later.

WHAT WE SAID THEN

"In spite of the 'White Album' joy 'I'm The Man Who Loves You' and a couple of Pavement-y frolics, it's a gripping darkness that doesn't often lift. It's hard going, but it's worth it, and that is undoubtedly their point." John Robinson, 8/10, *NME*, April 16, 2002

WHAT WE SAY NOW

After 12 years, 'Yankee Hotel Foxtrot' has lost some of its weirdness. What remains is an album unafraid of big subjects and capable of framing them in melodies to remember; Wilco were sketching a way forward for American rock music.

FAMOUS FAN

"It feels so effortless... They get dropped, but they're confident enough in what they're doing to not worry what anyone else is thinking." Ashley Cooper, *Happyness*

IN THEIR OWN WORDS

"The original intention of the whole record had been to write music about America that involved looking at the little things in front of me and seeing if I found them to be beautiful or not." Jeff Tweedy, *Daily Telegraph*, March 28, 2002

THE AFTERMATH

In spite of all the drama – or perhaps because of it – 'Yankee Hotel Foxtrot' is Wilco's biggest-selling album. It paved the way for more Tweedy/O'Rourke releases, from their Loose Fur side-project with Kotche to the next Wilco album, 'A Ghost Is Born' (2004). Wilco have since retreated to their alt.country roots, although 2011's 'The Whole Love' stirred memories of 'Yankee Hotel Foxtrot's restless adventure, and Tweedy is now making records with his 18-year-old son Spencer.

THE DETAILS

▶RECORDED 2000/01 ▶RELEASE DATE April 23, 2002 ▶LENGTH 51:51 ▶PRODUCER Wilco ▶STUDIO The Loft, Chicago ▶HIGHEST UK CHART POSITION 40 ▶WORLDWIDE SALES 890,000 ▶SINGLES War On War ▶TRACKLISTING ▶1. I Am Trying To Break Your Heart ▶2. Kamera ▶3. Radio Cure ▶4. War On War ▶5. Jesus, Etc ▶6. Ashes Of American Flags ▶7. Heavy Metal Drummer ▶8. I'm The Man Who Loves You ▶9. Pot Kettle Black ▶10. Poor Places ▶11. Reservations

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

**"I watched *Downton Abbey*.
It was wild"**

Gus Unger-Hamilton on how he celebrated Alt-J going to Number One with second album 'This Is All Yours'

1

Number of questions answered by Prince during a recent Facebook Q&A

4/1

William Hill's odds on Fleetwood Mac headlining Glastonbury 2015. Other favourites include Muse and AC/DC

THE NUMBERS



£16.7m

HMV's profits since going into administration in January 2013. All 140 branches are now profitable

26/10/2014

Date Foo Fighters documentary *Sonic Highways* begins on BBC4

WHO THE FUCK IS...



David Stolworthy

This is the man who, worried about his wife driving around Norwich at night, built a life-size model of Sir Cliff Richard to sit in the passenger seat. **Because criminals are famously terrified of Sir Cliff...** Presumably so. Stolworthy built his model out of MDF and a head purchased at a car boot sale. He admits: "I've got too much time on my hands." **Does the dummy have any additional uses?** The couple have taken their newest family member on holiday with them. "At Dunkirk, when we got off the ferry, Cliff was sitting in the back seat but nobody said anything."

+ GOOD WEEK +



Royal Blood

The duo were welcomed to rock's top table after a US gig, when Metallica's Lars Ulrich took them out on the town. Rage Against The Machine's Tom Morello was also at the gig, tweeting: "I've seen the future of riff rock and its name is Royal Blood."

- BAD WEEK -



Mutya Buena

Mutya Buena, one-third of the original Sugababes, has been declared bankrupt by a high court judge. Buena owed over £30,000 to two companies. She joins the list of pop stars to meet the same financial fate in recent years, including Westlife singer Shane Filan.

IN BRIEF

Lolla-poo-looza

Slipknot have announced that they will burn camel dung to create atmosphere at their US festival KnotFest. Shawn 'Clown' Crahan of the band says it has "a very distinct smell" that is "not the most pleasant".

You Murs be kidding

Paul Weller has recorded a song, 'Let Me In', with former *X Factor* contestant Oly Murs. The unlikely pairing happened after Weller heard Murs' cover of his 1995 song 'Broken Stones'.

This one's for you

Ed Sheeran dedicated his song 'The A Team' to David Cameron during a private gig attended by the PM. The song is famously about a prostitute addicted to crack, whom Cameron presumably checked is not claiming state benefits.

► Find these stories and more on NME.COM

Official
RECORD STORE
Chart

TOP 40 ALBUMS OCTOBER 5, 2014



NEW 01 Jamie T Carry On The Grudge VIRGIN

After five years in the wilderness, Jamie Treays returns with his third album. 'Carry On The Grudge' continues his exploration of London's down-and-out characters, with more personal introspection thrown into the mix.

- ▼ 2 Syro **Aphex Twin** WARP
- ▼ 3 This Is All Yours **Alt-J** INFECTIOUS
- ▼ 4 Popular Problems **Leonard Cohen** COLUMBIA
- NEW 5 (What's The Story) Morning Glory? **Oasis** BIG BROTHER
- ▼ 6 Commune **Goat** ROCKET
- NEW 7 Wonder Where We Land **SBTRKT** YOUNG TURKS
- NEW 8 Down Where The Spirit Meets The Bone **Lucinda Williams** HIGHWAY 20
- ▼ 9 Royal Blood **Royal Blood** WARNER BROS
- ▲ 10 Wanted On Voyage **George Ezra** COLUMBIA
- ▼ 11 Different Shades Of Blue **Joe Bonamassa** PROVOGUE
- ▼ 12 Lullaby And... The Ceaseless Roar **Robert Plant** EAST WEST
- NEW 13 Back To Oblivion **Finch** SPINEFARM
- NEW 14 The Weird And Wonderful Marmozets **Marmozets** ROADRUNNER
- NEW 15 Art Official Age **Prince** NPG/WARNER BROS
- NEW 16 Plectrumelectrum **Prince & 3RDEYEGIRL** NPG/WARNER BROS
- ▲ 17 X **Ed Sheeran** ASYLUM
- ▼ 18 AM **Arctic Monkeys** DOMINO
- ▼ 19 In The Lonely Hour **Sam Smith** CAPITOL
- ▼ 20 Partners **Barbra Streisand** COLUMBIA
- ▲ 21 No Sound Without Silence **The Script** COLUMBIA
- ▼ 22 Dude Incredible **Shellac** TOUCH AND GO
- ▼ 23 Singer's Grave A Sea Of Tongues **Bonnie Prince Billy** DOMINO
- NEW 24 Hesitant Alien **Gerard Way** REPRISE
- ▼ 25 If You Wait **London Grammar** METAL & DUST
- NEW 26 V For Vaseline **The Vaseline** ROSARY MUSIC
- ▼ 27 Ryan Adams **Ryan Adams** COLUMBIA
- NEW 28 Our Love **Caribou** CITY SLANG
- NEW 29 Live At Wembley Arena **Abba** POLYDOR/UMC
- ▲ 30 The Whole Story **Kate Bush** RHINO
- ▼ 31 El Pintor **Interpol** SOFT LIMIT
- ▼ 32 The Balcony **Catfish & The Bottlemen** COMMUNION
- ▼ 33 Sukierae **Tweedy** ANTI
- NEW 34 The Very Best Of **Cilla Black** RHINO
- NEW 35 Annabel Dream Reader **The Wytches** HEAVENLY
- ▼ 36 Stay Gold **First Aid Kit** COLUMBIA
- ▼ 37 Live At The Rainbow '74 **Queen** VIRGIN
- NEW 38 Time To Die **Electric Wizard** SPINEFARM
- ▼ 39 Jungle **Jungle** XL RECORDINGS
- NEW 40 Give My Love To London **Marianne Faithfull** DRAMATICO

The Official Charts Company compiles the Official Record Store Chart from sales through 100 of the UK's best independent record shops from Sunday to Sunday.

TOP OF THE SHOPS



THIS WEEK
**ROSE RED
RECORDS
BOURNEMOUTH**
FOUNDED 2011

WHY IT'S GREAT They host intimate instores from local artists.

TOP SELLER LAST WEEK Pink Floyd - 'The Dark Side Of The Moon'

THEY SAY "We stock a large amount of second-hand vinyl, with a small section for new vinyl."

SOUNDTRACK OF MY LIFE



Mott The Hoople



Simon & Garfunkel



Billy Bragg

Troubadour

THE FIRST SONG I FELT IN LOVE WITH 'The Boxer' - Simon & Garfunkel

"I was about 13 years old and I was on a school trip. We met some girls from another country and had a chat. When they left and we got back on our bus, the song came on the radio and it just reached down and touched me."

THE FIRST ALBUM I EVER BOUGHT 'Motown Chartbusters Volume 3' - Various

"It's a compilation album of the label's best stuff from the time: Smokey Robinson & The Miracles, Junior Walker & The All Stars, Diana Ross & The Supremes. When I was a kid, it was the ultimate dance record."

THE SONG THAT MADE ME WANT TO BE IN A BAND 'All The Young Dudes' - Mott The Hoople

"It's a classic, all-guys-together song. It came out around the same time as the film *A Clockwork Orange* and it has that same, dangerous vibe to it. David Bowie [who penned the song] was always on that *Clockwork Orange* tip; there

"I'VE SPENT HOURS OF MY LIFE IN FRONT OF A MIRROR PRETENDING TO BE ERIC CLAPTON"

are a few quotes in some of his songs that make me think of that period."

THE SONG THAT MAKES ME WANT TO DANCE 'Musical Communion' - Baba Brooks

"It's an old ska song, an instrumental. Not many people know it, but I guarantee you that any time you get it out and put

it on the stereo, your old grandpa will get up and have a shuffle around to it. People of my generation who were politicised and got into the 2 Tone movement might know it."

THE SONG I DO AT KARAOKE 'Daydream Believer' - The Monkees

"The thing about karaoke is that you have to get everyone to join in. Some songs start low and end up high, but this one is really easy to sing because it's in a straightforward key. And everyone knows the chorus!"

THE SONG I CAN NO LONGER LISTEN TO 'Layla' - Derek And The Dominos

"I listened to that record so much when I was a teenager and learning to play the guitar. I've spent hours of my life I'll never get back standing in front of a mirror in my parents' bedroom with a tennis racquet pretending to be

things that get you in really deep. And the lyrics are just brilliant. It's basically saying to God: 'Come down and look at this beautiful Earth. Our life here is much richer than anything we could have in the afterlife.'"

THE SONG I WISH I'D WRITTEN 'The Tracks Of My Tears' - Smokey Robinson & The Miracles

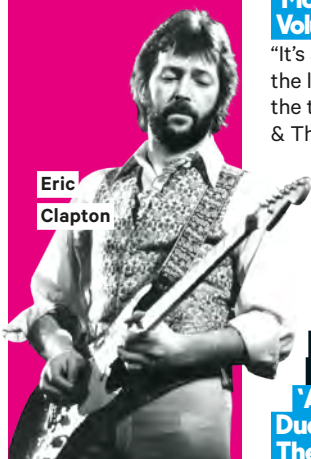
"I wish I'd written this song so much that you can find its fingerprint in at least a half-dozen of my songs. I've stolen bits from it so many times. Try and spot them!"

THE SONG I'M MOST PROUD OF 'We Laughed' - Rosetta Life featuring Bill Bragg

"About 10 years ago I was involved in a charity songwriting project with some women who had breast cancer and were living in a hospice. It was a way of helping them to say to their families what they couldn't say around the dinner table: namely, 'I love you but I'm not always going to be here.' The songs made those girls immortal."

THE SONG I WANT PLAYED AT MY FUNERAL 'Everybody's Talkin'' - Harry Nilsson

"(Sings) *'I'm going where the sun shines brightly, through the morning rain/ Checking out the north-east wind, sailing on a summer breeze/Skipping over the ocean like a stone'*. It's a going-somewhere-better song. The chords are quite melancholy, and I think that's what makes it a good funeral song. But I don't really know what I'd want played at my own funeral."



Eric Clapton

Rad ar

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NEWMUSIC**

► **YOU HEARD IT HERE FIRST** ■ EDITED BY MATT WILKINSON

NME
NEW
BAND
OF THE WEEK



Public Access TV

Unemployable New Yorkers making a living out of scuzzy power-pop

John Eatherly doesn't believe in backup plans. You can tell that much from a quick perusal of his biography: a native of Tennessee, Eatherly quit school at 16 to drum for much-missed garage-punks Be Your Own Pet. Following their demise in 2008 he moved to New York with vague ideas of avoiding 'real' jobs by concentrating on music. He was successful, to an extent – Eatherly has never had a nine-to-five, but he has been a hired gun for anybody in the Five Boroughs who ever needed a drop of youthful, creative vigour (Eleanor Friedberger calls him "cool, confident and constantly in motion"). The caveat, however, "is that no employer will hire me because I've never had a job. Basically, I'm fucked: at this point, I *have* to be a musician. It's almost scary to think about." Happily, it's working out for him. Last summer, after

five years of playing with other people, the 24-year-old finally decided enough was enough, shoving everything else aside to focus on his own songs, which he'd been writing since the age of 12. Along with friends Xan Aird, Max Peebles and Pete Star, he put together Public Access TV, whose rise to notoriety has been remarkable. Their debut gig saw A&Rs from the UK and US scrambling to get in, while their now sold-out EP 'Rebounder' brought them to the attention of the wider world. A joyous throwback to the scuzzy, stylish East Coast rock'n'roll of old, it's turned them into one of America's most talked about new bands.

All of which brings us to their debut single proper 'In The Mirror', a brilliantly invigorating slice of hook-laden power-pop that sounds like Elvis Costello fronting Weezer and revels in old-fashioned notions of songcraft and snappiness. It's just the tip of the iceberg – the band have already completed around 25 tracks. "You should have a fucking good song first," says Eatherly of PATV's approach to life. And he promises there's more – a whole lot more – where that came from. ■ **BARRY NICOLSON**

▼
ON
**NME.COM/
NEWMUSIC**
NOW

► **Listen to new
single 'In The
Mirror'**

► **THE DETAILS**

- **BASED** Manhattan, New York
- **FOR FANS OF** Elvis Costello, Buzzcocks
- **SEE THEM LIVE** Supporting Circa Waves throughout November
- **BUY IT NOW** Debut single 'In The Mirror' is available to download on October 12 and buy on seven-inch on November 30
- **HEAR THEM** soundcloud.com/publicaccesstv
- **BELIEVE IT OR NOT** Guitarist Xan Aird is of Scottish descent and is apparently pretty handy on the bagpipes

**Matt Grocott
& The Shrives**

Lincolnshire four-piece Matt Grocott & The Shrives are unafraid to experiment, with their music veering from solid indie to pop to punk-funk. Recently they've been touring with Emily's Army, who include Billie Joe Armstrong's son Joey – which is perhaps why the Green Day man produced their forthcoming album.

► **SOCIAL** twitter.com/grocottmusic

► **HEAR THEM** soundcloud.com/mattgrocott

Död Mark

Död Mark's 'Vit Sprit' has been online for a few months, but only gained traction recently thanks to a video of Yung Lean covering it. Speculation as to Yung Lean's involvement is moot right now, but the Swedish track, which translates as 'White Spirit', is a nihilistic ode to alcoholic self-destruction set against a backdrop of fearsome electro-punk that summons the aggression and energy of The Prodigy.

► **SOCIAL** facebook.com/dodmarkmusik

► **HEAR THEM** soundcloud.com/d-d-mark

**NME BUZZ BAND
OF THE WEEK**

**Madisen Ward
And The Mama Bear**

From the middle of Kansas City come *probably* the most in-demand new act on the planet. Twenty-five-year-old Madisen Ward and his mama – no, literally – have been playing their jaw-dropping Delta blues to tiny local audiences for around a year now, but in the past few weeks things have gone overground (most recently Third Man have been losing their shit over them, while Foo Fighters' US booking agent has also taken them on). 'Silent Movies' is one of the biggest songs we've heard all year, and it's not difficult to imagine the twosome – who have



Idea For A Film

a combined age of 87 – following in the footsteps of Alabama Shakes.

► **SOCIAL** facebook.com/madisenwardand-themamabear

► **HEAR THEM** vimeo.com/82580443

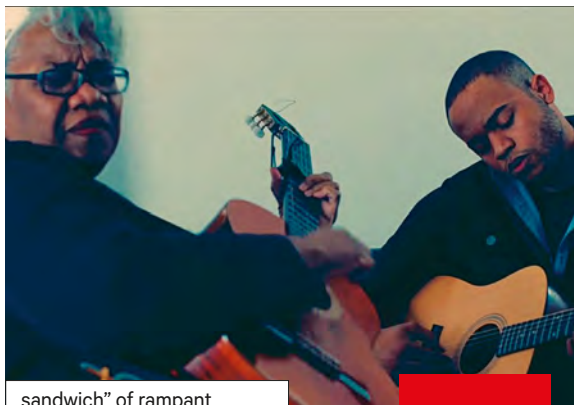
Idea For A Film

This Manchester outfit makes music "in a dingy, disused Victorian mill; there is no heating, no ventilation, and the tap water has a murky greenish tinge to it". In an attempt to compensate for this evident squalor, the band have made their debut track 'Can't Sit Still' available through Bandcamp for the price of £1,000 per download. It's the kind of sad, melodic and dynamic post-rock that wouldn't sound out of place on one of Mogwai's film and television soundtracks – it's something quite brilliant.

► **HEAR THEM** ideaforafilm.bandcamp.com

Pet Sun

This Toronto fuzz-rock band are a funny bunch. Two of them first met when they were naked, they say, and they also once played a 15-minute gig under the name Hobo Magic. More recently, their "psychedelic



Madisen Ward
And The
Mama Bear

sandwich" of rampant garage rock has landed them support shows with such rampant noisemakers as The Wytches and Black Lips. With a debut album in the works, they're now prepped to take on the rest of the world with their distorted power anthems.

► **SOCIAL** facebook.com/petsunrocknroll

► **HEAR THEM** soundcloud.com/petsun

Febueder

Three 19-year-olds from Ascot form the crux of Febueder, who recently signed to Melodic Records. Following a string of warped, brooding Alt-J-like pop songs in 2013, 'Owing' is the first track from their forthcoming Melodic debut 'Lilac Lane' – an EP that

features such far-fetched instrumentation as wine glasses and skateboards in its innovative composition. The band's mysterious moniker, meanwhile, holds no hidden meaning. "We just liked the construction of the letters together," they claim.

► **SOCIAL** facebook.com/febueder

► **HEAR THEM** soundcloud.com/febueder

Captivives

Reading's Captivives are unashamed to name their contemporaries as influences, with Radar stars The Garden and The Wytches among them. Debut tracks 'Don't Defy Us' and ➔

**BAND
CRUSH**

Matthew Whipple

Cymbals Eat Guitars



Joyce Manor

"I hate to be the indie guy who says, 'I only really dig that emo band's indie crossover album.' It feels kind of inauthentic. But my crush on 'Never Hungover Again' by Joyce Manor is anything but. The guitars sound amazing and there are melodies, right off the bat."

'Dive In' have surfaced online and they sound as doom-laden as you'd expect. The former track is the strongest; the distorted guitars are warmly soaked in reverb as they scorch and sing above a heavy driving bass that effectively recalls Leeds' Eagulls.

► **SOCIAL** facebook.com/captivives
► **HEAR THEM** soundcloud.com/captivives

Buscabulla

Kitsuné's latest signing is as exotic as they come. Puerto Rican duo Raquel Berrios and Luis Alfredo Del Valle are influenced by Cuban psychedelia, '80s Argentinian rock and brass-rich salsa gorda, and the result is like a Caribbean cocktail of Onra's 'Chinoiserie' and Four Tet's early electronica. Dev Hynes produces their eponymous debut EP, and it's a tropical delight well worth sampling.

► **SOCIAL** twitter.com/buscabullamusic
► **HEAR THEM** soundcloud.com/buscabulla

Kobadelta

Kobadelta are frantic and feral. This Newcastle-based five-piece have supported the likes of Splashh and Temples, but they're not quite as psychedelic as those bands, instead pushing a far

Buscabulla



more muscular, gnashing sound. Their second EP, 'Remain Distracted', is out now.

► **SOCIAL** twitter.com/kobadelta
► **HEAR THEM** soundcloud.com/kobadelta/repetition

A House In The Trees

Goldsmiths student Sam Hatchwell has tried out all manner of different musical projects, from indie group The Joys Of Sleeping to a sideline electronic project. But it's his latest incarnation, A House In The Trees, that is his most exciting. Having recruited Lucinda from Holy Milk on vocals, A House In The Trees' debut EP 'To Adore' is a buzzy mix of trip-hop and lo-fi ambience.

► **SOCIAL** facebook.com/ahouseintt
► **HEAR THEM** soundcloud.com/a-house-in-the-trees

Lucy Cait

Over the last two years, south Londoner Lucy Cait has worked hard, building a steady following by gigging relentlessly across London's folk venues. With lyrics that



Vexx

Vexx's Maryjane delivers vitriol over jacked-up New York Dolls angst

are potent, powerful and beautifully carved from her everyday experiences, the 21-year-old is in the studio working on a second EP.

► **SOCIAL** facebook.com/lucycait
► **HEAR HER** soundcloud.com/lucy-cait

Vexx

If there's a female answer to the 'angry young men' movement of the '50s, it might readily be found in Olympia. The Washington city has birthed Courtney Love, Kathleen Hanna and Beth Ditto, and now it boasts Vexx's Maryjane. On debut LP 'S/T' she delivers her vitriol over nine tracks of jacked-up New York Dolls angst. It's best summed up by the unbridled blues-punk riffs of 'Falling Down'.

► **SOCIAL** facebook.com/vexxolympia
► **HEAR THEM** soundcloud.com/vexxolympia

Radar NEWS ROUND UP

THE MEN START DREAMING

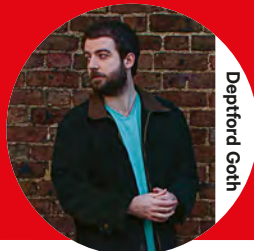
Mark Perro and Nick Chiercozzi from The Men have launched a new project called Dream Police. Utilising drum machines and samples – along with meaty guitars – it's a far cry from The Men's recent material. An album, 'Hypnotized', is out on November 11 via Sacred Bones.

DRACULA LEGS HIT THE BEACH

London newcomers Dracula Legs have announced a new single, 'Sand To The Beach'/'Death Of Age', out on November 8 via Two Piece Records. The band, who've previously supported Black Lips, were one of the breakout acts at this year's Great Escape festival in Brighton.



Dracula Legs



Deptford Goth

DEPTFORD'S RETURN

Daniel Woolhouse – aka Deptford Goth – will release his second album on November 3. The follow-up to 'Life After Defo' is reportedly more singer-songwriter based, although still with elements of electronica. He'll also play a live show at London's ICA on November 19.

LORDE GRABS YUMI ZOUMA

New Zealanders Yumi Zouma, who released their debut EP earlier this year, have spoken to NME about supporting Lorde in their homeland later this month, with singer Kim Pflaum commenting: "New Zealand as a whole feels proud to have someone like Lorde flying the New Zealand flag."

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**Flesh Lights
and (top right)
OBN IIIs**



Scene Report: Austin, Texas

**Much more than a hub for the world's best bands,
the city now boasts its own new music scene**

For any serious live music junkie, there's no hit quite like walking down 6th Street in downtown Austin when it's in full flow. The broad street is splattered with the town credo, 'Keep Austin Weird', and lined with bars. Every single one seems to have great bands playing both upstairs and downstairs. The result is a glorious cacophony that hints at why Austin has become America's live music capital.

OBN IIIs are one of the city's stalwart punk bands, and frontman Orville Bateman Neeley III says he moved here from Denton, in north Texas, purely to become a part of the scene. "There are constant opportunities to see and hear other bands from around town and from all over the world," he points out. "There are also loads of musicians, so putting a band together is pretty easy. Keeping one together is another thing..."

Cory Plump, from hotly tipped new band **Spray Paint**, points to another reason why the scene is thriving. "Beer is cheap here!" he says. "That's a big one. People go to shows here. People put out records. People buy records." Spray Paint, who are currently on their first European tour

(including UK dates), make subversive post-punk with its roots in local Texas DIY legends like Butthole Surfers and The Dicks, but whether there's any such thing as a definable 'Austin sound' is open to debate.

Max Vandever from **Flesh Lights**, who are on lo-fi Austin label 12XU, says: "The best thing about this town is the huge variety in styles and genres. There is some amazing post-punk, power pop and shoegaze stuff. I'd say there is more of an 'Austin work ethic'. I'm inspired by the bands we play with.

When we have to follow someone who just played a crazy, intense show we have to make sure we keep the energy going.

"Very few of us can survive off music," he continues, "so many people end up with three bands and two jobs. Some of my favourite musicians here have such an impressive output in a razor-thin time frame."

OBN IIIs' Orville, for example, used to work at Beerland, a venue that stands out even in a city of great venues. Just a couple of blocks from 6th Street on Red River, it's where Spray Paint all met. "I saw so many bands during my time at Beerland," Orville says. "I met so many great people, and a few bad ones."

In the past, Austin's music scene has been buoyed by cheap rents, but as is the case with most great art scenes, the artists soon start to get priced out. "Austin used to be affordable," says Cory, "but now it's getting more expensive to live here. But the battle against gentrification has created a meaner sound which I like. Thank fucking Christ the bands here seem to be getting off the garage-rock train. Bands are getting weirder."

The current crop of bands in the Texan capital making dark, strange punk rock may not have a unified sound, but they're

tied together by that belief in keeping Austin weird. As Orville puts it: "Are we united? Not even close. Some of us get along though..." ■ KEVIN EG PERRY

► THE AUSTIN SOUND

Five more rising bands for the Texas capital

► THE GOLDEN DAWN ARKESTRA

(Below) Not so much a band as a cult making music that's truly psychedelic. Less fuzz, more deep grooves.

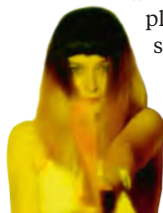
► ANNABELLE CHAIRLEGS

Singer Lindsey Mackin (above) channels Janis Joplin and Jefferson Airplane's Grace Slick.

► **PRINCE** They have the cojones to call themselves Prince and they sound like Thin Lizzy fronted by The Hold Steady's Craig Finn.

► **BORZOI** Grungy three-piece who play scratchy punk rock. Very fast and righteously loud.

► **IMPALERS** Heavy, 'British Steel'-era Judas Priest riffs and death metal vocals make for an famously intense live show.



Spray Paint

"Putting a band together is easy. Keeping it together is another thing..."



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UNKNOWN TREASURES

Ian Curtis always kept a carrier bag full of notebooks and scraps of lyrics, poems and a budding novel. Now, nearly 35 years after his death, they're to be published in a book. NME takes an exclusive look at the Joy Division singer's journals and his widow Deborah Curtis' introduction

was introduced to Ian in Macclesfield in 1972 by a boy he called his brother. This singular teenager, who didn't go to the youth club with the other kids, stood posing on the balcony of his parents' flat. He was wearing eye makeup, tight jeans and a fun-fur jacket; some would have laughed but there was a reverence about that first encounter, and because he appeared to be waiting for the introduction it felt preordained.

He was studious: winning a school history prize in 1971 and the divinity prize in 1971 and 1972, enjoying Ted Hughes and Thom Gunn and later Chaucer. He had a black ring binder with subject dividers which he had marked 'lyrics' and 'novel', and I felt privileged that he had trusted me enough to let me see the extent of his ambitions. I was hooked; the romance of him being both a poet and a writer was too much to resist and it was easy to settle into the lifestyle of being around him. He took me to gigs (concerts as we called them then), introduced me to the diverse people in his life and when I realised that our future was to be together nothing else seemed to matter.

Apart from his vinyl collection and reams of music papers his bedroom was impersonal, especially considering his complex theatrical personality. There were no piles of clothes or makeup or clutter of any kind. He was tidy and cared obsessively how things looked and sounded, always striving for perfection. He juggled his relationships easily, moving between different peer groups, collecting other people and their experiences. He approached difficult subjects so obliquely that I couldn't detect whether they were pertinent to him personally. I didn't understand why he wanted to talk about a local boy who was said to be suffering from manic depression; it seemed like gossip and was uncharacteristic. He explained any of his own unusual behaviour, absences or seizures as 'flashbacks' and it was made clear that they were not up for discussion.

There were rumours that Ian had been in trouble at school, but his friends laughed, the Curtis family moved to Manchester and it was all brushed away. Their front lounge became his bedroom; again it was tidy and functional, all he seemed to need in life were his records, the music press and cigarettes. When I stayed at the weekend he would put on a record and we would sit on the floor. Each album had to be listened to from beginning to end uninterrupted and he loved explaining the story behind the lyrics to me. He liked to read Oscar Wilde or Edgar Allan Poe and he would make sure we were home on Saturday nights in time to watch the horror films.

We married and for a while we lived with his grandparents. Ian began buying reggae music; he would wait until we were alone before he carried his record player into the lounge, the thick net curtains and the heavy drapes blocking the daylight. Ian no longer had a room of his own but he didn't put a hold on his

plans. We went to gigs and clubs, and got out of the house as much as possible; he saw it as an opportunity to meet the people who lived in that area, to immerse himself in another culture. We soaked up the atmosphere in the local shops and went out in the evenings to collect the money for the football coupons. No matter how late we were out the night before, Ian would insist that we were up and in work by 8am so we could finish early and go out again.

Our first home was in Chadderton where it was quiet, inconvenient for nights out in Manchester and far away from our friends in Macclesfield. Our lounge was the only room that was heated and comfortable, but somehow, even without the necessary privacy, Ian began to write again, keeping his work in a plastic carrier bag. It was from that address that we set off for the Mont De Marsan punk rock festival; and after that trip our world opened up and everything felt possible. We put the house on the market knowing only that we weren't happy there.

"I scoured his notebooks looking for evidence"

Deborah Curtis

After a short stint back at his grandparents' we moved to Macclesfield. The house on Barton Street was double fronted with a kitchen and lounge on one side of the staircase and another completely separate room on the other. I saw a beautiful, cosy cottage within walking distance of the town centre, but Ian saw a room all of his own: a space to write, small enough for the electric fire to heat and long enough for him to pace up and down with his thoughts. We couldn't wait to move in and the first task was to make Ian's room ready: he painted it sky blue and we acquired a radiogram, Ian's plastic carrier bag had its place on the blue carpet next to the long blue Habitat sofa and his albums leaned stacked against the wall behind the door. It didn't cross my mind that one of the shared rooms should be first on the agenda for refurbishment: Ian's writing career was paramount for both of us. He would move the ashtray from the floor to the top of the wooden fire surround depending on whether he was pacing or sitting. He was a neat smoker, never allowing ash to accumulate; often the only sound would be the click of his long thumbnail on the filter tip of his Marlboro before he balanced it on the edge of his ashtray to pick up his pen. He would write a line, put the pen down and then knock more ash from his cigarette.

Ian Curtis:
"compassionate,
empathetic
and kind"



He took the carrier bag with him to rehearsals, on tour and to meetings. When he came home he would stand on the doorstep, pushing the door open as he turned the key; the bag rustling noisily as he fumbled was always the first sound I heard; then straight to the blue room to stow his writing away before he took off his coat and hung it in the cupboard. There was never anything superfluous in his life as he chose his surroundings as carefully as he chose his words. Ian's lyrics always had a narrative behind them; his art was crucial to him and he did not consider songwriting a mere commercial endeavour. Not specifically the



easily demonstrated when he read to me, whether it was lyrics or prose, and that passion continued into his stage presence. At first his performance served well to deflect the attention away from his inner self and it was amazing to see someone normally so taciturn become so dynamically animated in performance.

He didn't show me his work and I was shy about asking to see it. I can remember once taking a peek and tentatively (he didn't take criticism well) suggesting that a word be changed. To my surprise he did this without argument, but later in his career I had more of a sense of his notes being out of bounds. He was away so regularly that his role in Joy Division became more like a job than the fulfilment it was meant to be. When the band performed 'Digital' and 'Glass' at the Russell Club (renamed the Factory for the event) it was a pivotal moment for us; I was both proud and scared. I hadn't heard those songs before; the set was so polished, the music had matured and the audience went wild. I felt myself shrink to the back of the room as if I had stumbled upon another secret. Their genius had hardly been accomplished overnight but it was still shocking to see this evidence of how hard they'd been working. Ian's brainstorming notes refer to corruption, politics, government and sociological issues: he continually searched for influences, situations he could put himself in. He had always been professional and driven, but as his dream became his reality his lyrics began to talk of impossible choices and ineffective treatment.

Ian was diagnosed with epilepsy while I was pregnant. His family refused to discuss it. I don't even know if that was the first time he had been given a diagnosis; yet when the doctors repeatedly asked if he'd had

fits before, I was complicit and joined with him in a resounding "No". Ian used his epilepsy as a barrier and focused his work on feelings of isolation, loss and spectacle. I felt he wanted to talk to me, but he became resentful at home as if broaching the subject of his illness made it more real. However, as the gap between us widened and filled up with complicated secrets, he continued to exhibit his frustration and pain in front of an audience. His writing didn't so much develop as ripen, so much so that you can hear the bruising in his voice.

How did I feel when [manager] Rob Gretton told me 'Love Will Tear Us Apart'

was about me? Angry, humiliated; I scoured his manuscripts looking for evidence that it wasn't so. "*Your bedroom*", "*this bedroom*", "*the bedroom*": he played with these variations. Was he trying to depersonalise the lyrics or did he genuinely not know which bedroom he was referring to? Of course, now I can see that it was another situation he could draw on and not that different to writing about a tragedy he might see on the news; but the burden of finding a way to displace what was happening must have twisted him to the core.

When I read the lyrics now I hear the music in my head, I hear his voice, I see him. A manuscript with crossings out and corrections conjures an image of him in the blue room, pacing and smoking, barely noticing when I handed a cup of coffee into the room. Some of the lyrics can be dated by what they're written on: scrap paper taken from the office where I was working, a sheet taken from a journalist's notepad when I was at college, possible album titles scrawled in blue ballpoint over lightly pencilled Pitman shorthand, and many on foolscap-size paper. Several folded pages have clearly been stuffed in his pocket for some time before they were written on; even without the carrier bag, he liked to make sure he was equipped should the right words come to him. When New Order wanted to record 'Ceremony' and 'In A Lonely Place' they asked to see all Ian's notes because they were convinced that the lyrics to those songs would still be with the rest of his work. They studied them intently but the relevant lyrics were not there. This isn't strange; Ian would dispose of things he no longer needed; he could be very unsentimental about his belongings, and from what he told me he considered his work with Joy Division done.

There were several things missing after his death and, true to form, I suspect he gave away some of his possessions in preparation. I still have the black ring binder; he had abandoned it to the back of a cupboard, the novel unwritten apart from a few paragraphs full of unspecified despair. When Ian found his direction, the notebooks, the scraps of paper and the plastic carrier bag became an extension of his body. All he was unable to express on a personal level was poured into his writing, and so his lyrics tell much more than a conversation with him ever could. Seeing those manuscripts in his distinctive hand and in chronological order goes some way to explain the turmoil he felt. Those human issues and concerns will always be relevant; and although the poetry readily stands alone, his voice and the music that is Joy Division is there to be listened to and absorbed as one perfect body of work as intended. ■

► Turn over to see Ian Curtis' original handwritten lyrics for a number of classic Joy Division songs

Holocaust but war itself; any war would have been the perfect vehicle for Ian's interpretation of the world. In conversation he would touch vaguely on his Irish family history and his father's subsequent service in World War II. It's debatable whether he drew on those stories to fuel his creative process or whether he turned to writing because speaking out was frowned upon.

Ian was compassionate, empathetic and kind, never ostentatious or materialistic. His ability to fully immerse himself into the thread of another life was

WHEN ROUTINE BITES HARD, AND
AMBITION IS LOW,
AS RESIGNMENT SETS IN, AND
EMOTIONS WON'T GROW,
AND WE'RE CHANGING TOO FAST,
TAKING OPPOSITE ROADS.

THIS BEDROOMS SO COLD, TURNED
AWAY ON YOUR SIDE,
IS MY TIMING SO FLAWED, ~~HOW~~ OUR RESPECT HAS ONLY
~~THAT~~ ^{WHICH} IS, THANKS STILL THIS APPEAL,
THAT WE'VE KEPT THEM FOR LIVES,

CAN'T GET IN YOUR SLEEP, ALL MY
FAILINGS EXPOSED,
TASTE IN MY MOUTH, DESIGNATION
TAKES HOLD,
JUST THAT SOMETHING SO GOOD,
CAN'T FUNCTION NO MORE.

Love Will Tear Us Apart

Just as the title of Nirvana's 'Smells Like Teen Spirit' came from an off-hand joke made by Bikini Kill's Kathleen Hanna, the no-less-iconic 'Love Will Tear Us Apart' also came from a pun – an inversion of 'Love Will Keep Us Together' by '70s chart cheeseballs Captain & Tennille. The single itself packaged doom and depression as a dancefloor filler, the thrum of guitars and whoosh of organs leading to a towering chorus, all the while describing the breakdown of a marriage – apparently Ian's own, as Rob Gretton told Deborah – in painful, clinical detail. Appearing a month before the similarly posthumous 'Closer', 'Love Will Tear Us Apart' was Joy Division at their poppiest, but undiminished in power and potency as a result. In 2002, *NME* named it the greatest single of all time, at a period when it seemed like every second new band was basing their sound and aesthetic on the group. More than a decade on, it still provides the ultimate blueprint for anthemic angst and proto-gothic cool.

Warsaw

31G-350125

I WAS THERE ON THE BACKSTAGE
WHEN THE FIRST LIGHT CAME
AROUND,
I GREW UP, NOT A
CHANGELING, JUST TO WIN THE
FIRST TIME AROUND.
I CAN SEE ALL THE WEAKNESS
I CAN PICK ALL THE FAULTS
BUT I CONCEDE ALL THE FAITH
TESTS, I STICK IN
JUST TO ~~KNOW~~ AT YOUR THROAT
I HUNG AROUND IN
YOUR SOUNDTRACK,
TO MIRROR ALL THAT
YOU'VE DONE
TO FIND THE MIGHT SIDE
OF REASON.

TO KILL THE THREE UGS
FOR ONE,
I CAN SEE ALL THE
COLD FACTS,
I CAN SEE THROUGH
YOUR EYES,
ALL ~~FOR~~ TALK MADE NO
CONTACT,
NO MATTER HOW HARD
I TRIED.

I CAN STILL HEAR
THE FOOTSTEPS,
~~AND I CAN SEE ONLY WALLS~~
I SLID INTO YOUR
MANTRAPS,
WITH NO HEARING AT ALL,
I JUST SEE CONTRADICTION
I HAD TO GIVE UP

THE FIGHT, ~~JUST~~
JUST TO LIVE IN
THE PAST TENSE,
TO MAKE BELIEVE YOU
WERE RIGHT.

Although Joy Division were accused of being Nazi sympathisers when they first appeared as Warsaw in the mid-70s, the song named after their former incarnation (appearing as the lead track on their 1978 debut EP, 'An Ideal For Living') exposed the cold fate of self-interested apparatchiks. Over a much more aggressive clatter than they would attempt again, it describes the story of Hitler's right-hand man, Rudolf Hess, his defection from the Nazi party and ultimate imprisonment.

SHE'S LOST CONTROL

CONFUSION IN HER EYES THAT
SAID IT ALL SHE'S LOST CONTROL
CLINGING TO THE NEAREST
PASSER-BY, SHE'S LOST CONTROL,
AND SHE ^{ON HER MIND} WASTED ALL THOSE ^{WASTED}
YEARS IN HER LIFE + SAID IT
LOST CONTROL AGAIN,
HOOBIE A MYTH THAT LEANED AGAINST
HER LIKE A KNIFE, SHE'S ~~SAID~~
LOST CONTROL AGAIN.

AND SHE TURNED TO ME + TOOK
ME BY THE HAND AND SAID
I'VE LOST CONTROL AGAIN,
AND NOW I'LL NEVER KNOW JUST
WHY ON WANDERSTAND SHE SAID
I'VE LOST CONTROL AGAIN,
+ IN MORNING THAT ONE DAY
I'D LEARN THE TRUTH 'CAUSE I'VE
LOST CONTROL AGAIN.

She's Lost Control

'She's Lost Control' is Ian Curtis at his most explicit about the internal darkness he spent his entire adult life struggling to contain. Strewn with references to his seizures, its stifling air gives a raw insight into Curtis' mind, and the powerful physical toll of depression: its central character left "screamed out, kicking" on the floor, "clinging to the

nearest passer-by" with confused eyes. Driven by an unrelenting bass drone, it's the sound of darkness rising like bile in your throat. 'Love Will Tear Us Apart' may be their most famous moment, but this is the true Joy Division: disturbed and thrillingly noir.

Atmosphere

Curtis was a criminally young 23 years old when he died, but his voice – repeatedly commanding “don’t walk away in silence” on ‘Atmosphere’ – bellows onwards with the gravitas of an omnipresent soul resident somewhere in the depths of the earth. The funereal marching song, typically Joy Division with its jangling celestial riffs, was originally released in France only three months before Curtis’ suicide. It then received a posthumous, proper release on Factory Records in September 1980. As Ian’s lyrics plead with Deborah to communicate with him following his extramarital affair, the cruel irony is in the fact he eventually succumbed to the “danger” he sung of, suffering quietly and alone.

ATROCITY EXHIBITION

ASYLUMS WITH DOORS OPEN WIDE,
WHERE THE PEOPLE HAD PAID TO
SEE INSIDE,
FOR ENTERTAINMENT CONVULSIVE
FOR BOOM THYRDS
BEHIND HIS EYES HE SPOKE
“I STILL EXIST”

IN ARENAS MADE TO KILL FOR A PRIZE,
WIN A MINUTE MORE ^{TO} ADD ON YOUR
TIME,
AND THE SICKNESS IS DROWNED BY
CRICKS FOR MORE,
PRAY TO YOUR GOD TO MAKE IT
QUICK + WATCH HIM FALL

YOU’LL SEE MASS MURDER ON A SCALE
YOU’VE NEVER SEEN,
AND THOSE WHO TRY SO HARD BUT NEVER
CANNOT SUCCEED,
YOU’LL SEE THE HORRORS OF A
FAR AWAY PLACE,
AND MEET THE ARCHITECTS OF LAW ALL
FACE TO FACE.

SITUATIONS THAT ~~WILL NEVER~~ ^{WILL NEVER}
~~BE REASONED,~~
FRIENDS OF NATURE ~~DEPARTING~~ ^{WILL NEVER}
HAVE EVOLVED.
OBSERVES ~~OUT OF TOUCH~~ ^{OUT OF TOUCH} MOST OF THE
TIME.
“LOOK AROUND, I CAN’T SEE WHAT THIS
FINE?”

Atrocity Exhibition

Named after the novel by Ian Curtis’ beloved JG Ballard, ‘Atrocity Exhibition’ is an unsettling product of nights spent surrounded by books and cigarette smoke in the Barton Street house he shared with his wife, Deborah. ‘Closer’ is a claustrophobic opener sets a claustrophobic tone on the album released two months after his suicide in May, 1980: Ballard’s book was about mass media’s invasion of individual privacy, but Curtis’ lyrics explore

human fascination with the grotesque. Atonal guitar and synth blast and crumble around a threadbare rhythm section and Curtis, sounding both vulnerable and fiery-eyed, repeatedly encourages the listener to venture into his twisted world: “This is the way, step inside”.

6 W
WALK, IN SILENCE,
DON’T WALK AWAY, IN SILENCE,
SEE THE DANGER,
ALWAYS DANGER,
ENDLESS TALKING,
LIFE REBUILDING,
DON’T WALK AWAY, FACE THE DANGERS.

~~STAY~~ + VIOLENCE
DON’T STAY AWAY FROM,
SEE THE DANGER,
ALWAYS DANGER,
RULES ARE BROKEN,
FALSE EMOTIONS,
DON’T WALK AWAY, FACE THE DANGERS

PEOPLE LIKE YOU FIND IT EASY TO FORGET,
ALWAYS IN TUNE,
WALKING ON AIR,
YOU’RE HUNTING IN PACKS BY THE
RIVERS IN THE STREETS,
BUT IT’S OVER TOO SOON,
THEN MAYBE YOU’LL COME,
+ WE’LL WALK AWAY, FACE THE DANGER.

SUCCESS
ATROCITIES

► So This Permanence: Ian Curtis, Joy Division Lyrics And Notebooks, edited by Deborah Curtis and Jon Savage, is published in hardback by Faber & Faber on October 16, £27

SO THIS IS
PERMANENCE
IAN CURTIS



NME

Led Zeppelin 1973

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NME

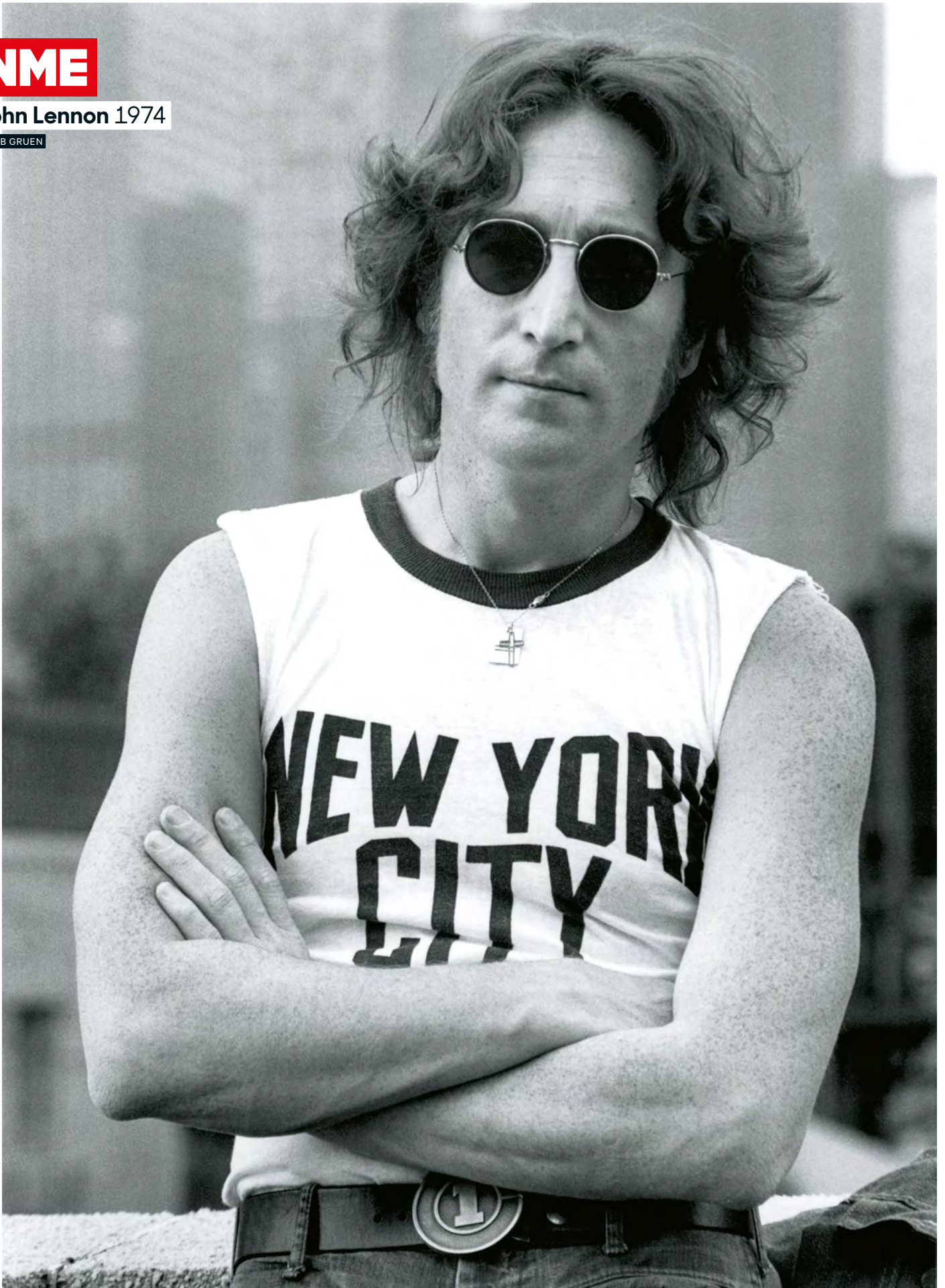
Johnny Rotten and
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“WE WERE ALWAYS VERY MUCH ABOUT THE DRAMA, EXTREMITY AND THE ROLLER-COASTER RIDE. THAT’S THE REASON WE ENDED UP FALLING APART AND FRAGMENTING, AND IT’S TERRIBLY SAD”

Acknowledged as both their masterpiece and the first nail in their coffin, the 20th anniversary of Suede’s ‘Dog Man Star’ is cause for celebration and regret. Not least for frontman Brett Anderson, dredging up the past with Mark Beaumont

“It’s crazy, isn’t it?” sighs Brett Anderson, trying to cast himself back two decades into the mind of a 26-year-old rock phenomenon sitting on a bona fide masterpiece while his band imploded before his eyes. “How did I end up siding with the producer against Bernard? I dunno. I felt like I was being bullied and I just called his bluff, stupidly. It’s something I’ve regretted for the last 20 years. I should’ve done anything to keep mine and Bernard’s partnership together, but I didn’t.”

His voice cracks. “I regret it terribly, but that’s just the way it is. You can’t go back and fix these things, they’re unfixable. They’re just there. Your mistakes haunt you and they hang over you and there’s nothing you can do about them. All you can do is lie there ➔



at four o'clock in the morning sometimes thinking, 'What if I'd done that differently?'"

Twenty years ago this week, Suede's monumental second album 'Dog Man Star' rose above a Britpop landscape that the band had built but no longer recognised. Drenched in tortured opulence and packaged in a sepia photo of a sad man's bare arse, it was a defining edifice of '90s rock classicism. Its tales of drugs, sex, violence and the labours of love, peopled by desperate housewives, rioting street scum, desolate hedge-funders and porn-obsessed teenagers, lent depth and gravitas to an otherwise lightweight era.

It was also the result of a clash of opposing forces that would tear the band apart long before the record itself was finished: Bernard Butler's sociopathic musical ambition and Brett Anderson's self-imposed isolation. High on Jacques Brel, Scott Walker, Aleister Crowley and Lewis Carroll – as well as all manner of industrial-strength narcotics – Brett penned his parts during acid binges in a Victorian mansion in Highgate next door to a chanting Mennonite sect, and peppered his stream-of-consciousness lyrics with romantic references to tragic Hollywood stars (Marilyn Monroe, James Dean) and opium poets (Blake, Byron). The stunning end product endures today because it's one of those landmark records with as much drama in its making as in its songs.

"It's a perfect document of what was going on with the band," Brett agrees. "It's no false mask of a record hiding things going on behind the scenes. The tension and extremity and madness and disintegration are all consequences of what was happening. It's like 'Blood On The Tracks', all the blood, sweat and tears is there in the songs."

Suede's star had rocketed by 1994, with all the early Britpop hype, chart success and the debut album winning the Mercury Prize. How did that affect you?

"We were pretty exhausted, stretched quite thin, but a lot of acclaim makes you confident about what you're doing – we went into making 'Dog Man Star' with a very ambitious state of mind. What we'd hinted at on the first album we wanted to take to a new level."

You'd become disillusioned with Britpop by this point?

"I didn't feel any kinship with it at all. We started it, really – almost unintentionally – and other bands latched onto it and turned it into

something that was very far from our original idea. It developed a life of its own and became this big cartoon of the mid '90s. I thought it was ugly and without any artistic worth, we did want to distance ourselves. But I don't think we became disillusioned and then decided to make an album like 'Dog Man Star',

it was just how we were evolving anyway."

On the pre-album US tour, Bernard, who'd just lost his father and got engaged, became distant from the hard-partying band, travelling with the support band or alone by taxi. Were you a totally dysfunctional band by this point?

"We were. The American tour was pretty fractious; we came home halfway through because it was very unpleasant. Touring's like a microscope, it enlarges all these cracks between you. But when we went in to make 'Dog Man Star', we were kind of united. I was very confident that we were making something extraordinary. I wanted it to not sound like an indie band, that was quite a big ambition, for Bernard as well. I think it does that quite beautifully."

Why did you decide to write it in a secluded mansion, high on acid?

"A lot of it was validating my lifestyle, to justify what I was doing anyway. I was interested in these extreme people – Aldous Huxley – I was reading *The Doors Of Perception* – Lewis Carroll, people who used hallucinogenics to create a bizarre creative headspace for themselves. That whole idea of writing in altered states fascinated me. I liked the idea of separating myself as well. I lived in west London when we were making the

debut album and I liked the idea of moving to a quieter part of London, one that felt like the middle of nowhere because no-one came to visit me."

Were you trying to channel the Gothic poets?

"Yeah, I was reading Byron obviously, as in 'Heroine' [the opening line '*she walks in beauty like the night*' is taken from Byron's poetry],



► THE DETAILS

► **RELEASE DATE** October 10, 1994 ► **LABEL** Nude ► **PRODUCER** Ed Buller ► **RECORDED** Master Rock Studios, London ► **TRACKLIST** ►1. Introducing The Band ►2. We Are The Pigs ►3. Heroine ►4. The Wild Ones ►5. Daddy's Speeding ►6. The Power ►7. New Generation ►8. This Hollywood Life ►9. The 2 Of Us ►10. Black Or Blue ►11. The Asphalt World ►12. Still Life

BERNARD BUTLER SAID

"I'd got so many ideas for ['Dog Man Star']. I was mad for me, 'cos I wanted to do it so badly, and I couldn't, so in the end I left because I didn't want to be associated with a bad record. I mean, titles like 'We Are The Pigs' – I can't believe I made a record called that."

NME, January 10, 1998

NME SAID

"Precious few who've witnessed [Britain's] 15-year slide into squalid tragedy have sought to lend it its own doomed romance. Suede have brilliantly sent up modern life as an endless comic opera, a seaside postcard dipped in cheap lager and Coca-Cola. They've given up trying to root themselves in it, and wrapped themselves in alien robes – icy European futurism, lank-haired American cool." 9/10

John Harris, October 1, 1994

Suede in 1994: (l-r) Mat Osman, Simon Gilbert, Brett Anderson and Bernard Butler



and I was interested in William Blake, the artist-as-seer, the visionary artist."

It's a record about isolation, broken relationships and escape fantasies – was that where you were at?

"Very much so. I deliberately isolated myself and I suppose my relationships were fracturing, people will apply that to mine and Bernard's relationship."

Bernard said that you'd become obsessed with stardom.

"I'd become fascinated with the concept of these things, the power – not obsessed in a vain sense. Looking at people like Aleister Crowley and Hollywood film stars, different sorts of rock stars from different eras. It wasn't like clothes I was trying on in front of the mirror and thinking, 'Oh, aren't I great', it was more from an intellectual standpoint."

'Heroine' mentions Marilyn Monroe and 'Daddy's Speeding' is about a dream you had of crashing in James Dean's car. Did you see yourself in the tragedies of these figures?

"Obviously the tawdry side to some of their lives, the way Marilyn Monroe ended her days, there's a doomed romance to their life stories. But I was just drawn to those kinds of people. I had obsessions with film stars in a sense of removal from real life. For me, 'Dog Man Star' was about disintegration, about retreating from real life. Instead of having real friends you have people on TV, film stars or pop stars. It's a record about removal."



“‘DOG MAN STAR’ WAS ABOUT RETREATING FROM REAL LIFE”

BRETT ANDERSON

different band and you take the positives out of it. There's a lot of things we wouldn't have done if we hadn't become a different band.”

How do you feel about the record now?

“I'm very proud of it, I think it's got some amazing songs. I'd have left out 'The Power' and 'Black Or Blue', I would've put on 'My Dark Star' and 'Killing Of A Flash Boy' and that would've been a much stronger record. But I think 'The Wild Ones' is the best song we ever wrote and 'Introducing The Band', I love that song so much. It's not a proper song but there's something about it that's so out there.”

You've said it was inspired by a visit to a Buddhist temple in Japan.

“Yeah, this place I went to where all these guys were chanting, it was amazing, it really inspired me. Then Bernard gave me this piece of music which didn't really have a chorus or anything, so I thought, 'What can I do with this?' and I decided to do a mantra on it.”

'We Are The Pigs' sounds like a premonition of modern day austerity Britain.

“I always thought 'We Are The Pigs' could've been a very good soundtrack for the riots that happened a couple of years ago. I was surprised they didn't play it on *Newsnight* with pictures of people stealing trainers.”

Does 'Dog Man Star' resonate more today than it did in 1994?

“I think it's stronger now, in a way. At the time Bernard's departure overshadowed the music and the zeitgeist was moving in a very different direction to the record we made. It was very well received but I don't think it was properly judged. I do think it makes more sense now. It opened doors for what indie bands could do.”

Alongside 'The Holy Bible', this was the record that added substance to the Britpop era – the Manics brought the frenzied desperation and you brought the anguished grandeur.

“I think those two records go hand in hand in lots of ways, there's quite a lot of kinship with the Manics. We were both very off-message, we weren't part of the *Loaded* crowd.”

Where can you hear its legacy today?

“Any time you hear a record where indie bands are obviously trying to go beyond the indie template. Things like The Verve in the late '90s, and Radiohead. The Horrors, I can hear that in them. They tend to change with every album, I think they have that ambition and that's commendable. And Wild Beasts possibly – maybe they've listened to the record.” ■

What was recording like?

“People assume that there was a lot of conflict, fist fights or something, but we'd never operate like that. We were passive aggressive, we'd just sulk. Me and Bernard didn't see each other when we were making the album. We had different lifestyles. Bernard would work in the daytime, office hours-style, and I'd come in in the evening and work – he'd have gone back home by then. It was compartmentalised.”

Was the main issue was that Bernard wanted to produce the record rather than Ed Buller?

“Yeah, which was sad. On the first album and 'Stay Together', Ed was very much involved with me and Bernard. We really valued his suggestions, even when it came to the song-writing. I always thought those two got on really well on the first record but, for some reason, I don't know why, they stopped seeing

eye-to-eye and Bernard didn't really feel that Ed was the right man for the job.”

How did Bernard depart? He felt he was kicked out, his guitar left in the street.

“That's a weird thing that's somehow become a rumour. I don't remember his gear being left out in the street. Basically what happened was that Suede divided into two camps. Bernard didn't seem to be able to communicate with any of us. He'd separated himself for whatever reasons and I didn't know how to deal with it, I couldn't be bothered to deal with it after a while, I'd just run out of energy. It was very, very unpleasant for a long time. He gave me an ultimatum: 'Either I'm gonna go, or Ed's gonna go' and I said, 'OK, I'm gonna carry on working with Ed'. I called his bluff. It was a stupid thing to do, but I did. And he walked.”

There were stories about abusive phone calls between the two of you, and of Bernard leaving threatening phone messages for Ed that seemed to include the sound of knives being sharpened.

“There's lots of rumours about this, I don't want to talk about it, really. It's all a bit gossipy. It was definitely fractious.”

Was it a bit strange being a broken band sitting on a masterpiece?

“Very strange. After Bernard left, the mood lifted. It had been oppressive and there was a sense of relief. The fact that we had most of the album recorded and all of the songs written, it seemed to be quite a good time. But the sense of relief soon transformed itself into a quiet panic as we realised that we were half a band and went about looking for replacements.”

You were torn apart by your own success?

“That's exactly what happened. It happened too soon for Suede, I suppose. But that's the kind of band we were. We weren't one of these quiet little indie bands that trudged up the ladder slowly and pleasantly. We were always very much about the drama and extremity and the roller-coaster ride. That's the reason we ended up falling apart and fragmenting, and it's terribly sad. But the band became a

SUEDEHEADS

Twenty years on, the influence of 'Dog Man Star' still resonates among this lot...

Wild Beasts

The drama and seditious moodscapes make Wild Beasts such clear devotees of Suede's masterpiece you assume they were devastated when they discovered there was already a band called The Wild Ones.

The Horrors

The Southend band's second album, 'Primary Colours', could have jumped fully formed from Suede's 'Introducing The Band', and their exploratory nature has been defined by it since.

Savages

Poetic deep-thinkers in black, Savages share the romantic literary concerns of 'Dog Man Star' while also channelling the stylish vitriol of 'We Are The Pigs'.

Kele

Kele Okereke was such a Suede-ite that he even advertised for musicians to join Bloc Party in the Suede fanclub newsletter. “I have a signed Suede CD,” he wrote, “and also Bernard's black plectrum.”

Gerard Way

The former MCR man was definitely taking notes on Brett's elegantly ruined persona. His solo album 'Hesitant Alien' is imbued with the same deviant glam excess.

НОКЕ



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Over the past few months, the label PC Music has been confounding and delighting listeners with their uncanny, hyperactive dance-pop. Huw Nesbitt delves into their intentionally ambiguous internet world

ROUTER

As far as storms in digital teacups go, PC Music is currently causing greater controversy among the electronic music community and its observers than any conspiracy theory about Burial's identity. A London-based label run by 24-year-old producer Alex G Cook, its singular aesthetic broadcasts hyper-kinetic, internet-obsessed, saccharine pop straight from the label's Soundcloud. If the idea of listening to what could sometimes fairly be described as academic Daphne & Celeste remixes seems hellish, there may soon be no escape. Founded just last year, the label's rapid ascent has earned them coverage everywhere from *The Guardian* to *Dazed & Confused*, witnessed its YouTube videos reach over quarter of a million hits and its roster brim with a variety of acts, who may or may not all be the candy-coated creations of founder AG Cook.

The common thread between these acts or guises lies in the tension between their trashy and intellectual sides; they seem at once high-concept and utterly without depth. Cook's wide-reaching work takes in everything from distended-club styles ('Beautiful') to mixes verging on sound art ('Con/Hal'); elsewhere, glossy pop star Hannah Diamond (previous page left) and GFOTY (aka Girlfriend Of The Year) sing shiny variations on J-pop and UK garage. Also worth mention is SOPHIE, a close associate of the label, best known for his effervescent, helium-voiced, cartoonish singles 'Bipp' and 'Lemonade'.

When there are lyrics, they're tritely simple, even calculatedly vapid, and always sung by female vocalists, and like J- and K-pop stars,

they seem caught between innocence and coy sexualisation. Then there's the hyperrealist, uncanny valley imagery, where the collective's "stars" are Photoshopped until they reach a level of glazed, inhuman perfection. Is it a clever satire on pop-cultural consumerism and puppeteering? A shallow celebration of it? A loftily ambiguous postmodern approach? Aren't Miley Cyrus and her flying circus of cat gifs and emojis already operating at this level of hyper-self-awareness, and to much greater success?

PC WORLD

Who's who in the shady internet coterie

GFOTY

A London-based female vocalist, GFOTY used to work for *Super* magazine under the same name. Now she makes discordant J-Pop.

►KEY RELEASE 'Secret Mix'

easyFun

Potentially the creation of another PC Music member, easyFun's music sounds like deconstructed 1980s American cop drama themes.

►KEY RELEASE 'Easy Fun' EP

Princess Bambi

Super hi-def R&B, Bambi's one single to date was produced by William Edwin Wainwright of collective Serious Thugs.

►KEY RELEASE 'Less Love More Sex'

Released at the end of August, QT's single 'Hey QT!' marked the label's highest-profile moment to date. It's pretty much the perfect crucible of all things PC Music: AG Cook and SOPHIE produced its saccharine, stuttering synth backbone over which female vocalist – and purported living, breathing pop star (previous page right) – "QT" chirrup to her cutie that she feels his hands on her body when he thinks of her. Further upping the ante, its creators also claimed that the song was part of the launch for QT's 'Energy Elixir' soft drink, where the "organic and synthetic meet". It felt sinister, like a marketing campaign for a sweet laced with nicotine.

The debate over whether this was genius or intolerably pretentious was on. Where specialist electronic music site *Resident Advisor* rated it

4/5, *FACT*'s Alex Macpherson called it a "pure, contemptuous parody". Writing about the history of novelty pop singles in *The Guardian*, Popjustice's Peter Robinson noted that hipsters finally had their own in 'Hey QT'. Chvrches' Martin Doherty thinks it "could be a flash of

PC MUSIC TAKE CORPORATE BRANDING AS AN AESTHETIC IN ITSELF

pure genius" and Hudson Mohawke says he's "naturally into it", whereas techno impresario Scuba's tweeted an image of 'Hey QT' artwork next to a picture of Nathan Barley.

Never mind QT's apparent energy drink – her very existence seems questionable, though that seems at once besides the point and a conspiracy that PC Music seem keen to encourage. At a performance in LA's Boiler Room this August, the woman from the single artwork appeared to be miming, and a fairly

asinine interview with *FACT* conducted that month revealed little further concrete or useful information. QT was the only associate of PC Music who would talk to me for this piece, though again, her answers weren't that informative.

Answering questions on email (via an address that shares its domain name with SOPHIE's website), QT is evasive. After introducing herself as Quinn, she ignores requests for straightforward facts like her surname, age and where she's from. Other responses are ridiculous. Outside music, her greatest "cultural interest" is water ("the idea that it can take on new forms so

AG Cook

Little is known about PC Music's label boss. His influences include David Guetta and Scritti Politti, and he's as capable of writing sound art as he is happy hardcore.

►KEY RELEASE 'New Jack Swung'

Dux Content

The side-project of AG Cook and friend Danny Harle. It sounds like club music for robots; think high-tempo, pitch-bending madness.

►KEY RELEASE 'Lifestyle'

Life Sim

Possibly the most conventional artist on the label, the NYC/London-based musician writes strange, ambient techno, house and dubstep.

►KEY RELEASE 'This Life' mix

The art of PC Music (left to right) Tielsie, Lipgloss Twins, Maxo, AG Cook



AG Cook and
(right) Hannah
Diamond perform
at Südblock, Berlin



seamlessly" fascinates her) and she doesn't know why her supposedly forthcoming energy drink isn't under trademark anywhere in the world ("I guess that is something I have been thinking a lot about lately"). When asked why she appeared to be miming in LA she replies – and it's unclear whether she's flattered or annoyed – "Thanks very much... We worked really hard on that part of the performance."

It's clearly at once a PR stunt, an act of subterfuge and an exercise in questioning what 'reality' really means. The question is: are these seemingly subversive gestures directed at anything in particular – making any kind of point about music or commerce or cults of personality – or are they the be-all-and-end-all of PC Music?

Berlin, Saturday, September 20, Kreuzberg, 4am: answers of a kind arrive with Hannah Diamond's show at a nightclub in a neglected concrete modernist complex by Kottbusser Tor U-Bahn station. Prior to her performance, AG Cook has been DJing for nearly two hours, playing a killer set combining his warped tunes with remixes of everything from Southern hip-hop to happy hardcore.

The crowd are exhilarated. When Diamond climbs the small stage at the back of the hall, pink spotlights illuminate her performance area, smoke machines billow dry ice and the audience gathers eagerly. The PA starts blasting the first bars of last year's 'Pink & Blue'. "Hi Berlin, it's great to be here," she beams ebulliently. But something isn't right.

Immediately it's apparent that she's performing over a recording of her own

voice – or an ostensibly female voice – and not very well, either. A few prompts are missed, and the odd note goes out of tune. It's utterly charmless. Unlike QT's performance in LA, however, the spectacle of Diamond's karaoke routine isn't so pronouncedly cynical; if anything, she seems nervous, as if the things going wrong are beyond her control. Her interaction with the crowd is minimal, and she shuffles around staring at the lights. It's all over in just 20 minutes.

Feeling indifferent about what I'd witnessed, I ask two girls standing outside the club what they thought. "It was alright," says one. "Nothing special."

"I didn't really know what to make of it," says her friend. "It just seemed a bit absurd, but isn't that the point?"

From AG Cook's perspective, it probably is. In the only interview he's granted, a feature with fashion magazine *Tank* in August 2013, he indicated that part of his aim for the label is to explore the boundaries between amateur and professional musicians: "I particularly enjoy recording people who don't normally make music and treating them as if they're a major label artist," he said. "The label's called PC Music, which alludes to

how the computer is a really crucial tool, not just for making electronic music but for making amateur music that is also potentially very slick, where the difference between bedroom and professional studio production can be very ambiguous."

Seems like he's talking about artists like Diamond; by day she's an editor and photo director at online style network LOGO Magazine, and also works for its strategic creative agency, "building brands through conceptually, aesthetically, and technologically innovative work in the digital

sphere and beyond." Their clients include Penguin, Unilever and Random House; they were commissioned to work on the 'Hey QT!' single too, commissioning everything from the cover image to the design of the energy drink can.

According to his *Tank* interview, Cook once worked for this agency, producing a webpage for cosmetics brand Illamasqua that featured one of his mixes. "Future LOGO projects that I'm working on are hopefully going to exploit the internet's capacity for immersion even further," he claimed. PC Music takes the sounds and images of commercial branding as an aesthetic in itself. This is nothing new. Andy Warhol was doing it in the 1960s, and

the entire canon of hyperrealist art – from which PC Music's digital imagery borrows heavily – began with photorealism painters like Malcolm Morely, who himself owed a debt to Warhol's pop art. Cook knows it, too, telling *Tank* that "mixing 'high culture' with pop culture has lost its radical edge to the extent that it's more or less mainstream".

The problem with these artistic echo chambers, however, is that once you get beyond surface appearance, there's little else. Warhol's work, revered and important as it is, now has just as much influence in branding as it does in art – an irony he himself appreciated during his lifetime. So are PC Music transforming that message for 2014?

Not really. Strip away the

surface and all you're left with is a series of hollow, clichéd reflections on the transience between art, commerce and 'reality' that offers nothing in the way of critique or concept, hiding behind ambiguity to supplement a dearth of true originality. While some of the music is compelling, the appeal of PC Music is strictly surface-level. Which, perversely, may be just what they wanted all along. ■

Hannah Diamond

Also editor of LOGO Magazine, Diamond is one of PC Music's most prominent faces, whose work with Cook has produced three twee, hyperreal UK garage-influenced tracks.

►KEY RELEASE 'Pink & Blue'

Tielsie

A Lyon-based producer playing dreamy hard house comprised of endless strings and breaks: infinite euphoria.

►KEY RELEASE 'Palette'

Kane West

Cramming house, electro and other various upbeat and funky sounds into his tracks, Kane West is one of the more accessible artists on the PC Music roster.

►KEY RELEASE 'Western Beats'

Maxo

A Brooklyn-based PC Music affiliate who's obsessed with video game theme tunes and dabbles with pitched-up R&B sounds.

►KEY RELEASE 'Honeyball'

Lipgloss Twins

One-hit wonders so far, the Lipgloss Twins emerged in May of this year with an off-kilter track of strange electro-house. They haven't been heard of since.

►KEY RELEASE 'Wannabe'

Thy Slaughter

Another anonymous project, the vocals on this recently released song sound like they could be sung by Hannah Diamond; it's more futuristic R&B.

►KEY RELEASE 'Bronze'

Danny L Harle

London-based composer Harle plays avant-garde classical music for a living, but has a neat sideline in screwed R&B and UK garage.

►KEY RELEASE 'Broken Flowers'

"I try to remove
myself from the
music because
narcissism is
so inherent in
rock'n'roll"



After a very public divorce from his wife and former Sonic Youth bandmate Kim Gordon, Thurston Moore has adopted a new sanguine outlook. April Clare Welsh meets the settled 56-year-old at home in London

Autumn always carries with it the whiff of a fresh start. At the end of this month Thurston Moore will release 'The Best Day', his first solo LP since 2011's well-received acoustic odyssey 'Demolished Thoughts'. But until now, nobody's spent much time talking about his music this year. There was the part where he called black metal "music made by pussies of the lowest order", though it was, he says today, part joke, part well-intended compliment – he's a noted black-metal fan who joined supergroup Twilight two years ago.

"If there's one genre I've always enriched myself in as an adoring fanatic, it's black metal," says a gushing Moore at a west London café. "I've always thought of it as being this type of music that's beyond commentary. In fact, it shouldn't even be a genre because it doesn't regard itself as music; it doesn't have anything to do with the industry of music. It's its own thing. It was kind of a joke, but I don't take it back. I found out that black-metal devotees are very sensitive people, when they're meant to be completely desensitised. In a way, it was an exposé of all the black-metal posers, because the real black-metal people understand what I'm talking about. And all the posers can go fuck themselves."

It's the latest chapter in a litany of indiscretions that have arguably turned a once-respected indie luminary into something of a public pariah. The ripples from the much-lamented break-up of Kim Gordon and Thurston Moore spread beyond the alternative music world, while the parties concerned have given just one interview each about the split: Gordon to *Elle* last year, explaining that it was down to Moore's midlife crisis and a starstruck younger woman; Moore to *The Fly* back in March, where he talked about his new relationship, which started while he was still married. Feminist blog *Jezebel* ran his comments as a story titled 'Thurston Moore Confirms He Is A Dick', leading him to flare up on Facebook, calling them "gender fascists".

"I don't write letters to the editor," Moore explains today. "I'm a lover, not a fighter. But when you're

attacking this quote-unquote 'other woman' and you're degrading her, when you actually know nothing about her and how she is this incredibly wonderful, kind thing in my life, I'm going to get really upset. I also get upset at invisible societies that categorise themselves as being of merit to serious matters and I find feminism to be a very serious matter. Being married to Kim for as long as I was, I was always close to feminist thought and the woman I'm concerned with now – and have been with for some time – is a very serious, intellectual feminist, so I lashed out, which is something I never do."

From this point on, however, Moore's affairs look like they're on the up: the sentiment behind the album's title is bright as a button, while the music features tributes to the Stoke Newington Eight (an infamous group of radical leftists also known as The Angry Brigade) of his newfound north London neighbourhood, and the cover bears a sweet photograph of his beaming mother aged 20 with her dog Brownie, taken by Moore's late father. It seems like Moore's taking stock of his life.

"I feel like moving to Stoke Newington at 55 years old and making this life change now is a new adventure and a calling for me, in a way," he says. "When I was a 17-year-old living in New York, London was where all these 18-year-olds were making punk rock and I just wanted to get on an airplane and fly over there. But I probably would have just got to Heathrow and taken a taxi to 'London' or headed straight for [Islington pub] The Hope & Anchor."

Last June, Moore left his home in Northampton, Massachusetts and came to London to live with his new girlfriend, temporarily settling into the Stoke Newington house she shared with two others, a place where musicians would come and go (and "legend has it [actress] Asia Argento was living there for a second"). One cohabitee was guitarist James Sedwards, who Moore would see on the stairwell.

"I could hear James playing guitar downstairs and he sounded amazing," says Moore. "I was this American buffoon and he was this very ➔

proper Englishman and we were fascinated by each other. He was shocked to see me as he was a real Sonic Youth enthusiast, but the way he was playing guitar sounded like Jimmy Page and I wanted to know what he was doing down there. He said he taught guitar to students and knew everything about Led Zeppelin, but then when I asked him who his favourite band were, he said The Fall. We got on like a house on fire."

Along with new pal Sedwards, Moore recorded this new LP – eight tracks of guitar drone piqued by flashes of febrile punk – with Sonic Youth drummer Steve Shelley and My Bloody Valentine's Debbie Googe. "We're all great mates," he opines in a mockney accent.

Moore and Sedwards played a clutch of shows as a duo, opening for guitar drone king Glenn Branca, Earth's Dylan Carlson and Sonic Youth's Lee Ranaldo. The first time the four actually came together as a fully realised unit was in a studio in east London. "James knew the material, but Deb and Steve looked and listened to the two of us as we showed them, and then we recorded," Moore recalls. "They jammed on it so hard. I listened back to the first track, the first song on the record, and thought, 'Oh my god.'"

The album was originally called 'Detonation', as negative as its eventual title 'The Best Day' is optimistic. Why the change of heart? "It just had this negative connotation of violence," says Moore, "and I realised that I was in this place of happiness – obviously mixed with a lot of upset too – and I got thinking about how that's such a common situation with so many people."

"But I thought that whatever anxieties or issues I had, the happiness I have is the most important thing to express right now and it is something beneficent. And I thought the music had mixed emotion in it but it was generally this feeling of pleasure."

For all the very public circumstances surrounding the album, it steers clear of the confessional. The joshing title track is a knowing poke at anti-tough-guy weediness, while the dissident call-to-arms of 'Speak To The Wild' ("Frown at the empire/Remove your rings/Meet us nearer the fire") and the "whistleblowing/blowing up again" of 'Detonation' – written by a poet friend of Moore's as a dedication to the Stoke Newington Eight – take the establishment in their sights.



Thurston, August 2014 and (inset) the LP cover



"It's only reflective with whatever state of mind I'm feeling at the time," says Moore. "I never write music or lyrics where I try to define myself. In fact, I try to remove myself from the music because narcissism is so inherent in rock'n'roll anyway. I talked to Steve Malkmus about this and we both agreed it was better to change all the 'I's in your lyrics to 'we', so then there's a sense of community – it's your gang."

The song 'Grace Lake' – pseudonym of Angry Brigade member Anna Mendelssohn – is an instrumental homage to the radical poet and holds personal significance for Moore. "She's

become really important to me because by living in London I can really pursue my interest in radical, experimental and confessional poetry – poetry in general – something that has always been a devotion of mine."

"The sad thing is nobody knew what I was talking about when I was asking about the Stoke Newington Eight, unless they were over the age of 50," says Moore. "It was this deleted history which made me want to focus on it even more."

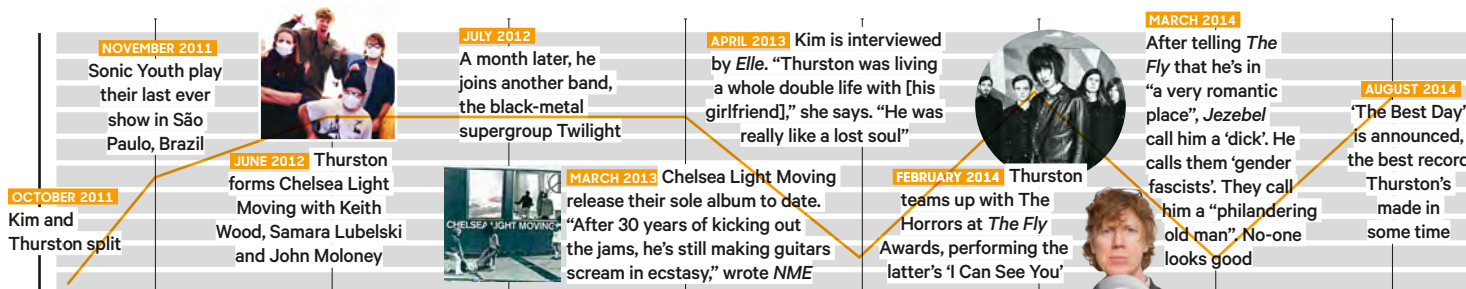
Not exactly an anarchist hotspot these days, Moore recalls his initial visits to the Stoke Newington of the 1980s. "I used to go there and sleep on [New Hormones label founder] Richard Moon's couch. It was really a dodgy area back then. I would go up to Church Street and catch

"It's better to replace 'I's in your lyrics with 'we'"

the 73 bus into town, just to get out of there and go into the London that I wanted, which is where all the record shops were. Then I would take the bus back and I thought I was at the end of the earth. 'Why would anyone live round here?' So when my girlfriend said she lived in Stoke Newington I felt really scared for her!"

Moore's original Church Street haunt, The Vortex, may have been replaced by a Nando's, but he has found an alternative in nearby Dalston's Cafe OTO, which he calls "a clubhouse for expansive ideas of what music is and can be", and a space that reminds him of the New York venues he loved growing up, like Tonic and the Knitting Factory. It seems like a peaceful existence, bringing him back to the record's cover. "My mother's gaze at the camera and the look in her eyes is one of composure, love and safety. I want that to be the expression on this record," he says. "She's had these periods of intense loss and grief, but is preternaturally a happy person. And I certainly get my emotional state from my mother." ■

MOORE TROUBLE THAN HE'S WORTH The ups and downs of Thurston's life post-Kim



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Reviews

► THE DEFINITIVE VERDICT ■ EDITED BY BEN HOMEWOOD



Julian Casablancas + The Voidz Tyranny

**The Strokes man and his
ragtag band of rebels get
lost in a weird, self-indulgent
assault on corrupt capitalism**



settles on a chaotic noise. The camera pans up to frame the face of our hero: Julian Casablancas.

OK, so the Strokes frontman hasn't actually filmed his own version of *Escape From New York*, but if he had then 'Tyranny' would be a ready-made soundtrack. Once the crown prince of NYC indie, the 36-year-old has recast himself as punk rock's answer to the 1981 film's star Snake Plissken. He's called 'Tyranny' a "protest record" about how "corruption is king", but its aesthetic owes more to

Neon lights flicker in the burnt-out hell of a post-apocalyptic Manhattan cityscape. Out of the darkness drive The Voidz, a ragtag band of rebels clad in crusty leather, society's last hope against the tyranny of corporate oppression. Their leader scans the radio static until he

'80s dystopian sci-fi than Bob Dylan or Pete Seeger. Sinister synths, industrial beats and film dialogue echo through 12 tracks that startle at regular intervals.

The name Casablancas has chosen for his band nods to Richard Hell And The Voidoids, but that late-'70s punk sound is filtered through discordant, unsettling noise which owes much to Lou Reed at his most deliberately obnoxious. 'Tyranny' isn't always an easy listen. Indeed, it's often a puzzling one. It's a long, long way from the early endorphin rush of The Strokes, a million miles from his smooth solo debut 'Phrazes For The Young' and totally unlike last year's sublime Daft Punk collaboration 'Instant Crush'. But what 'Tyranny' *does* have is enough attitude to outsnarl a rottweiler at 50 paces. At its best, as when Casablancas wails about oblivion on 'Mutually Assured Destruction', it sounds like The Strokes have been dropped in noxious waste and emerged as Troma-style Toxic Avengers.

The rest doesn't work quite so well. Producer Shawn Everett, who has previously worked with the likes of Weezer and Har Mar Superstar, doesn't do much to rein anything in. There's the sense that both he and the assembled Voidz – guitarists Jeremy 'Beardo' Gritter and Amir Yaghmai, bassist Jake Bercovici, keyboardist

LYRIC ANALYSIS

**"The moon's a skull/
I think it's grinning/
The room is full of
people now/I think
it's spinning" -
'Human Sadness'**

Here, Julian Casablancas paints an image of a disorientating world where we're constantly watched over by malevolent forces of power.

**"Tomorrow is
laughing/Money
breeds tyranny"
- 'Xerox'**

Referenced here, the album's title also provides its major theme, which runs through it like a red cord: corruption creates unchecked tyranny.

**"They like to change
the rules as they go"
- 'Nintendo Blood'**

Under the abusive and corrupt dictatorship Julian sings about, power is exercised arbitrarily and the law serves the status quo. Heavy stuff.

buried under the sound of a large vehicle reversing. Still, while 'Tyranny' is wildly self-indulgent – and often at the expense of quality – you could never say that it's boring.

These songs match the freakish, studs-and-leather-encrusted aesthetic of The Voidz, and anyone here in search of signposts to new Strokes material will leave sorely disappointed. But then, this new project was never going to yield the next 'Last Nite'. Instead, 'Tyranny' is dark, angsty and frankly very weird: the sound of Julian Casablancas' very own escape from New York.

■ KEVIN EG PERRY

THE DETAILS

► **RELEASE DATE** October 13 ► **LABEL** Cult ► **PRODUCER** Shawn Everett ► **LENGTH** 62:35 ► **TRACKLISTING** ►1. Take Me In Your Army ►2. Crunch Punch ►3. M.utually A.ssured D.estruction ►4. Human Sadness ►5. Where No Eagles Fly ►6. Father Electricity ►7. Johan Von Bronx ►8. Business Dog ►9. Xerox ►10. Dare I Care ►11. Nintendo Blood ►12. Off To War... ► **BEST TRACK** M.utually A.ssured D.estruction

MORE ALBUMS

The Bots

Pink Palms Fader



The once atypical guitar/drums formation popularised

by The White Stripes might now be commonplace, but The Bots are out to invigorate the format on their first album proper. Opener 'Ubiquitous' draws heavily on the LA duo's grungily incendiary live shows, while there's plenty of nuance elsewhere. 'All I Really Want', with its spoken-word verses and coruscating punk rhythm, is a modern hymn to inertia and infatuation; 'All Of Them (Wide Awake)' is warm and fuzzy, recalling The Lemonheads at their most approachable. With their ages combined still a year younger than Jack White, the future of telepathic siblings Mikaiah and Anaiah Lei promises much excitement. Their first record is good. Their next could be mega.

■ JEREMY ALLEN

7

Pharmakon Bestial Burden

Sacred Bones



On the eve of a European tour, Margaret Chardiet

awoke stricken by agonising pains. It wasn't nerves, but a cyst that required immediate surgery. It's an experience that's fed directly into the New Yorker's second album, a bleak excursion in clanking noise loops, sculpted feedback and vocals that might be patched in from an operating theatre running low on anaesthetic. Short on melody, absent of light, 'Body Betrays Itself' and 'Primitive Struggle' aren't for the squeamish. This is that rare music that genuinely deserves the descriptor 'visceral': sonic body horror that comes on like avant-garde vocalist Diamanda Galas scoring David Cronenberg.

■ LOUIS PATTISON

8



Ex Hex Rips

Washington DC's Ex Hex – aka Mary Timony, Laura Harris and Betsy Wright – are firm believers in and lifelong beneficiaries of the ecstatic potential of rock'n'roll, and they've produced a debut that restores transcendence to a faded idiom. 'Rips' draws skillfully from the twang of CBGB-era punk, glam's robust swagger and Go-Gos pop-punk, imbuing the likes of small-town howl 'New Kid' with the assurance that comes from two decades spent playing in bands (Wild Flag, Helium, The Aquarium, Benjy Ferree). That these three 30-something women write rollicking songs in an ostensibly teenaged realm – trouncing shitty summer jobs, mean kids and juvenile boyfriends – may seem odd, but it's a mark of Ex Hex's generosity that they transmit their unshakeable confidence through a world that's accessible to (especially



younger) listeners. "I just wanna be your mirror", Mary Timony implores on 'Waste Your Time'. That's it exactly: 'Rips' is a reminder of rock's glorious communal potential.

■ LAURA SNAPES

9

THE DETAILS

► **RELEASE DATE** October 13 ► **LABEL** Merge ► **PRODUCER** Mitch Easter ► **LENGTH** 35:15 ► **TRACKLISTING** ►1. Don't Wanna Lose ►2. Beast ►3. Waste Your Time ►4. You Fell Apart ►5. How You Got That Girl ►6. Waterfall ►7. Hot And Cold ►8. Radio On ►9. New Kid ►10. War Paint ►11. Everywhere ►12. Outro ► **BEST TRACK** New Kid

Jessie Ware Tough Love

PMR



Much has changed for Jessie Ware since 2012's 'Devotion'

debut. Then she was a rookie singer with only a handful of UK bass collaborations to her name; now she's a Brit and Mercury-nominated diva out to cement her place in the mainstream. Some of 'Tough Love' has its eyes locked on

Adele's crown, with the Ed Sheeran-penned 'Say You Love Me' a slightly too obvious stab at the big time. Elsewhere, however, 'Tough Love' excels. Twinkly epic 'Cruel' is especially outstanding, while collaborations with Dev Hynes ('Want Your Feeling') and Miguel ('Kind Of... Sometimes... Maybe') save the latter half from drifting too far into languid MOR ballad territory.

■ DAVID RENSHAW

7

Reviews

Kindness Otherness

Female Energy



This second Kindness album improves on 2012's debut,

'World, You Need A Change Of Mind', but not by much. 'Why Don't You Love Me' is a decent Prince pastiche, and the melancholy of 'This Is Not About Us' feels affecting, but singer-songwriter-producer Adam Bainbridge allows too many of his '80s-influenced pop-R&B tracks to meander, lending 'Otherness' the air of dinner party music for middle-aged hipsters. Kelela, Robyn and Dev Hynes guest, but highlight the shortcomings of Bainbridge's own vocals. When Robyn sings, "I've been looking for meaning/ Something good to believe in", on 'Who Do You Love?', the response is sadly: Sorry, you won't find it here. ■ NICK LEVINE

5

Melvins Hold It In



It can be a little hard to reconcile one's admiration

for the Melvins – three decades old as a band – with the fact that they haven't made a consistently great album since 2006's '(A) Senile Animal'. They normally strike a few bullseyes per record, though, and so it is with 'Hold It In', which finds stalwarts Buzz Osborne and Dale Crover joined by Butthole Surfers members Paul Leary and JD Pinkus. Sometimes it's poppier than textbook Melvins ('I Get Along (Hollow Moon)'), sometimes noisier and more freeform ('Barcelonian Horseshoe Pit'), but there's ample helpings of the Pacific Northwestern weirdo-sludge that their fans adore them for, 'Piss Pisstopherson' and 'Sesame Street Meat' two finely titled examples.

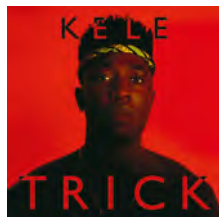
■ NOEL GARDNER

7

Kele Trick

The Bloc Party frontman seals his dance reinvention on a bass-heavy second solo album

Back in 2005, Bloc Party's debut album 'Silent Alarm' set the tone for a wave of spiky art-rock bands. If your acquaintance with frontman Kele Okereke began and ended there, you'd be forgiven for wondering how he's ended up making 'Trick', an album of unadulterated dance. Really, though, it makes perfect sense. Bloc Party's next two albums, 'A Weekend In The City' and 'Intimacy', both explored electronic music and beats. The dance-pop of Kele's 2010 solo debut 'The Boxer' was closer to La Roux than Gang Of Four, and on their 2012 album 'Four', Bloc Party landed clumsily when trying to mix electronics with their wiry guitars. Then there was Kele's 'Tapes' mix for dance label !K7 last year, which came on the back of a sideline as a DJ. The 32-year-old has been all about the dancefloor for a long time. As such, 'Trick's confident aesthetic is no surprise. A pulsing kick drum, bouncing



► THE DETAILS

► RELEASE DATE October 13 ► LABEL Lilac ► PRODUCER Kele Okereke
► TRACKLISTING ►1. First Impressions ►2. Coasting ►3. Doubt ►4. Closer
►5. Like We Used To ►6. Humour Me ►7. Year Zero ►8. My Hotel Room
►9. Silver And Gold ►10. Stay The Night ► BEST TRACK Doubt



bassline and plaintive vocal make 'Doubt' a sparkling Chicago house retrofit in the style of Azari & III. 'Closer' mines the same groove, folding a nagging loop played on a half-full glass bottle into the mix. The result has the euphoric melancholy that is the hallmark of late-'80s house classics. Meanwhile 'Coasting' nods to UK bass music with broken beats skipping over a seriously heavy low end. Kele's lyrical skill makes 'Trick' all the more impressive. He's always written movingly about relationships and 'Stay The Night' is about the empty feeling after a one-night stand. "I don't want to own you, but my door will always be open", he sings over groaning bass and popping percussion.

The only misstep is 'Closer', its guitar line jars with a chorus built around the kind of derivative hands-in-the-air synth riff people twitch along to in Ibiza super clubs. A hangover from his collaboration with superstar DJ cheeseball Tiesto back in 2009, perhaps. It's a blip, though. Largely, 'Trick' measures up as a solid modern dance record and bears no trace of Bloc Party, proving that a lot can change in nine years. ■ CHRIS COTTINGHAM

7

Last Ex Last Ex

Constellation



Last Ex make instrumental music with a cinematic feel. Their songs, full of driving, motorik beats and textured, reverb-heavy guitar, weave dark, discomfiting atmospheres, and this debut album could have been released on horror-movie soundtrack label Death Waltz Recording Company. They're a

Canadian duo comprised of two members of excellent rock/pop/folk group Timber Timbre and the music, in fact, originates in a score for a horror film that Timber Timbre were working on but then abandoned. It's an enjoyably rich and off-kilter record that makes clever use of sound collage via tape manipulation ('Girl Seizure'), strings ('It's Not Chris') and drum sounds ('Hotel Blues Returns'). One for all you David Lynch fans out there.

■ PHIL HEBBLETHWAITE

8

Schultz And Forever Broadcast Dynamics EP

Cracki



Jonathan Schultz stands out from most of 2014's psych-rock bandwagon. The Copenhagen teenager provides a refreshing and ramshackle alternative to the likes of Temples. Marrying languid and warped melodies with a palpable sense of romanticism, he's more aligned with Connan

Mockasin. On this EP, 'Silvia', a woozy guitar carousel, and the spacey 'POV' are golden, but midpoint 'Make Up Your Mind' is an exercise in psych babble that doesn't quite pay off. 'At Times', though, hints that Schultz has variety up his sleeve, going through the gears and zooming thrillingly close to garage rock territory. Whatever his next move, he seems certain to do more than merely follow the zeitgeist.

■ RHIAN DALY

7

Reviews

NehruvianDOOM

NehruvianDOOM Lex



This latest hook-up between rising New York MC

Bishop Nehru and legendary metal-masked producer and rapper MF Doom neatly illustrates the potential pitfalls of collaboration. Eighteen-year-old Nehru has been releasing hook-filled mixtapes for three years,

initially via Odd Future's online forum. He's a dextrous lyricist and a hot talent. But on this imbalanced record, where Doom provides both production and lyrical highlights, he's overshadowed. Its best moment is the wobbly 'Om', and with the exception of Nehru's sing-song chorus on 'Mean The Most', Doom would have been better off keeping these songs for himself. Interesting but inessential.

■ BEN CARDEW

7

Various Thinking About Moving To Hastings

Trashmouth



"When times are hard (and popular music goes through a prolonged period of being shit) people get up and start taking things into their own hands," claim Trashmouth. This compilation from the former home of Fat White Family stakes the London imprint's claim with a racket against the masses. It opens

unpleasantly with Zsa Zsa Sapien's political poetry ("Let them know that we are British and that they are foreign muck"). Fat Whites contribute a ramshackle national anthem in 'These Hands', while the surf-punk ballads of Pit Ponies are among the most captivating tracks. Japanese garage, Velvet Underground-like folk and clattering grot-rock make up the rest of a filthy collection full of enough commotion to ensure that it's never dull.

■ JAMES BENTLEY

7

The 2 Bears

The Night Is Young

Southern Fried



The 2 Bears should be commended for their commitment

to bringing a dose of fun back to the dancefloor. Former music press officer Raf Rundell and Hot Chip's Joe Goddard are a serotonin-fuelled alternative to the cerebral glitch of the likes of Fuck Buttons and The Haxan Cloak. Sidestepping the cheesier fringes of '90s house, but still deeply indebted to its hedonism – especially in the piano-driven 'Angel (Touch Me)' and 'Not This Time' – the pair's second album, part-recorded in Cape Town, is full of party tunes with a global framework. There's an Afrofunk air to the bouncing 'Money Man', while the languid 'Mary Mary' offers some chilled Orb-style breathing space during one of the most joyful dance releases of the year.

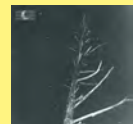
■ LEONIE COOPER

8

Peter Broderick

(Colours Of The Night)

Satellite EP Bella Union



Because of a debilitating illness, this is Peter Broderick's

first proper release for two years. Even so, at 27, the Portland musician has made a stream of records ranging from piano compositions ('Dive') to meditative, multi-instrumental folk ('Home'). Ahead of a new album next year, this EP ventures further towards folk. The title track, a live staple, is a shuffling acoustic pop song about death and God that can be filed near Ben Howard's earnest output. 'Take Me Back' is a minimal ballad as wispy as campfire smoke, while 'Love Will Define You' is an a capella musing. The last song is a bizarre "mouth trumpet version" of a track called 'More And More'. While the overall effect is pretty, it's also pretty average.

■ HAZEL SHEFFIELD

5

Foxygen

...And Star Power

Hints of brilliance are lost amid the LA dreamers' epic 24-song meltdown

Drugs. Temper tantrums. Onstage meltdowns. Foxygen's flame has always seemed in danger of sputtering out. After a promising second album in 2013's 'We Are The 21st Century Ambassadors Of Peace & Magic', the LA psych troupe – led by '60s-obsessed high school friends Jonathan Rado and Sam France – hit rock bottom last July, when France's girlfriend, then in the group, lashed out at Rado for his alleged shitty treatment of her boyfriend. Four days after their public denial of split rumours, France, who's fond of bashing himself in the head while singing, broke his leg onstage, resulting in many cancelled dates.

What did Foxygen do next? Well, they wrote a 24-song, 82-minute opus that makes MGMT's infamously impenetrable second album 'Congratulations' sound like a paragon of all-killer-no-filler professionalism. Obviously. Sloppy and schizophrenic, '...And Star Power' is the sound of record-collection rock having a nervous breakdown.

It's a shame, because for about 20 minutes it splits the difference between inspired and indulgent, suggesting Foxygen might have it in them to make a great double album. They have a ball channelling '70s soft rockers like Todd Rundgren and Carole King – 'Coulda Been My Love' is a



prime slice of AOR balladry, while 'How Can You Really' is a sharply sketched rewrite of Rundgren's 'I Saw The Light'. But during a four-part graveyard – sorry, "suite" – everything starts to unravel. 'Hot Summer' is a pointless Suicide pastiche. 'Cold Winter/Freedom' is four minutes of irritating drone. 'Brooklyn Police Station', featuring vocals from White Fence's Tim Presley, cribs lazily from Them's 'Gloria'. And 'The Game' sounds, impolitely, like Syd Barrett taking a dump in your back garden.

On it goes, all smeared vocals and lunatic mixing, until 'Everyone Needs Love', a lovely, Jagger-esque ballad with backing vocals from Wayne Coyne, arrives to a feeling of: 'Where the fuck have you been for the last 50-odd minutes?' And that's the frustrating thing: Foxygen's talents shine despite themselves here. Maybe they'll knuckle down next time now they've got this sprawling mess out their systems? If there is a next time.

■ ALEX DENNEY

5

► THE DETAILS

► **RELEASE DATE** October 13 ► **LABEL** Jagjaguwar ► **PRODUCER** Foxygen ► **LENGTH** 81:35 ► **TRACKLISTING** ►1. Star Power Airlines ►2. How Can You Really ►3. Coulda Been My Love ►4. Cosmic Vibrations ►5. You & I ►6. Star Power I: Overture ►7. Star Power II: Star Power Nite ►8. Star Power III: What Are We Good For ►9. Star Power IV: Ooh Ooh ►10. I Don't Have Anything/The Gate ►11. Mattress Warehouse ►12. 666 ►13. Flowers ►14. Wally's Farm ►15. Cannibal Holocaust ►16. Hot Summer ►17. Cold Winter/Freedom ►18. Can't Contextualize My Mind ►19. Brooklyn Police Station ►20. The Game ►21. Freedom II ►22. Talk ►23. Everyone Needs Love ►24. Hang ► **BEST TRACK** Everyone Needs Love

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FILM

Northern Soul

Affectionate story of a much-loved '70s dance scene fails to match its stomping soundtrack

▶ Elaine Constantine's cinematic love letter to northern soul has been a long time in the making and comes garlanded with a huge, authentic soundtrack and a book that delves deep into the psyches of scene stalwarts. Clearly a lot of heart has gone into this, and with good reason. It's a movement as ripe for celebration as it was when Wigan Casino's sprung floors were jumping.

The book's the real-life companion but Constantine's film is pure drama. Set in the fictional but beautifully rendered Lancashire town of Burnsworth in 1974, it charts a fast friendship between teenagers John (Elliot James Langridge) and Matt (Josh Whitehouse), who bond over shared obsessions with obscure US seven-inches and flailing around on youth club dancefloors, dreaming of record-buying trips to America. The journey to some kind of vinyl catharsis takes in DJing gigs, a pilgrimage to Wigan and greedy amounts of speed.

In the middle of all this squalor, it's the music that stands for redemption, and Angela (Antonia Thomas), a nurse who catches John's eye, is surely a personification of northern soul itself. Initially unattainable, she's the daughter of a black American father from Chicago – also a hotbed of soul – and becomes a kind of guardian angel. Saviour, fish out of water and object of desire all rolled into one, Angela is a Lou Pride 45 made flesh.

It's a clunky device but the whole thing's painted with a broad brush. John finds release from his drab



Elliot James Langridge stars as John in *Northern Soul*

home life with an Edwin Starr single and the mere sight of Matt's exuberant moves. Necking a near-lethal dose of amphetamines is a momentary inconvenience. Of course, Constantine wants to move everything on, but skimping on unwieldy detail makes it all feel shallow.

The performances are mixed, too. Langridge's conflicted lead swallows the screen, but Whitehouse is upstaged by a charismatic turn from *Hollyoaks*' Ashley

Taylor Dawson, while Cockney Sean (Jack Gordon) is a pantomime update of *Withnail & I*'s Camberwell Carrot-rolling Danny. If the film has depth, it's in the dancing – a maelstrom of sweaty, flying limbs – the period setting and of course the music, an expertly curated selection ranging from Tobi Legend to Shirley Ellis to any other name you've never heard because they've been hidden behind white labels.

That's the risk with the fetishisation of an underground culture. The music sounds as glorious with the game given away in the credits as it does with a white sticker slapped over its label, but the flatly ordinary dissection of the subculture, its impulses and its heady release endangers the magic. Constantine's heart is clearly in the right place, but the movie never had a chance of matching the soundtrack.

■ MATTHEW HORTON



▶ DIRECTOR Elaine Constantine
▶ IN CINEMAS October 17

CINEMA

'71



When a young soldier is accidentally abandoned on the streets of Belfast during the Troubles in 1971, he's forced to survive the night alone. Separated from his unit after a riot, Gary (played by *Skins*' Jack O'Connell) accepts the help of Protestant loyalists but the IRA want him dead. Set against a backdrop of gruesome bomb blasts, Yann Demange's compelling film tracks the desperate soldier via a handheld camera. A bristling score adds emphasis to the camera work, mournful guitars and synthesized chord swells drawing you deeper into Gary's struggle. He can't trust anyone, as corrupt military police led by Captain Browning (a sinister Sean Harris) close in. O'Connell is terrific, his performance as turbulent as the period setting.

■ DAN BRIGHTMORE

8

CINEMA

Brumes D'Automne



Techno producer Richie Hawtin's music has featured in soundtracks

before, but *Brumes D'Automne* marks his first foray into soundscaping an entire piece. The Anglo-Canadian now scores this silent, experimental 1928 short by Russian filmmaker Dimitri Kirsanoff, premiering as part of a Bertrand Bonello retrospective at Paris' Pompidou Centre. Grainy images of the star Nadia Sibirskaia burning letters are met with sparse stabs of analogue synth, while minimalist keys accompany leaves tumbling into puddles. The true attraction here is Sibirskaia's teary-eyed gaze, which Hawtin is always respectful of. At 12 minutes, it's a moving, compact cinematic experience, seamlessly marrying two distant epochs and showing artful restraint from Hawtin.

■ JEREMY ALLEN

7

CINEMA

Draft Day



Each summer the American National Football League stages a televised red carpet event as its 32 teams pick their new players from a draft of 224 college rookies. Kevin Costner is Sonny Weaver, general manager of a failing team called The Cleveland Browns. Sean Combs makes a swift appearance as an agent, while Chadwick

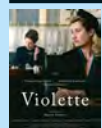
Boseman (who plays James Brown in forthcoming biopic *Get On Up*) is magnetic as a young player waiting for his big break. Director Ivan Reitman tries his best to broaden the dramatic appeal of what amounts to a day of gambling with million-dollar salaries at stake. But unless you have at least a passing interest in American football, this is an impenetrable film that not even P Diddy can rescue.

■ DAN BRIGHTMORE

5

CINEMA

Violette



Set near the end of World War II, *Violette* follows the life of controversial French author Violette Leduc as she struggles to make a living from her writings about female sexuality. Her every action is dramatic, from stomping around the house she shares with platonic partner Maurice Sachs to raging arguments with her mentor

Simone de Beauvoir. Her quest for her mother Berthe's acceptance is painfully highlighted too. At one point, frustrated by her financial state, Violette snaps at Berthe about becoming a prostitute: "No one wants me with this ugly mug, so who'd pay for it?" Martin Provost's uncompromising biography is full of the same spectacle, force and fight that defined Leduc's life until her death in 1972.

■ RHIAN DALY

8

NME
GIG
OF THE WEEK

Peace

The Rainbow, Birmingham

Sunday, September 28

56

Peace return to The Rainbow for an up-close and wild hometown gig





There's no new album
to launch, but the Brum
darlings still lift off at a
sweaty hometown show

PHOTOS BY ANDY HUGHES

▶ "I'm a bit ill," sighs Harry Koisser, lolling across a sofa in the front bar of The Rainbow. "Last night I couldn't sing at all." Peace's frontman, dressed in grey trackie bottoms, a grubby T-shirt from their own merch range and a brown fur coat, is battling a chest infection. "I've been melting Haribo sweets and drinking it. It's good for your throat," he says, clutching a bottle of sticky brown liquid. ➔

57

A bad chest isn't about to jeopardise this show, though – tonight is special. Peace have been coming to The Rainbow for years, and last played its intimate courtyard area in October 2012. This is also the week their second album was originally due for release, before it was pushed back to January 2015. As Harry insists he wants to soldier on, his vocal coach calls with some tips. "I've got to do steaming and sirening," the frontman reveals after he's hung up, demonstrating with a series of weird noises.

As the 23-year-old heads off to do his exercises, Superfood are preparing for their support slot next door. Long-time Peace acolytes, the Birmingham crew quickly make the 300-strong crowd sweat, their short, powerful set previewing tracks from their debut album, 'Don't Say That'. Rowdy and disarmingly fun, it's a taste of what's to come from the Britpop-channeling foursome.

Earlier, Harry told *NME* that Peace planned to "play everything and more", but his ailments mean they can't. Instead we get a lean list of highlights from their relatively short existence. '1998 (Delicious)' is a sprawling lead into a chaotic performance. As soon as the squealing riffs of 'Follow Baby' hit, waves of crowdsurfers launch themselves towards the stage.

A leery chant of "Doug! Doug! Doug!" starts afterwards, prompting guitarist Doug Castle to nod in the crowd's direction. "I think



PEACE Q&A

What do you remember about the last time you played here?

Harry Koisser (vocals): "The last show we did here was a Halloween. When you come off stage you have to walk through the crowd, and someone punched me in the face. I was wearing a skeleton onesie as well."

Dom Boyce (drums): "That was the one and only time I've ever crowdsurfed. The annoying thing was I jumped up and was like, 'Oh, this is fun', and then they just carried me back to the stage and dumped me on the pedal boards."

What's happening with the new album?

Harry: "It's out in January now. I've written a load more songs because now's the only time off we're gonna have for a while. We're actually going to start recording the third one before the second one's out, which is weird. I've never handed in my homework on time in my life."

What are those songs like?

Harry: "Weird. One of them is a proper campfire acoustic song. You know when someone gets a guitar out at a party who can't really play?"

Dom: "It's the kind of song even I could play."

they like you," jokes Harry, and the band launch into recent single 'Money'. It sounds gargantuan, made all the more raw as the singer struggles with his failing vocal cords, rasping out the words as best he can and winding up sounding like a Brummie Kurt Cobain. He might not be capable of his familiar croon, but this in no way mars the occasion, instead giving tender ballad 'California Daze' a rough edge and adding some fury to the poppy bounce of 'Wraith' and 'Lost On Me'.

"No matter how hot it gets, I'm not taking my coat off," says a stubborn Harry as the temperature reaches its sweltering peak. The riff of 'Bloodshake' boils and blisters, to the delight of the front rows. At the back, Harry and bassist Sam's parents party along with the band's friends, one of whom is swigging neat vodka. Had they been able to play every song, The Rainbow would have lapped it up: closer 'Float Forever' is bookended by chants of "We want more!" and there are plenty of

HARRY'S RASPING VOCALS SOUND LIKE A BRUMMIE KURT COBAIN

bodies left lingering long after the band have weaved their way offstage and outside.

With fans peering up at him, Harry hangs the clothes he was wearing onstage out to dry on a cable outside the dressing room window. "It was so hot!" he shouts, before offering to throw a bottle of beer down to *NME*. "Wait, you're not going to be able to catch this..." he reconsiders, and disappears inside. With rider demolished and a day of promo ahead, Peace drive back to London. Their mates Superfood party for them, though, heading to a ropey club – a friend calling for "a plastic bag full of pills" in tow – where bassist Emily Baker demonstrates the art of handstand twerking, a feat as athletic as it sounds.

They might be tucked up in bed, but Peace haven't changed since the last time they tore up The Rainbow – not really. If their return reveals anything it's that, despite the wait for the follow-up

to debut record 'In Love' being drawn out longer than expected, the cheek, flair and excitement that surrounded them then hasn't waned in the slightest. ■ RHIAN DALY

SETLIST

- 1998 (Delicious)
- Follow Baby
- Money
- Higher Than The Sun
- California Daze
- Lovesick
- Wraith
- Lost On Me
- World Pleasure
- Bloodshake
- Float Forever



Peace: (l-r) Doug Castle, Dom Bryce, Harry and Sam Koisser

Liverpool

Psych

Fest

Camp & Furnace, Liverpool

Friday–Saturday, September 26–27

Swedish experimentalists Goat are the colourful highlight at the boundary-pushing arts and music event

“What’s going on in ’ere, then?” enquires a greying, leather-clad biker in thick scouse brogue outside Camp & Furnace. When *NME* explains that a glut of psych bands have descended on Liverpool for the weekend, his eyes light up. “Ah, I see! Don’t suppose you’ve got any acid?”

Were he to venture in, he’d see that such a stereotypical view is as dated as a pair of moth-eaten flares. Inside this cavernous warehouse, the Liverpool International Festival Of Psychedelia – to give it its full title – isn’t concerned with reviving flower power. Rather, it’s pushing things forward for this historic music city with progressive bookings, old-fashioned industry and some startlingly creative presentation. Every single surface is bathed in colour by a multitude of projections,

enormous drapes black out the many windows lining the factory roof, and an entire floor is devoted to leftfield art: The Pzyk Production Line, an initiative to record the festival’s ambient sounds and mix them live to cassette, an installation by Dan

Tombs, visual guru for Factory Floor and Jon Hopkins, and an AV pyramid comprising 80 old-school TVs. And, of course, in mysterious Swedish collective Goat they’ve booked one of the world’s most exciting live acts. Just don’t describe them as psychedelic; they hate that term, their press officer informs us before we conduct an email interview with anonymous band member Goat Man (see Q&A, above).

But if you’re looking for classic sounds of that

nature, there’s plenty on offer: LA’s **Allah-Las**, whose guitars soar like The Byrds, are the prime exponents affecting a lustrous singalong with ‘Had It All’. Their New York counterparts **Woods** embrace psych’s more expansive side, closing their slot with a glorious version of ‘With Light And With Love’ that stretches way past the 10-minute mark. Fellow New Yorkers **White Hills** drone and fuzz similarly, while **Quilt** and **Amen Dunes** offer a billowing melodic contrast. There’s homegrown talent, too. Bristol newcomers

Spectres’ melodies are searing, but it’s London-based **Mazes** who threaten to steal the entire show. Their opening salvo of ‘Astigmatism’ and ‘Salford’ from new album ‘Wooden Aquarium’ – the heaviest and best thing they’ve done to date – bristles with melody and power, guitarist

Jack Cooper (who later tells *NME* “there’s nothing uncool about Liverpool”) cutting loose on some particularly noisy lead-work.

Goat, though, are something else. Clicking straight into a high gear with opener ‘Talk To God’, they don’t let up for the next hour, bringing the festival to a seething, sweating, gyrating conclusion. Their sartorial choices – full tribal regalia, ancient masks – are well documented, but it’s the fun and frenetic

GOAT Q&A

How was the show for you tonight?

Goat Man: “It was great! Good vibes from the audience. It is always a treat to play to so many energetic people. Personally, I had some trouble with my monitor so I had a difficult sound, but it was alright.”

Do you see Goat as more of a studio project or live experience?

“I think they’re two very different things. I dig both. Recording

is way more creative and interesting, but playing live is a massive exchange of energies, a powerful force which can really lift you up.”

What was the motivation behind calling the new album ‘Commune’?

“It’s a celebration and reminder of the fact that we all are parts of many different collectives. We need to acknowledge this and play a positive part in the development of those collectives; that is how evolution goes forward.”

energy of this live show that deserves the plaudits. Call it what you like, but ultimately this is party music. ‘Run To Your Mama’ from debut LP ‘World Music’ is a highlight, with the two shamanic vocalists unleashing perfectly synchronised dance routines, while the urgent percussion on ‘Goatslaves’ makes it feel like a double-speed Fela Kuti jam. When the singers depart after ‘Det Som Aldrig Förändras’, things get looser as the instruments roam free. Even shorn of their visual focal point, it’s eminently compelling. Tonight, Goat take the music that this great and growing event seeks to celebrate and blast it off into outer space on a shuttle of high theatre and brutal beauty. ■ ROB WEBB

Goat in full tribal regalia



Alt-J

Alexandra Palace, London
Wednesday, September 24

Chart-topping musical misfits fill the cavernous north London venue with mega choruses, lasers and bashful charm

“Welcome to the biggest gig we’ve ever done,” beams Alt-J keyboardist Gus Unger-Hamilton into Ally Pally’s cavernous main hall, as a heavy-duty light show fizzles into gear and the squeals of baying fans bounce around the walls. It’s been just over two years since the release of the group’s debut ‘An Awesome Wave’. In that time they’ve won a Mercury Prize, been nominated for a Brit, conquered festivals from Pilton to Palm Springs and shrunk to a trio after the departure of bassist Gwil Sainsbury. After tonight’s show, ‘This Is All Yours’ will become their first Number 1 album, in a Top 10 including other modern musical misfits Aphex Twin and Leonard Cohen. It’s an impressive feat, considering how wilfully weird the music is. Sure, there are pop hooks, but there are also recorder solos, baroque madrigal chants and icy chamber harmonies.

Thanks to a preview app and early online streaming, the singalongs to freaky new tracks ‘Left Hand Free’ and ‘Every Other Freckle’ are as loud as those for the tried-and-tested ‘Matilda’ and ‘Dissolve Me’. Despite this devotion, Alt-J have taken precautions. They open with the Miley Cyrus-sampling ‘Hunger Of The Pine’, before frontloading the set with their most unambiguous hits. ‘Fitzpleasure’ is the one that broke America, and it sounds bigger than ever, deftly filling the vast space with its coy “tra-la”s and heavyweight beats. During ‘Something



Good’, frontman Joe Newman asks the crowd to “sing with me”, and they willingly take on the a cappella final line, turning the audience into one huge choir for five glorious seconds before they erupt into deafening screams.

Single ‘Left Hand Free’’s escapade into swamp funk is next. Despite being the most familiar sonically, it’s perhaps the most experimental song of the night. It’s floppier than the others, lurching about, showcasing a filthy organ wig-out and even prompting a charmingly guileless clap-along.

Though Alt-J have been operating as a trio in the studio since Sainsbury left, they’ve enlisted a session player to beef up the sound for the live show. Cameron Knight neatly slips into the line-up, the four men positioned in a row, all in black, perhaps as a concession to the flashy light show that blasts throughout like an angry giant wielding sports-stadium floodlights. Dry ice leaks through the venue during ‘Every Other Freckle’, the performance of which proves the band still aren’t 100 per cent with the new material, even if the crowd are. “Sorry, I fucked up,” blushes Joe, asking for a restart before his

**“SORRY I FUCKED UP,”
BLUSHES JOE, ASKING
FOR A RESTART DURING
‘EVERY OTHER FRECKLE’**

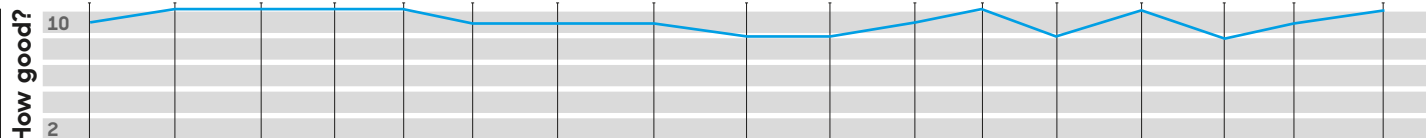
“Turn you inside out and lick you like a crisp packet” line proves the highlight of the year’s finest song about snack-inspired shagging.

A small brass band are the evening’s special guests, sloping on to add a languid soul to ‘Bloodflood Pt II’. It’s ‘The Gospel Of John Hurt’, however, that is tonight’s best from the new album. Creeping, oozing and hypnotic, it comes accompanied by sea-green visuals that kick in as the monolithic chorus lifts off. An airy cover of Bill Withers’ ‘Lovely Day’ paves the way for a rare flash of humour in the intro to the slinky ‘Nara’. “This song is about Japan,” says Joe. “Where we’ve only been twice.” “But we’ve read about it on the internet,” deadpans Gus, before the twinkling track floods the room.

When Alt-J next play in London it’ll be at the 20,000 capacity O2 Arena in January – tonight shows they’re more than capable of pulling off an even more mammoth show. ■ LEONIE COOPER

SETLIST

HUNGER OF THE PINE FITZPLEASURE SOMETHING GOOD LEFT HAND FREE DISSOLVE ME MATILDA BLOODFLOOD BLOODFLOOD PT2 SHESHESHE TESSELLATE EVERY OTHER FRECKLE TARO WARM FOOTHILLS THE GOSPEL OF JOHN HURT LOVELY DAY NARA BREEZEBLOCKS



Alt-J's Joe Newman onstage at the Ally Pally and (below) Gus Unger-Hamilton

ALT-J INTERVIEW

That was your biggest ever headline show – how was it for you?

Gus Unger-Hamilton: "It's pretty amazing. 'Left Hand Free' got as big a response as 'Breezeblocks', which is amazing seeing as it's only been out a few weeks. The weirdest moment was when someone threw something onstage that was wrapped up in kitchen roll like a present, I grabbed it and took it back to the dressing room. Inside was a crumpled playing card, a button, a lighter and a used piece of chewing gum. Very surreal."

Has [departed bassist] Gwil come to any of the shows on this tour?

Gus: "He hasn't – he's just started his masters and he's a bit busy. But he texted me today saying, 'Best of luck, thinking of you guys', and that's really nice. We really want him to come to a show, but he lives in Bristol now and we haven't played in the south-west yet."

Which crisp flavour is your favourite flavour to lick the packet of?

Gus: "If it was a band decision, it would have to be a packet of salt and vinegar McCoy's – they're the best crisps, really."

MORE GIGS

Brownbear The Islington, London

Friday, September 26

Having supported both Pete Doherty and The Libertines, Brownbear have a headline show of their own. The Ayrshire quartet are in an Islington pub surrounded by foody fortysomethings. Their melodies are tight, frontman Matt Hickman shaking his ringlets and yelping like a young Phil Lynott on 'Olive Tree'. 'Dead Or Alive' sounds like 'Maggie May' as done by wired young Scots The View. Brownbear are cleaner than them, though, and their polished guitar-pop proves far more appetising than the mezze platters tonight.

■ GEMMA SAMWAYS

7

Ryan Adams O2 Shepherd's Bush Empire, London

Thursday, September 18

Ryan Adams can handle hecklers. "Honestly, it feels like you're the show and I'm the audience," he quips. He's wrong. 'Gimme Something Good', from his recent 14th album, opens. Adams plays seven more songs from it, but none quite mesmerise the way a soaring 'Oh My Sweet Carolina' and closer 'Come Pick Me Up' do. Still, nothing can stop the torrent of affection for the grinning 39-year-old – not even Johnny Depp, who ambles on in a hat and glasses for 'Kim' and a cover of Danzig's 'Mother'.

■ ANDY WELCH

8

Transgressive Records 10th Anniversary



Barbican Centre, London
Tuesday, September 30

Mystery Jets and a surprise guest ignite the thriving label's 10th birthday bash

It's been ten years since Transgressive founders Tim Dellow and Toby L bonded at a Bloc Party gig and decided to start a label. Since then, Transgressive have worked with a discerning selection of artists from Larrikin Love and The Young Knives to Foals and their beloved Bloc Party, providing the soundtrack to a decade's worth of indie discos.

MYSTERY JETS' SETLIST

- ▶ Someone Purer
- ▶ Serotonin
- ▶ Stormborn
- ▶ Young Love
- ▶ Blood Red Balloon
- ▶ Alice Springs
- ▶ Flakes

Tonight, they're celebrating hitting double figures with a party that charts their history in the suitably venerable surrounds of the Barbican. The opening salvo of model-turned-folk-singer **Marika Hackman** and

powerfully earnest Mumford types **Dry The River** might not represent the very pinnacle of their roster, but come the second half, the celebration is in full swing.

Having spent nearly two years away since 2012's underrated 'Radlands', **Mystery Jets'** return is a heartwarming one. It encapsulates

the nostalgic yet forward-looking feeling of the evening, too. 'Alice Springs' and 'Someone Purer' sound massive and giddy, pop nuggets from their past that get the all-seated front section clambering on each others' shoulders, while 'Stormborn' and 'Blood Red Balloon' – brand-new tracks from their forthcoming fifth LP – tie the '80s electro-pop of their second record 'Twenty One' with 'Radlands' Texan infatuation, winding up at hooky, harmony-laden space rock. New bassist Jack Flanagan – who replaces the departed Kai Fish – is officially inducted onstage as former member (and singer Blaine Harrison's dad) Henry looks on proudly. But it's the surprise appearance of **Laura Marling** for 'Young Love' that really ignites the party.

Marling returns during **Johnny Flynn & The Sussex Wit's** closing set, lending an effortless vocal to their 2010 collaboration 'The Water'. And by the time they close with a rendition of old hit 'Tickle Me Pink' – backed by the rest of the evening's musical cast – it feels like a special enough occasion to do Transgressive justice. ■ LISA WRIGHT

61

7

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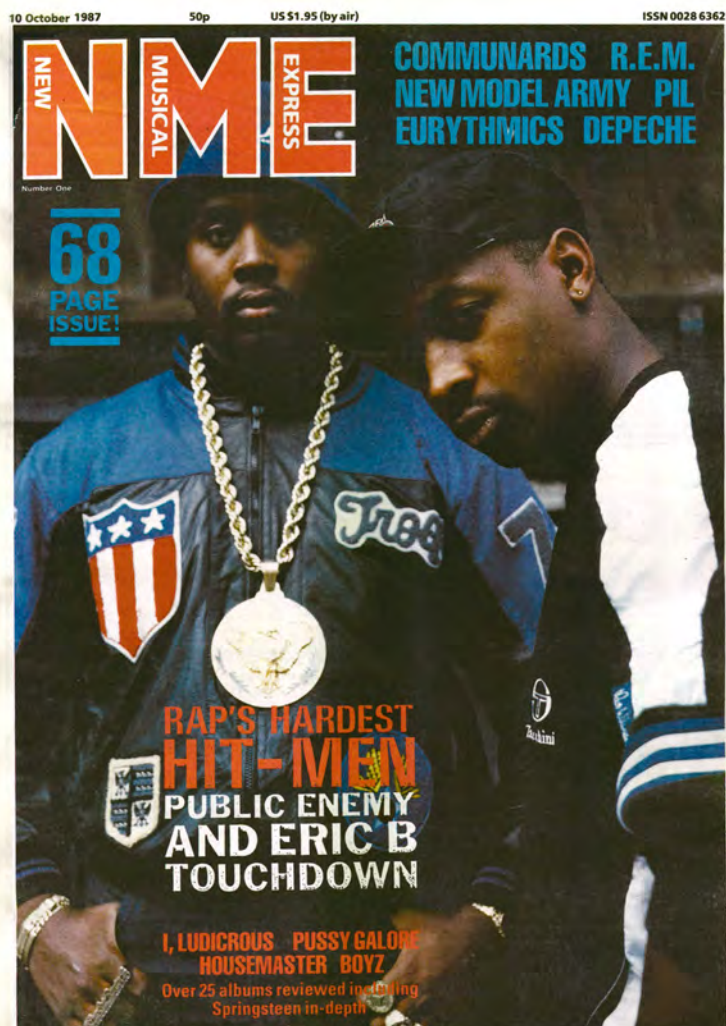
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THIS WEEK IN 1987



Bring the noise

NME heads to New York to hear the school bell ring and receive a lesson on the future of hip-hop from Chuck D

Rhythm and dissonance. Rant and repetition. Insistence and dislocation. These are the foundations of the Public Enemy philosophy, the one that helped build the towering inferno of the duo's new single 'Rebel Without A Pause' – their first fresh material since 'Yo! Bum Rush The Show'. Are they avant-rap? Anti-rap? Industrial rap? "Right now, we aim to be unsettling," says Chuck D, standing on a street corner in New York right outside the offices of Def Jam Recordings. "Noise is something that can be organised so as to be an irritation. Lotta what we sayin' is irritatin' to a lotta people, so we figured we'll wrap it up in more irritation so they get the message. LOUD AND CLEAR. Ain't room for no middle line with this shit." But what are you actually sayin' here, Chuck? "That an important message should have its importance *embedded* into the way it's relayed. Dig it – you hear a school bell ringin', you know it's time for school. You hear Public Enemy, you hear a tone that says 'LOOK OUT! THIS IS SOME SERIOUS SHIT COMIN'."

HONEST JOHN

John Lydon defends the new PiL album, 'Happy?': "Oh shut up! Look! In this current climate of Wet Wet Wet, Living In A Box, how on earth can 'Happy?' be buff? It's a diamond in a mudpack of mediocrity, and it's much better than [last LP] 'Album', which was fucking thoroughly excellent, thank you very much." He adds: "The whole gauntlet of human emotions has been catered for here in the most honest way possible, you bastard."

MUM KNOWS BEST

There is, Eric B tells *NME's* Sean O'Hagan, a secret to his success with Rakim on new record 'Paid In Full': "Rakim's mother is the Queen Of Hip-Hop. She has this old record collection, man, she has everythin'. We'd go down in her basement and listen to all these records for hours... I picked up Fonda Rae's 'Over Like A Fat Rat' and took the bassline and matched it to the 'Funky President' beat. I can hear when a beat is gonna stick."

REVIEWED THIS WEEK



Bruce Springsteen
"Tunnel Of Love"

"Pop music is all about simple tunes and Springsteen's are worth every cent of his billions. Fifty million Bruce fans can't be wrong, yet even they can't begin to see how right they are." ■ NEIL TAYLOR

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE

► Primal Scream at the Venue in Edinburgh "have a fine sense of pop history which will satisfy the very young and the very lazy", according to writer Alastair McKay.
► Billy Bragg's unhappy with the "load of pompous crap" that was an attack on pop music in *The Times* by columnist Bernard Levin.
► Paul Johnson's 'Fear Of Falling' is Single Of The Week, but only because of B-Side 'That Was Yesterday'. "A lowdown gospel workout," says *NME's* Paolo Hewitt.

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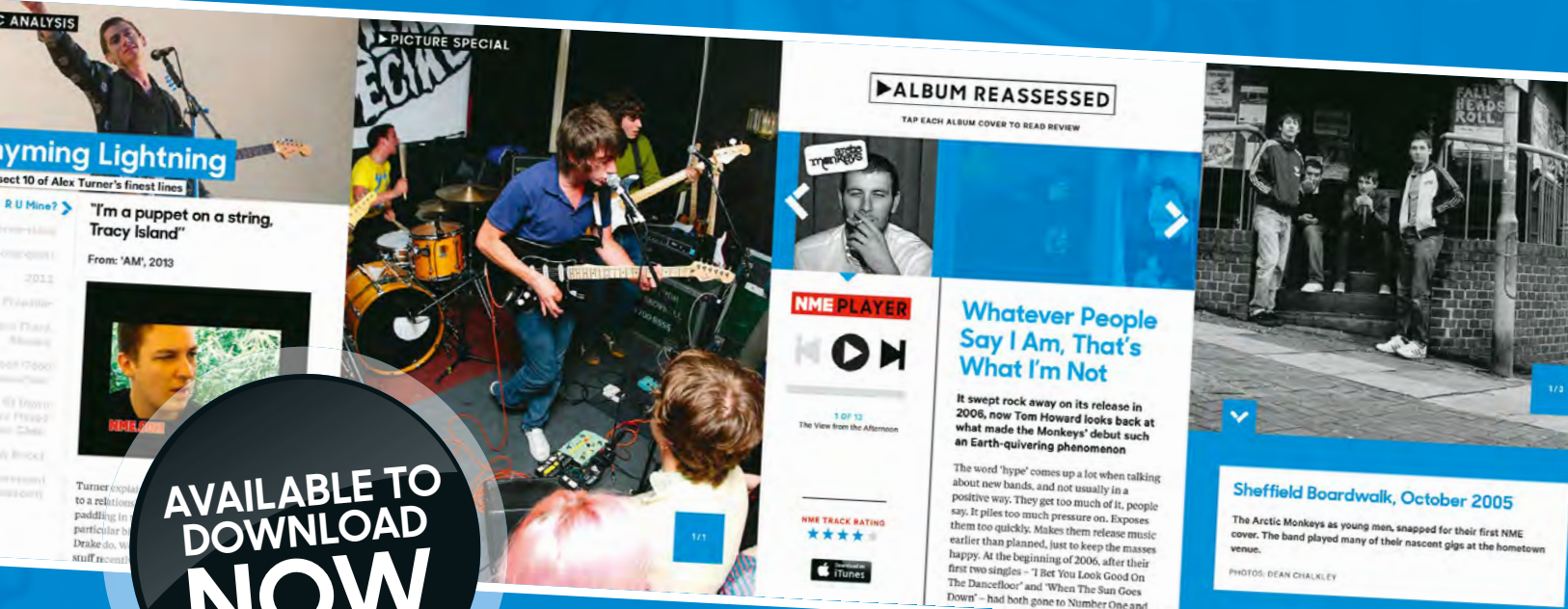
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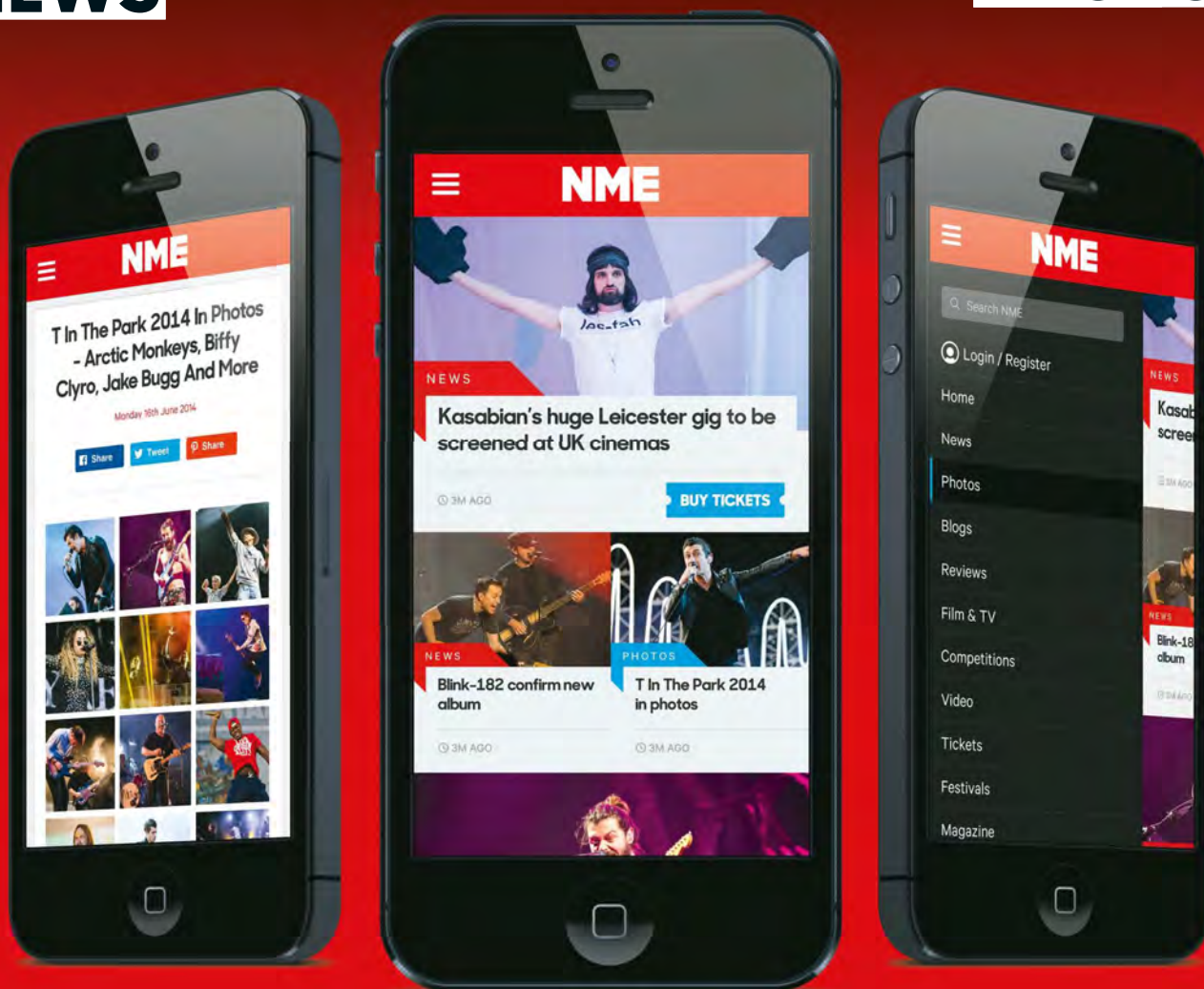
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REVIEWS**

**THE BEST
PHOTOS**



WHEREVER YOU ARE

NME.COM ON MOBILE - REDESIGNED WITH MUSIC FANS IN MIND