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2007 reunion.



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tell us about their
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Buckingham Palace.



EXCLUSIVE
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Spektor flit from
butterfly in her new
low', exclusively on

H breaking and entering into, er, a helter skelter in Liverpool, *NME* cover stars Palma Violets have been busy cementing their status as indie's premier outdoor outlaws while filming a video for 'Last Of The Summer Wine', the flip-side of 'Best Of Friends', on north London's Hampstead Heath – which is apt, given it shares its name with a TV programme about badly behaved pensioners.

"We got chased off by the park rangers because we weren't allowed to film there," explains bassist Chilli Jesson. "So we beat them up and tied them all to a tree." We've got a vague feeling that the last bit of Chilli's admission may not be entirely true, but, impressively, it's not even the weirdest thing about today.

Taking to the Heath for a token 'japes in the park' concept ("I think every single band in history has done at least one 'running through the field together holding hands' video," laughs frontman Sam Fryer), the quartet are joined by a couple of dancing female friends and some chums of an altogether more furry, pocket-sized variety: "Sam has harvest mice – he breeds them because they're becoming extinct," says a remarkably straight-faced



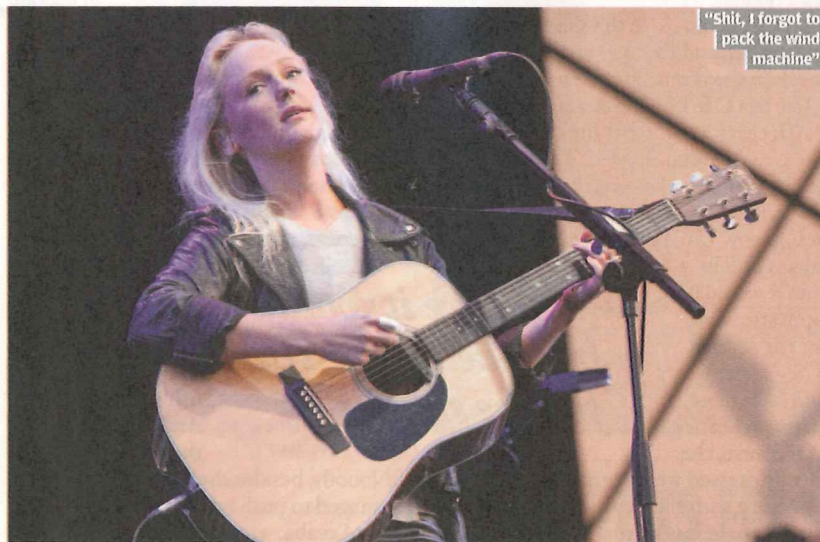
Chilli. "He has about 60 at home, but we only brought two. They're tiny little things, but they're really cool." Hope they've got good rodent-sitters: a couple of weeks after the shoot, the

south London-based four-piece are now out on their first headline tour. "I feel that, as a group, we're blending much better, gelling well, which is extremely good on tour," says Pete Mayhew (keyboards). "Like, I realise now that Will doesn't like peanut butter, so I don't swan peanut butter around the room like I used to. I feel like we're stepping towards the realms of professionalism." There may still be a little way to go.

Watch 'Last Of The Summer Wine' on NME.COM now

ME, MYSELF AND I

Laura Marling goes it alone – on a new, totally solo album and single-suitcase tour of the US



"Shit, I forgot to pack the wind machine"

The time of the loner is now: first Tame Impala's 'Lonerism' brought psychedelic colour to autumn days, now Laura Marling is taking on the world alone. Leaving London – and her band – behind, we find

the singer-songwriter at a roadhouse in California's Mojave Desert on a solo tour of America, taking in sights and playing smaller venues often excluded from tour routes. Though accompanied by a friend here and there, Marling is travelling light,

hauling just two guitars into the room and playing an intimate hour-long set that includes more new material than old. "These are tiny gigs, so it's not very profitable," she says. "I just wanted to do something simple, for my own pleasure."

Marling is a lone wolf on her upcoming fourth album, which is slated for a February release. The as yet untitled record features only her and producer Ethan Johns, and was written at a time when she was reading "a lot of French existentialist literature". Marling says the album sounds "quite

"The new stuff is a difficult listen"

Laura Marling

thick", despite its minimal personnel. The guitar, "stylistically, is very different", she says. "The first track is 20 minutes long, like a medley of tracks. I'm nervous about saying this, but it's a little bit more difficult to listen to. I don't think it would be as satisfying on first listen."

She's so enjoyed the simple nature of this tour that her band might soon be out of a job. "I might make a habit of touring alone," she says. "The joy of touring is travelling, and being on a tourbus is not travelling. It's... well, it's being on a smelly bus."