

THE STORY OF THE DECADE

NME

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2000

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2009

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IN MUSIC**

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THE ALBUM 2009

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THE TEMPER TRAP
WHITE LIES
PARAMORE



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7 DAYS IN MUSIC



GOING TO WEMBER-LEE

Supermassive gigs

LONDON/MANCHESTER

Wembley: it's home to English football and Muse it seems, as the band have announced their return to the stadium next year. Having been one of the first acts to play the venue when it reopened in 2007, the trio will be back there on September 11, 2010, after playing Manchester's Lancashire County Cricket Ground on September 4. Tickets go on sale this Friday (Nov 20) at 9am, see NME.COM for details. "It was just amazing last time. Playing the stadium isn't something any band expects to achieve, so once you've done it there's nowhere else to go as a live band," explained Chris Wolstenholme of the return. "The two nights were amazing, probably the two best gigs we've ever had, so to go back was a no-brainer."

Having played during the summer in 2007, this time Muse will be taking over the stadium during the football season. "A lot of the footballers whinge about bands playing," joked the bassist. "I know the England keeper David James fairly well and he was saying, 'You guys wreck the pitch every time you play on it', so if there's a bobble I guess it's our fault!"

However, Wolstenholme pointed out that for their Manchester show they opted for cricket over football. "There was a debate whether we'd play Old Trafford football ground or the cricket ground. We looked at pictures of Springsteen playing the football ground and it looked half-empty even though it was sold out, it didn't look nice," he explained. "Then we saw Arctic Monkeys at the cricket ground and it look like there were a million people on the floor!"

THOM VS GOVERNMENT

OXFORD = Earlier this month Energy And Climate Change Secretary Ed Miliband announced plans to build 12 new nuclear power stations - and Thom Yorke ain't happy about it. Blogging on Deadairspace.com the singer accused the government of being in an "isolated political fuzzy cloud" adding: "Great. Just perfect. Well done, fellas. You've really thought about this, haven't you?" We think he was being sarcastic.



GORILLAZ WORD FARE

NORTHAMPTON = Damon Albarn and Jamie Hewlett are working with *Watchmen* creator Alan Moore for their next project. The writer told Mustardweb.org that the pair had visited him at his home to discuss their new opera and a possible comic-book collaboration.

ALBUM OF THE YEAR

IN THE SHOPS = NME's 'The Album 2009' compilation hit the shops this week (Nov 16). The double CD features this year's choice cuts, including Biffy Clyro's 'That Golden Rule', Muse's 'Uprising', The Cribs' 'Cheat On Me' and Kasabian's 'Fire'.



SUPER FURRY SOUNDTRACK



CARDEFF = It sounds a bit Boosh, but having trekked around South America, Super Furry Animals' Gruff Rhys has made an album and film out of his trip. *Seperado!* will be shown at the Cardiff Soundtrack Film Festival on Thursday (Nov 19). Rhys explained, "The soundtrack will be my next solo album by default."

BUTTER UP

FINEBURY PARK = If you're wondering why the man behind Public Image Limited would ever front a butter advert, well John Lydon claims Country Life Butter is paying for Pil's forthcoming reunion tour. "The money I got from that advert is the advance on this," he told the *Camden New Journal*.

CAVE MUSIC

BRIGHTON = Nick Cave has the movie bug. He and Bad Seeds/Grienderman bandmate Warren Ellis have scored the film adaptation of Cormac McCarthy's apocalyptic novel *The Road*. The soundtrack album is due January 8.

ISLAND FUN

MAGALUF = Ibiza Rocks organisers are island-hopping by launching a Mallorca Rocks next May. Acts who play the Ibiza gig will also play the courtyard of the new 330-room hotel.

"I was born in 1984, so I'm not going to name an album 'Contra' and not think about that video game!"

VAMPIRE WEEKEND'S EZRA KOENIG REVEALS THE DOUBLE MEANING BEHIND THE BAND'S SECOND ALBUM

Here comes Liam

LONDON

Stop crying your heart out - Liam Gallagher is set to kick off his post-Oasis career within "months". Speaking to Italian radio the singer said he was keen to play live soon.

"I'll be back doing that within a couple of months," he explained. "I miss singing songs. I miss the people."

Following last week's (Nov 8) Pretty Green party, it was suggested Liam wanted Miles Kane for his band after the pair were spotted huddled together all night.

"I was chatting to Liam at his party," admitted Kane. "He's my hero and we both love

Lennon and we were just chatting about my record and what he's up to." The Last Shadow Puppet admitted he's too busy recording his own album to join a band, but wouldn't rule out a link-up. "I've got a couple of tunes on the record that are very Liam, there's 'My Fantasy', which he'd be great singing on, who knows, leave it open."



TURN OVER THE PAGE FOR MORE ▶

A photograph of four people sitting on a wooden park bench in a grassy field under a blue sky with clouds. From left to right: a woman with blonde hair in a high ponytail wearing a yellow and black patterned bikini top and bright pink pants, looking down at a magazine; a man wearing a straw hat, a plaid jacket over a white shirt, and white pants, eating popcorn; a woman with dark hair wearing a purple suit over a white ruffled blouse, also eating popcorn; and a man wearing a white t-shirt, jeans, and large headphones, looking up and listening to music. In the background, there are green trees and a few other people walking on a path.

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RIP

Tributes to !!! man

BROOKLYN

The indie community of New York came out to say goodbye to !!!'s Jerry Fuchs at a memorial service at Brooklyn's Edie's — one of his favourite hangouts — last Thursday (November 12) night.

The drummer's death on November 9 stunned those in the New York music scene and beyond. He died after falling down a lift shaft during a benefit party at Williamsburg's 338 Berry Street venue. It has been suggested that Fuchs fell to his death after his clothes got caught as he was trying to leap from a gap between the lift and the building's fifth floor after the lift malfunctioned. He was pronounced dead at the city's Bellevue Hospital.

"We could never put into words how special a person Jerry

was and how much we loved him," declared !!!, writing on MySpace last week. "We ask that you tell all the people you care about and are thankful for that you love them," they added. "We wish we still had Jerry."

LCD Soundsystem's James Murphy added his tribute, explaining that Fuchs was "one of the only people we all knew who was literally great at what he did", while DFA Records' Jonathan Galkin, who works with !!!, declared the city's musicians would miss a good friend. "Whether you knew it or not, people wanted to be in the same room as you," he wrote in a tribute to Fuchs. "You were a really good drummer, some might say the best we had, but you were a greater friend. I love you and miss you, Jerry."

CORNER (CHARITY) SHOP

SHEFF ELDO ■ Arctic Monkeys are returning to the charity shops for their next release, 'Cornerstone'. The band will make the 10-inch vinyl version of the single available exclusively in 50 of Oxfam's UK music stores from November 16. The Monkeys have also hidden 'golden tickets' for their forthcoming UK tour in the sleeves of some of the singles, which feature new B-sides: 'Catapult', 'Skelthead' and 'Fright Lined Dining Room'.



"It's been a frustrating time for all involved but I'm happy to say that we will be back on the road soon"

JAMIE T IS OVER THE LARYNGITIS

KANYE'S BACK

LONDON ■ Kanye West has made his first onstage appearance since invading the stage at the MTV VMA Awards during Taylor Swift's acceptance speech in September. The rapper performed a short rap on 'Ego' during Beyoncé's London O2 Arena show on Sunday (Nov 15); Jay Z also joined his wife, guesting on 'Crazy in Love'.

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THE NME CHART

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NEW TO THE PLAYLIST...

Who will be fighting it out in future charts?



EAGLES OF DEATH METAL - 'NOW I'M A FOOL'

"While most of the tracks on the Eagles' third - and most recent - album 'Heart On' make you want to strut, shake, yelp and growl, 'Now I'm A Fool' is a bit different from the usual Eagles Of Death Metal fare. It's a wistful tale about finding love among the vacuousness of LA, and then getting your heart broken and feeling a bit of a chump - as the title suggests. The Devil and Baby Duck turn their hand to a slow number, for a change, with quality results."

Sarah Kerr, NME Radio



IAN BROWN - 'JUST LIKE YOU'

"Brown lives out Jacko fantasy, adds sleighbells and comes out sounding like tumbledried New Order."

Mat Wilkinson,
News Reporter



SAMUEL & THE DRAGON - 'DIAMONDS ON THE BOAT'

"Lovely folktronica with the drama of Antony And The Johnsons or Patrick Wolf from this London lad."

Emily Mackay,
Acting Reviews Editor



SHY CHILD - 'CRISS CROSS'

"The keytar heroes return from an all-too-long hiatus with a six minute-plus disco shuffle - also available on the Daily Download blog."

Tim Chester, Assistant
Editor NME.COM



MARINA & THE DIAMONDS - 'I AM NOT A ROBOT'

"Kooky, sexy and just fucking cool, Marina's tunes always have great lyrics and great videos to match. One to watch in 2010."

Keeley Gray, NME TV

- 1 1 CALVIN HARRIS
'FLASHBACK'
Columbia
- 2 4 FLORENCE AND THE MACHINE
'YOU'VE GOT THE LOVE'
Island
- 3 2 BIFFY CLYRO
'THE CAPTAIN'
14th Floor
- 4 5 THE BIG PINK
'DOMINO'
4AD
- 5 3 THE TEMPER TRAP
'SWEET DISPOSITION'
Infectious
- 6 7 KASABIAN
'UNDERDOG'
Columbia
- 7 6 DIZZEE RASCAL
'HOLIDAY'
Dizze Stank
- 8 11 MUSE
'UNDISCLOSED DESIRES'
Helium 3/Warner Bros
- 9 8 MUSE
'UPRISING'
Helium 3/Warner Bros
- 10 9 MUMFORD & SONS
'LITTLE LION MAN'
glad
- 11 14 BIFFY CLYRO
'THAT GOLDEN RULE'
14th Floor
- 12 10 EDITORS
'PAPILLON'
Kitchenware
- 13 23 OU EST LE SWIMMING POOL
'DANCE THE WAY I FEEL'
Sift
- 14 13 LA ROUX
'I'M NOT YOUR TOY'
Polydor
- 15 18 FLORENCE AND THE MACHINE
'DRUMMING SONG'
Island
- 16 15 DEATH CAB FOR CUTIE
'MEET ME ON THE EQUINOX'
Atlantic
- 17 17 BLOC PARTY
'ONE MORE CHANCE'
Wichita
- 18 31 THE PRODIGY
'TAK ME TO THE HOSPITAL'
Take Me To The Hospital
- 19 12 MIKE SNOW
'BLACK & BLUE'
Columbia
- 20 22 KASABIAN
'WHERE DID ALL THE LOVE GO?'
Columbia



THE BIG PINK

Their debut album only dropped two months ago, but the daydream duo are holding steady in the Top Five, thanks in no small part to the power of Xbox ads.



DIZZEE RASCAL

'Holiday' was Dizzee's third Number One in a row on his own label in the national pop charts and has been flitting up and down our Top 10 for three weeks - can he get it to the top of the NME Chart?



MUSE

Muse are sitting pretty with two tracks ('Uprising' and 'Undisclosed Desires') in the Top 10, and will no doubt continue to crush all resistance following their recent UK live extravaganzas.

OFFICIAL
charts company

The NME Chart is compiled on a weekly basis from the sales of physical and digital singles through traditional high street retailers, internet retailers and digital music service providers. Singles are eligible for the NME Chart if they have featured on the playlists of NME Radio or TV, or in NME Magazine.

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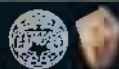
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LETTERS

YOU WRITE IT, WE PRINT IT, EVERYONE ARGUES *Edited by Rebecca Robins*

LETTER OF THE WEEK WINS A SAMSUNG Q2 P3/4 PLAYER TO LISTEN OR WATCH THE LATEST MUSIC VIDEOS ON

SAMSUNG



Letter of the week

Drumming up support

I feel as though I owe Hamish MacBain a debt of thanks for successfully turning me onto The Drums last week (*NME*, November 7) through such a thoroughly intriguing article. True, all he really needed to do to hold my attention was scrawl the words "sounds a bit like 'Disorder' by Joy Division" in huge letters across two pages of blank A4, but after I listened to 'Let's Go Surfing' I realised that it was more than just a nostalgic JD guitar riff. We know that although misery loves company it also makes the best music, so cheers, Hamish. I'm now going to go beat the rest of The Drums' tunes firmly into my brain. *Daniel, Liverpool*

Dear Daniel also sent us a very mean letter about the Arctics, so it's nice to know we won him over in the end - RR

A POLITICIAN WRITES...

While I fully agree with Nicky Wire's support for Peter Mandelson's measures to end filesharing on the internet I have to take exception to his comments about the Labour Party (*NME*, November 7). As a Labour Party PPC actively campaigning to win Angus from the SNP and Tories I am far from defensive, and have much to be proud of. For example the National Minimum Wage has given a decent income to hundreds of thousands of low-paid workers for the very first time in generations, and the Scottish Parliament has brought democracy closer to the people, while a firm commitment to aid and development has meant significant and targeted help to developing nations. I could go on all day, of course. From my point of view I have not given up on the party and am working to ensure that the party goes on into a fourth term of a Labour Government. If Nicky Wire is not convinced that the Labour Party is not committed to that aim he can join me one weekend on the campaign trail in Angus and find out that far from being defeated, Labour fights on for victory for the sake of Britain and the world.

Kevin Hutchens, Labour Party Prospective Parliamentary Candidate for Angus

We actually received three copies of this letter. While I vote Labour I find it slightly worrying it took homeboy here three attempts to send an email. If a rival party candidate can master this advanced technology with more sophistication I might consider a switch. Such is the fickle yooof of today - RR

APATHY AND EXHAUSTION

I'm a mid-teenager so my knowledge of politics isn't very good. But I understand what is happening with the government and I also realise that the BNP are a bunch of racist arseholes. What I don't understand is why lots of bands are suddenly going political. Muse, for example: their last two albums have been political and they're great but I want songs I can relate to, not Matt Bellamy whining on about how he feels the government are taking a huge triumphant shit on us. I love Muse and always will but why can't bands like Muse and Green Day just stop? We get the fucking idea: you hate government. *Jon, Leeds*

Ah, the old politics in music debate. Where would this page be without it, Revless, that's where - RR



You wanna fight? Matt Bellamy gets his fists ready

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WRITES LIKE TEEN SPIRIT

New music is what I love; that new bands and artists are championed by you, *NME*, is a wonderful thing and I relish every tip. But the greatest favour you have provided in any capacity for my musical education are those features that do the opposite, namely recollecting the lost. My mates rarely suggest anything before 'Is This It', let alone before The Stone Roses. Your features on Manic Street Preachers, Joy Division and, more recently, Kurt Cobain and Nirvana have turned my world. So, please, while you've got one eye set firmly on the future, for the sake of the next generation, keep taking a few more glances over your shoulder – to us at least, anything by The Smiths is just as novel as the next Drums EP.

Joe, London

Awwww. I can't believe you spelt Kurt with a 'd'. Oh to be 16 again. You rule – RR

MORRISSEY GOT A LOT OF BOTTLE

Here I am, 23.44 on Saturday, November 7... should I be home yet? No. After waiting outside in the rain for over an hour and a half, and then waiting a further two hours inside for a rather ridiculous support act to show, Morrissey walks onstage at Liverpool Echo Arena saying, "It's Saturday night. It's raining. It's Liverpool. It's perfect." He opens with 'This Charming Man', whirling and lashing the whip all over the place, bewitching his audience. Moz then breaks into 'Black Cloud', an eerily brilliant track from 'Years Of Refusal'. And – hello! – some arrogant little arse lobs a full bottle at Morrissey's head. After Morrissey saying only "goodbye", the audience are left hissing at the knobhead who dunnit. I'd just like to ask this little fool: why spend £32.50 to come and watch Morrissey if you are going to ruin it for the other 10,599 crazed fans by throwing a bottle at his head? I'm confident in saying thank you for

ruining what would definitely have been a beautiful night.
Chloe, Bolton

While not insisting that our pop stars should have to put up with taking a bottle full on the bonce there are some who have questioned whether Moz is being a petulant little child in this instance. Fans have paid silly money to see their idol, who then walks off taking the moral high ground with him along with the sympathy of the fans. So who's been most hurt here? – RR

THE BUSINESS OF MISERY

In response to the uninformed comments made in *NME* the other week (*NME*, October 24) I would like to point out that Paramore must have done something right to have sold four million albums, sold out Wembley Arena in a day and Hayley becoming a role model for women in music. Isn't it just a little bit refreshing to have a girl in music being known for what she is actually good at rather than Lily Allen for falling out of clubs drunk and how Amy Winehouse these days is only known for her most recent boob job? I am not saying you should love Paramore, but to make a sweeping generalisation that they 'are just another emo band' without probably even listening to an album is just a statement of ignorance. I know opinion is vital in music, and people are permitted to dislike whoever they want but for comments to make stereotypical assumptions just shows shallowness.

Laura, Birmingham

I don't agree with what you say, but I'll defend to the death your right to say it. And this person's... – RR

A CONFUSED SHOPPER

Hi. What kind of magazine is this?

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I thought I'd buy it, 'cos my friends say there's good bands in here, but what the hell. GOOD BANDS?! No. Where's The Jonas Brothers?! I mean, I'm all for indie shizzle, but enough is enough! Write about something people want to listen too, like Shakira, Rihanna or N-Dubz, not a million bands no-one's even heard of! I mean, who are 'Bombay Bicycle Club', or 'Dinosaur Jr' and 'The Horrors'? Seriously, what kind of name is that?! Come on!! Put some life back into this and listen to some real music! :D later babes.
Edna, via email

That's more like it! Constructive criticism will help us make the world a better place... – RR

SEND US YOUR LETTERS

Email: letters@nme.com Post: The Letters Page, *NME*, Blue Fin Building, 110 Southwark St, London, SE1 0SU Oh, and LOTW winners should email the same address to claim their prizes

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STALKERS

It can't be illegal if it's love... right?



CHLOE, LYON

Here's me and Serge Pizzorno of Kasabian after their gig at the Lyon Le Radiant



JAMES, LONDON

"This is me with Liam at the Berkhamsted FC club house. It was taken after his team just beat us 5-2. Top bloke"



SAM, BIRMINGHAM

"Here's my brother Mike with Alfie from The Holloways after a gig in Nottingham. Lovely guy"

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THE STORY OF THE DECADE

2000



2009

plus
THE
TOP 50
ALBUMS
OF THE
LAST 10
YEARS

In the first NME cover of the decade stood a cluster of men in masks called Slipknot, and on the last... well, that would be telling. In-between we've seen Oasis on there 33 times, Muse nine, Arctic Monkeys 10, Kaiser Chiefs, Kings Of Leon and The Killers six, The Libertines seven, The Strokes 16, The White Stripes 14, Razorlight four and Hot Hot Heat and The Others just the once. In that time, we've watched flared cords become tight black drainpipes, the internet change the way we consume music, the death of some of the greatest rock'n'roll stars of all time and the birth of a new generation. New rave, the new rock revolution, grindie, dubstep, emo and a ton of other movements have passed through our pages and into public consciousness. We've seen more NME bands and artists than ever before gracing the gossip columns with their Shambling presence.

We've watched a douche girl on Big Brother talking about "the new movement sweeping the nation... called indie". We've seen Noel Fielding and Julian Barratt inject comedy with rock'n'roll (or is it rock'n'roll with comedy?). We've seen the Gallagher brothers call it quits, but even more people kiss and make up and get back on a stage together. We've watched Muse put on some of the most ludicrously over-the-top stadium shows ever, nearly drowned in mud at Glastonbury on several occasions, sat in Pete Doherty's flat, set up and closed down a MySpace profile, started a Twitter, loved music, hated racism, had a lot of fun and finally whittled down our favourite albums of the decade to a Top 50 (which you can see starting on page 32).

This is the story of the last 10 years. Enjoy...

COMING NEXT WEEK: THE 25 GREATEST ROCK STARS OF THE DECADE

THE (CASA) BLANCCAS GENERATION

Hamish MacBain celebrates how five boys from New York shaped the way indie looked and sounded in the noughties



Bands and artists who graced the cover of *NME* during the first year of the millennium: Embrace, Coldplay, Stereophonics, Doves, Travis, Fatboy Slim, Radiohead, Moby, Badly Drawn Boy. Metal types like Slipknot, Marilyn Manson, Limp Bizkit and Amen are also on it, as are AC/DC, Macca, Ken Livingstone and David Bowie. Bottom line: not a vintage 12 months for people who like their rock'n'roll stars young and beautiful. The following year continues in much the same fashion: smile for the camera, Starsailor, Mogwai and Basement Jaxx! Even the Manics, by Nicky Wire's admission, "look like shit" on their March cover, with clothes that see this once self-proclaimed "mess of eyeliner and spraypaint" dubbed 'C&A Street Preachers' by some fans.

And then... well, you know what happens next. 'The Modern Age' EP, released on January 29, 2001, contains three songs (the title track is the Velvet's 'I'm Waiting For The Man', 'Last Nite' is Tom Petty's 'American Girl' and 'Barely Legal' - lyrically and musically - is a sleazy, close cousin of something off Iggy's 'Lust For Life'). It sounds fresh, sexy, youthful, dirty, effortless, thrilling. The black and white photo on the band's first *NME* cover in June, meanwhile, depicts what looks like a fantasy CBGB band from times past. But they aren't from times past. The Strokes are here in the UK - at the Oxford Zodiac, in fact (and so is most of London). The tour hits Heaven in the capital a week later, and the venue is as full of kids in skinny jeans and ties and tight blazers as it is chin-stroking hype-investigators. Next thing you know, this look is everywhere, at previously drab, flared jean-infested indie discos and tiny debut UK gigs by The White Stripes, Kings Of Leon, Yeah Yeah Yeahs, ARE Weapons, The Hives and a seemingly endless stream of garage-rock influenced bands.

The Libertines' 'Up The Bracket' arrives in 2002, and with it an Englishified take on this look. Celebrated fashion designer Hedi Slimane shows up at *NME*'s Cool List 2004 shoot and becomes bewitched by the band, and in particular, one Pete Doherty. He takes his look to the catwalk. Soon it's *ridiculous*: on prime-time TV, in high-street clothes shops and bars, in celeb mags, everywhere you look are folk dressed like slightly tidied up members of Television (who,



Kings Of Leon: introduced to the world as 'the Southern Strokes'

bizarrely, everyone now seems to have been into "for ages"). Most of them look like total dicks, but the point is that they look entirely different to the total dicks who cottoned on late to the fact that having a Beatles haircut and wearing a knee-length parka was a good way of getting oneself laid a while back. The western world has moved on, and is now swinging to the tune of 'Is This It'.

Given that they also provided the noughties with one of its finest albums, to say The Strokes' lasting legacy is that they gave indie a nice makeover might seem

harsh. But it was WAY more important than that. Mirroring the mid-'70s, rock'n'roll post-'Kid A' had become awash with seriousness and everyone believing that the future, post-Britpop, was anti-image, anti-nostalgia. Some

criticised The Strokes for being 'style over substance' (perhaps true) or plundering the sounds of the past too much (also fair - as a gloriously shameless plagiarist Julian C was up there with Noel G). But if you were even thinking about what was 'wrong' with them, you were missing the point entirely and more importantly, missing out. Certainly, The Strokes were not always perfect: their interviews were often boring as fuck, their second album was flawed. But what they encapsulated and gave back to us for that first amazing couple of years was that sense of rock'n'roll being a 24-7, living-for-the-moment lifestyle choice comprised of clothes, fucking, snorting, drinking, dancing and great records in equal measure. To stand in an indie disco around that time, surrounded by folk who all looked as fabulous as you did, all singing the "Alone we stand/Together we fall apart" line from 'Someday' was truly joyous. It meant something, and something

that was to loom large over the whole decade. That so many of these people went on to form bands - Arctic Monkeys and The Libertines to name but two - is proof positive that it wasn't all about the cut of the cloth. The Strokes' gift to the world was to make it fall in love with rock'n'roll once again, in all its ridiculous glory.

Weirdly, in 2009, the landscape looks startlingly similar to how it did back

THE HEDI DAYS OF THE NOUGHTIES

Hedi Slimane on the inspiration that the UK's scene gave him for the look that defined a decade:



"I discovered The Libertines when I was working on my book *Stage*, and I met Pete when Babyshambles started. I found him just quite beyond anything you could really imagine. He's a bit like a fallen angel and he's one of the best performers - if not the best - I have ever seen. He's just a different breed of musician. I really liked him a lot - for me, he was definitely giving the London music scene its energy at that time. There were really super-strong things going on there, like there was with punk, I believe, and I think it's really because of both Pete and [his former Libs handmate] Carl Barât. After that, I started to go to London a lot, not just to see shows but to document the emergence of these bands. Their importance really had nothing to do with tabloids or drugs or those things that people write about, which I really think is the problem with the image of them that is out there. You know, all these things are written about Pete and his reputation, but he really deserves the attention as a musician. He is just amazing onstage."



"Fallen angel" Pete Doherty

then just before their arrival. In 'Merriweather Post Pavillion', Animal Collective have made what many consider to be the album of the year, lauded for its lack of obvious reference points, and its bold sense of adventure. This is a perfectly valid reaction to the legions of bandwagon-jumping 'Is This It' copyists that immediately preceded it, who were far more about just wearing a tight-fitting pair of slacks and not a lot else. What needs to happen now is for a band to come along and react against both of these things. Just in the same way that The Strokes rejected the both the 'Kid A' mindset AND an infatuation with The Beatles/Stones/Kinks school of cool, they need to eschew the supposed need of Animal Collective and their ilk to make 'intelligent' music, but to go back to a set of base influences that are not the Velvet, Modern Lovers, Television *et al*. Then young people can start having fun again, and the new generation can get on with being defined, just like the one before, and the one before that, and the one before that...

Any takers out there?

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From The Strokes to The Rapture to Jet, relive the best albums from each year of the decade at NME.COM/photos



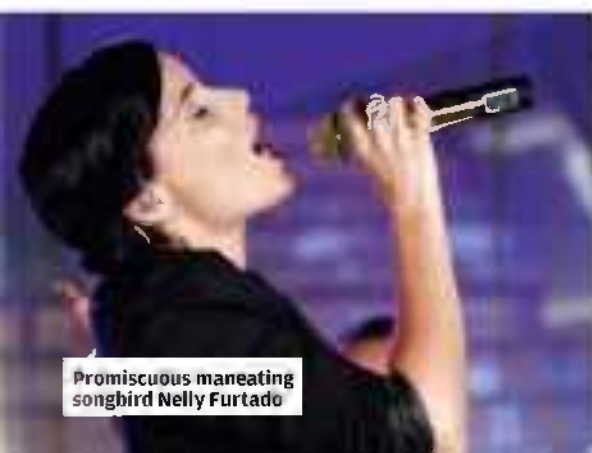
The sharp, skinny-tied shape of a 21st Century indie disco





SOUND OF THE OVERGROUND

Pop music since the turn of the century has been more exciting, more subversive, more forward-thinking and more downright danceable than ever, says **Emily Mackay**



Promiscuous maneating songbird Nelly Furtado



Sugababes: more line-ups than a police station



Boy(band) wonder JT

When they predicted back in the '80s that pop would eat itself, they weren't wrong. What they didn't realise was that by feeding on its own internal organs, pop would only make itself stronger.

In 2002, when Girls Aloud won *Popstars: The Rivals*, reality TV was still in its fairly early days. *Big Brother* was only in its third series and the country was already well over the hysteria and subsequent undignified demise of original *Popstars* winners Hear'Say, but we hadn't quite reached the relentless conveyor belt of moon-faced idiots and exploitative freakery the genre ultimately descended to. It could still surprise you. That said, nothing could have prepared us for the Girls' 'Sound Of The Underground'. Wisely avoiding either the generic kiddie-pop route or the slough of sugary balladry that many subsequent reality TV stars have taken, it instead raced down the path the Sugababes had beat out with 'Round Round' – sharp, danceable, relentlessly modern pop. The hard drum'n'bass rhythms, the ridiculous rockabilly guitar sample, the tense, abstract lyrics. Rather than trying to tack on an edge of credibility, it was made by people who knew exactly what they were doing. As a result, we had the only decent Christmas Number One of the decade. It was smart, sexy, witty and it was... popular. It was a bit of a shock.

In the US, the influence of hip-hop and R&B had been pushing pop to new heights via the likes of Destiny's Child, Aaliyah and Kelis. British pop, however, had failed to meet the challenge of dance music, drum'n'bass and garage, remaining stuck in the novelty rut carved by the Spice Girls (you can bleat on about girl power all you want, but the plain fact is the majority of the Spice Girls' songs were naff as hell), Boyzone and B*Witched. 'Sound Of The Underground' (and 'Round Round' before it) was a whole new kind of pop. It didn't glory in its own cheesiness. It wasn't wholesome *Royal Variety Show* family entertainment. It was shiny and sexy and perfect. While Kimberley, Nadine, Sarah, Cheryl and Nicola deserve their own credit (if you think you can give a song like that to just anyone, imagine the twins from this year's *X Factor* singing it), it made us start to think about chart hits in a different way.

Growing accustomed as we now were to looking behind the scenes, peeling back pop's perfect skin to prod at the mechanical workings underneath, the producers of the track, Xenomania, became stars of a sort themselves. Seven years later, we're excited about Mini Viva because they're produced by Xenomania. We're not excited about Xenomania because of Mini Viva. Xenomaniac leader Brian Higgins'



Poker faced Lady Gaga wows Glasto



Xenomania: spread pop majesty across the charts

XENOMANIA HAVE NOW HAD MORE UK TOP 10 HITS THAN MADONNA, CHRISTINA AND BRITNEY PUT TOGETHER



Timbaland: made a star out of... anyone

previous biggest credits had been working with Dannii Minogue and Saint Etienne and writing and producing Cher's 'Believe' (whose bizarre use of Auto-Tune is arguably still an influence on hip-hop today). Following 'Sound Of The Underground' and 'Round Round', though, Xenomania have sprinkled their magic dust over Kylie, Annie and the Pet Shop Boys, becoming a byword for wickedly clever, saucy, superficial, heartbroken pop. If you take all their writing and production credits together, they've had more UK Top 10 hits than Madonna, Christina Aguilera and Britney Spears put together.

They're far from the original pop superproducers, though. Timbaland had long been a name in the hip-hop and R&B worlds thanks to his work with Missy Elliott and Aaliyah (remember the formidable 'More Than A Woman'?). He took a serious credibility risk by working with a nerdy, white, curly-haired Christian Mouseketeer. The fruits of that unlikely union, though, was one of the best pop singles of the decade, Justin Timberlake's 'Cry Me A River'. Timberlake's other helping hands on the 'Justified' album, The Neptunes, had made their name working with Kelis and Jay-Z. When they turned their hands to the taut, Latin-tinged 'Like I Love You', though, that's when it went global. They'd already got their filthy fingers all over Justin's ex-girlfriend Britney in the lascivious, panting 'I'm A Slave 4 U' (still her best single, forget about 'Toxic'). In 2003, a survey showed that 20 per cent of the songs played on British radio had been produced by the duo. Timbaland, meanwhile, getting a taste for this career-revival lark, turned his talents to Canadian-Latino hippy pop star Nelly Furtado, who was so naff at the time

she'd actually called her debut solo album 'Whoa, Nelly!'. Then the robotic raunch of 'Promiscuous' and 'Maneater' devoured the charts and suddenly Ms Furtado was sex on a stick. MIA, Björk, Madonna, nearly everyone you can name has tried to work with him. He's the 22nd most successful songwriter ever in the history of the UK charts. Higher than David Bowie or Prince or Bob Dylan.

And what was indie rock doing while this was going on? For a music that prides itself on finding alternative means of expression, much as we might have loved The Libertines, The Coral or The Von Bondies in 2002, you have to admit, the guitar boys and girls had dropped the ball. If beat music in the '60s and prog and punk in the '70s were the forms pushing music forward, in the first decade of the new millennium, it's been pop that defined our sound palette. Why else the rash of guitar-band covers of the likes of Beyoncé, Timberlake and Britney in the past few years? They're

trying to figure out how the hell it's been done.

Some would argue that the rise of pop production powerhouses, or new focus on the makings rather than the magic, has ruined the innocence of the music. Much as there've always been super-producers (Spector, Joe Meek, Moroder, etc) the veil of illusion has never seemed so thin, the suspension of disbelief so shallow. But on a dancefloor, the right song at the right moment feels no different no matter if you know its entire genesis from whistled melody line to shop shelf. Lady Gaga is a mental, metal-clad paradigm of the modern pop star, we nod and smile at her artificiality-as-art shtick, we talked about her producer RedOne and how he's working with Sugababes now, though Rihanna's moved on to Chase & Status, and did you know Timbaland's working with Leona? But the second 'Poker Face' hits you in the guts, you've had it. The only question left is: where is the next push forward going to come from?

TOP OF THE POP

Brian Higgins of Xenomania on how pop got hip again

"The decade started with Hear'Say – to many people as bad as it could get. The rise of very cool pop music ties in with the decline in television. TV was the vehicle of pop and up until 2001 the internet hadn't taken hold, hadn't become ubiquitous within culture. As a result you were still able to market things very heavily through the TV screen. People had less access and less ability to check how good something was.

"Britpop went terribly wrong. It was about four or five groups that were fantastic and everything else was rubbish. The Spice Girls and All Saints came along, freshened that up and changed it. Then you had four or five years where everybody followed on from that, so the quality was diminishing and diminishing and diminishing and it ended up with an attempt to revitalise the genre.

"We were just desperate to make uptempo dance-friendly records. It was about risk-taking, about being unpredictable, sonically, but still being catchy as hell. I feel people are much more up for taking risks sonically, which is fantastic. But at the end of the day, the number of people who can produce a strong musical idea, deliver a melody that fulfills an idea, is low. The person who can nail a great melody is a rare commodity in the music business.

"The emergence of La Roux and things like that don't give the general public enough credit – if you give them something challenging they can accept it and digest it brilliantly. 'La Roux' is an example of a record that on the surface sounds difficult but listen to it a few times and you can pick up on the magic within it."



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CELEBRATE
ORIGINALITY

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New York City
comics: Flight Of
The Conchords...



...indie icon
Noel Fielding...



...Last Shadow
Puppet lover
Effy from Skins...



...some of her pals
from the show...

GETTING WITH THE PROGRAMME

This was the decade TV finally understood the true power of rock'n'roll – and changed forever in the process, says **Ben Patashnik**



...and The
Mighty Boosh
on NME cover
hoot duties

This was supposedly the decade in which music disappeared from our small screens, but no-one told Noel Fielding and Julian Barratt, aka The Mighty Boosh. When the first episode was aired in May 2004 traditional music TV was dead or dying, bludgeoned senseless by YouTube with its millions of hours of promo and live videos available 24/7 but, led by the surreal genius of this duo, TV once more became as cool and culturally important to people like us as the music we love.

The success of the Boosh isn't a great surprise; the BBC has long nurtured the sharpest homegrown comedies, from *The Young Ones* and *Red Dwarf* to *Big Train* and *The Office*. But, between the second and third series, the two major networks' flagship new music programmes, *Top Of The Pops* and *CD:UK*, both died, while MTV effectively stopped playing music. But, in the same way as part of the nation enters mourning whenever some aged politician dies, it was the loss of *TOTP* after 42 years that was felt most keenly, if not by you then by your parents. Its death rattle was accompanied by the Beeb blaming the "rapidly changing musical landscape", and its main competitor *CD:UK*'s executive producer Conor McAnally is more forthright. "When *CD:UK* was in its prime there was a very strong pop music market and a generation who were happy to be told what the next great thing was. That model stalled around 2004 and young people went out to find their own new thing." *Later...* With *Jools Holland*, the survivor, just didn't cut it for us. But, led by the Boosh, TV was wising up to the power of rock, because we all got bored of being told what to like.

They were helped in no small part by Noel Fielding acting more like a rock star than most rock stars. He hung out with bands while looking cooler than them, was rarely off the red-tops' frontpages and became the new comedic linchpin of *Never Mind The Buzzcocks*, while he and Julian Barratt headlined Brixton Academy 10 times, as well as *their own festival*. Amazingly, Fielding's been on the cover of *NME* six times: as many as Glasvegas, Jamie T and The Cribbs put together. When the likes of The Horrors, Razorlight, Roger Daltrey from The Who and Gary Numan appeared on the show it wasn't some embarrassing shoe-horned cameo (see: Bono in *Entourage*) but a recognition of the Boosh's position as the new arbiters of cool. Go on *TOTP* and be patronised by someone so vacuous she's named after two kinds of vegetation (sorry, Fearné Cotton) or hang out with the Boosh and have actual fun? Tough call.

Skins and *Hollyoaks* also made vital inroads into making TV much more music-centric. The former launched in 2007, a tabloid-baiting firestorm of non-adults doing unholy stuff like getting drunk and listening to good tunes while doing so, and was so relevant to indie culture it hit the cover of this very magazine. Every show was accompanied by a tracklist posted online, and bands such as Crystal Castles and Foals – the latter chosen by the producers, according to Music Supervisor Alex Hancock, "on account of not being ugly" – were embedded within the narratives. "Both the creators love their music and decided it would be important from the start," says Hancock, a similar approach to *Hollyoaks* which, in *Skins*' wake, has become a lot more sonically interesting ("Music is part of the identity of the show," says *Hollyoaks*' Music Supervisor Kate Finn. "We think about it right from the script. It's integral.").

Moreover, the rampant success of *Flight Of The*

Conchords – who signed to Nirvana's label, Seattle's legendary Sub Pop, and who were invited to play muso weekend of choice All Tomorrow's Parties in May this year – is further evidence of the mainstream embracing music as a vehicle for drama rather than something to be packaged separately. Over in the US Alexandra Patsavas, now the musical guru for the *Twilight* saga and subsequently something of a tastemaker for millions, rose to prominence after practically breaking Snow Patrol by selecting them as a suitably maudlin soundtrack for a scene in *Grey's Anatomy*. The likes of Jamie T, Cold War Kids and TV On The Radio appeared on the soundtrack for *Entourage*, while *The Wire* featured a theme tune written by Tom Waits, recurring appearances from country legend Steve Earle and The E Street Band's Clarence Clemons and hip-hop as native to the streets of Baltimore as Dominic West's accent. "Most of the time people think they have to use a sad song with sad lyrics to go with a sad scene – we tried to avoid that at all costs," says *The Wire* and *Treme*'s Music Supervisor Blake Leyh. "We chose music that added texture and depth rather than simply illustrated."

Patsavas' work on *Twilight* is the best signifier of the power now wielded by Music Supervisors. The soundtrack for the second iteration of the film series included unheard tracks by the indie royalty likes of Editors, Thom Yorke and The Killers, perhaps wresting control away from the likes of *Guitar Hero* and *Rock Band* in terms of where large swathes of demographic are now getting their new music fix. With production values rising ever higher on US TV, this trend will only continue.

The emotional resonance and inherent drama of music is now being used as a vital part of visual storytelling and has finally started to be taken seriously. While soundtracks are being chosen with more care than before, most shows aren't being built around

music as such. Instead, it's being used in the same way most of us use music, so if you want it to mean something then it can, if not, then hey, it's something to nod along with. Not everyone watching *Skins* cares intimately about the tunes – "Unfortunately, most 15-year-olds like stuff like Jeff Buckley so when *The OC* uses that everyone goes crazy. Not many people care when *Skins* uses a track by a band like Broadcast," says Hancock – but for those of us who do, it's a seismic step forward. No longer are good bands being annexed to a half-hour slot once a week, now they're being woven into the fabric of mainstream culture.

"Music is a hugely important part of the television offering. I'm sure there's more music on TV now than there ever was. It has become integrated into the audio-video fabric," agrees McAnally.

Rather than being the decade music TV died, it's the decade TV became a lot more rock'n'roll – and sophisticated in doing so. Yeah, *The X Factor* and *Pop Idol* are cheap soap operas with music tacked on as a cynical way of extracting cash from culturephobic housebound fleshsacks who haven't bought a new album in 20 years but, in the Conchords and specifically the Boosh, we have a new breed of people who love music just as much as we do, and who are infecting the mainstream with tuneful brilliance.

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Check out NME.COM/blogs for more on the TV of the noughties

THE 10 BEST TV MOMENTS

From guesting in cop shows to shocking Jools, these are the decade's coolest on-screen events

■ AT THE DRIVE-IN ON LATER...

Yeeah, a band playing music on a music show isn't surprising, but the ferocity of ATD-I's 2000 performance was an inspiration for the rest of the decade.



■ JON BOW JONI ON THE WEST WING

Woah, we're halfway there. Woah, making a cameo in series seven and nailing that 'liberal media-savvy 20-something' demographic on a prayer.



■ STEVE EARLE AND CLARENCE CLEMONS ON THE WIRE

Earle's an ex-addict – on the show and in reality – and Clemons played sax on the likes of 'Jungleland'. Put 'em in the greatest TV series ever and the result is awesome.

■ THE MAGIC NUMBERS STORM OFF TOTP

Richard Bacon made a cheap jibe about the foursome's weight, they buggered off quicksmart, becoming the only band ever to walk off the show.



■ MARK E SMITH READS THE FOOTBALL SCORES

The cantankerous Fall man was a guest on the Beeb's Score, and his reading of Saturday's final scores weirdly sounded like a Fall song.

■ THE SOPRANOS GOES CLASSIC ROCK

Using 'Don't Stop Believin' by Journey was one thing, but getting Chris Moltisanti to explain why he wasn't on time for a meeting by saying, "Sorry I'm late, but the highway was jammed with broken heroes on a last-chance power-drive" to Steven Van Zandt, an E Street Band member? Class.

■ PRESTON STORMS OFF BUZZCOCKS

Don't want the piss taken out of you? Well, don't go on a show that rips the piss out of humourless, talentless idiots, you humourless, talentless idiot.



■ ROGER DALTREY SWEEPS UP ON THE BOOSH

Earlier in the episode there'd been a throwaway comment about The Who frontman doing some menial tasks. And, as the credits roll, there he is, in a moment of true "...is that really him?!"

■ FOALS/CRYSTAL CASTLES ON SKINS

Two of our favourite new bands both made appearances, causing outbreaks of crazy dancing. Art imitating life.



■ HAPPY MONDAYS GO GHOST HUNTING

Seriously. The televisual event of the decade: a bunch of middle-aged Mancunian caners looking for spirits and ghouls for two hours. As brilliant as that sounds.

SOCIALLY MOBILE

Keeping your online social life in top-notch condition no matter where you are just got a whole lot easier...



The INQ Mini 3G is great for social networking

The brand new INQ Mini 3G is a clever piece of kit that pulls Skype, Twitter and Facebook to the front of your phone

Is it just us, or are some people still tied to their PCs when it comes to social networking? In between following @nmemagazine on Twitter, commenting on last night's Facebook® pics, messaging bands on MySpace and sharing our favourite tunes, wouldn't it be nice to have a bit more time to, y'know, live.

Fear not because in the run-up to Christmas you can get your hands on a couple of nifty gadgets to make your online social life as mobile as your offline one. That's where 3 comes in with its network designed and built for the Mobile Internet.

The brand new INQ Mini 3G is a clever piece of kit that pulls Skype™, Twitter and Facebook to the front of the phone. With one address book that shows you who's online on Skype and what their status is on Facebook you can choose who you contact and how.

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Couple this with MiFi®, 3's brand new Mobile Broadband that comes with wi-fi, and be connected to the internet whenever you want. MiFi sends out a signal so you can connect to the internet without needing any wires, and because it's mobile you can take it with you. Check your emails on your laptop without hunting for a wi-fi hotspot, or connect your iPod Touch to download music from iTunes.

Best of all, this needn't cost an arm and two legs; get

the INQ Mini 3G on Pay As You Go for just £39.99. Get free internet, a bundle of texts, free UK calls to everyone on 3 and free voicemail with every top-up; plus, free Skype™-to-Skype calls and Windows Live™ Messenger when you don't.

MiFi is just £49.99 on Pay As You Go. Top-up from £10 for 1GB of data. That's roughly 10 hours of surfing, 1,000 emails, 32 music tracks and five video clips.

So log on to Twitter now and send a tweet to @santaclaus asking for one of these, and fingers crossed you might get lucky this Christmas.

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One of the Libs' messageboard organised do's



Death stays out of great record shops... just

EVERYBODY'S GONE SURFING

The most life-changing icons of this century were not people, but the symbols you can see on this page, says **Leonie Cooper**



napster.

twitter



You Tube



facebook

Travel back in time if you will, to the heady days of 2005 and into the sweaty, sticky and smoky (!) back room of the Dublin Castle in north London. These four walls have seen the likes of Madness and Blur pull out blinders during the past quarter of a century, but this particular evening is special: it's when the music industry acknowledges that it has changed forever. Because tonight, the band playing haven't got an album out, haven't been selling bootleg tapes of their own shows down the nearby Lock and haven't even filled the venue with just their mums and girlfriends. Even so, the entire crowd knows all the words to all the songs that this new, unsigned outfit are belting out. So how the heck did that happen? Through a DSL cable, that's how.

Over the past decade, the internet has transformed the face of the music industry, both legally and illegally, letting millions of music fans link up to what is essentially the biggest jukebox in the world in the shape of other people's record collections. The band at the Dublin Castle that night was Arctic

Monkeys. The audience knew all the words because they'd been ripping and sharing the MP3s the band themselves had given away, extending the music community far beyond the reaches of the independent music shop counter. In the UK the seeds for such a moment had been sewn by The Libertines who, despite looking like Dickensian urchins, were actually rather *Tomorrow's World* about the whole business. Interacting with fans on the legendary *Libertines.org*, message board and posting info about secret gigs at the even more legendary Albion Rooms (aka their flat), the online aspect of following a band was now vital.

Not everyone is happy about this continuing state of affairs, especially not the music industry. Global sales of recorded music have halved, from a historic peak of \$37 billion in 2000, to \$18 billion in 2008, which goes to explain why many gig ticket prices are now equal to the GDP of the Isle Of Man. Florence And The Machine sold a mere 64 physical copies of 'Rabbit Heart (Raise It Up)' to make the Top 20 earlier this year and, to cap it all, the

videogame industry actually overtook the music business in 2007 and is projected to utterly dwarf it by 2011. Which, if you're a record label head honcho is a very bad thing indeed. Yet for fans, this democratisation of music is excellent news. No longer need your record collection be constrained by pocket money or wages. No longer need you do battle with snobby secondhand record shop staff. No longer need you get conned by that second CD single of remixes. No longer need you read endless 'Best New Band In The World!' articles and wait five months to discover that they are actually rubbish. No longer need you rely on the tiny snippets of information from a privileged few about your favourite band's new album. It's a music fan's world now, musicians just live in it.

Most fans assume their favorites should be in it for the love, not the big bucks, hence the backlash against Lars Ulrich of Metallica in 2000. Ulrich was the first musician to complain about people listening to his music for free, taking up a lawsuit with Napster, started by the teenage Shawn Fanning in 1999.

The original illegal peer-to-peer download giant, Napster would be followed by the likes of LimeWire and Audiogalaxy, but battered down the hatches in 2001 after a legal maelstrom. The spirit of Ulrich still runs rife among the high-rolling music makers, with Lily Allen the latest artist to kick up a stink about downloading. Odd seeing as the internet was an integral part of her identity when she was thrust upon us as the first of a unending list of 'MySpace phenomenons' at the start of 2006.

Yet with Spotify, and its forerunner Last FM, the issue of downloading has run alongside that of streaming, with millions of tracks now available for free. Twitter, YouTube and Facebook have brought the fans closer to the musicians once again. Stars can now speak directly to the people who listen to their music via Twitter while Amy Winehouse has added thousands of fans to her personal Facebook account, meaning it's them, rather than the tabloids, who are first for the status update gossip. Gives you something to think about the next time you sing along to an Arctic Monkeys song, doesn't it?



TERRORISED SOUNDS



Formed in terror's
shadow: My
Chemical Romance

On September 11, 2001 the world changed forever. **James McMahon** looks back at how music responded to an event that cast a shadow over the 21st century

One can but speculate as to the contents of the iPods of the 19 jihadists who hijacked four commercial passenger jet airliners on September 11, 2001, and ploughed them into a variety of American landmarks, killing 2,993 people in the process. But if they were massive fans of emo, you'd imagine they were pretty chuffed with their actions. It's been oft noted that, without 9/11, My Chemical Romance wouldn't exist. The most significant tragedy in America's post-Pearl Harbor history was, after all, the impetus for a young Gerard Way, then working as a comic book store clerk in New York City, to put together his band, subsequently writing 'Skylines And Turnstiles' for their first album 'I Brought You Bullets, You Brought Me Your Love'. "The events of 9/11," he said at the time, "and the moments of tragedy when people show their colours and pull together, have renewed my faith in life."

It's mere speculation but, despite what's been noted, it's unlikely the New Jersey band wouldn't have existed in some shape or form regardless of the events of that day. Way's imagination is so wild, logic tells you he'd have eventually craved an outlet for such urges beyond making Spider-Man figurines bum Superman when his boss wasn't looking. In fact, it's fascinating to imagine what My Chemical Romance might have sounded like *without* 9/11. They're a band at their best when they're singing about vampires and high-school love, coming across as earnest and lumpen when they're dealing with 'the serious issues'.

In many ways, this is indicative of 9/11's lasting impact on pop music this decade: it's done everything it can to make it rubbish.

There are of course exceptions: Sleater-Kinney's excellent 2002 record 'One Beat' contains the quizzical 'Combat Rock' ("since when is scepticism un-American?"); Ted Leo And The Pharmacists' 'The High Party' impassioned comments on the events of the day from the context of Leo's own birthday (and, more importantly, atop one of his best ever tunes); while Elvis Perkins' astonishing 2007 debut 'Ash Wednesday' was inspired first-hand by the death of his mother, a passenger on the ill-fated American Airlines Flight 11 from Boston to Los Angeles, which ultimately ploughed into the North Tower of the World Trade Center.

Yet 'Ash Wednesday' is only a protest record in that it reminds us that, for all the rolling CNN primetime coverage,



MUSICIANS FELT THEY HAD TO SAY SOMETHING ABOUT GLOBAL EVENTS, BUT COULDN'T THINK WHAT



From the top: jingoistic redneck asshole Toby Keith; Elvis Perkins, purveyor of elegant grief; 1990s partying through the panic; Sleater-Kinney - what's wrong with being sceptical?

the cost of such tragedies of 9/11 are ultimately personal. More often than not it seemed like musicians in the last decade felt like they had to say something about global events, but couldn't think what. Perkins deserves credit for simply articulating his hurt; many other musicians deserve a library card and a request to read a bloody book or two before the next war comes along.

While we're alluding to stupidity, in the days that followed the attacks, radio, TV and Glaswegian frontmen with a penchant for empty gestures missed the point that the best pop is music that might offend, by censoring any pop music that might do so. On the US edition of 'Is This It', The Strokes were forced to replace 'New York City Cops' with UK B-side 'When It Started', while on the Primal Scream album 'Evil Heat', the band reworked the song 'Bomb The Pentagon' (which they'd been playing for six months before American Airlines Flight 77 actually did) into 'Rise'.

And, beyond that, music more or less dealt with the events of September 11 in two ways. Some kicked back - country singer Toby Keith penned the song 'Courtesy Of The Red, White And Blue (The Angry American)', which charted at the summit of the Billboard Hot 100 the week it was released (shortly afterwards, Keith would publicly feud with Dixie Chicks, after that band's Natalie

Maines stated that the song was "ignorant, and it makes country music sound ignorant". Keith responded by erecting a backdrop at his concerts showing a doctored photo of Maines alongside Saddam Hussein).

And many, many whined - although, in fairness, most did so after the metaphorical dust had settled on the 9/11 issue and when the fires of rage had been duly stoked by America invading Afghanistan. Radiohead stopped short of a writing a song entitled 'Death = \$\$\$' but named their sixth album 'Hail To The Thief', thereby creating a phrase that could be easily daubed on Bush-haters' school jotters. Ian Brown's 'Illegal Attacks', a duet with Sinéad O'Connor, pleaded for the return of British soldiers outpost to Iraq/Afghanistan.

But, come to think of it, there's a case for there being a third response - irreverence. To illustrate, 1990s' song 'Kickstrasse' contains the couplet "Your sign is mine, yeah, mine's 11/Come crash your plane into my building"; in many ways, that's perhaps the most political sentiment to be uttered by any musician throughout the whole wretched affair.

See, we'd never suggest our musicians should be apolitical - especially in climes more politically rumbustious than any in recent memory - and it's a basic principle of all great art to comment on the influence of the world around you. But it would be helpful for musicians to remember that they're rarely the kind of intellectuals that can

understand the complexities of foreign policy and often just idiots with guitars and drug habits. Do we look to our musicians to deliver universal truths? Or do we look to newspapers? Do I want to know what Jon McClure thinks about The War On Terror? Or do I want to know the weighted opinion of Peter Snow? Perhaps 1990s hit the nail on the head by penning an ode to getting your freak on. In the words of Liam Gallagher to *NME*, mere days after those planes careered into those two towers: "The world's gonna end? Well, mine's a fuckin' treble. Let's 'ave it!"



ENGLISHMAN IN NEW YORK

David Bowie, writing on his website from New York at the time of the World Trade Center attack:

"Like all of you, nothing has prepared me for the horrors of the last 24 hours. Like you, I never thought I would see anything like this in my lifetime. Our world will never be the same. The streets are empty downtown except for the few who live there, trance-like, going about their day-to-day lives. At some ghostly unseen signal everyone turns his or her heads, crane their necks, looking to the patch in the sky where, 24 hours ago, the mountainous peaks of those two towers stood. The sunrise was seen earlier today. No obstruction. But life here will continue. New Yorkers are resilient and fast-thinking people. In this way they really do resemble my own Londoners. They came together quickly in massive community support and silent determination. There has been no over-panicking. Over the next few days that calm may surely turn to anger. But today, there is just numbness, a horrible silence."

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Read more about the decade from James McMahon and other NME writers at NME.COM/blogs



Back, but not for good:
Led Zep at The O2...



...Blur at
Glasto...

FRIENDS (?) REUNITED

Who needs new bands, asks **Gavin Haynes**, when you've got legions of old rockers lining up to reform at the drop of a hat (or pay cheque)?

April 27, 2007. Brixton Academy, London. This is it. The big one. Who would have dreamed, even 12 months ago, that we'd be here tonight to witness, well, the unthinkable? Hell freezing over... But no: tonight the old T-shirts have been dug out, stretched beyond the extra ring of love-handle time has tossed over everyone's ribs. At last. At long, long, last... James are back together. The crowd. Go. Wild...

In a decade when even middling not-long-gone chart-schm indie like James could patch up their no-doubt mountainous differences and return to the discommensurate reward of two consecutive nights at Brixton Academy, there can be no denying that the reunion

market had spiked as sharply as the property market. This, after all, was an age when Gary Kemp and Tony Hadley could put down the sharpened fondue sticks they'd been marauding each other with to headline The O2. When Led Zep tickets could change hands for £83,000 a pair. When – never mind Shed Seven – also-rans like Cud found themselves playing to larger

Right: The Lizard King (and leader of the reformed Stooges) Iggy Pop
Below: How we broke the news of Blur reforming



crowds than at the peak of their popularity. In the noughties, getting back together had never seemed like a better idea.

Perhaps the mania for all things retro can best be mapped through its relation to the other big trend of the decade: the decline of the album. For those hoping to turn a buck on the music market, live suddenly came into its own as a profit-maximiser, while, on the other side of the equation, with downloading and MySpace making music ubiquitous (and therefore valueless), fans looked evermore to live shows as the place in which they could assert their fandom.

Festivals had emerged as great British traditions, lifestyle accessories. As live became the new big money game, promoters were met by a supply problem: a multiplicity of venues meant more money chasing the same narrow list of drawcard bands. How to create more big names out of thin air? Simple. Rob graves. California's Coachella festival set the benchmark: seancing up both Rage Against The Machine and My Bloody Valentine for cash fees

rumoured in the millions. The market was so buoyant that, in 2008, it was reported that The Police creamed £9million out of a single gig at Twickenham stadium, and £120million out of their entire worldwide tour.

Van Halen did double-duty – reuniting with both David Lee Roth (gross takings: a very cool £56million), and his replacement Sammy Hagar (a still cool £26million). Many, like The Zombies, were merely hoping to make the money they'd never realised in their critically adored, commercially doomed past lives. Others took cynicism to a whole new place – The Doors taking Ian Astbury out on tour to stand in for Jim Morrison. Queen lumbering stolidly on with Paul Rodgers. The non-Weller part of The Jam manned a Transit van, cunningly deploying themselves as 'From The Jam', while in death Iggy poured a final irony on Ron Asheton by replacing him with his Stooges stooge James Williamson in order



THE REUNIONS MARKET WAS SO BOUYANT THAT IN 2008 IT WAS REPORTED THE POLICE CREAMED £9MILLION FROM A SINGLE GIG

to keep his roadshow going, and Happy Mondays reportedly often had to help a 'confused' Shaun Ryder remember his lines with a side-of-stage autocue.

By the latter half of the decade, the whole thing had become a vicious circle. The mere fact that so many bands were doing it made it that much easier to do. Firstly, it provided camouflage for the shame of saying 'un-fuck-you' to the bandmates you had spent the last 10 years denouncing. Secondly, it meant that what had begun with a few ex-big names trying to rejig their mojo had become a cultural phenomenon in itself: the mere act of people talking about reformations made further reformations more likely. It created a culture of conjecture that meant weary refuseniks like Johnny Marr and John Squire had to spend three hours a day every day refuting

suggestions they were on the brink of patching it up with their famous foes.

Naturally, just as often it wasn't all about the money. Pop stars, by definition, love to project their feelings onto massive amphitheatres, and many of them seemed to think that the big heart-rending make-up-sex between egotistical protagonists who'd fallen out deserved to be made in a public forum. Ashcroft and McCabe sorted out their differences. Temporarily. Albarn and Coxon found that what Graham had said about "not wanting to be associated with that shit [ie, 'Think Tank']" was now just a distant dream. Kim Deal and Black Francis stopped being so beastly to each other. For those drifting inert in stifling solo careers, it was meant to be a magic bullet. It seldom was. Perhaps Mudhoney sprayed on some fresh lashings of grunge to competent effect, but the less said about The Stooges,



Buzzcocks and Pumpkins records the better, and Pixies' planned new release stalled when they realised what should have been obvious all along – that time had changed them. Likewise, The Verve went 'Forth', but Ashcroft may later wish he didn't have a permanent testament to his growth from angry young mystic to bard of lattes.

Of course no-one who checked the likes of Dinosaur Jr, Sex Pistols, Smashing Pumpkins or Gang Of Four off of their things-to-see-before-you-die list could then turn around and criticise them for giving it a go again. But more broadly, reunions have become a symptom of the creeping conservatism that's now taken hold over our generation. However Rage might have dressed their reprise up as 'returning to protest against the Bush era', reunions are certainly a pleasure, but they're quite often a guilty pleasure. Consumer-culture has fulfilled a lot of our wishes, but as ever what we want isn't the same as what we really need. Next time someone in earshot pines for a Rakes reunion, ask them whether they want to live in a future of repetition without end, where the boot of Take That stamps in the face of humanity for ever and ever. Then kill them.

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Look back at the top 50 albums from every year of the decade at NME.COM/photos and head over to NME.COM/blogs for more on the critics' tracks of the noughties

CHEQUEBOOKS AT THE READY

The 10 relationships we'd want to see patched up and on a stage within the next decade

Dasis – Apart from anything else we're missing those glorious interviews. Sort it out, lads



Kent – Could do a Gang Of Four and cash in on being suddenly influential

The Smiths – As his solo career stagnates, could Moz finally be considering it? Probably not...

Bastica – They fell apart in such a tawdry fashion that we never really got to say goodbye

Abba – But would they just be written off as jumping on the Music Go Music bandwagon?



At The Drive-In – Cedric, Omar. Put down the electric tablas. Let's rock

Pulp – Jarvis has maintained a remarkable dignity post-Pulp. He could pull off a reunion with similar grace

The Libertines – It'd give the girls on the Libs' fansites a chance to write some fantastic Pete'n'Carl make-up-sex fanfic



Monty Python – Stop making shit travel documentaries/West End musicals/getting expensive divorces/being dead and put out some new stuff, you overly nice old gits

Travis – What? They haven't split up yet?



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SEX, DRUGS, RED TOPS



Left: Pete upright and cheerful (just out of shot - a suitcase bursting with crack)
Right: Johnny Borrell and Kirsten Dunst at South By Southwest 2007 helpfully cavorting in front of loads of tabloid snappers



Out of dingy Camden pubs and into the gossip pages they came. **Martin Robinson** relives 10 years' worth of 'potty' tabloid staples

In the early-to-mid '90s, indie musicians attempted to recreate the cultural and social melting pot of the '60s (mostly the sex and drugs aspects). So into the conspicuous hedonistic glee they therefore welcomed soap stars, kids' TV presenters, conceptual artists, footballers, politicians and, along with them, the tabloids, who dubbed the entire flea circus Britpop. "Fookin' student" oddballs like Damon and Jarvis, who would normally have only been legends in their own tanktops, became unlikely household names. As the '90s wore on, and the musicians were worn down by gawk and smack, the tabloids drifted back to pure pop gossip while 'indie' (now in inverted commas - 'popular rock'n'roll' would be more accurate, but too long), sloped back to its bedroom. However, the seal had been broken on tabloid coverage, and kept open by Liam Gallagher's Photographer Slapathon. So when the noughties got underway

properly, as The Strokes flopped insouciantly onto the lap of the UK music scene, bringing sex and smoking back, the red tops twitched their snouts back towards bands. Once again, they weren't interested in the music, just the glamour-pusses nesting in 'The Strokes' tousled hair and, in particular, Kate Moss. She proved absolutely central to noughties music; her icy beauty, enigmatic persona and suggestively wild ways made the press utterly obsessed, and it meant her penchant for hanging with rock bands often broke

That is, until Kate Moss sauntered up to Pete Doherty at her 31st birthday party in January 2005. Pete had already caused a few paper ripples with his various theft and drug offences but when he got together with Moss he became a front-page star. The Beauty Queen and the Junkie Rock Star:



AS THE PRESS CROWDED IN OUTRAGE PETE AND AMY BECAME ANTI-HEROES

them in the UK. Her attendance at Kings Of Leon's first British shows in 2002 immediately made them prime tabloid fodder. But with *Heat* and *Big Brother* exploding a new celebrity addicted culture, 'indie' dropped out of the rags again as all the sex, drugs and rock'n'roll were being done by reality TV stars.

EAGLE PHOTO/ANDY WILLS/HEW/JAMES QUINN/© RICHARD JOHNSON

JGS AND TOPS

all the papers' sales dreams had come true. Overnight, Pete was transformed from a troubled artist/poet into 'Potty Pete', the smackhead buffoon who'd crash his cartoon car made out of drugs into tutting bobbies. Trouble was, Pete really was a drug addict in need of help, making him vulnerable to hacks who'd knock at his door with cash in hand, asking for a little Moss juice in return. They struck gold in September 2005, of course, when Moss was filmed snorting coke by one of Pete's acolytes at a Babyshambles recording session. While PR puppeteer Max Clifford put Kate into professional repentance and redemption poses, Pete stumbled into his role as the villain of the piece, the face of the sordid side of celebrity. The stage was duly set for Amy Winehouse who was an even better sell, an attractive, talented young girl with the world at her feet, who was intent on fucking it all up in public.

Of course, as the press crowed so loudly (and profitably) in outrage, there was a flip-side – Pete and Amy became anti-heroes. Not for everyone, of course, but the pair became style and lifestyle icons for people tickled by their grotty glamour, and whole swathes of them clamoured to be downwardly mobile. Crack became chic; useless sub-Libertines bands donned trilbies; Russell Brand suddenly found his insanity was unbearably sexy; merry goth Noel Fielding had a mini-scene all of his own; Agyness Deyn, 'the new Kate Moss', duly got a rock star boyfriend and sang on a (piss-poor) record; and, most excitingly for the papers, Peaches Geldof and other kids of the rich and famous finally found something to do with their expensively educated lives: get wasted.

Once more, the tabloids were in thrall to a scene which had music at its beginning but mere fame as its end, and their gossip columnists camped out among the faux-urchins. The consequence of this spectacle for 'indie' music was that you no longer had to actually be a talented, cool musician to be a success, you just had to appear to

Right: Amy during a DJ set in Camden on July 9, 2008. She took to the decks – well, she stood around behind the DJ with whom she was meant to be 'battling' – at the Monarch pub for the Snakehips At The Monarch night



be one. How else can you explain Johnny Borrell? The studied arrogance, the Camus-quoting, his hokey, stripped-to-the-waist stage moves – all self-conscious signifiers of what he patently was not: a rock star. Remember when he started riding around on a Harley in shades with Kirsten Dunst on the back? It wasn't self-parody, it was a clunking attempt to be what he imagined a Rock God was. He was 'living the dream' but was empty at heart. Sadly, it seems this is the model established for many British bands now, where the driving force behind writing songs is not frustration or desperation or inspiration, but simply to attain the lifestyle of 'Being In A Band'.

The only way you can negotiate it and hang onto your integrity is to do an Arctic Monkeys and refuse the tabloid cult of personality. But then we music fans are denied the outspoken, smart, heroic stars we crave, and which are a dying breed. Maybe the next decade will be different. As for the noughties, well, it will have Pete Doherty as its iconic 'indie' image and, really, is that about a lasting musical contribution, or just poster-perfect self-destruction? Down In Albion, indeed.

KEEPING TABS

Tabloid story about Pete Doherty – a girl came to us with a story saying, 'He's gonna die, like his hero, Sid Vicious' and pictures of them doing crack. From there he started stepping out with Kate Moss, then they split, and it was almost a passing of the baton on to Amy. But it's not necessarily always about sex and drugs. We write about Tom and Serge, just because they're quirky, interesting people. You get bands like Arctic Monkeys who moan about being in the gossip pages, but they're going out with a TV presenter and a page 3 model. I'd say – and you can quote me on this – that it's time they started acting like pop stars."



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ALBUMS OF THE DECADE



To mark the first 10 years of the millennium definitively, NME asked the world's best artists, writers, DJs, broadcasters and music industry innovators to pick their favourite album. We now present the best music of the new century...

Our jury included:

Arctic Monkeys, Carl Barat, Jeff Barrett (Heavenly Records), Dean Bein (True Panther Sounds), Laurence Bell (Domino Records), Melvin Benn, Biffy Clyro, The Big Pink, Ian Brown, Frank Carter, Julian Casablancas, Seb Chew (Polydor), Jarvis Cocker, The Courteeners, Graham Coxon, Wayne Coyne, Joe Daniel (Angular Records), Derek Davis (Neon Gold), Pete Doherty, Diplo, Dizzee Rascal, The Drums, Emily Eavis, Michael Eavis, Elbow, Eagles Of Death Metal, James Endacott, Florence And The Machine, Friendly Fires, The Gaslight Anthem, Bobby Gillespie, Gossip, Glasvegas, Adam Green, Dave Grohl, Doves, Richard Hawley, Josh Homme, Hot Chip, The Horrors, Liam Howlett, Lightspeed Champion, Jeanette Lee & Geoff Travis (Rough Trade Records), Gary Jarman, Ryan Jarman, Kate Jackson, John Paul Jones, Kaiser Chiefs, Miles Kane, Kasabian, Keane, The Killers, Alan McGee, Bret McKenzie (Flight Of The Conchords), The Maccabees, Laura Marling, Johnny Marr, Maximo Park, MGMT, Ben Mortimer (Island Records), Michael Moshi (Moshi Moshi), Mumford And Sons, Muse, Mystery Jets, Kate Nash, Mairead Nash (Queens Of Noize), Manic Street Preachers, New Order, Noah And The Whale, James Oldham (A&M Records), Jack Penate, Mick Pickering (Columbia Records), Scott Plagenhoef (Pitchfork editor-in-chief), Radiohead, Richard Russel (XL Recordings), Robert Smith, Marcus Scott (Hyperdub), Snoop Dogg, Huw Stephens (Radio 1), Stephen Street, Jamie T, The Temper Trap, Vampire Weekend, The View, Ben Knowles (War Child), We Are Scientists, Paul Weller, Pete Wentz, White Lies, Wild Beasts, Patrick Wolf, The xx, Yeah Yeah Yeahs, Imran Ahmed (XL Recordings)

And of course the staff, writers and DJs – past and present – of NME, NME.COM, NME Radio and NME TV

Look out for a selection for of our panel's choices throughout the pages. Plus check NME.COM for more picks

MIA

Arular 2005

50

Springing from the underground, this album introduced one of the decade's most colourful artists

Up there with 'who shot Biggie?', MIA's arrival on the scene still remains a bit of a mystery. She genuinely seemed to come from nowhere. One day she's fiddling with a drum machine for the first time ever, aged 25. Then, within two years, she's being hailed as The New Future Of Music, the most liberating futuro-funk force of nature ever to crawl out of west London bohemia, and one of the earliest examples of the full cyclonic effects of internet chitter-chatter. 'Arular', on the other hand, came from everywhere. It spanned the latitudes of the tropics – from baile-funk ('Bucky Done Gun') through dancehall ('Galang'), reggaeton ('Bingo') and bhangra. Back then, 'grime' was still the tag most often levelled at her, but screw postcode-rap – here she was beaming out from satellite dishes in the Amazon to her peeps in the PLO, throwing her dad's Tamil Tiger codename over an album stitched together by the don of the Philly party scene. She understood exactly how internationally transposable youth culture had become, plucking everything from punk to crunk for her melting pot, aided in the studio by diverse talents such as Diplo, Richard X, ex-flatmate Justine Frischmann and even Pulp's Steve Mackey. 'Arular' revealed just how wide MIA's eyes were to the mad, bad world around her, and that she only wanted more, more, more... Gavin Haynes



49 

MUSE

Absolution 2003

Global annihilation! Aliens creating humanity! Shadowy political puppet-masters! Inspired by 9/11, Iraq and the sort of internet reading that'd have your Vaio instinctively shopping you to the CIA, 2003's 'Absolution' saw Muse craft a gleaming pop Millennium Falcon and blast off to explore spiral arms of epic rock welly, when everyone else in music was perfecting tinny twangles in testicle-throttling trousers. It wasn't all doom and boom, mind: amid the pounding paranoia of 'Apocalypse Please' and 'Ruled By Secrecy' loitered concert pianist flourishes ('Butterflies And Hurricanes'), love notes to captors ('Stockholm Syndrome') and punk rock odes to the female orgasm ('Hysteria'). A dazzling show of galactic rock fireworks, 'Absolution' set Muse on a warp speed course to Wembley and beyond. **Mark Beaumont**

48 

THE WALKMEN

Bowes + Arrows 2004

The Strokes opened the door to reveal that post-9/11 New York had produced some incredibly powerful music. The Walkmen's second album saw them sensorially, but briefly, take their turn in the spotlight. Like Interpol, they generate a dense, shimmering atmosphere, yet where Interpol are polished, The Walkmen are scuffed, and where Interpol are cool, The Walkmen are boiling with rage. The album sounds like a soundtrack to singer Hamilton Leithauser stumbling broken-hearted through the city and, on 'Little House Of Savages' and 'My Old Man', finding hope. Yet it's 'The Rat' which dominates, an immortal classic filled with so much rage and frustration it makes you want to rip out your heart and throw it at the feet of your lover. Ahem. The album's existential punk hasn't dated a bit; it's like The Horrors' 'Primary Colours' for grown-up fuck-ups. **Martin Robinson**

47 

BRENDAN BENSON

Lapalco 2002

Most know him now as the co-frontman of The Raconteurs alongside pal Jack White, but Benson's best album to date is this, his second solo effort. In fact, White himself was such a fan of the record that it was he who brought it to many people's attention, covering the razor-sharp riffage of 'Good To Me' on the B-side of 'Seven Nation Army'. This all came after Benson had been dropped by Virgin after the release of his debut 'One Mississippi' in 1996. However, having refocused his efforts – and transparently 'aided' by a less than satisfactory love life – he produced some of the greatest demonstrations of songwriting craft seen this decade in the shape of 'Folk Singer', 'Tiny Spark' and the suicidally-sad-but-gloriously-uplifting masterpiece 'Metarie'. He's found it difficult to top this, Jack or no Jack. **Alan Woodhouse**

46 

THE DELGADOS

The Great Eastern 2003

There probably isn't a band in the known universe who hasn't at some point been advised to "keep it simple" by some music business monkey. The Delgados were no exception – except that when it came to 'The Great Eastern', they just didn't listen. Recording over 15 months and rewriting numerous times, Glasgow's underground minnows entered the new decade by blossoming into indie giants thanks to a barrage of brass sections, orchestral flourishes and enough time changes to flummox the speaking clock. But in among The Delgados' newfound sonic power lay their most graceful songs, not least the epic 'No Danger', veering from tear-jerking piano to a thundering art-rock climax over six-and-a-half minutes. 'The Great Eastern' was undoubtedly an album that had everything thrown at it – fortunately most of it stuck beautifully. **Hardeep Phull**

45 

THE AVALANCHES

Since I Left You 2001

"Get a drink, have a good time now... welcome to paradise!" And with those words we were ushered generously into the most unconditionally joyful musical voyage of the decade, a luxury cruise through the azure oceans of sampladelic sound with a crew of exotics and eccentrics always on hand to top up your caipirinha. 'Since I Left You' is so relentlessly beatific it's hard to comprehend the painstaking work behind it, pieced together from an estimated 3,500 sample fragments by two blokes called Darren and Robbie, with a little help from Aussie DMC mixing champ DJ Dexter, Parisian rappers Saïan Supa Crew and a couple of runaway stallions. Eight years on, and we're still yet to hear a peep of the follow up – but their one album is so nonchalantly perfect that nobody would begrudge them if they chose to leave it at that. **Sam Richards**



OUTKAST

Speakerboxxx/The Love Below 2003

Hip-hop, jazz, techno, pop, electro... This sprawling double album has everything

Yes, 'Stankonia' before it was a quite staggering achievement, but on their fifth album(s) OutKast took things to even greater heights. Clocking in at two-and-a-quarter hours and split into solo albums by both members, it's Andre 3000's 'The Love Below' that truly astonishes here. For all the invention featured in the likes of 'Ghetto Musick', Big Boi's 'Speakerboxxx' was rooted almost wholly in hip-hop, while his partner's went to all kinds of places: from breakbeat jazz to techno to funk to soul to hip-hop to fuckin' 'Hey Ya!' to an actual conversation with God. Here, Dre created his own world, and it's a fascinating place to visit. As good as any of Prince's finest albums and as eccentric as any of the clothes worn by its creator, here was a playful concept record about love that was approximately a thousand times more inventive than anything the decade's so-called experimental acts have ever done without making any of the fuss about it, while being something you could comfortably play at weddings. Bottom line: if you travelled back through time and played this record to Jimi Hendrix on the eve of releasing 'Electric Ladyland', he'd fucking shit himself. **Hamish MacBain**

43 

WILCO

Yankee Hot Licks 2002

Reinventions have become almost *de rigeur* recently, but when alt-country stars Wilco overhauled their sound at the start of the decade they found themselves in open conflict with member Jay Bennett and dropped by label Reprise. The outrage was unnecessary, though: gems like the abstract, avant-garde standout 'I Am Trying To Break Your Heart' and the perky, loop-enhanced nostalgia trip of 'Heavy Metal Drummer' showed a stunning yet subtle evolution. **Tom Pinnock**



44

NOTABLE VOTER: DJ L.O.
"This is the defining album of 2003. It's at with music like now and this is the one album of the last decade everyone can identify with."



40

RYAN ADAMS

Gold 2001

For his second solo outing Adams set out to make a "classic" album - in the sense of how they did it in the '70s. Loaded with vintage American influences such as Gram Parsons, Bruce Springsteen and Tom Petty and with a hulking length to match (21 tracks in all), 'Gold' was at once a hit-packed opus worthy of the mid-'70s and, as 'New York, New York's' release just weeks after the September 11 attacks proved, a slab of modern living. 'When The Stars Go Blue' boasted a subtle charm before Bono and The Corrs got their hands on it, the title track bristled with an unexpected edge, 'Answering Bell' was a sparkling slice of bluegrass-tinged folk-rock while ballads 'Sylvia Plath' and 'Goodnight, Hollywood Blvd' radiated bittersweet beauty. Adams might have made braver albums, but 'Gold' was his classic. **Tom Pinnock**

42

VAMPIRE WEEKEND

Vampire Weekend 2008

If you'd told us one of the biggest bands of the late '00s would be a bunch of JD Salinger characters in Ralph Lauren playing spry Afro-tinged songs about Peter Gabriel, turquoise harmonicas and the difference between English Breakfast and Darjeeling tea, we'd be fitting you for your straitjacket. Yet whatever turned Columbia University hobby band Vampire Weekend into the most popular American indie import since The Strokes was very welcome. This debut was as fresh as a crisp polo shirt: smart but not snarky, jaunty but not twee, and packed with cunning tunes that have proved to withstand numerous repeated plays and lazy Paul Simon jibes. Some say rock'n'roll has no place for the privileged, but each of Vampire Weekend's deft pop gems are worth a hundred oik-rock platitudes.

Sam Richards

41

WILD BEASTS

Two Dancers 2009

So flamboyant and awkward a caterpillar was Wild Beasts' debut 'Limbo, Panto', you'd never have guessed at the beauty waiting to take flight inside. The Kendal boys marked themselves as a musical and lyrical force to challenge The Smiths with their second album, dropping jaws with the elegantly powerful single 'Hooting And Howling'. With their rough edges now refined, they were suddenly a thing of brilliance: the mix of Hayden Thorpe's cutting, versatile falsetto and Tom Fleming's warm baritone boom was bewitching enough without the fluid musicianship that backed it up, warm African pop influences rolling through 'All The King's Men' and the gentle 'Empty Nest'. An unashamedly beautiful album, 'Two Dancers' was raw as rutting stags below the surface, dense, artful lyrics rolling with sex and death and violence. And they looked like such lovely boys... **Emily Mackay**



39

CRYSTAL CASTLES

Crystal Castles 2008

Crystal Castles were supposed to be a hipster joke who'd disappear as fashion moved on. They were never supposed to deliver an album this great. Ethan Kath's digital sludge, lodged somewhere between Thurston Moore's guitar and happy hardcore, sets a strange but clear climbing frame for Alice Glass' untamed id. On songs like the furious punk blast of 'XXZXCUX Me', Alice's words were rich in nasty poetry, buried so deep it might take 10 listens to make them out. The remarkable thing about this album was its dexterity, flipping from the ostentatious futurism of 'Air War' and 'Crimewave' to 'Alice Practice', a throbbing piece of music which made as much sense in a gallery as a club. It's said Timbaland liked 'Courtship Dating' so much he sampled it on 50 Cent's 'Ayo Technology', presumably reckoning they'd be soon forgotten - he was wrong. We all were. **Alex Miller**



BLOC PARTY

Silent Alarm 2002

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It remains the London foursome's finest hour thanks to its raw, unflinchingly paranoid dissections of modern love

The most any of us can hope for is to be remembered at our best; for Bloc Party, 'Silent Alarm' was not only their finest work but their strongest shot at immortality. When it emerged in a freezing February almost five years ago it was lauded for Kele Okereke's detached, perfect evocation of the helpless paranoia and turbulence of that DMZ between being a kid and an adult, as well as the serrulate post-punk anthemia for loners and fuck-ups. Now, in a society that's more atomised and dislocated than ever before - we bathe hourly in the blue lights of our computer screens - it is both a lament for the loss of the warmth of human touch and a warning that being young isn't getting any easier.

'Banquet' and 'Helicopter' will doubtless fill dancefloors in your town tonight, wherever and whenever you read this - as cathartic valleys of distortion strung around Russell Lissack's frost-bitten guitar they remain unbeatable - but it was in the quieter, colder moments that 'Silent Alarm' shone like a winter sun. 'Blue Light' was a gentle breath of tenderness, much like 'So Here We Are' in its soft-heartedness, while 'This Modern Love' both unsettled and calmed at the same time. Gordon Moakes' heartbeat basslines, notably on 'Positive Tension', made the record throb like a fresh bruise, while 'She's Hearing Voices' and 'Like Eating Glass' were fuelled by Bloc Party's twin engines of endeavour: their audacity and their fear of failure, of not saying the right thing at the right time.

It made a virtue of its vulnerability and felt harrowingly like a lonely scream emanating from Bloc Party's south London base. Most impressively, you could enjoy it as a none more-strong collection of indie disco tunes or a painful manifesto of isolation; it was to the band's eternal credit that they created something so rich as to be either, both or neither. **Ben Patashnik**

BABYSHAMBLES

Down In Albion 2005

In the middle of the decade the Pete Doherty show threw up a surprisingly potent record – the impact and quality of which only became clear years after its release

Now that Pete's life has reached a sort of plateau – his busts, rehabs, no-shows and scuffles blurring into a constancy-of-change like the weather – it's difficult to recall the sheer mania of the circus that followed him in that raw interregnum between The Libertines and Babyshambles. Back then, he had narrative in spades, and he not only knew it but delighted in trowelling it on thick for his then-new band's debut: from the self-lacerating sarcasm of '8 Dead Boys', through the tabloid-baiting paeans to smack ('In Love With A Feeling'), Kate ('What Katy Did Next'), jail ('Pentonville') and crack ('Pipedown'), to his poison-pen letters to ex-bandmates ('Sticks And Stones'), via his own personal anthem ('Fuck Forever'), and his most tender salute to his tribe of followers ('Albion'), seldom have art and autobiography collided so potently.

Recorded at breakneck speed, sessions having to be worked

into the gaps in a tired-and-emotional Pete's rare moments of being-slightly-less-tired-and-emotional, Mick Jones' anti-production gave 'Down In Albion' a scrappy rawness that made it feel even more like Pete was retching his diaries direct into your earhole. Moreover, his words wound tight round the gloriously ragged guitars of another junkie fast coming apart at the seams, Patrick Walden.

In terms of the myth-making that's always seemed to be Pete's primary purpose, it seemed appropriate that swathes of the press initially dismissed it. Even this magazine, occasionally *The Pete Pages* back then, could only be convinced to slap on a 7/10. But for all those one-star reviews, 'Down In Albion' has aged well because it tells a true story of

Its scrappy rawness has aged well because it tells a true story of a time and place

a time and place: it was one of those magically rare moments when an artist at the very top of his game and the centre of a world found that he had more to write about than he could ever say. *Gavin Haynes*

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THE KNIFE

Silent Shout 2006

At a time when electro was being beaten beyond all recognition by a stampede of goofy-gurning dancefloor-mosh, it was down to the sound's most enigmatic duo to make things cool again. Not since the '80s had there been an electropop group to conjure more intrigue than Gothenburg's phallic-masked siblings. Free of the pesky hits that bothered its forbearer 'Deep Cuts', there was nothing the 'Heartbeats'-covering José González could sink his teeth into here. Instead, on the likes of 'We Share Our Mothers' Health', 'Like A Pen' and 'Na Na Na', they ploughed stalking, minimal bleepscapes, exorcising spectral refrains from possessed pools of static. True to form, what with making their least accessible outing to date, they reluctantly walked away with six of their nation's equivalent of the Grammy Awards. *Jaimie Hodgson*

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SPIRITUALIZED

Let It Come Down 2001

After the huge success of the masterpiece 'Ladies And Gentlemen We Are Floating In Space', Jason Pierce was given complete freedom for its follow-up, and with 'Let It Come Down' he didn't hold back. Not that his space-rock hymns had ever been coy, but now he had budget enough to really go for it; he duly spent four years putting together orchestra-led songs, in which he utilised 115 different musicians and had the cover made in 3D. On its release, many considered it to be an overblown, self-indulgent failure. But now, out of the context of its hype, it's simply beautiful. On the apocalyptic 'Out Of Sight' and a version of Spaceman 3's 'Lord Can You Hear Me' the ambition and emotive power of Pierce's writing was breathtaking. While his peers sang about drinking lager, this guy tried to shake God out of his apathy with the sound of the suffering of the human race. *Martin Robinson*





ARCADE FIRE

Neon Bible 2007

The end is nigh, the 21st century is already broken but, argues Mark Beaumont, some oddballs from Quebec have already given us the soundtrack for our inevitable descent

The oceans rise, the land submerges, the great black waves in the middle of the sea come to reclaim us all. Hungry bombs fall on those countries unlucky enough to perch upon the last dregs of oil, launched by societies on the verge of collapse, paralysed with terror because of the onrushing post-carbon age where the cars, planes, ships, spaceships and submarines no longer go. And, as technological society grinds to a squealing, unlubricated halt and the temperature of the global boiling pot edges high enough to kill the frog, a hysterical populous pleads to an unanswering God for whatever scrap of achievement, recognition or reward they can scrape out of these final whimpering hours of humanity, despairing of the fate of their unborn children and wondering, as one, *"World War III, when are you coming for me?"*

It's no 2012 trailer, no Al Gore lecture, no casual brunch with Matt Bellamy. It's the black mirror that Arcade Fire held up to the 21st century in March 2007. And their 'Neon Bible' was a book of electrifying modern-day Revelations, but then, fittingly, Arcade Fire were the first truly 21st century band. As a panicking industry chased their internet hype around CMJ 2003 they marked the birth of the blogosphere behemoth

A testament to the might of the millennium's most dominant new medium, this seven-strong Montreal collective rose out of the blogger babble like a resurfacing Titanic, the first family of apocalypse folk that would beget a whole generation of climactic folk troupes bearing their mandolins and accordions like 'The End Is Nigh' placards.

That they dressed like flickering

neighbourhoods, ignited the world ('Funeral' sold half a million copies, club shows were upgraded to theatres worldwide), bought themselves an old Quebec church for a recording studio and hired in a massive great fuck-off pipe organ that Arcade Fire were ready to define the times.

Like the new millennium, 'Neon Bible' offered some stark and unforgiving choices. A house on fire or a rising sea?

Arcade Fire looked like ghosts from the birth of the industrial era come to herald its end

phantoms that'd leapt out of a browned plate photograph of a Wisconsin séance in 1874 was no accident; they were ghosts from the birth of the industrial era come to herald its end. Whirling, bawling, instrument-swapping, drum-juggling dervishes onstage, 2005 debut album 'Funeral' imbued Win Butler's mournful pop epics with the kind of sizzling personal tensions not seen since the Fleetwood Mac reunion barbecue. Yet it wasn't until they'd broken out of their Montreal

War or death? Black or blue? It referenced 9/11, the Iraq war, the Asian tsunami, global warming, peak oil and Guantanamo Bay; Win Butler painted a dystopian landscape of fear and loathing, of rancid religion in a Godless wasteland, of a world where, he warned us quite unequivocally, *"every spark of friendship and love will die without a home"*. If you weren't up to reading the writing on 'Neon Bible's cathedral wall then "ere, 'ave a bump of this, mate, new rave will be along in a minute", but, if

you were willing to tackle topics as daunting and confrontational as Jan Moir's inbox, there wasn't a more intoxicating and terrifying listen this side of the millennium bug countdown.

'Black Mirror' set a brooding tone, all broiling thunderclouds and pianos rolling like tanks across sand dunes. Its military undertones allowed for no moral righteousness; the conflagration brewing here is predatory, driven by fear, selfishness and greed. 'Keep The Car Running' flipped the picture; here was a fugitive pursued even in his nightmares, living in fear of being bundled away from his family to *"the same place animals go when they die"* for no knowable reason.

If the title track was a lost sigh of resignation, the churchy bombast of 'Intervention' literally blared with battle weariness. It was a hymn for a hopeless century, full of families broken and soldiers gasping their last, a portrait of the damage that warfare does to the supposedly 'civilised' society that wages it. A people that can inflict such suffering for purely monetary gain – goes Win's winsome warble – becomes emotionally and morally derelict, beyond redemption: *"You say it's money that we need/As if we're only mouths to feed/I know no matter what you say/There are some debts you'll never pay... and the bone shall never heal/I care not if you kneel"*.

Reaching for your copy of 'Gay Bar' yet? No? Good. Because, as 'Black Wave/Bad Vibrations' places us on the shoreline just as the tsunami hits and 'Ocean Of Noise' wafts us awake into our own personal *28 Days Later*, we're reaching 'Neon Bible's socio-catastrophic pinnacle. 'Antichrist Television Blues' pulses with the rabid heartbeat of the 21st century, around its Springsteen strums and banshee harmonies. Win coils the breathless thoughts of a desperate Christian stage dad, praying for a child fit for *American Idol* to drag him off the headline before it's too late. In the midst of all this global turmoil here's a very human frenzy of starlust, of celeb obsession, of the sad belief that self-worth can only come from being snapped in gossip pages or slapped on talent shows. And while we're all distracted by such televised trivialities, Arcade Fire's cataclysmic clatter builds to a climax; on the horizon, gathering chaos. Music has thrown up no starker reflection of religion-dumbed, TV-numbed modern life; we lower our Heats, we listen, we relate. And we dance like the damned.

'Windowsill' is a parable of climate-change catastrophe; 'No Cars Go' could be a horror scene of an oil-drained Earth, while 'My Body Is A Cage' ends it all in existential chains. Nostradamus, the Mayans and David Icke predicted nothing as inescapable as this: there's really not much chance for the human race's survival if the 'Neon Bible' is true. But – defiant, hyper-charged and howling into the winds of armageddon – there's no better soundtrack for our handcart ride to Hell. All aboard.

33**GRANDADDDY***The Sophtware Slump* 2000

Bearded, skateboard-loving Grandaddy mainman Jason Lytle's masterpiece was a concept album about the clashing of technology with nature. The premise suggested a sluff-born sprawl but, in reality, 'The Sophtware Slump' quietly pushed the boundaries of how beautiful music could be. Lytle's heart-cracking vocals were enough to induce tears a capella but, layered over the band's deft Americana and songs about the demise of an alcoholic robot ('Jed The Humanoid') and dogs perishing of broken hearts ('The Crystal Lake'), the result was the kind of once-in-a-career record they'd never better. As the spacey, near nine-minute opener 'He's Simple, He's Dumb, He's The Pilot' demonstrates, if you can make music that can make you breathless with its beauty in one listen, you only really need to do it once. **Jamie Fullerton**

31**BRIGHT EYES***I'm Wide Awake, It's Morning* 2005

Arguably button-cute boy-wonder Conor Oberst has better claim than most as the successor to Gram Parsons' romance-heavy acoustic Americana throne. On 'I'm Wide Awake, It's Morning' he even went so far as to bring in Parsons' old collaborator Emmylou Harris to add a lush richness with her velvety backing vocals. Released on the same day as the 'Digital Ash In A Digital Urn' album, which saw Oberst flexing his electro-rock muscles, 'I'm Wide Awake...' is undoubtedly the superior of the two, eschewing modernity for gut-wrenchingly beautiful songwriting. The fragile 'Lua' and aching 'Landlocked Blues' might have sat in sharp contrast to the rowdier tracks on the record, including opener 'At The Bottom Of Everything', but the 10 tracks are bound together by a rare kind of warm, rough and ready musicianship. **Leonie Cooper**

**30****ELBOW***Asleep In The Back* 2001

With Elbow only recently pushing their way towards national treasure status, it's a common misconception that Guy Garvey and the boys are a band who have blossomed over time. Not so. 2008's 'The Seldom Seen Kid' might have done the job, but it was debut 'Asleep In The Back' that should have airlifted the group into stadiums following its release in May 2001. Moody opener 'Any Day Now' is their most deftly hypnotic moment, while it was no surprise that the likes of 'Newborn' induced converts to send Garvey handwritten letters about how the song had seen them through times as tough as losing a child. As the band progressed, along came the big choruses and blasts of ticker tape. However, 'Asleep In The Back' remains the shadowy gem that provided the bedrock for the band to go on and truly sparkle. **Jamie Fullerton**

32**YEAH YEAH YEAHS***Show Your Bones* 2006

Making it nearly destroyed them, but the New York trio unveiled hidden depths on their stunning second album

Having seemingly made the ultimate New York hipster album with 'Fever To Tell', Yeah Yeah Yeahs appeared to turn to nature, dancing round the campfire and playing acoustics for the video for comeback single 'Gold Lion' – but this wasn't going to be their 'rustic record'. It's a Frankenstein's monster of a guitar album, as a Panzer tank of strings and feedback on 'Way Out' made abundantly clear. We now know, of course, that the band had a torrid time recording 'Show Your Bones' and nearly split up, but whatever 'musical differences' they had were channelled into some sensational playing, and the core of Yeah Yeah Yeahs, the reason why they're such a great band, remains intact: they're about extreme vulnerability cloaking itself in an armour of demonic noise, but never truly hiding itself. While 'Fever To Tell' and 'It's Blitz!' are very instant records, they lack the earthy, traumatised depths of 'Show Your Bones', and YYYs will have to go some ways to ever repeat it. **Martin Robinson**

Q&A**How were the noughties for you?**

Karen O: "I feel dizzy thinking about the past decade, my head has never been the same since I plunged off stage head-first in Sydney in 2003. That was a memorable moment. Blood, spit, bruises, falling on my ass was all par for the course. But, you see, I was feeling the heat from the hype, the pressure cooker was cooking my brains at the start, and instead of becoming a total waster or cutting myself in private I mostly channelled it into the semi-violent stage performances.

It's fuzzy, but I'm pretty sure it was fun most of the time!"

A lot of bands exploded out of New York at the beginning of the decade. Could you feel the scene coming?

Nick Zinner: "It was pretty careless and innocent, mostly because no bands from NYC were getting signed. We never really felt part of any scene, but I think all the bands were aware of each other, because we were all playing the same five clubs."

You've got two albums in this list, 'Fever To Tell'...

KO: "We had been playing those songs for almost two years before we finally recorded them. A couple weeks in the studio in Williamsburg with that maniac Dave Sitek prodding and provoking us until it was done. We were babies, babies make fun records."

Brian Chase: "That record rocks the fuck out and then brings it down to burn on a low flame."

...and 'Show Your Bones'.

KO: "Believe the hype, sophomore records are really hard to make. It's painful trying to liberate yourself from a specific sound and presentation you strongly identify with as a band but once you do it's very empowering. Pressing on past your comfort zone is no fun, but it's the only way to keep afloat."

Finally, if you could go back to 2000 and give your younger self one piece of advice, what would that be?

NZ: "Lighten up!"

Read a longer Yeah Yeah Yeahs interview on NME.COM now



Rings Around The World 2001

NOTABLE VOTERS:
**JARVIS COCKER/
JAMES ALLAN**
"Where rock'n'roll is
concerned, no-one else in
the last 10 years has done
what this album has done
to me" - James Allan



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NOTABLE VOTER:
SNOOP DOGG
"That record was off
the motherfucking
hook!"

Bou In Da Corner 2003



The Libertines 2004

A large, dense crowd of young people at a concert, many with their arms raised and mouths open, cheering enthusiastically. The image is slightly tilted and has a grainy, high-contrast quality, typical of a photograph taken in a dimly lit venue. The crowd is packed closely together, and the overall atmosphere is one of high energy and excitement.

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Yes, it really did happen. **Jaimie Hodgson**

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JAY-Z

The Blueprint 2001

If you were a rap fan in 2001, 'The Blueprint' probably pissed you off. Before it dropped, Timbaland had pushed the scene into dissonant corners, making the vanguard and the mainstream one. Then this: an album of unabashed mega-hits, constructed from huge soul samples from huge soul singers while Jigga pronounced his own glory with all the inhibition of a concrete tank. Basically, it was 'Definitely Maybe' with beats. Kanye established himself as a producer here and clearly took the album's unstoppable confidence as pop gospel. Jay-Z's subject matter may be limited to enemies, lovers and most of all himself, yet on 'The Blueprint' his phrasing is so powerful and astute a song as potentially banal as 'Girls Girls Girls' is crafted with precision and wit. Proof of just how good hyper-commercial music can be. **Alex Miller**

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THE CORAL

The Coral 2002

Whoever knew that Russian folk, mad wig-outs, sea shanties, barbershop vocals and an obsession with kids' TV drama *Byker Grove* could work so well? Clearly The Coral did: their eponymous 2002 debut proved irresistible because of its eclecticism. You get the impression that anything the band saw or heard, no matter how banal, was registered in their weed haze and later inserted into a four-minute pop gem (see hidden track 'Time Travel', which pitches religion against technology while the band play perfect pop-reggae). At the epicentre was Bill Ryder-Jones, a frighteningly versatile guitarist whose beautifully crafted lines ('Goodbye', 'Skeleton Key' and 'Dreaming Of You') propelled James Skelly's songwriting into the next dimension. Proof – and it was needed in 2002 – that new British guitar bands could still be genuinely awe-inspiring. **Matt Wilkinson**

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BLUR

Think Tank 2003

It's curious to think that Blur's sole studio output this decade was 'Think Tank', a record made at their lowest ebb. Coxon appeared on just the final song, having departed midway through the sessions, yet, far from a chronicle of depression and recrimination, 'Think Tank' was a singularly beautiful piece of work. With Damon Albarn's musical palette broadening, the likes of 'Good Song' revelled in the sessions' Moroccan backdrop. 'Brothers And Sisters' flexed to a groove, while 'Out Of Time' proved simply heartbreaking. True, the Coxon-enhanced 'Battery In Your Leg' is a reminder of what had been lost (while his additions to 'Think Tank' songs this summer suggested what might have been), but even with that hole it remained provoking, challenging and, like Blur's best albums, a step on from its forebears. **Paul Stokes**

THE WHITE STRIPES

White Blood Cells 2001*Elephant* 2003

No, we didn't fix it, our jury just couldn't decide between Jack and Meg's finest efforts voting them side-by-side. James McMahon pays tribute to the Detroit duo

It's fitting that on the February 20 broadcast of *Late Night With Conan O'Brien* this year – not only the last ever broadcast of the prestigious US talk show, but the duo's first public performance for two years – The White Stripes chose to end the decade in a fashion similar to how they'd begun it. Unveiling an alternative version of 'We're Going To Be Friends', from their third album, 2001's 'White Blood Cells', the Whites revisited the intimate playfulness that had characterised their commercial breakthrough.

There was a particular poignancy to the song's titular refrain; the band may have been performing the song to a global audience of millions, yet the two musicians played as if they were together alone in a Detroit rehearsal room, making music simply for the entertainment of each other.

It's easy to forget just what a revelation The White Stripes were 10 years ago. It's even easier to forget how depressing music had become by 1999.

Sure, The Strokes arguably pipped them to the party, but even next to that band's generation-defining debut, the Detroit duo were an outfit both truly esoteric and precociously exciting. Less than a year after Travis had headlined a major music festival, here was a band who cared about building their own mythology. A band who knew that – from their red, white and black colour scheme, to the brother/sister/lover thing, to Jack's frankly bizarre obsession with the number three – where pop is concerned, the devil really is in the details.

Keenly attuned punk rock types had known of the band's brilliance since 2000's 'De Stijl', the collection of ultra raw eight-track recordings laid down in Jack's living room and released on seminal American indie label Sympathy For The Record Industry, if not the previous year's arresting self-titled debut. However 'White Blood Cells' not only dragged the band's sound on from the ramshackle garage rock that had shared venue space with fellow Detroit bands such as The Dirtbombs and Bantam Rooster, but made a hyperbolic indent on mainstream media; "The greatest band since the Sex Pistols!" roared the *Daily Mirror*, of all people.

Much of this overground attention concerned the record's lead-off single, the sprightly acoustic guitar-led 'Hotel Yorba', as well as the subsequent single, 'Fall In Love With A Girl', Michel Gondry-directed, Lego-infused promo video and all. By which point the song's authors were so far away from underground cult-dom, that Joss Stone inverted the title's gender concern, released her own version, and charted in the UK Top 20.

Yet it's 'The Union Forever' which provides the record's centrepiece. Align this with the paranoid punk rock of 'I Think I Smell A Rat', the pseudo heavy metal of 'Aluminum' and 'The Same Boy You've Always Known' – still probably the most big-hearted song Jack has ever written – and any newcomers who'd

been seduced into purchasing the record based upon the disposable pop of the singles may well have been surprised. But not disappointed.

Never ones to dilly-dally, The White Stripes followed 'White Blood Cells' with 'Elephant' in 2003. Yet their new mainstream success did little to stem their DIY aesthetic – production duties were handled by Jack himself at London's studio-of-the-moment ToeRag, but not without help from studio owner and engineer Liam Watson. The result was a record that was perhaps darker than its predecessor, and certainly a little less fun, but not without the kind of big, bold pop songs, most of which appeared as singles, tailor-made to continue the band's ascent.

Crucial to the record's appeal is the opener and lead-off single 'Seven Nation Army'. Named after Jack's childhood slang for the Salvation Army, the record provided the band with their biggest hit to date. Perhaps Jack came over a little

too fetishistic in insisting the song's low frequency intro wasn't played by a bass guitar but by running his 1950s-style Kay Hollowbody semi-acoustic through an octave pedal set down an octave, but it still sounded fucking amazing played loud.

As did the magnificent 'Little Acorns', which opened with a brilliantly befuddling spoken-word piece by then 68-year-old Detroit DJ Mort Crim, while Meg's debut lead vocal on 'In The Cold, Cold Night' proved haunting. And that's before mentioning the record's notable third single 'The Hardest Button To Button', which showcased a throaty rage that would become more apparent on the band's next release, 2005's 'Get Behind Me Satan'.

Truth be told, Jack's prolific musical activities, including The Raconteurs and The Dead Weather, have probably split the vote, forcing these albums lower down this list than they ought to have been. And while you can't begrudge the man his right to make music with whomever he pleases, you wish he'd make more of it with Meg. Because when he was, especially between 2001 and 2004, there really was no-one in the world who could hold a candle to them. Here's hoping there's more to come in the next decade...

Between 2001 and 2004, no-one in the world could hold a candle to them



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SUFJAN STEVENS

Illinois 2005

The whole 'album for every state' thing was a joke – apparently. The live show was full of human pyramids of Supermen; and the songs were all called things like 'They Are Night Zombies!! They Are Neighbors!! They Have Come Back from the Dead!! Ahhhh', but there was an underlying solemnity and seriousness to Sufjan Stevens' playful fifth studio album that set it as the definitive touchstone of modern Americana. Guitar, banjo, xylophone, flute and trumpet merged in candied alt.country swirls throughout, 'Chicago' was a smogless pop wonder, and Stevens even made you feel a bit wistful about a maniacal serial killer with 'John Wayne Gacy, Jr'. That the studio cast-offs from this record made the equally enchanting 'The Avalanche' is merely testament to the prolific flapping of Sufjan's butterfly wings. **Mark Beaumont**



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THE STREETS

A Girl and Don't Come For Free 2004

Following up 'Original Pirate Material' was going to need graft. With maybe the least pretentious concept album ever made, our Mike kept the standard up. As a collection of straight-out post-garage/UKHH bangers, it was tip-top. As a series of episodes in a drama it was smarter, funnier and more heart-wrenching than anything on E4. Pills, money, betting, birds, mates, pubs, spliffs, DVDs, love, loss and, most importantly, of course, problems with your mobile; it was Skinner's second season, and things were getting reflective, paranoid and resolute. It had moments as cartoony as his debut: 'Fit But You Know It' was *Skins: The Later Years* conceived by the bullies rather than the bullied. Yet on 'Blinded By The Lights' and 'Dry Your Eyes' he was cute, vulnerable and hopeless in a lush and soulful way that marked the transition between dank bedsit and prangin' penthouse. **Jaimie Hodgson**

QUEENS OF THE STONE AGE

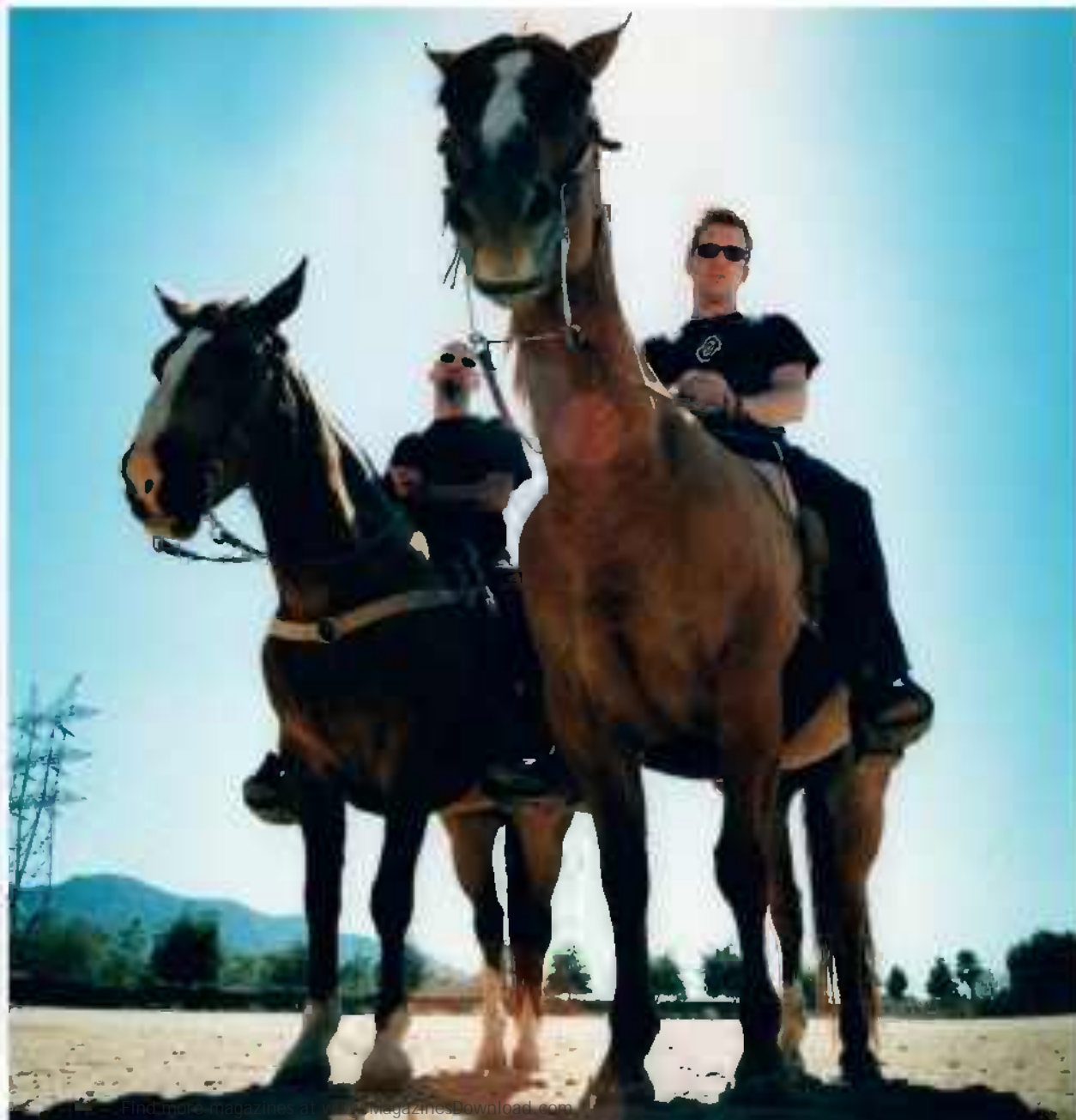
Songs For The Deaf 2002

It ultimately marked the end of the union between Josh Homme and Nick Oliveri, but with Dave Grohl on the drumstool, this was where Queens went for the big time

Anyone who hadn't heard 'Songs For The Deaf' might indeed have wondered why the rock community got such a collective boner when news of Them Crooked Vultures broke. It was because this was what we had been waiting for pretty much since 2002 when the drummer from Nirvana – a certain Dave Grohl – was last on the kit doing Queens Of The Stone Age a big one. We're not ones for soundbites, but you could feel the hand of history giving you a wedgie. Josh Homme has spoken of 'Songs...' being the moment that "we bent the mainstream around us", and while pop smash 'No One Knows' remains a signature tune on indie dancefloors to this day, this album was no hollow push for the big time. It was more the sound of a big green hulk finally standing and stretching to its full size as the defining hard rock record of

It's a big green hulk stretching to its full size as the defining hard rock record of the decade

the decade. A loose concept album soundtracking a *Fear And Loathing*-esque drive from the Mojave Desert to urban Los Angeles; the stops from coyote-rock opener 'You Think I Ain't Worth A Dollar, But I Feel Like A Millionaire' through to the pagan pop of 'Another Love Song' are signified by the funny radio skits of the band's extended circle. All of rock is housed in-between, from 'Song For The Deaf's satanic dirge through euphoric FM rocker 'Go With The Flow' to 'Hanging Tree's seductive smoulder. If it sounded like a band pushing toward auto-destruct, that's because it was. By the end of the tour, the symbiosis between Homme and Nick Oliveri would be blown apart in a fug of drugs, violence and recrimination, while Queens as we'd known them were over. But fist us sideways and call us Nigel – what a journey to the edge. **Dan Martin**





RADIOHEAD

Kid A 2000

The new direction and strange sounds split opinion – and that was just in the band. Hardeep Phull investigates the birth and growing maturity of Thom's strange child

For Radiohead, the mid-'90s were about one thing: killing 'Creep'. The slacker-anthem had both made them and yet suffocated them (see also 'My Iron Lung'), but the Oxford boys knew they were destined for something better than a life of regular inclusions on 'Where Are They Now?' shows across America's alt-radio networks. The excellence of 'The Bends' (released in 1995) took many by surprise, but their one-hit wonder status was slayed once and for all by unleashing 1997's 'OK Computer' – a collection of rock songs so perfect and poignant that it eclipsed anything they, or anyone else in the guitar-wielding world, had produced in recent history. The irony was that in ridding themselves of one cross to bear, they created another. It's one thing to move forward when a bunch of spotty indie kids want you to write one song over and over, it's another thing altogether when five million 'OK Computer' buyers are paying for more of the same.

Not that the recording of what would become 'Kid A' was necessarily a fearless five-man stand against the staid

tastes of Mondeo man. As recording dragged on and Thom Yorke explored endless avenues of sound influenced by krautrock, modern jazz and electronica, even his own band appeared disorientated. Ed O'Brien simply wanted to play three-minute pop songs, but ended up rarely touching a guitar

during the early sessions. "If you're going to make a different-sounding record," he said in 2000, "you have to change the methodology. And it's scary – everyone feels insecure." Jonny Greenwood, meanwhile, had to trade in his axe-hero status in favour of tinkering endlessly with the far less sexy Ondes Martenot electric piano, and drummer Phil Selway was cast so far adrift in the sea of synthetic rhythms

cooked up by Yorke that he wondered if he even had a valid contribution to make any more. Internal egos were dismantled en masse for the album but, in doing so, Radiohead managed to avoid the complacent cul-de-sac that so many huge rock bands go down. "You can't just sit in a room together and play

in one way for the rest of your lives and expect it to be wonderful," stated Yorke on the eve of the album's release. "It's not going to happen."

However it wasn't enough to simply throw musical curveballs around. Radiohead also sought to ensure that 'Kid A' bucked every trend of the business they had come to know and despise during the continual promotional treadmill that surrounded

'OK Computer' (which was vividly documented on *Meeting People Is Easy*). Traditional singles and videos were nixed in favour of a promotional campaign involving streams and short video 'blips' on the internet – and this at a time when most domestic connections were still dial-up and checking emails sent computers into bleepy fits. Meanwhile, the hardcore geeks who traded early live performances of 'Kid A' tracks on the new-fangled peer-to-peer file-sharing sites suddenly upgraded to the album itself as the group's plans to use early MP3 memory sticks to control pre-release copies were circumnavigated, giving the world the phrase "leaked online" for the first time. Fuelled by this word-of-mouth buzz, the album still went straight to Number One in both the US and the UK.

The stress, the expectation and the hype came and went. The 10 songs that made up 'Kid A' on the other hand are still revealing themselves even now – and therein lies the album's true brilliance. The more overtly tuneful tracks such as 'How To Disappear Completely' and 'Optimistic' may have been the first to hit home, but it's the material that initially created the most confusion that has gone on to have the lasting impact. Muted opener 'Everything In Its Right Place' inspired furrowed brows aplenty due to its cut-up lyrics and sinister, slithering keyboard line but has been played to dramatic effect at virtually every Radiohead show ever since – and if you're lucky enough to see the group reproduce the mischievously skittering beats of the title track, it's guaranteed to bring out the largest cheers of the night. 'The National Anthem', meanwhile, may not have Her Royal Highness standing to attention, but in terms of the Radiohead back catalogue, it's a song that has ascended to aristocratic levels thanks to its pendulous bassline and maddening bursts of free-jazz brass. Then of course, there's 'Idioteque' – a song that seemed so alien for anyone without an A-level in the history of Warp Records at first but now gets dropped in indie discos, techno nights and on hip-hop mixtapes, always bringing out one reaction from anyone within earshot: "tune!"

Albums that give everything away on a first listen rarely have the stamina to last, and 'Kid A' is undoubtedly the decade's best testament to that theory. After almost 10 years of acquainting ourselves with 'Kid A', that perseverance has paid off handsomely. Not only did it expand the idea of what rock music could be, it also opened the door into rock for other genres that would have otherwise peered through the window and sneered at the guitar-toting musical primates with their 4/4 time signatures and songs about girls. Giving themselves more room to operate in may have been the primary task for Radiohead when they set about recording 'Kid A' but, gradually, it opened up a much bigger playing field for the music world at large. Not bad for the group who once wrote 'Pop Is Dead'.

14

Radiohead sought to ensure that 'Kid A' bucked every trend of the business they had come to despise



13

THE SHINS

Wincing The Night Away 2007

In a decade dominated by brilliant debuts and disappointing follow-ups, it was a rare joy to witness The Shins take an old-fashioned path to musical greatness: that of each album being better than the last. After a promising but weedy debut and an excellent, tune-laden second, Shins-heads might've expected further progression on their third effort. Even the most ardent will have been surprised by the beefed-up brilliance of 'Wincing The Night Away'.

though. From the opening 'Sleeping Lessons' to the closing 'A Comet Appears', every song appears to have been injected with musical steroids; these are bigger, better, more confident than anything they'd done previously. The swinging, Smithsy 'Australia' is so infectious it should come with a vaccine; 'Spilt Needles' matches frontman James Mercer's dextrous way with an obtuse lyric to a swirling, psychedelic soundscape; the towering 'Phantom Limb' is nothing less than epic. With Mercer taking time out for an album with Danger Mouse as Broken Bells, it might be a while before The Shins' fourth album. Frankly, it can't come soon enough. **Marc McLaren**



12

AT THE DRIVE-IN

Relationship Of Command 2000

For a time it seemed these five El Paso vegans had it all. True, their visceral recordings weren't a patch on their explosive live outings, but their final LP, 'Relationship Of Command', captured the hearts and minds of a generation of disenfranchised rock enthusiasts. To dismiss ATDI as mere punk/hardcore imitators would be folly. They were so much more, their magnificent fusion of prog and dub adding a new dimension to rock's formula. The vocal tussles between Cedric Bixler-Zavala and Omar Rodríguez-López offered an ardour and passion never heard before or imagined since - not even in their current outfit The Mars Volta. Although their intense, chaotic fury on record and onstage would come to an end with an "indefinite hiatus" back in 2001, ATDI's enviable knack of meshing caustic vocal onslaughts, cryptic lyrics, power melodies and tempo-jilting guitar riffs and rhythms has oft been imitated but never bettered. **Ash Dosanjh**



LCD SOUNDSYSTEM

Sound Of Silver 2007

11

Blending pulsating beats with warm humanity, James Murphy's second album achieved pop perfection

One of the few people influential enough on the decade's music to have coined his own adjective (how often do you hear people refer to an act as 'DFA' or 'DFA-ish'?), James Murphy defined more than anyone the meeting of the tribes of dance and rock that characterised the latter half of the noughties.

Taking the cool poise, taut punk-funk rhythms and wry self-awareness of LCD's self-titled debut, 'Sound Of Silver' sounded bigger, it went deeper, it rocked harder. Recorded on a farm and in his native New York, remarkably Murphy managed to make this masterpiece while simultaneously recording the acclaimed '45:33' jogging anthem for Nike and touring with his label.

"I had to write another album sort of like in the middle of writing an album which I sort of vastly underestimated," he told *NME* on its release. "In the end I just blasted through the whole thing by being more decisive than I typically can be and it came out and I was proud of it, really happy. I took a lot more chances than I typically take - that made me uncomfortable, but that also makes me happy."

Murphy's discomfort was worth it. 'Get Innocuous!'s totally addictive, pulsing moodiness, a perfect soundtrack to rampaging through *Grand Theft Auto IV*, is one of the sexiest things we've ever heard, while 'North American Scum's brilliant swipe at the post-9-11 tendency of European liberals to demonise US citizens proves Murphy's prowess as a social analyst and commentator.

There's a reason why it's impossible to find someone who doesn't like 'Sound Of Silver': its effortless perfection and its simple awesomeness would be annoying if not for the fact that it's so warm. Murphy's references were impeccable (Bowie, Talking Heads, Brian Eno, rare disco, krautrock), his beats were irresistible, but he was a very human hipster. It's unclear if 'Someone Great', one of the most heart-in-mouth poignant moments in any genre over the past 10 years, is about a break-up or a death but, either way, lines such as, "To tell the truth I saw it coming/The way, you were breathing/But nothing can prepare you for it, the voice, on the other end" are devastatingly simple when paired with the subtle, warm thrum. 'All My Friends', too, with its un-self-indulgent analysis of growing older and becoming successful, finds Murphy maturing from the bitchy one-liners of 'Losing My Edge' into a genuinely brilliant lyricist capable of moving hearts as well as hips. Beats, brains and beauty: everything you need from Friday evening to Sunday morning, in one silver disc.

Emily Mackay

9

THE STREETS

Original Pirate Material 2002

Both streetwise and soppy, Mike Skinner's debut gave geezer culture a heart

So what did you spend the last decade doing? Did you hide in the dark of the matinee? Wake up sucking a lemon? Drink horchata? Probably not. More likely you were eating fry-ups, taking your first ecstasy pill, messing up relationships, driving dodgy motors and drinking way too much booze.

It's only right that The Streets' debut album should be considered one of the greatest albums of the decade. After all, it is the noughties, especially for young males wrestling with the first trials of adulthood (as Mike Skinner was during the time he recorded this, almost entirely from the confines of his bedroom). Where the '90s obsession with lad culture defined our male population as two-dimensional, emotionally-crippled plebs, the bard of Birmingham helped change that, finding a voice, rich in vernacular ("I've got two henrys and a dealer to pay"), that pinpointed the genuine confusion, torment and guilt that lay in the heart of your typical geezer.

Tales of drinking ('Too Much Brandy'), fighting ('Geezers Need Excitement') and partying ('Weak Become Heroes') come laced with pearls of wisdom, but it was on tracks such as 'It's Too Late', a tale of a girlfriend taken for granted, that Skinner's true talents shone. "We first met through a shared view/She loved me and I did too", winks our wordsmith, establishing the song as your typically cocky lad-rap. But the final verse contains a crushing emotional sucker-punch: "I waited for a while, listening to her voicemail... then the facts turned me pale... she'd walked away, too little too late."

Garage, reggae, soul, hip hop, 'Original Pirate Material' skipped across, flirted with and roughed up many a genre. In doing so, The Streets pioneered a forward-thinking, open-minded approach to music-making that came to define much of the best noughties indie music too, from Hot Chip to The xx.

No wonder, then, that 'Original Pirate Material's impact is still audible seven years on. The inner-city melancholy of Burial's 'Untrue' taps similar veins, while Arctic Monkeys surely wouldn't have existed without The Streets' ability to find poetry in, well, the streets. Yet few of Skinner's followers concocted a sound as unique as he did on this masterpiece, a record that truly did push things forward. *Tim Jonze*

10



RADIOHEAD

In Rainbows

No-one was very excited about a new Radiohead album in 2007. The jack-in-the-box release gimmick for their seventh album suggested that they were trying to distract from what 'Hail To The Thief' had suggested: that they had got lost trying to find their way back from the digital archipelagos of 'Kid A' and 'Amnesiac'. It seemed clear that they would disappear into a murk only appreciated by blinkered super-fans. Instead, they released their most accessible record since 'OK Computer' – and not just because they were offering it to you for free. Psychologically, they moved in from the cold with 10 personal songs which coupled their irrepressible invention with warmth. It's a pop album written by a band of minimalists and, though the one thing they could never do is stifle their complexity, each track exhales with simplistic, anthemic Reichian momentum. After their explorations into the dark unknown, who'd have thought that Radiohead's greatest achievement would be their plainest expression of beauty? *Alex Miller*

8



INTERPOL

Turn On The Bright Lights

The Strokes and Yeah Yeah Yeahs might have been the main characters behind New York's 2001 explosion, but only Interpol truly managed to co-opt the city's spirit as an additional member. From its head-spinning towers to the bone-chilling winds that purge 'the avenues', 'Turn On The Bright Lights' is an album born of Manhattan's long, dark nights. Yet like Hopper's iconic painting *Nighthawks*, while resolutely from New York, Interpol's debut proved to be far more than a localised phenomenon. Decadent, free, adventurous, yet full of danger, the night belongs to those bold enough to claim it and, with their debut, Interpol offered the keys to that neon-lit wilderness. In a decade where shuffle was supreme, it still seems churlish to break 'Turn On...' down to its parts. Here is a record that from start to finish weaves an atmospheric tapestry of interconnected yet distinct chapters. From the resonance of Paul Banks' stream of consciousness to



Daniel Kessler's relentless yet reassuring riffs, Interpol crafted the ultimate nighthawk's soundtrack whether you're in New York or Yorkshire. *Paul Stokes*

7



ARCADE FIRE

Funeral

Arcade Fire's full-length debut can certainly lay claim to being one of the most influential albums of the decade, as well as one of the most revered. As soon as those prime opportunists U2 had heard it, they were offering the Canadian outfit support slots and using the anthemic 'Wake Up' as the intro music on their 'Vertigo' tour. David Bowie came out of his self-imposed retirement to join them onstage, and was also heard raving about them incessantly to everyone who'd listen. Then Coldplay later brazenly stole both their sound and look (Chris Martin was spotted at a lot of their shows). Promoters fell over themselves in the stampede to give them prime festival slots. However, it's easy to see why this all happened; 'Funeral' was just one of those records. Conceived after several of the seven-piece band lost family members, the album somehow managed to evoke pain, sorrow and heartache while at the same time being gloriously euphoric

NOTABLE VOTER:
ED O'BRIEN, RADIOHEAD
"I love music that comes straight out of the heart, a great record."

throughout – just have another listen to the indie dancefloor staples 'Rebellion (Lies)' and 'Neighborhood #3 (Power Out)' for the incontrovertible evidence. All of this left us with the delicious irony of one of the decade's most life-affirming records being entitled 'Funeral'. It's no wonder that everybody went so nuts for them – or even wanted to be them.

Alan Woodhouse





06

PJ HARVEY

Stories From The City, Stories From The Sea 2000

It was obvious from the slick cover artwork of 'Stories...' that PJ Harvey's fifth studio album was to be where Polly went pop – or at least as close to pop as she was ever likely to stray. Leaving aside her bawling West Country pagan-punk in favour of New York's glossy skyline, thankfully Harvey did not totally exorcise her inner banshee, as proved on 'Big Exit' where she hollered out for "a pistol in my hand". A new level of sophistication was certainly in effect though, and on 'You Said Something' Harvey showed off a side that could almost be classed as soppy, while 'The Mess We're In' boasted a Thom Yorke cameo. The album arguably inspired a sub-genre of KT Tunstall-shaped lady-rockers, but Peej was too busy staring into the future to look over her shoulder. **Leonie Cooper**

05

YEAN YEAN YEANS

Fever To Tell 2002

From the moment this New York trio set loose their 2002 self-titled EP, containing 'Bang!'s censor-dodging lyric "as a fuck son, you suck", it was clear Yeah Yeah Yeahs weren't the kind of band you could take home to your mother. And they certainly weren't subscribing to the rules of orderly indie-rock perpetuated by male-dominated bands of the time. Feisty art-punk debut 'Fever To Tell' delivered a sparkling fusion of Nick Zinner's masterful guitar manipulation, Brian Chase's inventive drumming and, best of all, Karen O's tribal squawk and shock-and-awe lyrics. A resounding 'fuck you' to indie-rock mediocrity, 'Fever To Tell' was full of fire ('Date With The Night') and fury ('Black Tongue'). It was equally effective delving into sexual taboos ('Cold Light') or the most basic of human emotions ('Maps'). The sound of uncompromise has never been so sweet. **Ash Dosanjh**

04

ARCTIC MONKEYS

Whatever People Say I Am, That's What I'm Not 2006

With the faltering Libertines leaving a gap where a generation's saviours should have been, in 2006 four boys from Sheffield were given no choice but to fill that gaping hole. Thanks to a mate who posted their demos online a year earlier, the band's songs had already charmed their way into our hearts, yet despite the debt to downloads, there was something reassuringly real about this band. When the debut album finally arrived it seemed to deal solely in songs that were already timeless; whatever people said they were, there was genius laced within the stop-starting melodies and tongue-twisting lyrics. But they were more than just four lads with an ear for a tune; throughout were pointers that 'Whatever...' was more than just a promising debut. It was the start of something much, much bigger. **Dan Martin**

NOTABLE VOTERS:
JULIAN CASABLANCAS,
RICHARD HAWLEY



03

PRIMAL SCREAM

XTRMNT 2000

Intended to convey "what it's like to live in Britain in this day and age", Primal Scream's sixth album more than made up in violence for what it lacked in vowels. Bobby Gillespie's bleak images of "claustrophobic concrete" ('Exterminator') and "elimination policy" ('Swastika Eyes') collided with Mani's filthiest bass work ever, all manner of mechanical noises and some speaker-decimating mixes courtesy of My Bloody Valentine man Kevin Shields ('Accelerator', 'Shoot Speed/Kill Light') to create a beautifully abrasive album. Actually released in the very first month of the decade, it equalled the era-defining 'Screamadelica' and made the efforts of many far younger bands over the course of the next 10 years seem safe by comparison. As Bobby told us himself, "Xtrmnt" is our album of the decade. No-one's come close to it." **Hamish MacBain**



THE LIBERTINES

Up The Bracket 2002

Before the drugs and the drama there was this: a fantastic and fresh debut album

NOTABLE VOTERS:
PAUL WELLS,
GRAHAM COXON

From the first wiry riff of 'Vertigo', it was obvious to anyone who ever believed in the vitality of rock'n'roll that 'Up The Bracket' was a new year zero for British music. That it was also a kick in the balls of the Cold Sippers and Stereo Traverses holding sway at the time was merely a bonus.

Across an album of knockabout classics, from songs about the 2000 May Day riots in London ('Time For Heroes') to a title half-inched from *A Clockwork Orange* ('Horrorshow'), they took their low-rent London lives by the scruff of the neck and turned them into a wildly energetic kaleidoscope of scuffed-up losers. It was a world where hedonism and obsessive romanticism ruled ('The Good Old Days' states "If you've lost your faith in love and music/Then the end won't be long"). Musically it has its roots in The Clash (Mick Jones produced it), The Smiths, The Kinks and guitar jazzier Django Reinhardt. Culturally, its truly modern vision was refracted through Doherty and Barât's personal worldview and obsessions with 19th century rakes, music hall, Tony Hancock and *Billy Liar*. Grafting away undiscovered for five years, they'd honed the world of Albion and Arcadia, a place as vivid as Lou Reed's New York or The Clash's Westway. And, then as now, you either got it and embraced it completely or were repelled. It divided generations.

That the dissolute lifestyles they depicted would engulf them and drive the band to destruction seems, with hindsight, inevitable. However, while it's nearly impossible now to extricate from the attendant tabloid soap opera, this is a staggering achievement that inspired everyone from Arctic Monkeys to, er, The Fratellis to pick up a guitar. It remains their clattering masterpiece. **Anthony Thornton**

Q&A

CARL BARAT

The Libertines emerged at the start of the decade - hazy days?

"I just remember the excitement of the routine of recording 'Up The Bracket'. Falling asleep recording 'Radio America' - banging my head on the microphone because I was that battered. Mick [Jones, producer] stopping the sessions to watch *EastEnders* and us all sitting around the dinner table every night."

Then it all got a bit more intense...

"Later all our lives changed and everyone got a bit wilder, in a bad way. The second album was a blur. It was an intense time, all sorts of emotions going round I didn't understand at the time

- now I can look back and maybe think that it might just have been due to lack of sleep, some of the... Spinal Tappings."

What do you think of the album now?

"Having a bodyguard each was a bit weird. When we went in on the first day we almost had a massive ruck. We managed to break away from our guardians and flew at each other."

What do you think of the album now?

"I didn't feel this at the time, but... you write lyrics and you only really realise what you're writing about afterwards. If we'd set out to write honestly what was going on at the time I don't think it would have had the same effect. It's like the Velvets' album, some people say they heard it and then started a band - I couldn't ask for anything more."

THE STROKES



Album of the decade! **THE STROKES** *Is This It 2001*

As far as indie goes, the decade properly started with this collection of 11 stylish, catchy and downright brilliant garage-rock classics

Imagine, if you will, what the last 10 years would have looked and sounded like without 'Is This It'. The dinosaurs of the 1990s might have yawned on indefinitely, each new album yet another dilution of the rock'n'roll strain into something old, curmudgeonly and almost too horrible

everything turned out alright in the end. 'Is This It' was an album that somebody had to make; that those somebodies were five rake-thin New Yorkers who looked like they'd just been barred from CBGBs was simply good luck. What endures is the music. These 11 effortless-sounding tales of sex,

life, to the drunken ad-libbing over the intro to 'New York City Cops', to Julian Casablancas' McCartney-esque "Woool!" at the climax of 'The Modern Age'. It's these imperfect edges that lend the whole thing a sense of life, vitality and spontaneity we thought was gone from rock'n'roll forever.

To paraphrase 'Barely Legal', they came to steal our innocence; we gave it up willingly, and life just seemed to make a little more sense because of it. Album of the decade, no question. *Barry Nicolson*

Q&A

JULIAN CASABLANCAS
Congratulations, 'Is This It' is the album of the decade.

"It's totally crazy! Does it mean it's a good musical decade or a bad musical decade? I don't know, I'm such a bad judge of my own stuff. But I thought it was great when I heard. I'm restraining myself now, I don't want to get carried away, but I'm pretty damn psyched with myself. Mental high five!"

What do remember about the recording?
"Now you're really testing my memory. I know it took about 30 days, but I don't know what month (laughs). We wanted it to sound like we just walked into a room, recorded it and didn't care but there was always work behind it. We played shows a few months before recording and we played that exact setlist. We knew what worked, what was cool."

What were those early live shows like?
"I remember playing 'Barely Legal' and it had no lyrics, I would make stuff up and people would be like, 'The lyrics are so good' and I'd be like, 'Oh! Er thanks...'. Overall, with those songs we all felt confident they were good. But then all bands think their songs are good..."

Were you aware of any New York scene?

"Amongst us there was a good feeling but it didn't feel like a city-wide movement. I didn't feel like we'd make it because of a scene or anything."

And the British indie label Rough Trade called up and wanted to sign you?

"That was the big moment. We were having fun playing live, but we all had day-jobs and I was starting to think, 'Ah shit, do I have to have a Plan B? What the hell am I going to do if this fails?' After England other record labels came along and we knew we were going to get paid!"

How did it feel when everyone started going wild for the album?

"It was steep but gradual, it was never, 'We were playing the bar then two weeks later we headlined Reading'."

You did get bummed up from the tent to the Reading Main Stage in 2001 just as 'Is This It' came out. That's not common...

"We just assumed, 'This is what they do in England' (laughs). Did we enjoy 2001? I enjoyed the hell out of it, I enjoyed it too much in fact. It was a lot of intense work and a lot of intense celebration."

What advice would you give your 2001 self?

"That's tough because you're messing with the laws of '80s time travel movies. On *Back To The Future* principles I wouldn't say anything because I'm happy where I am now. I don't think I could have got through to the 2001 me anyway."

Finally, why did you call the album of the decade 'Is This It'?

"(Laughs) How it came about is that we had the song and it was done without a chorus, so I was like, 'I'll wing it, I'll figure something out' and one day I sang that over the chorus and that song was done. When we were trying to find titles for the record it could've been called 'Take It Or Leave It' or any of them, but I thought it sounded cool in more ways than one. It's deep without being pretentious."

'Is This It' brought back a sense of life, vitality and spontaneity that seemed gone from rock'n'roll

to contemplate. In this hypothetical Strokes-less reality, there would be no Libertines, no Kings Of Leon and no Arctic Monkeys. We'd all be listening to Starsailor, Turin Brakes and Travis. Our rock stars would be walking around wearing composites of Liam Gallagher's old haircuts on their heads. And we would all have turned into our parents by the time we reached 25.

Instead, we got The Strokes, and

trouble and adventure on Manhattan Island do so much with so little - whether it's keying into generational listlessness on 'Hard To Explain' ("I'll watch the TV, forget what I'm told/Well, I am too young and they are too old") or plucking elegantly at the heartstrings on 'Someday' - it's almost obscene.

It's also an album of moments. From the three anticipatory seconds of silence it takes for the title track to slouch into

NOTABLE VOTERS:
ARCTIC MONKEYS,
ADAM GREEN,
PETE DOHERTY
"A soundtrack to my
belated childhood.
Being in it out in East
London making all the
bhanga boys wonder
what the fuck was going
on." (Pete Doherty)

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AND THE WINNER IS...

So you dusted off your dad's SLR from the 1970s. Got amazingly snap-happy at gigs up and down the country, and sent *NME* your favourite images of rock'n'roll superstars in your droves - all in a bid to win the chance to become an *NME* photographer's apprentice.

The competition was tough and the entries of the highest calibre, but after careful deliberation we decided amateur photographer Russ Tierney has what it takes to shoot bold and striking images of rock'n'roll mayhem in action. Congratulations Russ, you're the winner of a career-defining opportunity to help one of our photographers at a gig in collaboration with Freederderm - the experts in skincare for spot-prone skin.

But we at *NME* know that being brash and courageous behind the camera starts with being confident in front of it. The last thing you want to be is worried about the odd spot here and there, because if you have clear skin it gives you that superhuman confidence to be and do whatever you like.

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NME: How do you feel about winning a chance to become an *NME* photographer?

Russ: "It's great! I really enjoy taking pictures, so a massive thanks to everyone who voted for me."

NME: What is it about photography that you really love?

Russ: "I've always been interested in the creative arts and photography was one area I wanted to become a bit more hands-on with. It's not like drawing, where you either can or can't do it. With photography you can get stuck in and learn as you go. I've been involved with music in some form or another for a long time now, so taking photos of bands seems only natural to me."

NME: What other hobbies are you passionate about?

Russ: "Music is really the only thing I know. I'm quite uncomfortable answering questions on photography, but being self-taught, I don't think I've earned my stripes for it yet. At present I'm a drummer in a band called Society Crisis, you can find us on MySpace."

NME: Who would be your dream artist/band to take photographs of?

Russ: "A big, big stage show by a band like Mötley Crüe would be amazing. They're a bit over-the-top as a band, but it would be entertaining to shoot for sure!"



RUSS TIERNEY
Competition Winner!

The classical majesty and beauty of the English language got seriously L8RZd over the past 10 years. To keep you lot brimming with win, here's a load of nang words. LOL ;-)

THE CONCISE NME

NOUGHTIES DICTIONARY

b Big up

47

Wonky-pop

Big up ▶ *verb* an exhortation to raise something up so that it can be given the respect, admiration and worship it deserves. Yourself, others, inanimate objects and abstract states of being can all be bigged up, usually with no discernible ill-effects. Don't ever try to big up a black hole, though, or the universe will dissolve.

Blister ▶ *noun* black hipster. Generally said in a slightly tentative way, because no-one's really sure if it's a teensy bit racist or not.

Blogosphere ▶ *noun* in theory, a magical land where everyone cares about your day, your opinions and your pathetically over-laborious jokes, where you can find the news the powers that be don't want you to hear, or sidestep the mainstream and become a meritocratic media star in your own right, à la Perez Hilton (see also: pussyle). In reality an electronic bitchfest where made-up stories and terrible bands with ridiculous names rush like ill-informed Chinese whispers through the ether as everyone competes to be first and funniest.

Braap ▶ *exclamation* shout of excitement and approval first associated with grime and garage subcultures, now yelled at each other by public schoolboys wearing rugby shirts while on the lash.

Brentism ▶ *adjective* excruciatingly transparent and embarrassing attempt to be cool made by someone in a position of authority or respect.

Broken Britain ▶ *noun* deeply, deeply irritating journalistic shorthand for poverty, crime, educational failure, unemployment, violence, family breakdown, yada yada, generally accompanied by a crushingly negative and overwhelming pile of statistics ('72 per cent of children under the age of 15 have mutilated an animal at some point, 12.2 per cent of these while under the influence of crack') designed to drown the reader in a sense of terminal decline and existential despair, so that they become convinced the only way Broken Britain can be fixed is by an offensively rosy-cheeked Old Etonian with a big pot of organic nation glue.

Bromance ▶ *noun* one of the many annoying examples of a bizarre end-of-the-decade compulsion to create portmanteau words started by 'Brangelina', bromance is non-sexual love between two men, celebrated by Plato back in 370BC, but recently revived by Matt Damon and Ben Affleck, Bush and Blair, P Diddy and Matt Helders...

Chav, chavtastic etc ▶ *noun, adjective* defined as 2004's word of the year, Julie

Burchill and others have made this a bone of contention. Is it a harmless description of a social type, or an excuse for the middle classes to sneer at the vulgarity of those less better off? You decide, but do be warned that if you say it within 10 feet of us, we will be forced to cut your tongue out.

Cougar ▶ *noun* a sexually aggressive older woman prone to preying on young men by hiding in the branches of trees, leaping out at their victims and disemboweling them from behind. Oh, no, wait, having sex with them. We always get those two mixed up.

Carbon footprint ▶ *noun* something people pretend to care about, like exercise or the plight of the poor.

Credit crunch ▶ *noun* something unrelated to sub-prime mortgages, hedge-funds or global recession, the credit crunch is a bogeyman made of ignorance armed with a self-fulfilling prophecy to bludgeon idiots with. "Don't buy that, the credit crunch'll get you! Far better to hoard your money, eat beans you've panic-bought from Lidl and slam the brakes on economic growth!"

Fail ▶ *verb* one of the wealth of words popularised by internet messageboards and memes that have now spread to currency among people who can barely operate an abacus. A fail is not quite the same as a failure: the latter is something that wakes you up in cold sweats at 3am, while a fail is more of a matter for light-hearted ritual public humiliation in a knickers-tucked-in-your-skirt kind of way. Fails range from minor to 'epic'. The opposite of fail is win, which carries a suggestion of smug and happy accident, as in, "Ah, I just discovered that my toes are made of solid gold." "Oh, win." Things can also be 'full of' either property, suggesting somehow it has brought its own state of either fail or win upon itself. The Bravery comeback, for example, is ridden with congenital fail.

Fierce ▶ *adjective* 'sassy' way of saying a woman looks hot, popularised by Tyra Banks on *America's Next Top Model*, along with 'smise', or smiling with your eyes. Can also refer to body odour.

Guerrilla gig ▶ *noun* 'impromptu' and 'spontaneous' gathering of musicians (usually unwashed) unable to contain their creativity and/or crack, within the confines of a normal venue.

Hipster ▶ *noun* originally a 1940s term for jazz-obsessed, jazz-cigarette-smoking beatnik types, the term was revived in the past decade to refer to patchwork-obsessed, blog-reading, HEALTH-T-shirt-and-totally-non-ironic-Judas Priest-

patch-wearing young media types (see also: *Nathan-Barley-esque*)

"I'mma let you finish, but XXX had one of the best XXXs of all time" ▶ *phrase* thank you, Kanye West, inadvertent comic genius. We only wish that "Why won't you just let me be great" had taken off in the same way.

"I'm going to make it. I don't care what you say. I believe in my talent and I'm going to follow my dreams..." ▶ *phrase*

copyright a hundred terrifyingly un-self-aware X Factor caterwaulers.

"It's our best album since 'Definitely Maybe'" ▶ *phrase* it seems like we've heard this phrase more often than 'good morning' in the past 10 years.

LOL, LOLOCAUST, ROFL etc ▶ *verb* one of the defining features of the decade in words is that due to the continued retrograde action of Saturn, it became inexplicably difficult for large sections of the population to write the word 'ha'.

MDMAzing ▶ *adjective* the state of childlike wonder that lies dormant beneath the dreary and disappointing surface of things waiting to be awakened by the ingestion of Methylenedioxymethamphetamine. Oh my god, look at my hands... they're all sparkly. Oh my god! Look at your hands!... etc, etc, etc.

MILF, DILF ▶ *noun* anyone who uses slang popularised by the *American Pie* film series clearly has no self-respect.

'MySpace sensation' ▶ *noun* band/artist whose major label marketing department have spent two weeks creating 20,000 fake fan profiles

MySpazz, interweb, etc ▶ *noun* ironic mispronunciations to suggest that the charmingly wacky speaker finds all this technology stuff baffling and silly, and really they'd rather just communicate by wandering minstrel-like around the countryside fighting bandits

Meme ▶ *noun* originally an academic term used by cultural anthropologists to describe a behaviour that's passed on by mimicking rather than genetic inheritance, this somehow came to mean people with too much time on their hands typing hilarious captions over pictures of ugly dogs. Examples include the O Rly? owl, the fail cat and the memelanche that surrounded Kanye West's 'I'mma let you finish' outburst.

Nang ▶ *adjective* London kid word for good. Acceptable if you're 14 and from Hackney (otherwise see: *Nathan Barley-esque*).

Nathan Barley-esque ▶ *adjective* never before has one brilliant TV series so totally, viciously nailed a social type, pinning it like a baseball-cap-wearing

butterfly that can never more wiggle free from the mocking cries of "totally fucking Mexico, yeah?"

Nintendonitis ▶ *noun* Wii-Fit related injuries prove that even pretend exercise can be dangerous.

Not fit for purpose ▶ *phrase* fancy way of saying 'fucked', coined by then-Home Secretary John Reid to describe the state of the immigration department in 2006. Subsequently adopted by politicians, civil servants and anyone else making a desperate attempt to look like they have any idea what the fuck's going on.

Pussyle ▶ *noun* 1) an objectionable individual, the likes of which a sensible young Rascal declines to associate with 2) Perez Hilton

Rendition ▶ *noun* a polite way of saying 'kidnapping and torture'. Try using it as a verb: 'Do that again, and I'm gonna properly render you.'

Scene ▶ *noun* in a weird self-devouring, a certain befringed and beautiful branch of emo has now become nothing about feelings and all about surfaces. Scene is no longer something you're part of, it's something you are. As in, 'You're so scene, baby.'

Textspeak ▶ *noun* vwls r 4 sqrs, y?

Twitterati ▶ *noun* someone who's got hundreds more friends than you, but somehow still seems to be sat in their own on a Friday night, eating fried chicken in their pants and dribbling grease into their keyboard

Viral ▶ *noun* a strange or funny video that flares round the internet like a Kanye West death rumour, a phenomenon subsequently taken over by creatives in ad agencies to make incredibly annoying and transparent adverts.

Wardrobe malfunction ▶ *noun* gleefully adopted euphemism for inadvertent flashing. The incident that gave it nippy birth was of course Justin Timberlake's accidental exposure of Janet Jackson's breast, complete with oh-so-raunchy nipple-shield, at the 38th Super Bowl halftime show in 2004. Interesting in the way it broadened the semantic properties of the word 'malfunction' to include 'quite blatantly intentional and nauseating attempt to court controversy'.

Wonky-pop ▶ *noun* music for idiots who want to have fun but aren't really sure how, or what fun really is.

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Gorilla warfare

ARCTIC MONKEYS

ZENITH, PARIS
THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5

The new album may have confused some, but live they still hit hard

Of all the weapons in a music hack's arsenal, the Acme missile marked 'Failure To Rock' is perhaps most tedious of all. Call it the 'Kid A' effect, if you will. Radiohead's opus was greeted like a slap in the face by many on its appearance in 2000, with critics bemoaning its refusal to engage public expectations of the band as stadium rock panacea for our atomised times.

Arctic Monkeys were held to account in these pages for their performance at Reading 2006, charged with the cardinal sin of not being "the rock stars they've actually earned the right to be". Said piece suggested they consider becoming more like Muse. You know, with fireworks and stuff: a proper rock band.

With the moody, compelling 'Humbug', Alex Turner's crew have moved beyond the dispiriting arena of action and reaction, into a zone where they're allowed to exist simply as an excellent band, guided by sure-footed artistic vision. And nowhere is this more apparent than in their live performances.

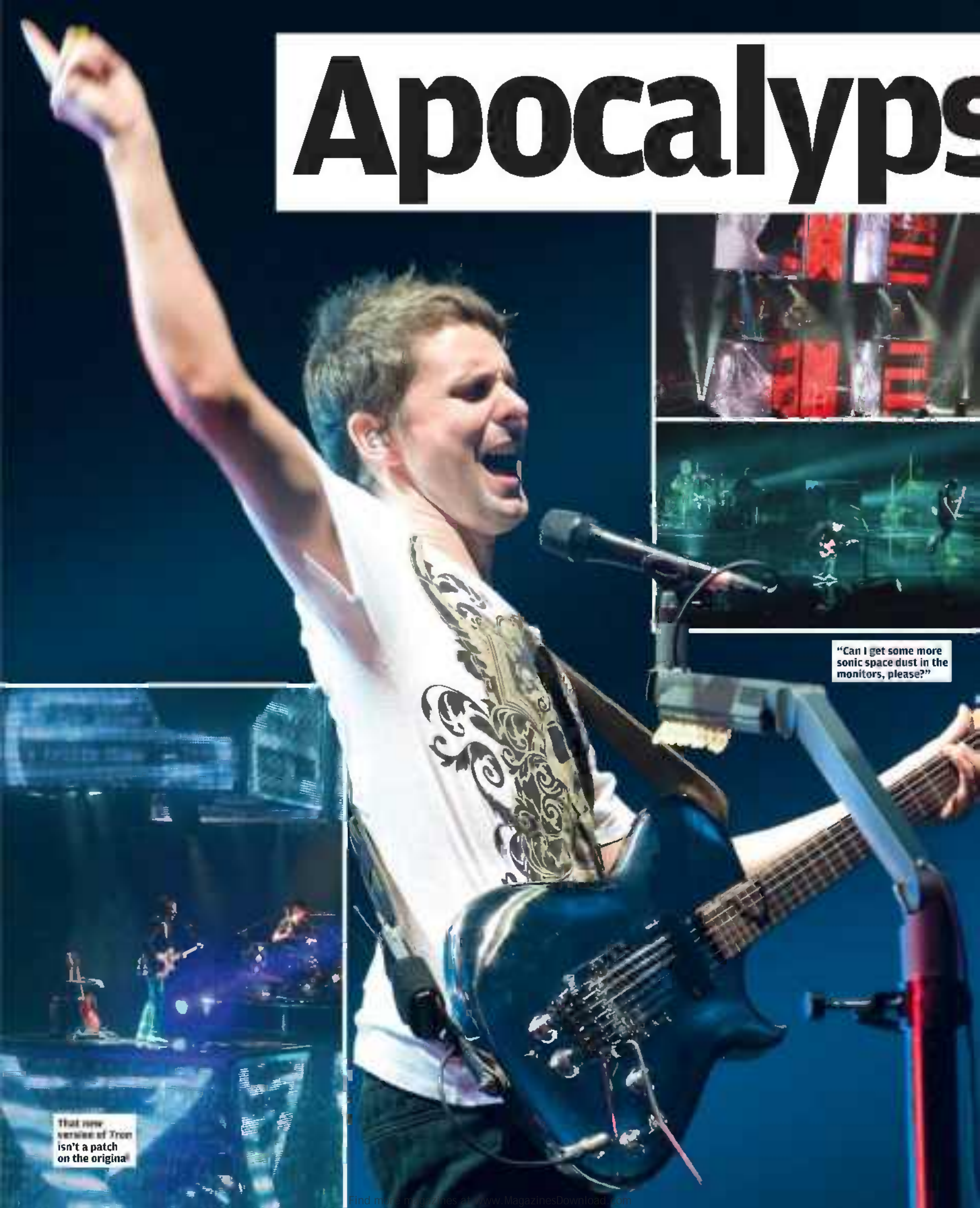
Chatty they ain't (the odd, comically intoned "*merci beaucoup*" from Turner stands in lieu of banter), but musically the band know exactly when to hit hard, and when to set proceedings to a slow simmer. 'Dance Little Liar' leads from the front – a woozily narcotic gem with more than a touch of producer Josh Homme's heavy-lidded psych about it – and segues directly into a frantic 'Brianstorm'.

'I Bet You Look Good On The Dancefloor' still jerks and thrusts like teenage hips, but it's the new stuff that keeps this vital; tracks as beguilingly off-centre as 'My Propeller' and 'Sketchhead' showcasing a growing penchant for knotty, abstract structures over the quick fix riffs of days gone by.

It's not all hard work, though: 'Secret Door's blissful coda is given an extended airing that sees confetti shot spectacularly over the arena's lofty confines. But that's not all, folks: the encore takes in 'Fluorescent Adolescent' and a triumphant '505'. Somewhere between rock and a hard place, then, but the Arctics' is a journey worth taking. *Alex Denney*

Alex Turner had some simple French phrases written on his fretboard

Apocalypse



"Can I get some more sonic space dust in the monitors, please?"

That new version of Tron isn't a patch on the original

se wow?



MUSE
SECC, GLASGOW
MONDAY, NOVEMBER 9

Bombast, lasers, bells and whistles are present and correct, but do they need some new tricks?

Twenty years ago – to the day, as it happens – the Berlin Wall was torn down and thousands of East Germans who had never eaten a Big Mac, watched an episode of *Baywatch*, or bought a Michael Jackson album came streaming over into the free-market neoliberal promised land to the sound of David Hasselhoff warbling his way through ‘Looking For Freedom’.

If only Matt Bellamy had been there. Muse’s impish frontman has spent much of his career giving the lie to foolish dreams of ‘freedom’, voicing our pre-apocalyptic fears and railing against our hidden reptilian overlords – the omniscient, elemental they, the Bilderberg and COINTELPRO puppet-masters who (variously) want to bury it, smother it and murder it, “*Laugh while they watch us fail*”, and “*Won’t stop breaking us down*”.

Each new album is his exquisitely realised sandwich board, each tour a staging post on the road to revolution. Think about that, man, think about that.

Or, y’know, don’t. The beauty of Muse is that they work perfectly well – better, even – as an overblown, retina-searing rock spectacle helmed by a mad little wizard in tight black trousers, bombarding you with light and sound, as opposed to a band whose lyrics are to be taken in the least bit seriously.

So when the curtain drops tonight to reveal the band astride 30-foot high glowing rectangular pedestals, easing their way into the Goldfrapp-y groove of ‘Uprising’, it’s odd given the Giza-esque scale of things to find it all somehow so underwhelming. The problem here is that ‘The Resistance’ is a patchier record than its predecessors, and this song – and the title track that follows it – sounds a bit like a band operating well within their comfort zone, even if that comfort zone is somewhere in the upper ionosphere. They sound, in short, like Muse ‘doing a Muse’. And Jesus, does Chris Wolstenholme look bored.

In fact, the show doesn’t really feel like it’s started until the pedestals descend and Bellamy comes swaggering forward, wrestling the riff to ‘New Born’ out of his guitar while lasers dance madly around him. From there it’s into ‘Map Of The Problematic’ and – via a few wiggled-out bars of Led Zep’s ‘Heartbreaker’ – ‘Supermassive Black Hole’,

its syncopated robotic rhythm underpinning what is undoubtedly one of the best singles – by any band – of the last decade.

Muse being Muse, you don’t get simple, straight-up recreations of the record; not when you can hyper-distort your guitar into frequencies that’ll make a dog prolapse at the press of a Kaoss Pad. That’s to be admired; proggy bagpipe jams of the sort they engage in after ‘Feeling Good’, perhaps less so. Even if their muso side gets the better of them sometimes though, there’s no arguing with the likes of the indecently pretty ‘Starlight’, whose tinkling piano line is the cue for the mass swaying of limbs and heartfelt “*Hoooooooooold you in my arms*”, or ‘Plug In Baby’, at the climax of which giant confetti-filled balloons are launched into the crowd while Bellamy wields his guitar like an out-of-control fire hose that might hoist him into the air at any second.

And if the comparatively unsatisfying shapeless murk of ‘Unnatural Selection’ seems an odd song to end on, that’s because they’re obviously not done yet; ‘Stockholm Syndrome’ is five minutes of quivering, falsetto-led euphoria, and a gallant, climactic charge through ‘Knights Of Cydonia’ – the band at their batshit best, mixing B-movie sci-fi, obscure ‘60s rock’n’roll records, and utter sonic overwhelm to devastating effect – eventually brings things to a suitably bombastic close.

There’s a question as to how much further the band can go with ‘bombast’, though. How many eggs can you smash into one sonic pudding? How many bells and whistles screaming multi-tracked choral orgasms can you add before you drown out the point? *War Of The Worlds* paranoia-prog is fun, sure, but when your phasers are constantly set to ‘spectacle overload’, you run the risk that awestruck victims are going to build up an immunity. For now, though, they’re still knocking them out by the stadium-load. And there’s still a warm heart behind the industrial light and magic.

“We love you Glasgow,” gushes drummer Dom Howard as the band leave the stage. “We’ll see you next time,” he promises.

Next time? Well, if there’s a planet left to see a ‘next time’. We can roughly guesstimate a new Muse album to be arriving in 2012, the supposed year of the Mayan apocalypse. We’ll leave it to you to imagine the possibilities.

Barry Nicolson

SHORT SETS

YOUNG REBEL SET

THE FLOWERPOT, LONDON, 05/11/09
Big, dumb, rabble-rousing rock has the potential to be cringe-inducing when it’s badly done. So imagine our dismay when the seven Stockton-On-Tees scallywags known as Young Rebel Set huddle onto the tiny Flowerpot stage and crack out a set of Pogues-esque, rowdy singalongs, complete with bluesy harmonica. Don’t get us wrong, the way they treat these oik anthems is quite magical at times; they pour heart and soul into each note, swap guitars and stomp feet so frantically that you can feel the floor shake. Compelling but, musically, YRS are wholly unoriginal.

Camilla Pia

BIG SEXY NOISE

THE LEXINGTON, LONDON, 07/11/09
Formidable no-wave figurehead Lydia Lunch is still as transgressive as the day she first wailed like a demon child. Big Sexy Noise find her working with James Johnston, Terry Edwards and Ian White of Gallon Drunk and does exactly what the name promises. In a strange inversion of macho cock-rock, Lunch upends gender roles with post-feminist gusto. Needless to say, she has a mouth on her. Just witness the way the plain rude ‘Another Man Comin’ and the finger-pointing ‘Your Love Don’t Pay My Rent’ set out her well-freaky stall. **Dele Fadele**



LOVE MACHINES



COLD CAVE
PROUD GALLERIES, LONDON
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7

It’s an odd experience, seeing Cold Cave in the flesh. They definitely exist – that much is obvious now despite our initial uncertainty. But if you can overlook the trivial details, bigger questions remain, hung high in tonight’s sweaty air – questions like *should* the three people behind ‘Love Comes Close’ exist, really? Maybe it seems doubtful because that album’s music – the dirty side of ‘80s synth-pop, the utopian side of industrial – seemed too spectral and synthetic to come from human hides. Maybe it’s just because Ian Curtis has died once already. Nonetheless, Wesley Eisold, Caralee McElroy and Ian Fernow stand before us, imposing and impassive like a hipster Mount Rushmore, towering over their tangled wires. We’re not sure, but they might be shrouded in dry ice. If they aren’t, they should be.

Love seems even further from Cold Cave when they play live – tonight’s intense enough for passion but, as their name suggests, the atmosphere their songs create is damp, dark, chilly. Fernow glowers out past the crowd as opener ‘ICDK’ throbs into earshot: his glare won’t shift the entire night. Their music’s equally obstinate – ‘Life Magazine’ is basically MGMT with a sense of self rigid enough not to resort to stupid fucking purple dancing bears or some such pseudo-hallucinogenic bullshit, while ‘The Laurels Of Erotomania’ sounds like OMD’s ‘Enola Gay’ stripped of the ability to move: staccato synth stabs hectoring each other in a paradise of noise.

What’s profoundly great about Cold Cave is that they understand the human brain’s inability to process electronic music as anything other than robot and artificial. Their artifice comes, oddly enough, in their intensity – their angst and yearning sounds too forced, too sincere to be real. And though ‘Love Comes Close’ and ‘Theme From Tomorrowland’ provide a departing blast of humanity, Cold Cave leave you in little doubt that the chilly cavern of their name is one got at through the gaps in their ribcage. **Kev Kharas**

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0844 477 2000

shed seven

NOVEMBER

MON 30 **INVERNESS IRONWORKS** 0871 7894 173

DECEMBER

TUE 01 **ABERDEEN MUSIC MALL** 0844 4999 999

THU 02 **GLASGOW ACADEMY** 0844 4999 999

SOLD OUT MANCHESTER
SAT 05 **ACADEMY** 0161 832 1111

MON 07 **NEWCASTLE O₂ ACADEMY** 0844 477 2000

TUE 08 **LINCOLN ENGINE SHED** 0844 888 8768

WED 09 **NOTTINGHAM ROCK CITY** 0871 3100 090

FRI 11 **SHEFFIELD O₂ ACADEMY** 0844 477 2000

SAT 12 **BIRMINGHAM O₂ ACADEMY** 0844 477 2000

SUN 13 **BRISTOL O₂ ACADEMY** 0844 477 2000

MON 14 **NORWICH UEA** 01603 508 050

WED 16 **OXFORD O₂ ACADEMY** 0844 477 2000

THU 17 **PORTSMOUTH PYRAMID** 023 9282 4355

FRI 18 **LONDON**

SAT 19 **HMV FORUM** 0844 847 2486

MON 21 **LEEDS**

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29	EDINBURGH CABARET VOLTAIRE	0844 477 1000

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4	BIRMINGHAM O2 ACADEMY	0844 477 2000
5	NORWICH UEA	01603 508 050
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[WWW.MYSPACE.COM/JUMPINGSHIPS](http://www.myspace.com/jumpingships)

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PICK OF THE WEEK...



PICK OF THE WEEK

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Bah humbug. Alex Turner and his fellow bandmates take their awesome era-defining indie rock out on the stadium circuit.

WWW.NME.COM/artists/arctic-monkeys



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PICK OF CLUB NME

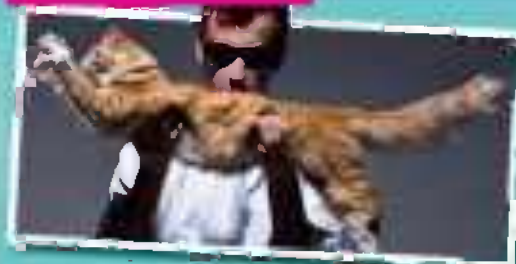
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O₂

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Hugh Cornwell Moles 01225 404445

BEDFORD

Roxanne De Bastion
Harpurs Cellar Bar 0871 230 1094

BELFAST

The Dangerfields Auntie Annie's
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BIRMINGHAM

Cymbals Eat Guitars O2 Academy 3
0870 771 2000 **WA**

Jackie Leven Hare And Hounds
0121 444 2081

La Roux O2 Academy 0870 771 2000

BOURNEMOUTH

White Lies O2 Academy
01202 399922 **WA**

BRIGHTON

The Cave Singers/Espers/Woods
Freebutt 01273 603974

VV Brown Concorde 2 01273 673311

BRISTOL

Bring Me The Horizon O2 Academy
0870 771 2000 **WA**

Dreadzone Thekla 08713 100000

Emily Loizeau Fleece 0117 945 0996

The Hookers Louisiana 0117 926 5978

Staff Benda Bilili Fiddlers
0117 987 3403

CAMBRIDGE

Keith James Junction 2 01223 511511

This One Time Portland Arms
01223 357268

CARDIFF

The Detachments Barfly
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Glenn Tilbrook The Globe
07738 983947

DERBY

She Screams Treason
The Victoria Inn 01332 74 00 91

DUBLIN

Durack Academy 00 3531 877 9999

EDINBURGH

Melody Gardot Queen's Hall
0131 668 2019

GLASGOW

Beerjacket 13th Note Cafe
0141 553 1638

Joe Lally Stereo 0141 576 5018

Mariachi El Bronx Cran Mor
0141 552 9224

Spanish Boys Name Nice'n'Sleazy
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Gary Stewart Milo 0113 245 7101

King Charles Royal Park Cellars
0113 274 1758

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Garage 020 7607 1818

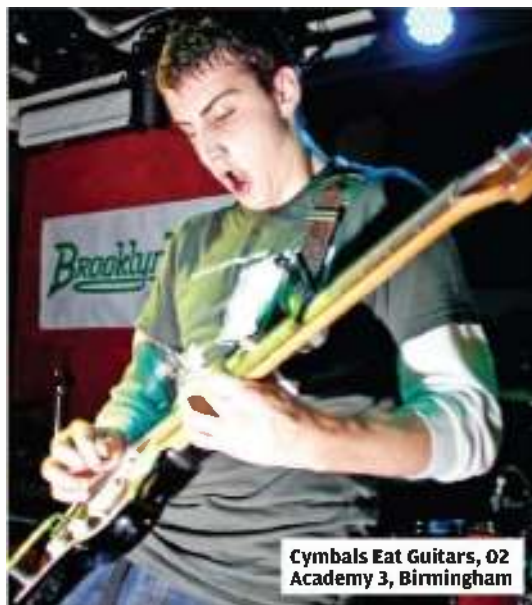
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NOVEMBER 19

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01483 440022

Sleeping With Antares Square
01279 305000

Alabama 3 O2 Academy
0870 771 2000 **WA**

The Antlers Cockpit Room 3
0113 2441573

Good Shoes Cockpit Room 2
0113 244 3446

The Backup Plan O2 Academy 2
0870 771 2000 **WA**

Jack Roberts Barfly Loft @ Masque
0151 707 6171

Alec Empire O2 Islington Academy
0870 771 2000 **WA**

Bell X1 O2 Shepherds Bush Empire
0870 771 2000 **WA**

Bird Of Prey Barfly 0870 907 0999 **+14**

Build An Ark Cargo 0207 749 7840

The Decemberists Coronet
020 7701 1500

Dot Allison Proud Galleries
020 7482 3867

Dragonette/Death Metal Disco
Scene Arts Club 020 7460 4459

Emmure Garage 020 7607 1818

The Enemy Forum 020 7344 0044

The Fenland Feetwarmers
100 Club 020 7636 0933

Hiroshamur Purple Turtle
020 7383 4976

Ja Ja Ja Kira Kira/I Was A King/
TV Off The Lexington 020 7837 5387

Linea 77 Underworld 020 7482 1932

London Darlings 93 Feet East
020 7247 6095

Speakers Corner Quartet
Rhythm Factory 020 7247 9386

Taylor McFerrin Jazz Cafe
020 7916 6060

Trace Bundy Borderline
020 7734 5547

Vinyl Black Stiletto's Last Days
Of Decadence 07982 445657

White Lies O2 Brixton Academy
0870 771 2000 **WA**

The Xcerts McCluskey's 020 8541 1515

MANCHESTER
Boo Howerline Academy 3
0161 832 1111

Field Music Deaf Institute
0161 330 4019

Mariachi El Bronx Academy 2
0161 832 1111

NEWCASTLE
Alice Russell O2 Academy 2
0870 771 2000 **WA**

Beyonce Metro Radio Arena
0870 707 8000

NORWICH
Dreadzone Waterfront 01603 632717

NOTTINGHAM
Codine Velvet Club Rescue Rooms
0115 958 8484

Filthy Dukes Bodega Social Club
08713 100000

Headwater Maze 0115 947 5650

OXFORD
Sons Of Albion Bullington Arms
01865 244516

PORTSMOUTH
Rusty Strings Wedgewood Rooms
023 9286 3911

PRESTON
Skream 53 Degrees 01773 193 000

SOUTHAMPTON
Exit Ten Joiners 0

FRIDAY

NOVEMBER 20

A Textbook Tragedy The Tunnels
01224 211121

The Phantom Band Lemon Tree
01224 642230

BERNINGHAM
The Hamsters Esquires
01234 340120

Lafaro Stiff Kitten 028 90238700
The Saw Doctors Spring & Airbrake
028 9032 5968
Susan McCann Waterfront
028 9033 4455

BERNINGHAM
Alec Empire Eddie's Rock Club
@ BUSK 0121 643 2093
Arctic Monkeys NIA 0121 780 4133
Paloma Faith O2 Academy 2
0870 771 2000 **WA**

BLACKBURN
Charlotte Hatherley 41 King Street
0871 230 1094

BOLTON
Hilak Oscar Soundhouse
0871 230 1094

BRIGHTON
Hey Colossus/Sloath/Dethscalator
Engine Room 01273 728 999

La Roux O2 Academy
0870 771 2000 **WA**
Yes Rebels Start The Bus
0117 930 4370

Fighting Fiction Junction
01223 515111
John Taylor Junction 2 01223 515111

CARDIFF
Alix Perez Clwb Ifor Bach
029 2023 2199
Napalm Death Barfly 029 2066 7658
Tickle Feather Buffalo Bar
02920 310312

COKE
Red Effect Cherry's 01522 427 6097

DOUGLAS
UK Subs Leopard 01302 363054

DUBLIN
The Chapters Academy
00 3531 877 9999
Gleeamanackick Whelan's
00 3531 475 9372
Joe Lally Crawdaddy
00 3531 478 0225
John Spillane Cherrytree
0871 230 1094
UB40 The 02 01 819 8888

EDINBURGH
The Battlefield Band Queen's Hall
0131 668 2019
Capital The Caves 0131 557 8989

GALWAY
Bill Coleman Roisin Dubh (Upstairs)
00 35391 586540

Bucky Rage 13th Note Café
0141 553 1638
Skinny Villains Nice'n'Sleazy
0141 333 9637
Vidi Well ABC2 0141 204 5151 **WA**

GUILDFORD
The Mission District Boilerroom
01483 440022

HARLOW
The Vibrators Square 01279 305000

HITCHIN
Exit Avenue Club 85 01462 432767

All Your Peers Fox & Newt
0113 243612

Codeine Velvet Club Cockpit
0113 244 3446
Flood Damage New Roscoe
0113 246 0778

Japanese Fighting Fish
Elbow Rooms 0113 245 7011
Mariachi El Bronx Metropolitan
University 0113 283 2600
Motörhead O2 Academy
0870 771 2000 **WA**

Mission Bables Bumper
0151 707 9902
Part Time Pandas O2 Academy 2
0870 771 2000 **WA**

Bull Sea Red Underworld
020 7482 1932
The Cave Singers/Espers/Woods
ULU 020 7664 2000 **+16**

Danny & The Champions Of The
World Windmill 020 8671 0700
Elliot Minor Forum 020 7344 0044
Guana Batz Garage 020 7607 1818
Hugh Cornwell O2 Islington Academy
0870 771 2000 **WA**

Jefferson Starship 100 Club
020 7636 0933
Jonas Brothers Wembley Arena
0870 060 0870

Lostprophets Union Chapel
020 7326 1686
Mean Poppa Lean 93 Feet East
020 7247 6095

Me And The Beast/Ivy Rise/Grand
Central Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773

CLUB NME

BERLIN
THE PADDINGTONS +
JOHAN VANDER SMUT
MAGNET CLUB
030 44008140

CHELMSFORD
POLKA PARTY
BARHOUSE
01245 356811

LONDON
AUDIO BULLYS + TRIP
KOKO
020 7388 3222

Parking Offence Famous Three
Kings 0207 603 6071
The Perils/Ekofisk/James Rose
Hope & Anchor 020 7354 1312
Piney Gir Borderline 020 7734 5547
Polar Bear Jazz Café 020 7916 6060
Richard Muller KOKO 020 7388 3222
Southside Johnny & The Asbury
Jukes O2 Shepherds Bush Empire
0870 771 2000 **WA**
Waterloo The Fly 0870 907 0999
Wave Machines Barfly
0870 907 0999
Wet Dog The Lexington
020 7837 5387

The Whip Cargo 0207 749 7840
White Lies O2 Brixton Academy
0870 771 2000 **WA**

Alabama 3 Academy 2 0161 832 1111
Bell X1 Club Academy 0161 832 1111
The Jessie Rose Trip Deaf Institute
0161 330 4019
The Jokers Night And Day Café
0161 236 1822
Kasabian Evening News Arena
0161 950 5000
Slayer Academy 0161 832 1111

Bring Me The Horizon O2 Academy
0870 771 2000 **WA**
The Dead Set O2 Academy 2
0870 771 2000 **WA**

Anna Mudeka Band Arts Centre
01603 660352
The Enemy UEA 01603 505401

Beyonce Trent FM Arena
08444 124 624
Panic Cell Rock City 08713 100000
Royal Gala Maze 0115 947 5650

The Swines Trent University
0115 848 6200

Thursday Rescue Rooms
0115 958 8484
Wavves Bodega Social Club
08713 100000

Gay For Johnny Depp Bullington
Arms 01865 244516
Staff Benda Bilili O2 Academy
0870 771 2000 **WA**

We Are Fiction Met Lounge
01793 566100

Duncan Oakley 53 Degrees
01772 893 000

The Hares Old Orleans 0118 951 2678

Loveday Fools Vivaz 01723 368222

Gary Numan Corporation
0114 276 0262 **+14**
New Beautiful South Plug
0114 276 7093 **+14**
Paperdolls O2 Academy 2
0870 771 2000 **WA**

Colonel Mustard Joiners
023 8022 5612

Miles Hunt Mama Liz's 01780 765888

STOKE ON TRENT
Canterbury Supa Mill 01782 214791

STANDON
The Hub The Rolleston 01793 534238
The Killertones The Vic 01793 535713

Pama International 12 Bar
01793 535713
Ventflow The Furnace 01793 534238

The Fillers The Forum 08712 777101

New Generation Superstars
Snooty Fox 01924 374455
Rosie Doonan The Hop
0871 230 1094

Two Door Cinema Club Escobar
01924 332000

Bob Brozman City Screen Basement
Bar 01904 541144
Chew Lips Fibbers 01904 651 250 **+14**

SATURDAY

NOVEMBER 21

Turn into NME Radio from 12 noon as James Theaker speaks to London outfit The xx on this morning's Topman Takeover show

NME
RADIO

Salsa Celtica Warehouse
0844 847 2319

Hook And The Twin Moles
01225 404445

Roaring Forties Empire
028 9024 9276
The Saw Doctors Spring & Airbrake
028 9032 5968

BERNINGHAM
Datarock O2 Academy
0870 771 2000 **WA**
The Sounds O2 Academy 2
0870 771 2000 **WA**

Panic Cell Soundhouse
0871 230 1094

Digital Mystikz Concorde 2
01273 673311
Dr Robert Freebutt 01273 603974

Mr Scruff O2 Academy
0870 771 2000 **WA**

Thought Forms Louisiana
0117 926 5978

We Were Promised Jet Packs
The Cooler 0117 945 0999

The Wildmuffs Thekia 08713 100000

Born To Destruct Portland Arms
01223 357268

CARDIFF
The Butterfly Effect Barfly
029 2066 7658

COKE
Jim Comet The Pavilion
00 35321 427 6228

The 4 Of Us Cyprus Avenue
00 35321 427 6165

Sergeant The Box 01270 257 398

Paper Planes The Victoria Inn
01332 74 00 91

New Vinyl Leopard 01302 363054

Alabama 3 Tripod 00 353 1 4780225
Atlas Sound Whelan's
00 3531 475 9372

The Night Marchers Crawdaddy
00 3531 478 0225

Man Of The Hour Studio 24
0131 558 3758

Simian Mobile Disco Ocean Terminal
0870 220 1116

Joe Lally Roisin Dubh
00 35391 586540

Conquering Animal Sound
13th Note Cafe 0141 553 1638

Dio O2 Academy 0870 771 2000 **WA**
Findo Gask Nice'n'Sleazy
0141 333 9637

Goldhawks King Tut's Wah Wah Hut
0141 221 5279

Spearbrave ABC2 0141 204 5151 **WA**

GUILDFORD
Lower Than Atlantis Boilerroom
01483 440022

HARLOW
Shotgun Riot Square 01279 305000

HITCHIN
Scholarship Club 85 01462 432767

LEEDS
Abigail Williams Rios 0844 414 2182
Claire Cameron Band Elbow Rooms
0113 245 7011
The Erics New Roscoe 0113 246 0778

Jaakko & Jay Nation Of Shopkeepers
0113 203 1831
Miranda Versus The Crok
Grove Inn 0113 243 9254

The Monkey Tennis Experience
Fenton 0113 245 3908

The Northwestern Cockpit Room 3
0113 241573

Skunk Anansie O2 Academy
0870 771 2000 **WA**

Thief Taker Carpe Diem
0113 243 6264

Valleys The Library 011 2440794

LINCOLN
Lostprophets Engine Shed
01522 886006

LONDON
A Terrible Splendour
The Lexington 020 7837 5387

Bang Bang Eche The Fly
0870 907 0999

Bleak Good Ship 020 7372 2544

Damian Wilson Peel 020 8546 3516

David Cronenberg's Wife
12 Bar Club 020 7240 2622

Electric River Monto Water Rats
020 7837 4412

Fall Of Troy Garage 020 7607 1818

Fastback Troubadour Club
020 7370 1434

Fleshgod Apocalypse Underworld
020 7482 1932

Garage Flowers/Rhesus/Delica
Black Hope & Anchor 020 7354 1312

God Help The Girl 100 Club
020 7636 0933

Gov't Mule Forum 020 7344 0044

Just Me Again Barfly
0870 907 0999 **+14**

The Lancashire Hotpots
Bull & Gate 020 7485 5358

Missing Andy/The Hustle/
Friends Of Ken/My Albatross
Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773

Nancy Elizabeth Borderline
020 7734 5547

Ocean Colour Scene O2 Shepherds
Bush Empire 0870 771 2000 **WA**

Odyssey Queen Of Hoxton
020 7422 0958

Rise Against O2 Brixton Academy
0870 771 2000 **WA**

Ruberlars 93 Feet East
020 7247 6095

Selfish Cunt Hoxton Square
Bar & Kitchen 020 7613 0709

Talo Cruz Union Chapel
020 7226 1686

Team Brick Windmill 020 8671 0700

Tickley Feather Cafe Oto
0871 230 1094

Tom Brosseau Cargo 0207 749 7840
Vile Vile Creatures The Victoria
0871 230 1094

Will Young Apo to 0870 606 3400

MAIDSTONE
Los Salvadores Druids Arms
01622 758516

MANCHESTER
Alec Empire Club Academy
0161 832 1111

Arctic Monkeys Evening News Arena
0161 950 5000

Chips With Everything Deaf Institute
0161 330 4019

Gary Numan Academy 0161 832 1111

Gong Academy 2 0161 832 1111

Ian McNabb Academy 3 0161 832 1111

Wolf Gang The Corner 0871 230 1094

Ingrid Michælson Night And Day
Cafe 0161 236 1822

NEWCASTLE
Elliot Minor University Of
Northumbria 0191 232 6002

The Flaming Stars Cluny
0191 230 4474

Yashin O2 Academy
0870 771 2000 **WA**

MONMOUTH
N-Dubz The Library 01522 886006

NOTTINGHAM
The Specials Rock City 08713 100000

Teenagers In Tokyo Stealth
08713 100000

We Are The Ocean Rescue Rooms
0115 958 8484 **+14**

OXFORD
Hugh Cornwell O2 Academy 2
0870 771 2000 **WA**

The Magic Numbers Jericho Tavern
01865 311775

Naturally 7 O2 Academy
0870 771 2000 **WA**

PETERBOROUGH
The Mission District Met Lounge
01733 566100

PORTSMOUTH
Clayton Strange Cellars
0871 230 1094

Dreadzone Wedgewood Rooms
023 9286 3911

SHEFFIELD
Exit Calm Leadmill 0114 221 2828

The Harringtons Plug
0114 276 7093 **+14**

Lahannya Corporation
0114 276 0262 **+14**

The Ratells O2 Academy 2
0870 771 2000 **WA**

SOUTHAMPTON
Athlete University 023 8059 5000

Napalm Death Joiners 023 8022 5612

ST ALDAMS
News From Nowhere Horn
01727 851343

SWINDON
See Face The Reliance 01753 542421

TUNBRIDGE WELLS
Frightened Rabbit The Forum
08712 777101

WARRICK
Conquest Of Steel Snooty Fox
01924 374455

Fortune Rookie Escobar
01924 332000

WATFORD
The Dirty Tricks Flay 01923 218413

YORK
Alvin Purple The Duchess
01904 641 413

GET IN THE GIG GUIDE

DO YOU WANT TO GET YOUR BASH INCLUDED IN THE BIGGEST AND BEST WEEKLY GIG GUIDE?
GO TO **NME.COM/GIGS** AND SUBMIT YOUR LISTING FOR FREE.
YOU MUST SUBMIT DETAILS AT LEAST THREE WEEKS BEFORE THE GIG DATE

SUNDAY

NOVEMBER 22

Join James Theaker live from Topman Oxford Circus, London, and hear an interview with Passion Pit from 12 noon

NME

RADIO

Los Marbles Esquires 01234 340120

Ian Brown St George's Market 0870 243 4455

UK Subs O2 Academy 0870 771 2000 **WA**
Ingrid Michaelson O2 Academy 3 0870 771 2000 **WA**

Bang Bang Eche Freebutt 01273 603974
Breakestra Concorde 2 01273 673311

Codeline Velvet Club Thekla 08713 100000
Fleshgod Apocalypse Fleece 0117 945 0996
N-Dubz O2 Academy 0870 771 2000 **WA**
Samson & Delilah Louisiana 0117 926 5978

Portico Quartet Junction 2 01223 511511

Kasabian International Arena 029 2022 4488
The New 1920 Barfly 029 2066 7658 **+16**

Bill Wyman's Rhythm Kings Town Hall 01242 227979

Hadouken! Arts Centre 01206 500900

Joe Lally Crane Lane Theatre 00353 21 427 8487
Noelle McDonnell Cyprus Avenue 00 35321 427 6165

The Argent Dawn The Victoria Inn 01332 74 00 91

Beyonce The O2 01 819 8888
Mary Coughlan Button Factory 00 3531 670 9202

Alec Empire The GRV 0131 220 2987

Field Music Sneaky Pete's 0131 225 1757
Gong Picture House 0844 847 1740

We The Machines Cavern Club 01392 495370

The Enemy Leas Cliff Hall 01303 253193

The Detachments King Tut's Wah Wah Hut 0141 221 5279
Gdansk 13th Note Café 0141 553 1638
The Little Kicks Nice'n'Sleazy 0141 333 9637
Maeve O'Boyle ABC2 0141 204 5151 **WA**
Skunk Anansie O2 Academy 0870 771 2000 **WA**
Slayer Barrowlands 0141 552 4601
The Sounds Oran Mor 0141 552 9224

The Roots Brothers Boilerroom 01483 440022

Alice Russell Mine 0871 230 1094
Bob Brozman New Roscoe 0113 246 0778
Ozi Ozza Hi Fi Club 0113 242 7353
Vortex Joseph's Well 0113 203 1861
White Lies O2 Academy 0870 771 2000 **WA**

The Fall O2 Academy 2 0870 771 2000 **WA**

Anthea Caddy Café Oto 0871 230 1094
Bluenec/Freudian Slip/Evolvers Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773
Breed 77 Garage 020 7607 1818
Campbell Burnap 100 Club 020 7636 0933
The Duke & The King Scala 020 7833 2022
Enemy Planet/Glass Artery Bull & Gate 020 7485 5358
The Favourite Things Quartet Proud Galleries 020 7482 3867
Florence And The Machine Union Chapel 020 7226 1686
Gringo Star Social 020 7636 4992

Here Comes the Landed Gentry Windmill 020 8671 0700
Infestation Monto Water Rats 020 7837 4412
The Jacks Troubadour Club 020 7370 1434
Matthew Halsall Dingwalls 020 7267 1577
Moral Dilemma 12 Bar Club 020 7240 2622
Ocean Colour Scene O2 Shepherds Bush Empire 0870 771 2000 **WA**
Paino/Gum Takes Tooth Barden's Boudoir 0770 865 6633
Postmortem Promises Underworld 020 7482 1932
The Sabretooth Tiger Band Buffalo Bar 020 7359 6191
Sam Forrest Watershed 020 7792 8101
Shirobon! Barfly 0870 907 0999 **+14**
Show Without Punch The Fly 0870 907 0999
Vadoinmexico The Fellow 020 7833 4395
Vlarosa Slaughtered Lamb 020 8682 4080
The Wallers Jazz Café 020 7916 6060
Will Young Apollo 0870 606 3400
Zeep Cargo 0207 749 7840

Jackie Leven Academy 3 0161 832 1111
Jealous Retro Bar 0161 274 4892
Jonas Brothers Evening News Arena 0161 950 5000

The Butterfly Effect O2 Academy 2 0870 771 2000 **WA**

La Roux UEA 01603 505401
Lisa Hannigan Waterfront 01603 632717

Arctic Monkeys Trent FM Arena 08444 124 624
Show Of Hands Maze 0115 947 5650
The Specials Rock City 08713 100000
Thea Gilmore Rescue Rooms 0115 958 8484

Mariachi El Bronx O2 Academy 2 0870 771 2000 **WA**
The Northwestern Jericho Tavern 01865 311775

Edwina Hayes Cellars 0871 230 1094
Paloma Faith Wedgewood Rooms 023 9286 3911

Dio O2 Academy 0870 771 2000 **WA**
Panic Cell Corporation 0114 276 0262 **+14**

The Program Initiative Joiners 023 8022 5612

Buddy Whittington 12 Bar 01793 535713

Francios And The Atlas Mountains The Hop 0871 230 1094

Charlotte Hatherley Railway Inn 01962 867795

Faces Of Dorian The Duchess 01904 641 413
Hot Fudge Fibbers 01904 651 250 **+14**

MONDAY

NOVEMBER 23



Kasabian, Hallam FM Arena, Sheffield

Exit Ten Flapper 0121 236 2421
The Lelisure Society Glee Club 0870 241 5093

We Are The Ocean O2 Academy 2 0870 771 2000 **WA**
Yusuf Islam NIA 0121 780 4133

Codeline Velvet Club Hanbury Ballroom 01273 605789

Datarock Thekla 08713 100000
Gun O2 Academy 2 0870 771 2000 **WA**
Johnny Foreigner Louisiana 0117 926 5978

Baraka Face Junta Portland Arms 01223 357268

The Bayonets Clwb Ifor Bach 029 2023 2199

Sergeant 10 Feet Tall 02920 228883

Gary Numan The Pavilion 00 35321 427 6228

Beyonce The O2 01 819 8888

Madeleine Peyroux Queen's Hall 0131 668 2019

Breed 77 Cavern Club 01392 495370

Chuck Berry O2 Academy 0870 771 2000 **WA**

New Beautiful South ABC 0870 903 3444 **WA**

Dr Robert Boilerroom 01483 440022

Slayer O2 Academy 0870 771 2000 **WA**

Throats Joseph's Well 0113 203 1861

The Mission District Barfly Loft @ Masque 0151 707 6171 **+14**

Danny Pape The Old Queen's Head 0207 839 7261
Dawn Landes Hoxton Square Bar & Kitchen 020 7613 0709

Fat Digester Jazz Café 020 7916 6060

Flamboyant Bella Garage (Upstairs) 0871 230 1094

The Germs Monto Water Rats 020 7837 4412

Gothminister Underworld 020 7482 1932

Hellbent And Hammered/Our Famous Dead/This Life Scandal Dublin Castle 020 7485 1773

The Hep Chaps 100 Club 020 7636 0933

Hey Rosetta! Windmill 020 8671 0700

Hot Club De Paris The Lexington 020 7837 5387

I Was A King Social 020 7636 4992

Jamie Hutchings Slaughtered Lamb 020 8682 4080

Lol Coxhill Café Oto 0871 230 1094

The Low Anthem Union Chapel 020 7226 1686

Mariachi El Bronx O2 Islington Academy 0870 771 2000 **WA**
No Made Sense Old Blue Last 020 7613 2478
Paloma Faith KOKO 020 7388 3222
Rodrigo Y Gabriela Apollo 0870 606 3400
Royal Bangs The Fly 0870 907 0999
Turbowolf Barfly 0870 907 0999 **+14**
VV Brown ULLU 020 7664 2000 **+16**
Ingrid Michaelson Scala 020 7833 2022 **+16**

MANCHESTER

The Butterfly Effect Academy 3 0161 832 1111
The Sounds Academy 2 0161 832 1111

WOLVING
Luke Wright Arts Centre 01603 660352
White Lies UEA 01603 505401

NOTTINGHAM
The Night Marchers/Dan Sartain Rescue Rooms 0115 958 8484
Out Of Sight Rock City 08713 100000
Vandeville Falls Maze 0115 947 5650

OXFORD
The Walkers O2 Academy 0870 771 2000 **WA**

PORTSMOUTH
Eliza Doolittle The Gas House 01302 0194

PRESTON
The Magic Numbers 53 Degrees 01772 893 000

SHEFFIELD
Gong Leadmill 0114 221 2828
Kasabian Hallam FM Arena 0114 256 5520

SOUTHAMPTON
Canterbury Joiners 023 8022 5612

SUNDERLAND
We Were Promised Jet Packs Sin City 01792654226

YENDRIDGE WELLS
Towers Of London The Forum 08712 777101

WAKEFIELD
Man Overboard Escobar 01924 332000
WOLVERHAMPTON
Hadouken! Wulfrun Hall 01902 552121

YORK
The Detachments The Duchess 01904 641 413
Good Shoes Fibbers 01904 651 250 **+14**



White Lies, O2 Academy, Leeds

TUESDAY

NOVEMBER 24

BELFAST

Beyonce Odyssey 028 9073 9074
Delirious? Waterfront 028 9033 4455

BIRMINGHAM

Breed 77 O2 Academy 2
0870 771 2000 **WA**
Chew Lips Flapper 0121 236 2421
Lou Rhodes Glee Club 0870 241 5093
Rodrigo Y Gabriela O2 Academy
0870 771 2000 **WA**
We Were Promised Jetpacks
The Victoria 0121 633 9439

BIRMINGHAM

The Levellers O2 Academy
01202 399922 **WA**

BRIGHTON

Minors Freebutt 01273 603974

BRISTOL

Sergeant The Cooper 0117 945 1999

CAMBRIDGE

Jason Manns Portland Arms
01223 357268

CARDIFF

Kiss Silver Barfly 029 2066 7658 **+14**

DERBY

The Unthanks Assembly Rooms
01332 255800

DUBLIN

Gary Numan Tripod 00 353 1 4780225
Ian Brown Olympia 00 311 679 3111

EDINBURGH

Dawn Landes Sneaky Pete's
0131 225 1757

KNEXEN

The Argent Dawn Cavern Club
01392 495370

GLASGOW

Arctic Monkeys SECC 0141 248 3000
Good Shoes King Tut's Wah Wah Hut

0141 221 5279
Seregon 13th Note Cafe

0141 553 1638
Volcano The Bear Stereo

0141 576 5018
HARRINGTON

Bill Wyman's Rhythm Kings
International Centre 01423 537230

LULL

Lovelyday Fools Linnet & Lark
01482 441126

LEEDS

Chuck Berry O2 Academy
0870 771 2000 **WA**

Lau Brudenell Social Club
0113 243 5866

Out Of Sight Cockpit Room 2
0113 244 3446

Truckfighters/Obiat/Ashes Of Iron
Cockpit Room 3 0113 2441573

Wavves Mine 0871 230 1094

EXIT TEN O2 ACADEMY 2

0870 771 2000 **WA**
Indica Ritual Bumper 0151 707 9902

The Magic Numbers Barfly Loft @
Masque 0151 707 6171 **+14**

BE QUIET. SHOUT LOUD! GOOD SHIP

020 7372 2544
Boy George Proud Galleries

020 7482 3867
Canterbury Barfly

0870 907 0999 **+14**
The Cat Killers/Stopdrop Explode

Bull & Gate 020 7485 5358

Cosmo Jarvis Monto Water Rats
020 7837 4412

Datarock Garage 020 7607 1818

The Depreciation Guild/
Trailer Trash Tracys/Fiction

Madame Jojo's 020 7734 2473
Dio Forum 020 7344 0044

The Dirty Chimes Troubadour Club

020 7370 1434
Elephant Head Punk 0871 971 5418

Eugene McGuinness Buffalo Bar

020 7359 6191
Fight Like Apes Borderline

020 7734 5547
Gabby Young & Other Animals

Cargo 0207 749 7840
Holy Coves The Fly 0870 907 0999

Laura Gibson Windmill
020 8671 0700

Louisiana Red & The Michael
Messer Band 100 Club

020 7636 0933
Malcolm Middleton Bush Hall

020 8222 6955
Michael Holt 12 Bar Club

020 7240 2622
Newton Faulkner Union Chapel

020 7226 1686
The Night Marchers Underworld

020 7482 1932
People Like Us Comedy

020 7839 7261
Rogues The Lexington 020 7837 5387

The Sounds Electric Ballroom
020 7485 9006

SPARROW AND THE WORKSHOP

Slaughtered Lamb 020 8682 4080
The Specials Apollo 0870 606 3400

Stash The Silver/Clawback/Stash
Hope & Anchor 020 7354 1312

The Unkindness Of Ravens
Rhythm Factory 020 7247 9386

The Wallers Jazz Cafe
020 7916 6060

MANCHESTER

Lisa Hannigan Club Academy
0161 832 1111

Skunk Anansie Academy
0161 832 1111

Taylor Swift Evening News Arena
0161 950 5000

We Are The Ocean Academy 2
0161 832 1111

NEWCASTLE

The Mission District O2 Academy 2
0870 771 2000 **WA**

UB40 Metro Radio Arena
0870 707 8000

NOTTINGHAM

Engineers Bodega Social Club
08713 100000

Portico Quartet Rescue Rooms
0115 958 8484

PLYMOUTH

Joe Lally White Rabbit 01752 227522

PORTSMOUTH

Dr Robert Cellars 0871 230 1094

READING

Bang Bang Eche Oakford Social Club
0116 255 3956

SHEFFIELD

The Germs O2 Academy 2
0870 771 2000 **WA**

Gomez Plug 0114 276 7093 **+14**
White Lies O2 Academy

0870 771 2000 **WA**
SOUTHAMPTON

Johnny Foreigner Joiners
023 8022 5612

ST ALBANS

The Cornhill Bar 01727 85143

WARRICKFIELD

Straight Lines Double 01964 332000

WOLVERHAMPTON

David Essex Civic Hall 01902 552121

Five Finger Death Punch Wulfrun
Hall 01902 552121

YORK

Aaron Carey City Screen Basement
Bar 01904 541144



Chew Lips, Flapper,
Birmingham

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NME.COM/TICKETS

BOOKING NOW



YEAH YEAH YEAHS

STARTS: LEEDS O2 ACADEMY, NOV 29

Karen O and her cohorts in raucous indie pop exploits are sure to bring the hysterics on their latest UK visit.

NME.COM/artists/yeah-yeah-yeahs



JESCA HOOP

STARTS: LONDON SLAUGHTERED LAMB, DEC 1

Following the release of her new album 'Hunting My Dress', the US singer-songwriter plays with a full band.

NME.COM/artists/jesca-hoop



MUM

STARTS: LONDON TABERNACLE, DEC 8

The Icelandic experimental cinematic soundscapers head to the UK for this intimate show.

NME.COM/artists/mum



THESE NEW PURITANS

STARTS: LONDON BUSH HALL, JAN 25, 2010

With new album 'Hidden' out in January, the Southend four-piece resume touring duties.

NME.COM/artists/these-new-puritans



ARCHIE BRONSON OUTFIT

STARTS: LONDON THE LEXINGTON, JAN 27

Working on a hotly anticipated third album, the London trio play a one-off date in the capital.

NME.COM/artists/archie-bronson-outfit



VAMPIRE WEEKEND

STARTS: CAMBRIDGE CORN EXCHANGE, FEB 7

The NYC indie-rock quartet announce a tour to follow the release of second album 'Contra', out in January.

NME.COM/artists/vampire-weekend



HOT CHIP

STARTS: GLASGOW O2 ACADEMY, FEB 12

Taking time out from collaborating with the world and his sister, Joe Goddard re-groups with his bandmates.

NME.COM/artists/hot-chip



GRIZZLY BEAR

STARTS: GATESHEAD SAGE, MAR 8

Following their shows with the London Symphony Orchestra, the Bear announce a string of new dates.

NME.COM/artists/grizzly-bear



GREEN DAY

STARTS: MANCHESTER LANCASHIRE COUNTY

CRICKET CLUB, JUN 16

The pop punk trio play a couple of massive UK dates.

NME.COM/artists/green-day

If you're on O₂ you can get Priority Tickets to The O₂ and O₂ Academy venues up to 48 hours before general release. Text PRIORITY to 2020 to register.

Tickets are subject to availability. Exceptions apply.



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