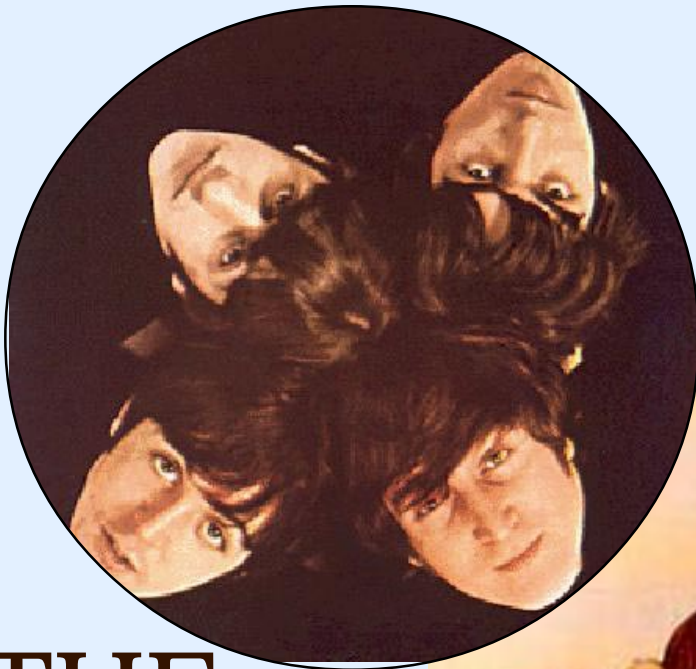


Check This Out!

STILL
FRESH



THE
BEATLES
THE
KINKS



PLUS - LABOUR IS TORY
GALLAGHERS BECOME BADFINGER

check this out! News



Manic's Wire, Pulp's Cocker rip Tory-like Labour Government

MANIC STREET PREACHERS' Nicky Wire and PULP's Jarvis Cocker renewed their attack on the Tory-like Labour Government in the forthcoming Channel 4 documentary, the **NME Premier Review**.

Interviewed in Cardiff before one of the Manics' recent gigs, Nicky Wire said of Blair and his Tory-like followers, "I'm more intelligent than they are. I did politics at university which is more than half of those fuckwits - they were just bought into their schools; it's just handshakes that got them degrees."

Jarvis Cocker, meanwhile, sug-



The best band in the world

gested an alternative policy to the criminalisation of drug users enforced by the Tory government, masquerading as a Labour government.

"I think it was Sting who said, 'Yeah, I've taken E'," says Cocker. "Well, I think getting people like Sting to admit it would put people

off. They'd go, 'I wouldn't wanna be like him!' I think that would be a better deterrent."

The NME Premier Review features exclusive footage of Manic Street Preachers performing 'You Stole The Sun From My Heart' at Cardiff Arena before Christmas. Another highlight of the hour-long documentary includes Fatboy Slim djing in Brighton. Also featured are a half dozen irrelevant bands such as REM and Hole. The film airs January 27 on Channel 4 in England.

Sleater-Kinney *Hot Rock* dates



The best band in the world II

Feb. 21; Olympia, Wash., Liquid
Feb. 24; Vancouver, B.C., East Cultural Center
Feb. 25; Bellingham, Wash., Western Washington University Viking Union
Feb. 26; Seattle, Wash., RKCNDY
Feb. 27; Portland, Ore., La Luna
March 3-4; San Francisco, Calif., Great American Music Hall
March 5-6; Los Angeles, Calif., The Roxy
March 15; Atlanta, Ga., Echo Lounge
March 16; Athens, Ga., 40 Watt

Club
March 17; Chapel Hill, N.C., Cat's Cradle
March 18; Washington, D.C., Black Cat
March 19; Philadelphia, Pa., Trocadero
March 20; New York, N.Y., Irving Plaza
March 22; Boston, Mass., Middle East
March 24; Toronto, Ont., Opera House
March 26; Detroit, Mich., Magic Stick
March 27; Chicago, Ill., Metro
March 28; Minneapolis, Minn., First Avenue

I check this out!
January 28 '99

News check this out!



The Gallagher brothers undergo plastic surgery

Noel, Liam continue quest to become Badfinger

Before



After



Noel and Liam Gallagher continued their life-long quest to become Badfinger as the two leaders of the Beatles cover band Oasis, underwent plastic surgery recently.

After hiding in their respective mansions the two coked up stars appeared briefly at a Docker's Benefit in Liverpool. When the two realized that the benefit was for striking dockers and not for Docker pants, they bolted out of the club and into their limos. It was the second time this year that the two had mistakenly attended a benefit.

When asked about the plastic surgery Noel said that it was something the two had talked

about for a long time.

"Ever since we ran out of Beatles melodies to rip off. Actually we didn't run out of Beatles melodies, we just can fathom the whole concept of a melody. We decided to try something that was more in our reach. We want to become Badfinger," said Noel, who seemed to be battling a case of the sniffles."

When asked if the two would go so far as to commit suicide as two members of the original Badfinger did, Liam angrily blurted out, "We will do what we want to do because we are the most important band in the world. Whether it is being a Beatles cover band or a Badfinger cover band or being assholes, we will do it."

Liam then proceeded to punch out a reporter in a lame attempt to prove his manhood, an ongoing issue with both brothers.

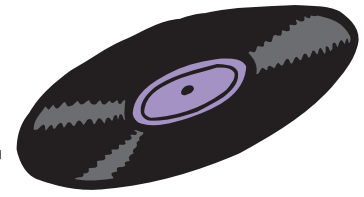
Liam and Noel could not say whether the plastic surgery would help their songwriting skills. The duo have the world record for most consecutive songs written with no hint of either a melody or lyrical originality.

"Let me tell you, it isn't easy being a bloated rock star," said Noel, while his brother also seemed to be fighting the sniffles. "If this gig doesn't workout we might have to shoot for Grand Funk Railroad."

check this out!

Eric Blowtorch reviews

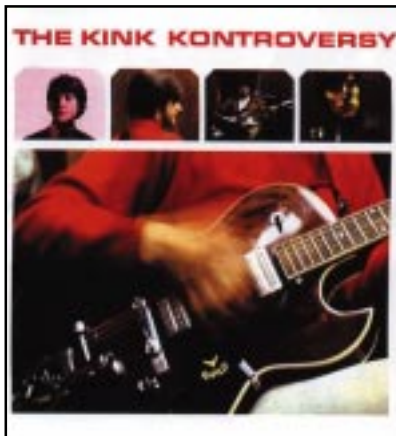
Vital Vinyl



Kinks raised ante in '65

The Kinks *The Kink* *Kontroversy*

CD reissue
(Castle Communications)



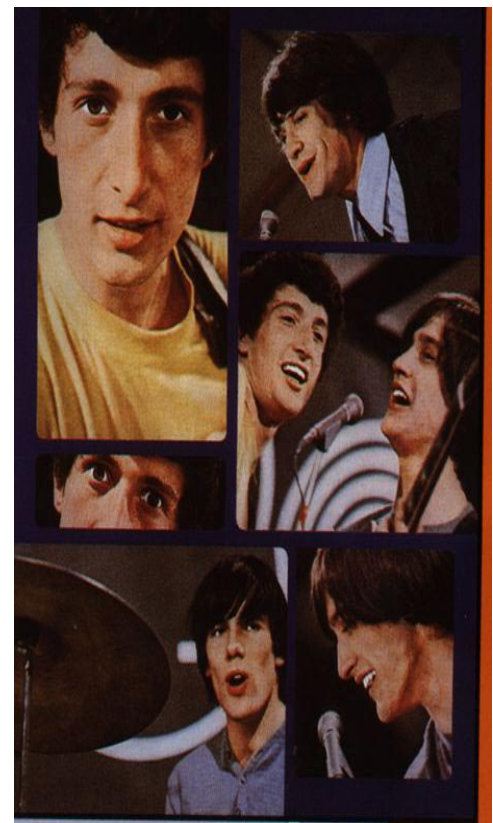
The first 40 seconds of **The Kink Kontroversy** are like foreplay with an estranged lover: half anxiety, half exhilaration, 100% mindless determination..a bizarre kiss-off to the past -- the debutante balls of Chuck Berry & Elvis songs -- and an even more bizarre introduction to a brilliant new love: the vastly underappreciated supernatural beauty known only to friends

as The Mid-Period Kinks...

In less than 10 seconds, with a series of controlled but unmistakably malicious guitar stabs, Dave Davies makes you forget all about Elvis Presley's Sun Records version of "Milk Cow Blues"...at 1:10 brother/bandleader Ray, the world's second biggest Bill Broonzy fan after Studs Terkel, barges in with an astonishing, unexpected, deliriously drunken 'Lordy pleeeeeease -- how that sun looks good goin' down'...it's 1960s Swinging London? Hardly. It's 1960s South-Side Chicago, 1940s railriding with the hoboes, early 19th-century Chopin, all crotchety and tubercular and messed up by a woman named Georges...it's the last electric blues record you will ever be able to stomach.

The Kinks! I can hardly bear to remember when they were a band still putting out great singles. So full of feeling, so amateurish, so el-

egant, so badly dressed. Eighteen years after I first heard **The Kink Kontroversy**, the Kinks' first album of all-GREAT songs, 34 years after its release, 16 years after their last good single ("Don't Forget to Dance") somebody has seen fit to issue this once-krucial



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Kinks Kontinued

Kinks album on CD with some bonus songs.

Three things you should know about **The Kink Kontroversy**: 1) an electric guitar sounds great if played with LUST and HATRED, 2) there are THREE HIT SINGLES (counting "Dedicated Follower of Fashion," included with an alternate version on the reissue; the other two -- "Till the End of the Day" and "Where Have All the Good Times Gone" have been officially expunged from the oldies radio kanon), and 3) the American vinyl version on Reprise is the one to get -- one channel is the straight mono mix, the other consists of that mix thrown alternately into an Echoplex, a plate reverb unit, and some kind of feedback-generating device. Not only is it a perfectly conceived, brutally played, elegantly sung collection of ace songs; it's the first and last listenable record Electronically Re-Channeled to Simulate Stereo.

While Ray Davies's topics of lyrical consideration don't seem to have evolved with the 1965 Kontroversy -- "Gotta Get the First Plane Home," "When I See That Girl of Mine," and "It's Too Late" look on paper just like the wimpy ersatz rock fare of **Kinda Kinks**, the singing and its relationship to the drumming have finally made it into the 20th century. In mediocre melody Ray

intones "When I see that girl of mine, holding the last word over a tough Mick Avory snare fill, then makes the lumbering beast swing with a lilting, jazzy "...makes me wanna sigh," turning "sigh" into a six-syllable word and the very sweet center of this pop song. There are no apparent musical influences.

Ridding himself of the twee, nasal, pig-like delivery that plagues otherwise dynamite Kinks kompositions like "You Really Got Me" and "It's All Right," Ray joyously drags you

through these fine, fine songs with an ease, confidence, and boozy humor that well become his legendary Muswell Hill bluesman persona. The gorgeous, wistful major-to-minor-chord-centered piece, "I'm On an Island," is not blemished by Ray's loose, ranting-in-the-middle-of-the-road-at-3-a.m. mic technique; it becomes more poignant and more funny. Pick your mood. It's a pop record.

"I'm On an Island" is Ray's first sympathetic look at the



Kinks Kontinued

haute bourgeoisie. Ghastly hideous at first glance, the singer appears to be over 80, toothless, drunk, stark naked, dissolute on a chaise longue atop some unhappy cruise vessel wrecked with no Professor or Mary Ann to absorb the pain. The more you listen to Ray sing it, so far away from the microphone, so disembodied from the band, so parodic in his treatment of the melody, the more you get to know the singer, the more you want to hear. You understand the Charles Foster Kane-like character. You may still hate him, but your personal need to do him further acute physical damage lessens. You devise a plan: you decide not to become like him; you venture forth from your own 20th-century island, you make friends, you go to discotheques, you play baseball and listen to the Kinks with your buddies.

The miracle of **The Kink Kontroversy** is that it bears witness to the Kinks finally realizing their ridiculous jazz/vaudeville delusions expressed on those silly liner notes of preceding albums, and that Dave's dubious blues influence was put to

good use in making the record. The Kinks sing, shout, swing and stomp. No random pop-band namedrop is it when, in the film **Quadrophenia** Jimmy the Mod's best friend, an alienated free-thinking rocker finds himself at the point of existential anguish when his angry toilet-stall recitations of Eddie Cochran and Gene Vincent are drowned out by a frenzied pill-popper's next-door rendition of a Kinks song. The Kinks were by this album no longer mods, teds, hipsters, straights, rockers, or mockers. They were now the best band in the world.

So you haven't heard **The Kink Kontroversy**, right? What are you missing in its Year of Digital Reissue, its 14th trip between the cutout and collectible bins? You're missing anger, pent-up young adult rage (which sounds different from pent-up adolescent rage -- not worse, just different) a good rock & roll bossa nova ("Gotta Get the First Plane Home), shocking hollowbody Guild guitar sounds that must have had Brian Jones pissing in his pants, wide-eyed wonder informed by a little wis-

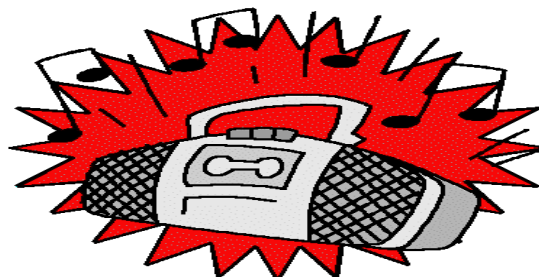
dom, beautiful resignation, a hot recording session with the most powerful, resilient rhythm section in '60s pop (and you must include the double-fisted, tri-tone eight-note piano pounding of Raymond Douglas Davies), the atmosphere of a blues bar where all the patrons are beautiful, and the sweet sound of someone else's hang-over.

The Kinkdom came and pushed all the best British bands to do better. Pete Townsend freely admits lifting "I Can't Explain" from several early Kinks songs, and Dr. Pepper's Lowly Art Pub Land clearly owes much more to the Kinks' **Face to Face** than it does to the Beach Boys' **Pet Sounds**. In between these short eras of prolific artistic ass-kicking, the Kinks came out and showed the world in 12 little ditties how much fun, how deadly serious, how exciting, how meditative, how aggressive, how intelligent, how funny, and how ridiculously sad rock & roll could be.

- Eric Blowtorch



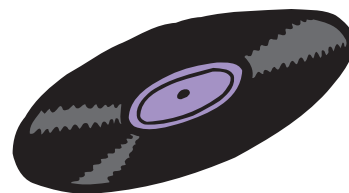
check this out!
January 28 '99



check this out!

Robert Tanzilo reviews

Vital Vinyl



Here's something new

The Beatles *Rubber Soul* (Parlophone)



While **Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Heart's Club Band** is often tabbed as the Beatles' proverbial big toe testing the waters of experimentation, the fab four actually began pushing the envelope much earlier. While in 1999 it's hard to imagine that **Rubber Soul** and **Revolver** were revolutionary, they certainly sounded so when they debuted in 1965 and 1966, respectively.

With **Beatles for Sale** songs like "No Reply" serving as a bridge from the group's more banal earlier tunes and the rap-

idly maturing songwriting that can be heard on **Rubber Soul**, the Beatles, in just two short years had shaped themselves into the most adventurous and talented figures in rock and roll.

Much of the depth can be found in the serious melancholy that seems to have been injected into the repertoire; "Norwegian Wood," "Nowhere Man," and "In My Life," and, above all, the lovely "Girl," are sophisticated, alluring reflections of the sorrowful side of life. But there are still mid and up-tempo numbers to be had: "The Word," "I'm Looking Through You," "If I Needed Someone."

What **Rubber Soul** and **Re-**

volver are free of (and **Sgt. Pepper's** suffers from) is schizophrenia. These LPs feel coherent, like complete, satisfying, but not gorging meals. '**Sgt. Pepper's**' feels like an unbridled attack on the Shoney's breakfast bar the day after Ramadan. The everything-but-the-kitchen-sink mentality renders that record an unfocused mess.

Which begs the question: is **Sgt. Pepper's** the result of serious experimentation to break new ground, or, rather, experimentation because studio time was booked and nobody had any good, solid ideas? Nobody can ask that about its two predecessors.

- Robert Tanzilo



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check this out! News

With the recent resurgence of swing music, we have decided to reprint a satirical piece that originally ran in **Check This Out!** in 1993. The article was inspired by a Guns 'N Roses show that had turned into a riot with Axle Rose jumping into the crowd.

Goodman gig turns into big riot *35 injured, new 'Big Band Sound' is blamed*

New York, N.Y. —Thirty-five fans were injured Monday night at Carnegie Hall after a riot broke out during a concert by Benny Goodman and his orchestra.

None of the injuries were believed to be serious but many fans were taken to local hospitals suffering from cuts and bruises.

The incident began more than halfway through the show as several beat-driven delirious spectators began to get out of their seats and dance during

“It’s the beat, the beat just got these people out of control,” said Police Chief Widdle Folley,

one of Goodman’s “songs” “Sing, Sing, Sing.”

Security quickly suppressed the youthful outburst but Goodman jumped from the stage and began punching the security guards.

At that point several spectators joined in the ruckus, trying to aid Goodman, who got sucker

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Gene Krupa beat the skins before he beat police Monday night.

punched by one of the 300 pound guards. Drummer Gene Krupa also charged from the stage and began pummeling the guards with drumsticks and what were believed to be syringes. Two guards suffered puncture wounds.

A Carnegie official then came on stage and announced that the show was over. While Goodman, Krupa and several other band members continued to fight with security, spectators began jumping on stage, smashing and throwing around instruments and equipment.

Police arrived on the scene and began beating spectators

and shooting tear gas into the crowd. It took nearly an hour for police to get the situation under control inside the hall but the melee then spread to the streets outside. Several shops and restaurants were damaged by vandals before the mobs were dispersed by police.

“It’s the beat, the beat just got these people out of control,” said Police Chief Widdle Folley, “

Goodman, Krupa and the rest of the band somehow managed to escape the scene of the riot.

Goodman’s manager released a statement from Goodman.

“I won’t be flexed with,” said Goodman.