

CAN YOU DIG IT?

GERAINT PRICE REVIEWS NEW OFFERINGS FROM THE KAISER CHIEFS AND OASIS.

FOR a band that have made a career out of aping their heroes the Beatles, Oasis have still managed to truly sell themselves out with this, their seventh album in 15 years. The Manchester band's magpie tendencies have landed them in hot water on occasion in the past (they paid out US\$500k to the New Seekers after liberating the melody of *I'd Like to Teach the World to Sing* for their 1994 track *Shakermaker*), but with *Dig Out Your Soul*, they have thrown in the kitchen sink with the Beatles references: even the album art nods at Sgt Pepper (or to be a little uncharitable, Terry Gilliam at his *Flying Circus* best).

So with Oasis, what you see is what you get, only with this release, more of it: more bollocks lyrics ("I've got my heebeegeebees in a little bag," intones Liam Gallagher on *Bag It Up*. And we thought he'd knocked the drugs on the head now), more blatant Beatles idolatry (*I'm Outta Time* features a sample, probably rather appropriately, of John Lennon's final interview in its dying minutes); they even employed Zak Starkey (son of Ringo Starr) on drums – so it's no great surprise that we get what we get. But, before you dust off the kaftan, Sgt Pepper it ain't.

It all starts off well(ish): lyrics aside, *Bag It Up* has a killer hook for a chorus and is classic Oasis, likewise *The Turning*. The real kick comes with the first single off the album *The Shock of the Lightning*, replete with thunderous drum solo (who'd have thought?) and hooky bass line (played with capo) is the nearest to an anthem we get here, with shades (just shades, mind) of *What's the Story Morning Glory?* Then it all turns a little anaemic thereafter with all manner of silly sonic frills thrown in.



KAISER CHIEFS



October saw album release number three from Leeds lads The Kaiser Chiefs, a band that has built a career mimicking Oasis' Brit Pop nemesis Blur (their first two albums shared the same producer). *Off With their Heads* is barely a diversion from what has gone before, but has garnered the band criticism for being too quick off the blocks. 2005's instantly memorable *Employment* spawned a succession of Brit Pop-stroke-neo-punk suffused hits (*I Predict a Riot*, *Modern Way*, *Everyday I Love You Less and Less*) that projected the album to the UK's fourth biggest seller of the year. Early last year, they followed this up with *Yours, Truly, Angry Mob*, which while charting at the top spot at home, managed to not quite repeat the sale success of the debut. Now, barely a year and a half later, the band has dashed off another release.

The irritatingly catchy *Never Miss a Beat* is the lead single, a satirical take on kids on the street (Television's on the blink/There's nothin' on it/I really want a really big coat/With words on it/What do you want for tea?/I want crisps"). Such is the depth of Mark Ronson's production (the Grammy award-winning producer of Amy Winehouse's *Back to Black*) that each listen yields something new. The rest of the record ain't half bad either. The obvious next single *Like it Too Much* ("You are descended from animals/And you are constructed of chemicals") does more than raise a smile, a theme that is repeated to the end. ■