



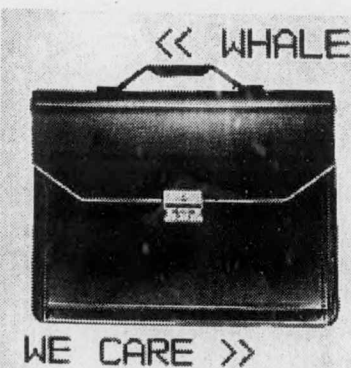
This week is going to be the final guide to the best of the stuff that came out over the summer. But as usual, there is quite a lot of things that you really should know about, so I'll try my best to do some quickie reviews rather than those long-winded ones that I hold so dear to my heart. Or at least, that is the plan; we'll see what happens.

so entertaining, fun even, and well worth picking up.

These days, punk seems to be getting more and more user friendly - it used to be that post-listening ear bleeding was a common ailment, but now there doesn't seem to be any of those problems. And that is probably why the mainstream seems to be embracing the likes of Green Day and Bad Religion so freely. The latest band that seems to be ready to hit the big time is Rancid with their new album *And Out Come The Wolves*. They fly through nineteen songs in under 50 minutes, so that should tell you more than a little about the pace of the songs. Frenetic, and also very catchy. More pop than punk perhaps, with a touch of ska thrown in on a few songs. It's all very Epataph, and I can't think of a single reason why Rancid shouldn't be the latest flavour of the

make it worth a listen. And they get bonus points for sampling the Clash too.

Things are way too civilised this week; time for something a bit more trashy. A lot more trashy in fact thanks to *Sacrilegious* from those guardians of good taste, the Supersuckers. If you have happened upon the Suckers before, then you will know exactly

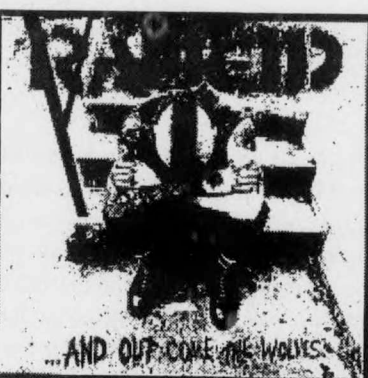


Sweden's contribution to the world of pop music is sporadic to say the least; even the not-too-bad bands seem to turn in a few good songs and then fall from grace very quickly. And guess what? That hasn't changed now that Whale have released their debut album *We Care*. Granted their first two singles were pretty good although 'Hobo Humpin' Slobobabe' got tedious very quickly. And if you expand that 'quirkiness' over the duration of an entire CD then you can multiply tiresome by a factor of ten. So many of the songs rely on a very obvious sexual innuendo that is just plain boring - 'Young Dumb N' Full Of Cum' anyone? I thought not. Not even the mandatory collaborations with Tricky can elevate this above mediocre. Tiresome.

I like That Dog. I like them a lot. Their first album was so completely original when it appeared on the scene a couple of years back and their new one, *Totally Crushed Out*, continues in a similar direction



although it isn't quite as mournful. That mournful feeling that does appear from time to time on this album too comes via the use of strings on some tracks - it's unusual for a violin to sound very punk rock, but if Petra plays it hard enough and loud enough then it can sound a little on the menacing side. So the music is upbeat, but the very lovely vocal harmonies keep a delicate feeling to the music. The lyrics play all kinds of word games with puns, small touches of humour and their usual underlying creepiness. The whole album is just

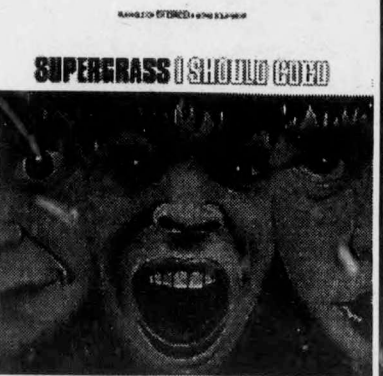


month (for the next month or so anyway).

Butch Vig's name is better known as a producer for the likes of Nirvana, Smashing Pumpkins and a whole bunch of other nauseatingly fashionable bands. But now he has a new band, Garbage, whose eponymously titled debut album sounds nothing like any of the above-mentioned bands. That might have something to do with the use of loops, samples and also a whole bunch of antiquated analog instruments. Or maybe the dreamy vocals by Shirley Manson which reminds me an awful lot of Toni Halliday of Curve. Whatever it is, Curve is a fairly useful reference point to start off with - both bands share the same dark sound with slightly sinister lyrics. Quite a contrast from those pink, fluffy feathers all over the album cover; contrast and irony seem to be at the heart of Garbage. Over the duration of the album, the sound does get a little on the samey side, but the best songs are good enough to

what to expect. No great surprises at all. But for the uninitiated, expect something along the lines of this - fourteen rock 'n' roll songs with growled vocals and catchy tunes. Imagine the Ramones with a few more rough edges, and a mild love of Satan. The best track is 'My Victim' where the band take the soul classic 'Try A Little Tenderness' and bastardize it into a really evil tale of stalking. Bizarre. It's a completely disposable album (like much of the Ramones' work) but a lot of fun. It also wins the prestigious "Cool Cover Of The Week" award too.

The award which should go to Supergrass for *I Should Coco* would be along the lines of "Best Mindless Pop Album Of The Summer" as that is exactly what it is. This album won't change the world, it won't make you more popular and it will not increase your GPA either. But it will make you forget about all your troubles for a little while at the very least. Supergrass are yet another band from the UK that are trying their utmost to



break the unresponsive North American market. And one of the main things that they have on their side is that they write wonderful pop songs that could come from anywhere in the past twenty years or so - a bit of T-Rex here, a spot of the Undertones and the odd touch of Oasis. Great stuff. It is the sound of youth giving the adult world the finger when the adult world isn't looking - they'll never understand us you know. I hope I die before I get old and all that sort of stuff.



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