



“Two Princes.”

*Pocket Full of Kryptonite* has that artificial, rather vulgar flavour of being reprocessed and played by bombastic punks who think power and volume are the same thing. And it's dumber than you'll ever be. But it's fun, and for a band that may very well have been weaned on Foghat, that's gotta be a triumph, right?

Continuing the fogey parade, Keith Richards has released his second solo effort after the enjoyably disposable *Talk Is Cheap*. *Main Offender* (3) is about as imaginative as it's cover, filled with the same old same old, like lotsa abrupt riffage and stop-and-go, sparse compositions. Whereas *Pocket Full of Kryptonite* contained three songs or so, *Main Offender* has zero. Old fuckin' hat.

The last couple of weeks has also seen the release of yet another batch of neo-*Exile*, this

one's from former Guns n' Roses guitarist, Izzy Stradlin. *Ju Ju Hounds* (5) essentially sounds like another Keith Richard's solo album, but played with a little more verve than Keef could muster on his last one. This one has some heart, a fairly honest approximation of classic rock, but who needs third hand *Exile on Main Street*. Go for the real thing (by the way, it's a Stones album.)

And lastly I have received the Northern Pikes latest, *Neptune* (2), which is simply more mediocre Can-Con. There should be a law.

Next week I'll be summing up the year in music. And if you've never heard *Exile*, check it out. I just listened to it and it's woo-hoo-hoo! ■

