

Pale Russians – S/T

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Aside from the Vikings gleefully pillaging our fair lands, we have a lot to thank those Scandinavians for; blonde au-pairs, setting an example of socialism-with-brains-intact, the idea of skinny-dipping as an art form, Lena Olin, polar bears...the list goes on.

And now this: CCL reissues the **Pale Russians** swaggering second long player, a mindboggling foray into the wild woods of pine-needle sharp power pop. First unleashed at the fag-end of the 60's, the record didn't reach critical mass until the likes of *The Gun Club* and *The Cramps* had sung its praises for

years and even then only a select few grasped this Swedish straw of hope. The imaginatively monikered album bristles with the kind of pop their compatriots these days only wetly dream of making. Pale Russians were always about so much more than their peers (think *Mouse & The Traps* and *The Third Bardo*). At times snake-hipped and sexy ("*I Would Like*"), at times venomous and truly pissed off (as in "*Hipp O'Cree City Express*", a slice of perfect poison pop), the Russians were never anything but a glimmering treasure trove of edgy pop. And now – thank ye Gods! – the stone is

once again rolled away and the Pale Russians' potent brew of heartache, wrath and power chords is among us again. You'd be a fool twice cursed not to get a hold of this record.

The one objection one could make to this eagerly awaited reissue of one of the watershed moments in garage pop history is the omittance of breakthrough single "*Hungrig mun*", (filed under Z for Zoo) a jaw-dropping song of pure unadulterated lust and truly one of the great, lost masterpieces of pop. Bring that one back and all will be well with the world.

Randy Fitzsimmons