

Choice Cuts

Reviews of Everything

Album: *Language Arts Part 5: Synesthesia*

Artist: Buck 65

Label: Endemik

Someone doesn't want you to hear what could have been Buck 65's career-defining album. *Synesthesia* is as close as accessible to a mainstream audience as Buck 65 gets, but his phone will continue to remain off the hook as long as this CD is sold exclusively on the Internet. Increasing the tempo a notch, abandoning the arty abstraction of other Language Arts albums, and delivering playful rhymes with a quicker delivery, Buck has almost made a *Stinkin' Rich* album except for the fact that he tackles his subject matter with his trademark introspectiveness. Buck revisits childhood memories in songs about his youthful obsession with Kiss and growing up in Mount Uniacke. He also complains about the lifestyle a travelling rapper from people that smoke at shows to groupies. The preachiness of some of the songs is balanced out by the fun atmosphere and occasional glimpses of self-mockery throughout the album. This is his most enjoyable record to date. It's a shame that all the songs are confined to a single thirty-eight minute track, and that it's only sold in the United States, through

(www.hiphopinfinity.com)

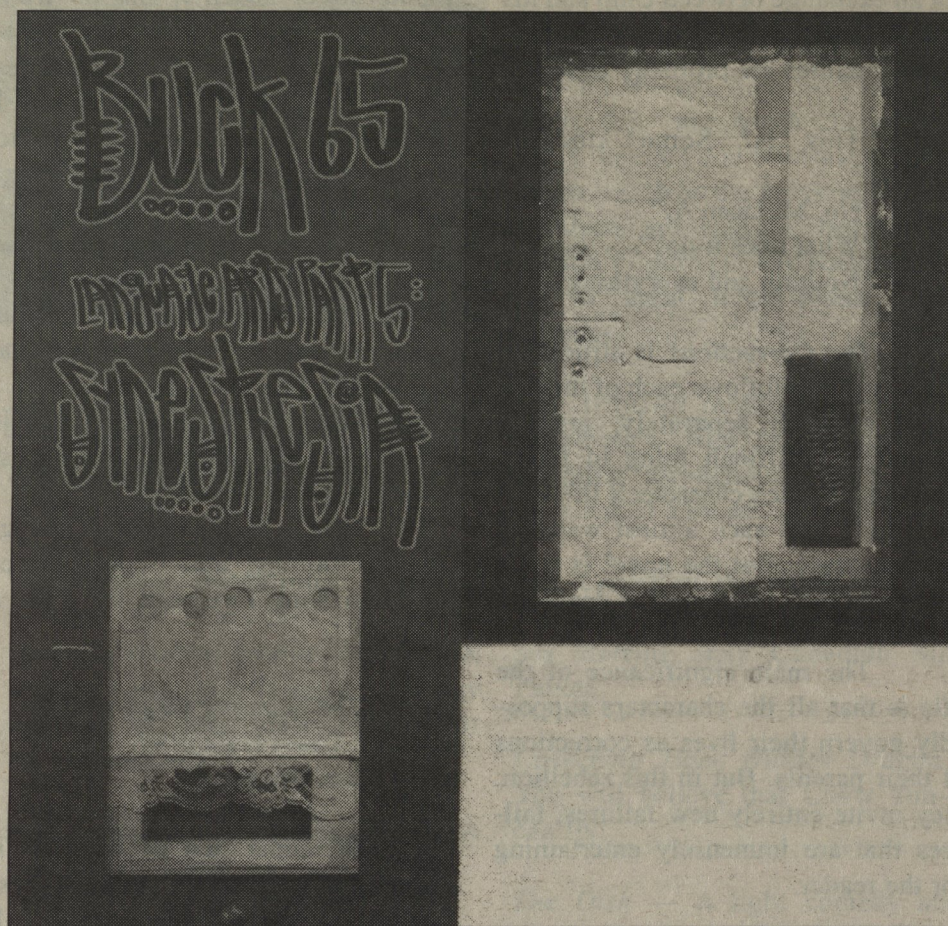
-Stephan MACLEOD

Artist: Limp Bizkit

Album: *New Old Songs*

Label: Interscope

What, you didn't want five new versions of "My Way"? Well, too bad. With the departure of guitarist Wes Borland, Fred Durst and the boys are testing the waters to see what they sound like sans their lead-guitarist. And for the most part, it ain't good. Oh sure, The Neptunes do a pretty good job with "Nookie," but if you



were already a fan of the song prior to this remix album, chances are you aren't going to be won over. There's a couple of other winners here, but don't fool yourself into thinking this is a Limp Bizkit album. It's not. Chances are, we'll never see another real Limp Bizkit album again.

-Joel MEGGS

Album: *The Greatest Sonic Abomination Ever*

Artist: Scrotum Grinder

Label: Prank Records

Damn straight. For those of you who don't know (ie: everybody), Scrotum Grinder play brutally angry grind-influenced hardcore with incisive socially/politically critical lyrics. This is one bitter, cynical band and I dare say they do it better than anyone else. To make this package all the more irresistible, they have a female vocalist. So no, contrary to what their name

might suggest, they are not a death-metal/gore-grind band, and to be perfectly honest, I have heard substantially more abominable slabs of vinyl than this in my time. Having been a big Scrotum Grinder fan for quite some time now, when I heard they were putting out a full-length, I was pretty excited, since their previous recordings totally blew my mind. That being said, I am ever so slightly disappointed by this record. In my opinion, their previous endeavour, a split 7" with *combatwoundedveteran*, was superior. On this album, they seem to shy away from grind just a little, and return to the slightly more standard hardcore sound of their first 7". In fact, this album features two new recordings of songs from the first 7", and one from the split. But while "The Greatest Sonic Abomination Ever" lacks a little of the furious speed and intensity of its predecessor, it's still one hell of a good album, and perhaps

more brutal than anything previous. And with song titles like "To Hell With the Enlightenment", "Recipe for Token Sing-Along Polemic Complete with Expletives Aimed at Positions of Power", and "You Are My Favorite Line in the Worst Song Ever Written", as well as a pretty rockin' Slapshot cover featuring liberal use of the kazoo, it's pretty hard not to love these kids.

(For an overly wordy and somewhat pretentious interview with Steve from Scrotum Grinder, check out www.mis-terridiculous.com/features/interviews/halfassedinterviews/scrotum-grinder.html)

-Jonah CAMPBELL

Artist: Barenaked Ladies

Album: *Disc One: All Their Greatest Hits*

Label: Warner Music

I'm just telling you, if you don't have at least one Barenaked Ladies album in your home, you're not a real Canadian. And if you find yourself in this situation, now is the time to catch up; *All Their Greatest Hits* proves once and for all that the Ladies are not a one-hit-wonder and they are certainly not fluffy pop material (although they can be at times). With 19 hits (they could have left off the song "What a Good Boy" – not really a hit) squeezed onto this one CD, one is left with the indelible impression that these boys have a genius for songwriting that will eventually net them a Disc Two, equally packed with greatest hits from the next ten years. The liner notes contain a nice retrospective on the first ten years of their existence, written by Stephen Page and containing such invaluable tidbits as the meaning behind the last line in "One Week." The two new songs alone are worth the price of admission, especially "Thanks, That Was Fun," which, thankfully, is not the band's sign-off song. I'm also pleased to report that