

play it

**Kate Clarke with
her pick of
week:**

**Dennis
Locorriere,
Post Cool**

THIS is a well-named album for a time when music is too often about the fast buck and the cheap thrill. Post Cool is built to last — with big emotions



deftly stated, grown-up dilemmas and doubts, and with hope and humour in spades. Irresistible bitter-sweet reminiscences like Dance On Daddy's Feet are balanced by cutting barbs to a bad-mouthing ex, and oodles of ego-popping funny stuff — complete with lovely, giggling clarinet solos. The voice is feather-light and charming, and if you picked up any of your musical education listening to Randy Newman, Albert Hammond, Shel Silverstein or Rodgers and Hart songs, you will be bewitched by this disc. The tracks should be a shoo-in for daily play on BBC Radio 2, as much as Locorriere's Dr Hook hits are.

Verdict: ****