



SILVERSTEIN

Discovering The Waterfront (Victory Records)

Doubtless if I was 16-years-old, I'd be loving Burlington, ON's Silverstein. *Discovering The Waterfront*, Album Two, balances the melodic punk of My Chemical Romance with the screamo antics of Alexisonfire. But I'm not 16 and Silverstein's she-done-him wrong odes are more tiresome than inspiring. Live, I'm sure they impress, but my patience

was exhausted by track six, 'Defend You'. Vocalist Shane Told is a better screamer than singer, although the occasional hook does prove irresistible ('Always And Never'). Luckily, his bandmates are great performers and make a tightly scripted noise characterized by fearsome guitar lines and solid drumming.

★★★★★☆☆☆☆ Brian Slade



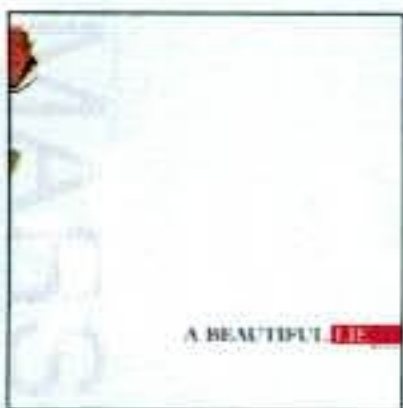
STAIND

Chapter V (Atlantic)

Former Fred Durst protégé Aaron Lewis's band Staind have three songs: mildly melodic uptempo (but downbeat) rockers ('Run Away'), maudlin ballads ('Falling', 'Right Here') and metal-esque stomps ('King of All Excuses'). The third category is the most engaging, especially downtuned downer 'Paper Jesus', which rails against blind

consumerism while channelling Korn and Alice In Chains. The rest of *Chapter V* is perfectly competent hard rock with enough sensitive guy moments to maintain their appeal to the ladies. If that sounds like faint praise, well, it is. Life's too short to waste it on uninspired filler like this. If they're going to manufacture music this bland then let this be Staind's final chapter.

★★★★★☆☆☆☆ Sean Plummer



30 SECONDS TO MARS

A Beautiful Lie (Virgin)

Let it be known: Jared Leto is no tourist and 30 Seconds To Mars is no Dogstar. The *My So Called Life* actor has always insisted his band was no mere hobby and *A Beautiful Lie*, their second album, contains enough passion and melody to justify those claims. There's an epic sweep to many of these songs which producer Josh Abraham (Velvet Revolver, Linkin

Park) has convincingly brought to life. Leto's lyrics are mostly about the deceptions of love, both identifying them ('Beautiful Lie') and participating in them ('The Fantasy'), and he delivers them in an impassioned voice that befits the drama of the band's music, which alternates between Cure-style darkness ('Was It A Dream?') and U2-influenced big rock ('From Yesterday'). This is more than competent, and that's no act.

★★★★★☆☆☆☆ Sean Plummer



THE TREWS

Den of Thieves (Bumstead/Sony BMG)

The Trews aren't cool. Not like Metric, Stars, Death From Above 1979, Broken Social Scene or the host of other Canadian bands currently thrilling hipsters here and abroad. But the Antigonish-bred rock quartet's songwriting skills more than make up for their lack of irony. In fact, it's their genuine enthusiasm that makes *Den of Thieves* such an

appealing record. Whereas *House of Ill Fame* charmed with the naive appeal of artists anxious to get out into the world, *Thieves* reveals a band dealing with the consequences of experience — including too much heartbreak and alcohol. This is straight-up rock & roll sweetened with horn breaks ('Cry'), subtle back-up vocals ('Sweetness') and the bitterness of life lived. It's not like The Trews invented rock & roll, but I'll be damned if *Den of Thieves* almost makes me think they did.

★★★★★☆☆☆☆ CK Dexter Haven

MUSIC DVD

Written by Sean Plummer and Keith Sharp

You can almost smell the estrogen wafting off **BORN TO BOOGIE**, such was the hormonal overdrive of late glam rock star Marc Bolan's fans. And the leader of the revered T.Rex was never hotter than in March 1972 when this concert was filmed. Produced and directed by ex-Beatle Ringo Starr, *Boogie* captures the charismatic Bolan at the height of his prowess, knocking off spot-on versions of 'Telegram Sam', 'Get It On', 'The Slider' and 'Hot Love', amongst others. Breaking up the live show are sloppily-staged



"surreal" vignettes that come off as excuses for Bolan and Starr to take the piss (that's Ringo driving a roadster dressed as a dormouse). One highlight: a jam session featuring Bolan and Elton John playing 'Children of the Revolution'. The film's been digitally resurrected, and likely looks and sounds as good as it did 33 years ago. Disc One includes the film, a commentary with producer Tim Van Rellim, and the unabridged concert. Disc Two includes the earlier matinee show, a making-of doc ('Cosmic Rock') hosted by Bolan's only son, Rolan; 'Re-Born To Boogie', a fascinating look at the restoration process; and various outtakes and interviews. *SP*

As a counterpoint to the slick, choreographed videos of today, the MC5's **KICK OUT THE JAMS** is, pardon the pun, a kick in the pants. This experimental film, shot by photographer Leni Sinclair in the late '60s and assembled by conceptual artist Cary Loren, intercuts rare, grainy footage of the seminal Detroit quintet with typical, '60s psychedelic imagery and Vietnam War protest footage. Too bad the resulting 35 minutes is a dizzying mess that only a fan could love. As a document of an influential band caught at its prime, it's invaluable, but its technical deficiencies (most of which, I'm sure, were necessitated by the quality of the materials) preclude its enjoyment by a wider audience — a pity given the number of modern bands who claim the MC5 as an influence. Also includes a rambling interview with Sinclair's husband John, a famous political activist, artist, and one-time manager of the band. *SP*



"This will never make the DVD." Right. Consider those famous last words from Lamb of God. The Virginia-based thrash metal quintet allows more than a few raw moments to peak through on **KILLADELPHIA**, their visceral document of the tour in support of last year's *Ashes of the Wake*. There's plenty of typical "life on the road" footage — in-stores, backstage boredom, tour bus breakdowns, beer consumption — but what should make this appealing to even non-fans (like me) is the insight into the group dynamic. We clearly see the band's genial camaraderie butt up against (usually) alcohol-fuelled bitching, culminating in a Glenfiddich-induced brawl on the streets of Glasgow between wasted screamer D. Randall Blythe and guitarist Mark Morton. The live footage is equally intense, featuring crowd favourites 'Laid To Rest', 'Omerta', 'Ruin', 'As The Palaces Burn' and 'Black Label'. *SP*

No doubt the circus motif of 2002's **ANGER MANAGEMENT TOUR** is appropriate given the insanity that is Eminem's life. Filmed at the tour's final stop in Slim Shady's Detroit hometown, the 75-minute show features Em, D-12, Obie Trice and DJ Green Lantern rocking the hits ('Purple Pills', 'The Way I Am', 'Stan', 'Cleanin' Out My Closet' and 'Without Me', among them) while the capacity crowd of 17,000 shows them much love. The 'On The Road' feature captures the posse's silliest and most juvenile moments, from food fights to camera abuse to a prolonged (and completely gratuitous) shot of Em's ass. *SP*



Does anybody remember laughter? Wes Scantlin doesn't seem to. The po-faced frontman for one hit wonder Puddle of Mudd almost cracks a smile during the show captured on **STRIKING THAT FAMILIAR CHORD**. Almost. Is he frustrated that he's in such a bland rock band? If he isn't, he should be. It's appropriate that their one real hit was called 'Blurry', as the Kansas-formed quartet never seems to form a definite impression. Their uninspired rawk sometimes recalls Aerosmith, sometimes Nirvana. But not quite. It doesn't help that their on-stage charisma is virtually non-existent and that Scantlin barely addresses the crowd. And what's with the 10-second interviews clips stuffed between songs? It's a good thing the band doesn't have anything interesting to say or else we'd miss it. *SP*

One can take this Eagles **FAREWELL 1 TOUR: LIVE FROM MELBOURNE** concert performance with more than a dose of cynicism. What it is is a three-hour, two-DVD set that captures Don Henley and co. performing their greatest hits along with Henley solo material, and guitarist Joe Walsh even gets to deliver 'Rocky Mountain Way'. The songs are performed almost note perfect, but The Eagles were never a great live band, and three hours of their stilted delivery gets tedious. When most of the vocals are coming from the guy behind the drum kit (Henley), this does not make for a lively performance. Still, fans will enjoy the material and the band are still competent performers. *KS*

