



TY 8
PIN' LIVE

...t, but Zakk Wylde turned
aged was his star turn as
e, no doubt he'd have a
e in L.A. and the admiration
ople who follow this kind of
years he's also carved out a
h Black Label Society. Given
m—as typified by his day
oses, a band Wylde nearly
osed, to have had any staying
there's not only a rarity but
anashamedly devoted to the

...association with the Ozzster,
is, BLS have just signed to
ne old label to release this
LS's 2005 European tour at
Astoria. Showcasing a set
r best album, *The Blessed*
here. The stage is decorated
eer on drum riser (next to a
o, feet on monitors, and lots
egic moments—the curtain-
BLS allow themselves to
r brutally effective Sabbath-rock
eel," the acoustic moment, is
an an opportunity for Zakk to
nce. A bonus DVD features the
ound, plus three exceptionally
iah," the Dimebag Darrell
—NICK TERRY

ARCTURUS⁷
SHIPWRECKED IN OSLO
SEASON OF MIST

Send in the clowns



In the late '90s Oslo must have had the most bands per capita of any city on the planet. And also the highest ratio of bands

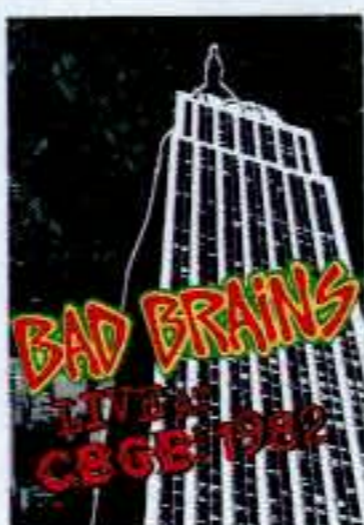
to band members—in the Norwegian post-black metal scene, guesting and playing on each other's records was de rigueur. When the time comes to update the ancient and hoary Rock Family Trees, the bloodlines will be so convoluted as to be all but indecipherable. Nonetheless, that era produced some fine albums by the likes of Ulver, Borknagar, Covenant, and perhaps finest of all, Arcturus' *La Masquerade Infernale*, the 1997 release which essentially defined the creative possibilities of what Norwegian post-black metal might be.

Fast forward nine years, and things have fallen somewhat to earth. The magic of that late '90s moment was more or less that these bands didn't play live, so to see Arcturus onstage like any other workaday band takes some getting used to. On this live DVD, recorded at Oslo's Rockefeller club, what was sometimes truly magical, almost uniquely avant-garde music on record becomes merely prog rock on stage. The ever-shifting lineups don't help either. *LMI* was a breakthrough precisely because it featured the two best vocalists to come out of Norway, Ulver frontman Garm and sometime Dimmu Borgir bassist/backing vocalist Simen Hestnæs. It might sound churlish, but when Hestnæs sings a Garm song such as "Painting My Horror," it isn't quite the same.

Still, there are some startling highlights. "Alone" and "Master of Disguise" remain just as back-of-the-neck-hair-raising, while "The Chaos Path" is simply awe-inspiring. In keeping with the song's sinister, carnivalesque mood, Arcturus are surrounded by an ever-increasing number of jesters in face-masks, jugglers, men in top hats, someone in a white wolf suit, a peasant girl waving balloons, a strongman with cartoon dumbbells, a fat lady in a tutu dancing with a skeleton, and a bearded-lady belly-dancer. At the end, the white wolf stagedives into the crowd. —NICK TERRY

BAD BRAINS⁹
LIVE AT CBGB 1982
MVD

Home for the holiday



You know, they say that if you're in the middle of an explosion—say, you just drove over an IED, tripped a landmine, stumbled into a Bad Brains show—you know you're not dead if you actually can hear it. Here's one better: If you have not actually seen the Bad Brains, yes, well then you have not lived. And though many

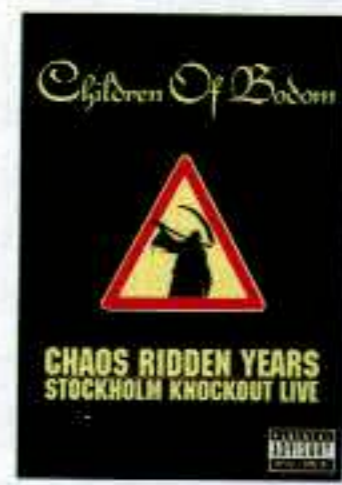
will try to make you feel like secondhand experience is worthless, it's clear that this DVD of the Bad Brains in their high-flying post-DC/mid-NYHC glory is as solid of a documentary as you're likely to get of a great band in a great place during a great time.

And what is lost (seeing it in the safe confines of your home) by way of immediacy and sonic oomph, is more than amply made up for with a glimpse into the undelivered promise, arguably and probably only commercially so, that was one of the best punk rock/hardcore bands of all time. For three nights—on Christmas Eve, Christmas Day, and the day after Christmas—Bad Brains played three mind-blowing shows and, in the dirty creepy crawl of CB's, a whole other kind of nativity deal played itself out in a perfect storm of epic proportion: seminal sonics and the sense that nothing would ever be the same (and it wasn't).

And you want to talk about seminal? This DVD functions on a fucking gamete level and a studied eye perusal of the audience reveals Raybies from Warzone, John Watson (trivia: first singer for Agnostic Front), Dave Insurgent from Reagan Youth, and Alex from Cause for Alarm, among others, before these guys were even in bands (and in the spirit of total disclosure: a mohawked me, Eugene Robinson from Whipping Boy). Solid playing, performing, and an IT that copycat bands like Rage Against the Machine—to mention one noteworthy—would kill to get. A must-must-must have. —EUGENE ROBINSON

CHILDREN OF BODOM⁸
CHAOS RIDDEN YEARS – STOCKHOLM KNOCKOUT LIVE
SPINEFARM

Standing 666 count



Not so long ago, a meme was wending its merry way around the Internets that the last blondes would

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—NICK T