

in much in the way of style or substance, and to me, show that the suits at Star Trak/Interscope thought to themselves, "Hey, let's see what we can get away with selling this to 12-year-olds..." Like I said, I'm not offended by anything but lies and disingenuousness, but *Sex Therapy...* feels like it's full of at least the latter. It sounds and feels like a calculated move to market a product (and that's all it is – a cog in a machine of money turned by the whims and tastes of kids barely into puberty), and that's not art; it's yet another example of the cynical, cash-grab mentality that's pervaded the industry at the expense of bands and artists who struggle with a DIY mindset to get noticed – without the help of a famous daddy best known as the dad on a stupid TV show from the 80s (Although to give Thicke the Elder some credit, he did write for a couple of shows some of the catchiest theme songs ever: *Facts of Life* and *Diff'rent Strokes*).

Justin Timberlake does sexy better (and he's a more talented singer), Robbie Williams does funny/ironic better, and this white boy's raunchy has been executed with better style from countless artists, from Eazy-E to R. Kelly – and in my humble opinion, each of these guys bring more to the table than Thicke. Here's another one to download, if you need some juvenile, sexed-up crap for your mp3 player.

-- PAUL DOCKERY

Voivod – *Tatsumaki - Voivod Japan 2008* (DVD) (MVD Visual)

★★★★



In the world of Canadian metal, Voivod are something of an enigma, and had carved a niche for themselves as one of the most forward-thinking heavy rock acts around through the 80's and early 90's. But when guitarist and founding guitarist Denis "Piggy" D'Amour passed away of cancer in 2005, the band went into a tailspin, and members splintered. Fast forward a few years to 2008, and several original members reconvened with new guitarist Dan Mongrain (Martyr, Gorguts) for a tour, including this show in Japan as filmed by a TV crew. It's a surprisingly intense show, filmed with multiple cameras, and

includes only songs from Voivod's legendary first 10 years. Classic progressive/metal/thrash songs like "Voivod," "Panorama," and "Nothingface" prove that these guys still have the chops, and the vision to transcend normal "thrash" or "metal." Complex arrangements, futuristic lyrics, and moments of 4-on-the-floor power integrate seamlessly with spacier elements, as in their closing cover of Syd Barrett-era Pink Floyd (the amazing "Astronomy Domine"), which the band dedicates to their fallen brother, Piggy. A superb, engrossing, and enjoyable show from a band that's inspired many from both the metal and punk camps. A lengthy interview (actually gushing fan-letter in video form) with Dave Grohl is included as a bonus, as is a documentary, some additional recent live footage, a more. As inventive, progressive, metal goes, Voivod are still kings of the court, and this DVD aptly proves it.

-- TODD ZACHRITZ

Kylie Minogue – *Kylie Live in New York* (Parlophone)

★★



As a straight, red-blooded male version of the frail species *Homo sapiens*, I confess I'd much prefer to see this live concert than simply hear it. But what they hey? Like the eye candy that Kylie herself is, this is pure pop ear candy, all packaged tidily for the most loyal fans of the durable Down Under songstress.

Because that's about the only people who'll download, let alone buy this concert-on-disc.

Kylie's talent is undeniable; in concert her voice is as strong and polished as it is in the studio. In fact, for a modern pop star, her chops are impressive. And it's fairly well-established she's an excellent dancer, but the sound – the production of what's coming off the stage on...*Live in New York* is piss-poor. It sounds like it was recorded from the audience, rather than from the board. Crowd noise is abundant; the bass is thin and the vocals are tinny, reverb-ey. For a product of a major international superstar like Kylie Minogue, it's downright amateurish and distracting.

I could see this dropped into a well-stocked

iPod for shuffle and/or custom playlist purposes, but for general listening, unless you're a die-hard fan, skip this and rent/buy one of her concert DVDs.

-- PAUL DOCKERY

Subarachnoid Space – *Eight Bells* (Crucial Blast)

★★★★



Psychedelic music is frequently seen as silly, hippie peacenik stuff. Not so with Portland's Subarachnoid Space. They dispense with that notion with reckless abandon on this, the group's eighth full-lengther. Now, I hadn't heard any of this group's music for probably nearly a decade, so I was surprised to see them still around. *Eight Bells*

brings a more song-oriented direction, and also finds them with an even heavier approach than I remember. Leader Melynda Jackson and cohorts lash a ferocious, fuzzed-out, instrumental guitar rock attack with dark, aggressive, and screeching psychedelic effects and an appropriately strong rhythm section – Jefferson Airplane this ain't, kiddies. "Lilith" opens with an oppressive and scalding series of riffs and rhythms. "Akathesia" dives in for more overloaded and dense guitars with lysergic effects, while "Hunter Seeker" is an ultra-heavy set of doomy, drone-metal riffage and thunderous drums – a truly heavy psyche track that smokes more than a little reefer, man. Subarachnoid Space's mind-melting, brain-scarring jams are enough to please even the sturdiest metalheads, and spacey enough for fringe travelers anywhere. Unequivocally a wild (and worthy) trip.

-- TODD ZACHRITZ ●