

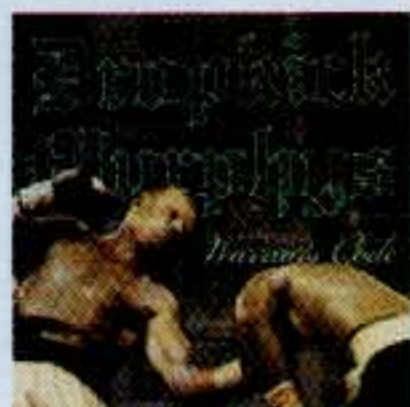


REVIEWS ALBUMS + DVDS

showed a maniacal propensity for schizo death metal/metalcore on their acclaimed three-year-old debut, *Fused Together in Revolving Doors*. On their beautifully ugly sophomore outing, a quasi-concept album about the mentally unstable, they mix dissonant riffage with berseker grind and constant freak squeals (artificial harmonics) that scratch the sweet spot of your kill-or-be-killed reptilian brain. The rhythms are constantly morphing (think Dillinger Escape Plan), but with all the references to old-school thrash, you won't need trigonometry to keep up—just a helmet and a stick to bite down on. **D. SHAWN BOSLER**



Dropkick Murphys



★★★ DROPKICK MURPHYS THE WARRIOR'S CODE

(HELLCAT)

Have Dropkick Murphys gone soft? "We're touchy-feely,

sensitive guys," sings Al Barr in "Wicked Sensitive Crew," another in this Boston band's raucous parade of bagpipes-'n'-Clash-chords raveups, "I ain't ashamed I cried when Mickey died in *Rocky II*." Indeed, the band's fifth full LP drips with nostalgic sentimentality: The title track ode to the Massachusetts boxing legend Micky Ward, the Dropkicked revamp of Model T-era Red Sox anthem "Tessie," the piano ballad to a WWI casualty, the Woody Guthrie lyrics. The shitkicker shout-alongs are thankfully still there ("Captain Kelly's Kitchen"), but everything is suspiciously sepia toned. C'mon boys, it's the 21st century, even in Boston. **BEN SISARIO**

REVOLVER RECOMMENDS

THE BEST IN RECENT RELEASES



CORROSION OF CONFORMITY

IN THE ARMS OF GOD (SANCTUARY)

Hirsute Southern-metal vets defy expectations with a platter of sludgy riffs and angry quips more terrifying than a pickup truck full of drunk hillbillies and cheap handguns.

THE PLOT TO BLOW UP THE EIFFEL TOWER

LOVE IN THE FASCIST BROTHEL (REVELATION)

San Diego spazz-punks terrorize with their latest release of hardcore-jazz-funk-what-ever-the-fuck-you-want-to-call-it fusion.

LIGHT THIS CITY

REMAINS OF THE GODS (PROSTHETIC)

These Bay Area youths (some who are still in high school) are fronted by a girl who sounds like the evil stepchild of Arch Enemy's Angela Gossow. Behold the birth of Ritalin-core?



★★★★ THE VALLEY ARENA TAKE COMFORT IN STRANGERS

(ASTRO MAGNETICS)

This quartet can slash and burn with enough

ferocity to give D.C. pyromaniacs like Fugazi a run for their matchbooks—quite a feat for well-groomed newcomers from Southern California. But while the guitars stab and the rhythms jag as enthusiastically as any knotty exercise in post-hardcore hurly-burly, singer/guitarist Warren Woodward plays a decidedly more emotive game. Sure, he's got a classically breathless rasp on opener "To the Bitter Amputees," but he also busts out a soaring, serpentine croon on other tracks like "Carneceria." With *Take Comfort*, the Valley Arena have craftily made jarring noise safe for the Friendster-surfing masses. **REED JACKSON**



★★★★ SWARM OF THE LOTUS THE SIRENS OF SILENCE

(ABACUS)

Ever since the early-19th century, when it earned the nickname Nest of

Pirates, Baltimore has been notorious as one of the most violent, crime-ridden cities in the country. So it's no surprise that a band as feral and destructive as Swarm of the Lotus should hail from Balmer's streets. Ranging from off-kilter noise rock to feedback-soaked doom, SotL's second album is a sadistic tribal initiation set in the darkest of urban jungles. Only headbangers already hardened by such like-minded extremists as Today Is the Day, Converge, and Rabies Caste should expect to make it through unscathed. **BRANDON GEIST**



★★★ THE HURT PROCESS A HEARTBEAT BEHIND

(VICTORY)

U.K.-based quintet the Hurt Process take a kitchen-sink approach

on their pretty-good new album, throwing in everything from emo to hardcore to sort-of folk (yes, folk). It all works better than you'd think, thanks to decent songwriting and better harmonizing by dual HP vocalists Tom Diamond and Dan Lawrence (who both sound very American, by the way, and like they've been listening to a lot of Thursday). There's enough bristly melodies and raw-throated conviction here to make the iffier tracks ("Delicious 53") credible and the good songs ("You Don't Get Gold for Second Place") great. **ALLISON STEWART**



★★★★ NO USE FOR A NAME KEEP THEM CONFUSED

(FAT WRECK)

These NoCal pop-punk vets have been hammering away at

their three chords long enough to know that adding a fourth or fifth every now and then doesn't mean you've sold out. On the very satisfying *Keep Them Confused*, No Use for a Name's eighth studio album, frontman Tony Sly sings about revenge and broken hearts in tight double-tracked harmonies over guitars that go from pretty acoustic strumming to amped-up power-chord chugging in no time. But though the band deepens its musical vocabulary here, its well-worn jargon remains effective: Four-alarm barnburners like "Bullets" and "It's Tragic" are fat-free proof of pop-punk's Bush-era vitality. **MIKAEL WOOD**

PEEP SHOW

HOT DVDS REVIEWED



★★★★ MOTÖRHEAD CLASSIC ALBUMS— ACE OF SPADES

(ISIS PRODUCTIONS/
EAGLE VISION)

Ostensibly concerned with the creation of Motörhead's finest album, this hour-long DVD (plus extra interviews and performance footage) is really just an uproarious celebration of all things Motörhead. Lemmy drinks an ocean of Jack Daniel's, "Philthy Animal" Taylor reveals a strange baseball-size growth on the back of his neck, and "Fast" Eddie Clarke summarizes the band's ethos as "Have a good time, get pissed, get stoned, fuck a chick—and that'll do!" That'll do, indeed. **DAN EPSTEIN**



★★★ EINSTÜRZENDE NEUBAUTEN HALBER MENSCH

(MVD)

A great deal of this madcap album-length 1986 music video consists of shots of smoking scrap metal and dangerous-looking machinery lurking in abandoned junkyards—a way-too-literal visual interpretation of the seminal German industrialists' arty not-quite-rock. But the footage is worth watching for a glimpse of frontman Blixa Bargeld's spectacular punk-Bowie faux-hawk, and unintentional comedy abounds: Do *not* miss the scene in which one of Bargeld's bandmates slam-dances with a shopping cart. **MIKAEL WOOD**

REVIEWS CONTINUE ▶