



VARIOUS ARTISTS 7

Metal for the Masses

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CENTURY MEDIA

It's a good thing Century Media and its many affiliates (the hairspray and hot licks of Liquor & Poker, the stateside distro office of Nuclear Blast) have a decent overstuffed roster of rock in all its extremities. Otherwise this CD/DVD collection would feel more like the masturbatory electronic press kit it is. To be fair, the masses do get a lot of their metal from the CM empire, including Napalm Death, I, Arch Enemy, the Haunted, and Hammerfall. Hell, even the fuzzbox jams of Fu Manchu come with a Century Media stamp now.

Which brings me to the nearly two-hour music video portion of this release, a hodgepodge of subgenres and drastically different budgets that leave a lasting impression of just how diverse the Century Media family is. Where else could you watch all of the following in one place: Devin Townsend dancing his way around a soft focus frame and ballerinas, God Forbid playing to a pep rally that's actually masquerading as a tribute to our troops, Lacuna Coil all shook up in a snow globe, a ridiculously "evil" Dimmu Borgir short, and quite possibly the creepiest Celtic Frost clip ever made? *Headbangers Ball*, I guess, if Jamey Jasta was paid off by whoever runs this whole damn thing. But that'll never happen. So if you want a thorough sampling of the closest thing heavy metal has to a Rough Trade or Beggars Group, this'll do the trick.

—ANDREW PARKS



METALLICA 3

The Videos: 1989—2004

Exit light

WARNER

We'll save you the painful, gory details of this never-ending shitstorm—21(!) fucking shitty tracks—and give you the Cliff(less) Notes version.

"One": Forgot how loooooong this song was... didn't age well, still boring as fuck. Lars sure makes some funny fucking faces.

"Enter Sandman": The only post-Cliff song this writer owns. Full props. That poor video has been bitten from and diddled more than the stripper/prostitute from...

"Turn the Page": Where the Kings of Metal cover Bob Seger (!)—and present a powerful, thought-provoking message about strippers



OBITUARY, Frozen Alive 8

Your world frightens and confuses us! | METAL MIND/ MVD

Roadrunner Records purportedly dropped Obituary from its roster after 2005's *Frozen in Time* out of frustration. The label's game plan seems to suggest that it was unable to figure out a way to market the Florida death metal pioneers to an audience more interested in Slipknot and Stone Sour than Death and Cynic; the band claims that the label never intended to promote its finest outing since 1992's *The End Complete*. Wherever the band ends up next, one thing is certain—they need to keep the PR department at Polish label Metal Mind on permanent retainer. Here's guitarist Trevor Peres describing Obituary during a pre-concert interview: "Yeah, we polished the turd." And here's that same sentiment, translated into English (with bonus adjectives!), in the bio that accompanies *Frozen Alive*: "Obituary is an exploratory

journey into the infinite dehumanization of all that is known."

Suffice it to say, Obituary have never been the biggest bunch of talkers—John Tardy's lyrics are indecipherable on half of the band's songs or, in the case of "Internal Bleeding," delivered entirely in Klingon. Thankfully, the band doesn't let talk get in the way of all of the, uh, infinite dehumanization on *Frozen Alive*. The running order of the set—recorded last fall at the Stodola Club in Warsaw—is pitch-perfect, from the three song spotlight on *Cause of Death* (including a crushing version of "Chopped in Half") to the killer encore (featuring "Slow Death," "'Til Death," and a sentimental favorite, "Slowly We Rot"). The camera work's nifty, too—you can even count the hairs in Donald Tardy's goatee during his 6+ minute drum solo. Still, dressing room footage of Frank Watkins in his tights-whities is a little much. Boxers ruled over briefs in '91, too, dude.—NICK GREEN

who can't afford birth control.

"The Unforgiven": Some kid drags around a chair in a dungeon and then... arrrrgghh! I hate this fuckin' piece of shit!

"Nothing Else Matters": The "earnest" road warriors get documented in this shitstain ballad where Lars makes even more masterfully executed "tough guy" faces and James and Supernova act like friends.

"Sad but True": More Bics-a-burnin' megagloss arena porn.

"Until It Sleeps": Enter the birth of

Alternatallica. The best Metallica comedy ever! Even more gut-busting than 2005's *Some Kind of Monster*.

"Mama Said": A country-esque porn ballad starring James in a sexy satin cowboy shirt. (Sorry, no chaps).

"Fuel": Crash and burn indeed.

"Whiskey in a Jar": Hot girl-on-girl action; Phil Lynott turns in his grave, we blow chunks. Followed by a continuous stream of horrific alterna-metal jams that we didn't have the stomach to finish. —D. SHAWN BOSLER