

and swirly shoegaze. Sound like a pretty tweaked mix of sounds? Try the final song, "Derek," which sounds like the Beach Boys if they were mixed by Timbaland. Or the Flaming Lips. Yeah, it's kinda like that. But seriously, this is a fine album of unclassifiable & quirky yet catchy little songs, and isn't that all you really need?

— Todd Zachritz

Scorpions – *Humanity – Hour 1* (BMG)



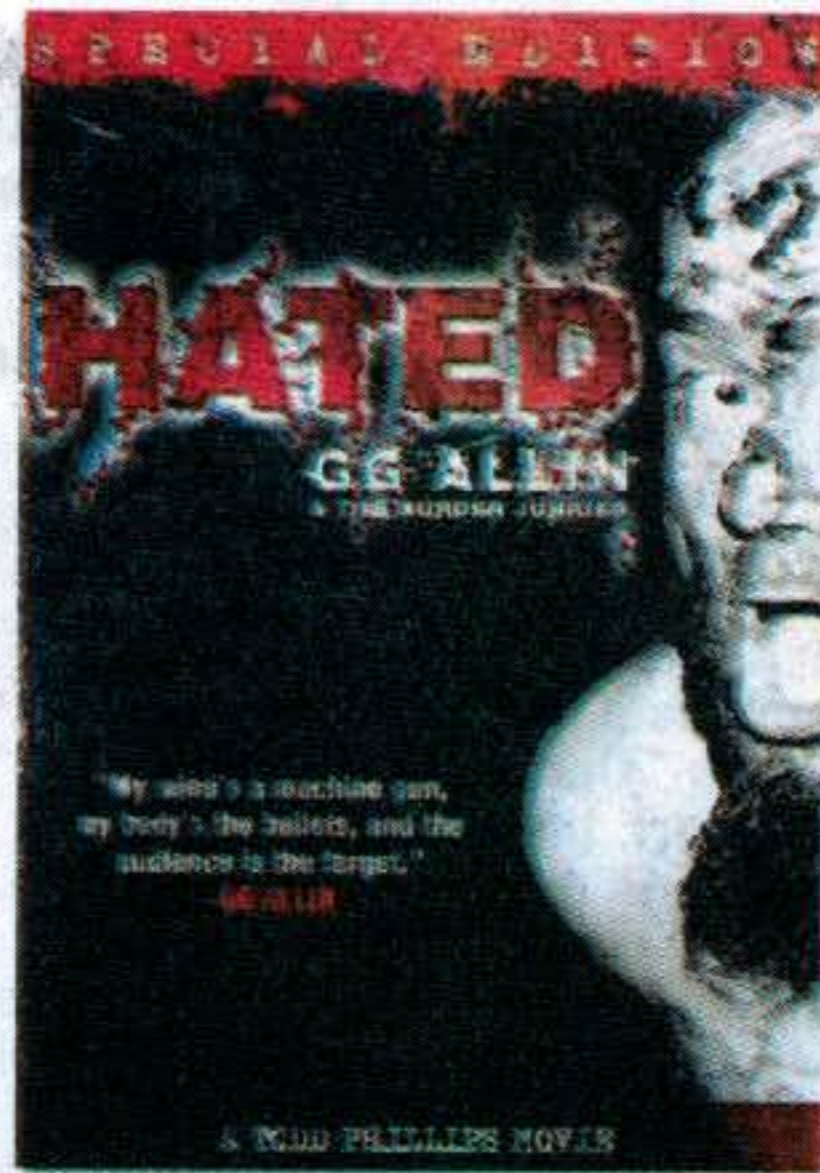
I really wanted to like this CD; I really did. I wanted some rock like, "Rock You Like a Hurricane," but what I got was a guy who sounded just like Neil Young rocking out to System of a Down lyrics and music. Here's the catch—the intro to each of the songs is ganked from some random genre. We have a little Joe, a little Brooks and Dunn and a little Slayer. Seriously, this CD is so allovertheplace that really the only good thing about it is the cameo by Billy Corgan.

—Ashley Albin

G.G. Allin & The Murder Junkies – *Hated* (MVD Visual)



Ah, the immortal G.G. Allin. The poster-boy for scum-rock, Allin was a festering boil on the face of punk in his day, terrifying audiences with his positively, eh, biohazardous live shows and seriously violent tendencies. This documentary is likely the most comprehensive and well-done look at the man who promised to off himself on-stage, but ended up quietly overdosing back in



1993. From his brutal, knuckle-dragging live shows, to his crude and troubled personal life, Allin cornered the market on 'danger' in rock. All the ugliness is here, as well as the man's rather anticlimactic funeral. Onstage and off, Allin was a symbol of man's inner animal. His drunken and drug-addled excesses were a nihilistic by-product of a troubled childhood and/or a fearless showman. This documentary brings this harrowing portrait into focus. An excellent film about an unusual and memorable character in rock history, and recommended only to those with strong stomachs, this DVD release also adds on lengthy modern-day interviews with Allin's brother Merle, band member Dino, and his mother, among other extras, all confirming the legend.

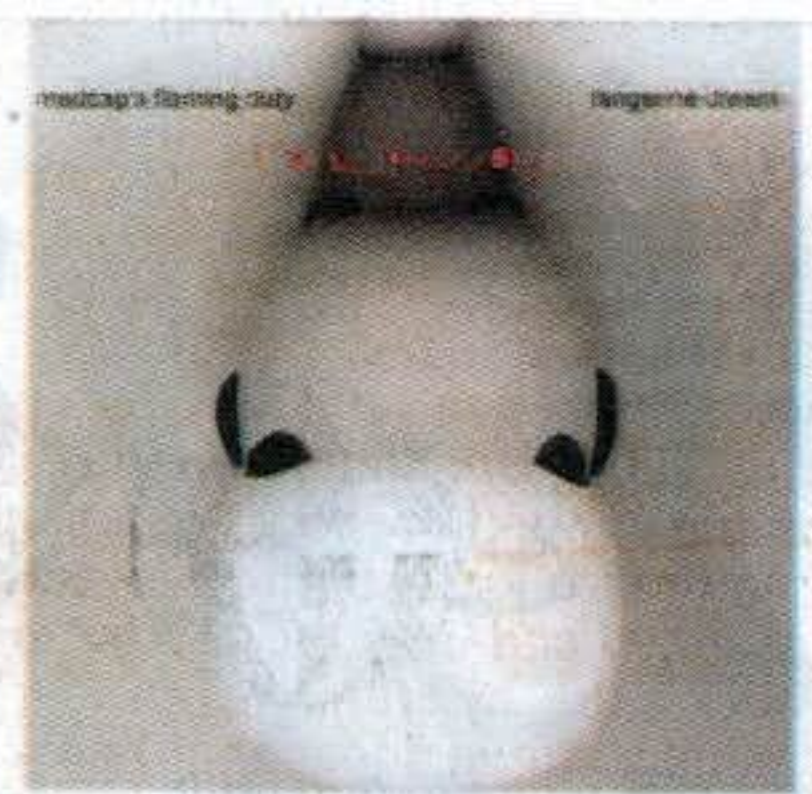
— Todd Zachritz

Tangerine Dream – *Madcap's Flaming Duty* (MVD Audio)



It's been a long and strange road for Edgar Froese's venerable synthesizer group.

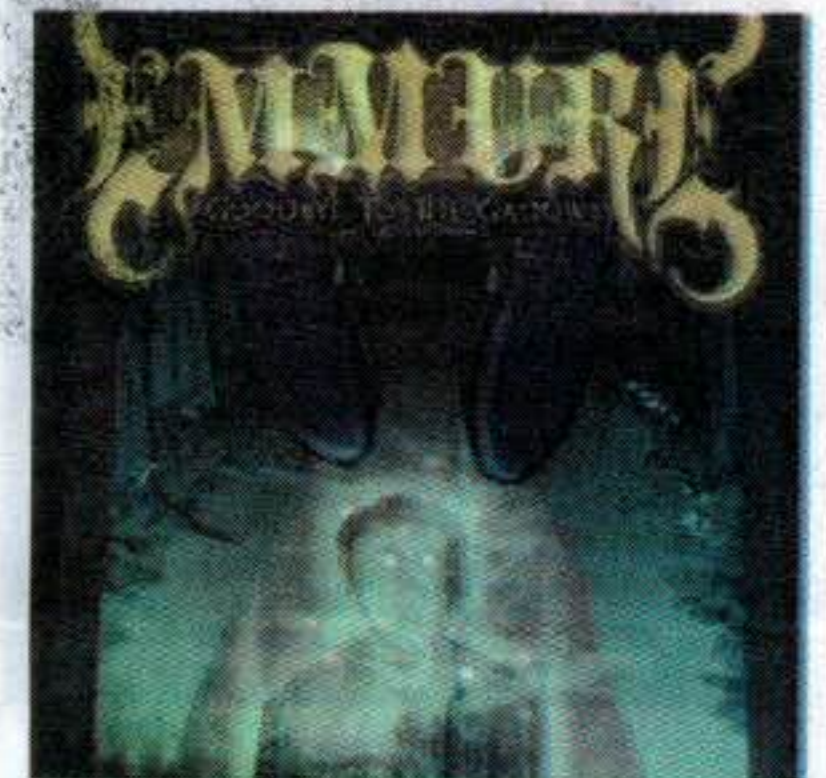
From pre-new age sequencer music to early ambient to Hollywood soundtracks to synth-oriented progressive rock, his ever-evolving group has broken new ground and inspired 40 years worth of electronic musicians. This new recording, dedicated to former Pink Floyd vocalist and guiding light Syd Barrett (who passed away in 2006), is a



synth-prog-rock album full of melodic vocal pop. And it bears absolutely no likeness to Syd's rambling poetics. Vocalist Chris Hausl sports a rich and sonorous voice that reminds me of David Sylvian somehow, and the music is a light and pleasant enough mix of rock elements (guitar solos included) and Froese's analogue percolations. It's a nicely well-done release, stylish and never imposing, though it may be a little too close to wallpaper easy-listening adult MOR rock for some tastes.

— Todd Zachritz

Emmure – *Goodbye to the Gallows* (Victory)



Hardcore really isn't my thing. All I can think of is, how do they do a concert? His voice has got to be shot after one song. So I don't piss anyone off who thinks metal is supa fly, I'll say Emmure's debut album is as solid as it gets. They have a great following and "the grunted/screamed/spoken vocals kill massively, and the breakdowns do their name truly justice." Yep, this band ain't softcore, "I think I love you" metal, it's down and dirty, nasty and wicked hardcore porn, uh I mean metal.

—Ashley Albin

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