

THE ALL-AMERICAN REJECTS *Tournado*



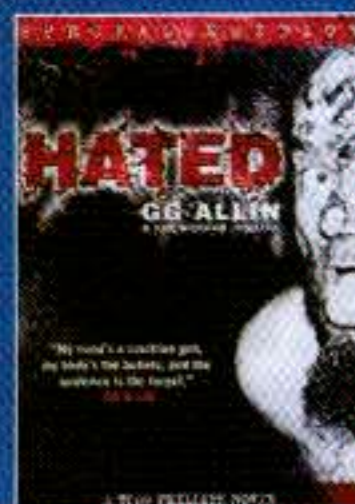
Interscope/Universal
Anyone who's ever dreamed of being in an explosively popular, teenage-hormone-fuelled pop-punk band with tween girl fans who squeeze and squeal in front of the stage will appreciate *Tournado*. This vicarious trip across the U.S. with The All-American Rejects is full of poop jokes and poop-related private confessions interspersed with concert footage. The DVD is as close as most people will get to being on a tour bus with the band unless, of course, they agree to show the Rejects their boobies.

CCC | NK



GARBAGE *Absolute*
Garbage
Geffen/Universal
Oddball Scottish rock princess Shirley Manson has starred in many an interesting video, and now they're all collected on this anthology. *Absolute Garbage* features never-before-seen concert footage, newly-uncovered tour tapes and videos, including Philipp Stolzl's "The World Is Not Enough" and Sophie Muller's "Bleed Like Me," which provide the perfect backdrop for Manson's subversive pop songs. This dark and provocative DVD is absolute classic pop carnage that reminds us of how cool Garbage were back in the day.

CCC | NK



HATED: GG ALLIN & THE MURDER JUNKIES
MVD
In the opening of this student project turned cult classic from director Todd Phillips (*Old School*), serial killer John

Wayne Gacy endorses GG Allin. Funny and at times sickening, *Hated* follows the notorious punk rocker known for performing naked, eating his own feces and causing bodily harm to himself and concert-goers. Was Allin's act some radical comment on society or was he just a crazy dude who liked to fling his own shit around? After watching this, I'd say the latter.

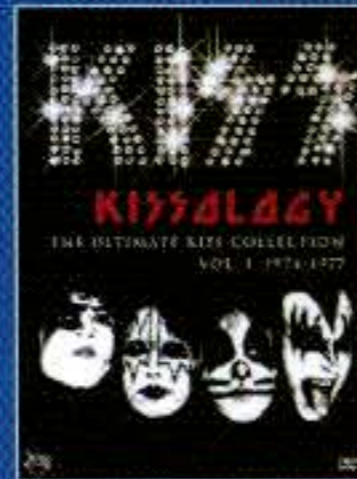


CCC | AM

KING OF PUNK: THE DOCUMENTARY

Etit/MVD
Like a truly great punk song, *King Of Punk* is over way too soon. In 70 minutes, the doc covers the earliest days of punk rock through interviews with both legends (Marky Ramone and D.O.A.'s Joe Keithley) and unsung heroes (Avengers and OBGYN). By focusing on punk's formative years, the film sets the tone on what later influenced millions of fans and concludes that the music's foundation remains largely unchanged today. This is a true punk film: short, fast and over before you know it.

CCC | SJ



KISS *KISSology: The Ultimate KISS Collection Vol. 2: 1978-1991*

VH1 Classic
Although everyone knows Gene Simmons isn't hard up for cash, there are still diehard KISS Army members willing to shell out cash for their idols' "newest" release. The bulk of the four-disc *Ultimate KISS Collection's* second volume is made up of live performances. If you've seen one KISS show from the '80s, unmasked or not, you've seen 'em all. Disc one has all the good stuff: an excerpt from *Land Of Hype And Glory* and the hilariously awful 1978 TV movie *KISS Meets The Phantom Of The Park*. This is a nice little time capsule whether or not you already own the bootlegs.

CCC | CH

strong melodies and intriguing lyrical imagery. This album is a good start, albeit a raw one. These guys show lots of potential and the next outing could really be something incredible.

CCC | SW

FELIX DA HOUSECAT *Virgo Blaktro & The Movie Disco*
Nettwerk/Sony BMG | www.felixdahousecat.com

Can Felix Da Housecat still be relevant in today's dance music world? If the evidence is *Virgo Blaktro & The Movie Disco*, then sort of. Though the pop-minded album isn't innovative or even very good, it's still a hell of a synth-happy disco dance party. Not straying far from his Chicago house and disco roots, Felix emphasizes big bass, shiny production values, '80s keyboards and piles of robotic vocals. However, *Virgo* lacks any sparkle or climaxes. Felix is often cited as a dance music pioneer, yet this album relies heavily on influencers like Stuart Price — tracks repeatedly sound a lot like castoffs from Madonna's last record ("I Seem2B The 1" could be a "Sorry" demo). Things finally pick up when the DJ strays from trying to sound retro and moves in a more alarming techno direction with "Tweak," but then he disappointingly retreats into sleepy dance town for the album's conclusion. Step it up or stick to remixes, Felix.

CC | PV

FILM SCHOOL *Hideout*
Beggars | www.filmschoolmusic.com

I've always liked that a band named themselves Film School. It seems like a bit of twisted self-deprecating humour considering all the pejorative epithets heaped on attendees of an actual film

school by those who hold the likes of Quentin Tarantino up as a demigod. The Film School we're talking about here, though, spin foggy, elongated guitars and Greg Bertens' morose vocals into a weighty pop-inflected shoegazer that's both more mature and focused than their previous efforts. "Plots And Plans" swirls with delusion, while the addition of female vocals alongside Bertens softens the already smudged edges. There are notably varied contributors who pop up on *Hideout*, from Colm O'Ciosoig of My Bloody Valentine to Paul Wilson of Snow Patrol. They all contribute to a release that grabs and holds your attention from start to finish, whether it be through a miasma of guitars or that same twisted sense of humour that imbues the name of the band.

CCC½ | ML

DEBBIE HARRY *Necessary Evil*
Five Seven Music | www.deborahharry.com

Fourteen years after her last solo effort, Blondie bombshell Debbie Harry returns with *Necessary Evil*, a fitting title for an album that sounds like it's a last-ditch effort to penetrate the mainstream. Unsurprisingly, production duo Super Buddha (Scissor Sisters, Rufus Wainwright) have assembled a crack band to surround Harry's noticeably throatier voice with enough snappy guitars, pick-up beats and glistening keyboards to make the ex-disco punk princess feel at home. At 62, the old girl's voice hasn't deepened anywhere near Marianne Faithfull levels, but her higher range eerily sounds like the pitch-corrected timbre of Shania Twain, particularly on sappy radio fodder "If I Had You" and "What Is Love." At this stage of her career, though, the ballads

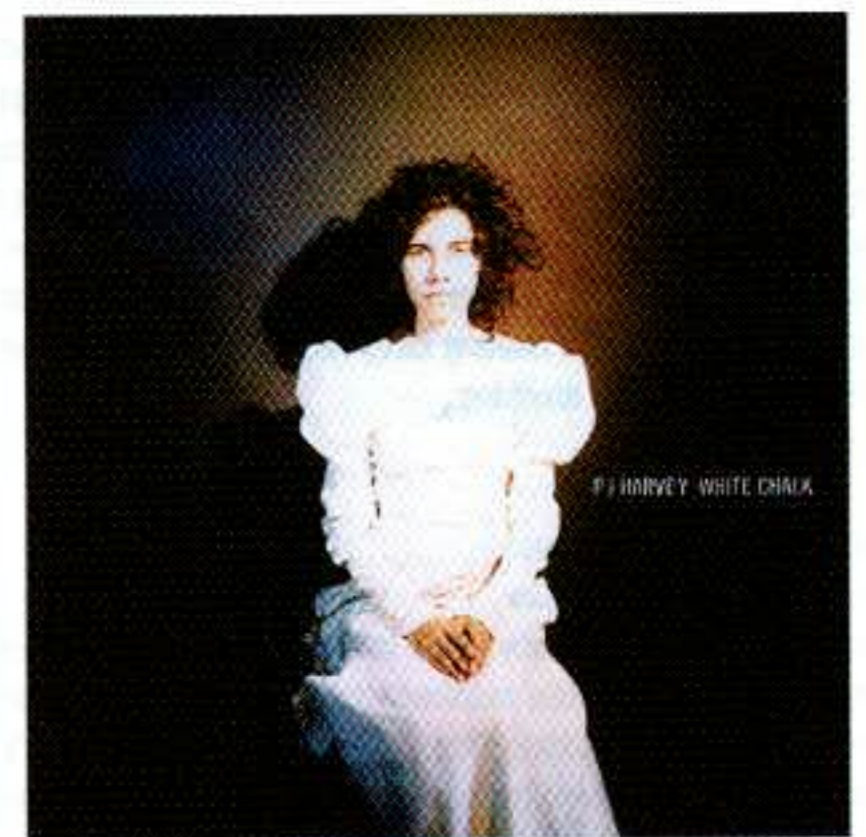
are easier to swallow than tracks like "Dirty And Deep," her attempt at hip-hop that sounds like grandma's porn audition. Harry's always had the allure of the hooker with the heart of, er, gold, but she's at her best when she acts her age.

CC | TT

HOT SPRINGS *Volcano*
Aquarius/Quire | www.hot-springs.ca

It didn't take long for the title of Montreal up-and-comers Hot Springs' debut full-length to sink in once I threw it in my stereo. The record kicks into high gear straight out of the gate with the gritty pop punch of "Headrush" and the explosive cymbal-crashing ruckus of "Cellophane," and barely lets up until the end. Even when the band slow it down on the irresistible indie anthem "Fog And The Horn" and "Annimystique," the music never comes off as lightweight, due in large part to frontwoman Giselle Webber's kick-ass pipes. She channels Bjork's wavery cooing and Karen O's more powerful yowls, yet never seems in debt to either. Admittedly, the album loses a bit of steam near the end on psychedelic dirge "Gotta DJ" and the meandering "Hairy And Airee," and there are songs that need a live setting to be fully appreciated, but it's nothing a little volume and a good set of speakers couldn't remedy.

CCC½ | MR



PJ HARVEY *White Chalk*
Island/Universal | www.pjharvey.net

The PJ Harvey of *White Chalk* is far different than the throaty, bodysuit-wearing goth-blues belter you're used to. For her eighth studio album, she trades her guitar for a piano and shelves her potent yelp for a higher, weaker, quavery vocal delivery. Thematically, it's still the same gloomy Harvey. The title track — the album's finest moment — is the sort of sad pub ballad that makes old-timers tearily reflect into their pints. Likewise, "The Devil" and "Dear Darkness" make it clear where her head's at and lead single "When Under Ether" captures the uncomfortable dispassion of a narcotic-hazed hospital visit. Unfortunately, the deeper you go with *White Chalk*, the more a feeling of actual narcotic haze takes over. By choosing to forgo her trademark guitar crashes and bashes for far more gauzy keywork, Harvey loses the listener, bringing her back down to the same musical everywhere land inhabited by any number of broody-moody singer elves in blood red dresses.

CC½ | Aaron Brophy

JUNIOR SENIOR *Hey Hey My My Yo Yo*
Rykodisc/Crunchy Frog | www.juniorsenior.com

Ever wonder what a rainbow would sound like if it exploded in the sky and landed in pieces all over the Earth? It's a question I often ask myself and thankfully found the answer to in Junior Senior's latest album. Taking a beach-friendly, '60s pop approach — which stands in stark opposition to the radiant punk influences heard on their debut — *Hey Hey My My Yo Yo*, while not as raunchy and rock-focused, is still fun as hell. With a little more (hip) hop in their step, the gay/straight Danish duo play around with the ladies of the B-52s on the sparkling love-