

STRAPPING YOUNG LAD⁵

FOR THOSE ABOUT TO ROCK:
LIVE AT THE COMMODORE

CENTURY MEDIA

For SYL fan-club types only

Reviewing anything Strapping Young Lad-related is always good for at least one skullet cheap-shot, but SYL mainman/ex-Steve Vai understudy Devin Townsend beat all us glib critic-cocksucker types to the proverbial punch, crediting himself with "guitars, vocals, full-on skullet" in the liner notes of *For Those About to Rock*—a title with which he pretty much makes all Canadian jokes (i.e. Plan B) redundant as well. Which is why I hate him, at least a little bit. Also, there are no "naked cheerleaders!" anywhere on this DVD—which makes the

Strapping Young Lad:
Oh, Canada



claim of "naked cheerleaders!" on the back of the package blatant false

advertising. So what's to like about this thing? Not a whole hell of a lot, unless you're already a fully-accredited member of the SYL street-team. *For Those About to Rock* is your standard hour-long live show (albeit with a myriad of split-screen effects) with two video clips and an "interview" tacked on the end in which the band members' stroke their

collective ego ("We're the best band on the planet," etc.) and talk about Mean Gene Hoglan's ball-bag. It's kind of thing you'd be kinda psyched for if it came free with another band's CD, but on its own, *For Those About to Rock*—despite its *Spinal Tap*-worthy title—serves more as a visual record of SYL's existence than anything that provides tangible entertainment value for those of us who don't necessarily smoke pole on the SYL tour-bus. Those unfamiliar with SYL should just pick up *City*, put "Detox" on repeat, and call it a day. **J. BENNETT**

VARIOUS ARTISTS⁸

PICK A WINNER CD/DVD
COMPILATION

LOAD

Fringe label puts

a face on extreme noise



Though Load Records has been around for more than a decade, their (or "his"—a one Ben McCosker) exposure was more recently

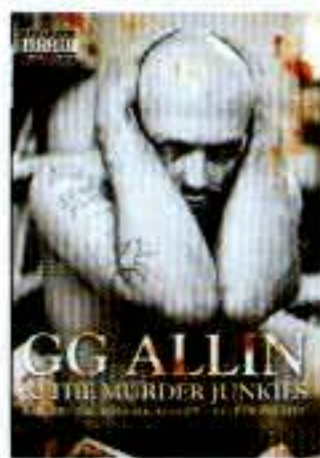
propelled beyond noisenik insularity by the popularity of *Lightning Bolt*, the band that started, crammed a great plot into, and concluded the book on bass/drums duos (they are still active). At the end of LB's tour documentary, "The Power of Salad," viewers were treated to the eye-sizzling animation of the Paper Rad collective. Wisely expanding the standard label compilation idea into a breathtaking, low-budget/high concept DVD/CD, Load, uh, loaded the "movie" disc with a world of visual insanity. To music by Wolf Eyes, Extreme Animals, Gerty Farish, and Monstrosity Brinkman, Paper Rad apply their style: a dense cluster fuck of hijacked computer clip art, wild study hall flip pad doodles, and colors that humans shouldn't even be able to see. *Lightning Bolt* bassist Brian Chippendale created the eight-and-a-half minute "Magnificat" cartoon for his milder side project, *Barkley's Barnyard Critters*, and it's something that you could show a five year old without negative repercussions. The videos—other visual/video artists include Dear Raindrop, Peter Glantz, Devin Flynn, and Dare Matheson among others—are not "fucked up" for the sake of it, but imbued with humor, feeling, and wide-open imagination. "Urban Psychedelia" is in fact the only apt tag for the whole aesthetic, and as the affair would by design indicate, it must be seen to be appreciated. *Pick A Winner* lends veracity to the idea that the relatively extreme fringe is as organized and populated as far more mainstream concerns, and every subculture provides its followers ample entertainment. **ANDY EARLES**

GG ALLIN & THE MURDER JUNKIES⁹

RAW, BRUTAL, ROUGH & BLOODY—BEST OF 1991 LIVE

MVD

Bite it, you scum



crowd in Chicago. "These drink tickets mean a lot to me," he adds. After attempting to drag two very unwilling females onstage to perform the deed, the man takes a shit onstage (he doesn't bother to squat) and throws it at the women.

"There's your breakfast, bitch." The psycho regroups. He now has his own feces smeared all over his chest and groin. "Would you suck my dick with shit on it for two drink tickets?" he asks. He then proceeds to lick his own still-steaming poo off the stage. Then he drinks a handful of his own piss. It's every possible behavioral dysfunction Western civilization has tried to eradicate, on display for public view—and its name is GG Allin. This DVD captures New Hampshire's greatest soldier fresh off 19 months in prison doing three live shows in late 1991, and it's the same stupefying spectacle every time: GG smashes himself in the face with a microphone 'til he bleeds, GG drops a nasty deuce off the front of the stage; GG yells "We

need another mic!" The late, great Captain Allin makes Johnny Rotten look like Elton John; he makes Marilyn Manson look like Martha Stewart. When GG strips buck naked, sings "Expose Yourself to Kids," blood streaming down his face, shit caked on his chest, shriveled cock flapping in the putrid air—and then shoves the mic up his ass, slips and falls on his own shit, punches himself in the face repeatedly, grabs a fat chick by her hair and starts dragging her toward the stage—all while dodging chairs and bottles thrown by the audience—it's just, well, for lack of a better word, inspiring. There's even an interview with his mom. **J. BENNETT**