

THE DWARVES⁵ FUCK YOU UP & GET LIVE

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Guess you had to be there...
15 years ago.



"Naked chicks, blood, violence—I aspire for that."

"Asking which of the Dwarves' albums is the greatest is like asking which one of the Olsen twins is the sluttiest. Who cares? Because they're sluts and the Dwarves are great."

So, yeah, it's a problem when the dumb-as-dirt crowd comments setting off your live DVD are more exciting than the performance itself. What's even more a problem is pointing a couple digital cameras in your general direction a decade past your band's prime. Appropriately enough, the Dwarves captured a 40-minute set at Continental here. Like CBGB's and the Dwarves themselves, it's a pathetic reminder of proto-punk years long past (Iggy Pop, the Ramones and Patti Smith used to drop by all the time, often unannounced; now only delusional, crusty "punks" do).

Ah, but the Dwarves were so badass they got dropped from Sub Pop after faking the death of guitarist He Who Cannot Be Named, right? True. However, in retrospect, that move was just plain stupid. Because herrrrre's Blag Dahlia still—leading anxious fans through call-and-response choruses like "I want to fuck!" and "We must have blood," while looking like a half-assed, I-don't-want-to-grow-up-I'm-a-hardcore-kid imbecile. Dude's just not that exciting to watch anymore; not when the Dwarves were once infamous for fighting with fans, playing for 15 minutes and rampant onstage wang-wagging. The poor fools who paid for this show, one of whom apparently "got fucked in the ass for the first time" while listening to some Dwarves sodomy song, seem more into the music than Dahlia himself. Yes, Johnny and Sue, please take the

mike away from your unfortunate white trash hero. He's barely mustering a shout anyway.

What brings this review up from an absolute 0 to a generous 5 are the few bonus music videos, or "Sextras," as they're called in the menu. The champagne sipping, turntable scratching and exposed mammarys of "Over You" are as endearing as a Bloodhound Gang Buzz Clip. Then there's "We Must Have Blood," an entertaining, grainy reminder of how dangerous the Dwarves once seemed—pulling their pants down and assaulting people onstage. *Fuck You Up & Get Live?* More like *Fuck You Guys; Get Bent.* —ANDREW PARKS

VOIVOD⁸ D-V-O-D-1

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Give it away, Away



The neat thing about prog is its mutability—that's how the Opeths and Mars Voltas and Coheed and Cambria of 2005

can hop on the same launch pad yet blast off into hundreds of different directions. No one would be so foolish as to equate, say, Voivod's 1989's dystopian benchmark *Nothingface* with *Piper at the Gates of Dawn*—least of all the Quebecois quartet themselves, even though they paid homage to Pink Floyd with a cover of "Astronomy Domine." But while hindsight suggests that Voivod's sound was more metal than prog, the group's conscience owed way more to the latter genre: the video for "Ravenous Medicine" touches upon animal testing, the AIDS epidemic and generalized fears of psychiatric hospitalization.

As a general rule, Voivod's work runs counter to the prog tenet of diluting more into less; it's especially evident in the group's videos, traditionally featuring Piggy, Snake, Blacky and Away playing in front of a series of simple backdrops. Still, the crudeness of the output (and the poor sound quality of the 1986-1991 concert performances in this DVD collection) makes sense for a group



Enslaved:
Modeling the season's hottest beachwear

ENSLAVED⁸ RETURN TO YGGDRASIL – LIVE IN BERGEN

TABU

Galloping down the progressive Nordic track When you're a talented, perhaps troubled, metal musician living in an icy climate where nighttime often never ends, you're bound to come up with some dark and wildly inventive material. And even though they didn't receive as much ink as Emperor or Mayhem—after all that church burning and brain eating—Enslaved

were surely one of the great Norwegian black metal bands. As this DVD reveals, they still got it when it comes to playing live. They also still excel with their visual presentation.

On *Return to Yggdrasil - Live in Bergen*, Enslaved perform in front of a slide show that's both trippy and deranged, a cross between the visuals of Tool and early Floyd. But who is that dude freaking out on the screen as the group performs the proggy "Ascension"? Bruce Willis? Please, no. Whoever it is, the song could melt a glacier as its spellbinding guitar and keyboard arrangements lock horns with frontman/bassist Grutle Kjellson's sinister vocals (imagine Gollum after groin surgery) and the song's dreamy backup singing (which is actually scarier—genuinely scarier—than Kjellson's roar).

Overall, the video footage is impressive, and the audio will knock the popcorn out of your mouth. After Kjellson introduces "The Voices" in his native gurgle, the band gets down and dirty with some powerful hooks and a few hypnotic interludes. Enslaved then continue to whip up a black blizzard during "Isa," and do their kitty-in-a-blender shtick on "Jotunblod." Whether they're blasting out a diabolical din or discussing their obsession with Norse mythology (as they do in the intriguing band interview chapter), *Return* is all quite good. —JEFF PERLAH

that constantly warned against the dangers of unchecked technological progress. But the best stuff on *D-V-O-D-1* is buried within the extras; skip over the dicey concert footage and go directly to the art gallery for a snapshot of drummer Away's transfixing Vaughn Bode-inspired designs. Then listen to the complete

remastered "Morgoth Invasion" and "Spectrum" live demos, which guitarist Piggy—master of the diminished fifth chord—finished right before his death this past August. It's an amazing tribute, spread out over 31 songs, every single one of which is absolutely fucking vital.

—NICK GREEN