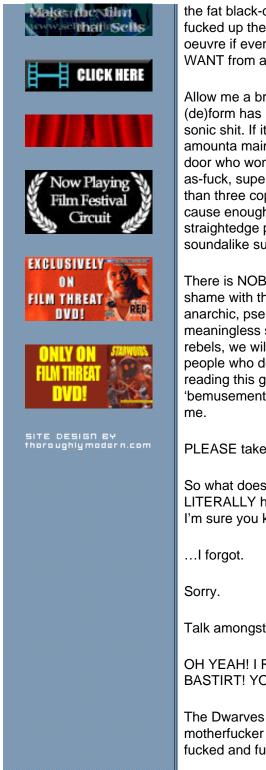


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Film Threat - Reviews



the fat black-clad goth chick interviewed here before the gig who confesses that she was first fucked up the ass to Back Seat Of My Car - THERE'S a woman who understand this band's oeuvre if ever there was one) for over two decades now...and frankly m'dear, what more do you WANT from a punk band anyway?

Allow me a brief tangential ramblerant. As any longtime punk connoisseur knows, this musical (de)form has now degenerated into a self-deprecating, self-replicating, self-destructing sack of sonic shit. If it's not wastes of sperm like Good Charlotte, Blink 182 or Sum 41, or any other amounta mainstream numbskull dumbcunts whining about being depressed over the girl next door who won't look at them, on the opposite end of the spectrum you have the hardcore, tediousas-fuck, super-underground cunts (read: Maximumrocknroll readers) who regard selling more than three copies of a 7" (cos CDs are a product of The Man, maaaaaannn!) as 'selling out' and cause enough for instant ostracism from (pause to swig beer)(that wouldn't win me any straightedge points)(so fucking what) their tedious no-hoper never-gonnabe two-and-a-half-chord soundalike subnormal sonic societal substrata.

There is NOBODY ON EARTH more self-righteous than a DIY punk, and they put Christians to shame with their preaching and prosetlyzing and pish, mouthing redundant 30-years-old pseudoanarchic, pseudo-socialist shite, hand-me-down aphorisms that long ago degenerated into meaningless self-mocking syllabic mushy slush. You know, murder the government, we are the rebels, we will take over the world, be nice to everybody cos they're all human beings EXCEPT people who don't agree with us...you know the rigmarole I'm sure. And if you don't, and are just reading this gibberish with vague bemusement, noting for some reason that the word 'bemusement' has 'semen' in it...well, count yourself lucky. You're missing nothing. Take it from

PLEASE take it from me!

So what does all that have to do with the band under question, G, I hear you ask? Well, not LITERALLY hear you ask, cos that would mean you are in my living room drinking with me...but I'm sure you know what I mean. And you know what? I...ah...

Talk amongst yourselves as I attempt to-

OH YEAH! I REMEMBER NOW! LISTEN UP! WELL, READ UP! DON'T GET SMART YOU BASTIRT! YOU KNOW WHAT I MEANT!

The Dwarves put the 'punk' in 'spunk'. Blag Dahlia, two-decades veteran of the midget motherfucker wars with this band, has never been about anything than getting fucked up and fucked and fucked and fucked. Which is basically the essence of life, and why deny it? Public

CRASH MYSTERIOUS SKIN KINGDOM OF HEAVEN HOUSE OF WAX THE MAN WHO COPIED BROTHERS LAYER CAKE JIMINY GLICK IN LA LA WOOD THE GIRL FROM MONDAY 3-IRON XXX: STATE OF THE UNION THE HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY THE HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY FUNNY HA HA THE INTERPRETER THE INTERPRETER DOUBLE DARE BOMB THE SYSTEM SAVE THE GREEN PLANET THE AMITYVILLE HORROR THE AMITYVILLE HORROR PALINDROMES FEVER PITCH THE UPSIDE OF ANGER SAHARA KUNG FU HUSTLE HOSTAGE EATING OUT MILLIONS SIN CITY Box Office Weekend of May 6 - 8 1/0 Kingdom of Heaven \$20.0/ \$20.0 2/0 House of Wax \$12.2/ \$12.2 3/1 The Hitchhiker's \$9.1/\$35.1 Guide to the Galaxy 4/0 Crash \$9.1/\$9.1 5/2 The Interpreter \$7.5/\$54.0 6/3 XXX: State of the \$5.4/\$20.7 Union 7/4 The Amityville Horror \$3.1/\$60.1 8/5 Sahara \$3.1/\$61.3 9/6 A Lot Like Love \$3.0/\$18.7 10/7Fever Pitch \$2.0/\$39.0

In Theaters

pubic health violations; who cares? This band have always symbolized FREEDOM to me, the feelbad good freedom of madness, psychotic musical statutes posted in blood dripping down a urinal wall, a sonic statue of the liberty of dementia, a final full free end to rules and regulations and laws and societal flaws and having to put up with people we don't like and a world we hate and don't rate and get irate on a daily basis at, just ESCAPE my friend, ESCAPE from all this tedious braindrainer shit that rains daily onto us in an electronic psychological high cost locust plague.

And here was you (and them) just thinking they were maniacs doing one-minute songs and fighting with the audience. And (chuckle) you'd be right. I just talk too much. Anybody who has ever met me or read any of my posts on Back Talk on this site (from which you will suffer post-post-post-traumatic stress disorder after reading) will know that. But. There's a very important thing that must be said here: The Dwarves are ABSOLUTELY FUCKING BRILLIANT and long may they remain so.

Or maybe not long, because this DVD captures a gig from October last year on the tour for The Dwarves Must Die (which I missed cos the insensitive cunts never played Scotland)(where I live) (in case you wondered why the fuck I was going on about someplace across the Atlantic from where you probably are), their supposed last album (I say supposed because...ah, I can't be bothered explaining, fuck it. If you truly want or need to know you could always nick across to my review of the album at www.laurahird.com/newreview/dwarvesmustdie.html and sate your pointless timewaster curiosity). It encompasses songs from (and I hear you out there in readerland breathing a flustered blissful sigh of relief that I am actually addressing the DVD in question here) their classic super-offensive 1990 Sub Pop classic album Blood Guts & Pussy (indeed, the DVD title comes from the song Fuck You Up And Get High from this amazing record) up until last year's aforementioned Must Die splatter platter. It's 75 minutes long and the sound is absolutely crystal-clear and great, cos it's recorded in 5.1 Surround Sound. I don't know what that is exactly, to be perfectly honest, cos l'm no techie fuck, but it's probably quite good, cos Blag is a top punk producer and he knows how to create drownable soundwave shit, guaranteed. He actually reminds me of a somewhat-less-accomplished-but-still-ever-evolving version of the genius sound wrangler JG 'Foetus' Thirlwell, in that he slings a load of different song styles together and (mostly) gets something amazing out of the pick-and-mix.

The band here (HeWhoCannotBeNamed keeps his underwear on, thankfully) are tighter than the wet teenage cunt Dahlia is always obsessively ranting on about, a buncha sleazy middle-aged scumfucks (pity cute female bass player Tazzie Bushweed isn't amongst the lineup here) led by a singer who leaps and creeps into the freak crowd, clearly still having fun with what he is doing. The audience is an adoring buncha hardcore obsessives in a small, intimate venue, and are loving the whole proceedings from start to finish. Songs like FEFU are stripped of their Beatles-cum-industrial record trappings down to straight hardcore punky roots, but they still sound fine that way. It's the kinda gig DVD (which occasionally kicks into monochrome for some vaguely arty, redundant reason) that makes you wish you were there, just jumping about drunk or drugged or both like an idiot and getting hurt and singing into the mike Dahlia passes frequently into the crowd and just getting the fuck off this immortal coil for a few fleeting sexistential seconds.

You know what the fuck I'm talking about,

you know I know you do,

or I can at least hope

somebody out

there

does.

There are (pauses to count tracks) 19 songs here, and they're uniformly great: know I certainly found myself sitting singing along. After the gig you can watch some of the songs from different camera angles, or on a four-view split screen, which adds...well, absolutely nothing whatsoever to the DVD. But it's a nice enough thought, I suppose. Also enclosed are six sick sick music videos that have been played on www.thedwarves.com over the last few years. They're full of naked women (including the three quality mayhem honeys from the cover of the 'last' album, rolling around the floor covered in oil and slipping and sliding over each other like yer cock sloppily slides outta a woman after you've shot yer load into her - disregard this last if yer a woman - and also the two naked bloodsplash strippers from the Blood cover with three-Dwarves-cover-star midget maniac Bobby Faust) and are absolutely excellent, even though HeWho's 57-year-old genitals are too prominently on display for my liking during much of the visual proceedings. Great stuff, Blag. Never mind arty shots and budget when you can stick hot naked women into the mix with great songs and still get a MUCH better friction for a fraction of the cost.

Okay. So that's it. This is a great DVD and you definitely won't regret spending your money on it; know I certainly didn't at least. Raising a beer to ya, Blag: keep on showing the Jung Turx how it's done for another 20 years, cos pity knows the poor wee cunts need a helping obstinate nihil obstat hand in their moody mournful masochistic melancholic musical motherfucking meanderings right now. Just ask Green Day, if they'll let you anywhere near their clichéd-teen-angst-purchased, supposed-voice-of-a-(de)generation, fight-the-demons-in-my-head-up-my-ass mansions that is...

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