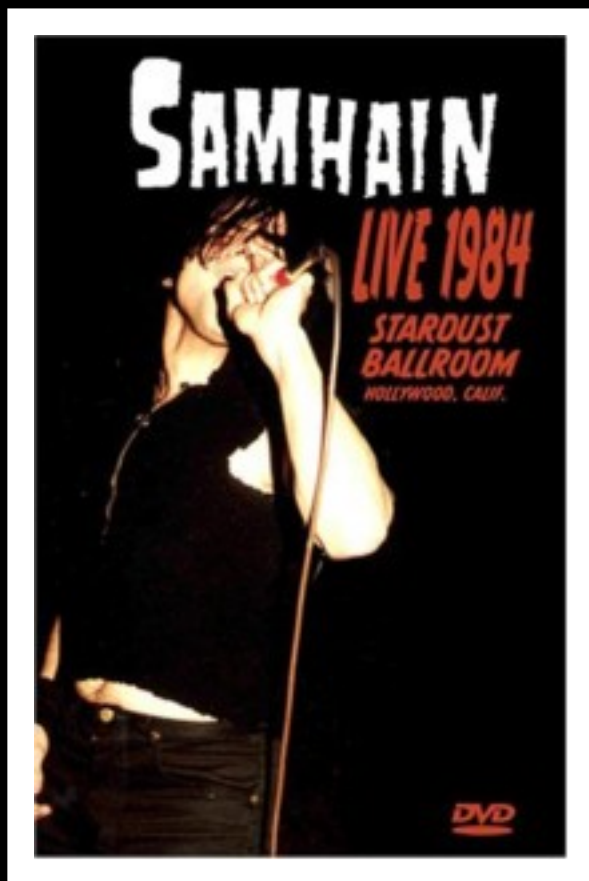


SAMHAIN

Live at the Stardust Ballroom, Hollywood, 1984

Music Video Distributors



I cannot say for certain whether I saw **Samhain** back in 1984, but I feel like I did, or, at the very least, I stood outside and jabbered with the local punk rock riff-raff while they were on. With that in mind, I actually talked to Sleazegrinder scribe **Pepsi Sheen** pretty much the whole time this one rolled on, which is exactly how it oughta be seen. This is not some sterile, pro-shot three-camera set-up, it's live, raw, and static-y, caught by a crazylegs camcorder kid, and it's mostly about the crowd, the youthful energy, and the aura of hormone-driven rock n' roll excitement. Sure, the tunes have a timely-but-groovy goth-punk edge, but this band was never supposed to last, and kids all knew it, even back then. Samhain was the stop-gap measure Glenn Danzig concocted between leaving the Misfits in 1983 and forming his self-named muscle-metal juggernaut a cuppla years later, and it was mostly an excuse to keep the name out there and the good times rolling. And sure,

they're all dressed in black and fucking glowering, but believe me, it really was about harmless teenage kicks.

So that's what ya get. The band is skinny and dressed in black (S'funny, they look just like Nine Inch Nails did ten years later, which just goes to show, the new black is *always* the new black), the 'security' staff is a buncha skinheads, the sound is awful, and the kids are alright. Songs include their signature glam-dirge "**All Murder, All Guts, All Fun**", a handful of Misfits tracks ("Halloween II", "**Die, Die My Darling**", "**Horror Business**"), and Glenn himself straps on the goofy executioner's axe guitar for the encores. This was originally a **Flipside Video** release, so if you've ever seen any of those eye-bleeders before, you know what to expect. It's best experienced from about ten feet away, just out of range of the under-aged lunatics mauling each other up-front. That way, it sounds sorta like AC/DC playing at the wrong speed, which is pretty awesome. Sneak a few gulps of ill-begotten booze out of the inside pocket of your black leather jacket, and yap about blood, guts and pussy with your favorite rocker. Sure, nostalgia kills, but at least it takes a long time.

-Sleazegrinder

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