

## TESTAMENT 7

### SEEN BETWEEN THE LINES

ESCAPI MUSIC

Do tight black jeans and white hi-tops ever get old?



It's been quite some time since something called to mind the Alice Cooper concert scene in *Wayne's World*. If you can remember, this was the backstage pass moment of the movie, wherein Wayne and Garth got all giggly over crowd-riding for the first time while Cooper cracked his whip, spoke of "feeding his Frankenstein," and ultimately shattered our romanticized, rock 'n' roll visions of mascara-and-M&M excess. *Seen Between the Lines* captures Testament in 1991, moments before grunge replaced such heavy metal grandstanding with flannel and angst. It also exhibits great timing in the context of Testament's career, which flat-lined the following year and took on many crucial member changes in the decade to come.

In fact, life is oddly peachy here—refreshingly so, really. For one thing, there's something

strangely comforting in the torn-in-the-wrong-places denim and ridiculous cat suits of groupies in the pre-grunge era. It's also just one example of how (and this is where the *Wayne's World* connection comes in) ludicrous it all looks in retrospect. Musically, Testament took enough thrash cues from early Metallica to sound grossly authentic. But man do their music videos look dated. Play them for a friend and I promise you they'll say, "Man, that's so '80s!" Only it's not from the '80s and this is not another coke casualty from the Sunset Strip. This is Testament, a band that believed in coupling a power ballad ("The Legacy") with crude computer animation of thorny hearts, falling guillotines, and what should be swarms of locusts but instead appear to be dust bunnies. And this is a band that thinks simmering flabby raw meat in a crock pot somewhere in Tokyo, is the funniest shit in the world. It certainly is entertaining to watch, along with seeing said flesh get caught in the drummer's long-ass hair, but not for the reasons Testament intended. Neither is this DVD.

—ANDREW PARKS



**JOIN THE DECIBEL STREET TEAM.  
GET FREE STUFF.**

Visit the newly redesigned [www.decibelmagazine.com](http://www.decibelmagazine.com) to sign up. Members earn points by helping to promote the magazine and can turn their points into sweet gear from your favorite labels, clothing companies and bands. Street team members also have access to exclusive content, polls and giveaways. Registration takes less than a minute. Sign up today!

DECIBELMAGAZINE.COM | THE NEW NOISE

**decibel**



## TURBONEGRO 8

### RESELECTION

BITZCORE

Two fat guys and four skinny guys in tight jeans and makeup trolling for anus

Before Turbonegro broke up in 1998, it seemed like the only people who gave a shit about them—in this country, anyway—were the weed-heads over at Man's Ruin Records, who originally foisted *Apocalypse Dudes* (and T-Negro guitarist Euroboy's criminally underrated 1999 *Man* EP) on the unsuspecting American public... to almost unanimous disinterest. It wasn't until 2002, when the Negroes reunited and toured the States (courtesy of Queens of the Stone Age), that "Turbojugend" denim jackets became de rigueur in every beer-soaked crap-house from Brooklyn to Silverlake and every rock skank and sideburn cowboy with a modicum of disposable income was snatching up Turbonegro coke-mirrors and limited-edition leather-bound LPs as if the shit would somehow sprout a tongue and go down on them. Pre-'98, however, nobody was particularly interested in six fake homos from Scandinavia playing comedic garage noise, even with a killer name like Turbonegro. Still, it's a good thing they didn't call themselves Nazipenis. They almost did, apparently, and that's the first of many useful (or at least fascinating) factoids to be gleaned from *ResErection*, a documentary that captures the trials and tribulations of Turbonegro's reunion following four years of dormancy while frontman Hank von Helvete got the heroin chimp off his back. The dialogue is almost exclusively in the Negroes' native Norwegian (with English subtitles) and details the band's early incarnation as fake-Afro-wearing blackface clowns and subsequent reinvention as denim-clad gay-predator leather mercenaries. Think of it as a lost episode of *VH-1's Behind the Music*... only fatter, hairier, and gayer. —J. BENNETT