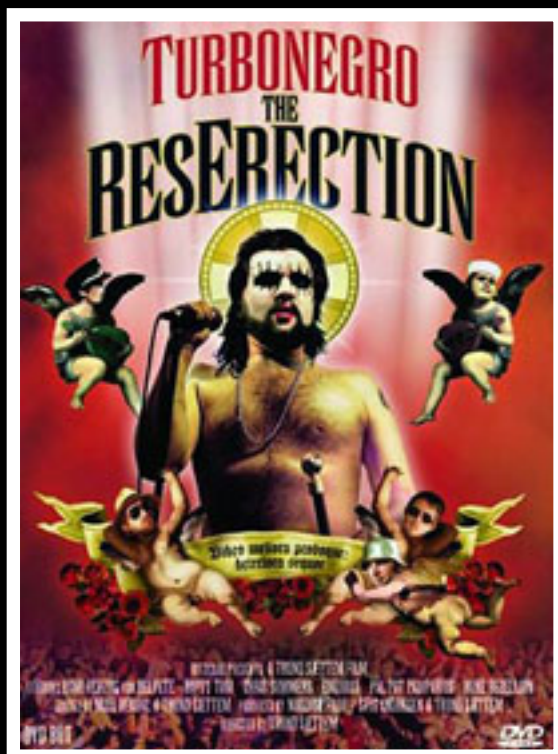


# Turbonegro: ReErection

Directed by Trond Sættem  
starring a bunch of Norwegian ass cobras

MVD



So, back in 199-something (those were hazy daze, man), this band of crazy Norwegian fuckers in denim and capes and Nazi outfits and Alice Cooper make-up called **Turbonegro** made this totally, *totally* gay **AC/DC** record called "**Apocalypse Dudes**"\*, and believe me, people freaked. I mean, *everybody* loved this record, from cranky punks to superhipsters to welfare stoners. Even flash metal squares like the chick from **Halfcocked**, who used to say "Don't say motherfucker, motherfucker" onstage all the time (presumably when people yelled "Motherfucker!" at her), loved the thunderboogie asseater anthems of Turbonegro.

Although the world was certainly not a better place because of them, it sometimes felt that way. You see, it had been a very long time since there was a rock band around that **EVERYBODY** liked. Probably **Guns N' Roses** was the last one, or maybe **Motorhead**. Turbo united the rock nation in the late 90s, through searing, headbanging cock rock and jaunty black leather caps, and it was good to be alive.

And then they broke up, and fucked off back to Norway. End of story. Go back to your bullshit rap-metal, ya jerks, nothing more to see here.

And **THAT** was no good at all.

So what happened? Where did they go for those lonely four years, until their triumphant return in 2002? Surely, you have wondered, right? Well, wonder no more. "**ResErection**" takes you back to the belly of the beast at the exact moment when the inevitable reunion first took place, and through interviews and candid footage, tells the whole sordid story.

Turns out, it was drugs that fucked up the band. How original!

"ResErection" was originally shot for Norwegian television, and director **Trond**

**Saettem** definitely has the eye of a TV documentary producer – despite the outlandishness of the entire operation, this still seems like a somewhat somber and serious piece of work. A lot of that has to do with the stunning locations, tho. As the film opens up, we meet up with Turbo frontman **Hank Van Helvete** in some tiny fishing village at the tip of Norway, where he is quietly working as a radio DJ and fishing museum curator. Many people- myself included- have never seen actual footage of Norway before, and it is quite a breathtaking sight – jagged mountains jutting out of a lonely grey sea and barren, rocky hills. It is, quite literally, the most faraway looking place I've ever seen. After spending some time with Hank there, it suddenly makes perfect sense how all those Satan kids went nuts.

Eventually, Hank gets the itch to rock again, and the boys are more than happy to take him up on the offer. They all meet up, hug, rehearse, and end up rocking the ragged ass off the world again. The end.

Listen, if you're expecting a bloody, sexy, cock-n'-balls freakshow, forget it. The live festival footage is fantastic, the guys are all fun and funny, and there's plenty of Turbo-trivia and Turbo-anecdotes here, but this is really about **Van Helvete's** long journey back from the abyss of heroin addiction. But hey, it has a happy ending, so what the hell. As long as you're ready for some darkness, you'll dig it. And for the Turbofaithful, there's **LOTS** of bonus live footage – like, two whole shows worth - plus footage of Pal making pizzas at the legendary Pamparius. Awesome. As they like to say in the Turbojugend, your asshole is in for a ride.

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### – *Sleazegrinder*

\*What? They had more records before **Dudes**? You are some rock historian, sir!

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