

# IMPOTENT SEA SNAKES

Live in Wacken Germany

Music Video Distributors



The **Impotent Sea Snakes** are a gang of gnarled cross-dressing freaks from Atlanta who aspire to be a shock rock **Spiders from Mars**, but usually end up closer to **Green Jelly with tits**. Much like **Gwar**, **Haunted Garage**, or **Rockbitch**, the Sea Snakes pay so much attention to the 'big show' that they skimp on the actual music, which is why a DVD is the perfect vehicle for 'em. After all, lotsa people clamor for bootleg Sea Snakes *videos*, but I defy you to dig up somebody desperate for ISS MP3's, obscure or otherwise.

For the record, tho, the sound the S-s-s-snakes make is a showtune-y sort of porno-glampunk, peppered with hamfisted 80's flash metal guitars and 70's arena rock flourishes, up to and including extended solos and flashpots. I know, it sounds like your new

favorite band on paper, but unless Karaoke night down at the local drag bar is music to your ears, turgid bump n' grind sleaze metal like "**Slam Ya**" or the neo-rap rock sex-funk of "**Let Go of My Thang**" are definitely **NOT** gonna make it into your I-Pod.

But hey, who needs songs when you have spectacle, right? Even if you've gotta wad up yr ears with Kleenex while this 'un rolls, there's plenty of salacious visuals to soak in here. As the very helpful title tells us, this set was performed at the Wacken Open Air, a mostly power metal festival held at an outdoor stadium in Wacken, Germany, every summer. The Sea Snakes graced their "party stage" (I'm guessing; the "True metal" and Black metal" stages were already chockfull of **Warhammers**, **Annihilators**, **Jag Panzers**, and other vaguely militaristic metal institutions) in 2001, and this is the glorious (?) result.

Band like the Impotent Sea Snakes were never meant to even go outside during the day, never mind perform, but it appears to be high noon on a beautiful sunny Saturday on the DVD. The stage is five times bigger than the band needs, and doubtlessly the crowd of thousands was also much bigger than what they were used to back home, where ISS still relentlessly tour small, sweaty rock dives, but you'd hardly notice, as the band seems more than ready to rock every

face in the field. The perf begins with some dude in thigh-high heels and a sleeveless black latex priest's outfit screaming at the crowd about golden showers and big dicks in phonetic German, and then the band struts out on stage in full lingerie drag. And when I say 'full', I don't mean like **Poison**-style mock cross-dressing or even **NY Dolls** tranny baiting, but *full fuckin' on drag*. Wigs and garters and everything. Yikes.

Luckily, there's also a bunch of naked chicks on stage, licking each other's tits. I dunno who she is, but they've got this one sorta chubby chick with a very generous ass who's dead sexy, and almost worth the alleycat din the band pours out. Almost.

And so it goes. The Sea Snakes do a pretty good version of **Kiss** standard "**Rock N' Roll All Night**", and a not-so-good take on **Jim Carroll's "People Who Died"** as a closer. In between, they play their own songs, which are jokey and mostly annoying, just as you'd expect something called "**Pope John Paul Can Suck My Dick**" or "**Kangaroos (Up the Butt)**" would be. There's a guy on stilts, there's dueling drag-queen vocalists, there's a seemingly endless display of faux-S&M sex shows, including a pretty hot prostie-gets-arrested-by-big-boobed-cop bit, and there's lots of pyro. The whole Kiss meets the pig farm show, you know.

The bit where the skinny fucker in the gasmask makes sparks fly off the sexy fat chick's pussy was probably the highlight of the whole DVD, although you can see the same gag at any **Genitorturers** show. In fact, you can see pretty much any of the Sea Snakes routines at a Genitorturers show, except that the 'Torturers... actually, forget it, they suck too. Basically, if you wanna sink down to the stink and groove on a veritably freak buffet of rock n' roll-y fetishes, you'll lap this dirty bitch up. But if you're lookin' for some raucous, tasty, hard-glam, better stick with the **Trash Brats**. Or the **Trashcan Darlings**. Or **Crash Diet**. Or **Razzle Dazzle**. Or...well, you get the idea.

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***-Sleazegrinder***

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