

1980s. Just look at some of the song titles for flamingly obvious examples: “London Leather Boys,” “Screaming For A Love Bite,” “Midnight Mover,” and “Balls To The Wall.” Maybe it’s a German thing, or perhaps the band just followed Priest’s lead too closely by emulating its gay front man... who knows? Either way, it makes no difference, and there still are a few enjoyable numbers here, and some great guitar bits. The DVD also includes video clips, a behind-the-scenes featurette and some previously unreleased audio tracks. Check out [www.musicvideodistributors.com](http://www.musicvideodistributors.com) for more info.

On the poppier side, there’s Poison’s *Seven Days Live* DVD (MVD/Cherry Red). While they weren’t the greatest players, and they made hair metal a universal target of derision and dismissal, there’s no denying the party-rock perfection of the band’s first album *Look What The Cat Dragged In*. In true-DIY fashion, this band of Sunset Strip stalwarts played up their animated personalities, built a huge following from scratch, and were relentless in their pursuit of a record deal, in spite of all the flack they took for being a campy, party-rock band with makeup. Unfortunately, this DVD concert is worlds away from that period. Filmed in 1993 when grunge was also in full swing, the unrefined lunacy that was the band’s strong point early on is all but stripped away in favor of a more standard-and-fluffy hard-rock approach. Part of this is due to the absence of loudmouthed guitarist C.C. DeVille (who was ousted due to his escalating drug problems). His replacement Richie Kotzen—a far superior player—does a valiant job. The DVD quality is excellent, in spite of the rather lackluster performances, and features a few glam-pop nuggets like “Talk Dirty To Me” and “Look What The Cat Dragged In.” As hard as they try to fit in with the new grunge scene (heavier material, stripped-down image), *Poison* will still always be remembered best for their unapologetic, hairspray-coated early days, where they—somewhat naively—conquered the world for a short time. Go to [www.musicvideodistributors.com](http://www.musicvideodistributors.com) or [www.cherryred.co.uk](http://www.cherryred.co.uk) for the skinny on this one.

For the thrasher set, here’s a pair of brand-new, old-school DVDs that should do the trick. First: Megadeth. You gotta feel a little sorry for ol’ Dave

Mustaine. No matter how hard he’s tried, the guy just can’t seem to get a break. First he’s ousted from Metallica just on the cusp of superstardom, then, he’s trapped in their shadow eternally, even throughout his own impressive achievements in Megadeth.


*Arsenal Of Megadeth* (Capitol/EMI) is a two-DVD set that has

alone play a solo. And for that matter, some of Dime’s best riffs had more in common with the likes of old Van Halen than what you’d typically find in thrash. In a nutshell, Pantera is one the most universally respected bands in metal, because of their unflinching dedication to their craft. *3 Vulgar Videos From Hell* DVD (Rhino Records) compiles three previously released home videos *Cowboys From Hell The Videos*, *Vulgar Video* and *Watch It Go*. There’s also bonus footage from

the band’s appearance at the Monsters Of Rock festival in Moscow. It’s refreshing seeing the band in happier times, hanging out between the videos before the politics and infighting that splintered them apart. And of course, it’s great to see Dimebag doing his six-string bits—his gifts live on in this release

These releases are just a sampling of the great old-school stuff that’s resurfacing now. Stay tuned for more of the best from the past, and if you have any questions, comments or suggestions, drop me a line at

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Cheers! 



everything including the kitchen sink. All the best vids are here (“Peace Sells,” “Wake Up Dead”) plus interviews, TV appearances, tour footage, cover songs (“Anarchy In The U.K.” and “No More Mr. Nice Guy”) and live clips of Mustaine doing what he does best: being pissed off—and you get three hours worth of that. Megadeth were never as clever as Metallica, as exciting as Priest, nor as unpretentious as Motörhead to be taken as seriously, but they still have lots of fans, and for them, this set is a good deal.

Pantera were a true anomaly. They were never in vogue, yet always fashionable in that it was always considered “cool,” to like them, even when metal’s popularity was at an all-time low. And, they were not your atypical thrash band either, choosing to rely more on the power of the groove as opposed to sheer speed and chunk. Then there was Dimebag Darrell, a guitar hero’s hero. This guy had taste and chops, and was shredding long after it was passé to do so, even during the height of grunge, where many guitar players could barely bang out riffs, let

