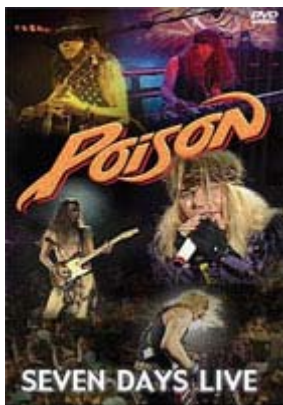


G.B.H.: Charged on Stage. This little piggy should never go to market.

Though the cover was off-puttingly predictable, things seemed promising when - after finishing the first song - singer Colin uttered, "You mistake vodka for water then yer fucked." But all humor took a back seat over the next 18 numbers as the Billy "she'll need a" (M)Idol wannabe fumbled through indecipherable lyrics while backed by a band - last name-less to protect their identities - sounding like they're playing along to their own discordant songs that often end with no warning (even when they cut offstage midway through the final cut) and a drummer just plodding away through it all. This ain't no joke, it's wretched puke - utter vile in the least threatening or offensive way (well, to those with the semblance of taste). The sad truth is that you'd likely see a better gig at a storage shed practice space in your tiny town, or by rearranging the last two letters of the band's name and taking some of that to go. Through this terribly recorded mess! Sometimes you can judge a DVD by its cover, but thankfully this one only lasts about an hour. *David Thornton*



Poison: Seven Days Live. Safe for consumption: 3 ribs.

Recorded at London's packed Hammersmith Apollo way back in '93, this DVD sacrifices party anthems and power ballads like "I Want Action" and "I Won't Forget You" for several tracks off the failed *Tongue* album they were promoting at the time, closing strong, though, with four for the money and two of these turkeys. The most notable absence here, however, is that of guitarist C.C. Deville (not to mention the lack of makeup and pyrotechnics), who's adequately replaced here by Richie Kotzen minus the oeuvre and any of the chutzpah. This set just goes to show that Poison never really was a bad band, just light years from anything great, but what you do get is priceless arena rock clichés like headbands tied around mike stands, David Lee Roth karate cheetah-print chaps, behind-the-back guitar playing and the requisite drum solo, which ain't half bad. *David Thornton*