

DAVID YOW #43 ORCAKE

Jesus Lizard, The: DVD

What do we have here? Early/mid-'90s concert footage of the Kings of Dog Food Punk, The Jesus Lizard, and you don't once get to see David Yow pull out his junk and tie it all up into a miniature manger scene? I'm not sure if I'm relieved or feel cheated. I mean this guy is the Jim Henson of penis puppetry. A real pioneer. Long before this kind of puppetry became fashionable "blue" entertainment for the swanky Theatre Crowd, Yow was slugging it out with his own flesh while writing the book on pudenda origami, creating beloved pubic-haired artwork like the famous "Tight and Shiny" and "Ronald Reagan Eating Plumbs." I guess it's plausible that after so many years of stretching and pulling the shit out of your Joe Camel that it eventually wears out like the elastic band on a really old pair of underpants. I can't really say; maybe Mr. Lifo might know something about that. But this footage was filmed back in Yow's (and the band's) prime. I witnessed him do it myself back then and it was something I someday hoped to tell my grandkids about. Obviously, when that day comes, this particular DVD will be of no help backing up my outlandish claims. Oh well.

On the bright side, what you do get here are a couple classic-era performances—the main one from Boston in '94, the other from CBGB's in '92—from a band known to blast canisters of mayhem off in their audience's faces on a nightly basis. When, as in these shows, Yow wasn't playing Bert and Ernie with his dangly bits, he would launch himself with malicious disregard for life and limb like a meat salvo into the audience, oftentimes resulting in a bloody fracas. And the music was always gritty, demonic, tight, and angular. Kind of like the aural equivalent of having your face jammed into a pile of broken antlers, dog teeth, and shattered glass while some demented nutjob (aka: Yow) howled discordantly in the background. That, my children, was good stuff—and still is—penis puppetry or not. It was a heaving, inhuman nightmare that raked like steel wool through your brain and could, at anytime it wanted to, snap your ribs like pretzel sticks. Simply put, it was a good time to be alive and into antisocial music.

And now you, those too late out of the womb to have experienced it firsthand, can see it for yourself on this DVD. Now, presumably, so you youngins don't have bad dreams about the scary man David Yow, they've



included a somewhat tucked-away *Hype TV* interview with the frontman wherein he shows a more sedate, socially acceptable side of his personality. Whether this "Regular Joe" bit is an affectation or not, I don't know, but the famous sociopath comes off as mild mannered and accommodating while disdainfully comparing Green Day to The Knack and expressing a desire to feed Billie Joe and the boys a knuckle sandwich or two. Good stuff all around. Longtime fans will find little here to be disappointed with—if you can get over the conspicuous absence of Yow's "Hairy Tangerine," that is. But for you newbies: whether you missed The Jesus Lizard when they were still performing their ghastly musical exorcisms from town to town, or you just feel like having your tongue blown back down your throat and your spine rattled in an unholy way, this DVD is your chance. And for all we know, your last chance. Don't miss it. And turn it up *loud*, dammit. —Aphid Peewit (MVD Visual, PO Box 280, Oaks, PA 19456, www.mvdvisual.com)

Mentors, The: El Duce Vita: DVD

I suppose all that's safe to say about the Mentors anymore is that, like jenkem, they are 1) malodorous, and 2) not for everyone. Jenkem, in case you're not up-to-speed on your cutting edge homemade intoxicants, is a hair-raising, brain-baking inhalant made by fermenting human waste (numbers one and two) in a glass jug in the sun and catching the fumes in an attached balloon. The few chucklefucks, who have the proper paucity of brain cells to actually undertake huffing said fumes, get most of those same neurons vaporized in a psychotic flurry of hallucinations and a numbing, drooling dementia that allegedly can go on for days. And just in case you're prone to believing that Homo Sapiens have just now reached a point in their evolution where they've realized that they can get a killer buzz off of the stuff that comes out of their own nether regions—for free!—it might interest you to know that many jenkem huffers report dramatic out-of-body experiences in which they float like a jellyfish up to the astral plane, where they meet long-dead relatives and tell them about what's happened on Earth since they died. For example, they might tell them about the recent infestation of our pop culture by things like rampant reality TV shows, around-the-clock Britney "news" coverage, and the proliferation of the (i)Pod People. But I digress.

Also similar to the Mentors, jenkem is believed to be the real deal by some and a crack of shit by others. (Sorry for the pun.) But while jenkem

you've ever heard them and / or heard anything about them, you probably already have an opinion about them. Which means that pretty much no one—pro-Mentors or anti-Mentors—will be surprised by what is found in gratuitous abundance in the "music videos" collected together on *El Duce Vita*. Put pig-simple, this is *Men Behaving Very Badly*, the graduate level course. In other words, it is a white trash man-beast bacchanalia, a testicular fantasy land dreamt to life by rutting, beer-bellied slobs in executioner's hoods. Visually, it is a feast of perverted monkeyshines where various jams and salsas and syrups from Sickie Wifebeater's Mom's refrigerator transmogrify into bodily things like ejaculate, menstrual blood, and the stuff they make jenkem out of. Summed up, it is a juvenile acting out of *El Duce's* most infamous lyrical coprolalia. Now, before you are too quick to condemn it as low-brow, outsider art, let me remind you that Mozart himself was fond of composing ditties laced with scatological humor and, in fact, once wrote a song called "Lick Out My Asshole." I'm not making that up. And if an ultra-respectable, powdered-wig-wearing highbrow like Mozart was capable of such tawdry indulgences, maybe we all need to cut the Mentors a bit more slack. Besides, I'll be damned if songs like "Peeping Tom" and "Sandwich of Love" aren't catchy little numbers that can get the toes of even the most uptight Tipper-wannabe a-tappin'.

Yeah, it's schlocky and can be easily perceived as degrading to women, but it's really nothing more than an *Itchy & Scratchy* cartoon for grown-ups, whatever those are. So loosen up your morality girdles, kick back, and enjoy this smörgåsbord of utter tastelessness. There's nudity! There's heavy metal! There's the late Eldon Hoke, the legendary King of the Smut Hoboes! Yep, it's pretty much all here: bad dancing, crummy lip-syncing, cheesy special effects, and laughable '80s-style video camera work. With some bonus live stuff thrown in, to boot. A genuine slobberknocker of depravity, one sure to elicit both hoots of hilarity and teeth-gnashing consternation in spades. If there ever was another rock'n'roll DVD that serves as a better excuse to suck down a balloon-full of jenkem, I'd like to see it. —Aphid Peewit (MVD Visual, PO Box 280, Oaks, PA 19456, www.mvdvisual.com)