

Demolition Doll Rods "Let Yourself Go" DVD (Munster) Who wouldn't appreciate one of the best live bands of our generation committed to multi-camera video shoot in a Euro-club in front of a stunned audience? Danny and Margaret Doll Rod continue to use their spectacular, near-naked bodies as dynamic symbols of everything gloriously decadent, trashy, dangerous, and beautiful in rock 'n' roll. Mind you, if they were just a couple of hot bods they might still be good artist's models, but it's the fact that they boil the blues, garage music, Midwestern boogie rock, and no-fi punk down to a bullion cube of musical might that makes them so vital. This concert is notable for the inclusion of their new drummer, who wisely doesn't attempt to capture the cavewoman beat of their classic drummer, and musically makes a great addition. Just as importantly, she wears her nakedness with a powerful defiance, striking challenging contraposto poses that evokes the Tura Santana school of asskicking beauties. The DVD is supplemented by a classic lineup performance, making this a serious must have.

Demon's Claw "Satan's Little Pet Pig" (In The Red) Clawed me to eargasms with herky jerky rock n roll urgency!

Descent "This Violent Reality" (Corellian Records) Decent!

Desert Hearts DVD (Wolfe) The packaging and deluxe double disc presentation of this DVD makes it clear that this is considered a classic in lesbian cinema, and that is, frankly a little confusing. This is a mediocre movie with awkward writing, a completely unconvincing period setting (1959 as envisioned by hairdressers trained in the eighties) and a total lack of chemistry between the romantic leads. At least that's the case when they're talking. However, about 70 minutes into the picture there is a lovemaking scene that's jarringly silent, devastatingly erotic, and unnervingly honest. I'm certain that these five minutes are the reason this film has endeared itself to the Sapphites, but you might do well to fast forward to it. One delight herein, though, is a great acting performance by Audra "Mrs. Roper" Lindley.

Destination: Oblivion "December Sun" (430 NE 79th Ave Portland OR 97213) Futuristic extreme music that will crush you!

Destination Vegas ELVIS DVD (Weinerworld) This is so bad I wish I could tape over a DVD. Though it promises to be built around rare photos and home movies of Elvis in Vegas, think about that...Elvis was supposedly the most photographed person in history, so these are millions of blurry amateur boring photos of him, and some are included here, as well as a few audience super 8 performance clips. If they told Elvis' Vegas story this way maybe this would be OK, but since they have to pad this out with public domain stuff from Elvis' 1956 TV appearances and movie trailers they are forced to tell Elvis' entire story in the least groundbreaking way ever. The only innovation that will surprise Elvis fans, who will be bored to tears by seeing footage they have seen a million times repeated, is that the narration is just a long, vitriolic essay on Elvis made bitchier by an English accent. Thus, even though only Elvis diehards would buy this, the narrator basically attacks them, calling anyone who likes 60s or 70s Elvis an apologist or rube, and left-handedly conceding that the "Elvis in Memphis" LP was not horrible, even though critics were full of shit for loving it. So basically this insults the only people who would watch this. The only good parts are audio tapes of lengthy Elvis stage semi-coherent rambles (which are presented as proof of his drug addiction, though that might not hold up in court), sometimes presented with the super eight fan footage to make it look like he's saying it on film.

● **Destroy All Monsters** "Grow Live Monsters" DVD (MVD) Not just for Cleveland underground rock fans, this DVD poo poos the music legacy (despite a great soundtrack) and proudly presents the experimental films that were one of the foundations of this legendary multimedia collective. Combining elements of avant-garde, lowbrow b-movies, and teenage narrative super-eight home movies, these monster-ous, nautical, sexy, artfuck flicks will be the perfect background for your next barbecue, cult meeting, or mass suicide.

Destructors 666 "Many Were Killed, Few Were Chosen," **Destructors 666/Sup** "No Parasas" split EP, **Destructors 666/Ruined** split (RF) The Destructors were a late 70s/early 80s British punk/Oi-ish band best known historically for their guitarist being the guitarist on Prodigy's best dance punk records a generation later. Revived over the last few years the new version of the band releases a hundred or so CDs a year, many of them splits, and all demonstrating a sense of dramatic punk urgency that feels simple and retro but also powerfully fresh. Their split-mates don't fare as well. Sup is joylessly generic, and the Ruined are trying to hard. Your best bet is to dig up the full length, which features the best song off either

split, "Flying Saucer Man," plus some nice monster movie punk.

Destructo Swarmbots "clear light" (Public Guilt POB 4756 Baltimore MD 21211) Shouldn't a band that has the words destructo, swarm, and bots in their name sound like Lightning Bolt on pep pills? This is outer space atmospheria where the sound shifts a little every 11 minutes.

Détente "Recognize No Authority" (Roadrunner) Blazing metal that will thrash you back to big shorts days and will sword butcher you back to the middle ages!

The Detroit Cobras "Tied and True" (Bloodshot) Mix torch and trash and what do you get? Well, usually burning garbage, but in the case of these Motor City slitherers you get some deep grooves that groove deep. This cover-heavy album is one of their best, and you know what...they smell better than a trash fire, too!

The Dimes "The Silent Generation" (Pet Marmoset 1926 West burnside #205 Portland OR 97209) Should be called "The 10, 000, 000 Dimes," because they sound like a million bucks!

Dishwasher zine #16 (dishwasherpete.com), **DISHWASHER** by Pete Jordan (Harper) Fans of the long m.i.a. zine *Dishwasher* should rejoice the publication of the (sorta) collected dishwashing tales into book form, and the emergence of the fabled 16th issue. As far as the book goes, it is better than the sum of its parts, and its parts were pretty good. Revisit the era of the so-called 90s "slacker" by traveling the country washing dishes with the hardest working lazy man (and most goal-oriented ambitionless person) ever. About travel, freedom, labor (and Labor), history, dignity, and elbow grease, this is a genuinely engaging fable. Note: The dishwashing story in the decade-plus in the making swansong issue is as good as anything in the book, and the dish history (and pro-labor/pro-minimum wage rantings) make it well worth the buck or two it'll run you. But buy the BOOK!

Andy Ditzler "Songs from Yes and No" (Frequent Small Meals) If you were waiting for the *Schoolhouse Rocks* songs about religious fundamentalism, the ills of media monopolies, the lies of America, reincarnation, and foreign pronunciation, here it is!

Danny Django "Touch the Sky" (Happy Hippie POB 63581 Colorado Springs CO 80962-3851) Django is a pop music angel sent from heaven to bless us with magical music. He should be more famous than the Spice Girls.

DJ Mayonnaise "Still Alive" (Anticon, anticon.com) I'd like to hold the Mayo...close to my heart! If you need something gloriously wrong on your sonic sandwich this audio experimenter is what you need to be spreadin'.



D.O.A. "Bloodied But Unbowed," "Punk Rock Singles 1978-99," **Joe Shithead Kiehlley and his Band of Rebels** (Sudden Death Cascades PO Box 4300-1 Burnaby BC Canada V5G 3H0) No offense to the last quarter century, but if you want to understand the real history of punk you really only need the late 70s until 1983, which are years well-covered on these two stellar compilation CDs of the Canuck punk gods of 11

awesomeness. I just don't know how to express how good this is, other than to say that if you have any inkling of wanting to become a practicing punk musician, these CDs can be your correspondence school. There are genuinely maybe a half dozen punk/hardcore bands whose work holds up as well as D.O.A.'s. Gloriously, Mr. D.O.A. himself, Joey Shithead, is still A.A.K. (alive and kicking) and his latest album is a nice primer on how to grow older without getting mellower and to stay angry without getting crotchety.

Dog Day "Night Group" (Tomlab) Bow wow wow yippy yo yippy YAYYYY!

Double Dagger (Stationary [Heart] Recordings POB 220723 Chicago, IL 60622) Though these jagged, bouncy musical stabbings certainly justify the band name, I just wish they were named Double Dagwoods because I think that's hilarious. Two Dagwoods! Think about the sandwiches they could eat! But they couldn't play drum and bass as scrambley or funky as these dudes, I bet.

Jason Dove "We Should Be Together" (3440 Chestnut Ave Baltimore MD 21211) Though I'm hesitant to call this (very confident, extremely well-crafted album) indie pop at its best, I can certainly say that indie pop at its best genuinely infects you with simple, poignant songs that you can't get out of your head. And this Dove certainly delivers a few olive branches fitting that description, most notably the ambiguously sexy "Slumber Party."

The Downbeat 5 "Live - Smoke and Mirrors" (Steel Cage pob 29247 Phila PA 19125) These downbeaters didn't beat me down, they hurled me up with some of the most exciting rock n roll grooves my tired ears have heard in awhile. I wish I was at that show!

Downliners Sect "Sect Maniax-The Showbiz Years 1979-1980" (Castle/Sanctuary Records, sanctuaryrecordsgroup.co.uk) I was talking, Transatlantic, to Don Craine, founding member of The Downliners Sect, Britain's longest-standing R&R/R&B institution, recently. He told me that The Sect, and their mates, The Troggs, get hired sometimes to do "Mod" events, but some patrons get their noses out of joint "Because you don't sound enough like your 60s records." Please! If either band sounded any more, today, like they did in the 60s, they'd have to stop, mid-set, to announce JFK's assassination or the invasion of Cambodia. The Sect took a break for about 8 years in the late 60s, but returned just in time to join The Troggs in reclaiming their piece of the Punk turf in '76-'77. They released the excellent "Showbiz"/"Killing Me" 45 on UK Punk label, Raw Records, which was met with the kind of enthusiasm and acclaim that, unfortunately, eluded the reformed Pink Fairies and Deviants. If the Raw single were on this compilation, that would have made it absolutely perfect...still, having the elusive 1979 "Showbiz" LP on CD for the first time is something to shout about. This collection finds the group exploring many new and different terrains, and usually coming up all aces. Obvious standouts include the Pub Rock classics, "Playing My Guitar" and "Out of School" (both of which had been reworked for a great Punk Exploitation LP, recorded by members of The Sect as "F.U.2"), Frustration, still a staple in their live set, but, c'mon, lads, bring back... "Showbiz," the title track, a remake of the same song that kicked off their comeback a couple of years earlier. The original single version had a fantastic production (a reverb tsunami comparable to "Sonic Reducer"), while the LP version is more, well, you know, RAW. I like this version better with repeated listening, though, I found it kind of flat when I lucked into a copy of the LP for a dollar, several years ago. Besides, it's got one of the funniest lines from that era, "Leroy, the wild boy, boozin' in the corner, alone. You know he made his name in Softcore Porn. Just because they told him he could get it on. You know, these days, he can't even raise a smile." There's plenty of tuff Chuck Berryisms from guitarist Terry Clemson (later replaced by Del Dwyer), executed in a matter that recalls The MC5's "Back in The USA," which is referenced on BOTH CD's, and, with the added melodicism of Don Craine and Keith Grant Evans (they'll deny it, probably, but the buggers can SING), the late 70s model Sect provides a happy medium between Dr. Feelgood and Rockpile, and that's "Good Rockin'" to me. The second CD features, along with some raucous live tracks from the 80s (if only to prove all hope was not lost), the extremely rare Inner Mystique Records 45 (released by our great friend, *Ugly Things* and *Black To Comm* scribe, Bill Shute), "You Ain't Doin' Me Right"/"Color Coded Red," two slabs of primo steak (the kind you can sink your teeth into) from 1980, garnished with two, unreleased, hot tracks from the same session. The live stuff gives you a pretty good idea what kind of damage Thee Original Deerstalking Men could do a quarter century ago (and can still do NOW). Largely composed of Chuck Berry and Bo Diddley warhorses, the same tunes they were covering when they hashed it out with The Stones down