



YA COOLIDGE

CUT: Does the film capture what the tour was really like?

COOLIDGE: It captures some of it. What you don't see is that it seemed to go on forever. I'd sit next to Joe on the plane every night and tell him I couldn't go on. He'd say, "You can't leave, you're the only friend I've got." So I stayed for Joe.

the idea it was one long party is a romantic myth?

As very young and it was rock'n'roll university. I didn't want to do the tour. It was put together in a crazy way when he realised he couldn't get out of it. The romantic part for me was the music, because Joe is a remarkable, magical man, when he was singing. Nobody could touch him, and it was amazing to share that.

one of the highlights of the tour was you singing "Superstar". Is it true Leon Russell stole your writing credit on that?

The song was my idea. Me and Leon were a couple when it was written, and he was pretty angry with me when we split up. But Usher has recorded it, and on his website I've finally been given credit on the song for the first time in 35 years.

is there much tension between Joe and Leon?

I say there was a lack of communication. Joe's not a great communicator, and I had to have to reach out to him. Leon is also a recluse, except for on that tour he was in his Captain America persona, which scared the pants off Joe.

How was Joe at the end of the tour?

He had nothing but his guitar. He was sleeping on the producer [Denny Cordell's] floor. He called me one night and asked me to come and see him. I always loved his heart and his gentleness. He stayed with me and his sister, and we fed him. None of us did drugs, but we got him better.



AFTER THE CRASH: BOB DYLAN 1966-1978

★★★★★

RETAIL DVD (CHROME DREAMS, FULL SCREEN)

Lacks the weight of Scorsese's epic, but gathers the threads of Dylan's trajectory, from his motorbike accident via *Blood On The Tracks* break-up and the Rolling Thunder Revue to the drubbings that sank *Renaldo And Clara* and *Street Legal* in 1978. Great testimony on working with Dylan from Bruce Langhorne, Eric Weissberg, Scarlet Rivera, Rob Stoner and co-lyricist Jacques Levy, and talking heads include biographer Clinton Heylin. Virtually footage-free, but as good as it gets without authorised access. (TC) EXTRAS: None.



THE BETA BAND The Best Of The Beta Band

★★★★★

RETAIL DVD (ASTRALWERKS, FULL SCREEN)

If wilful amateurism was always a facet of The Beta Band's music, it appears to be doubly so with visuals. Seventeen videos of film-school animation, Pythonesque surrealism and false beards mark these Scotsmen out as new-school Dadaists, throwing disparate elements together just because they can. The interview footage is painfully unenlightening, and the four short films say far more about their idiosyncratic humour, particularly a spoof of *High Fidelity*, where "Dry The Rain" clears a Cancer Research shop. (LP) EXTRAS: Documentaries, live set. ★★★★★



ROCK SCHOOL: THE COMPLETE FIRST SERIES

★★★★★

RETAIL DVD (EMI RECORDS, WIDESCREEN)

Though the idea is a steal from Jack Black romp *School Of Rock*—in which an unreconstructed headbanger tries to inculcate rock'n'roll devilment in posh kids—this TV adaptation is enjoyable on its own merits. Gene Simmons of Kiss hams it up well as the teacher, playing middle-aged delinquent to a classroom of English public school kids, and as he tries to fulfil the programme's remit of turning them into an opening act for Motörhead, it's impossible not to find yourself cheering him on. (AM) EXTRAS: Video diaries, four short features. ★★★★★



U2 Vertigo 2005: U2 Live From Chicago

★★★★★

RETAIL DVD (UNIVERSAL/ISLAND, WIDESCREEN)

U2 on DVD may be even better than the real thing. Sound mix and camera work are overwhelming—you dangle over Edge's head and read his set-list, and get close enough to Bono to count his nostril hairs. It's a comprehensive catalogue survey, from *Boy* to the latest *Atomic Bomb* album, with Edge in searing form on guitar. The downside? Bono just can't resist a Make Poverty History rant and a global human rights broadcast. (AS) EXTRAS: Documentary film, "surveillance cuts" of four tracks, extra video clip. ★★★★★



KILLING JOKE XXV Gathering

★★★★★

RETAIL DVD (EAGLE ROCK ENTERTAINMENT, FULL SCREEN)

"Who killed Dr David Kelly? Tony Blair—I'm waiting for an answer!" So sayeth Jaz Coleman at the Joke's 25th anniversary gig at London's Shepherd's Bush Empire earlier this year, seemingly oblivious to the fact that our PM is unlikely to confess all to a gurning Captain Caveman soundalike in cheap Halloween make-up. Otherwise, this is sterling, apocalyptic terror-rock as usual. Early classics such as "Wardance" and "Requiem" are played with sufficient awe, marred only by Coleman's laughably hammy theatrics. (SG) EXTRAS: None.



JERRY GARCIA BAND Live At Shoreline

★★★★★

RETAIL DVD (WARNER MUSIC VISION, WIDESCREEN)

Comprising two sets from California's Shoreline Amphitheatre in September 1990, Garcia's post-Dead band cut loose'n'funky across "Stop That Train", "I Second That Emotion" and others. The covers are sometimes redundant—especially a turgid "Tangled Up In Blue"—but redemption arrives with "Dear Prudence" and "I Shall Be Released". Not classic Garcia, but admirable rock-till-you-drop stuff. Fans only. (RH) EXTRAS: Interviews with Robert Hunter and various band members, including Gloria Jones. ★★★★★



Welcome to the Dollhouse: punk narcissism at its best

Transvision vamps

Early New York Dolls, up close and personal



THE NEW YORK DOLLS All Dolled Up

★★★★★

RETAIL DVD (MUSIC VIDEO DISTRIBUTORS, FULL SCREEN)

WONDERS NEVER CEASE. Unearthed by legendary Gotham scenester Bob Gruen during the recent CBGBs clear-out, *All Dolled Up* is—for those who care about these things—a goldmine, capturing the Dolls at their deleterious and decadent best, when the thrill of being 19 and in the eye of the storm was all that mattered.

Shot in black-and-white and often through a snowstorm of static, Gruen's camera gets everywhere, capturing the Dolls preening their way through photo shoots (while listening to The Kinks), boozing it up in limos and, hilariously, trying on underwear at legendary Hollywood lingerie emporium

Frederick's, to the horror of everyone present. When attempts to interview the band—sprawled like stoned peacocks in a field—are frustrated by an incoherent jumble of narcissistic asides, you realise this isn't proto-punk snottiness. The band are utterly fucked.

There are lighter moments, not least Johnny Thunders' mom yelling "Remember to take your vitamins!" as the band leave for the airport, and a fabulously fuck-you LA debut at the Whiskey A Go-Go with the band decked out as cross-dressing cowboys. But their darker side is never far from the surface.

They should have been bigger than Aerosmith and Kiss combined, but the creepy close-ups of individual Dolls peering blankly into the camera—especially silent bassist Arthur Kane—tell a different story. This is rock'n'roll as snuff movie, just as the Dolls would have liked it.

PAUL MOODY EXTRAS: None.

QUINTER ZINTREBERNS