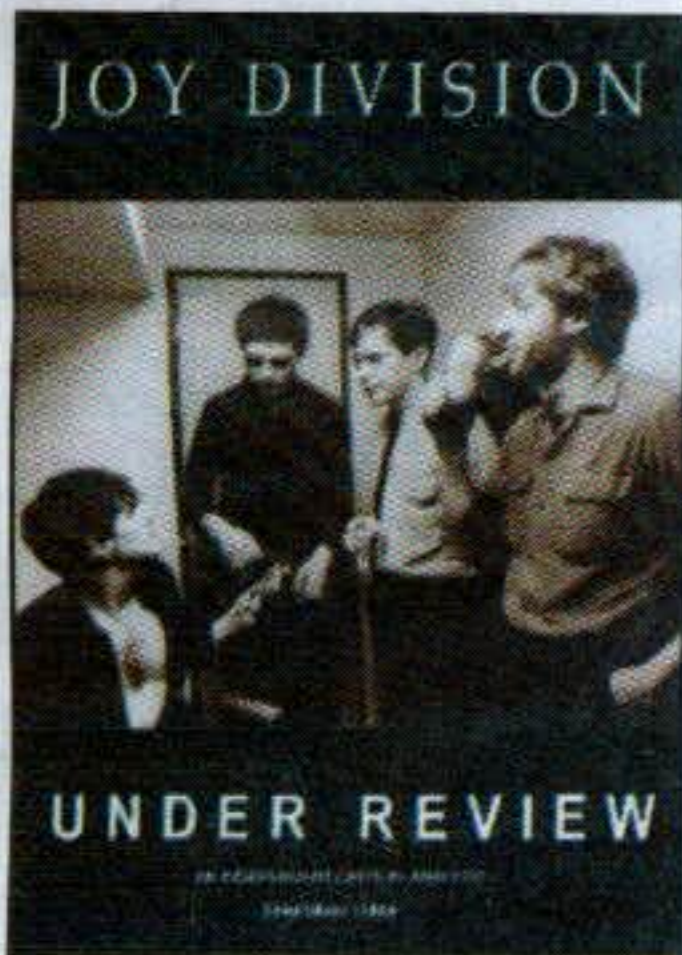


Joy Division

Under Review: An Independent Critical Analysis

Sexy Intellectual

Street: 10.31



I fancy myself a pretty hardcore Joy Division fan, and I was surprised to learn things on this DVD that I hadn't known, such as how important of a role Martin Hanett had in producing the Joy Division sound. While parts of the DVD can be tedious like the play-by-play of each track on each album, overall *Under Review* provides a nice balance between critical overview of the bands oeuvre and sound, trivia tidbits and personal recollections of the people who knew the men behind the music. While it may not be worth the 20 dollar asking price because of the simplistic production and lack of special features, it is worth checking out from the library. — Erik Lopez

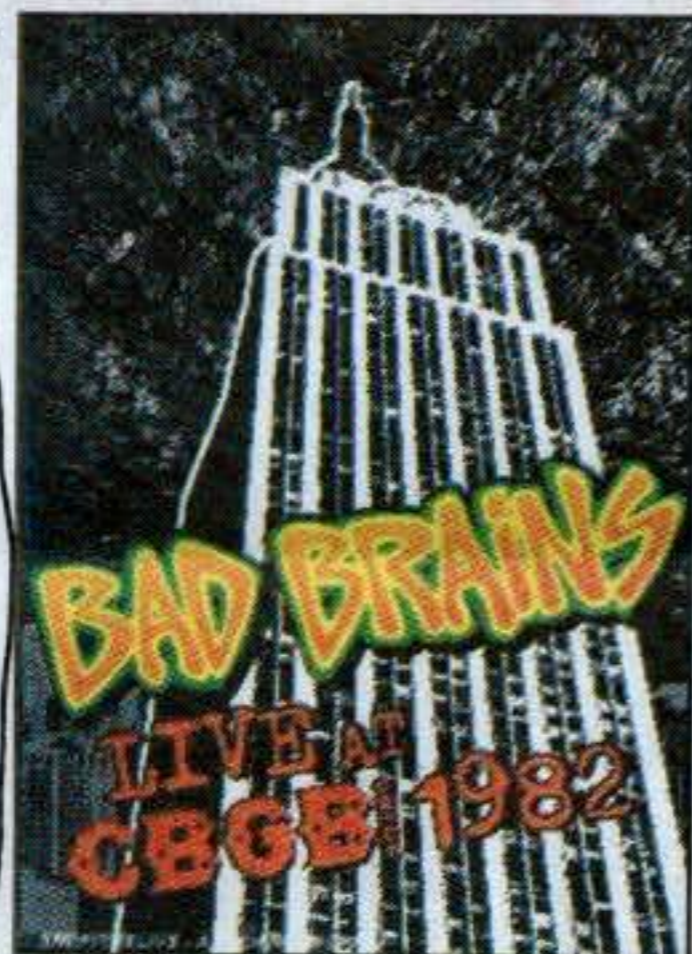
Bad Brains

Live At CBGB

MVD

Street: 09.26

I'll be the first to admit it; I usually don't enjoy concert DVDs. However, this release from MVD has outdone what I've come to expect from them. Sure, the sound quality is inconsistent, as is the cinematography, which involves moments that are shot upside-down, but it's the motherfucking Bad Brains! The footage was shot in 1982 at CBGB during a three-day hardcore festival. Basically, it's a chance to see the now-defunct legendary hardcore band play at the soon-to-be-defunct original punk venue. Could you ask for anything better? Before the band even begins, the kids are going nuts and the energy only intensifies as the Bad Brains play on. HR is very generous about giving fans the



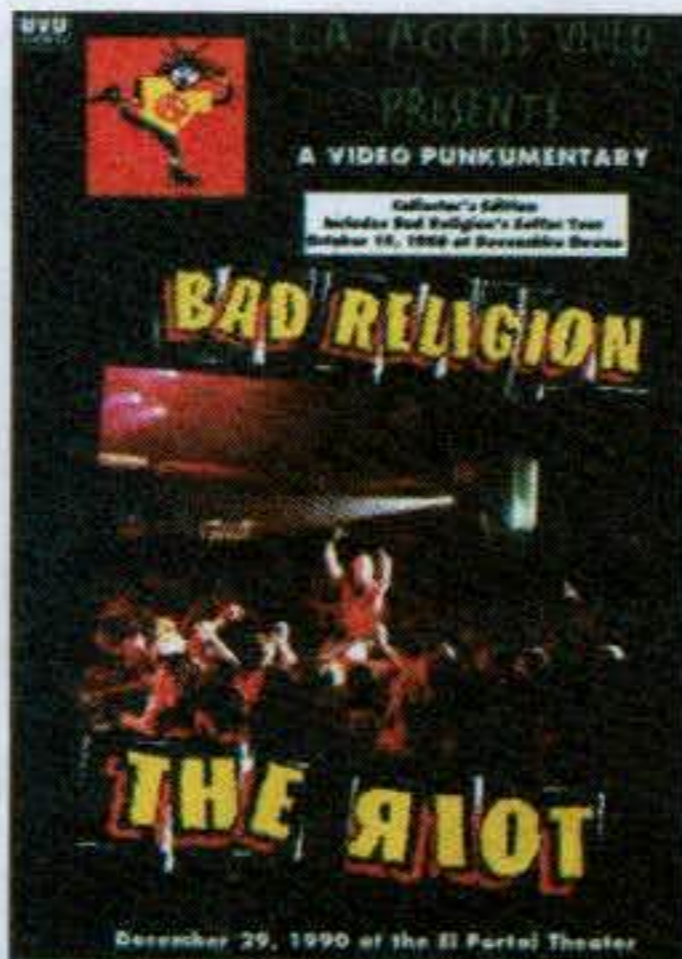
mic to sing along; during "We Will Not" he is even smothered by a large group of kids that are eager for a turn to sing. During "Riot Squad," a fuse gets blow and the lights go out, but the Bad Brains continue to play. The DVD also included interviews with fans who attended the festival, along with some great crowd shots. Some of my favorite moments were the performance of "Attitude" and "Pay To Cum." If you buy one concert DVD this year you better make sure it's this. — Jeanette Moses

Bad Religion

The Riot

MVD Visual

Street: 10.31



Based upon the title of this release and the blurb on the back cover, I thought that the chance of seeing an actual riot on this DVD was pretty high. Alas, all I got was twenty boring minutes of the aftermath of a supposed riot that took place after a

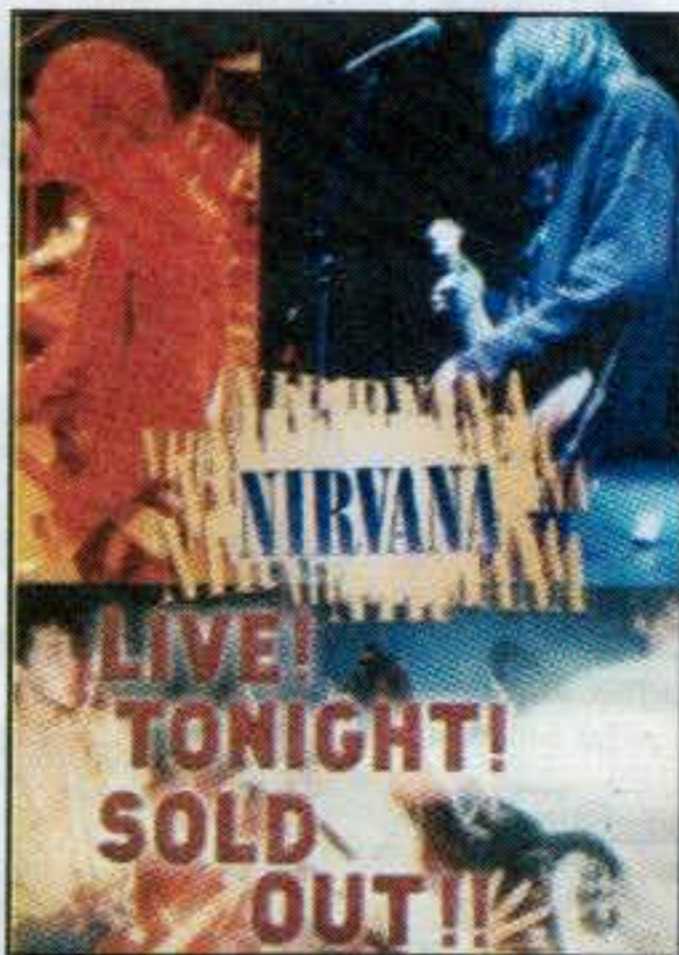
fire marshal shut down a performance by Bad Religion in 1990. Lack of an actual riot aside, the rest of the DVD is definitely an interesting relic for hardcore fans of Bad Religion, as it features a complete set from the band on their 1988 tour in support of their landmark album *Suffer*. Though the audio quality is pretty horrible and the camera work is amateur at best, it's still interesting to see the band at this stage of their career. To see Bad Religion ripping through songs they wrote when they were teenagers like "Damned to be Free" and "Doin' Time" is really cool, since these songs aren't likely to pop up in a set by the band any time soon. If you don't mind shoddy camera work or poor sound quality, and you're a big fan of early Bad Religion, then by all means check out *The Riot*. — Ricky Vigil

Live! Tonight! Sold Out!!

Kevin Kerslake

Universal

Street: 11.17



There is no possible way that Kurt "I just want to play rhythm guitar in a Pixies cover band" Cobain could have imagined the impact Nirvana's music would have on our culture (i.e. I saw a ten-year-old dressed as him for Halloween). It may have been this fleeting "fifteen minutes" notion that inspired him to piece together this collection (originally released on VHS in 1994). The documentary serves as the ultimate tributary scrapbook of Nirvana's world tour during 1991-92, diverse oodles of press and interview snippets and an extraordinary amount of live clips from pre-*In Utero* days all laid together in a non-linear story of praise and criticism of the band. Rather than a set narrator, the message is told via the selected morsels in this collage; MTV lays first claims on the band, Kurt Loder reporting on a new-fangled group named Nirvana while Ricky Rachtman scratches his head over Cobain's gown as a clothing choice for his visit to the *Headbanger's Ball* studio; UK talk show hosts make jabs at the band's volume and ignorance of the scheduled song they were slotted to play; Dave Grohl ponders why the hell "Smells Like Teen Spirit" is so popular (cue up clips of intentional musical train-wrecks while performing said tune); the band groans over the music-making machine, something gives members of

bands such as Extreme a platform to be *prima donnas*; they botch songs in front of 30,000 fans and a tiara-clad Cobain crawls offstage in a stupor. Fascinating, sad, nostalgic, trashy and informative, this celebration is a terrific reprise of a band that — despite their resistance — steered the course of pop music, told in a way that both diehards and novices will appreciate. — Dave Madden

Smoke Out Presents Body Count Featuring Ice T

Eagle Vision

Street: 10.04



Do you remember Body Count? I asked this question a few times last week to the general answer of, "Yeah...I think...what was their song?" Well I remember. I paid \$30 for a used copy of the pre-edited version of their first album just so I could get the banned "Cop Killer" and "KKK Bitch" (altered to "BKK Bitch" on the regular version). The drum breakdown on "There Goes the Neighborhood" is something I used to practice to all the time. Sadly, no one like me attended this show. T needed me there! I would have whipped the pit into a frenzied puer during "Bowels of the Devil" instead of letting them stand around an empty circle as the camera looked on. I would have responded to T's "y'all are a bunch of pussies" by screaming and rushing security instead of rubbing my neck while standing politely in file (the camera catching this as well). In other words, the crowd sucked, and T and company never recovered. He's pissed off and full of angst, but more for the fact that the sound guy wasn't doing his job, the cops didn't have to break up any fights — even after they played "Cop Killer" — and no one knew the words to a single song. The band is tighter than ever, blasting off with an evil introduction to rile the troops (while T does fifty pushups offstage). They grind as hard as the toughest speed metal around, but the lazy San Bernadino crowd must have saved the little energy they had for DMX, or Cyprus Hill, or maybe the rain dampened these pussies. Either way, despite the brilliance of the set, Body Count and the fans never reach sweet symbiosis. And to make matters worse, they edited out my favorite drum solo. Disappointing. — Dave Madden