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# Iggy Pop

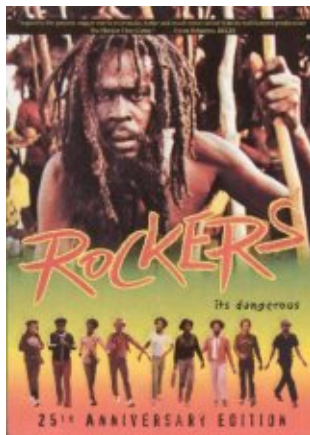
Live At The Avenue B (Virgin)

Looking ever more these days like the bastard dad of the Chili Peppers Anthony Kiedis, Iggy Pop has always been something of a live phenomena, a reputation for dangerous, unpredictable, frightening and disturbing behaviour, never, ever accepting anything less than being the complete focus of a live venues attention, indeed it was hard to imagine how he could ever hope to even vaguely approximate the sheer dynamic instability that had become the trademark of his early years. Yet this astonishing man, easily double the age of some of his sidekicks (approaching three times that of some of the audience), remains the total epicentre of The Avenue B, a whirling dervish hurtling around

the stage stuttering, jerking and spinning like a cartoon Tasmanian Devil still exuding naked aggression and a patent disregard for his own physical wellbeing (even though he's clearly the fittest man in the room) – hanging precariously from objects and encouraging a stage invasion during The Passenger which he clearly has no idea how he's going to clear for the next song – and by the time he's reached the thunderous punk jackhammer of I Got A Right and No Fun the room is entirely his. A 'lust for life' doesn't even come close.

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# Rockers

25th Anniversary Edition (Wienerworld)

Less feted than Jimmy Cliff's rude-boy vehicle The Harder They Come and boasting, believe it or not, even less in the way of a tangible storyline – Leroy 'Horsemouth' Wallace plays drums, buys a motorbike, unsavoury well-heeled types nick said bike, Leroy nicks it back and gets a wallop for his pains leading to Leroy and pals liberating well-heeled types goods and distributing them around the neighbourhood. All of which matters not one jot as Rockers not only ably captures the hideously difficult circumstances from which many of the films stars initially rose (although it should be noted that if the blokes are poor the women

are a damn site poorer, and treated with alarming disdain), and also includes a cast list that defies belief – like Gregory Issacs as a locksmith or Robbie Shakespeare as the local mechanic. Peppered with incredible music (one particularly fine moment is when Burning Spear's Winston Rodney pops up for a quick spliff and acappella sing-song on the local beach) and now boasting a directors commentary from Theodoros Bafaloukos, trailers, videos, patois glossary (and believe me, if you don't hail from Jamaica you're gonna need it), 16 page booklet and all in glorious 5.1, this is definitely one film no self respecting reggae fan should be without

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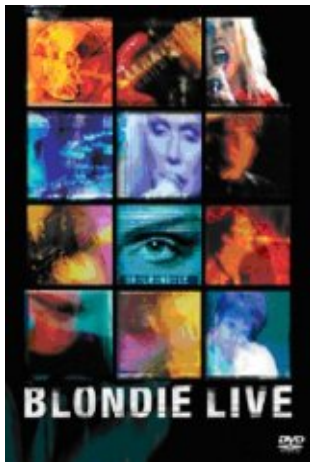


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A full page monthly



# Blondie

**Live  
(Eagle Vision)**

Recorded when Jimmy Destri was still aboard the good ship Blondie, alongside Deb's, Chris Stein and Clem Burke – the reformed band kicking off a 1999 U.S. tour – this quintessentially New York outfit were filmed performing a homecoming show at the local Town Hall, broadcast originally as a 45 minute made for TV special. Blondie Live, the DVD, nearly doubles that running time and includes enough early classic Blondie to satisfy even the most cursory of listeners (Call Me, Union City Blue, Hanging On The Telephone, Atomic, Heart Of Glass and One Way Or Another are all present and correct). OK so none of the original members are the stick-thin, ace-face punks of yore,

and those of us that saw the band in their early days may have a mental stretch matching this well rehearsed outfit to the scrappy, uncertain kids that positively fizzed with energy back in the day, but only a churl would deny someone the opportunity to make a living doing what they love. Add a few pics, some lyrics and a video (albeit a rather mundane plod through Nothing Is Real But The Girl) and you have perfectly good document of a band that still sparkles on occasion

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# The Offspring

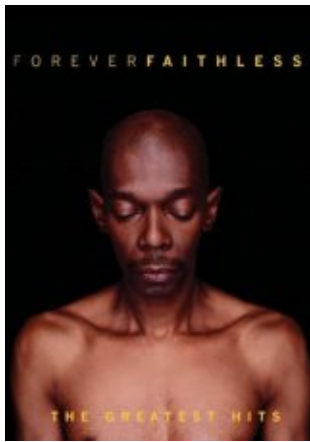
**Complete Music Video Collection  
(Sony)**

Say what you like about Dexter, Noodles, Stig and Biggles (oh, OK those last two are made up) – if you've never heard the lads imagine Ozzy era Black Sabbath if they'd grown up listening to the Sex Pistols and enjoyed skating – as befits all MTV generation punks, they know a bit about wrapping their punky pop/metal with slick mini-movies (the mad morphing video for The Kids Aren't Alright and the Ed 'Big Daddy' Roth style cartooning on She's Got Issues being cases in point, although the best moment is actually bonus nosebleed punk blatter Da Hui). Of course you're not gonna find any deep wisdom here as

the chaps mainly do 'don't trust girls' and 'don't deal with the man' (sample lyric 'You get no respect, you get no relief, you gotta speak up, and yell out your piece, so back off your rules, back off your jive, 'cause I'm sick of not living to stay alive), but for a couple of hours of brainless big chorus driven punk, this fits the bill pretty well and if you're one of the fans that didn't desert them when they defected to a major label then this will have pretty much everything you could possibly want

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# Faithless

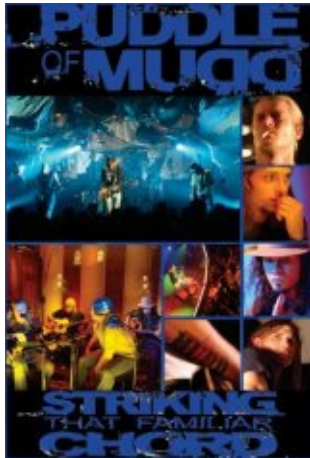
**Forever Faithless  
(Sony/BMG)**

Strange cove Johnny video collection, especially in the case of an act like Faithless who really need to be experienced live to get the full, hands-in-the-air, euphoric effect of their thought provoking trance/rock (We Come 1 and Take The Long Way Home really fly live but are oddly muted here despite both having very watchable vids). Naturally enough when the visuals are good (Muhammad Ali, God Is A DJ, Mass Destruction), they do add a certain frisson to the proceedings, but when they're mundane, even if the sounds are cool and you still tune in mentally, you just stop looking (early efforts like Salva Mea and Don't

Leave are strictly by-the-numbers efforts, and Bliss and Dido out cleavaging each other on One Step Too Far is just plain dull). On the whole things work best when the video makers pick up on the handsome stately grace of Maxi Jazz and the hard as nails, but sexy with it, Sister Bliss - the good sister whacking drums on Mass Destruction is far more pulse racing than any Britney S or C Aguilera sweatathon - but Faithless on film is never going to be as exciting as Faithless in the flesh

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# Puddle Of Mudd

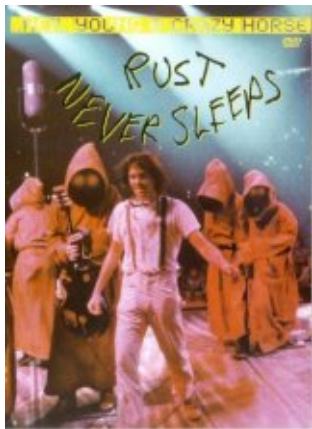
**Striking That Familiar Chord  
(Eagle Vision)**

The band with the most idiotic name this side of Ned's Atomic Dustbin have, since being championed by the king of big-short whine rock Fred Durst, been following a career arc (in the UK at least) roughly parallel with the four non-Robbie members of Take That, which for those of us unable to 'tap' (titter) into their sub Nirvana clatter is no real cause for concern. But there are those (and that includes one or two of the more grungey elements at TotalMusic-Online), who find the lads appealing so if you number yourself amongst those that dig the Pudd's Mudd'y thrash then this is a pretty fair approximation of what you would get should you ever encounter Wesley Reid Scantlin, Paul James

Phillips, Gregory David Upchurch or indeed Douglas John Ardito armed with instruments and a room full of like minded individuals - in fact it's probably a bit better as it's all in 5.1. and you haven't got some tattooed oaf moshing your shins to pulp. You get all the hits amongst the fourteen live tracks, four studio based acoustic versions and plenty of slacker mumbling for those keen on digging a bit deeper into the creation of songs like Blurry, Away From Me and many more

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# Neil Young

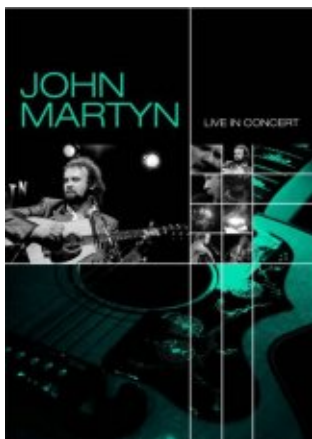
**Rust Never Sleeps  
(Sanctuary Midline)**

Notoriously ramshackle live concert production which regardless of the barely contained pandemonium surrounding it still went on to become widely regarded as one of the best filmed live performances ever. So why is it that a film dotted with clunky interludes, huge great chunks of dead air (dead that is, aside from amplified crashing and banging), and a concept that is best described as impenetrable is held in such esteem? Simple really, Rust Never Sleeps succeeds because it's crammed to overflowing with some of the greatest songs ever written, and performed by a singer/songwriter and band in astonishingly good

form. From the opening acoustic solo section (Sugar Mountain, Comes A Time, After The Goldrush) to the thunderous Crazy Horse assisted wind up set (Powderfinger, Cortez The Killer, Cinnamon Girl, Like A Hurricane) this live show positively sizzles with passion, Young in particular excelling whether coaxing gentle fragile ballads from his acoustic guitar, piano and harmonica or wreathing songs in huge great feedback laden solos. Acts like the Talking Heads and Metallica would later play with stage production to far greater effect, but in 1978 this was as good as it got

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# John Martyn

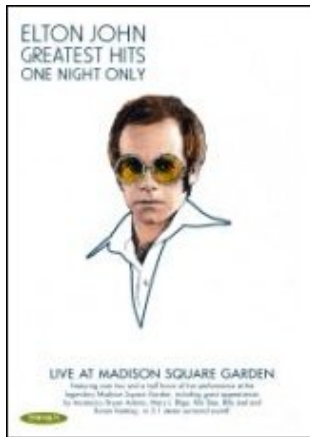
**Live In Dublin 26.08.87  
(Fulfill)**

Having been caught out on many occasions and subjected to less than impressive live performances by an inebriated John Martyn - I speak from experience here - fans of the man could be forgiven for considering a live JM show something of a lottery (a bit like the Pogues really). It wasn't always so however as back in the day even in his cups John Martyn was an astonishing performer, prone to impenetrable mid song rambles perhaps, but a prodigiously gifted vocalist and guitarist – generally even more so when supported by the equally gifted Danny Thompson – and it's this performer captured here, sweating like a

marathon runner at the twenty mile mark, Martyn's lush velvet vocal chords are present, correct and used to absolutely beautiful effect on songs like Solid Air, Sweet Little Mystery, May You Never and a simply breathtaking One World. This is also a timely reminder of Martyn the guitarist – his playing is positively incandescent here - in short a man at his exceptional best. No extras, no camera tricks, no videos, no dancing girls, no commentary, no unpublished pictures, nothing but an hour of a fabulous performer doing what he does best. Sublime

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# Elton John

## Greatest Hits (Mercury/Universal)

Some might argue that we need another Elton John DVD like we need a third term by George Dubya - don't panic, it's constitutionally impossible - the ubiquitous queen of pop, tantrums and vaguely embarrassing eye furniture (we found ten on Amazon in the first three minutes of looking). So why should this effort part you from your hard earned when the choice out there is positively dizzy making? Well for a kick off the sheer bloody volume of material is mighty impressive, including 2.5 hours worth of DVD material (live and video) and no less than thirty-four of his greatest hits - many of which qualify as the finest pop

songs ever created - spread over a further two CD's. The DVD in the main is a typically lavish effort filmed at Madison Square Garden for several million people (or whatever the capacity there is nowadays), with a truckload of special guests including Bryan Adams, Mary J Blige, Billy Joel and Ronan Keating and, given that the man is a consummate performer, trundles along very nicely thank you (and no he doesn't play the hideous remake of Candle In The Wind). In short all the Elton John you are ever likely to need in one nifty set then

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# Thin Lizzy

## Greatest Hits (Mercury)

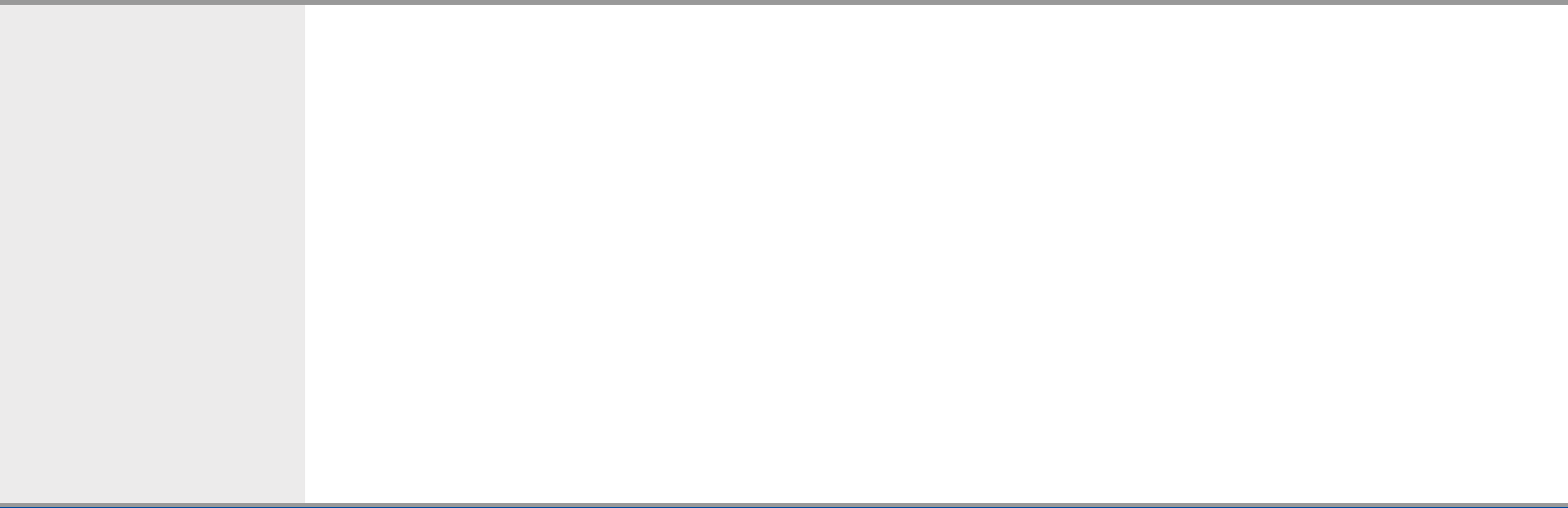
Having not seen the recent Phil Lynott-less Thin Lizzy live reunion it's impossible to say whether it was a resounding success or crashing disaster (certainly the idea of Thin Lizzy without Phil Lynott sounds patently ludicrous, but then the Magic Band without Captain Beefheart sounded like a very bad idea and actually turned out to be excellent). Whatever the outcome watching this collection brings back fond memories of the tall black Irish vagabond, his ever evolving cast of guitar slingers and their string of classic melody drenched rockers, and despite the track list boasting stories of Killers On The Loose and people with Bad Reputation(s) Waiting For An Alibi, these songs are as

comfy as big warm fluffy slippers, and just as cuddly. The videos themselves range from the good (live outings, early Eric Bell era cuts) to the bad (bog standard 'all mime in a room' efforts) to the downright ugly ('all mime in a room but add a bit of poorly acted, lyric-driven action'), but with such great source material you could just bung some footage of drivel like Strictly Ballroom or Big Brother over the songs and it would still be entertaining

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