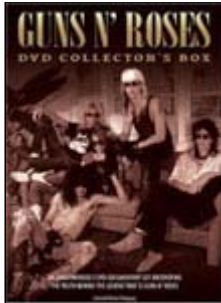


Website Updates

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Guns N Roses
 DVD Collectors Box
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 6 out of 10
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"Glam" stands for "Gay LA Metal"

- Dave Mustaine

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, have you ever given a shit to see Guns n' Roses documentaries featuring interviews with people that knew people that knew the band, then *GET READY TO RAAAWWWWK!!!!*

Before I get started, I think it's important to mention I was in these ("Mr. Olds, you're up. Unofficial Guns n' Roses Documentary Auditions, Take 1. Action!" "Ok, so the LA metal scene in the 80's..." "Cut! We're sorry. Mr. Olds, how do you know the band again?" "Oh, well, my sister blew Axl on the Use Your Illusion tour. So I'm, like, a mouth removed from Axl." "Oh ok, perfect. Take 2!")

I think you know where this is going, but I'm not gonna trash G'n'R. Fucking Guns n' Roses, man. They were my generation's Stones. They weren't political or socially aware, but they were perfect for the times. Something totally new, but perfect fitting. And, if you put their album on at a party and the place would go "Aww Yaaa man, fuck!" Axl's glass-shattering voice and Slash's trademark noodling riffs were fucking it. Those singles off Appetite for Destruction are as timeless as "Sympathy For The Devil" and "Jumpin' Jack Flash". G n' R is adventure music, man. You put that shit on when you're bout to sniff drugs and bang strippers. If you're lucky enough to do that. Like me. Well, if you count sniffing glue and jacking off in a stall after a \$20 lap dance. ANYway, this isn't about me.

Now, for every mildly interesting thing about these (the documentaries- stop thinking about me), I had to remind myself these fucking people don't KNOW the band. They're just sucking the LA Glam scene's dick. Fact, the only people worth a shit in these were the founder of Music Connection magazine and their former manager, and even they were boring ("Uh did you know, dude, that Appetite for Destruction came out the same day as the great LA Earthquake? It's an omen, dude"). But they both mentioned something interesting about the music industry: after G'n'R hit it big, every other "hot new band" like LA Guns, Warrant, and Jane's Addiction got signed up. That period of time especially revealed an ugly habit of major label decadence (signing every fucking band wearing makeup, and basically raping the hair metal cash cow till everyone's sick of it).



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But the docs also say something about how the band separated themselves from the cookie cutter Poisons by playing with soul, sounding more like early Aerosmith and the Stones than Zeppelin. Which probably helped them transition into the 90's, while most 80's bands frantically scrubbed off their mascara and got "unplugged" (it's funny: my friend has this "10 year theory" where something's popular in one decade, then it's made fun of in the next one, and then 20 years later people love it again as nostalgia- which I think embodies the whole retro 80's craze now. He has since sold this theory to VH1 and now makes agreeable beats for Fat Gregg & The Panda).

In the end though, there's no G'n'R music played in these. It's all the kind of rock music you'd hear played over Sportscenter highlights. They're "unofficial" documentaries. Awesome. So basically, they're glorified documentaries. Glorified in the sense that the people interviewed, who don't know the band remember, just masturbate over the rumors and myths we've all heard before. Like how awesome the LA hair metal scene was or how rad the 80's were (which is funny, cause didn't Debbie Gibson and "mall music" top the charts in the 80's? Ya, your memories are wrong.) But don't get me wrong, there's some interest in seeing them go from a plucky band on the Strip to making Appetite and Illusions, but there's just not enough of the band's essence (where's the parties, the stories, the women, or Axl flipping out?). It plays out like a bad Behind The Music, with ex-junkies clinging on to their precious memories ("Hey, remember when Axl spit on me? I totally, like, hated it then, but looking back on it now, that was TOTally rad.").

But maybe you care what a tattoo artist and a stuttering LA scenester have to say about Guns n' Roses (try not mouth breathing). I don't. So watch it and make your own decisions. Juts don't say I recommended it.

Now, with all that said, I've got something to say: if it's acceptable to make documentaries about bands that are still around (technically), I'm going to make one about the Dave Matthews Band, while only interviewing frat brothers, sorority sisters, and suburban white kids with hemp necklaces. Look for it at a straight-to-DVD store near you.

~Nick Olds



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