

familiar face haunting CBGB throughout the '80s, perceived Roger Miret from the sidelines than anytime I've encountered Miret "on" Miret.

The Dionysian/Apollonian split in art makes for a necessary distance between punk music and punk writing—you can't verbally reconstruct an Agnostic Front riff, and there's no way to completely articulate the swelling of your soul that shuts down your brain and lets the music take over when you're watching, listening to, or playing it. But the minutiae of being an obsessive, fucked-up kid throwing yourself into the world of punk—recording the weekly punk radio show, hoping your mom vouches for your age at ABC No Rio when you're under sixteen, following Dave Insurgent down the street because you want a Reagan Youth shirt—is entirely valuable and a perfect complement to the force driving all of this—the music—as well as key to better understanding ourselves and our culture. Lewis Dimmick doesn't admirably, and I would have found much of value in this even if I wasn't immediately interested in anything about punk or NYHC.

His successes in communicating his experience, however, makes it all the more disappointing every time he sits on his generation's laurels and uses them as a way to dismiss an entire scene I'm guessing he knows close

to nothing about. Dimmick often employs the power of the bands he saw in the 1980s as a measuring stick for giving "current hardcore" a failing grade—hardcore he views as formulaic, sterile, devoid of originality and emotion. I can only assume he is writing about more commercially successful hardcore bands, which probably are the only ones he's been exposed to lately, than the dozens of bands that make up the current New York DIY hardcore scene, which, while imperfect, certainly holds up against any blowhardy dismissals from someone no longer "in it." But in and of itself, that is a small problem—if I, like Lewis three decades ago, could convince my parents to go with me to punk shows, then I can probably drag him out to see Creem or Dawn Of Humans sometime so he can start working on his official retraction. —Dave Brainwreck (wardancerecords.com)



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#### ***Bath Salt Zombies: DVD***

Within the first few minutes of this no-budget horror flick, a guy gets fucked up on bath salts and gnaws the face off of a girl who just finished doing a striptease in front of him. This is essentially the movie asking, "Are you in or out?" If you're in, you've got more of the same in store. The scenes of intestine chewing and face gnawing are accompanied by a soundtrack of sleaze punk favorites: The Dwarves, The Meatmen, The Murder Junkies, and AntiSeen. Make no mistake, this is no-budget filmmaking, with all the crap that comes with it (shitty CGI blood sprays), as well as all the fun (highlight: a puppet dog that has been zombified by bath salts ripping the necks out of drug dealers). The movie really hits its stride at the NYC subway finale, at which point it pretty much turns into a cartoon. This is what it looks like when filmmakers make the most of the resources at their disposal and put together a movie that emphasizes fun over everything else. —MP Johnson (MVD Visual, 203 Windsor Rd., Pottstown, PA, 19464, mvdvisual.com)

#### ***Damned, The: Live Live Live in London 2002 Tiki Nightmare: DVD***

I consider The Damned a can't-miss live band. If they come anywhere near me, I'm going to see them. Even this many decades into their career, they put on a killer live show, as demonstrated on this DVD. They blast through all the hits, including my personal favorite, "Wait for the Blackout," as well as a handful of tunes from the new-at-the-time *Grave Disorder* album, which blend in well. Just to keep things weird, there's a break for Captain Sensible to sing his hit single, a cover of the show tune "Happy Time," originally from the musical *South Pacific*. There's a guy in a monkey suit playing drums, a goofy tiki-themed volcanic backdrop, and Hawaiian dancers. The sound is great and it's professionally shot. At the end, Captain Sensible wishes the crowd goodnight by saying, "I'm going up to the VIP bar to drink champagne. Hope you don't miss the last bus home." —MP Johnson (MVD Visual, 203 Windsor Rd., Pottstown, PA, 19464, mvdvisual.com)

#### ***Last Shop Standing:***

##### ***The Rise, Fall and Rebirth of the Independent Record Shop: DVD***

This short (fifty minutes) documentary looks at the history of independent record stores in the United Kingdom: from their rise in the 1950s with the birth of rock and roll, into the '60s and '70s as the genre progressed, and eventually as punk rock came along. The film looks at how things started to change for the worse in the 1990s and early 2000s and have now started to come around again. *Last Shop Standing* includes interviews with Johnny Marr, Billy Bragg, Paul Weller, Richard Hawley, and Sid Griffin, as well as a plethora of record store owners from all over the country.

The film is based on a book of the same title by Graham Jones, and he serves as the narrator and interviewer. The editing is very tight and smooth and while I'm not sure who did it, he or she should be commended for putting together a great example of how a documentary can be entertaining, educational, and efficient. With its editing and narration, as well as succinct length, *Last Shop Standing* would definitely be appropriate to air on PBS or the BBC.

Older record store owners served as historians and provided proper context to why and how record stores first grew and then started going out of business. Interspersed were the various musicians who shared their thoughts and experiences with record stores. The final act of the film looks at how record stores in the U.K. are being reborn. According to the film it's through diversifying their sales (selling musical instruments or other paraphernalia, concert tickets, incorporating with a coffee shop, etc.) and Record Store Day.

At seventy-four minutes, the extras included on the DVD are actually longer than the film. They include some outtakes and a continued look at the rebirth of record stores, as well as extended interviews with the musicians and talking heads in the film. I watched a few of these, but really don't care to see an eight or twelve minute interview with musicians I've never heard of talking about record stores. I couldn't even bother to watch Johnny Marr from The Smiths talk about record shops for twenty-five minutes. And I really like The Smiths. So, in that sense, perhaps the extras are best for those from the U.K. or those who are a big fan of U.K. artists.

My other complaint with the documentary is that some diversity amongst the interviewees would have been nice. While there were a few women and people of color, they served as just as handful amongst the many white men over the age of forty. It's hard not to come away from the film feeling that it is a complaint by primarily older white guys about how capitalism destroyed their club or hobby. As someone who used to work in a record store and spent a lot of my high school and college years hanging out in them, but who no longer does so, it would've been nice to hear from people under the age of forty as to why they *stopped* going to record shops. It was more than Napster and the major record labels being stupid.

The point is that a fuller picture could have been achieved in the recording of the film. While the interviewees serve the purpose of providing the historical aspect of the fall of the independent record shop in the U.K., they're probably not the only people (along with a couple of former record executives) who should have given an analysis of what went wrong. Providing a more complete picture of the fall and rebirth by those from the younger generation would have made this a stronger documentary. —Kurt Morris (lastshopstanding.com)