

family, and work. Others are less relatable: going to prison and siblings who steal your inheritance when your dad dies. Some of the tales are short and to the point, while others develop over the course of many pages.

As an author, Essington knows what makes for a good tale and writes in such a way that allows the reader to feel as though they're listening to a friend telling a story: it is comfortable and easy-going. Essington would never be accused of being formal or academic in his style and voice. And given the type of material he covers, it would be wrong for him to write in such a manner. He's rough around the edges (the guy seems to get in more fights in one book than I've been in my entire life). Often times I felt as though I was reading a zine that was thrown together rather than a book that had been edited and revised meticulously.

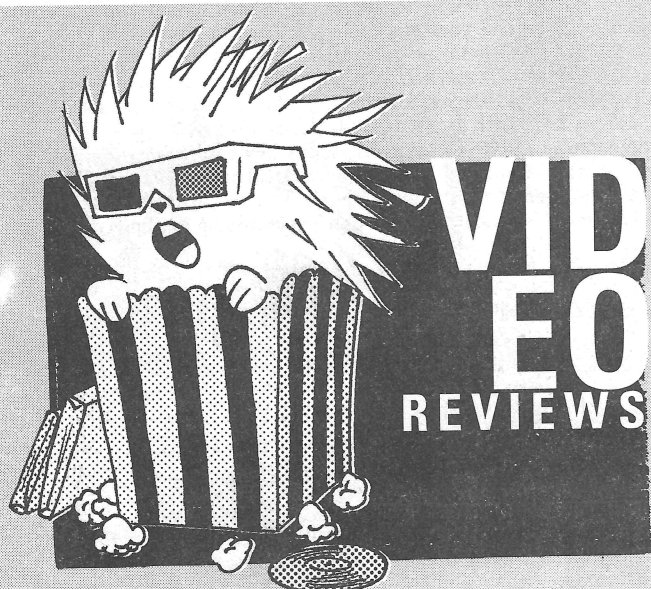
Unfortunately, there is a line between being too laid back and too formal in one's writing, especially in book form and *especially* when you have such great stories as Essington does. As I've often been told in my writing classes, ninety percent of writing is revision. And *Life Won't Wait* could use a great deal of it. More often than not, it was something where important details were left out of stories. For example, Essington served time in prison but doesn't ever go into any sort of detail about how he ended up there. Other times, it was details that were kept in that weren't necessary. In some cases, stories that were short could have been longer and vice versa.

An additional quibble—but one which needs to be mentioned in that it was affecting the reading—is the layout. There were blank pages at the end of a chapter where there didn't need to be, line breaks out of nowhere, and, on approximately a half dozen occasions, content would just repeat or disappear entirely. I'd be reading a paragraph, turn the page, and suddenly find myself in an entirely different paragraph. Some might say, "Fuck that, this is punk rock. It doesn't have to be perfect." But it's no different than listening to an album that skips in the middle of one song to a minute later. It's not compromising; it's about putting out a work that meets basic proofreading standards.

Just like you wouldn't put out an album without someone mastering the record, a book needs an editor. What *Life Won't Wait* needs is the heavy hand of an editor, a copyeditor, and a proofreader. Yes, finding these people takes time and money, but it's worth it to put out a work that you don't have to make any excuses about or provide any explanation for. The voice doesn't have to be compromised; it would be tightened and strengthened through the assistance of an editor. Providing such assistance for Essington's writing would take him from being a guy with some good stories to being a respectable writer with a presence. —Kurt Morris (Michael Essington, 17105 Roscoe Blvd. #3, Northridge, CA 91325)



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are a few dozen graying gen-X-ers who can't wait to get their hands on this and get nostalgic. It worked on me, and I'd never heard of this band. —Chris Terry (sweetrockdoc.com)

Tribute to Ron Asheton:

Featuring Iggy & the Stooges & Special Guests: DVD

Full disclosure: I only love about half the first Stooges album, I think *Fun House* pretty much sucks, and I generally find watching concert DVDs about as exciting as watching other people making out. That said, I like this DVD just fine. Recorded in Ann Arbor on April 19th, 2011, this is—as name suggests—a Stooges tribute show on behalf of departed Stooge Ron Asheton. After a few minutes of documentary-like pre-show footage, things kick off with a nearly half-hour onstage intro lecture by Henry Rollins. Clad in a clean black T-shirt and jeans, the audience cheers, laughs, and waxes solemn on his cues. It reminds me of watching *The Lawrence Welk Show* with my grandmother as a child. Eventually, the Rollins Travelogue abates, the Stooges emerge, and launch into "I Got a Right" with Hank on vocals. Hank yields the stage to Iggy, who looks as manic and ripped as

Henry Rollins. Clad in a clean black T-shirt and jeans, the audience cheers, laughs, and waxes solemn on his cues. It reminds me of watching *The Lawrence Welk Show* with my grandmother as a child.

—Rev. Nørb, *Tribute to Ron Asheton: Featuring Iggy & the Stooges & Special Guests*

Sweet Rock: The Red Weasel Story: DVD

Red Weasel was an alt-rock band from small-town Maryland, circa 1990. *Sweet Rock* includes a half hour documentary covering the band's original run, recent reunion, and a rerelease of their EP, *Rawlsdeeeep*. While Red Weasel didn't do anything on a national scale, *Sweet Rock* shows how important they were in a certain place at a certain time. Every weekend, they'd host open rehearsals that attracted all of the local misfits and helped to form a community. Among the documentary's talking heads are a married couple who met at one of these parties. The band played Butthole Surfers-influenced alternative rock, with swirling guitars overtaking the drums and the occasional bit of heavy metal to shock the system. The music and movie aren't gonna knock you on your ass, but both are charming and lovingly rendered. If you've seen your favorite band play in a basement, you will definitely find this story heartwarming. I bet there

ever, except that his skin looks kinda like the film that you get on top of boiled milk. They blast into "Search and Destroy." Mike Watt is on bass. Everything is Archie. They play more songs; Iggy consumes more and more bottled water to keep up the Stoogely pace. Everything sounds great. Eventually, it's the weird things that keep my interest—the crowd dancing on the stage during "Shake Appeal," the orchestra who join the band during a few of the later numbers. I fold clothes in the other room during the jazzy crap off of *Fun House*. Sue me. Things come to a thunderous conclusion with "No Fun," as is right and just. I feel suitably enriched. The end. —Rev. Nørb (MVD Visual, mvdvisual.com)



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