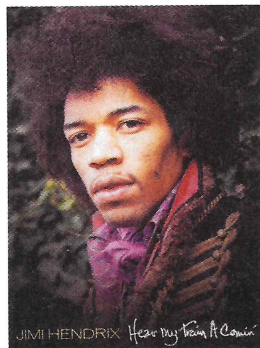


Culture Club, INXS and Rod Stewart. Close your eyes and focus on the original material and it's a solid live performance; watching the show, however, tends to reveal the production's tackiness and shortcomings.
Terry Staunton



Jimi Hendrix
Hear My Train A Comin'

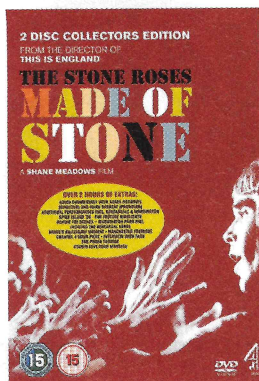
★★★★
Experience Hendrix 88883782329

Bold as a muhfukka

It's a sign of Hendrix's boundless talent that even this two-hour documentary feels incomplete. There's more than one Hendrix: for every genius bit of studio manipulation or Voodoo Chile extemporisation, he laid down a hazy, drug-funnelled wig-out; the shy artist was also a voracious drug-taker. *Hear My Train...* focuses primarily on the former, neater incarnations.

We're reminded that, post-military service, after touring as backup to the bigger stars, he morphed into the complete revolutionary package: a black frontman of a rock power-trio; a man whose records brought new sounds to his audience; who shipped off to England, destroyed the Brit Invasion competition, and then returned to conquer the US as "The Beatles, the Stones and Dylan" in one.

The Hendrix painted here is very much the bashful artist just doing his thing. Hearing Little Wing's individual layers stripped bare at the mixing desk suggests that he was to the electric guitar as Brian Wilson was to vocal harmony. Even more remarkable, however, is that this documentary has little while-Dylan-was-doing-this, -The-Beatles-were-up-to-that 60s contextualising. Hendrix doesn't need it; he was his own universe. Bonus live footage from the 1968 Miami Pop and the Love & Peace Festival, in Germany, 1970, show just why everyone succumbed



The Stone Roses: Made Of Stone

★★★
Channel 4, cat no tbc (2DVD)

They are the reunification

Far from a straight concert documentary (for better or worse), Shane Meadows' grainy, frequently fan-flecked journey from the rumour mill to the press conference to the actual tour that emerged after The Stone Roses announced their full comeback last year is an unwieldy beast.

Without the heartbreaking moments of clarity or self-doubt that usually mark his films out as memorably epic, *Made Of Stone* often feels like a series of *Spinal Tap* set pieces. This is not helped by Reni's "comedy" wig, the forced feel in the rehearsal room, or the endless solos from John Squire (there's ample time to make a three-course meal during Fool's Gold – one of the few songs included in its entirety on Disc One). But when charting the human impact the band have had, Meadows' film shines. The scramble of disbelief from locals when the Roses announce their first tiny warm-up show, and the endeavours to secure tickets by turning up with merchandise, is a brilliant 10 minutes.

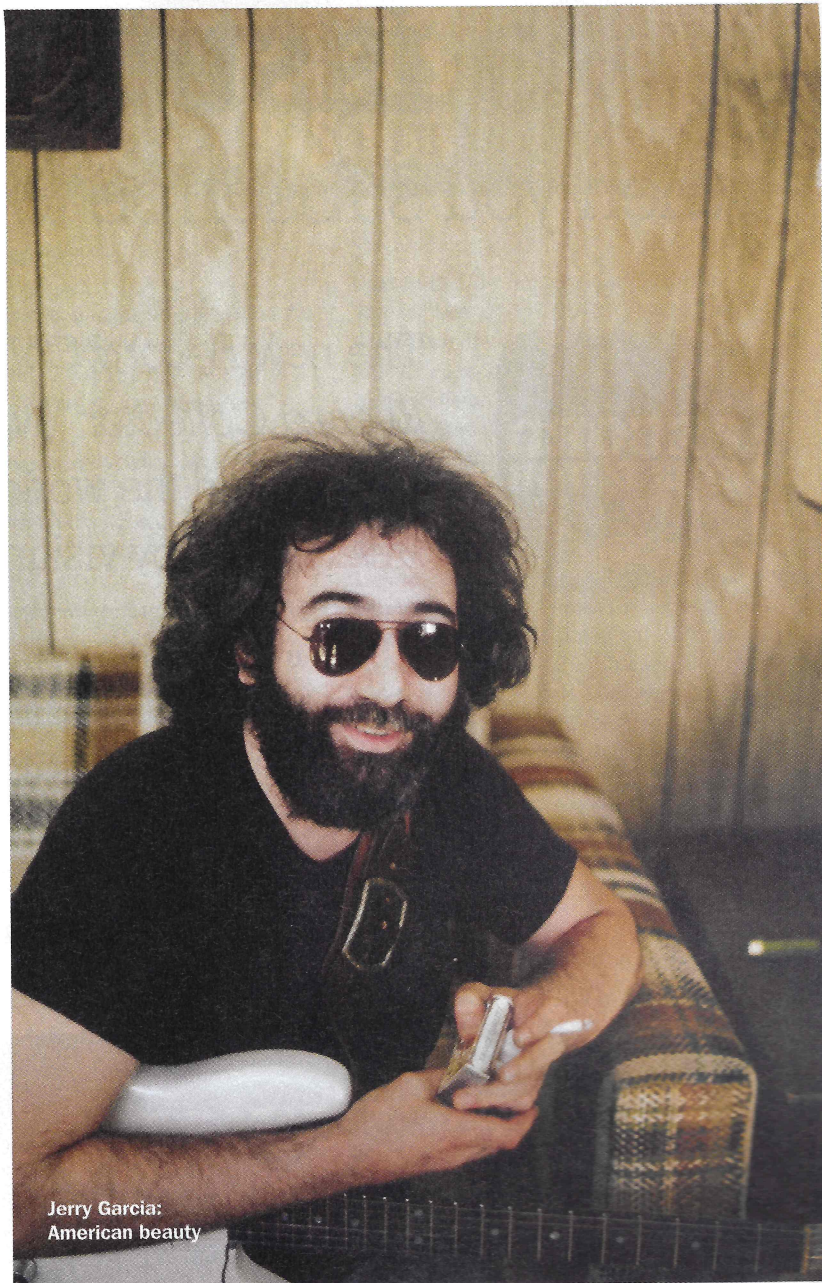
The second disc adds various ephemeral items from the time of the comeback's announcement, but it's the first that's the most cinematically important – just musically less so.
Jake Kennedy

George Thorogood & The Destroyers
Live At Montreux 2013

★★★★
Eagle Vision EREDV1009 (DVD)

Better than the rest?

The blues must be one of the few areas of popular music to respect age above youth; with his first album now over 35 years old, George Thorogood is at an age that might be considered mature by the standards of the genre. Yet,



Jerry Garcia:
American beauty

shows, his energy is hardly on the wane.

Thorogood and his formidable band attack 12 songs: a mix of R&B standards (Who Do You Love?, Tail Dragger), numbers he's made his own (One Bourbon, One Scotch, One Beer) and those he wrote himself (Bad To The Bone). The atmosphere is warm and the playing excellent throughout, the only caveat being that Thorogood's voice, while perfectly fine, is not really as commanding as it could be. His vocals sometimes have a slightly lacklustre quality, fine for the kind of bar band The Destroyers started out as, but a bit ineffectual in a stadium setting. Despite that weakness, the band's chops and Thorogood's

any shortcomings.
William Pinfold

Steven Wilson
Drive Home

★★★★
Kscope KSCOPE 265 (CD+DVD)

He's so driven, does he ever go home?

When Steven Wilson released *The Raven That Refused To Sing (And Other Stories)* earlier this year, we compared its restraint to that of its majestic 2011 predecessor *Grace For Drowning*, and wondered whether the new album was a consolidation rather than a development. But it's proved to have a life of its own: an evolving masterpiece to which this set is a significant addition.

Drive Home is an audio-visual work focused on two tracks from the album; one is a newly

Home himself, directed by Jess Cope, the other the video for *The Raven That Refused To Sing*, also helmed by Cope. They have much in common; heart-wrenching stories of loss and of the echoes of the dead, filled with pathos and emotion, hinting at redemption without explicitly delivering it. It's strong stuff in both presentation and content, leaving the viewer affected and unsettled.

Wilson's releases are always valued-added: the DVD also contains live songs filmed recently in Frankfurt, and two audio-only tracks (an exquisite orchestral version of *The Raven That Refused To Sing* and an outtake from the *Raven...* recording sessions), while the CD has the audio from the live tracks alongside these pieces. This is an