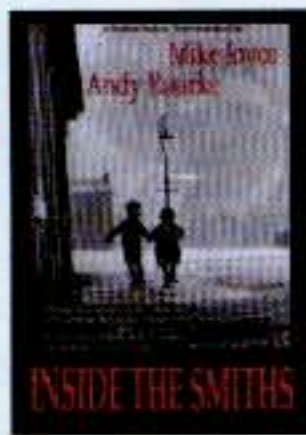


GUEST REVIEWER OF THE MONTH **JERRY HSU**

The Smiths
Inside The Smiths
(DVD)
TiB Street Films



When you think about The Smiths, it's rare that the names Mike Joyce and Andy Rourke come to mind. And after watching this film, things probably won't change that much. The interviews in *Inside The Smiths* suggest that the rhythm section behind The Smiths were these two un-special guys that were lucky enough to be in a band that changed music forever. They simply reaffirm that Johnny Marr was a genius with eighteen years of ideas before he joined the band and Morrissey stood in the corner and hardly talked to them. Mike Joyce even says, "Yeah, I just sort of listened to what Johnny was doing and accented it." And Andy Rourke was addicted to heroin and was briefly kicked out of the band. Great.

The film doesn't even make these guys look cool. They just seem like embarrassing dads. I wanted to know about the lawsuit they filed and won against Morrissey over royalties, to which Morrissey says, "Johnny left the band, but Mike ultimately destroyed it." Of course they denied that out of simple pleasure. All that I was left with after watching this was that Andy Rourke deejays now and Mike Joyce has two cats.—Jerry Hsu

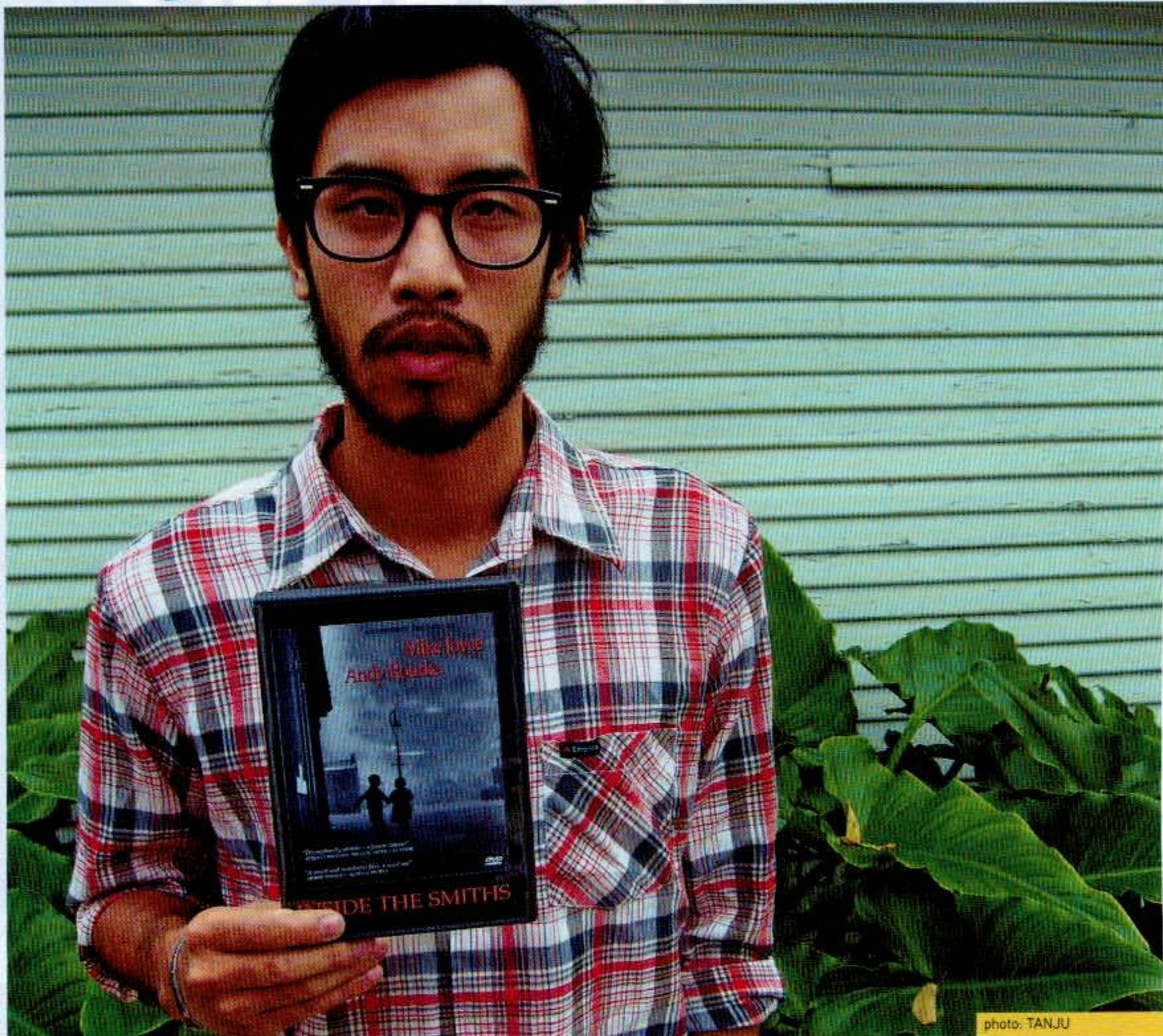


photo: TANJU



B.I.P.P.P.
French Synthwave: 1979–1985
Everloving



There are those times when I feel like an anachronism; when I wish I'd been all grown up in another decade—sometimes it's the 1870s, other times it's the 1960s, but most often it's the late 70s and early 80s. Man, what a time to be alive! The world was full of wonder and people dressed like a party could break out at a moment's notice. Like, one minute you're sitting there in your blazer with giant Klaus Nomi shoulder pads just doing your taxes, and before you know it 500 of your closest pals from Studio 54 show up and you just have got to get down. Robots are everywhere playing funky synthesizers. Rick James and Ian Curtis are Indian-wrestling over by the kitchen. Gary Numan and Grace Jones are on the waterbed getting weird. Stuff like that just doesn't happen these days.

But you know what? One day a CD marked "B.I.P.P.P." shows up at your house and you put it on and you just know. You know why people did so many drugs back then. Then you realize why they dressed like that. Or else you might just be inspired to buy a Moog off eBay and get down with some conceptual art. Either way, really.—Andreas Trolf

Bob Mould *District Line*



Bob Mould
District Line
Anti-



A show of hands: Whose first encounter with Bob Mould's Hüsker Dü was while watching Jason Lee's part in *Video Days*? I was, what, fourteen when Jason did a nose wheelie around a bus stop and "The Knife Song" ended, segueing abruptly into "Real World," and man, with that blitzkrieg of guitars (barely betraying the song's ultimate catchiness) I was sold instantly.

Mould's been keeping it going for nigh on 30 years now, which is impressive by almost anyone's standards. And as prolific as he's been, whether with Hüsker Dü, Sugar, or all by himself, Mould has been a pretty safe bet for quality all the while.

This is one of those rare instances when I actually want to write about the music and not tell you guys a story about waking up pantsless in a barn, but I can't really shower *District Line* with praise either. I will say this, however: It's damn good. It's mature, though mainly in the way of avoiding major risks. Mould is playing it safe, and in doing so he carefully avoids making another great record. There's something about this that makes me think I'm listening to college radio in the mid-90s and just as a song ends the DJ has Superchunk already cued up.—Andreas Trolf