



## **PUNK'S NOT DEAD (MVD)**

Watching this film gave me a horrible revelation.

Everyone now accepts the birth point and date of punk rock as May 10, 1974, when the band Television built and then performed on the stage at the legendary New York club CBGBs. 34 years later, and it's now entirely possible that there are people who went to that club who are not just parents, but GRANDPARENTS.

The creation of a young and promising documentarian, Susan Dynner (her first film, *Brick*, got a Sundance Jury nomination), *PND* is the latest attempt to sort the sloppy history of the movement that challenged corporate rock in the 70s through today. She put together an amazing cast of interview subjects to back her up, including one of the last surviving Ramones, Marky; Jello Biafra, Henry Rollins, Pete Shelley of the Buzzcocks, X's John Dow and modern day hit makers like Green Day, The Obsessed and Pennywise. We also get to hear the opinions of the likes of journalist Legs McNeil, Warped tour manager and founder Kevin Lyman, DJ Rodney Binghamheimer and L.A. club owner Brendan Mullen.

What's amazing about it all though is punk still exists. It doesn't hide the fans are basically immature (well the nice word is dreamers) who have turned the once bracing and refreshing music into something as rigidly confined as what the originals fought. They forget the original movement included Suicide, Talking Heads, Blondie, Pere Ubu, Tuxedomoon and many others that didn't stick to the 4/4 rigidness or fashions of the Sex Pistols. As one member of the UK Subs points out, they scream non-conformity, yet pick on a kid who's Ramones shirt has Marky's name instead of original drummer Tommy. Dynner has given us a documentary that isn't afraid to show punk's ugly zits as well as incredible energy.

The extra content, which includes everything from tributes to fabled lost clubs like CB's, the Masque and the Roxy, to lots and lots of interviews that didn't make the final cut, is also well worth glomming through.

Still, when all is said and done, one has to come to one sad conclusion. Punk should never have lasted this long. Like many of the artists it idolizes, it should have self-destructed with the end of the Reagan administration at the furthest. Now we have honest-to-god toddlers running around with yellow, pink and blue mohawks making requests for the "clown bands." It makes you wonder if that sickly smell you notice is from the kneebiters' diapers...or their elder followers Depends.

- Steve Fritz