

DVD

presence of a cockroach. In this way it is a solid, true documentary—well shot, well assembled, and full of absolutely priceless interviews and footage. Oh, and the dude from the Pogues is fucking terrifying. —James Bennett

way within the first 15 minutes of this DVD. There's something lovable about this guy that I can't deny, and while his routines don't always have me howling wildly with laughter, I have to respect a guy who started with nothing, and now has a Grammy and a syndicated show under his belt. His pacing of the stage with great enthusiasm as he tells his stories, not to mention his hilarious dry heaving punch line on several of his jokes, effectively won me over as the set progressed. While I wish that comedians would try to avoid spending too much time on demographical comparisons, I'm pretty sure that Lopez has nailed the niche for the material he uses quite effectively. —Conor Dow

produced the *Kids in the Hall* television show). If you have ever met a Canadian, talked for a minute or two and have gotten friendly, then you know how odd their humor is; they are oblivious to the subtler uses of irony, kind of like an old-fashioned farmer. This doesn't hurt Canada's comedic reputation, Canadians ruin Canada's comedic reputation. This is for fans of *The State*, *Stella* and really good open-mic amateur comedy nights. —Erik Lopez

SOULVATION: the Best of Northern Soul

Wienerworld
Street 01.07

SOULVATION is a re-issue of a collection that was originally called "The weird and wonderful world of Northern Soul." It is an attempt to chronicle the "northern soul" movement—a variety of mid-tempo, heavy-beat soul music popular in northern England in the late 1960s. Many of the bands that rose to prominence in the movement were acts that were having a difficult time doing well in the US. The selection of artists on the DVD is definitely second-tier, and after watching it, the adjective "weird" seems especially apropos. It is impossible to understand why anyone would think this release was a good idea. I imagine the meeting where it was pitched: "Let's find some completely unknown singers and choose songs that only charted in the UK. We'll fly 'em out to LA, record them lip-syncing in their hotel rooms and add fake fireworks in the background so it looks like they're performing outside. We can't lose!" Umm, yes you can. You can fail quite spectacularly. Why? Because no one wants to see a 60-year-old man jog in place while trying to make his ass shake and his mouth move like they did 30 years ago—especially not fans of soul music. Truly horrific. —James Bennett

Twigger's Holiday Slow January Records

Street: 08.07

I picked up this gem of a DVD just because the dude who made it had some sort of affiliation with Sarah Silverman (he did something with her show). I knew to expect something hilariously bizarre but not what I actually received from this DVD. The DVD is five episodes from an internet short called *Twigger's Holiday* that premiered sometime in 2004. It's about a hippie who acts like he is a tween and has surreal experiences with his robot-puppy-type thing (who also fucks mothers). There are hot moms, a devil of a father, teenage angst, homosexual anxiety and best of all... **Charlie Brown**-loser-mentality pervading the whole story! While it is highly entertaining to watch someone's creativity run rampant, it's a bit juvenile in the sense that it is over-acted, charmingly annoying and totally low-budget. Despite all the things that I want to hate about this DVD, I actually really like it. If you like high school camera action gone WILD or gay jokes, hell, get this DVD or find the episodes online for a test run. P.S. The extras are the best part of the DVD because you see the director **Rob Schrab** make an ass of himself at an awards ceremony. —Erik Lopez

Crusin' Hits of the 60's

MVD Visual
Street 06.07

I guess I've always known that minor pop stars from the 60s were active well into the 1980s, but I don't think that point really hit home until I saw video proof. Recorded live at the *Rock n' Roll Palace* in Orlando, Florida, this multi-star concert features a host of forgettable talent. The neon-lit stage is small, the crowd is lacking almost all rhythm, and the "hits" the title promises are mostly missing (this probably has something to do publishing rights). As a collection of 60s songs it is utter crap—but as sheer camp, it actually delivers. Highlights include an ageing **Bobby Vee**, a teen idol known more for his hair than for his voice, performing "Rubber Ball" to a roomful of pear-shaped housewives while managing to stand perfectly still—fully aware that his comb over could fail at any moment. There's also a song by **Del Shannon**, but it's not his classic tune "Runaway." A past-prime Shannon is sporting a wicked mullet and looks less than thrilled to be there. Other somewhat notable artists include **Wolfman Jack**, **Sam Moore**, and **the Shirelles**. The performances aren't all bad, and this was probably a great concert to see in person, but the grainy footage and poor sound make viewing an exercise in endurance—as painful as giving birth to full grown armadillo. Here's hoping Del Shannon found a competent barber. —James Bennett

America's Mexican George Lopez

HBO Home Video
Street: 07.03

WHITE PEOPLE TALK LIKE THIS, LATINO PEOPLE TALK LIKE THIS. Now that I have that out of the way, I can say that **George Lopez** was able to get most of that material out of the



Graffiti TV: The Best Of

MVD Visual

Street: 06.26

Graffiti TV is straight from the mid-90s. Everything from the shaky cameras, poor film quality, flannel shirts and bad, bad haircuts were reminiscent of a home movie. There definitely were some highlights of this DVD—like the guy writing on the walls of a subway station and having to book it from a train, and a group of taggers writing on a parked cop car. The bad haircuts and counting how many times certain artists used "n'shit" in their vocabulary was also amusing. While moments of the two DVDs stand out much is lost in the poor quality of the footage. Really, what's the point of putting something on DVD if it looks terrible? —Jeanette Moses

Live The Jesus Lizard

MVD Visual

Street: 06.05

There are shows that from start to finish are so incredible, they renew your jaded little heart about the impact and importance of live music. This live set feels like one of those moments. From the moment **David Yow** gets up on stage to the raw, cantankerous, solipsistic moment it ends, the Jesus Lizard tank the crowd in unnerving machismo. If you're like me and you missed live music's angry adolescence in the mid-90s with bands like **Jawbreaker**, **Cap'n Jazz**, **Scratch Acid** (or any **Touch and Go** band for that matter) it's awesome to know a DVD like this exists. Handheld camera action adds to the shocking feel of this live show while the small venue and rapturous crowd feel like they are going to melt at any moment. Spanning selections from their full oeuvre in a 65 minute set, Yow and company froth, fume and destroy lyricism and musical integrity—with a sloppy grin. Craptacular bonus includes five songs from '92 at CBGB's provided by **Merle Allin!** —Erik Lopez

The Best of Vol. 2 The Kids in the Hall

A&E TV

Street: 07.31

Kids in the Hall was a popular comedy troupe in the mid-90s that brought Canadian humor to the states, relying heavily on satire, monologues and a liberal dosing of absurd situations. Like *Vol. 1*, *Vol. 2* showcases the best of the best of a show whose stars went on to TV projects like *NewsRadio* and *SNL* (coincidentally, **Lorne Michaels** also

Billy Childish is Dead: a film by Graham Bendel

Cherry Red Films
Street: 2005



This is a full-length documentary film that sets out to offer insight into the life and art of Billy Childish. The film's director followed Childish around for several months—through art openings, band performances, poetry readings and down time at home. The result is an hour and a half of intimate, sometimes disturbing insight into the daily life and casual conversation of the prolific artist. We are treated to video footage of several Childish bands, including **thee Headcoats**, **thee Buff Medways** and some really rare video of **thee Mighty Caesars**. We are also introduced to band members and friends who help to push forward the Childish narrative. **Holly Golightly (thee Headcoates)**, **Bruce Brand (thee Headcoats, thee Milkshakes)**, and **Pogues** singer **Shane McGowan** all throw in their two cents about the reigning king of British garage. There is also input from several music historians and art critics. This multi-person approach at chronicling Childish's history is the most telling and the most important part of the film. This because, as scholars of garage music will tell you, most of what we know about Billy Childish comes directly from his own writings. Having a fresh and (sometimes) more truthful account of Childish's life, from his days in the **Pop Rivits** to his work as a poet and painter, is essential to really understanding how his art shapes his life (and vice-versa). Where the film is its most sincere (and the most like its namesake), is that it doesn't push the watcher to think one thing or another about Billy Childish. It simply presents all that it can about the man and lets the viewer decide if they are in the presence of a genius or in the