



## FEATURES

- ↳ "Skylab" - Walter Steding
- ↳ Glenn on Sub-Realism

## TV Party: The Premier Episode

By Eric San Juan

### Disc Details:

Video:	Fullscreen 1.33:1
Anamorphic:	No
Audio:	• English (Dolby Digital 2.0)
Subtitles:	English
Runtime:	58 minutes
Rating:	N/R
Release Date:	September 1, 2005
Production Year:	1978
Director:	Amos Poe
Released by :	Brink Films
Region:	1 NTSC

# RATING



[Glenn O'Brien's TV Party](#)  
 TV Party  
 Best Price \$8.40  
 or Buy New \$12.99  
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## QUOTES

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"Hey, if you're into this scene or remember this show, this is a "duh" purchase, right?"

"I think it's pretty awesome that this obscure little thing has been resurrected for DVD, preserving for posterity a unique and place in American culture."

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** Welcome to the **DVD in My Pants** TV Party Mini-Theme! All week we'll be reviewing individual episodes of Glenn O'Brien's ground breaking cable access show **TV Party**. If you're already familiar with the show, dive right in. If you've never heard of **TV Party** check out our review of Danny Vinic's film **TV Party The Documentary** for all the relevant background and context.

Most of the time, being a DVD reviewer isn't such a bad gig. We get free DVDs in the mail, after all. Think about that for a moment: You come home from work, a package is at your door. Not something you ordered.... and it's full of DVDs! Not bad. Sometimes they're even pretty good discs.

Other times, though, the fact that you work without pay, quite often without thanks, comes rushing home with startling clarity.

Such as when you're forced to watch dire crap like **TV Party**.

Oh, for fuck's sake, what did I do to deserve this?



This disc features the premier episode of **Glenn O'Brien's TV Party**, aired December 18, 1978, and for some reason resurrected from the dead for this release. I had to watch it. What I did to deserve that kind of treatment, I do not know. I don't really care, either. All I know is that I am now weeping. Counter culture yahoos are a pain in my goddamn ass.

I guess the deal is that **TV Party** was some sort of punk post-punk new wave whatever public access program created

by columnist Glenn O'Brien (and yes, it's pretty apparent that O'Brien is a writer, not a talk show host, because as a talk show host he sucks). The show's creation, the very *spark* of it all, was rooted in classic DIY punk sensibilities. "Hey, look at that (in this case 'that' being some *other* obscure cable show). I can do that, too." O'Brien got some friends together – Blondie guitarist Chris Stein and Andy Warhol assistant Walter Steding, among others – and the show was born.

You know what? Ignore me. Read our review of [TV Party: The Documentary](#). Enjoy it. It's a fine review. Come back when you're done.

Okay, finished? Good. Let's carry on.

Brief history lessons may make for interesting reading, but does the subject of this short look back into late 1970s New York make for interesting *watching*?

No. No, it doesn't. Well, let me add a caveat to that: If you have a very specific interest in this niche of the new wave



world, a time capsule of this sort is bound to be interesting as hell. It's a window into a scene, style and sensibility now long since past (despite the efforts of modern New York hipsters to recapture it). If you remember this show, or the personalities here, or just like the feel of this scene ... well, yeah, so now you can, like, check it out again. Oh, hoo-freakin'-ray. But if you're like me, in love with the musical sensibilities of the era and the bands it spawned, yet not necessarily interested in reliving every last throwaway moment of a dead trend, sitting through the 58 minutes on display here will be an exercise in "when is it over?"

The program opens up with cheeky music and O'Brien saying hello to the folks watching. He's surrounded by his hip little New York friends. I think they may be drinking martinis or something. At this point I was already aggravated. People milled about all around him. A glorious little hipster party. Christ on a stick, I wanted to punch them all in the neck! Every last one of those smug fucks. I'm sure they were nice people, but that doesn't mean I didn't want to neck-punch them. Sometimes nice people deserve a neck-punch, too.



Some other shit took place, all of which was boring. They talked. Some politics of the era, "global village" rubbish, some idiotic crazy old dude from the 1970s and his idiotic crazy religion. Music and "scene" stuff took place, including an irritating man singing an irritating song, and Fred Schneider (B-52's) reciting poetry. Joy. O'Brien's delivery made me angrier with each passing minute. What a smug, obnoxious fuck. Watching this, I began to envision chunks of dead animals; corpses; the mangled steel of smashed automobiles; children crying in

the gutter. I thought about finding the fella who sent me this disc and gutting him. About slicing my own wrists. About tying a case of TV Party DVDs to my waist and throwing myself into a deep, cold lake, where I would slowly fade in a torrent of watery, choked gasps, I wanted to succumb to an icy death.

I just didn't want to watch this crap.

But you might. Hey, if you're into this scene or remember this show, this is a "duh" purchase, right? If you're actually *into* TV Party – and if you're reading this review, you either *are* into TV Party or



you're a member of the DVD In My Pants staff – don't let me dissuade you from taking a trip down memory lane.

Just leave me out of it.

### Disc Presentation

There is no escaping the fact that this looks and sounds like hell ... but let's be fair, this *is* a public access cable TV show from 1978, after all. A public access show from *today* would look like hell, so the fact that TV Party has held up pretty well is commendable. So yeah, it looks like hell, but that's only because it reflects the source material really well. If you're considering a purchase, you probably already know what you're getting, so none of this will come as a surprise.

### Disc Extras

There are some extra doo-dads on this here disc. Five short clips that are, I assume, outtakes or something. Christ, who the hell is this David Walker McDermott, and why hasn't he been shot? Mick Jones (The Clash) puts in an appearance in one of these clips for a 20-minute ... ummm, interview? If that's what you'd call four people sitting around yapping.

Most of the time DVD Extras are supposed to be, you know, a *bonus*. In this instance I'm more likely to call them "prolonging the pain."

### The Bottom Line

Thank goodness! Grainy, black and white hipster cable access programming from the 1970s? What could I have done without it!? Ugh. Truthfully, I think it's pretty awesome that this obscure little thing has been resurrected for DVD, preserving for posterity a unique time and place in American culture. That doesn't mean I want to watch it, but I *am* glad it's out there. It may not be my thing, but if it's yours, hey, more power to you. Go ahead, sit down, relax, and enjoy.

Meanwhile, for my blast from the punk and new wave era past, I'll be throwing in my [Tomorrow Show](#) discs, thank you very much.





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