



JOY DIVISION—UNDER REVIEW (SEXY INTELLECTUAL)

2005 saw the 25th anniversary of Ian Curtis' suicide and with it has come a renewed interest in his band, probably 'the band' of post-punk, Joy Division. Mining territory similar to Michael Winterbottom's film *Twenty-Four Hour Party People*, *Joy Division—Under Review* claims to be 'the ultimate review and critical analysis of' the band and their music. Featuring commentary from a bevy of UK music journalists and authors, the film traces the brief history of Joy Division up until the vocalist's death on the eve of their first American tour in 1980, with the focus firmly on Curtis throughout. What's missing is any commentary from the band members themselves, turning what could have been an interesting project into the visual equivalent of someone's fan blog. RAYMOND HOVEY



DREADHEADS (DIR: STEVEN HURLBURT, FLOURNOY HOLMES / MUTANT GIRL)

Why is everybody so down on hippies? They know how to grow things, make fuel from yard waste and weave elaborate conspiracy theories. *Dreadheads*—the Dead-lovin' hippie sub-caste of jam band groupies—however, don't. This is all you need to know about *Dreadheads*, an unintentional anti-drug documentary that's completely sympathetic to its subject. To save you from 77 minutes of people talking about their hair with little real insight into the meaning of their subculture, here are the main points: Living on the road, following bands, is uniquely American—except for when it's a millennia-old tradition of gypsies and bohemians. Waking up in a pile of dirty hair gets you closer to God—and further from becoming a productive member of society. Dreads are extensions of one's aura—or a convenient excuse for not grooming or working. And finally, Bob Marley is a poser. SIDRA SCHKERKE



GANJA AND HESS (DIR: BILL GUNN / ALL DAY ENTERTAINMENT)

Back in '72, the boom of low-budget blaxploitation afforded African American playwright Bill Gunn the chance to direct his one-and-only feature film, a Negro-themed horror show called *Ganja and Hess*. The final cut was more Bergman than *Blacula*, an inscrutable fable about addiction and heritage that took the vampire myth to bizarre new realms. Despite success at Cannes, the backers retooled the film in a vain effort to make it commercial, cutting a half hour of footage and restructuring the narrative into a dull, confusing muddle known at drive-ins and video stores under titles like *Blood Couple* and *Black Vampire*. This DVD restoration gives Gunn's original vision a second chance at finding its audience. Casual viewers won't be pleased—it's obtuse and more than a little pretentious—but students of African-American cinema and unusual horror films will find it a fascinating document. FRED BELDIN



CULTURAMA 777 (FEMALE FUN)

The latest collection of videos from Culturama, a group dedicated to documenting indie hip-hop, displays a mixture of good, bad and utterly forgettable music videos. DJ Muggs and GZA's video by Victor Reyes is appropriately grandiose, featuring lots of chessboards, fast moving clouds and hip-hop flashbacks. Oakland artist Zion I and director Isaiah Saxon's video "Soo Tall" relies on that classic tool of music videos, stop-motion animation, to alternately great and vaguely disgusting (but still great) effect. Ryan Monihan's upbeat party video for Jean Grae's "The Jam" is stuffed full of pointless skits, bulging to an unwieldy nine minutes. Snappiest editing goes to One Block Radius and Keith Schofield for their time-lapse technique that mirrors a DJ cutting. Some of the videos stop short of blowing the viewer's mind (rapper goes to playground/walks around abandoned warehouse), but there's plenty of wheat to make up for the chaff. NICK GOMAN