



**Koerner, Ray & Glover: on the seats of their pants.**

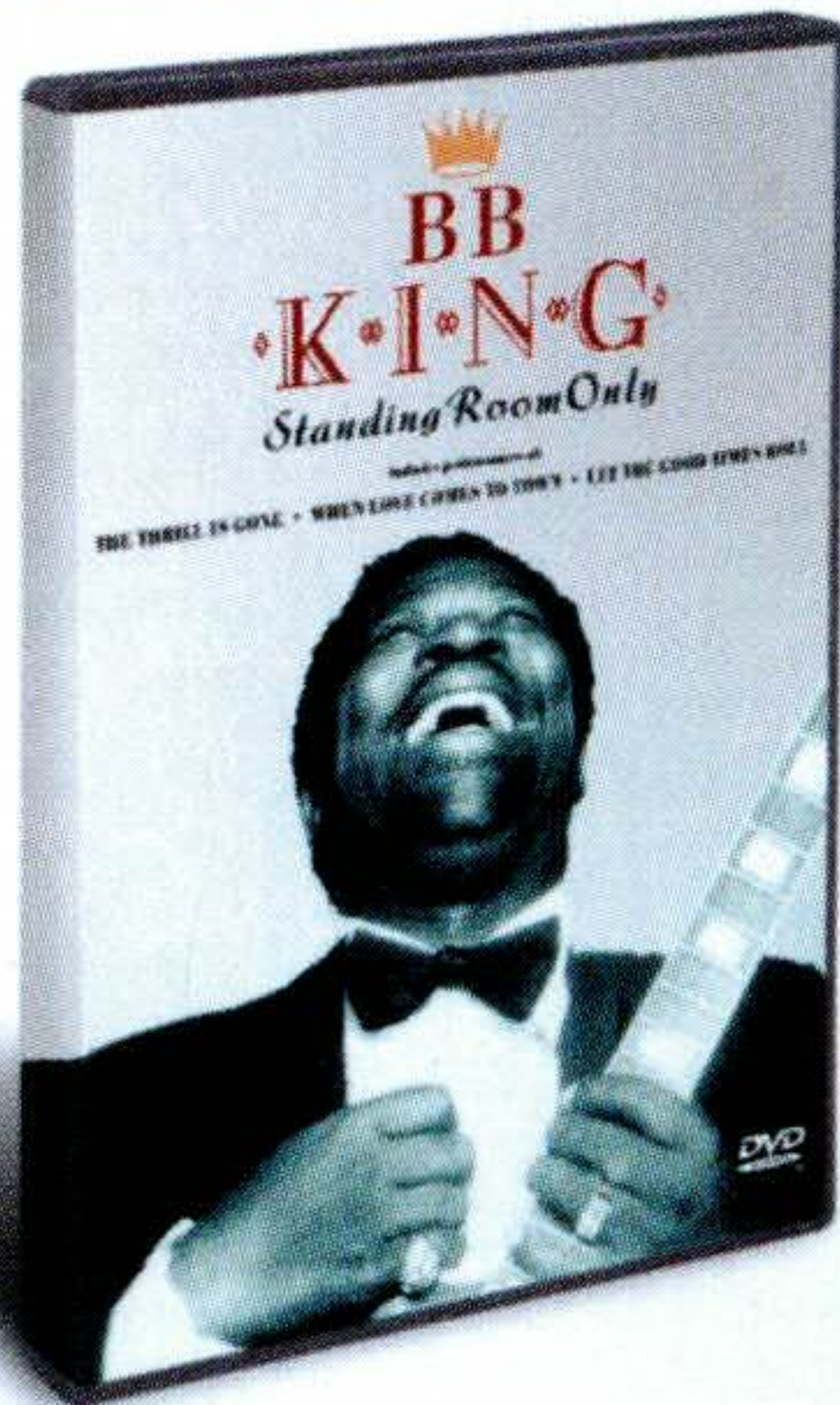
**B.B. King**

★★★★★

**Standing Room Only** IMAGE/SONY/BMG

**The King indulges in a blues master class, on-stage in Atlantic City, 1990.**

He hits a sustained note and smiles as he seemingly watches it float skywards. Everything is effortless, Lucille, his guitar, almost has a life of its own, an extension of B.B.'s voice. Sometimes it seems that the bluesman is just there to embrace it as an array of so-right phrases tumble into the auditorium. There are moments, amid Cost To Be The Boss, when B.B. confirms that he doesn't even have to play at all, merely shake a hip or mug in sly, hey-we're-really-having-fun fashion, as the band offer the merest of riffs. Amazingly, he still manages to raise the roof. However, the music remains the thing. And that, on this immaculately shot, well-recorded 1990 concert, is as good as it gets, as B.B. rolls out The Thrill Is



Gone and Ain't Nobody's Business along with others that you don't know so well but are destined to become best friends.

*Fred Dellar*

**Koerner, Ray & Glover**

★★★★★

**Blues, Rags & Hollers** MVD

**Updated for DVD, fine 1986 documentary on acclaimed blues-folk trio.**

Hard not to like a group whose philosophy was "piss on the people who didn't want to listen to it". Though their 1963 Elektra album *Blues, Rags & Hollers* was hailed as a folk-blues revival cornerstone, they'd upset solemn folkies. Occasionally falling off their chairs on-stage (they claim to have got Son House so drunk at a festival he couldn't play), their decision to have no management or agent and take a "seat of the pants" approach pretty much guaranteed a lower profile, despite having fans like Lennon and Dylan. They also appear, from this film, to have broken up as often as they got together, pursuing solo careers and sidelines including telescope-building, surreal movie-making, DJ-ing, rock journalism, playing with The Doors and joining the marines. The low-budget production here is offset by the richness of content, including 19 performances.

*Sylvie Simmons*

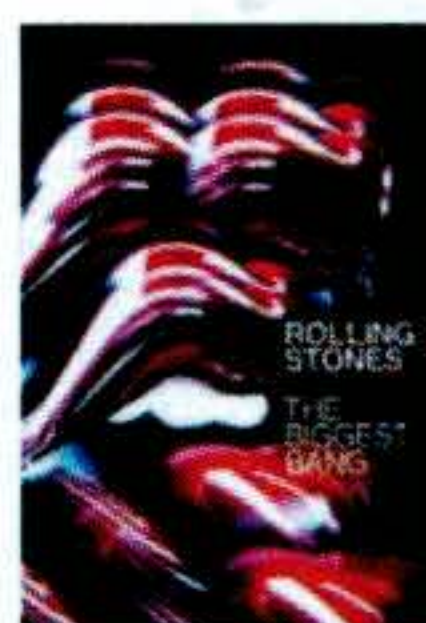
**The Rolling Stones**

★★★★★

**The Biggest Bang**

UM3

**Four-disc box set of 2005/6 live shows, tour doc and umpteen bonus clips.**



Those, like this writer, who think the Stones haven't made a decent album since 1978's *Some Girls*, may

be inclined to dismiss this as simple money making fodder for the group who started out playing the Marquee 45 years ago. But the performances are a thrill: Rio's free show on the Copacabana beach, which attracted their biggest ever audience of 1.5 million, hosts a great cover of Night Time Is The Right Time; Sway entices in Austin; an Italian vocal of As Tears Go By has the Milan crowd uproarious. The documentary reveals a band with feet on the ground when faced with Spinal Tap ludicrousness (they get stranded on their mobile stage amid a raving Buenos Aires crowd due to a wet T-shirt lodged in the drive). And a band still exhaustively dedicated to the cause. "Every show is an

experiment, how can we do it different... better," says Keith. It seems that after stealing his early moves from James Brown, Jagger and Co are now after another of The Godfather's titles – hardest-working men in show business.

*Lois Wilson*

**U2**

★★★★★

**PopMart Live From Mexico City** UNIVERSAL

**Bono and Co's giant lemon show in all its gawdy glory.**

With the album still unfinished but the tour already booked, so the story goes, U2 raced to finished 1997's *Pop* and as a result started the tour that April woefully under rehearsed. Happily, by the time they reached Mexico City in December the elements had fallen in to place: multiple costume changes; elaborate stage sets; wry anti-consumerism in the form of a man-sized olive, and a setlist that leans towards *Pop*'s protooling about but still delivers the hits. Mofo sounds plausible enough alongside I Will Follow, Paul Oakenfold's transcendent remix of Lemon segues neatly into Discothèque's high-camp encore and the band's emergence from that motorised mirrorball lemon is hilarious, if only for the look on poor, reluctant Larry Mullen's face. U2 were always good value and this package is suitably lavish – the lemon even gets its own mini-doc. It's 4X4 with two gears and its own technician, if anyone's asking.

*Jenny Bulley*



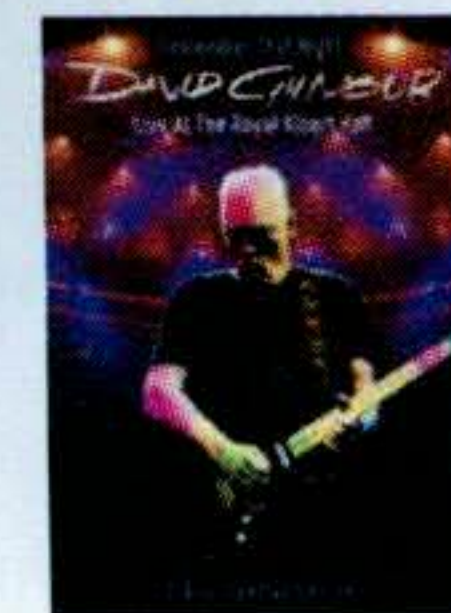
**U2: falling into place.**

**David Gilmour**

★★★★★

**Remember That Night** EMI

**Albert Hall '06. May contain lengthy guitar solos.**



David Gilmour doesn't do half measures: his band once moored an oil rig in front of the Piazza San Marco

to stage a show as Venice didn't have a stadium big enough for Pink Floyd. So it's no surprise that this show was filmed with 23 high definition cameras to bring every note in full string-bending close-up detail. Getting through the *On An Island* segment is a chore, but in part two Echoes sends the portly audience into rapture, Find The Cost Of Freedom with Graham Nash and David Crosby is spine-tingling, and David Bowie makes Arnold Layne his own. The second disc is also top dollar, featuring a 46-minute tour film that includes a chance, somewhat awkward meeting with Roger Waters, and Gilmour wearing shorts. Even the loveliest package has its horror scenes.

*Andy Fyfe*

**The Kinks**

★★★

**The Kinks: Narrated By Ray Davies** PLASTIC HEAD VISION LTD

**Shoddy comp of '70s TV appearances and videos.**

With cheap packaging, its repetition of a series of still photos of The Kinks while Ray Davies is speaking (not narrating, as claimed) and the unforgivable misspelt caption "The voice of Ray Davis", this is a clear lesson in how not to present a DVD. Ray Davies does not provide "in-depth commentary"; the material is a chopped up interview of unknown vintage. He does, however, reveal that Waterloo Sunset was originally imagined as "a sort of swing thing" sung by Frank Sinatra. Group footage is uninspired, consisting largely of such lacklustre Arista material as Sleepwalker and Misfits. Highlights, few as they are, include You Really Got Me/ All Day And All Of The Night with horns and an acoustic Waterloo Sunset. At a skimpy 40 minutes, though, best left on the shelf.

*Jon Harrington*