

UNBELIEVABLY OPINIONATED DVDS

CAUTION: PLEASE IGNORE COMPLETELY

BAD BRAINS

Live At CBGB 1982 (MVD/MRA)



If you only ask Santa for one DVD this XXXmas, it's gotta be *Bad Brains Live At CBGB 1982*. One solid action-packed hour of the Rasta hardcore legends culled from four hours of footage

shot across three consecutive nights starting on Christmas Eve 1982, it is a mind-blowing snapshot of the times. Kicking off on the Friday night and running through chronologically to Boxing Day on the Sunday, the sound and images get increasingly better as the nights roll on, while the band and audience get progressively wilder. Why don't crowds cut sick like this anymore? Drummer Earl Hudson has only just begun pounding out the familiar beat that kicks off "Big Take Over" on a transparent drum kit when punks start skankin' all over the stage, an early indication of the craziness to follow. Playing material from their 1982 self-titled debut and the earlier *Black Dots* recording, as well as newer tracks that would later appear on '83's *Rock For Light*, it's not difficult to see why Bad Brains are discussed in such reverential terms by those who saw them. By the end they've got the whole place going absolutely bananas, as they close the three-day festival with the indomitable "Pay To Cum". Why this wasn't released before now, Jah only knows.



Bad Brains

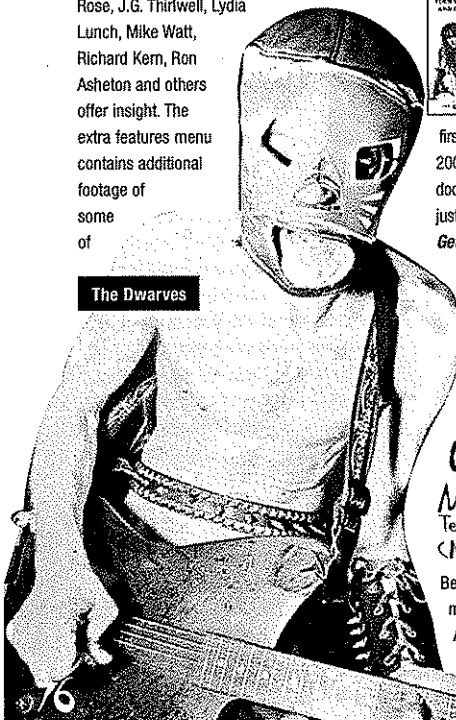
DIY OR DIE

How To Survive As An Independent Artist (MVD/MRA)



A 60-minute doco subtitled *How To Survive As An Independent Artist*, *DIY Or Die* doesn't really get into the nuts and bolts of it all as much as it provides evidence of a variety

of independent American artists working in different mediums who have done it, and are continuing to do it themselves. Ian MacKaye, Jim Rose, J.G. Thirlwell, Lydia Lunch, Mike Watt, Richard Kern, Ron Asheton and others offer insight. The extra features menu contains additional footage of some of



The Dwarves

the key interviewees as well as others like Steve Albini, who didn't make the cut because his opinions aren't aligned with the hard line DIY philosophy espoused by the film. "I see music as something like skiing or painting..." Albini says. "Very very few people should expect to do it as a career... If it's a passion first and foremost you will enjoy it and it will be valid. If you expect it to be your job as well, eventually I think you will come to resent it in the way that most people resent their jobs." While *DIY Or Die* is intent on glorifying DIY as total non-participation in the system, Albini seems more realistic.

THE DWARVES

Fuck You Up And Get Live (MVD/MRA)



"Asking which Dwarves album is the greatest is like asking which one of the Olsen twins is the sluttiest." That's the frank assessment of one of the Dwarves' scumbag fans prior to the start of their

first ever DVD, a multi-camera affair filmed late 2004 at the Continental Club, New York. With a dodgy shot-on-video look about it and sound that just passes as halfway decent, *Fuck You Up And Get Live* exceeds the standards of the average

Dwarves fan by a considerable distance. The "Sextras" menu includes five video clips, split screen alternate camera views for a few of the songs in the live set, and a touching video tribute to guitarist He Who Cannot Be Named set to a hip-hop beat.

GG ALLIN & THE MURDER JUNKIES

Terror In America: Live 1993 (MVD/MRA)

Beyond punk rock, beyond rock 'n' roll, beyond most things that pass as "entertainment", GG Allin lived and died. He was an obsession on the music world, a human pestilence



whose only mission was annihilation. Yet in the same way as my mad uncle Bill will watch old war footage of Hiroshima being fucked over, or the bulldozers at Auschwitz, I love to marvel at this once destructive

rock 'n' roll force from the safety of my lounge room. Filmed in 1993 just before GG's death, *Terror In America* offers the clearest sound and pictures of GG in action I've ever seen. It's three separate shows, each filmed in their entirety by a single camera. The best is the final one from Austin, Texas, which is shot from the front in the pit, where the sound is total dogshit but the violence is at its peak. Ever seen the damage a human Howitzer can do?

THE HELICOPTERS

Goodnight Cleveland (Warner Vision)



In full-flight, The Hellcopters are a rock band par excellence - blistering Detroit-via-Scandinavia twin-guitarageddon. Away from the spotlight, however, they're a rather dull pack of

Swedes. That's a critical observation the makers of *Goodnight Cleveland* have failed to make, and as such this is left floundering in backstage boredom just itching its pants off for some sweat-soaked rockin' 'n' rollin'. Shot during the last ten days of the Hellcopters' 2002 US tour, it's a well-made travelogue that struggles due to a lack of action, not to mention a lack of rock. There is one full version of "Toys And Flavors", and tiny grabs of several other tracks, but it's not enough to relieve the tedium of watching the Hellcopters doing their laundry or sitting around in hotel lobbies doing sweet FA. A self-indulgent and uneventful road doco; unless you like the Hellcopters for their good manners and dress sense, save your dosh for the next time they tour.

HOLY MOLAR

Dentist The Menace (Three One G)



With current and ex members of The Locust, Some Girls, Heroin, Antioch Arrow, Charles Bronson, Swing Kids and others, Holy Molar are a crack team of extreme dentists making a noise akin to having

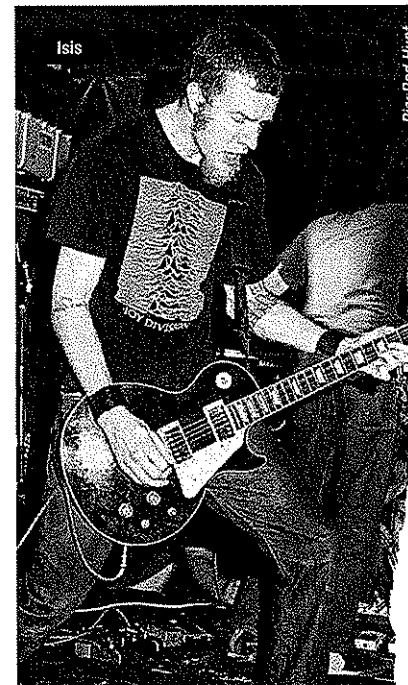
all your teeth yanked out at high speed. Seeing them at work is not a pretty sight. This DVD from the San Diego keyboard-laden spaz-punk side-project serves up an assortment of chaotic live tracks filmed on camcorder at different shows during the band's peak active years circa 2001-02. Expect crazy spastic keyboard noise and even crazier audience antics. One punter gets up and rolls himself in a disgusting old piece of carpet only to be walked all over by singer Mark McMolar and other members of the band and audience. A separate portion of the disc entitled "Mitchapaloza" sees the madcap medicos playing at some rich kid's birthday party, subjecting a bemused bunch of his snobby pimply-faced teen yuppie friends to their unholy noise. With the band dormant for many years, this DVD release pre-empts the first new music from Holy Molar since 2002 with a new seven-inch, *Cavity Search*, probably in stores by now.

ISIS

Clearing The Eye (Ipecac/Shock)



Most people would think you were a bit weird to want to watch couple of hours of footage of bearded men with their eyes closed banging their heads as if in a trance while jamming on ten-minute riffs. But those people fail to appreciate that Isis fans are a bit weird. Most of them probably bought this the day it came out and have watched it every day since. And who could blame them? *Clearing The Eye* is the kind of package every band would strive to deliver if DVD releases were not treated



Isis

Photo: Rod Hunt

UNBELIEVABLY BAD