



Tori Amos
Welcome to Sunny Florida
 Epic



There's a moment in the concert DVD *Welcome to Sunny Florida*, which documents the last date of Tori Amos's 2003 *Scarlet's Walk* tour, when you see a different side of the singer. The show has ended, and she rushes backstage to discuss what to play for the encore. Throughout the concert (and the brief interviews that the director, Loren Haynes, has interspersed), Amos is pontificating on spir- its and "sonic shapes"; now she's all business, barking instructions at her bandmates, voice booming, arms akimbo—an alpha female ruling over her brood. It's an exhilarating sight; here is one fairy princess you don't want to cross.

The music is enjoyable, but it fails to capture the communal excitement of Amos live. The set

De...
 bal... 30-year hometown
 reunion in 2003, shows that
 Iggy still knows how to take the
 spotlight. Though he leaves the Jif
 at home and the beers are in plas-
 tic cups, the Stooges still channel
 the grimy, deviant swagger they
 introduced to rock. Shirtless and
 as leanly muscular as ever, Iggy
 hops, shimmies, jerks and jumps a-
 round. The performance is led by
 guitarist Ron Asheton's spastic chord
 and his brother Scott's boulder-rollin

Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds
The Videos
 Mute

"We don't really like videos," says singer
 1997 collection. Often videos don't like him
 age to either enhance or complicate Cave's
 all of them testify to the nuance and melod-
 monochromatically doomy over the lengt

The two smartest videos flirt with ho...
 Davis, reimagines an expletive-laced "Stagger Lee" with Ca...
 tight pink T-shirt between two studs stripteasing on risers. ...
 puts Cave and Bad Seed Blixa Bargeld in a rowboat for "The V...
 cut up with shots of the two dancing in suits—"like gay bu...
 Cave notes. The other directors, all of them male, tend to ta...
 subjects too seriously. Duets with PJ Harvey, Shane I...
 Kylie Minogue are all creepy-
 enthralling for different rea-
 sons. The most fun comes from
 watching Cave age from the
 angry young baby of "In the
 Ghetto," to today's controlled
 torch singer, the emotions flick-
 ering across his pasty mug. Elvis
 would have been proud.

—Terri Sutton



Rise: The Story of Rave Outlaw Disco Donnie

MVD

From punk rock to rave, local scenes have usu-
 ally had at their center a charismatic figure who
 embodies the party spirit. The New Orleans
 techno-party promoter Disco Donnie is alleged-
 ly one of those folks, but you wouldn't know it
 from Julie Drazen's *Rise*. Like almost every oth-
 er rave documentary, *Rise* attempts to capture
 the spirit of the party by getting busy with visu-
 al spritz—quick-cut montages, strobes, split

screens, goofy fast and slow motion—to the point that it looks more like
 an MTV demo reel than a movie with a subject.

It doesn't help that the subject himself gets so little screen time, or that he
 doesn't evince much personality; not until 46 of the film's 69
 minutes have passed does someone declare Donnie "the best
 rave promoter in the United States." The speaker is DJ Tommie
 Sunshine, who steals the movie simply by virtue of having opin-
 ions (and by hilariously rebutting a high-strung raver named
 Kitty Cat who claims she hasn't taken ecstasy). Though Donnie
 himself gets lost, it wasn't inevitable: his fleeting allusion to a
 childhood spent around club-owning parents makes you won-
 der what a more insightful filmmaker might have done with him.

—Michaelangelo Matos

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