

M

Music DVD | JIM SULLIVAN



The Dead Boys  
are brought to life

po  
nc  
Ar  
na  
wh  
lik  
tir  
Ro  
Pl  
CE  
po  
les  
DV  
ar  
mo  
so  
No  
sel  
tu  
ch  
isr  
rig  
of  
me  
bo  
—  
gr

The Dead Boys were America's Sex Pistols — sans politics, popularity, and media buzz. The quintet made noise in 1977, when punk rock was anathema to most American rock music fans. Too crude, too rude, too nasty. So the Dead Boys, fronted by an Iggy Pop devotee who went by the name of Stiv Bators, played dungeons like the Rat in Boston, where I saw them around that time, and CBGB in New York, ground zero for punk. Rod Swenson, who later came to infamy managing the Plasmatics, had three cameras and a few mikes in CBGB one night to videotape the Boys. Sometimes the power failed, other times the tubes blew out. Regardless, the 45-minute concert has now come out on a DVD called "Dead Boys — Live! At CBGB 1977." An artful piece of work it's not, but it does capture a moment in time. The Dead Boys wrote a handful of great songs ("All This and More," "Sonic Reducer," "Ain't Nothin' to Do") that were full of anger and loathing — self- and otherwise. Bators saw a concert as an opportunity to crawl around the stage like an insect or cut his chest with some broken glass. It was a display of nihilism that, perversely enough, felt cathartic and just right, capturing the frustration of an early generation of punks before the music became codified and commodified. As guitarist Cheetah Chrome says in the bonus interview segment: "What we're doing onstage — just releasing a lot of energy, frustration . . . it's aggressive 'cause we don't like a lot of things."

**Extras:** Band interviews, promotional clip. (MVD, \$14.95)

\$1

N

— sans  
tet made  
to most  
e, too  
p devotee  
ungeons  
nd that  
punk.  
aging the  
s in  
imes the  
Regard-  
on a  
7." An  
e a mo-  
of great  
Ain't  
thing —  
a oppor-  
or cut his  
of nihil-  
just  
eration  
d com-  
the  
onstage  
it's ag-  
(MVD,

Boston Sunday Globe  
December 12, 2004