



God Save the Queen

A punk rock anthology



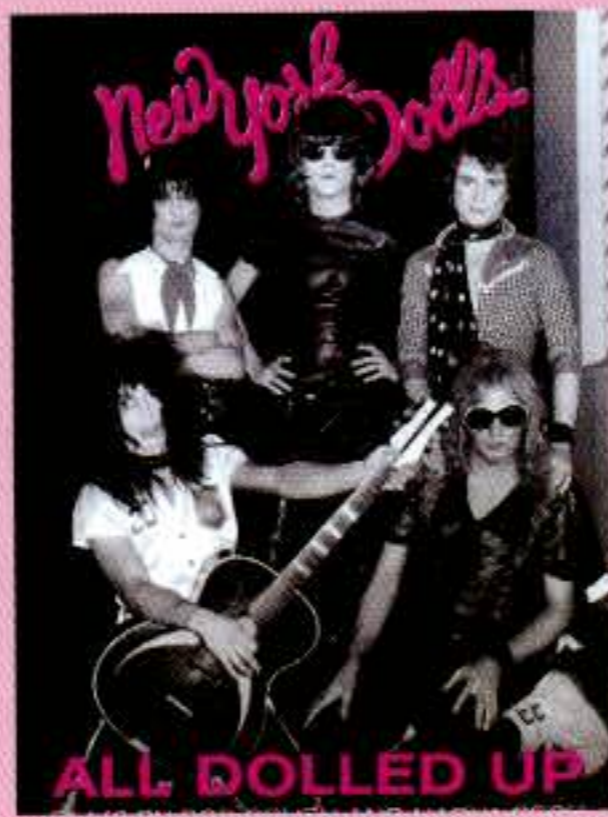
When you're feeling like summoning up those days when trying out the tricks on skate videos was the thing to do with your after school self and the Stooges noisily blared from the blown out stereo speakers of your boyfriend's car, this is the DVD to fire up. I admit some skepticism on my behalf when I saw the title. The whole thing reeked of big record company marketing: cutesy package of poseur punk.

But, alas, Greenday this isn't.

A documentary for those veering on ADD; it's not a grossly in-depth overview for those interested in the underlying trivialities and minutia. What it does offer are some pretty kick ass performances – Iggy Pop, The Buzz Cocks, Germs and Vice Squad to name a few – and interesting smatterings of interviews spliced in with the likes of Marky Ramone of the Ramones. Most of this stuff is live, so watching the seemingly disaffected audience is as priceless as watching the band. There's no fancy camera work on this disc nor is there a single performance by The Sex Pistols, the band alluded to in the title of this anthology, but both factors make it all the more credible.

If not for the performances alone, this documentary merits value as a reminder of where music *wouldn't* be if it hadn't been for a little thing in the 70s called punk rock. So crack open that can of PBR, put on your best anti-capitalism, stick it to the man's face and get amped for some jolting power chords delivered by some of the movement's finest.

- Claudia Ward-de León



New York Dolls

All Dolled Up

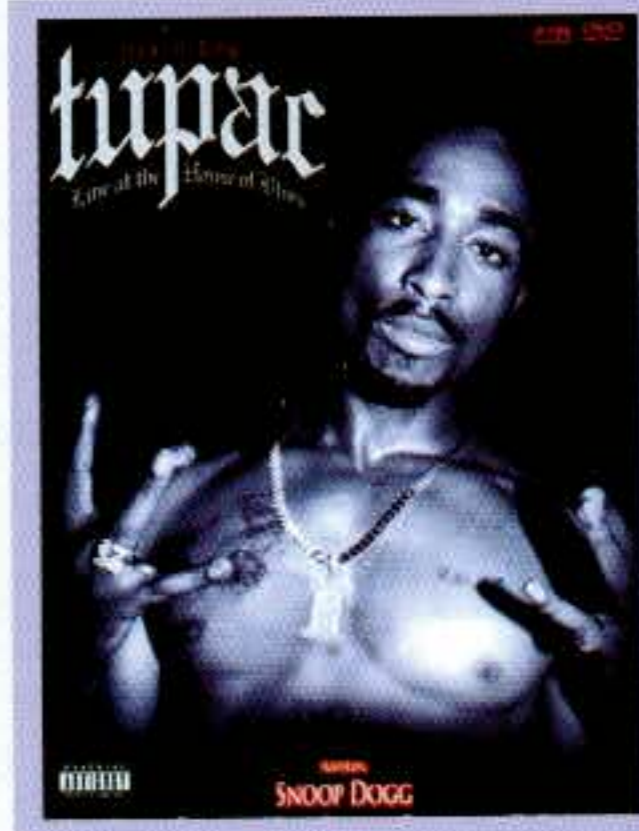


To the uninformed, The New York Dolls were just some weird band of dudes from the 70's who dressed as women. The informed however, know that they were in fact some weird band of dudes from the 70's who dressed as women, and also managed to more or less set the rules for the seemingly rule-less punk and glam-rock genres that would dominate the musical landscape of the next two generations. Got that?

Well luckily if you don't, your history lesson has just been released on DVD in the form of *New York Doll*. The film, directed by newcomer Greg Whiteley, tells the story of the band's 2004 reunion as it follows bassist Arthur "Killer" Kane, who at the time, lived a very un-rock and roll life as a Mormon in LA. The DVD covers a hell of a lot of ground in a relatively short time by interviewing the likes of Iggy Pop, Morrissey, Bob Geldof, Chrissy Hynde, The Clash's Mick Jones and all of the surviving Dolls as it digs through Kane and the band's outrageous(ly entertaining) past.

When the legendary Morrissey invites the band to headline his Meltdown Festival in London, the offer is too good to pass up. If you're a fan of the Dolls, then you most likely already know the ultimately tragic ending to this tale. You don't have to be a fan to appreciate this bittersweet film, you just need to have an interest in cross-dressing men rocking out like only cross-dressing men in can. Count me in.

- Andy Barrett



Tupac

Live at the House of Blues

Death Row Records & Eagle Rock Entertainment



With the exception of the first few releases after his death, the constant flow of material from Tupac is nothing more than a collection of outtakes and scratch tracks that he never would have let touch the street had he been alive to make the call. Sadly, his exploited legacy keeps getting passed off on rabid fans hoping for some glimmer of his former brilliance like so many Beatles Anthology albums.

Primarily significant, Tupac was *not* the headliner of this set, which took place at the House of Blues in Los Angeles on July 4th, 1996. Tupac opens for Snoop and the Dogg Pound. Even if the album footage and sound quality were spectacular (they are not), the simple fact that Tupac only rhymed on ten of the DVD's twenty-four album tracks left a sour taste in my mouth. It should be noted by discerning buyers that this DVD is titled in an intentionally deceptive manner.

The sound quality is atrocious. Even an amateur hip-hop act wouldn't release live recordings without including a feed from the board, yet someone found it completely acceptable to release a recording that consisted of nothing more than a few room mics. To boot, there appear to have been no more than four cameras set up in the House of Blues for the show, only one of which was on tracks. Thus, the question begs to be asked: if the House of Blues was not outfitted for a live DVD that night, why was one released?

- Abe Kinkopf