



Gomez

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FIVE MEN IN A HUT: SINGLES 1998-2004
(VIRGIN/CAPITOL, 123 MINUTES)

Must Gomez make videos?



The great watermelon-smashing poet laureate Gallagher once pondered the heady question, "Does Joe Jackson have to be in his videos?" Blasphemy, right? It's fucking Joe Jackson. Even his turds, like "Steppin' Out," are just cool. So what if he looks a little

wonky? Same goes for Gomez. There's hardly a bad song on any of its five studio albums—or even the 2000 B-sides collection *Abandoned Shopping Trolley Hbtline*. A collection of videos, for its singles, oughta be pretty good. It's all right, actually—better if you watch and not listen. It's because music videos are music videos. Band lip-syncs to song while actors, models or non-union band friends mug and ham it up. It detracts from the songs, which are so fully realized (and in turn fully experienced) that directors with lame artsy-fartsy concepts just fuck 'em up. Not Gomez's fault, and it's far from Joe Jackson's effete skeletal band geekery... but it's much better when it just plays the music, as on the DVD's final six chapters.

Special features: *Bring It On* interview, *Split the Difference* interview, *Liquid Skin* album launch showcase—all much better than the main program.

RANDY HARWARD

Screaming Masterpiece

(MILAN, 160 MINUTES)

Nice place to visit, lousy place to rock



It's a gutsy move using the word "masterpiece" in a film's title, especially when it falls so far from the mark. Directed by Ari Alexander Ergus Magnusson, this documentary explores Iceland's music scene. Of course there's Björk, Sigur Rós and Múm on

hand, not to mention a whole bevy of up-and-coming bands, some of whom have names I won't even attempt to pronounce. The music tends to reflect the country's cold and dreary landscape, and most of

these artists don't have much of a personality. But to Iceland's credit only 300,000 people make up the tiny nation and yet there's a thriving music scene that isn't afraid to mix ancient dirges with contemporary electronic, rock, pop and classical influences. Ultimately the awesome glaciers, the barren highland sands and dark, raging seas that the filmmaker uses as backdrops are inviting—but if you ever visit Iceland, think about taking your own music.

JOSE MARTINEZ

Dwarves

FEFU THE DVD: SPECIAL EDITION DIRECTOR'S CUT

(MUSIC VIDEO DISTRIBUTORS, +/- 109 MINUTES)

Blood, lesbians, dwarfettes—viva art!



FEFU: Fuck, Eat and Fuck You. That's a Dwarves song (from *Dwarves Must Die*), and one they feel is their very own little "Stairway to Heaven." *FEFU the DVD* is built around the video for the track, presented here in uncensored and clean versions.

The latter, by the way, is an inexplicable inclusion—since when did the Dwarves ever give a shit about offending anyone or pander to social niceties? Isn't that against their religion of blasphemy and vulgarity? It may well be a joke; the clip still shows plenty of naked, bloody Suicide Girls and a sexy dwarfette. Not as much as the original clip, of course, and it may even show HeWhoCannotBeNamed's, uh, stuff. However, both pale against the real star of the program: a 40-minute making-of featurette packed

full of behind-the-scenes footage that's a veritable smorgasbord of blood, breasts and bloody chicks making out. Classy!

Special features: An hour of vintage live footage. RH

Porcupine Tree

ARRIVING SOMEWHERE...LIVE IN CONCERT
(MUSIC VIDEO DISTRIBUTORS, 120 MINUTES)

It takes a very steady hand...



The artsy-smartsy UK prog band filmed an entire Chicago performance during its *Deadwing* tour in just the way you'd expect: a widescreen balance of crisp color and grainy black-and-white imagery, before a screen on which random abstract imagery is projected as a complement to PT's meticulous music. It can feel deliberate and labored, as with the crisp/grainy toggle, and has a rather sanitary sheen, which makes it seem as if PT is attempting to dodge obscurity and snag mainstream acceptance. That could be part of it, but really it's just too pro. The performance is so well executed and refined that it to call it rock 'n' roll is like calling microsurgery *Operation* (remember, it takes a very steady hand!). But if you're a Porcupine Tree fan, that's what you want from the group—metronomic perfection of sound and vision. Anything less would be uncivilized.

Special features: German television performances; promo clip for "Lazarus"; live films for "Start of Something Beautiful," "Halo" and "Mother and Child Divided"; gallery. RANDY HARWARD

winterpills
the light divides

"The Light Divides' ups the ante on the Winterpills' shimmering, resonant, heartbroken pop glory." — Jonathan Lethem

"[An] ice-filigreeing-the-bare-trees sound, cold and achingly beautiful — is what sets this group apart... downright glorious when the harmonies start, as crisp and shining as crystal." — The Washington Post

In stores February 27

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