



**Beer: The Movie: DVD**

I stand to sound old and humorless right now. But that is an inherent danger anytime one decides to give critical analyses to the merits of something claiming to the world to be "humor." So, despite the very real possibility of coming off as a clueless cluck, I have to say that *Beer: The Movie* didn't make me laugh very much. Or even laff very much. I think I like low-brow humor even more than the next guy, but this just struck me as a bunch of college age dudes who cut their clown teeth on too

# A blood-curdling blend of sugar-charged punk and daycare center melt-downs. And these are the things of which treasures are made.

much Tom Green and *Jackass* growing up. In other words, throughout the movie, I sensed that these guys, more than anything, like doing "zany" things to be the center of attention. And like the talk show host who's in the business because "he likes the sound of his own voice," I get the impression that these madcaps just like the sound of themselves laughing at their own jokes. Because I have a hard time believing anyone else out there is laughing at this stuff. But what do I know? I'm old and humorless and not starved for attention. I'm just plain out of step with the times. And that's fine, because with the blogosphere and the MySpaces and the YouTubes and camera phones and everyone scurrying like rats to feed on the rancid peanut butter of human attention, that just leaves that much more beautiful anonymity for me. And so now here's the painfully obvious, but somehow appropriate, clunker of a closing line: if this movie is beer, it's fucking skunky. —Aphid Peewit (Unit Shifter Films, 2658 Griffith Park Blvd. #296, LA, CA 90039)

**Charles Bukowski Tapes, The: DVD**

Li Po, the maverick poet of Tang dynasty China, was known for his clear lyrical brilliance with words as well as his dark fondness for excessive drinking and his flippant disregard for the prim etiquette of the day. It is said that he would explain away his scabrous, inebriated behavior by unapologetically stating that "wine makes its own rules." So true, so true. Charles Bukowski, the maverick poet of late 20th century Los Angeles, was, like Li Po, a "drunken immortal" who oftentimes seemed to let the mingling of his neurons and alcohol make the rules. And for this he was equally lionized and despised. But thank god for Bukowski and thank god for whatever alcoholic libation that, on any given day, he might have poured into his gnarled beerhole because it created one of the most liberated, pretension-stripped fountains of prose and poems to erupt in the American literary scene in a god awful long time. And since Hunter Thompson picked up a gun a couple years ago and blew open his head like a can of baked beans, there really have been no more desperados roaming the literary landscape. At least none that I'm aware of. Vonnegut has quieted down and seems to just want to be left alone to die and Pynchon

puts things out at such wide intervals and is so busy doing his J.D. Salinger/Invisible Man routine, that he has become all but forgotten (though his new book could reverse all that... temporarily.) We don't even have any Truman Capotes anymore. Basically, we're stuck with people like Philip Roth and John Updike: the neatly pleated jockeys of the writing world whose passions and talents would be equally well utilized in fields such as accounting or copy writing. I'm to the point where I'd welcome something along the lines of the stilted, buttoned-up academia/arcania of T. S. Eliot or Ezra Pound again. But what do I know? I'm probably speaking out of turn here; after the dull wave of Tama Janowitzes and Bret Easton Ellises washed out somewhere in the '90s, I stopped paying attention. So it is none too amazing that I would relish a DVD like *The Charles Bukowski Tapes*. This is a two-disc set of short videotaped vignettes capturing a well-waxed Bukowski waxing philosophic on everything from James Thurber and the other writers he admires ("Good tough boys... they stay close to the Earth.") to trying to figure out why the women in his life are always trying to change him. He even takes you on little guided tours of L.A. and the house where he grew up—and, in particular, the bathroom where he "took all his beatings." As any good tippler knows, most of the drunken pearls of wisdom that slide out from between slurry lips get lost to the mulching lawnmower known as the common hangover. The mulch of memories all gets swallowed up by the bugs and the dirt of the mind. And that is, like the universe itself, a beautiful thing that constantly dies back into itself to be reborn as something else. But it's also fun to sometimes cheat the system and run off with some prize you've just shoplifted from under the security laser beams of "the system." This DVD is just such a thing: golden, intimate moments with a modern day drunken immortal that would have otherwise been

lost to the mists of time. Old fans and newcomers alike: go get a bottle of booze or a case of beer and watch the *Bukowski Tapes*. You will be in very good company. —Aphid Peewit (Barrel Entertainment, PO Box 43588, Detroit, MI 48226)

**Dwarves: FEFU, The DVD: DVD**

Included here are a couple of takes of a video of a song from *The Dwarves Must Die* album: one a "clean" version and another not so clean. As can be expected of a Dwarves release, blood and nekkidness abound here, the latter courtesy of assorted Suicide Girls, with more of both on view during the "making of" documentary. There's also a short film that was kinda dull, and assorted live footage from most stages of the band's career. Most of the live stuff appears to come from fans filming with camcorders from the audience, which means the sound quality is dubious at best. On the whole, this could've been better, and it could've been worse. —Jimmy Alvarado (Greedy, PO Box 170481, SF, CA 94117)

**Gonerfest 2: Electric Goneroo: DVD and CD**

Nothing will heal the pain of missing this rad event but this helps. A great deal: a CD with a live song from every band that played and a bitchin' DVD of almost every band that played. Despite being live footage, this is solid quality, both on the CD (I can hear what they're singing!) and the DVD (I can see everything!). Especially bitchin' because it's favorites (Persuaders, Tokyo Electron, Final Solutions) with new kids on the block (Angry Angles, Carbonas, Rat Traps) and a ton of outta-towners that showed up. This is what rock and roll is about: playing on the floor with the crowd. And if there's a stage then everyone is welcome to jump off it. Overall, this is on the dirt lot, grimy gutter end of rock, but that doesn't mean girls aren't allowed to play along. Especially as one wipes off the Reatards' blood at the end of the show. —Speedway Randy (Goner, goner-records.com)

**Out4w: It's Only Rock'n;roll: DVD**

Don't look now, but I think that maybe the little squirts from Old Skull are, like Britney Spears, all grown up now with little ones of their own;