



● WENDY O. WILLIAMS AND  
THE PLASMATICS (THE DVD)  
191 mins + Bonus Features  
Directed by Randy Shooter  
MVD

Now we're talking! This one's subtitled "10 years of revolutionary rock and roll," which sums this disc up as well as the Primus mouthful. This one's loaded with footage (Sexy Intellectual/ChromeDreams take note) and is non-stop mayhem. Even the interviews are usually manic, and the whole package is wrapped up by the breathless, speeding narration of some chick named Tricia Basanyi. Not that she does a good job—her delivery's too fast and too flat. Nor can this be called a definitive documentary since original guitarist Richie Stotts, the tall, lanky geek who sported garters and stockings and a blue Mohawk, is completely missing—even edited out of old videos. Word has it there's such bad blood between him and former manager Rod Swenson, a porn producer before he decided he wanted to be the next Malcolm McLaren and founded this "band," that's why Stotts is missing. But screw all that as this disc's worth watching for the insane concert footage and is chock full of videos I haven't seen in years. Their music was shit, but I, like thousands of other teenage boys (they never sold big numbers), got off on the chainsaws, the TV-smashing, the blowing up of cars, and even if Wendy was ugly, she had a great body, most of which you got to see on stage.

The Plasmatics were formed in NYC by Swenson in 1979. Williams, who'd performed in live sex shows before making the jump into movies, met her future manager and lover back when he was often referred to as Captain Kink. It was a meeting of minds and bodies, and with original guitarist Stotts, the band soon achieved notoriety for their extreme stage shows which usually took place at CBGB's. Firing blanks from a shorn-off shotgun while wearing electrical tape on her nipples, chainsawing a dummy filled with blood and coating the audience (years before GWAR), Wendy would do anything to try to shock the audience, but let's be honest here, the Plasmatics weren't great musicians and their songs were barely literate. Swenson was no fool and knew the way to push their reputation was to push the shows as far as they could go. The rest, as the saying goes, is history: banned in London, busted in the Midwest...the band evolved (devolved?) from Punk to Metal and ultimately disbanded in 1988. Wendy committed suicide in 1998, a month before she turned 49.

This disc isn't so much a Plasmatics documentary as it is a Wendy lovefest. It's worth seeing for the concert footage and videos.

- **[\\$17.99 at Amazon](#)**