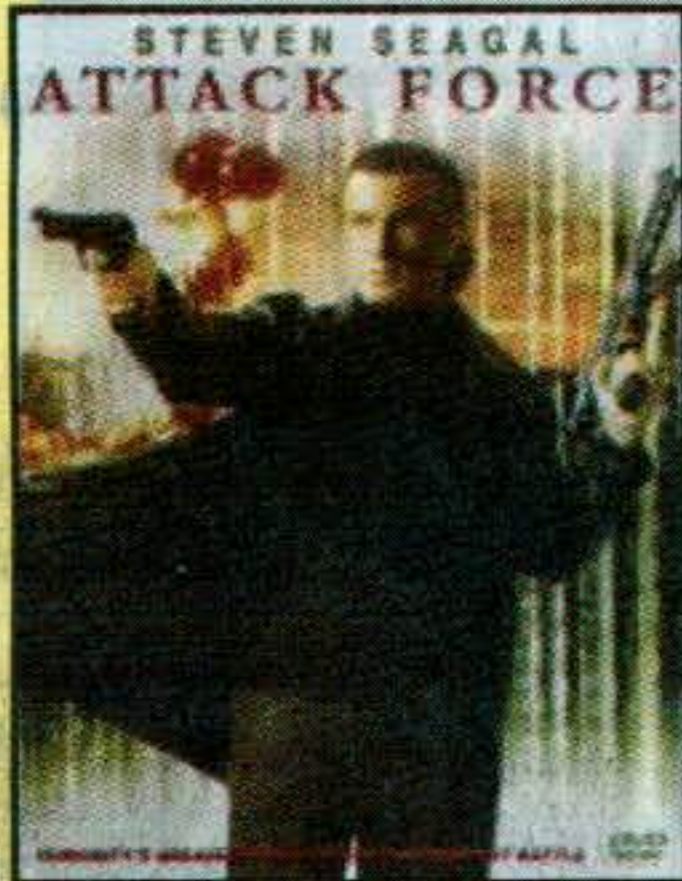


decision. I'm not going to give away the ending but when I found out how closely it mirrors the real life of Huey Long I was very disturbed by the final turn of events.
-Jesse Kennedy

Attack Force

Michael Keusch
Sony Home Entertainment
Street: 12.06.06



I'm not sure where to begin describing a movie this crappy. I suppose we should begin with the title; Attack Force. I'm struggling to recall a more generic collision of two words used in countless action film titles. They might as well have called it 'Explosion Gun' or 'Punch Kill'. But the title is unfortunately only the beginning of this movie's problems. After 94 painful minutes (all for your, SLUG readers) I'm still not sure what this movie is really about. First there's an elite unit of commandos who, while getting a little R & R with their captain, Steven Segal, get slaughtered by a stripper who happens to be on some new super-drug that turns addicts into vampire-ish killing machines. But then ties to the drug's manufacturer and some kind of ultra classified government agency are uncovered so Segal goes AWOL with his short skirted biochemist/soldier girlfriend and roots out and exterminates the evil member of the secret government agency and then rejoins forces with the agency to wipe out the dark army of vampire crack heads. I guess I do know what it was about; I'm just trying to forget it. I think Segal (producer/writer/star) got a deal on latex throat wounds because almost everyone who dies in the movie dies from an identical throat wound. I seem to recall that Segal used to take pride in being some kind of Kung-Fu guy but all he really does in this movie is play some patty-cakes with Goth chicks, shoot a few people in the head and kick a few sad looking extras around the set. Mostly he's just looking really fat and greasy. The end of the movie morphs into more of a horror film than an action movie as Segal and company track

Bullet for My Valentine

Live at the Brixton Academy
Trustkill
Street: 12.19.06



With only an EP and a full length CD out I was surprised to see a DVD release from Bullet for My Valentine. Never the less, the guys on the hinge of major success have followed in the footsteps of many and choose to showcase their goods early on. The show is obviously shorter than most bands with a few albums under their belt. The DVD contains all the extras a fan would need. These guys have not only created a following in their home country Britain but all over. Admittedly BFMV is a guilty pleasure for me a style I usually don't enjoy but the band throws in enough lead work and melody to dismiss the emo sounds and lyrical content. I should smack myself just for liking something that teenage girls probably drool all over. Personally I think the DVD release is a little early on for the guys though it is a way for them to appease their fans until the next record which if your listening should be sooner than later because the band definitely has a huge amount of momentum building. And having your entire US tour get canceled doesn't help. - Bryer Wharton

Catamenia

Bringing the Cold to Poland
Metal Mind
Street: 01.16

Why this band has a live concert DVD is beyond me everything they do is pretty substandard and boring. Obviously filmed in Poland the band tries hard to even muster up a response from the crowd. The production is off the keyboards come off way to high in the mix overbearing everything most importantly the guitars. Add a couple of lack luster cover songs from Satyricon and W.A.S.P. and things get even worse. Though not for a lack of trying the DVD also contains some studio documentaries, a promo video, footage

Guns N' Roses

DVD Collector's Box
Chrome Dreams
Street 01.30

This box set consists of two separate British-made documentaries—Axl Rose—The Prettiest Star, and Guns N' Roses—Sex N' Drugs N' Rock N' Roll. Both films are completely unauthorized, and neither of them feature any GNR music or recent band interviews. The box set is essentially two hours of still photographs mixed with clips from one early interview, and set to a generic LA metal music score. The extensive interviews promised on the slipcase are not with the band members themselves, but are chats with people close to the band (like a former photographer, the guy that did Axl's tattoos and several scenesters and music industry workers from the mid-Eighties). Missing is any real Guns N' Roses content. No behind-the-scenes revelations, no concert footage, and none of the classic music videos that hearken back to a time when MTV actually played music. Other than a short synopsis of the Los Angeles rock scene circa 1984, there is nothing on either of these DVDs worth seeing. Guns N' Roses fans, put your wallets away, and stop waiting for the long-fabled new album *Chinese Democracy* to come out: Just like a real Chinese democracy, it's never going to happen.
-James Bennett

The Harry Smith Project Live

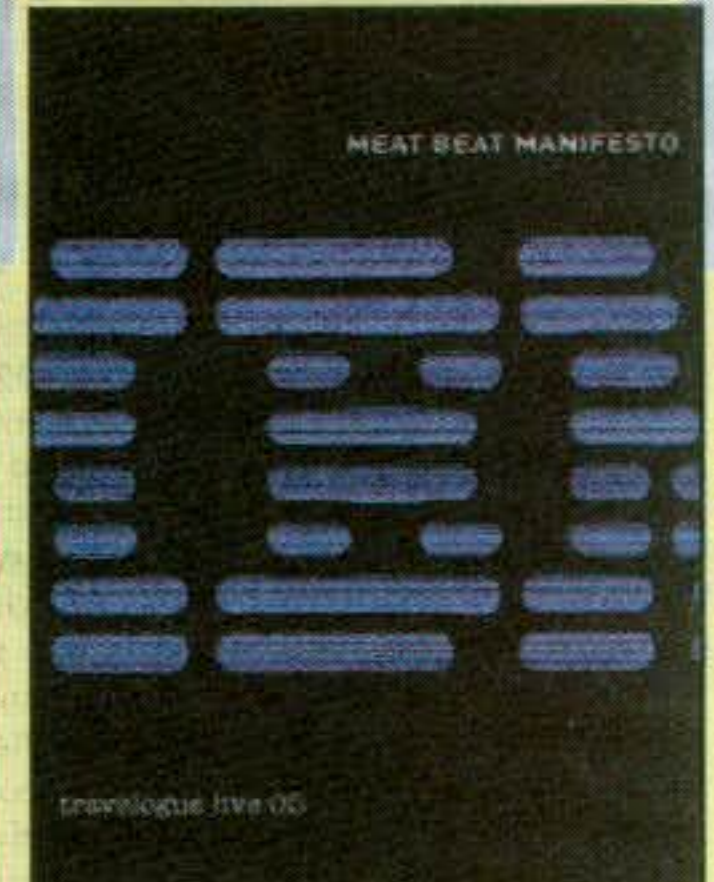
Shout Factory
Street: 11.07.06

This is one of the most incredible intersections of classic American folk music, passionate, flavorful musicianship and a who's-who lineup of underground cult heroes ever. The songs featured are selections from the Grammy-award-winning *Anthology of American Folk Music* (1952), assembled by Harry Smith, groundbreaking filmmaker and collector. The anthology was culled from his vast collection of 78-rpm discs issued between 1927-1935, and played a major part in the folk revival of the 60s. Bob Dylan and Joan Baez were among those influenced, and went on to influence an entire generation. (The Smithsonian recently reissued the anthology in a six-CD set.) I tended towards the more melancholy ballads on the DVD: Elvis Costello's "The Butcher's Boy" is my favorite track; his passionate guitar strumming and intimate singing style were spellbinding. Robin Holcomb & Todd Rundgren's minimal, practically acappella take on the "The House Carpenter" was pretty much utterly supernatural, and Richard Thompson and Eliza Carthy's "The Coo Coo Bird" was playfully intense. Other artists appearing in this series of concerts in London, New York and L.A. are: Beck, Nick Cave, David Johansen, Lou Reed,

...almost a reverence, as if the artists were re-enacting their creed's original bible. In a sense, they were.
-Rebecca Vernon

Meat Beat Manifesto: Travelogue Live '05

Producer Jack Dangers/Editor Ben Stokes
MVD Visual
Street: 11.21.06



Big-beat pioneers Meat Beat Manifesto and their eminent racks of electronics were in town last year. Did you sleep on it? Unfortunately, there is no way to properly replicate the once-in-a-blue-moon multimedia experience of the current MBM quartet (featuring spectacular live digital drummer Lynn Farmer) performing a heap of greatest hits alongside interactive video. But that didn't stop MBM/Tino Corp. member and videographer extraordinaire Ben Stokes from doing his damndest to put you in the middle of this hybrid of tour footage, sound-checks and anecdotal documentaries, all fused together with opulent 5.1 sound mixed by MBM overlord Jack Dangers. Stokes does an amazing job at making even equipment assembly seem interesting, "scratching" both video and audio, visually narrating the band's energy and otherwise editing together montages via neat optical tricks and multiple angles. For example, we see shaky cameras and water bottles under the influence of MBM's intense low-end frequencies; Dangers, just before taking the stage, introduces the film with a "Hello Cleveland!" which Stokes promptly rewinds to show how the hell they put the live show together; "The Light Incident" is a slow motion, zoomed-in-for-maximum-oh-no! account of a house light crashing onto Dangers' laptop in Tuscon. However, the virtuosity of the edit doesn't overshadow the point of *Travelogue Live '05*: a fantastically talented and innovative group that puts on a stunning show. For the actual performances, Stokes is careful to

show the right things at the right time, avoiding amateur, inexperienced errors of "guitarist is soloing, let's show the singer instead" that you see in so many concert videos (cough cough Glastonbury 2003). Big league sound, professional footage, behind the scenes with your favorite band - this is the next best thing to being there.
- Dave Madden

SLUG
(SALT LAKE UNDERGROUND)