



TIM BUCKLEY—MY FLEETING HOUSE (MVD)



The elder Buckley's greatest asset—his willful juxtaposition of folk against a colorful and often difficult array of jazz and world music influences—was also why listeners had trouble making heads or tails of the man... and still do. It's why his son's legacy somehow looms larger, despite a much shorter and more limited career. But Tim's genius becomes clear as majestic songs like "Happy Time" and "Blue Melody" come alive on intimate soundstages, buffered by archived interviews and conversations with band members and biographers. His songwriting partner Larry Beckett and guitarist Lee Underwood, in particular, passionately convey what a soulful and creative spirit Tim possessed. That, and what a ladies man he was. Not incredibly convincing as a political spokesman, Buckley, as evidenced by the chronological unveiling of these performances, was more of a musical activist, never satisfied with limiting his songwriting, even if it damaged his popularity or record sales. And hopefully, if taken in concert with 2001's *Morning Glory* audio anthology, *My Fleeting House* should help sway many Jeff disciples to his patriarch's catalogue.

>>>KENNY HERZOG



DESTROY ALL MONSTERS—GROW LIVE MONSTERS (MVD)



Destroy All Monsters were a '70s, Detroit-based art/noise-rock collective that counted the Stooges Ron Asheton among its ranks. The center, though, was always Niagra, the bitchin' low-brow painter notorious for more nefarious reasons when Destroy All Monsters arose from the post-dope, guns and fucking ooze. A psycho-sexual, horse-fueled femme fatale, Niagra's droll dynamism was *the* she-voice of the drag-down of the rust belt. The music she and the Monsters cranked out was a fever dream drone of primitive synth squeal, Motor City riffage, TV soundbites, future shock fears, B-gore flicks and maniacal industrial churn. It's no surprise that Thurston Moore adored them and released a three-

CD Ecstatic Peace! box set about 10 years ago. Fans have waited a long time for a video comp of their rare, fascinating VTR-era ephemera collages—visual equivalents of their sound experiments—that the group amassed over a sprawling existence. And ready or not, it's here. Circa 1971-'76, this is inventive, creepily beautiful stuff, though not something most would watch straight through. Absolutely perfect for putting on at your next freak-out party though.

>>>ERIC DAVIDSON



THE JESUS LIZARD—LIVE (MVD)



By virtue of being one of the most influential and grossly underrated bands of early '90s alt-rock, the Jesus Lizard deserves this DVD. But by the standards the band set with their confrontational live shows, this performance, filmed in 1994 at Boston's Venus De Milo, seems strangely under control. Outside of David Yow beating up the front row, there's no blood, and, of course, Little Yow doesn't make an appearance (although Dave does get half-naked, for those of you into, well, that). The song selection, however, is the saving grace, with cuts spanning their Touch And Go career. They even throw in "Bloody Mary" from their debut EP, *Pure*, and "Puss" from their split with Nirvana. After the performance, the interview section turns precious when Yow is asked whether the emergence of Green Day and the Offspring will help their popularity. Gotta love Yow's response: "Green Day? God. It's like the Knack. It's sad. They sing in English accents. I want to punch them." This is almost perfect for anyone looking to ante up their Lizard live experience beyond *Show*. >>>KORY GROW

THE KITSCH KORNER

NIGHT OF THE WEREWOLF



(BCI Eclipse)

Spanish cult-horror enthusiasts are no doubt familiar with nasty fright-fest trash-master Paul Naschy (aka Jack Molina), the director, star and screenwriter of this campy, scary, sexy romp through Satanism and werewolf-ery. The sort-of legend actually introduces the 1980 film, although his claims that scenes may induce nightmares warrant about as much concern as *Reefer Madness* warnings of adolescent mania. Nonetheless, this is fun stuff, following the exploits of an evil witch (Silvia Aguilar) who resurrects the spirit of a Satanic vampire mistress (Julia Saly). Incidentally, the same crumbling castle was host to a long-ago executed werewolf (played in hilarious, Michael Landon-meets-Michael J. Fox patchy hair and makeup by Naschy), who's also been brought back to life and does battle with the blood thirsty bitches. This is recommended primarily for genre enthusiasts, and its arguable highlight might be the opening credits (whose soundtrack is actually lifted from Stelvio Cipriani's amazing *Tentacoli* score). But anyone looking for Europe's slightly more sophisticated preamble to the '80s wave of US T-and-A horror hardly need search further. >>>KH



THE QUEEN

(Buena Vista)



So much was made of Helen Mirren's Oscar-winning turn as Elizabeth II that the film itself was somewhat obscured in the rear-view mirror of her accolades. Indeed, Mirren expertly disappears behind the Queen's graceful demeanor and constantly contemplative eyes, upholding her matriarchal qualities while demystifying her just enough. The film revolves around Elizabeth's struggles to keep Princess Diana's death private while absorbing the public's—and new Prime Minister Tony Blair's (Michael Sheen)—urgings to allow England to mourn together. It's a classic tale of old-fashioned values versus new ideologies, with Elizabeth embodying the former and Blair, albeit in a constant eggshell dance, representing modern politics' infiltration of the ancient monarchy. Blair is embarrassingly overemphasized as the young gun to whom the public will relate, via purposeful shots of the PlayStation in his home or the generic cereal in his kitchen. But as a whole, *The Queen* takes a very touchy and, for American audiences, often confounding topic and probes it with humanity, wit and candor, without inadvertently stomping on any graves or offending sacred institutions. >>>KH

