

I couldn't help but wonder if everybody who saw this documentary before it was mass produced was like, "Hell yeah! DIY punk rock youth are totally going to want to watch these people take their dog for a walk!"

exploited workers. However, the payments open the possibility that the girls acted as they believed the filmmakers wanted them to act—even in instances where there was no intent by Peled's team to influence their behavior.

Despite the film's problems, there remains little doubt about the brutality of the factory system created by Chinese industrialists and western buyers. Dr. Kaiming offers this chilling assessment of Lam's sweatshop: "the factory in (this) film is better than most." —Chris Pepus (Teddy Bear Films, 690 Fifth St., SF, CA 94107; teddybearfilms@earthlink.net)

King of Punk: DVD

King of Punk is the latest in a recent glut of documentaries that aim to offer a recounting of punk's history. Like many of the others, it offers up interviews with lotsa people involved in the early days of punk (Joey Shithead of DOA, Penelope Houston of the Avengers, Marky Ramone, Wayne/Jayne County, and the Dead Boys' Cheetah Chrome) and hardcore (Dave and Ron from MDC, Wattie from the Exploited, and a couple of Abrasive Wheels) all of whom recount tales and offer insight into those much-ballyhooed days of yore. Unlike others, however, it also recounts the trials and tribulations of a more recent small, all-femme punk band. While there is much to praise in how both story lines are handled (kudos to all involved for mixing up the usual suspects with lesser seen folks like Jack Rabid, Robert from the Zeros/Catholic Discipline, and Charlie from the UK Subs; thanks also for having the foresight to include the guy running shows and putting out records to illustrate that there is still an active underground happening below the, uh, Warped impression being hawked in the mainstream), the resulting film is a bit schizophrenic in its delivery, with both threads neither quite

intersecting nor paralleling enough to keep things on track. How are the women of OBGYN a continuation of the tenets and values espoused by their antecedents? Are they "punk" because they play simplistic, snotty rock music, because they claim to be influenced by the Velvet Underground and the Stooges, or is there something deeper going on? In the end, this is much, much better than some, but still feels like it just never quite gels. —Jimmy Alvarado (www.etit.us)

Twisted Vol.1: DVD

I was a bit surprised to get this in the mail. I don't review too many DVDs for Razorcake, and my old band had a song on this one. No hard feelings with the Guff boys, but that video is embarrassing and it's over four years old! (Not to mention a bad concept put together by Greg at Go-Kart.) Anyway, I'll laugh it off, but damn, new material guys. It's a new era. I'm a low life now and you cats hang out with Steve Perry. In any case, this is mostly third-tier punk rock bands that are super poppy. Amber Pacific, which I like to make fun of, was the opening video. Also included are: Reel Big Fish, the Vandals, Tsunami Bomb, Satanic Surfers, Suicide Machines, Planes Mistaken For Stars, The Hellcopters, and Ghost Buffalo, plus a slew more. Mostly shit that was sort of popular five years ago, if ever. I did enjoy the weird computer graphics cartoons at the end. Soxx the Killer Bunny by Jay Kellom is pretty cool. It encompasses his dark sense of humor. All in all, this DVD is good to acquire for five bucks or less if, for nothing else, the laugh factor involved. —Butter tooth (Go-Kart)

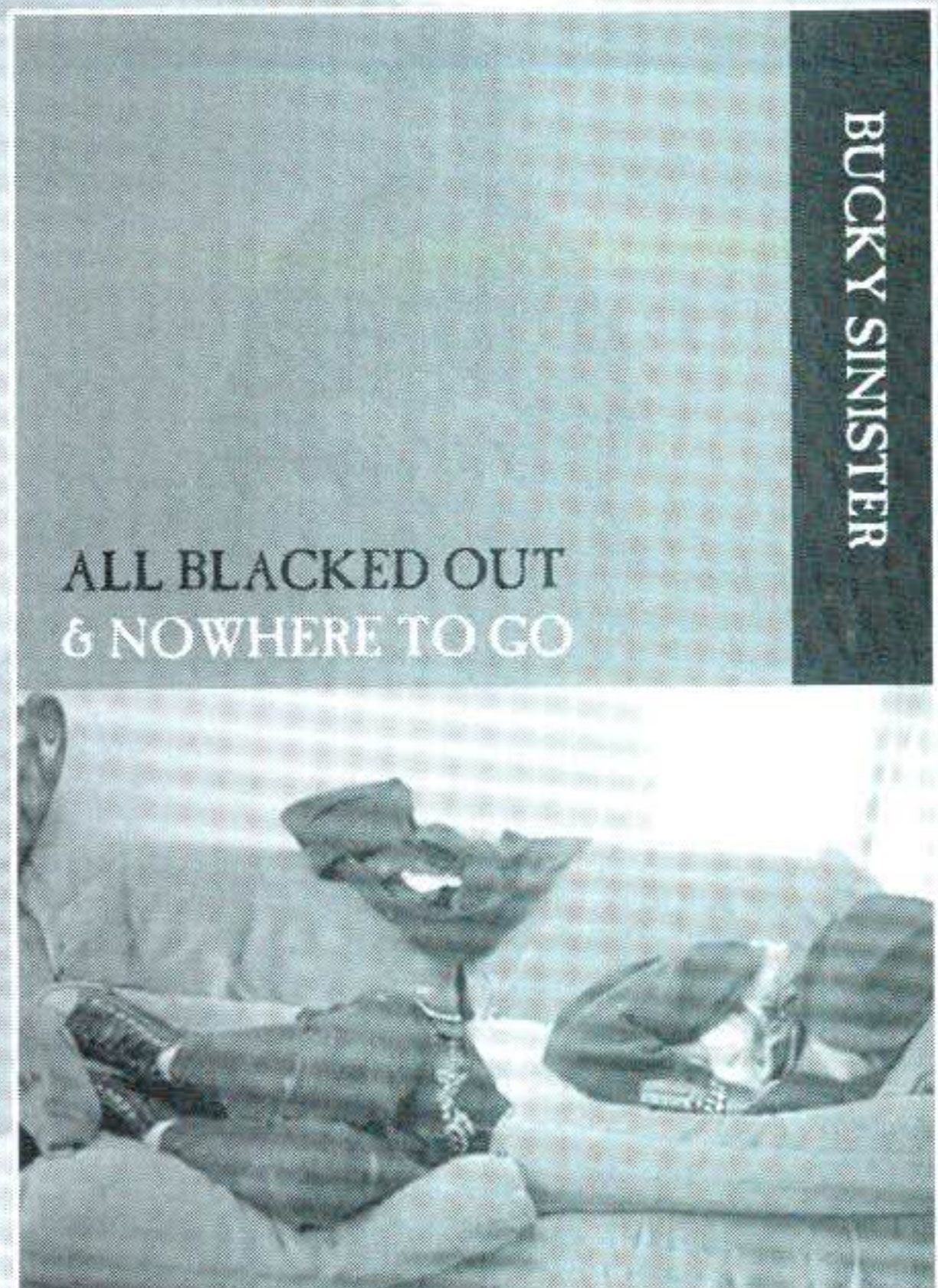
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