

**CRO-MAGS**

The Final Quarrel: Live at CBGB 2001

MVD VISUAL

Cease fire

Any live DVD recorded at CBGB is going to be both awesome and horrible. Awesome because any band that hopped on that stage knew they were in a position of honor—they're playing Cbfuckin'GB—so the performance was going to stand out. Horrible because it was filmed at Cbfuckin'GB—half the footage would be completely dark, and the rest would be grainy and/or bathed in crappy lighting. But in cases like Sheer Terror, Bad Brains and now Cro-Mags, the awesome outweighs the horrible.

Aside from being genre pioneers, Cro-Mags were one of the most "hardcore" hardcore bands that ever existed. They ate the streets, breathed the streets and shit the streets. They came up during a time in New York City that would make any of the recent grotesque real-estate developers piss their Gucci loafers and run back to the Hamptons. Throughout the '80s, along with peers Agnostic Front and Murphy's Law, Cro-Mags were New York, and they were arguably the most raw of the three, due in part to their frontmen, singer John Joseph and bassist Harley Flanagan. Billed as the last Cro-Mags show ever, this 2001 gig couldn't have predicted the other farewell gigs that Joseph set up two years later. This widened the already legendary rift between the two leaders. (Flanagan publicly slammed Joseph and his touring "No-Mags.")

So it's definitely odd and slightly bittersweet to see the two guys killing it together during a set of classic Cro-Mags tracks including "We Gotta Know," "Malfunction," "Hard Times" and "Survival of the Streets." A serious, composed Flanagan takes the mic and says, "The next song is dedicated to the motherfucker who invented punk rock," introducing a frantic cover of "Blitzkrieg Bop." The crowd erupted, and I literally got the chills. The DVD includes a live set from Harley's War and Flanagan's farewell montage to CBGB, which shows him humbly thanking recently deceased owner Hilly Kristal. It'll bring a tear to the eye of the steeliest punks.

—JEANNE FURY

**THE JESUS LIZARD**

Live

MVD VISUAL

Chicago boilermakers blow their tops

"Who else has earplugs in?" David Yow asks

**UNDEROATH, 777: Moments Suspended in Time****What's it like to not be a heretic?** | SOILD STATE

Hey, diehard Underoath fan: Before you hit send on your "RE: Stop hating!" email response to the dismal rating above, please know that it's for the best, that I'm thinking of you the fan, not taking cheap shots at an easy target. (Easy at least from the standpoint of this particular magazine.) The reason 777 is for diehard fans only (if that) is because it's a blatant example of what's wrong with the music DVD market, a clear rush job that cheats the very people who made Underoath a Solid State staple despite limited spins on every outlet except *Headbangers Ball*. And to make matters worse, it arrives a year after the behind-the-scenes portion of *Define the Great Line's* limited CD/DVD version without adding *anything* meaningful to the band's canon aside from an eight-song live set and less than an hour of truly pointless on-the-

road footage.

By pointless, I mean filler like a milk-puking contest ("These guys have had too much too drink, and I don't mean Guinness, my friend," says one stone-sober member off-screen when an officer enters the scene) and awkward airport talk about nothing in particular. Honestly, the only revealing part of this entire release is a making-of segment about the "Writing on the Walls" music video. Which is the kind of thing most bands tack onto bonus DVDs or official YouTube pages. Look, these guys are interesting. Like them or not, they're one of *the* most popular loud-and-proud extreme Christian music bands out there right now. Why not show us the story behind the lineup and sound changes that have gotten them here? Not to mention all the hard work—work that's just been diminished by the almighty dollar.

—ANDREW PARKS

accusingly. "You, get the fuck outta there—what the fuck's wrong with you?!" The Jesus Lizard frontman has just reached into the audience and ripped the earplugs from some poor schmuck's ears. The faithful respond by pelting Yow with earplugs. Yow—recalling *Raging Bull*-era De Niro crossed with Iggy Pop, minus the abs—constantly tries to crowd-surf, but the crowd isn't always having it. Hands push him towards the stage; he brattily keeps falling back. At one point, he launches himself into the pit via a heroic end-zone leap (fellow Chicagoan Walter Payton would have been proud), mic cord twisted around him, clotheslining fans along the way.

Such was a Jesus Lizard show, truly a touch and go situation; "Gladiator" has perhaps the

most hostile "thank you" ever hurled at an audience. *Live* captures the noise rock gods at their peak in Boston in 1994. They're promoting *Down*, their final album with engineer Steve Albini. Songs from that record form much of this set, which omits some early favorites; a bonus mini-set from CBGB in '92 picks up that slack, though. Duane Denison unspools cutting lines and faux exotica, while rhythm section Mac McNeilly and David Wm. Sims drive an expressway to yr skull. Yow snarls, spits, swigs beer, then sweats it out. Two cameras document the filth with lo-fi visuals and hi-fi sound. An interview with Yow is the only other extra, but no more is necessary. For the first time, the band with four-letter words for album titles has a video to match. —COSMO LEE