

# DVD Debris

BY DAVID FEAR



## TWITCH CITY: THE COMPLETE SERIES

ECLECTIC DVD (1998)

Canada excels in producing anti-authoritarian documentaries, power trios that sing about snow dogs and robot police, and TV comedies about losers. File this under the latter category: Don McKellar's criminally underrated cult series about Curtis, the self-proclaimed king of Toronto's couch potatoes, was the last word on '90s slackerdom and an antidote to sitcoms about beautiful people doing wonderful things. We won't even get into the episode in which cats take over the world. Both seasons aired stateside on Bravo once, and then disappeared. You owe it to yourself to watch this. You will thank us later.



## PERFORMANCE

WARNER HOME VIDEO (1970)

Thirty-six years after this countercultural Rorschach test had audiences literally gagging in the aisles, Donald Cammell and Nic Roeg's answer to their own unspoken question—Would a posh gangster and a libertine hippie who looks a lot like Mick Jagger transmutate into each other over the course of a long weekend?—still seems like the most subversive movie of the early '70s. Cinematic mindfucks don't come any more psychically perverse than this, but no other big-screen bad trip can touch it in terms of influence; you can picture a young David Lynch sitting in the front row, taking copious notes. See it, maaan.



## MUTUAL APPRECIATION

HOMEVISION (2006)

Every generation gets the Jim Jarmusch it deserves, and we're lucky enough to have Andrew Bujalski as our oracle of low-key cool. The director's follow-up to 2002's *Funny Ha Ha* once again takes on the post-collegiate blues as rocker Justin Rice ambles around Brooklyn's hipster enclaves looking for a gig, a party to crash and a sense of purpose. He also wouldn't mind some sugar from his best friend's gal. Bujalski's knack for nailing the pauses and fumbles of real conversations between twentysomethings who talk in circles makes this equally funny and painful. Say hello to indie cinema's new great white hope.



## PRIMUS: BLAME IT ON THE FISH

PRAWN SONG (2006)

Too oddball for regular rock and not hippie-dippyish enough for the jam-band crowd, Primus has always been an acquired taste for those who don't naturally gravitate toward the wacky and weird. Naturally, this chronicle of the Bay Area's bass-smacking, fishing-fixated group's recent reunion tour isn't content to just record them driving fans into a frenzy: Concert shots may suddenly segue into scenes with acid-fried visuals or an aged Les Claypool, circa 2065, talking about "the good old days." The cut-uppery actually works for them, and the straightforward bonus features attest that, goofy or not, these sumbitches can play.



## BEAVIS & BUTT-HEAD: THE MIKE JUDGE COLLECTION

PARAMOUNT HOME VIDEO (1993)

It started with a laugh—a sort of low "huh-huh, huuuuuh-huh" that harmonized with a guttural snickering—and before you knew it, bam! Mike Judge's cartoon show on MTV became public enemy number one, responsible for introducing impressionable young

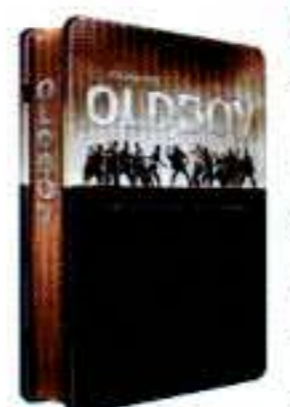
minds to frog baseball, lower-than-lowbrow humor involving the word bunghole, irresponsible critiques of crappy music videos. This box set brings together three volumes of B&B episodes handpicked by Judge, including a disc of their band put-down (On Jesus Lizard: "They don't sound like Christian rock.") and the duo's feature-length *Beavis & Butt-Head Do America*. Dumbness has never been rendered with such genius.



## A SCANNER DARKLY

WARNER HOME VIDEO (2006)

Richard Linklater's Rotoscoped adaptation of Philip K. Dick's novel about drug addicts turns an already-woozy tale into one paranoid android. The schizo blend of animation over live action make viewers feel as if the two hemispheres of the brain were chemically fused together; luckily, Keanu Reeves' perpetually nautalized tones (used correctly, for once) will soothe any aching noggin. The film's "future" of constant surveillance and interminable wars over national security looks eerily like Bush's Amerikkka, which we're sure is, like, a total coincidence. And somebody please get Robert Downey Jr. and Woody Harrelson their own stoner-comedy series starring



## OLDBOY: ULTIMATE COLLECTOR'S EDITION

TARTAN (2004)

A man wakes up in a strange room. He spends the next 15 years imprisoned there for reasons he can't understand. When he finally gets out, he eats a live squid (on camera!) and starts looking for answers. Along the way, he kicks much ass. Thus begins Chan-wook Park's midnight noir extraordinaire, a visceral tour of what vengeance does to your heart and your fists. And because you'll become obsessed with this parable of payback, the extras on this three-disc set will be invaluable: A graphic novel, several making-of documentaries and a complete video diary of the production. Squirming cephalopods for snacks on are, unfortunately, sold separately.



## DON'T LOOK BACK: 1965 TOUR DELUXE EDITION

DOCURAMA/NEW VIDEO GROUP (1967)

Arguably the greatest rock documentary (or, if you will, "rockumentary") ever made, D.A. Pennebaker's fly-on-the-wall look at Bob Dylan's 1965 tour of England—the ground zero for his transition from folkie poet to electric prophet—is a perfect portrait of an artist as a complete asshole. But lordy, those songs, that banter with the press with bitter banter, those sunglasses! A standard DVD of this seminal concert has been available for a while, but you'll plunk down your hard-earned dough for this deluxe set's second disc of outtakes (!!!) that Pennebaker recently edited together. Think of it as Version 2.0.



## ZACH GALIFIANAKIS: LIVE AT THE PURPLE ONION

SHOUT! FACTORY (2006)

Talented comedians are rare commodities these days; stand-ups who can play the piano and have bushy beards, even less so. All of which makes Zach Galifianakis a true treasure, like a Fabergé egg or that secret decoder ring you found in a cereal box 12 years ago. Shot in San Francisco, this concert captures the performer telling non sequiturs ("Have you seen this show on Lifetime about that woman?"), doing impressions of 1950s year-olds who hate facial hair, and antagonizing the audience. It's a great lesson on how to merge funny ha-ha and funny peculiar into one mutant mutandis of hilarity.