



FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE:

MUSIC VIDEO DISTRIBUTORS AND TARGET VIDEO PARTNER TO BRING ROCK FILM CATALOG TO DVD

The Reigning Punk Rock Music DVD Giant and Leader of Punk Rock, Hardcore and Experimental Music on Video through the 80's, Join Forces to Bring an Era of Music on Film to Consumers on DVD

Music Video Distributors, one of the leading producers of Music DVD, will partner with **Target Video** to bring an extensive and timeless film catalog to consumers via DVD. Each DVD will range from live performance footage, to stories and retrospectives, to interviews and music videos.

MVD has released two successful **Target Videos** on DVD in 2004 - **The Cramps: Live at Napa State Mental Hospital** and **The Screamers: Live 1978 in San Francisco**. In 2005, **MVD** is scheduled to release early live performances from **Devo** and **Iggy Pop** from the **Target Video** library.

Throughout the late 70s and 80s, **Joe Rees** and **Target Video** captured an explosive era in music, art and visual presentation therefore preserving a place in music history for bands like the **Screamers**, the **Avengers** and the **Dils**. With more than a mere documentation, **Target** filmed **Iggy Pop**, **Devo**, **X**, the **Cramps** and many more in classic early performances. By using fast cuts juxtaposing images of the military jets, punk bands and crowds, **Rees** created the **Target** montage that has become beloved worldwide. These political statements set to music together with band performances, became the mantra for **Target Video**.

"**Target** ruled the underground in the '80s with some of the coolest music on home video," said Ed Seaman, Vice President of Sales and Marketing at **Music Video Distributors**. "A typical Friday night for my roommates and I consisted of the newest **Target** videos and a couple of cases of beer in our seedy apartment. Being a loser was never more fun. And we learned a lot about the best bands of that era. After years of me bugging Joe to start doing DVDs with **MVD**, he finally conceded."

As part of the California underground scene, **Target's** black building was a clubhouse: three floors of video, editing and recording studios; magazine publishers; graphic artists; cartoonists and punks. With its aqua and acid-green linoleum floor and punk rock jukebox **Target's** studio was home to after-hours parties, performances, even a wedding reception.

Rees produced the shoots and circulated **Target Video** around the US and Europe. In France kids watched **Target Videos** for 8 hours straight in stores and disco ballrooms alike. In L.A., the Whiskey was crammed for **Target's** debut show. In Rome, **Target** mesmerized outdoor crowds at the ancient Coliseum. **Target Video** captured the scene in all its raw, unrefined clumsiness - the music, performance and immediacy were always paramount.

(QUOTE from Joe)

#

Please contact me for additional info or to set up interviews

CONTACT:

Clint Weiler

Music Video Distributors

800-888-0486 x115

E-Mail:

clint@musicvideodistributors.com



**MUSIC VIDEO
DISTRIBUTORS, INC.**
800-888-0486; fax: 610-650-9102
musicvideodistributors.com
P.O. Box 280, Oaks, PA 19456

ART

ROBERT ATKINS

ZEROING IN
ON THE NEW WAVE

A computerized video portrait of Joe Rees and Jill Hoffman of Target.

CALIFORNIA NEW WAVE directed by Joe Rees, produced by Target Video Productions, Nov. 17, Center for the Visual Arts, Oakland.

Target's skull-and-crossbones logo appears on the video monitor pulsating to the beat of the Residents' "Duck Stab." Quick cut to a series of shoot-outs pirated from Forties gangster films. The already frenetic tempo builds with footage of the Screamers pounding out "The Beat Goes On." Suddenly there is total silence, followed by a series of shots of the Weirdos. Each Weirdo picks his nose in turn as the group begins to mime a performance to taped music.

So go about the first five minutes of Joe Rees's surprisingly stylish videotape, *California New Wave*. While I'm often lukewarm about punk music, Rees's tapes adroitly exploit the theatricality of New Wave performance. (He also shoots artists' performances and projects such as Christo's *Running Fence*.) Close-ups of a swastika applied to the back of a female singer and the split rear pants seam of a simian-looking male singer crawling around the stage drew howls from a mostly non-punky audience.

As a former art instructor, Rees understands the social and

visual implications central to the best of Bay Area punk. His tape of the California School for the Deaf performance of the Mutants (who are mostly art students and former art students) transcends simple documentation. This unedited tape offers joyous testimony to the liberating effects of communication. It focuses not only on the Mutants—dressed in a visually arresting combination of patterned outfits—but on the "translator" providing manual sign interpretation and on the audience of deaf students dancing to the throbbing beat of the rock music.

The video medium seems particularly well suited to non-orchestral musical performance. KSAN-KQED's recent anniversary rock simulcast attests to the power of the video close-up. The home audience caught every pout, leer and snarl on Mick Jagger's face. Film does all that and more, but today's music rarely warrants film's larger-than-life treatment. Nor do films generally convey the sensations of actually attending a concert. Unedited videotapes, in particular, transmit the total experience of a performance, from our single-set-of-eyes perspective to the inevitable and overly long pauses between acts.

Rees makes his tapes in conjunction with Target, an Oakland-based artists' organization. Target produces tapes, events and a weekly punk-oriented cable television program aired Wednesday nights at 8:30 on Channel 25. Additionally, it offers other artists and the public an extensive range of services including the use of an archive of photographs and publications and the low cost rental of Target's production facilities.

California New Wave will be screened again in January. For information contact Target

TARGET VIDEO 678 S. VAN NESS AVE. SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94110



ORIGINALLY PRODUCED-DIRECTED-EDITED-PACKAGED & DISTRIBUTED BY TARGET VIDEO & FILMS

ABWARTS	CRIPPLES	HUSKER DU	NERVOUS CENTER	THE SOUND	SILKE VEPLAIN
ADS	CRUCIFIX	IGGY POP	NERVOUS SURGEONS	SOUL REBELS	MICHAEL VALEUR
ALLEYCATS	DAMNED	IL YA VOLKSWAGEN	NO ALTERNATIVE	SSI	SID VICIOUS
APPLIANCES	DBS	IMPATIENT YOUTH	NO MAGAZINE	SST	VIPS
AVENGERS	DEAD BOYS	IMPOSTERS	NOIA	KARI STEWART	VXTMS
BAD BRAINS	DEAD KENNEDYS	INDOOR LIFE	NO SISTERS	STIFF LITTLE FINGERS	VS
BAGS	DEATH REVIEW	INSULTS	NOH MERCY	STINGERS	WEIRDOS
BAUHAUS	DEVO	THE JAM	NUNS	STRANGLERS	WIRE
BAY OF PIGS	D.A.F.	JANE DOE	JUDY NYLON	SUBHUMANS	JOHANNA WHENT
BEAUTY KILLERS	DICKIES	JAYNE COUNTY	OFFS	SURBURBAN LAWS	WOLVERINES
JOSEPH BEUYS	DILS	JOHN DOE	PANTHER BURNS	S.R.L. (MARK PAULINE, MATTHEW HECKART, ERIC WARNER)	WOUNDS
BEFORE	DINETTES	LENNY KAYE	PINK SECTION		X
JELLO BIAFRA	DISHRAGS	KGB	PLASTICS		X-MAL DEUTSCHLAND
BLACK FLAG	DNA	KILLING JOKE	PLUGZ	SVT	XILES
BLESSED	DOA	K-TELS	POINTED STICKS	SMA	XTC
BLONDIE	PAUL DRESHER	LEWD	PUBLIC IMAGE, LTD.	SYMPTOMS	YOEL
BLURT	DVB	LIARS	RAD COMMAND	TALKING HEADS	YOUNG CANADIANS
BOB	ENEMY	LOCAL COLOR	RAF PUNKS	SNUKY TATE	YOUNG MARBLE GIANT
B-PEOPLE	ERASERS	LOS MICROWAVES	RAMONES	TEEN IDLES	ZEROS
BRIAN BRAIN	EXPLOITED	LOUNGE LIZARDS	RANK & FILE	TEENAGE FAKES	ZEV
JAMES BROWN	EYE PROTECTION	LYDIA LUNCH	RATS	TEENAGE JESUS & THE JERKS	
BUSH TETRAS	FACRIX	JOHNNY LYDON	RAY BEATS		
JIM CARROLL	FEEDERZ	MADAME LA RUE	READYMADES	THEATRE OF HATE	
CASTRATION SQUAD	FEMALE HANDS	MAU MAUS	REBELS	THROBBING GRISTLE	
CATHOLIC DISCIPLINE	FLESHAPOIDS	MEAT PUPPETS	RED ROCKERS	TIMES 5	
CAVELLINI	FLESHEATERS	MEMBERS	ROCKABILLY REBELS	TOOLS	
CHICK A DIESELS	FLIPPER	MENTORS	SAPHO	TOUCHTONES	
JAMES CHUNCE	FLYBOYS	MIDDLE CLASS	SACCHARINE TRUST	TOXIC REASONS	
CHRISTIAN LUNCH	FLYING LIZARD	MINIMAL MAN	SCREAMERS	TUBES	
CHROME	FUCK UPS	MAGAZZINI	SEIZURE	TUFF DARTS	
CIRCLE JERKS	DIAMANDA GALAS	CRIMINALI	SELECTOR	TUXEDOHOOH	
CITY X	GANG OF FOUR	MDK	SEX PISTOLS	TREDIE TILSTAND	
JOHN COOPER CLARKE	GERMS	MINUTEMEN	SIC PLEASURE	T.S.O.L.	
CLASH	GEZA X	MILLION OF DEAD COPS (M.D.C.)	SILENCE HOSPITAL	ULTRASHEEN	
CODE OF HONOR	GEZA X & THE MOMBOTMEN	MUM BROTHERS	SILVERTONE	UK DECAY	
CONTORTIONS	GO GOS	MUTANTS	SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES	UNITS	
CONTRACTIONS	PETER GORDON	MX80	SHAM 69	UNS	
CONTROLLERS	GUN CLUB	NAXED CITY	SITUATIONS	UXA	
CRAMPS	JACQUES HIGELIN	NASH THE SLASH	SLEEPERS		
CRIME	HUMANS	NEGATIVE TREND	SONIC YOUTH		

FINE TUNING

by Dick Brill

"CALIFORNIA NEW WAVE", produced by Joe Rees. 15 minutes. Several "electrifying" performances of punk and new wave artists.

The show will be Channel 32's final program offering every Saturday night and may vary in length. As presently constituted, it is 90 minutes long.

by J. Silber

Last month's club scene coverage omitted mention of the Berkeley Square, a newly opened, exclusively punk/new wave venue that sports a spiffy '50s pink and black décor and the best sound system around. Thus far, the proprietors have booked intelligently, treated the bands well and certainly deserve better patronage than they are receiving from East Bay residents. Upcoming May highlights include SVT (May 2, 2 and 3), Crime (May 10), Naughty Sweeties (May 15) and Plimsouls (May 22 and 23). Also planned is a music-oriented weekly TV show videotaped at the club and produced by B-Square Productions in conjunction with Target Video. Negotiations are currently in progress with Channel 2 for the airing of this program.

Hurrah in New York will feature an evening with Target Video on May 22 on the strength of Target's previous sold-out performance at Manhattan's Mudd Club, March 30. Target will perform other East Coast dates with the Mutants, chronicling their road adventures in the process. Two Target Video pieces, "Western Front" and "California New Wave" have been selected for the "Biennale de Paris," an international art show opening in Paris in May, and later traveling on to Czechoslovakia and Hungary, thus taking San Francisco punk behind the Iron Curtain. Hail, Comrade Joe!

CITY ARTS

May 1980

CITY ARTS MONTHLY



PAUL SIMONON, MICK JONES, JOE STRUMMER AND TOPPER HEADON

A LITTLE LATER THAT EVENING, I RUN INTO JONES in a corridor at a party being thrown for the band by Target Video, a company that makes New Wave videocassettes. "Look, if you wanna talk, let's talk now," he says, leaning against a wall. "I'll have more to say now than I will later." Soon we're into a discussion of the draft.

ROLLING STONE, APRIL 17, 1980

PUBLIC IMAGE LTD.

WITH **JOHN LYDON**
A.K.A. JOHNNY ROTTEN
OF THE **SEX PISTOLS**

SATURDAY MAY 10

La Mamelle, Inc. presents a weekend of new wave and contemporary simulated teleperformance at the Farm (1499 Potrero at Army, SF). Fri/15: Douglas Davis, Paul McCarthy, Liza Bear, Kevin Costello and Richard Alpert. Sat/16: Bob and Bob (above), Bob Davis and Pam Minor, Jim Petrillo and Betsy Davids, Nancy Evans, Les Nickelettes, John Collins and a never-to-be-forgotten Bob and Bob party (Bob and Bob are, among other things, the founders of Wet magazine). Sun/17: a special series organized by Joe Rees featuring the Mutants, Pauline, Target videotapes, Damage Magazine and more. 9 p.m., \$3, call 431-7524 for more information.

by Mia Amato

One of the more radical arms of commercial production is Target Video. Joe Rees and his black-armed followers devote themselves almost exclusively to taping performances of punk and new wave

...like Public Eye's Steve Ageststein...



Independent Video in San Francisco:

bands. The resulting programs end up exhibited as video art, as promotion material for the bands, on tv shows like *Videowest* and as entertainment in punk clubs around the country. Target has weekly showings of current work in its headquarters, a drive-in warehouse at 678 South Van Ness. Attendance at these affairs runs between 150 and 200 rock video fans, even though the screenings don't begin until 2:30AM.

During our visit we found Joe editing a *Mutants* tape with his back to probably the world's largest collection of contemporary music videocassettes.

"Along with all the other stuff we've been doing, I've been working on getting exclusive video rights to bands," he says. Target's target? Home video and broadcast television—at present the organization can only exhibit its performance tapes by arrangement, not sell them.

There's no such thing as a San Francisco "look" or "school" of video, according to Stephen Ageststein of The Public Eye. He is the coordinator of the Moebius Video Festival, an annual event that will, in its seventh year, finally be open to national entry.

Steve does point to two trends he sees converging in spite of being contradictory. One is the inclination to produce works of broadcasting's limitations—"true alternative television." The second is a high use of basic, "old-fashioned" video—half-inch black-and-white—as a viable means of communication.



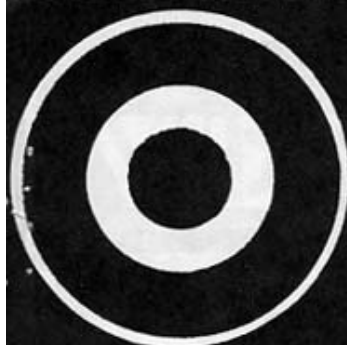
Joe Rees of Target Video: his studio/theatre is a late-night hotspot for screenings of rock tapes.

Videography

FEBRUARY 1980

VOLUME 5 NUMBER 2

Videography



TARGET/VIDEO

CONTEMPORARY ART: SOUND POETRY/NEW MUSIC/PERFORMANCE

TARGET STAFF

1982

DIRECTOR

JOE REES

ASSISTANT TO DIRECTOR

JEANINE S. RICHARDSON

ENGINEERING OPERATIONS

COORDINATOR

SAM EDWARDS

PRODUCTION MANAGER

JACKIE SHARP

TECHNICAL PRODUCTION ASSISTANT

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR TARGET RADIO

RICHARD LEE

ASSISTANT CAMERA

M.C. PARKER

AUDIO AND RECORDING DIRECTOR

MIKE FOX

EAST COAST REPRESENTATIVE

AND COORDINATOR

JILL VON HOFFMAN

U.K. REPRESENTATIVE

BILL GILLIAM

EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE

ERIC/SCOPA-INVISIBLE RECORDS

Target Video's headquarters, a 14,000 square foot, three-story brick building, located in the San Francisco Mission district, provides the following accommodations:

Studio "A" level contains a full sound stage in a 2000 square foot space for live video and audio recording.

The adjacent 8-track audio recording studio, using Atari equipment, can supply the necessary high-quality, video soundtracks. Audio tapes for promotional cassettes, or preparation for record pressings is available. We also provide distribution under "Subterranean" or the "Target" label if desired.

Studio "B" on our third level offers a 2000 square foot space for stage settings, still photography, complete with darkroom facilities, and a graphic arts department.

Using three broadcast quality cameras, we can capture and create any setting that best communicates your style of performance; in color or in black and white; in the studio or on location.

Target's video tapes span the globe with shows in San Francisco, Los Angeles, New York, England, Germany, France, Italy, and Australia.

Our viewing room and library contains over four-hundred video tapes of new music, performance, and interviews of contemporary artists.

Target Video's future lies in close collaboration with other artists, to communicate on video cassettes, video discs, and audio recordings via satellite and broadcast television, and private and public showings.

SPRING '83

ALTERNATIVE

MEDIA

ROCK VIDEO,
ROCK MOVIES, ROCK POLITICS

Video Rock: CATHODE RAYS PENETRATE THE NEW WAVE

By SUZAN CRANE

Modern rock musicians are becoming very conscious of rock 'n' roll's adaptability to video. Most realize that music is evolving into a bi-sensory medium ... that its message is to be seen as well as heard. More and more musicians are collaborating with producers to aid them in the visual delivery of their material, thus providing young video artists with unprecedented employment opportunities.

The recently completed project chronicles Boston new wave bands, including The Neighborhoods, La Pest, Liars, Unnatural Axe and The Thrills, performing on the city's club circuit. Using five cameras and a special effects generator for live editing, he succeeds in capturing the immediacy and raw intensity of the live performances. The show was broadcast on ABC's Boston affiliate station and elicited the station's greatest audience response ever. Crocker's work was seen, along with material produced by San Francisco's Target Video, at a huge 15 monitor video dance party at the Boston Film and Video Foundation.

At least one cable show, produced by Count Viglioni in the neighboring town of Somerville, Massachusetts, focuses on the new wave scene. And while none of the Boston clubs have yet brought video-rock into their venues, Crocker insists that the event isn't far off.

Joe Rees has been documenting the west coast, and most specifically, San Francisco's punk/new wave movement for over three years. In conjunction with Target, an Oakland-based artists' organization, he has consolidated a library of more than 300 tapes, which are presented weekly at Target Studios, on their cable program, and are now gaining increasing attention via the club route. At least five bars in the Bay area currently have video facilities.

Target's work is spiked with heavy doses of cynicism and wallows in unrefined imagery. It's radical, surreal, punk. "We try to capture a very live, raw kind of feeling," says Rees, who often injects political footage from TV news into a live performance tape to amplify the message.

His productions epitomize new wave communication. Explains Jill Hoffman, Target's New York representative, "Joe is a very radical person. He won't sacrifice any of his political attitudes, which is why Target hasn't gone commercial."

Rees deals with bands on a functional level—through the barter system. He exchanges his services for their services. If money is needed, for instance, local groups will converge to put on a benefit.

Rees envisions the production of punk satellite shows, which are theoretically possible now by way of the geosynchronous satellite system. His ultimate goal, however, is to establish

an international information agency which would represent artists from all over the world. They've got a start with delegates in New York, London, and Australia, where Target's two hour *California New Wave* documentary is now being showcased. It's had previous runs at Manhattan's New Cinema and in Paris at the Pompidou theater.

Film

Cinema Very Tasteless



Estatic Stigmatic is a comic underground excursion by a group of independent New York filmmakers. This "low-budget, exploitation film" about a 1930s lass named Little Rose has its West Coast premiere at Target Video in San Francisco, 3/28-29. Pictured: Brenda Bergman, who plays Pictoria, mother of Little Rose (431-7585).

DAMAGE PAGE 39

PUNK BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN

TARGET VIDEO will be showing tapes of West Coast new wave and punk bands at this year's Paris Biennale, the international avant-garde exhibition. In addition, TARGET's tapes will travel to Hungary and Czechoslovakia, introducing audiences behind the fabled iron curtain to the sights and sounds of punk music for the first time. Given TARGET Director Joe Rees' inflammatory political montages interspersed with local punk bands and fans, can we look forward to reports from Eastern Europe detailing trashing of local community viewing halls and riots in the art centers?

June 1980

New York Rocker

HERE, THERE, EVERYWHERE: Target Video held a screening at Mudd Club on March 30, including new footage just arrived from San Francisco of the John Lydon/Keith Levine press conference held

New / York / News

THE SAN FRANCISCO INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL

P R E S E N T S

**THE 1980 BAY AREA FILMMAKERS WEEK
APRIL 25-MAY 1**

AT THE CASTRO CINEMA
CASTRO & MARKET, SAN FRANCISCO

SYMPOSIUM I: In The Upstairs Lobby, Castro Cinema. . . . 12:00 Noon FREE TOWARDS THE ELECTRONIC CINEMA

Representatives of local video groups and coalitions — Chip Lord (Ant Farm), Jules Backus (Optic Nerve), Gail Waldron and Gene Fredericks (Bay Area Video Coalition), Steve Agetstein (Video 80), Joe Rees (Target Video), Skip Sweeney (Video Free America), and Videowest — and video production services — Clark Higgins (VPS), Steve Michaelson (One Pass Video) — will show and discuss examples of current work and technology. A representative of Zoetrope Studios will discuss the increasing utilization of video in the post-production of large-scale films like APOCALYPSE NOW. The symposium will be moderated by University Art Museum Chief Curator David Ross, a leading expert on video art, and is designed to inform local filmmakers of current developments in electronic media.

— N.Y. Rocker

by Sue Brisk

EXPOSED: Everyone wants a piece of the (punk) rock these days. Recently, Channel 5 shot interviews with **Joe Rees** (Target Video), **Brad L.** (Damage), **Jello Biafra** (of the Dead Kennedys), and those all-around fun-'n'-troublemakers, the **Mutants**. The footage was aired on 20/20, a partner to *Sixty Minutes*. . . . The City disco may be classified as the place to see a bearded Marin-ite

NIGHT TIME IS THE RIGHT TIME:

Target Video's Van Ness Street loft has been the hot spot for many nights of after-hours fun. Large crowds of all kinds (including the likes of **Brian Eno**, **Lydia Lunch/8 Eyed Spy**, **Lene Lovich**, and **Madness**) have come to dance to tunes selected by DJ **Johnny Walker** and Target's own videotapes. The **Clash** threw a bash there (after their second show at the Warfield Theater) for a large number of guests and sufficient alcohol for all. They saved one local, **Freddy Nobody**, from enlisting in the Marines — he'll now

New York Rocker/June 1980

roadie for the Clash instead. (And work harder than in the Marines . . . ED.) . . . Following a recent Madness gig at the Old Waldorf, hyped-up fans and a tired band showed up at Target, only to find a line of police cars and a reenactment of the Sid Vicious bust. The charges against proprietor Reese (concerning improper liquor license and carrying a possible \$500 fine) were dropped by a judge whose son is a punk-rocker! . . .

MEDIA BLITZ

MEDIA BLITZ: After their recent appearance on the nationally syndicated **EVENING MAGAZINE** television show, both Joe Rees of TARGET VIDEO and Brad L. of DAMAGE will be featured on ABC-TV's national news magazine 20-20. The show, which will air sometime in April, focuses on the future of the recording industry and will be seen by upwards of 20,000,000 honest-god-fearing-prime-time-viewing citizens. Is TIME magazine next for these two eager publicity hounds?

Punk Rockers Pogo To Video Show

By RICHARD GENOVA and CARLA MICHELINI

Boston Film and Video Foundation (BFVF) is a forum for avant-garde video presentations located at 39 Brighton Ave. in Allston. BFVF occasionally presents live new wave and punk bands also. Last Friday night, these two types of events were combined in a video show which included taped performances of live bands from the East and West Coasts of the U.S. and Great Britain, photomontages of punk groups at Boston clubs, newsclips of a bizarre nature, and interviews with fans.

This show was a collaboration between the San Francisco based video workshop, Target Video and Boston's Jan Crocker, who operates from the University Film Studies Centre at MIT. About 250 of Boston's finest punks (including the ubiquitous Gilda Monster) crowded together to pogo to the presentation.

Target Video presented an interesting demonstration of the creative possibilities of visual artists, taping the performances of musical artists in live concert and club performances. These California punk bands are very politically oriented. They exemplify British Rock critic Caroline Coon's definition of punk rock: "frantically fast, minimal, aggressive rock, with the emphasis on brevity, an all-in sound rather than individual solos and an arrogance calculated to shock." Lead vocalist and front man for the Dead Kennedys, one of the California groups was Jello Biafra, who was taped performing "California

uber Alles."

*I am governor Jerry Brown
My aura smiles and never frowns
Soon I will be president*

*I will be fuhrer one day
I will command all of you
Your kids will meditate in school*

*California uber Alles
Uber Alles California!*

Hoffman, producer of Target segment, has retained the political consciousness of the groups and the dynamics of their live performance by sandwiching the acts between dramatic film clips of JFK's brains being splattered all over Jackie O's lovely dress, police brutality in Oakland, sleek American killer missiles, Vietnam war scenes and the triumph of the flying saucer people over the District of Columbia and the Nazis. These scenes complement Jello Biafra's lewd pantomimes with his rubber gloved hand and his sneering and bouncing across the stage. The Californian audience jumped and screamed to the exciting use of the video medium in the presentation of the no longer live but still fascinating act.

The first half of the Target video show continued with the band, Crime, playing at San Quentin Prison. During this performance there were occasional cuts to the guntowers and to the guards who are shown watching the set while maintaining a firm grip on their high powered rifles. At this point the Boston punks started to pogo a la California style.

A number of other California

bands were featured in part one of the Target Video show, but they were all wiped off the screen by the screams of "PISTOLS PISTOLLSS! Sex Pistols! Sid! Sid!" The Sex Pistols clip was the only silent clip in the sequence; the Target Video group wad denied the use of a microphone by the San Francisco concert hasser goons. The tape was lip-synched to the classic song, "Pretty Vacant." "We're so pretty, oh so pretty, and we're vacant." "Pretty Vacant" is both a spoof on being a punk-rocker and a reminder that punk is fun dance music. The crowd at BFVF could not resist the invigorating pulse of the Pistols. Closing the first half of California New Wave with *The Pistols* re-established the intense, minimalist style of punk that is known for its strong anti-capitalist statements.

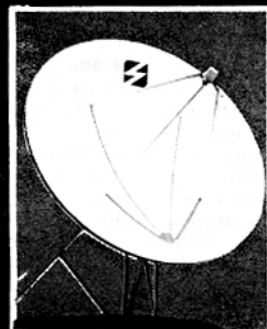
In contrast, Crocker's performance videos, which were mostly contained in his made-for-TV production *Death Disco*, aired on Channel 5 this January — were mostly straight documentary in the *cinema verite* tradition. They involve heavy use of special effects, such as switches from black-and-white to color, superimposition of one image over another, and something Crocker calls the "death-ray effect" in which the stage lights behind the group appear to be zooming forward. Also included in the *Death Disco* portion was the montage of pictures showing Boston punkophiles in various cheerful poses as opposed to the more serious and politically conscious air of the West Coast sequences. On the whole, the emphasis of the Boston pieces were on the fun-loving, beer-drinking, (maybe anarchic) aspects of the Boston scene.

The last hour of the evening was capped by the second part of the Target Video production. This half featured the heavy weights of punk, with more *Sex Pistols*, *The Clash*, and *The Ramones*. In one clip, Sid Vicious, sitting astride a motorcycle is shown belting out the lyrics to Eddie Cochran's classic 50's rock 'n' roller "C'mon Every body" with more energy than that other famous motorcyclist, Bruce Springsteen could muster. The crowd went wild when shown shots of Vicious throughout the show. The new, overly-written-about Clash stuff strikes you with the same strong, danceable hooks and anti-capitalist stance as the Pistols.

When we saw "Rock 'n' Roll High School" in Berkeley this past summer the audience reaction included foot stamping, whistling, cheering, and general hysteria, and the same reaction was evoked at BFVF when *The Ramones* blew out their song "Pinhead" — "I don't wanna be a Pinhead no more."

Sid Vicious returned to end the video show. In a suit and tie, Vicious looked almost conventionally handsome as he sang a depraved version of Sinatra's hit "My Way." As he sang, the tape cut away to the audience: a repulsively cheerful 50's movie theatre crowd, smiling and laughing at the show. The song ends, and Sid takes out a pistol and blasts away at them.

The two video presentations were shot and produced in different manners. The Target Video tapes were excellent as an illustration of the driving, political British punk music and of the West Coast version of socio-political statement. The Boston bands were taped in a *cinema verite* style, which was appropriate for a documentary of interesting but not overtly political bands.



Satellite Receiver

Punking the Eighties

by J. J. Silver

LET ME KICK OFF THE COLUMN BY toasting the advent of the eighties, or, at the very least, the sendoff of the seventies, the dumbest decade since the forgettable fifties.

The prime movers of the San Francisco punk community have been meeting regularly on Sunday nights at Target Video to discuss the issue of co-optation and constructive ways of preserving the scene's independence, integrity and viability, especially in light of its rapid growth.

Also discussed at these meetings has been the problem of unsavory and unacceptable behavior on the part of newcomers to the scene who play out their shallow, stereotyped vision of punk—violence, abuse and destruction—to the detriment of everyone around them. Education, especially through the punk media, was deemed a partial solution. So, listen up, all you suburban teenagers! Remember that for all their chains and safety pins, punks are basically gentle, polite people who give a damn about one another. Don't pogo on thy neighbor's face, or beat him up for fun. That ain't punk. That's nowhere.

New Year's Eve and other year end celebrations stack up as follows: Levi & the Rockats, Mutants, Punts, special guest and Target Video at the Temple Beautiful for New Year's Eve; New Year's Eve at the Mabuhay will feature X5 headlining a benefit to help pay off a lawsuit brought against the Mabuhay when an angry patron was allegedly injured by Jonathan Postal; the Lloyds kiss off the '70s at the Palms; and the Savoy Tivoli in conjunction with Damage Magazine and Target Video will present "San Francisco Underground 1979," a celebration with The Mutants and others from 3 pm to 9 pm on Sunday, Dec. 30. Coming in 1980 to the Temple Beautiful are the Plugz, Punts and special guests on either (or both) Jan. 18 and 19, while the next week (Jan. 25 and 26) will feature the revised Black Randy & the Metro Squad and Wall of Voodoo. Be there. I will. □

SVT, Grime, Dead Kennedys, Offs, Dills, Roy Loney and the Phantom Movers, No Sisters) as well as up-and-comers like Los Microwaves and the Contractions.

It was particularly exciting to see the number of women involved in new wave bands here. There were women singers and/or musicians in over 20 of the groups that performed. Just try to think of 20 popular American rock bands with women musicians. The influence of Tina Weymouth, Poly Styrene, Siouxsie and Patti was obvious.

Some San Francisco critics and scene-makers were openly contemptuous of the festival. "What do you mean 'festival'?" one said. "All these bands are punks."

Some 50 bands, most from San Francisco—but with showings from L.A., Vancouver, Austin, New York and London—played at a half-dozen venues around the city. At times, there were live bands flailing away at three clubs and halls, while films of the Pistols, Magazine, DEVO and the classic T.A.M.I. Show were viewed at a local theater. Target Video, a local new-wave video team, exhibited tapes of some of the 300 groups which they have shot during the past three years, at a special early morning (2 a.m.-4 a.m.) screening.

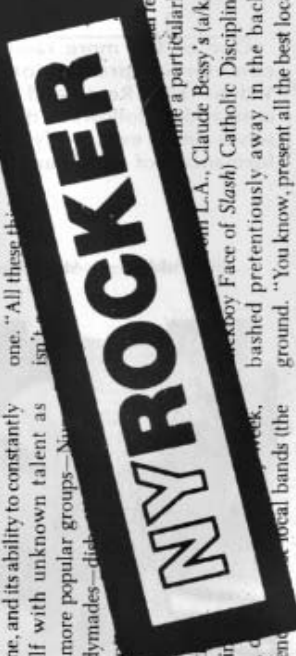
The festival emphasized the vitality and growth (over a period of three years) of the West Coast scene, and its ability to constantly replenish itself with unknown talent as quickly as the more popular groups—New Avengers, Readymades—disappear. Of course, there were some familiar names: the New Wave All Stars, a particularly notable band from L.A., Claude Bessy's (a/k/a Psycho Face of Slash) Catholic Discipline, bashed pretentiously away in the background. "You know, present all the best local bands, special events, something we could Mutants, Jim Carroll Band, Tuxedomoon

by Michael Goldberg

A new wave festival in San Francisco? Laugh if you will. But as regular readers of *NY Rocker* know, there is a vital, alive scene out West. And if it hasn't received the national and international press that has fallen on New York and London... well, so what?

"The Western Front," the first new wave festival to be held on the West Coast, began with San Francisco mayoral candidate and Dead Kennedys lead singer Jello Biafra being carried on the hands of a shouting, stomping crowd at the New Wave Au Go Go, a 1500-capacity former synagogue sandwiched between the former site of the legendary Fillmore Auditorium and the ominous People's Temple.

It ended, symbolically perhaps, nine days later with a rabid, decidedly more demonic mob ripping all of Biafra's clothes off at a performance in a former high school gym. Biafra performed the rest of the DK set with his genitals hanging in view of some 4,000 people. A frantic Bill Graham ran up the aisle, screaming and shouting, but didn't manage to cut the set short.



LONG BEACH MUSEUM OF ART

CALIFORNIA VIDEO

JUNE 29-AUGUST 24, 1980

MAX ALMY
DAN BOORD
ANTE BOZANICH
JOHN CALDWELL
ALBA CANE

JAN PEACOCK
PATTI PODESTA
JOE REES/TARGET VIDEO
NINA SALERNO
WENE DEAN LOVE



SF news

by Happy Geek

"You look disgusting." Those were the first words heard by Clash City Rocker Mick Jones upon arriving in America on July 28. "It's been a rough flight," answered the unflappable guitarist as the burly customs matron proceeded to question him about drugs. What a fool! Everybody knows punk rockers don't use drugs. The Clash did their duty though—as always. The reason they're in San Fran is to do a show at the nearly empty Automatt.

its new wave commitment. The new keywords: "sound familiar." Who'd of ever think it—KSAN going format and trying to sound like dogshit stations like KMEL!?! "Outcaste Hour" co-host Norman Davis is a senior d.j. and one of the most well-minded and astute jockers in the wasteland of America. He's been silent after vociferous protests from the masses towards zoning laws in the city of La K.

Also supportive of the new wave is Jefferson Airplane, who recently released a new album.

Dean of his type (That's on the (it.) e the face Billy a medical frenzy she of knobs. Couple what does Hank get in the night, a guitar.

NEW YORK

ROCKER

merc. COU. Hour' Mick song from The best. and Strum. something they hadn't done in some time, having just completed an extensive—and triumphant—tour of the U.K. Last night of the tour—a couple of hours before leaving for Frisco—the Clash played the Music Machine and were joined onstage by Paul Cook, Steve Jones and Jimmy Pursey.

the Imposters. While more and more new wave (including hardcore punk—in fact, especially hardcore punk) is seeping into regular KSJO programming, which, for example, is wailing on the new Dictators lp. Also expanding their new wave coverage are 2 small stations: KPFA, which now features a punk show every Sunday at midnight called "Maximum Rock 'n' Roll," and KALX, the U.C. Berkeley station, which not only integrates lots of Imports and Sire stuff into their programming, but also is very supportive of local bands.

murder By Guitar, the new Bobby Houston, a Connecticut-born denizen of L.A. (and author of "Summer Story," the hot incest book), a rip-off of the popular Crime single of the same name. To add insult to injury, Houston based the book on those Sex Pistols, instead of San Fran's wildest wildm.

MX-80 Sound has relocated in Frisco from Bloomington, Indiana, and will be doing their West Coast debut at the Mabuhay in early September. "We were cultural misfits in Indiana," explained one happy MX-80er,

Banned: Max Trash and the Goats, a punkoidal guitar gang from Diablo Valley College, has been told they are permanently banned from performing on campus because they said dirty words at

Target, a contemporary art production organization (non-profit) in Oakland, presented the first in a series of weekly shows on S.F. cable TV channel 25, August 16. Target's videobank, now available to the public, includes amazing footage of the Sex Pistols, Nuns, Ramones, Patti, the Readymades, Crime, Blondie, Stranglers, Offs, Eirdos, Screemers, Liars, Mutants (live at Napa State Mental Hospital), Sleepers and many others. If you're interested in getting your hands on any of this stuff, write to Target at 950 56th Street, Oakland, CA 94608, or call 415/654-8768 or 213/821-9797.

vinyl to look out for: Nuns, Dictators, Seizure, Sleepers, Twinkeez.

Flesh and blood to look out for: Nuns (East Coast and U.K.), Seizure (Hawaii), Readymades (Canada, Washington, Oregon, Nevada), Crime (Pacific Northwest), Greg Kihn (Europe and East Coast).

Shahn Kermani

JUNE 18-24, 1980

SOHO NEWS

FINAL
TO V

Charles Simpson

JOE REES: BULL'S-EYE

Diane Goldner

Brutal machine-gun playing against rapid-fire montage: an alcoholic woman rising unsteadily from bed, drink in hand; a symphony orchestra performing the national anthem; Blondie in performance; an island woman with a great plastic shell containing pineapples and bananas and a can of Hawaiian punch; a diapered baby's bottom.

—A California new wave sound replaces the machine-gunning. Shots of lush jungle, yellow cabs and army tanks in action. Binoculars, a KKK burning cross, wounded men laid out and half sheeted on the ground. Political assassinations. No sound. "Mercenary" flickers on the screen. John Lydon's red hair, blue eyes,

smile. Interview talk. Music and a high-contrast abstraction of people dancing. A few people in the small audience at Hurrah start to dance, too, as they watch the Target Video opening on TV monitors.

"A performance has to be volatile," Joe Rees says. "Lou Reed is the coolest show I've ever seen. It was during the rock 'n' roll animal period in San Francisco. His band comes out and plays a long intro. It was a controlled buildup and off in the corner you could see a dark figure, just a silhouette. He came out right on cue with the music. I had a crush on Lou Reed because he was the first punk."

Joe Rees, founder and director of Target Video, leads me out of the kitchen clutter. There's only one chair in the 1st Street apartment, so I suggest the floor. Nursing a mug of reheated coffee, he offers me a pillow to cushion me from the nondescript rug. He settles on a big metal case marked "Fragile-Handle with Care," part of the electronic equipment Rees uses

to record the energy of new wave and feed it back into the scene.

Target Video is a San Francisco-based studio whose main concern is videotaping performance artists, particularly new wave musicians. Its collection of tapes numbers over 400 and includes the Clash, the Sex Pistols, Sid Vicious, Blondie, Bowie, Patti Smith. West Coast bands and such unlikelyies as Bob Dylan and Elvis Presley. Target Video produces some work for distribution, but most of its tapes are for showing at new wave clubs and at galleries.

Target Video first appeared in New York two years ago and has since had shows at Hurrah and the Mudd Club. In San Francisco Target Video had a half-hour cable TV show in 1977. It featured art performances and theater skits, but the major part of the show was music. Rees finally quit because of complaints that the show was too raw. The company also had its own after-hours thing, showing video to large crowds, even throwing a party for the Clash.

Continued on Page 2

The Videodisc Is Here

JOE REES *Continued from Page 1*

Rees' video has been shown in Italy, Japan, Paris, Germany and Australia. His *West Front* and *California New Wave* pieces were selected for the current Biennale de Paris, an international art show.

Rees graduated from the California School of Arts and Crafts in 1973 as a sculptor, but his first involvement with video was as a performance artist.

"I was always into powerful imagery," he says. "I used animal guts, tongues, entrails. My favorite thing became a chicken. I would dress like Colonel Sanders. I was taking on the American pop image. I don't know why it became the Colonel, but it did. I would perform in an empty lot or a parking lot, sometimes right next to a Kentucky Fried Chicken. I would sew chicken parts back together and support the legs with neon sticks and walk the chicken around. It was the reverse of the Kentucky Fried process. Frankenstein, in a way.

"I was also getting into sound. I made instruments out of machine parts and a brass cap. I went around the edge with a stick and the water level varied the tone until it was almost ear-splitting. White noise, a pitch that just about drives you insane. I would record the noise-music on tape and use it as a backdrop to my performance. And I had friends videotape me. The problem with having other people videotape me was I didn't feel the intensity of the performance. The camera angles wouldn't be right. So I started making videotape collages with some of the materials — chicken parts, instruments, street incidents, and I made up my own sounds. I used an Advent screen to project, and performed in front of the screen."

Imminent Doom

The images are unpleasant, violent. But I do not sense violence in this man who sits on an equipment case and talks at length about violent themes and his feelings of imminent doom. He juxtaposes American culture with a domino theory of disaster and with food wars that might be caused by nuclear accident or by an oil embargo. He sees the signs all around, expressed clearly in new wave.

"In the '60s there was a fixed focus — Vietnam was an obvious target. But today it's more nebulous. A lot of the political and social awareness in punk rock has a lot to do with a true art form, a reflection of what's going on. Basically, it's a reac-

tion to boredom and a fucked-up government and mercenary wars. It's the insanity of growing up in suburbia with a no-future existence. Everyone's just waiting around for the big one to go off. I grew up on a farm in Iowa and most of it was pretty crummy, but there were some good things, like the hell-raising. That's early punk rock, sneaking out at night to meet a friend who's stolen his father's car."

Around him Rees sees mostly an American brand of uncertainty and violence, and in his work he mirrors the violence. I think about the charges brought against TV violence, how it is making our culture violent. Does he think he's perpetuating violence by focusing on it?

"No, context is so important. There's Hollywood violence and there's real violence. I try to make an audience look at violence as an observation of a truth, a fact. If things are going to change, they're going to have to do it."

Besides the violence in new wave, perhaps it's the element of "Fuck off, we want to do our own thing" that attracts Rees, who shares the attitude. He resents the established art institutions: "All they want to do is make dollars off you." On the other hand, he resents being slighted by that academic world: "Berkeley Museum probably has the largest video collection, but they've never shown my work. They said they don't see it as art."

There are always choices. I've wondered, especially since video is no longer chained to TV, why people persist in using the small frame.

Rees explains that some people are into making it big, but he's not. "Film is bigger than life, while video is true to life," he says. "I want the raw, live feeling of news-gathering. If I was making a monster movie, then it would be good large. A monster wouldn't be scary in a box. I think film is a cult. Video has had its moments, but with film it takes so long, you get involved with the process, it's like a romance. I was recently on a panel at Filmmakers Festival. The topic was film and video and Francis Ford Coppola was there. Some of *Apocalypse Now* was edited on video and about a year's time was saved. With films I think the future holds a synthesis between film and video. Electronics is the tool, film quality is the goal."

For Rees, malleability and immediacy are the main advantages of video over film. "Things are going to become more complex. Video can concentrate more information in less time, and I'm interested in rapid communication of information. They're working on something new that

will allow the visuals to be speeded up while the sound remains the same. I'd love to get an hour's worth of information into 45 minutes. I want my style to be jolting. I'd like to get in and out of images rapidly, but I don't want things to mesh without identity. I have a dilemma between instant communication and looking a second time and finding more."

This opposition exists in Rees' work, but I don't see it as a problem. I remember certain shows from the tapes — favorite bands, songs — but the montage moves quickly. Some very vivid images remain clear, others dissolve into well-defined feeling. You're bombarded with information and imagery, but you can't retain it all.

Rees is thinking ahead to more than a new video machine. He projects further, to a place where video monitors will be set up on street corners with QB systems, devices that enable viewers to ask a question and get a computer response. The machines have already been placed experimentally on home TV sets in Columbus, Ohio.

Rees also envisions holograph video discs — you slip a disc of the Clash into your Betamax, and along with the sound you get a 3-D image of the group performing in your living room.

For the more immediate future, Rees expects to clinch a deal for some TV time when he returns to San Francisco, though he's wary of network TV commercialism. "My next problem could very well be how to broadcast. Don Kirshner's not really there for the music, he's there to sell you Ford automobiles."



VIDEO NETWORKS

March 1980

Bay Area Video Coalition Monthly

Volume 3 No 8



Punk, politics and just plain play merge in the chaotic imagery of Joe Rees and Target Video.

Right On Target

By Steve Seid, Acting Editor

The crowd has whipped itself to a froth. On stage, the Mutants, or one of many permutations, cut a frenzied tableau. Moving through the churning mass, a solitary cameraman, his camera perched precariously on his shoulder. It's San Francisco's New Wave chronicler, Joe Rees of Target Video.



A graduate of the California School of Arts and Crafts, Rees began as a sculpture working with illumination. His twisted tubes of neon, krypton and

argon were soon incorporated into performance environments, along with an assortment of other objects. It was here, in the performance spaces, that Rees had his first exposure to video.

Wanting to document the ephemera, he tried super-8 then video. For his purposes, super-8 was costly, inadequate and sluggish. But video proved to be "immediate." Immediacy has always been an essential demand for Rees. "Information is very important to me," he said. "I have to have it as fast as possible. Video is right there. It's immediate. And I like electronics. I like that kind of image."

When the New Wave movement emerged, Rees found himself in its midst. Friends from art school had left gallery performance and were exploring

the frenetic possibilities of rock and roll. Naturally, they wanted their performances recorded. New Wave was evolving so rapidly that without some kind of documentation its history would be only the flagging memory of audience and performer. Out of this desire for documentation, Target Video was born.

Three years have passed since Target Video first saw light. Now it's walking under its own power and growing quite articulate. During this time, Target's personal inventory has expanded to a number of Sony cameras, a JVC portable VTR, assorted mixers, microphones, lighting, a RM430 Editor and a 2260 VTR. The equipment is far from state-of-the-art and often in various states of disrepair, but that

continued on next page

continued from page one

doesn't worry Rees. Most of it's not his, anyway. "We've gotten people who have invested personal loans for equipment. The equipment stays in their names, of course. In a way, I don't have anything that's mine. It belongs to everyone else. I really like it that way. I'm more interested in whatever arrangements are necessary to acquire equipment."

Accessibility is the key. Much of Rees' work involves trade-offs of talent and time for the cash to buy more tape, acquire one more camera for a weekend shoot. His budgets are minimal when extant; and it's only Rees' cunning and persistence that keeps Target Video a functioning enterprise. "When I can get access to other equipment," he explains, "I try to take advantage of it. I'm really interested in setting up exchanges. I can see there's no way I'll ever be able to afford all the things that have to be done."

Rees hasn't done to bad; the shelves behind the editing table are testimony to his ability to gain access to suitable equipment. Lined up, row upon row, are hundreds of hours of tapes that include every notable New Wave band to have played in San Francisco. The Nuns, Blondie, the Clash, the Dead Kennedys, Tuxedomoon, and the Talking Heads are there in performances stretching from the Mahubay to the Deaf Club. It's something of a vast, personal archive.

Out of these performances, Rees has constructed dozens of collage tapes. Some of them are pure images gleaned directly from New Wave; some contain performance art juxtaposed with punk bands; and still others mix stock footage with New Wave image and sound. Perhaps the most popular works have been the retrospectives: *A through Z, Part I and II* chronicle three years of New Wave's raucous innovation. Showings of these programs have brought incredible response at the Savoy Tivoli, Hurrah, the Mabuhay and other local and national venues. Currently, Rees has one exhibit showing in Stuttgart while another collection is penetrating the outback of Australia.

What makes Rees' work valuable is the authenticity and immediacy of the image. His longevity in the New Wave scene has allowed him to assimilate into his subject. No longer an observer, he is now a participant welcomed into the dynamics of the performances.

"Three years ago," he explains, "I was an observer, something separate from the activity. I didn't really think that way, but some people responded to it that way. It didn't take long before that changed. We were there anytime something was happening. We were always there and were accepted as part of the activity."

Threading his way through frantic crowds with camera in hand, Rees' familiar presence has given him some security from the maulers and saboteurs. "They play a game called 'Get the media, get the media boys,'" he says of the anarchistic audience. "Actually, at this point I don't really think it's a deliberate attack. Because most of the people know what they're up to." To make sure, a hulking bodyguard usually shadows him through the more uncontrolled situations, a forceful elbow at the ready. People have tampered with his equipment, pulled cords from his portapak, shorted out his AC power supply.

Lunging right into the maelstrom, gives Rees' work that visceral appearance, the sense that what you are viewing has just transpired. "That's what I'm interested in. Trying to maintain that raw experience and keep it as live as possible. But still it has to be clean and have a professional quality."

Rees' point of view also alters the imagery. It's not simply a question of where it's recorded, but one of selectivity. Avoiding the hygienic approach, Rees "stays away from star filters. I'm not interested in colored lights and I'm not trying to present the groups with idealized images. If Jello Biafra falls on his ass, I leave it in." In addition, he tries to "take the camera down close to the floor. I try to show the sweat on faces, people spitting. The

things that make it human. Where the real raw energy exchange is going on."

Now that New Wave has recognized the aesthetic potential of multi-media presentation, Rees' work has begun to play a more important role in the entire Bay Area movement. Much of his footage has transcended mere documentation and functions as an integral part of the performance. Groups, like the Mutants, orchestrate musical pieces, combining pre-recorded tapes designed by Target Video. Other events include tapes of past performances as visual enhancement. Through the speed of the video process, Rees' tapes have become peripheral events in themselves, altering the whole perception of the movement.

Target Video aka Joe Rees has secured a unique place in the New Wave movement. Through his undaunted effort to record the many performances, he has preserved its history. Yet, at the same time, Rees' aesthetic has extended and enriched the very subject he sought to record.

Mobilevideo News

Face to Face, produced by Dawn Shisreen, is now ready for distribution. Sponsored by Marin Community Video, the half-hour tape is designed to orient employers about potential employees with disabilities. Centered around interviews, **Face to Face** corrects much of the misinformation that employers have about disabled workers. All physically handicapped, the four interviewees have varied experienced in diverse fields of work. A subtitled version of the tape will soon be available for the deaf.

continued on page 5



IN REVIEW

Extreme Measures

By J.H. Tompkins

Seen maker

I'VE LONG BELIEVED my cultural inclinations are wired into the commercial possibilities of the moment in a way that's almost uncanny - as if I were a low-rent version of the woman in William Gibson's *Pattern Recognition* - defying all manner of rhyme and reason, as does the popularity of Sting, or Tony Danza, or a person who can instantaneously tell you what day of the week any date in the next 100 years falls on. So when an e-mail from Amoeba Music arrived in my inbox over the weekend announcing that the mighty retail indie was hungry for music-related DVDs, well, all I can say is it came as no surprise to me.

Ever since the morning last fall when I opened *West Koasta Nostra*, the then-new album by the too-long-MIA Boo Yaa Tribe, and found a biopic in progress on DVD, I figured it was on and began snapping up all things DVD. What I've come across is a marketplace where demand outstrips supply; what's available is of decidedly mixed quality - beware home movies and comparisons with Springsteen, for instance. And remember that in the main, MTV videos don't get better with age. Still, if you stretch the definition of amazing to include an eye-opening negative judgment as well as a positive assessment, you can say that I've run across some truly amazing work.

In *Target Video Presents the Cramps: Live at Napa State Mental Hospital* (Music Video Distributors), the band's hour-long set is about as grainy, surprising, delightful, bent, and rocking a documentary as you're ever going to find anywhere - 10 minutes into the thing I was so ecstatic that I pushed the Pause button and ran through my building shouting at the top of my lungs for my neighbors to come down and share the majesty of this one. On June 12, 1978, San Francisco's once-pioneering Target Video followed the Cramps to a gig at the infamous regional mental hospital and caught a short, fiery, action-packed set on video. Singer Lux Interior shares the stage and the mic with the audience; the camera captures dance moves that are strictly out of this world, and the band rocks the roof right off the place. After a couple of songs, Lux addresses the energetic crowd (which numbers about 40), saying something like, "They say you all are crazy. Well, you don't seem so crazy to me." But, Lux and his newfound fans seem pretty darned crazy, if you ask me; all I could think was "Who booked this gig, and how'd the camera crew get into the facility?" This is - and I mean it from the bottom of my heart - a punk classic, a must-have for anyone curious about the scene in its early days. I heard that the Mutants were also on the bill; if anyone has footage of their performance, could you please send it to me?

If that isn't enough, the DVD also has a bonus Target Video segment that seems to have been put together in the early '80s. Self-satisfied Target head honcho Joe Rhees cracks a Budweiser while sizing up the state of video, which he describes as a tool to challenge boredom and unleash creativity, and "the ultimate medium to distribute new wave."

A young, fresh-faced Jello Biafra offers a testimonial to punk rock, describing it as "something that's been missing for a while, something with some guts." Flipper - out in the Flipper zone, for sure - perform "Lowrider." Someone describes Mark Pauline as the greatest performance artist in the United States, "There's no question about it," and then the picture shifts to fuzzy black-and-white video of a go-cart driving through fire, an unmanned vehicle with a large circular saw on one end looking like a metallic scorpion attacking some metal plates, while a voice-over promises a one-armed rocket launcher or something and fires erupts on-screen. Then MDC perform "John Wayne Was a Nazi" at the On Broadway, Throbbing Gristle preside over white noise and a sexually aroused, enthusiastic crowd at Kezar Pavilion, Crime perform on a stage in front of the main gate at San Quentin, and there's a lot of footage of a guy banging metal around onstage at the Mab and later - after donning roller skates and doffing his shirt - doing the same thing at Target's South Van Ness headquarters.

I ran out of space before I was able to write about my experiences sharing controlled substances with a famous political punk rocker from another country in the lavatory at Target. Likewise, lack of space eighty-sixed my plans to write about the incredible DVDs available of Martin Scorsese's Blues series, L.A. hardcore film *The SLOG Movie*; One Man Army's *The Show Must Go Off*; Paul Simon's *Live at the Tower Theatre October 7, 1980*; *Decasia: The State of Decay*, a Film by Bill Morrison; *The Work of Director Michel Gondry*; *Can DVD*; or *Heartworn Highways*, James Szalapski's documentary about country music in Nashville and Austin in the mid '70s. Stay tuned, please.

E-mail J.H. Tompkins at tommy@sfbg.com.

TROUBADOURS



Steve Earle

Just an American Boy
Artemis / Sony

Drugs. Money. Guns. Prison. Fad diets. And more marriages than a Las Vegas showgirl. Roots-rock rebel Steve Earle has had one helluva life. And he deserves one helluva great documentary. Sadly, *Just an American Boy* isn't it. But then, it isn't trying to be. Shot by videographer Amos Poe — who prefers to call his fly-on-the-wall film a "portrait" — *American Boy* follows the pugnacious troubadour around as he deals with the fallout from his controversial American-Taliban ode *John Walker's Blues*. Along the way, you get plenty of great footage of Earle in concert — both solo and with his trusty band The Dukes. Despite all his access, though, Poe never gets close enough to the true story of this American Boy. Still, until the definitive biopic — or at least the definitive *Behind the Music* episode — comes along, this'll do nicely.

★★★ out of ★★★★★ — DS



Warren Zevon

(Inside)Out
Artemis / Sony

Death was always a big part of Warren Zevon's artistic life. So when the black-humoured singer-songwriter was diagnosed with inoperable lung cancer in 2002, it was hardly shocking that he wrote about his own impending demise — and did so with tenderness and eloquence. *The Wind*, released just before Zevon's death in September, found the wry troubadour reflecting on his life, saying goodbye to loved ones, having a last laugh with old friends and bowing out with courage and grace. All of which he does very in front of the cameras on *(Inside)Out*, an hour-long documentary on Zevon that aired on

Seen & Heard

The latest crop of music DVDs

VH1 last year. Watching Warren struggle against the ticking clock and his own failing body to complete the disc almost makes you wish they had turned off the camera; but watching him continue to crack wise and smoke unrepentantly ("Hey, what would you do if you had a month to live?") makes you glad they didn't. Bonus footage includes an hour of unedited interviews, music videos and old home movies that make it easy to fulfil Warren's final musical request: "Keep me in your heart for awhile."

★★★★ — DS

PUNKS



The Cramps

Live at Napa State Mental Hospital
Target / MVD

It doesn't get any freakier than this. Believe it or not, back in 1978, New York psychobilly punks The Cramps really did put on a show for residents of a mental hospital in California. Lord only knows what staff were thinking. We're just glad someone involved was thinking clearly enough to document the bizarre proceedings on video. The infamous result — grainy black-and-white footage of the band gamely bashing through an eight-song mini-set as patients cavort spasmodically in their faces and try to wrest the mic from singer Lux Interior — is perhaps the weirdest and most compelling music video ever produced. Sure, the quality sucks, the editing is atrocious and it's barely 20 minutes long. But trust us: It's worth every penny.

★★★★1/2 — DS

NoMeansNo & Hanson Brothers
Would We Be ... Live?

Punkervision / MVD

For years, people have been asking why you never see pictures of NoMeansNo and The Hanson Brothers together. Well, now you can. *Would We Be ... Live?* brings you two, two, two gigs in one from

these Canadian indie-punk icons. First up are Victoria's awesome NoMeansNo, whose bizarre hybrid of punk riffs, jazz licks, funk beats and poetry-slam lyrics keep a dingy London club crowd stoked for nearly two hours — and will have the same effect on you. Then, in a separate gig at the same club, you get a furious hour of puck-rock riffage and high-sticking antics from The Hanson Brothers — who bear an uncanny resemblance to NoMeansNo, even with the taped-up glasses, hockey jerseys and goalie masks. Who wins the face-off? The fans, of course.

★★★★ — DS

CLASSIC ROCKERS

Brian Wilson

Pet Sounds Live in London Sanctuary / EMI

The superb CD version of this event — recorded over the course of several shows at London's Royal Festival Hall in 2002 — came out almost two years ago. Why it took so long for the video is anybody's guess. But Beach Boys fans will find it worth the wait. *Pet Sounds Live in London* delivers what it promises: The classic 1966 album, performed in its entirety and in order by Brian Wilson and his unbelievably tight backing band, who reproduce every note, overdund and vocal harmony with flawless precision. Granted, Brian's robotic stage presence and slightly diminished voice leave a little to be desired. But the sheer power of the material — not to mention the inclusion of the magical *Good Vibrations* and the impressive 5.1 audio mix — make this a keeper.

★★★★1/2 — DS



King Crimson

Eyes Wide Open
Sanctuary / EMI

Not one, but two full gigs from prog-rock guitar technician Robert Fripp and his latest reconstituted lineup of the Krim, featuring gui-

tarist frontman Adrian Belew and the crack rhythm section of Trey Gunn and Pat Mastelotto. Purists and diehards may quibble over set lists dominated by recent works — you won't find *21st Century Schizoid Man* or *Elephant Talk* here — but it's tough not to be won over by the stellar musicianship of *Level Five* and *ConstruKtion of Light* or the playful brilliance of Zen-prog like *Happy With What You Have to Be Happy With*. So be happy.

★★★★ — DS



Big Brother & the Holding Co. with Janis Joplin

Nine Hundred Nights
Eagle Vision / EMI

After watching *Nine Hundred Nights*, we've decided the guys in Big Brother were either the luckiest musicians in the world — or the unluckiest. On the plus side, they were fortunate enough to stumble on to a little-known blues belter in Janis Joplin, who transformed them from a second-rate acid-rock band into '60s music icons. On the downside, the ride didn't last long — after stealing the show at 1967's *Monterey Pop Festival* and making one classic album in 1968's *Cheap Thrills*, Joplin went solo, derailing the band's career (and, some say, her own; many believe her later records never had the same spark). This hour-long doc tells the tale in full detail, with plenty of vintage footage, extensive interviews with all surviving members and complete live performances of old faves like *Ball and Chain* and *Piece of my Heart*. Their luck (and Joplin's) may have run out, but if you're a fan, this is your lucky day.

★★★★ — DS

Paul Weller
Live at Braehead
Sanctuary / EMI

The former Jam master and Style Councilman delivers some-

thing old and something new on this live set, peppering tracks from recent albums like *Illumination* with classics like *Pretty Green*, *Town Called Malice*, *In the Crowd* and *Man of Great Promise*. No, he still can't get arrested in North America — but he does turn in a fairly arresting performance here.

★★★1/2 — DS

HEAVY METAL

Lamb of God

Terror and Hubris
Epic / Sony

"Due to government regulations and CNN restrictions, penalties and fines, the video for the track *11th Hour ...* has been removed from this DVD," claims this disc from Virginia metalheads Lamb of God. That sounds pretty nefarious — until you view the video at their website and realize it's a bunch of recent Iraqi war footage the band likely couldn't (or didn't) get clearance to use. Still, that's only the second-gooiest thing about this standard set of video clips, live footage and interviews. The goofiest bit? Watching a Roseanne-like family lip-synch to a Lamb of God track in order to win backstage passes for life. There oughta be a government regulation about that.

★★ — DS



Opheth

Lamentations: Live at Shepherd's Bush Empire
Music for Nations / Koch

Talk about ruining your image. Listening to the symphonic death metal of Sweden's Opheth on CD, you could imagine them to be mighty Swiss gods with flowing blond locks and rippling biceps capable of crushing your skull with ease. Seeing them live on the concert DVD *Lamentations*, however, you realize the truth: They're just scrubby nerds who spent their youth locked in their bedrooms playing scales. The singer is even — egad — polite to the audience. Thankfully, though, Opheth never fail to meet your musical expectations. On the first half of this two-hour set, they recreate last year's *Damnation* album in all its epic prog-metal grandeur. Then they kick out the jams with a set of furious epic metal culled from their earlier albums. If you listen without watching, it just might be enough to crush your skull after all.

★★★1/2 — DS

IN REVIEW

The Cramps
LIVE AT NAPA STATE MENTAL HOSPITAL
(MVD)

INSANE! Booking the Cramps to play a mental hospital might have been crazy, but the filmed performance is priceless.

The title of this lost treasure pretty much says it all. Yeah, someone let the Cramps - the original, late-'70s line-up of the band, with mad-daddy singer Lux Interior, guitarist Poison Ivy, undead drummer Nick Knox, and the then bass-less band's first guitarist, the very odd-looking Brian Gregory - into a mental hospital to play a gig. What's even more amazing is that the staff of Napa State Mental Hospital then let the band leave. So for a little under an hour in 1978, the inmates, it would seem, were indeed running the asylum up in California wine country. It's one of those insignificant yet absurd little events in rock-and-roll history that radiate twisted beauty. I first caught this performance on a videotape released at least a decade and a half ago by Target Video. I'd stopped telling people about it five or six years ago because I'd begun to wonder whether it wasn't merely a figment of my over-active imagination. But Music Video Distributors has just reissued the eight-song set, shot in black and white with hand-held camera, on DVD, and it's every bit as wonderfully disturbed as I recall. Although the quality of the recording is anything but pristine, the rough-around-the-edges sensibility suits the Cramps' gritty, garage-rocking, garbageman aesthetic, and the video isn't nearly as out of focus as those bootleg versions of the Stones' Cocksucker Blues that have been circulating on the Internet.

This is early in the Cramps' career - their first album, *The Gravest Hits EP* (Illegal), hadn't even come out yet. But all the elements of their psychobilly sound had come together, as had Lux's shirtless, microphone-swallowing, leather-pants-wearing stage persona. And though much of this short set is pieced together from the obscure early cover tunes they relied on ("The Way I Walk," "Twist and Shout," and "Love Me," to name three), the set ends with a crazed version of their own "TV Set" that sets the inmates reeling. It makes you wonder who was insane enough to book this show.

BY MATT ASHARE

LIVE AT NAPA STATE MENTAL HOSPITAL - The Cramps

Bizarro concert

It doesn't get any freakier than this.

Believe it or not, back in 1978, New York psychobilly punks The Cramps really did put on a show for residents of a mental hospital in California.

Lord only knows what staff were thinking.

We're just glad someone involved was thinking clearly enough to document the bizarro proceedings on video.

The infamous result - grainy black-and-white footage of the band gamely bashing through an eight-song mini-set as patients cavort spasmodically in their faces and try to wrest the mic from singer Lux Interior

- is perhaps the weirdest and most compelling music video ever produced.

Sure, the quality sucks, the editing is atrocious and it's barely 20 minutes long.

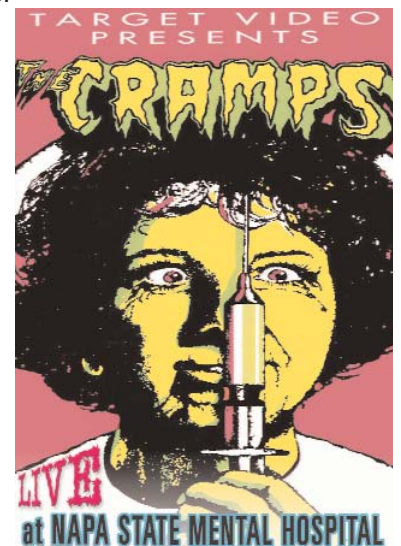
But trust us: It's worth every penny.

PRODUCT DETAILS:

- o Original Release Date: 1981
- o Release Date: 2/10/2004
- o Region Code: 0
- o Source: MUSIC VIDEO DIST.
- o Format: DVD
- o Aspect Ratio: Pre-1954 Standard (1.33:1)
- o Sound: Dolby Digital 5.1 Surround
- o Language: English
- o Time: 1 Hour

Sun rating (out of 5 stars)

by Darryl Sterdan
Sun Media



The Cramps

LIVE AT NAPA STATE MENTAL HOSPITAL



RETAIL DVD (TARGET VIDEO/MUSIC VIDEO DISTRIBUTORS, FULL SCREEN)

YES, ON TUESDAY, June 13, 1978, voodoo rockabilly avatars The Cramps (in their greatest line-up, Lux Interior and Poison Ivy backed by Nick Knox and Byron Gregory) rolled into the recreation room of California's Napa State Mental Hospital, to play for the residents. Don't ask how this was ever allowed. Just give thanks someone had a camera.

Captured in black and white on rudimentary home video equipment, the 20 minutes of footage here – for 25 years a bootleg (un)holy grail – ranks alongside music's most sacred artifacts, up there with Johnny Cash's prison shows, James Brown's Apollo stands, Dylan's electric storms of '66.

"Somebody told me you people are crazy," says Lux, setting the tone while "The Way I Walk" fires up. "But I'm not sure about that." As assembled patients, stirred by the sound, begin to shimmy, invade the stage, steal the mic, scream their souls out and try to escape, you might wonder how politically correct this is. But notice how the band treat this audience: *exactly* the same way they treat every other audience. The wildest night. The band may have sounded (fractionally) better on occasion, but they've never been so completely... *cramped*. The very stuff, people, of legend.

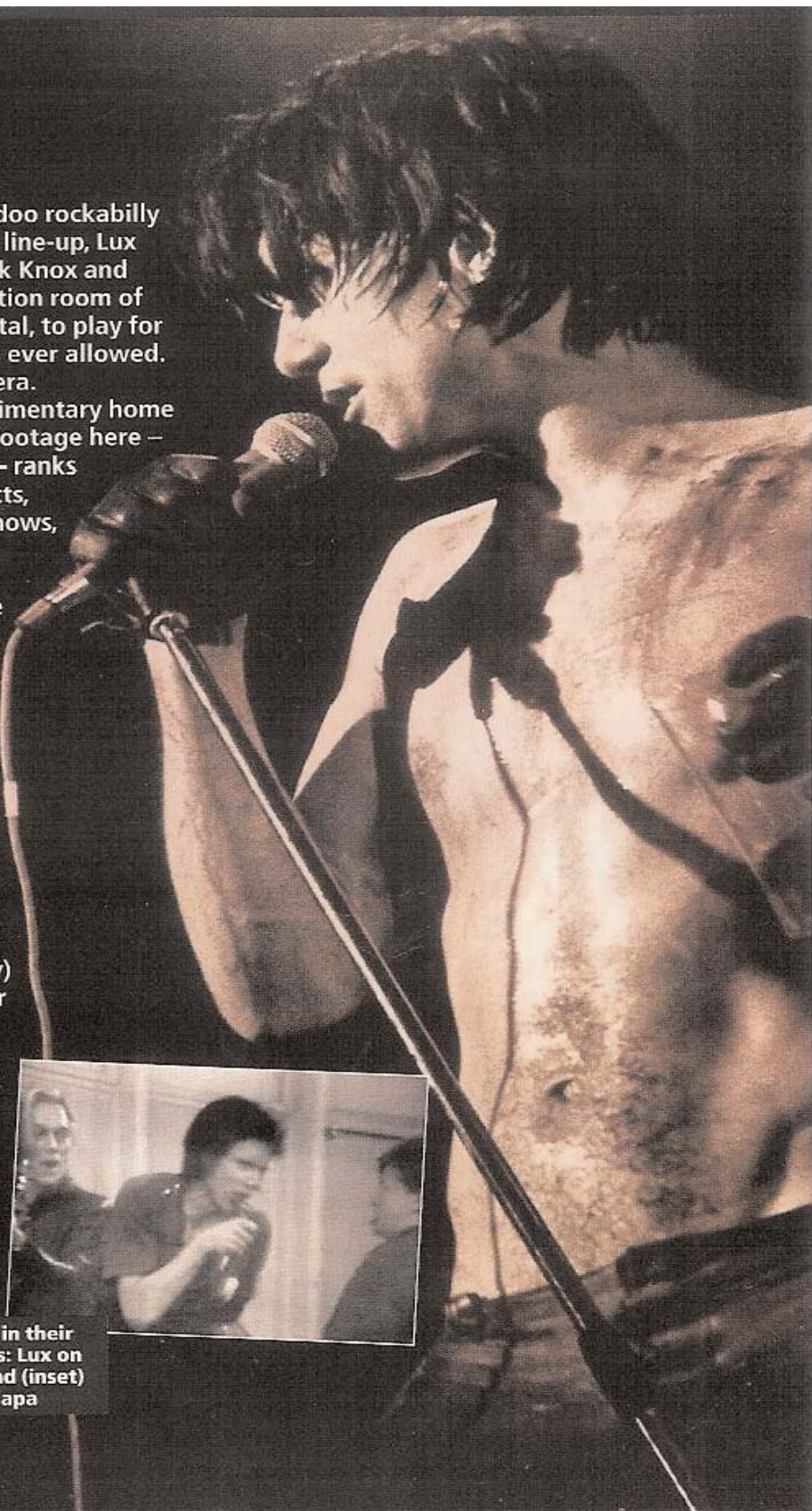
DAMIEN LOVE

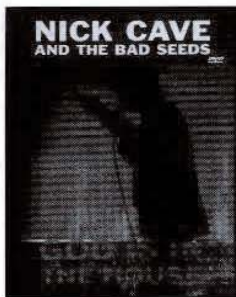
DVD EXTRAS:

A heady trailer reel of Target Video's other fine selections of 1980s punk, which archaeologists will find fascinating.



Method in their madness: Lux on stage and (inset) live at Napa



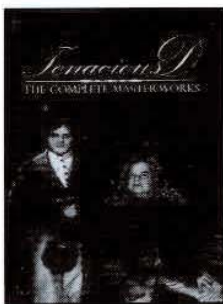


Nick Cave • God Is In The House • Mute

Recorded in June 2001 before a rapt audience in France, *God is in the House* presents Nick Cave in all of his balladeering, shrieking glory. The set list pulls largely from *No More Shall We Part*, although old fans are treated to powerful treatments of 'Saint Huck', 'Red Right Hand' and 'Papa Won't Leave You, Henry'.

The camera work can best be surmised as 'European'; lengthy medium shots of Cave's shadow on the theater wall are distracting at best

and irritating at worst, and the producers tend to favor quick, occasionally jarring zooms as well. Not to say that the film favors style over substance; Cave and ultra-talented band The Bad Seeds are front and center throughout the two hour set. The DVD contains a handful of studio videos, including stylish highlight 'Fifteen Feet Of Pure White Snow', as well as a documentary of the *No More Shall We Part* recording sessions. A worthy addition to any Cave fan's collection, and recommended without hesitation. **JT**

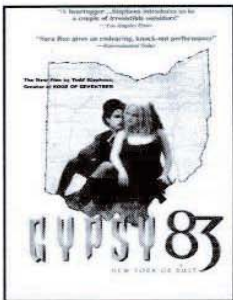


Tenacious D • The Complete Masterworks • Epic

Do you like the D? If you like rock, you have to like the D. And if you like the D, then you have to like this DVD. This is the most comprehensive DVD I've ever seen. It has all of their HBO series, a full live performance, all three of their videos, a few sketches, and their appearances on *Mad TV*, *Conan*, and *Crank Yankers*. Oh yeah, JB and KG also kick it up in "making of's" for all kinds of everything.

If you've only heard them so far you're missing out on the rock-comedy genius of their HBO show

(executive produced by *Mr. Show's* Bob and David) and the general showmanship of their personalities. This is not, however, the greatest DVD of all time. This is just a tribute. **BT**



Gypsy 83 • Small Planet Pictures

This is the tale of two goth misfits: Gypsy (Sara Rue, *Less Than Perfect*), an overweight girl obsessed with Stevie Nicks, and Clive (Kett Turton, *Kingdom Hospital*), a gay virgin as inexperienced in life as he is in sexuality. They flee their cultural persecution in small-town Ohio to the ultimate destination of acceptance: New York. Yet there are hardships along the way that only echo the disappointment left behind and foreshadow the ones that lie ahead.

Karen Black (*House of 1,000 Corpses*), John Doe (of the old-school punk band X), and Paulo Costanzo (*Road Trip*) add strong personalities to the characters sketched within the story. This modern tragedy by Todd Stephens unfolds in a John Waters-esque *Wizard of Oz* fashion, but the story is not "by Goths for Goths", and makes no attempt to pigeonhole its audience. *Gypsy 83* offers a sad-but-true depiction of reality as seen through the eyes of people that society deems unfit, making it a kindred film for anyone who feels like they don't belong to the most horrible clique of all: "normal".

Gypsy 83's soundtrack is a testament unto itself rather than an excuse to sell a CD, which is a welcomed rarity. The bands featured (The Cure, Bauhaus, Apoptygya Berzerk, Mechanical Cabaret, and Karen Black and Sara Rue them-

selves, amongst others) serve as a strong asset to the atmosphere and storytelling, and avoid the pitfalls of bland background tunes or a cheesy genre advertisement. Recommended. **DL**

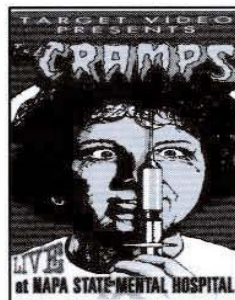


Minor Threat • DC Space • Dischord

Any Minor Threat DVD that clocks in at 90 minutes plus has got to be chock full of action. This release collects longtime VHS show *Live at the 9:30 Club* with a previously rare performance in Camden, New Jersey from 1982. An additional, early-as-hell concert from 1980 is nearly incoherent due to the film quality, although it achieves mandatory viewing for Ian's hairstyle alone. The 9:30 Club show still rakes in the high honors, demonstrating the blurred line between performer and audience with

urgency while capturing energized versions of 'I Don't Wanna Hear It' and, of course, 'Straight Edge'.

The film's biggest treasure is a previously unreleased interview with Mackaye from 1983. Broken down into two separate sections (all of the questions in rapid fire, all of the vocalist's answers back to back, it's a strange tactic that pays off brilliantly. Ian's facial expressions tell the story after each question far better than any verbalization, offering raised brow and bulging eyes to queries like 'Why are you so angry?' A must for any hardcore fan. **JT**



The Cramps • Live At Napa State Mental Hospital • MVD

Recorded in 1978, this amazing film captures The Cramps performing at a fucking mental institution for cripes sake. The sound and footage is surprisingly crisp considering the time period, and the visuals are unforgettable.

Lux Interior and the gang blast through animated hits like 'Human Fly', 'Way I Walk' and 'What's Behind The Mask' while a guy in a suit and stunning comb-over spazzes out to their right. The show eventually stumbles into glorious chaos,

with a pair of psychotic women battling for the mic and screaming incoherently into it. A black dude in a huge cowboy hat does an impressively awesome two-step to the band's take of 'Twist & Shout', while Lux slowly strips in faux ecstasy. A stunning and absolutely vital time capsule of pure anarchy in action. **JT**

UPHILL BATTLE *Wreck Of Nerves* (Relapse)

With bands like Dillinger, Mastodon and Burnt By The Sun, hardcore-metal fusion is one of the hottest things happening in metal. Uphill Battle's second album — and Relapse debut — *Wreck Of Nerves* makes an awesome impression, combining insane trebly blast beats mixed with melodic grooves. The mixture of high-pitched black metal screams, low-pitched death metal growls and hardcore screeches by the triple-voice onslaught brings something different to the table and is one of the most noticeably good things about this band's sound. Relapse has good taste. www.uphillbattle.com—**PR**
CCC

VARIOUS ARTISTS *Location Is Everything Vol. 2* (Jade Tree)

You have to give seminal emo stable Jade Tree its due. Tim Owen and Darren Walters' little DIY project made good has put out some fine, influential music over the last 14 years, and continue to expand its repertoire and palette. Indeed, *Location Is Everything Vol. 2* is taken best as a response to allegations that the label doesn't stray from its emo agenda; you only have to hear Cex's electro-industrial-hop fit "Kill Me" for proof. From there, the disc shuffles through the metalcore of From Ashes Rise, the space-pop of Ester Drang and of course, the damaged chime of Tim Kinsella's Joan Of Arc. There's still too much flat half-punk, but to its credit, *Location* is less disposable than most samplers. www.jadetree.com—**JM**
CCC

VARIOUS ARTISTS *Thank You* (Temporary Residence Ltd.)

Named Temporary Residence Ltd., the label positions itself as a launch pad for independent bands. Or it could be the complete opposite and Temporary Residence is secretly hiding this stable of great bands from us. Highlights include the sparse, blippy, electronic pop of Fridge's opener, "Five Combs," a song culled from the same blueprint the Postal Service have on their drafting table. There's also the Kilowatthours w/JDV combination of light, acoustic strumming and distortion-heavy fuzz on "Jignauseum." Tarantel and Explosions In The Sky flex some Mogwai muscle on "Bell Jar" and "The Long Spring," respectively. Essentially comprised of avant-garde instrumentals (with the exception of the mellow folk haze of Halifax Pier), this compilation gives you 11 new bands to put on your music radar. www.temporaryresidence.com—**BP**
CCCC

WIDESPREAD PANIC WITH THE DIRTY DOZEN BRASS BAND *Night Of Joy*

(Sanctuary/EMI)
Widespread Panic are unapologetic about their jam-based, Southern-fried music, operating under the radar, while logging success in sell-out tours and cult followings rather than chart hits. On this live offering, recorded at the House Of Blues in Myrtle Beach, South Carolina, the band enlist the services of The Dirty Dozen Brass Band and trim their meandering opuses to manageable lengths. What emerges is a band with more soul than usual, manifested particularly in John Bell's gruff vocals. The brass adds a worldly touch to Panic's dusty jams and all the regulars play with the requisite amount of skill and stamina. But even for a band that lives and dies by its live show, a live album isn't the best place to experiment with new sounds. This will amuse fans, but won't result in widespread acceptance. www.widespreadpanic.com—**JM**
CCC

ZEKE *'Til The Livin' End* (Relapse)

Release after release, Zeke topped themselves. *Kicked In The Teeth's* wall-of-sound led to the vicious attack of *Dirty Sanchez* and *Death Alley's* intelligent serial killer nature. But such a fast-paced rock 'n' roll lifestyle also led to the band's untimely demise. Back from the dead, minus one guitar player, *'Til The Livin' End* — well, it's not a topper. It sees Zeke on the other side of that steep mountain where songs are good — well written and certainly within the tight, angry confines of true Zeke — but there's something missing. The fire isn't burning as hot. Songs are slightly lethargic like a grumbling, bitter old man instead of an enraged young punker, resulting in something you appreciate but aren't hot for. *'Til The Livin' End* is a strong album, but it suffers from sounding less intense and even a bit tired. www.relapse.com—**KC**
CCC

Contributors:

- Mike Armitage (MA),
- Aaron Brophy (ABr),
- Keith Carman (KC),
- Elizabeth Chorney-Booth (ECB),
- Lauren Ferranti (LF),
- Caitlin Hotchkiss (CH),
- Joanne Huffa (JH), Andy Lee (AL),
- Joel McConvey (JM),
- Andre Mihsin (AM), The Mouth,
- Brian Pascual (BP),
- Jason Richards (JR),
- Pete Richards (PR),
- Shannon Whibbs (SW)

Guitar & Bass Lessons
Professional musician/teacher offers private lessons. Teaching in Toronto F/T for over 13 years. Spadina/Bloor.
DAVE 416-922-4995
Email: studio211@look.ca



DVDS



TED LEO/PHARMACISTS *Dirty Old Town* (Plexifilm/Sonic Unyon)

Singer-songwriter Ted Leo's punk values and indie spirit are thrust into the foreground of this excellent DVD filmed on the day of Leo's band, Pharmacists, show at Coney Island's Siren Festival. The backdrop of the Cyclone, the boardwalk and Nathan's hot dog stand — not to mention the awesome freak show — highlight Leo's old-school ideology and provides the perfect setting for his brand of melodic punk rock. Great interviews and good music make this a worthwhile purchase for fans of Leo and Coney Island alike.

The bonus features aren't great — with the exception of the footage of Pharmacists playing on the day of the East Coast power outage, using Starbucks' van generator as the power supply.—**JH**
CCC



THE CRAMPS *Live At Napa State Mental Hospital* (Target/MVD)

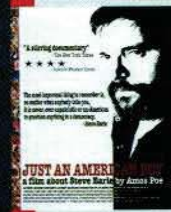
It figures this concert is infamous. Shot mid-1978, it's short — less than a dozen songs — but it's not about the music or the so-so quality. It's about watching how well The Cramps interact with patients who are having an awesome time dancing about to their infectiously creepy, strutting punkabilly.—**KC**
CCC



DURAN DURAN *Sing Blue Silver* (EMI)

As 30-something women rejoice over Duran's return, these two vintage discs show what all the fuss was about in the first place. *Sing Blue Silver*, a rock documentary following Duran Duran around during their 1984 North American tour is a fascinating study, even if you can't stand the band. *Arena* (Duran's live concert/sci-fi fantasy) hasn't aged as well, but should still get true fans' nostalgic juices flowing.—**ECB**

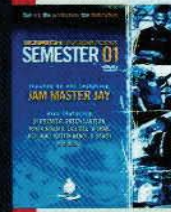
Sing Blue Silver **CCCC** *Arena* **CCC**



STEVE EARLE *Just An American Boy* (E Squared/Artemis)

Just An American Boy follows Earle's recent rash of political outspokenness, starting with the hoopla surrounding his song, "John Walker's Blues." There's nothing Earle loves better than talking about himself, so director Poe turns the camera on the singer as he speaks about September 11, the death penalty, heroin abuse and much more. A good watch, especially for the already converted.—**ECB**

CCC



VARIOUS ARTISTS *DJ Academy: Semester 01* (Scratch/Ryko)

This is a university-like symposium that gets intellectual about the business of producing and juggling beats. Like scientists clicking through PowerPoint presentations, this DVD showcases big-name DJs like A-Trak, DJ Premier and Jam Master Jay sitting on over-stuffed stuffed couches talking about their craft. It's perfect for pros, but there could be more live juggling and less jiving.—**MA**

CCC

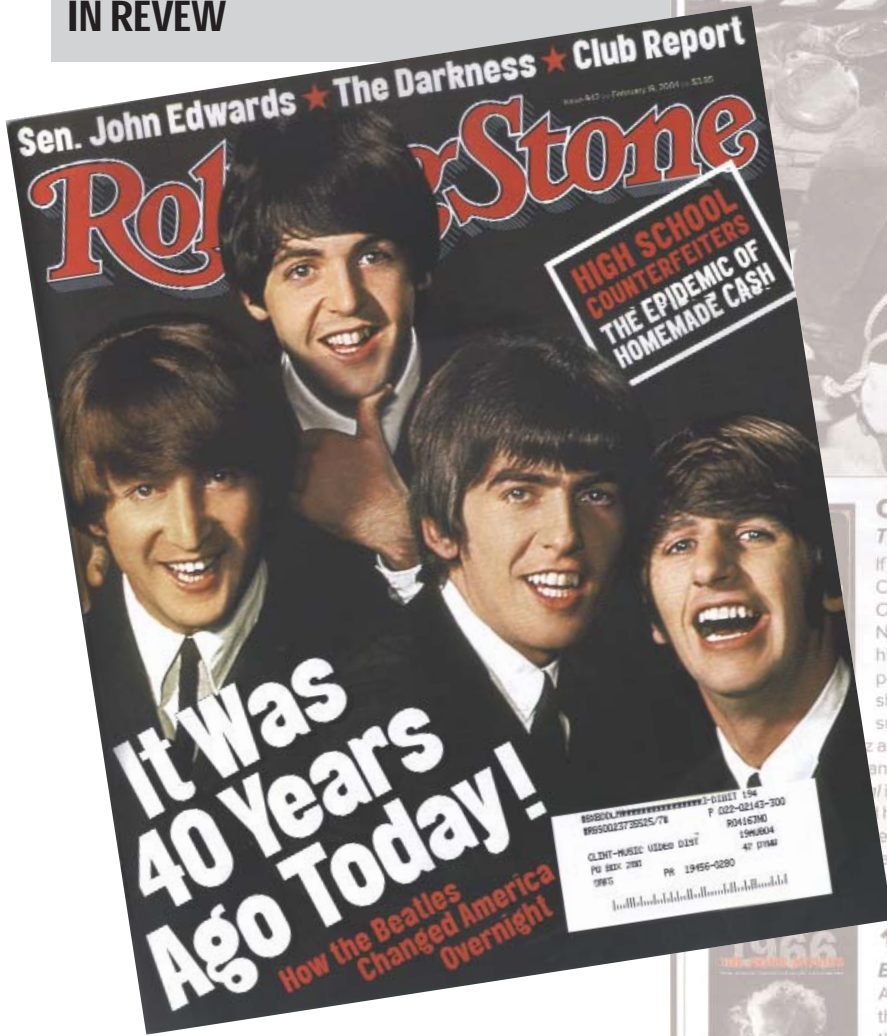


WARREN ZEVON *Inside Out* (Artemis)

This VH1 special documenting the final recording sessions for Warren Zevon's *The Wind* is a straightforward but touching tribute to the most underrated singer-songwriter of the '80s and '90s. If you aren't moved by Zevon's simple performance of his final goodbye, "Keep Me In Your Heart For Awhile," you don't have a heart. Includes over an hour of bonus footage and interviews. Enjoy every sandwich.—**The Mouth**

CCCC

IN REVIEW



A scene from *A Bullet for the General*

Once Upon a Time in Italy ★★★

The Spaghetti Western Collection Anchor Bay

If your only exposure to the Italian "spaghetti western" is limited to the films Clint Eastwood made with Sergio Leone, check out this five-disc box set. *Once Upon a Time in Italy* features many of the genre's legends: stars Franco Nero and Tomas Milian, director Sergio Corbucci and music by *il maestro* himself, Ennio Morricone. *A Bullet for the General* and *Compañeros* are perfect examples of politically fueled movies born of the Sixties that slammed Hollywood's sanitized version of history. *Keoma* is a brutal and surreal tale of racial prejudice with a wailing and droning soundtrack that Tom Waits trying to kill each other. *Four of the Apocalypse* is like a road and *Texas*, *Adios* is a revenge tale with hints of Shakespearean tragedy. *A* *is* without question the best film here, an indictment of U.S. imperialism that is humorous. The set's extras include original trailers, interviews and audio offering that advance word on Quentin Tarantino's *Kill Bill Vol. 2* says it draws as much as *Vol. 1* did from Asian action films, the time is right for this introduction to a misunderstood and maligned genre.

PETER KENIS

1966 World Tour: The Home Movies ★

Bob Dylan StudioWorks Entertainment

As with a lot of Dylan-related material, nothing about our hero is revealed in these patchy home movies filmed by drummer Mickey Jones, the man behind the kit on Dylan's legendary 1966 world tour. The biggest problem? No live music. What we're left with is a ninety-minute interview with Jones spliced with shoddy footage of hotel exteriors and snippets of Dylan onstage. Suggestion: Go find a bootleg of *Eat the Document*, D.A. Pennebaker's unreleased documentary of the '66 tour.

AUSTIN SCAGGS



Live at Napa State Mental Hospital ★★★

The Cramps Music Video Distributors

A legendary punk artifact: The Cramps, pioneers of the sleaze-rock sound, play a free 1978 concert for the patients at a California mental institution. The patients get into the act, hopping onstage and dancing to punk classics such as "Human Fly," "TV Set" and "The Way I Walk." The footage is technically raw, and so is the sound quality. But it's still a scream – by the end of the show, you can't tell the patients from the band, and that's the whole point.

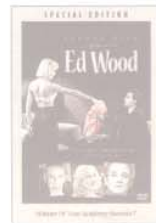
ROB SHEFFIELD

Rolling Stone Magazine,
Issue 942,
February 19, 2004



Yes' fantastical prog-rock, and, since it reveals little about the band, it might also prove useless to longtime fans. Following Yes on their thirty-fifth anniversary tour of Europe, the film finds the group discussing spiritual awakening, the tediousness of touring and their belief that Yes were at least twenty years ahead of their time. Like many Yes songs, the whole package just kind of noodles when it ought to focus.

CHRISTIAN HOARD



Ed Wood ★★★

Johnny Depp / Directed by Tim Burton Buena Vista Home Video

Tim Burton's homage to shitty filmmaking will be remembered less for Johnny Depp's unflinchingly perky turn in the title role (which would have been better appreciated had Jon Lovitz not stolen it, um, years earlier) than for Bill Murray's arrival as a complex character actor. In *Ed Wood's* epilogue, where Murray's would-be transsexual wordlessly regards a troupe of Mexican balladeers, he reveals himself to be demure, lascivious, tender, seedy, elegant and a failed romantic – all in the space of twelve seconds.

MARSHALL SELLA

6. the screamers

LIVE IN SAN FRANCISCO, SEPT. 2ND 1978
(TARGET VIDEO/MUSIC VIDEO DISTRIBUTORS)



If ever a band needed a DVD, it's this one! As singer **TOMATA DU PLENTY** confirmed in our interview just before he died, the biggest reason L.A.'s (by way of Seattle) Screemers never released a record, despite being the most popular punk-era L.A. band along with the much different Weirdos, was because they didn't believe a mere audio recording could even begin to capture what it was they did. And he was right: the well-named Screemers were *that* profoundly visual. The affable, artistic, intelligent du Plenty described how he would emotionally collapse after concerts because being the lead screamer character was such psychotic theater for him. As I watched this 1978 Target Video **JOE REES** footage again (available for 20 years previously on VHS), I was transfixed by du Plenty's animalistic, visceral, searing performances. You can't look away from those stabbing eyes, bigger and crazier than even Johnny Rotten's, the square forehead giving way to that provocative, pointy, straight-up haircut, the loopy robot dances, or the whole demented character. He doesn't so much sing as *hurl* his voice at the microphone in a low, guttural, primal bark that made him seem half Dick Tracy villain, half your own soul turned inside-out. And since the band never released their amazing songs and sound on vinyl, but only on the Target videos, this footage really is the *only* place to experience this electrifying group as they really sounded, let alone looked. (A double CD finally released in 2001, the 140-minute *In a Better World*, has scratchy sound on its live and demo renditions.)

And what a group they were! We've said before how unique it was for a band with no guitar or bass to be heralded as a premier punk group of their time. Du Plenty's aural assault and drummer **K.K. BARRETT**'s inexhaustible rhythmic pound made them fierce, but the two keyboardists, **TOMMY GEAR** and **PAUL ROESSLER**, turned their synthesizers into harsh stun guns, with their left hands providing the bottom end and their right hands the cutting riffs. Whereas other bands used synths and organs to sound skinny-tie-nerd quirky or new wave cute, this one used them

as bludgeons. This DVD shows it all, in all its raw fury.

The footage of the concert at San Francisco's Mabuhay Gardens is good enough. Much like The Screemers' New York shows then, you can see the dichotomy in the band's psychopathic brutality combined with their parodistic sense of extremes and societal send-up that was simultaneously so acerbic and amusing. And you can see how an audience at the time reacted to that with a mixture of thrilled horror and small awe. But the real prize in this package is the bonus footage of the foursome at Rees's Target Video studios, granting us the closest thing to real audio-quality Screemers we know of and matched with the even better, more controlled visuals. Start with this footage first. This band had a look, a sound, and a presence that still have never been copied. The absolutely insane "122 Hours of Fear" (one of the greatest and most disturbing songs of that whole wondrous 1977-1978 primal generation), the perverted "Magazine Love" (porn over real-human sex!), and the martial goose-stepping of the black "Punish or Be Damned" made the otherwise brilliant early Devo look like Mr. Rogers or H.R. Pufnstuf. The Screemers were as exciting and liberating as they were intensely aggressive and kind of frightening.

The greatest band in U.S. history to go unrecorded is actually best heard here, where you can see them. Like Bad Brains, you really had to see 'em to believe 'em. But unlike Bad Brains, who birthed a thousand crappy imitators, you'll never see anything like this again. (Chicago's equally chaotic Manaconda, who cover "122 Hours," take the inspiration somewhere else instead.) This DVD is a huge don't-miss that will put the biggest lie to anyone who said that early punk was a formula. It was a living, breathing tiger, and this band was always poised to spring. R.I.P., du Plenty. You're immortal here. And kudos again to Rees, who, along with *Search and Destroy's* Vale and L.A. mag *Slash*, did the yeoman's job of preserving the amazing, underdocumented S.F. and L.A. punk scenes' revolt.

mp through a dark nightclub in a new and all its up-and-down possibilities. Phillips has a way with holding on to hers until the last possible second, on them in an old-timey, almost ways to heighten each word like a good novel does, making you want to what happens in every song. By the reach the knowing realism exhibited p Is Coming) One Day Late," you've under the enchantress's spell, letting lighting and martinis lead you to con- ing things you might not otherwise record as unadorned and basic as this

REVIEWS • top 40

ely to work on so many lev- nder, and feelings at once, etly remarkable. (www.none-

ISCO, SEPT. 2ND 1978
(MUSIC VIDEO DISTRIBUTORS)



eded a DVD, it's this one! As ou PLENTY confirmed in our ore he died, the biggest reaway of Seattle) Screemers a record, despite being the nk-era L.A. band along with t Weirdos, was because they mere audio recording could epture what it was they did. t: the well-named Screemers dly visual. The affable, artis- u Plenty described how he lly collapse after concerts he lead screamer character otic theater for him. As I 78 Target Video JOE REES available for 20 years previ- was transfixed by du Plenty's eral, searing performances. ay from those stabbing eyes, r than even Johnny Rotten's, ehead giving way to that nty, straight-up haircut, the ces. es

INTERVIEWS: American Music Club • Bad Religion • The Dodos/Terraviva 77
2 • Chris Stills (DJ) • Fire Theft • The Howlers • Rocket From the Tomb, pt. 2
Mojo • Sloan • Still Little Fingers • The WeirDOS, pt. 2 • Nick Cave • The MC5 • Dr. Robert
The Places • Black Keys • The Libertines/Hope of the States • SHORT TAKES: Dora Floud •
The Waxwings • Producer Warren Livesey • Inouk • Matthew Sweet • Drexia



THE BOSTON
Phoenix

Issue Date: December 10 - 16, 2004

The Screemers

Live in San Francisco September 2nd 1978

(Music Video Distributors)

There was even more ritual in the Screemers' Tomata du Plenty, who'd previously been involved in the gay Frisco performance-art group the Cockettes. The Screemers, now all but forgotten outside LA, were at the time the most popular punk band in that town, and the most idiosyncratic: instead of bass and guitar, they turned electric piano and a sci-fi ARP Odyssey synthesizer into assault weapons. Watching Tomata's choreographed anarchy - his manic dances, expressionist hand gestures, and arched-eyebrow stares seem spontaneous, except that he repeats them on this disc's bonus reel, a five-song set of professionally recorded videos - you imagine Iggy Pop quantified, digitized, printed out, photocopied. All wild-eyed and shock-haired, du Plenty (dead in 2000 of cancer) flashes maniacal grins and barks cryptic soliloquies against horror-movie themes. Tomata is on stage not to commiserate but to confront. Before launching into a song called "Better World," he asks an audience member what his house is like and whether the band can move in. Then he changes his mind. "That might be inconvenient," he smirks. "I think I'd rather just peek in your windows. I think I'd rather be outside."

- Carly Carioli

CD reviews

Unpersons

Self-Titled

Life is Abuse

Unpersons = Cult of Luna + Her Blacklist + Mastodon

If I were feeling suicidal, I wouldn't write a song directly about it. I'd write a 15-minute opus like the one track that is *Unpersons* with words like "A river of concertance against a blade so worn down... apocryphal son lying prone in the heart of the garden... the garden is but sand."

There's something really horrifying about Unpersons' terse, unconventional take on hardcore/metalcore that's about as far from Trustkill as you can possibly get without being from Sweden. Their churning riffs, ruthless bass attack and atmospheric, cavernous renderings of production + vocals create a multi-layered, crisp, deep, thunderous experience that spits out a twisted wall of exposed barbs underlying surface technical prowess. It'll make you swear the seventh seal's just been broken. Unpersons recall the whole *Isis/Neurosis* camp at moments, *Mastodon* (in their sophisticated guitar whirlwind) at others and straight death metal during the rest.

-Rebecca Vernon

Valis

Head Full of Pills

Small Stone

Valis = Fireball Ministry + Nebula + Black Sabbath

I love Valis, but all the Small Stone bands are going to have a hard time topping *The Glasspack*. Valis, fronted by former *Screaming Tree* bassist Van Conner, spin out better-than-average stoner rock, bending farther back to their roots than most modern stoner does. *Black Sabbath* saturates the riffs and plodding pace of *Head Full of Pills*, but peeks through the most in the reverby vocals. When the riffs get faster, more driving and catchy, the specter of *Fu Manchu* hovers in the background incessantly. I could do without the skull artwork and sound of motorcycles preceding "Motorbike," but overall, even though they're not doing anything original, Valis are masters of the catchy riff (especially in "We Got a Situation," "Perpetual Motion Machine" and the glummy, druggy, T. Rex-ish "Across the Sky") and have given a solid contribution to the magical world of stoner rock.

-Rebecca Vernon

Various Artists

Kicked Out of Purgatory

Psychobilly US

Kicked out of Purgatory = Misfits + the Stay Cats

I'm sure you think you know what psychobilly is. You've heard one or two

bands and

you think you're an expert. I'm also sure that most of you don't know shit about psycho. *Kicked out of Purgatory* is going to change that. It's all here from the originators like the **Guanna Batz** and **Demented Are Go** to newcomers like **12 Step Rebels**, and the **Koffin Kats**, not to mention Salt Lake City's very own **Pagan Dead**. This comp really shows the diversity of psychobilly, from the poppy sounds of **The Peacocks** to the hard-hitting **Banane Metalik** (who could be mistaken for a hardcore band) and everything between. As much as I hate to say it, all 26 tracks of this beautiful comp can be found in your local Hot Topic for only six bucks. I normally wouldn't send you in there, but this is worth it.

-James Orme

Voodoo Glow Skulls

Adiccion Tradicion Revolution

Victory

Voodoo Glow Skulls = Descendants + the Specials + Union13

While not as inspired as, say, *Band Geek Mafia* or *Who Is This Is*, the latest from *Voodoo Glow Skulls* is an alright record, but just alright. The Casillas and company give the same energized performances they give on all the other VGS releases, but I have to admit, I expected more progression. "Smile Now, Cry Later" are the scintillating songs on the record. The faster, more metal/punk rock stuff can be blasé and repetitive, which may be the effects of being on a label like *Victory*. The great humor is still there: "She'd rather pound some beers and listen to the *Ramones*," a lyric from "DD Don't Like Ska," brings to mind several girls I've known. The *Voodoo* fans will love—and probably already have—but for anyone else, I'd recommend either of the records previously mentioned over this one any day.

-James Orme

Saul Williams

Self-Titled

Fader Label

Saul Williams = Zak de la Rocha + James Brown - Christianity

Williams adds nicely to his body of three poetry books, a movie and one other audio album (and other misc.) with this new disc—which is saying something, since his previous works are some of the most scintillating, intelligent, cohesive and touching pieces of accessible art produced in the last 10 years. His lyrical abilities are not quite as refreshing as his spoken-word poetry, but thick beats and melodies

produced by many instruments (electric violins, guitar, bass, drums, four-track, etc) fill in the overall sound to make something moving and what rap/rock should have been after its initiation into the world by *Run DMC* and (ugh) *Acrosmith*. Vibrant politics, social issues and the most important theme, love, are all laid down with as good a mix of lyrical steez and smarts as you will find nowadays. Check out his 11/3/04 show review at www.slugmag.com. -Nate Martin

Zolar X

Timeless

Alternative Tentacles

Zolar X = Chrome + Kansas + Spacelogs

The first couple of tracks on "Timeless" are reminiscent of *Hedwig & the Angry Inch* covering glam classics in a Pizza Hut, and you're thinking, "Hey, this isn't so bad." Then as the album progresses, it becomes more like the kind of "progressive" rock brought to us by the likes of *Kansas, America*, and that dude who performed on an ice-skating rink. Plus, it has poor production values. The liner notes are worth checking out, however. They say you can't put lipstick on a pig, but I guess back in mid-70s Memphis, they figured it was worth a try. It worked for *NY Doll* **David Johansen**. Supposedly it was *Jello Biafra's* idea to re-release this thing despite the fact that he hated glam. It all seems like a big inside joke, and you'd be better off buying another copy of *Jello + The Melvins* and giving it to a friend. -MC Welk

DVD Reviews

Against Me!

We're Never Going Home

Fat Wreck Chords

WNGH = Westway to the World + Get on the Bus + Billy Bragg

Neither a historical documentary nor footage of one legendary show, *We're Never Going Home* presents viewers with a glimpse of the inspiration and fuel for the music *Against Me!* makes—their lives. It just so happens that their lives (during April 2004 when this was filmed) consisted of touring, playing shows, drinking and being courted by major labels (Virgin, Universal, Island/Def Jam, Sire). The music is dirty Southern soulful with sincere punk rock with subject matter solely concerning their personal views and experiences gained through eight or nine months spent out of every year on the road; poor and drunk and anarchic. *We're Never Going Home* has lots of concert footage, shows the band drinking label suits under the table on corporate expense accounts (and turning down their offers), locking *Taking Back Sunday* in their dressing rooms at an Ashbury, N.J., festival and much more. I wouldn't go home, either. -Nate Martin

Kylie Minogue

Body Language Live

Capitol

Kylie = Cats - T.S. Elliot.

Kylie's best live performances to date were the *Intimate* and *Live* shows when her spectacle and artistry were at their peak. These were midst the least commercially successful days of her career. *Body Language Live* was a multi-million dollar production that serves as more of an introduction to her newest album than a greatest hits performance. The live show is only as strong as the new material which in this case wasn't nearly as successful as it was experimental. Her previous live DVD, *Fever Live*, is a more representative Kylie concert experience but many will be pleased to find the original version of "Can't Get You Out of My Head" is included here rather than the "Can't Get Blue Monday Out of My Head" version that was on *Fever Live*.

The Screamers

Live 1978 in San Francisco

Music Video Distributors/Target Video

The Screamers = The Screamers

For an aging punk lost in a cesspool of banality and progressing time, this is *Excalibur*, the greatest thing ever. The *Screamers* have always been legend—basically unrecorded and short-lived many years ago, but talked about with obscene reverence. And goddamn, these guys were beyond "too cool," beyond "ahead of their time." This DVD documents a concert coupled with a few in-studio performances and leaves me to plead why there couldn't have been more. A band with only two keyboard players and a drummer that was punker than anybody or anything? Wow. It has to be seen to be believed. Somebody needs to invent a time machine and go make these guys stay together so that they can save the musical world from itself—now!!! This is better than true love. If you don't obtain this DVD as soon as possible, you simply don't love music. -Jesus Harold



Eddie Izzard
Unrepeatable, Repeating Artistic & Cleverous
Anti-
Eddie Izzard =
Jerry Seinfeld
+ Robin Williams
+ BBC Comedy
+ Masc Counter

In America the 90's found **Jerry Seinfeld** and his quirky sense of everyday humor while the British discovered **Eddie Izzard**. **Seinfeld** went to television and **Izzard** took to the stage. **Seinfeld** could be your next door neighbor. **Izzard** could be if your neighbor is a transvestite fueled by whatever it is that drives **Robin Williams** to the brink of insanity. These three DVD's capture **Izzard** as he finds and perfects his unpredictable brand of chaos comedy in the mid-90's preceding his 1998 masterpiece *Dressed to Kill*. Those who found his recent release, *Circle*, disappointing will be pleased to know that these three concerts have far more energy, insanity and edge confirming that **Izzard** is more often than not the funniest man alive.

SLUG MAG - DEC 04



Screamers

Live in San Francisco Sept 2nd 1978

Music Video Distributors

Vintage punk must be in the air. It has always been for me, ever since this stuff was new, but now it seems the rest of the world is finally catching up. The Screamers were among the very first Los Angeles punk rock bands, in a time when the punk rock umbrella encompassed a far greater range of styles than it would later. A rock solid drummer, dual keyboardists and a deranged looking front man in the late Tomata Du Plenty took the small underground punk world by storm in their short time and left a lasting impression despite never having released a record. Yes, re-read that last sentence. The Screamers to this day have never released an official record. They recorded a bunch of demos that never got an official release and they released a Target Video of this live performance, which thankfully has been re-released on this DVD. For their time, Target Videos were of very high quality and they documented a lot of really great and important bands over the years. The footage has held up quite well over the years and I'm glad it is now preserved for eternity. This DVD features the original target video plus bonus material of the band recorded in the Target Video studios. On top of that is a Target promo reel showing a few seconds from a ton of bands they recorded over the years that will make any fan of old punk drool, and like me will long for the day that it all gets released on DVD. If it wasn't for The Screamers, there wouldn't be a lot of punk rock bands that came after them, they really helped pave the way for punk and since an official recording of their demos is never likely to happen, this will have to satisfy, and satisfy it does. (mxv)

Spontaneous Combustion Records/Webzine

<http://www.spontaneous.com>