



Big Audio Dynamite II E=MC2 (MVD)

This disc captures Mick Jones' post-Clash outfit Big Audio Dynamite performing eight songs at a sold out gig at London's Town and Country club in 1990. As a concert, it's fairly dull. As an alternate universe time capsule of an era when white dudes in plaid pajama pants thought they might jangle and drum machine their way to the top of the world, it's fucking *fascinating*. What if these guys—or their spiritual children EMF and Jesus Jones—actually went and did it? What if they took us on their groovy train to a decade without grunge or Britpop? What if this review was written entirely in the Stüssy handwriting font? NB

David Axelrod Live (Champion)

Even on the subdued, purple-lit stage of London's Royal Festival Hall, no bullshit producer and composer David Axelrod gets more cosmic than Yannī at the Acropolis. At this ludicrously rare live appearance in 2005 there is a hushed wonder as Axelrod conducts his 26 piece orchestra through his narcotic jazz creations. Early on he takes a minute to address the crowd to complain about how the organizers wanted to put him up in some bed and breakfast out in the country instead of his preferred Charlotte Street Hotel and that he hates sampling because it takes jobs away from musicians, but before the horns for David McCallum's "The Edge" pulse through, he thanks Dr Dre for sampling the song so he had the money to do this concert exactly the way he wanted. What a magnificent bastard. ED

This is Tom Jones: Rock 'N' Roll Legends (Time Life)

While the strange brew of the Who and Janis Joplin appearing on an American music/dance/comedy variety show hosted by Welsh ladyslayer Tom Jones might be the initial draw of this pop culture resurrection, the star of the *This is Tom Jones* show is always Tom Jones. After allowing Glen Campbell to aww-shucks his way through half a verse of his "By the Time I Get to Phoenix," the image slow dissolves into Tom Jones doing his own big band interpretation of the song as a full-on production number featuring a blonde bird in a canary-colored showgirl outfit, a glass and metal nightclub set and Jones in a forest green tuxedo. By the end you may have to ask, "Wait, was *Austin Powers* a documentary?" ED

