

THE KITCH KORNER

GG ALLIN: HATED (SPECIAL EDITION) (MVD)

Hated's notoriety has reached much farther than the feces its subject habitually flung at audiences. Part of that is due to its affiliation with director Todd Phillips (who contributes commentary), but ultimately its allure is Allin, a polarizing figure whose self-immolating and audience-threatening behavior seemed as spawned from intelligent rebellion as it did from erratic drug abuse. However, it's his mother, brother Merle and bandmate Dino who shine as beacons of bonkers-ness in new interview footage and



commentary. An overweight, glass-eyed, circus-haired Dino is downright frightening as he sits mostly quiet beside Merle, who essentially gives a needlessly lengthy oral history of he and his brother's ascension to cult success. And as for Mrs. Allin, three minutes of never-seen footage depicts a slightly zoned-out old lady who was probably too busy praying to Jesus (which was the name she gave GG at birth) to notice her son morphing into a self-destructive maniac. A one-time rental for owners of previous DVD editions, but the definitive statement for those clinging to their tattered VHS'.

KENNY HERZOG



AIR GUITAR NATION

(Docurama)



When relegated to teen boys' bedrooms, air guitar is an indulgent yet harmless habit. But when acted out at concerts, it's nothing short of embarrassing. You don't see dudes working out their best Vin Diesel moves from stadium seats in the middle of action flicks, do you? *Air Guitar Nation*—a mockumentary if you will—takes on a decidedly patriotic undertone. C. Diddy (real name: David Jung) is introduced as the first American pseudo-guitarist to both enter and win the

World Air Guitar Championship in Oulu, Finland. Fortunately, Jung is an actor who doesn't take himself all that seriously. We follow Diddy's journey from New York, where he must defeat rival/wonderfully named Bjorn Turoque [pronounced be-orn-to-rock], to the Roxy on Sunset for the West Coast prize. C. Diddy performance footage is mixed with half-serious reflections on what it all means to be heir to the air throne. By attaining World Air Guitar Championship victory, C. Diddy apes the chord seen round the world. **DAN MACINTOSH**



THE FLAMING LIPS--UFOS AT THE ZOO

(Warner Bros.)



Anyone who's ever seen the Lips live knows that Wayne Coyne has more or less lost his mind. He's not necessarily crazy in that straitjacket sort of way, but in the way that a person who attacks their art with zero inhibition is crazy. The band's stage shows have, in recent years, become just as much about the spectacle as

the music. Filmed last year in their hometown, this DVD documents the band at their chaotic best, surrounding the songs with live animals, confetti, a human-sized bubble and a giant, homemade UFO. The music itself is excellent, heavily borrowing from their recent albums and held in place by drummer Steve Drozd, allowing Coyne to do his thing. Some fault the band for veering their performances towards the carnivalesque, but that reasoning is misguided. The Lips learned long ago that the point of a live show is to appeal to all the senses, to divert from the mundane and ultimately, to remind us how much beauty there can be in bedlam. **KEVIN KAMPWIRTH**



STRANGER THAN PARADISE

(Criterion Collection)



One of the definitive independent films gets a definitive release. Watching it again, any complaints of pretension—about the only gripe leveled at Jim Jarmusch's 1984 masterpiece—have dissipated with time. Actually, this calm, funny eulogy to the grimy beauty of a pre-consumer-devoured America (NYC and Cleveland, specifically) actually feels strikingly heartfelt, a real revelation for the filmic template of hipster cool. Of course, *Stranger* is from a time when a

good film from a young cool hipster portended more good films from said hipster rather than the promise of being offered the next *Batman* movie. The extras are plenty and insightful, including Jarmusch's 1980 debut, *Permanent Vacation* (now *that's* pretentious, but in that young-filmmaker-genuinely-groping-to-separate-style-from-his-influences way); a short silent 8mm film made by Jarmusch's brother Tom while on location in Cleveland during the making of *Stranger*; and *Kino 84*, a 1984 German TV doc on Jarmusch, in which it's interesting to hear cast and crew mention how much NYC had changed in the five years between *Permanent* and *Stranger*—and that was 1984! **ERIC DAVIDSON**



SXSW LIVE 2007

(Shout! Factory)



Given the hundreds of bands who flock from all over the globe to the indie mecca that is Austin, Texas for SXSW, it would seem like a daunting task to cinematically document such a massive music event. And despite their best efforts, Shout! Factory barely scratches the surface with *SXSW Live*, which contains 18 performances by the some of the biggest names within the smaller scenes. Rousing renditions of Peter Bjorn And John's now-ubiquitous "Young

Folks" and Annuals' electrifying "Complete Or Completing" are among the film's highlights, as is watching all two dozen-or-so members of the Polyphonic Spree belting out "When The Fool Becomes A King" while crammed on a soundstage. However, inclusions by bands such as the Bravery and top-40 buffoons Bowling For Soup seem antithetical to the festival's initial mission of discovering music's finest unsigned talent (although the festival itself, for better or for worse, has greatly extended its scope since its inception in 1987). Regardless of such qualms, *SXSW Live* is a suitable enough souvenir for those of us who couldn't witness the fest firsthand. **JESSICA GENTILE**