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HELLACOPTERS

GOODNIGHT CLEVELAND

Basically, there are two kinds of rock 'n roll movies: ones you should see even if you don't like the band or the style of music (*Cocksucker Blues*, *The Decline of Western Civilization: The Punk Years*) and ones strictly for fans. *Goodnight Cleveland* squarely falls in the latter category. Despite the caveat, it's really quite a fine rock film, not the least of which because of the guilelessness of the object of the film's attention. Like their Japanese counterparts, the Swedes do not fuck around when it comes to the "Rock," and the 'Copters are no different. So what you get with *Cleveland*, then, is 500 pounds per square inch of taut, AC/DC-worthy guitar solos, powerful everything and no fuckin' irony.

—Allan Martin Kemler