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Stripperland!

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Review by [Kurt Dahlke](#) | posted June 6, 2011 | [E-mail the Author](#) | [Start a Discussion](#)

Stripperland:

Director Sean Skelding lumbers out of Portland, Oregon like a zombie on coke, huffing whip-its. With *Stripperland* he hoists his sex-horror-parody gambit another step higher, with a slightly higher set of production values, fancier cameos and more special effects. All things considered, *Stripperland* is still a sex-horror-parody, so if you're thinking of watching you fall into one of two categories: one highly discriminating and small, the other much bigger and pathologically indiscriminate. In other words, this critic-proof movie could strike you any number of ways, and no one will understand why.

You might be wondering about the categories? The first group includes those who are actually connoisseurs of sex-horror-parodies - their numbers are small, and they're picky bastards. The second group includes drunken frat boys, of which there are a ton, and they'll watch anything if they're drunk and it's stupid. But will either group appreciate the cataclysmic sight of Daniel Baldwin rapping to a small group of dancing stripper-zombies? The mind boggles.

Stripperland sends up [Zombieland](#), which is of course itself a send up, so where does that leave us? It leaves us with a weird movie predicated on the fact that Portland, Oregon is the strip-club capital of the world or something, so why not mash that up with a zombie comedy for triple the fun? Following the Harrelson/Eisenberg blockbuster pretty closely, *Stripperland* introduces us to young wisenheimer 'Idaho' (Ben Sheppard), and the cowboy loner 'Frisco' (Jamison Challeen) before sending them off to that mythical destination. Only this time it's not an amusement park, it's Portland, because when you're living in a world in



CONTENT
★ ★ ★ ★ ★

VIDEO
★ ★ ★ ★ ★

AUDIO
★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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which all the women are turning into sex-crazed stripper zombies, why wouldn't you want to go to the strip-club capital of the world?

I'm probably missing some subtleties from the screenplay, which is beside the point. As zombie parodies go, the plot is built in, which is why your average viewer needs the zingers to fly, fingers and intestines too, never mind healthy doses of nudity. However, writer Brad McCray seems to get a bit hung up on characterization - a real problem since Skelding fails to get a very engaging performance Challeen - before getting really crazy. Irksome CGI gunshot wounds often blunt plentiful violence, made-up-for by comical flying severed limbs, gut munching and spraying blood. Did I say Challeen fails to engage? At least he has the good fortune to throw-down a silly three-minute chainsaw hoe-down. And if the zombie strippers get too violent, you can always throw on some bad disco music, a move that will get you scenes of zombie dancing so bizarre as to almost single handedly justify the entire movie. Such are the odd pleasures of *Stripperland*, a movie bold enough to not only treat you to horribly misguided [Star Wars](#) references, but also to challenge your tolerance of Portland strippers. There's not a ton of nudity, but you'll still get more than your fill of these bloodthirsty skanks.

Stripperland, bloody-mindless fun, pales compared to *Zombieland*, and raises the question, "what exactly is a parody of a parody?" An out-of-control horse racing down an extremely narrow chute, I guess, but the path is strewn with intestines, bad jokes and breasts, so no matter how lame it gets, the movie's still a can't lose proposition for the right crowd. Packed with cameos by genre favorites like Linnea Quigley, Boyd Banks and Lloyd Kaufman (yes, maybe even Daniel Baldwin) *Stripperland* earns a **Rent It**, and don't skimp on the booze when you do.

The DVD

Video:

A 16 X 9 widescreen presentation aids an incrementally more professional outing than Skelding's prior effort, *I Am Virgin*, but this is clearly still a low budget affair. At that, the look is OK, with good colors and healthy black levels. The transfer is fine, with no egregious artifacting or other similar problems. Detail levels aren't fantastic, and the picture isn't super-crisp, but those are my only real complaints.

Sound:

Perhaps Dolby Digital 2.0 Audio, let's say, (though audio is actually unspecified on the DVD itself, we can safely assume this is a stereo mix) is equally acceptable, but obviously isn't super detailed in the soundscape that's rendered. In all the mix is fine, levels are reasonable, and the kooky music featured isn't out of control.

Extras:

Extras are bountiful. **Two Commentary Tracks**, track one with Skelding, McCray and editor David Wester and track two with SPFX team Christina Kortum and Austin Healey. First, it's a Skelding heavy commentary; he sounds quite pleased with the movie. Do with that what you will. The more engaging FX commentary duplicates information found in the five-minute **Blood, Guts and More Blood - SFX Featurette**, but both are still fun for dedicated gorehounds. A 12-

minute look at the ladies, the **First They Dance, Then They Kill!** - **The Girls of Stripperland** sort of underscores the allure of the Silver Screen. **The Kickass Begins With The Celebrities of Stripperland** strangles an innocent sentence in order to suck up to the guest stars for six minutes. Can't argue with the inclusion of the full-length music video of Baldwin rapping as Double D in the **Club Life** video, though **SmoochKnob: Weirdo** is a nice inclusion for fans of Portland's brand of indie pop-punk. Nine minutes of **Deleted Scenes**, and a four minute **Blooper Reel** kill off the movie-specific extras, but you still get the obligatory 5 minutes of **Trailers** plus almost six-minutes of **Drive-In Fun**, vintage filler reels urging you to enjoy the snack bar, for instance. .

Final Thoughts:

Stripperland, bloody-mindless fun, pales compared to *Zombieland*, and raises the question, "what exactly is a parody of a parody?" An out-of-control horse racing down an extremely narrow chute, I guess, but the path is strewn with intestines, bad jokes and breasts, so no matter how lame it gets, the movie's still a can't lose proposition for the right crowd. Packed with cameos by genre favorites like Linnea Quigley, Boyd Banks and Lloyd Kaufman (yes, maybe even Daniel Baldwin) *Stripperland* earns a **Rent It**, and don't skimp on the booze when you do.

- Kurt Dahlke

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