



BRUTARIAN



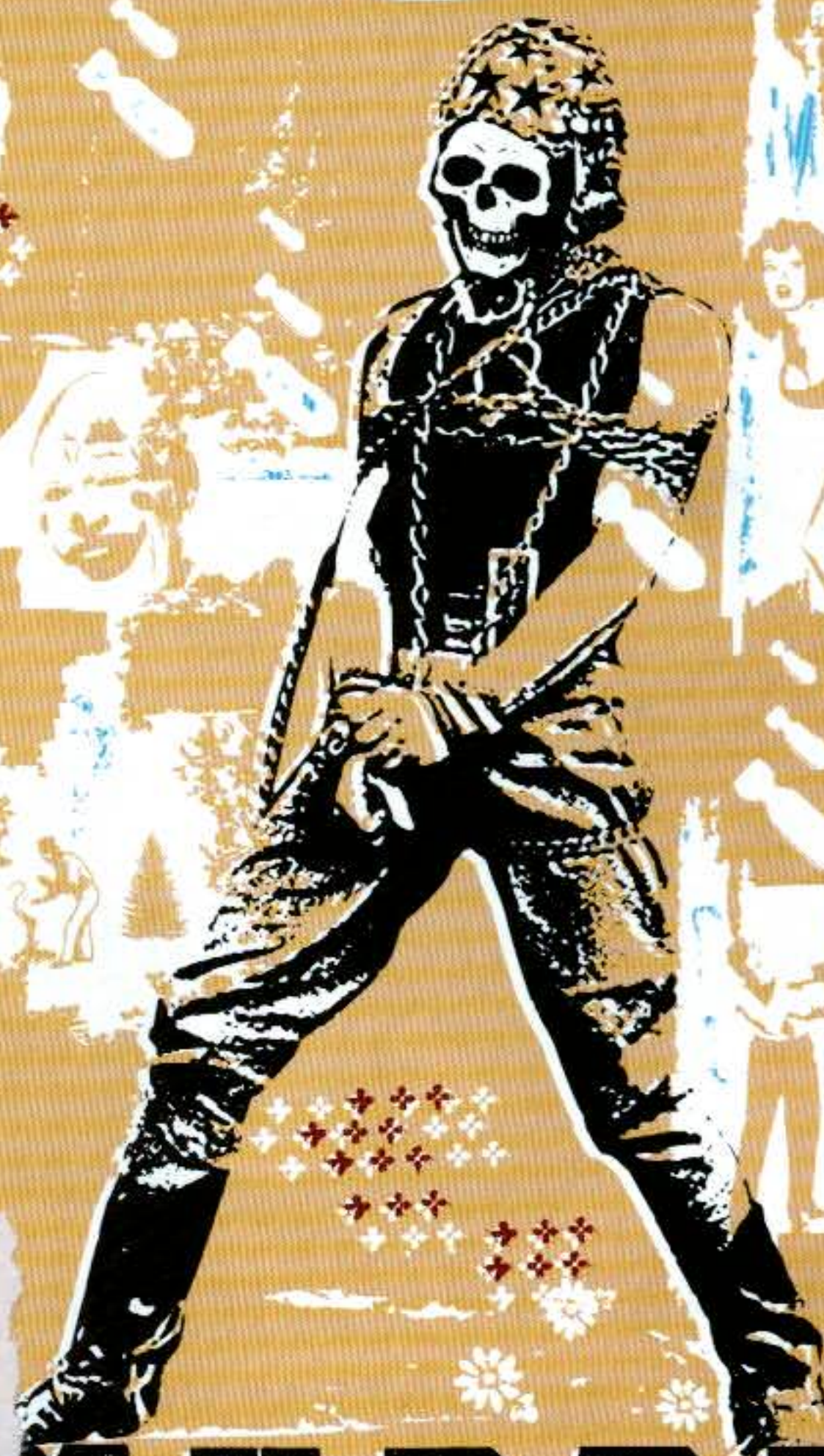
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New York Dolls - All Dolled Up (MVD)

The greatest trash band ever to ply the boards gives themselves all to you, courtesy of heavily edited footage from over forty hours' worth. It's narrowed down to about ninety minutes of excerpted concert footage, fitful interviews, and cinema verite footage of the band shopping, bopping and cretin hopping. Johansen's the only guy with a modicum of personality, so when he gets on the screen things tend to fade to gray (and who knew that potential Mormon convert Arthur "Killer" Kane had a Mae West fixation) and then to black. The rest of our Dolls are relatively incoherent, which is kinda cool, as who wouldn't be if you spent most of your time smoking, drinking Jack and pawing groupies in thrift store finery? Nevertheless, you'll want this for the twelve live-in-their-entirety, hotter-than-hot performances, filmed at venues

in LA, San Fran and New York City. Commentary laid o'er the footage by Johansen on one track and Sylvain (with the filmmaker Bob Gruen whose footage this is) on the other and both, for some unearthly reason, are far more intriguing than the documentary. Probably because they're not fans, but artists, and so are possessed a bit more of the Olympian detachment needed to startle and amuse us. Thus, Sylvain: "Gosh, we sound so slow. I thought we were on speed, but obviously not."



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