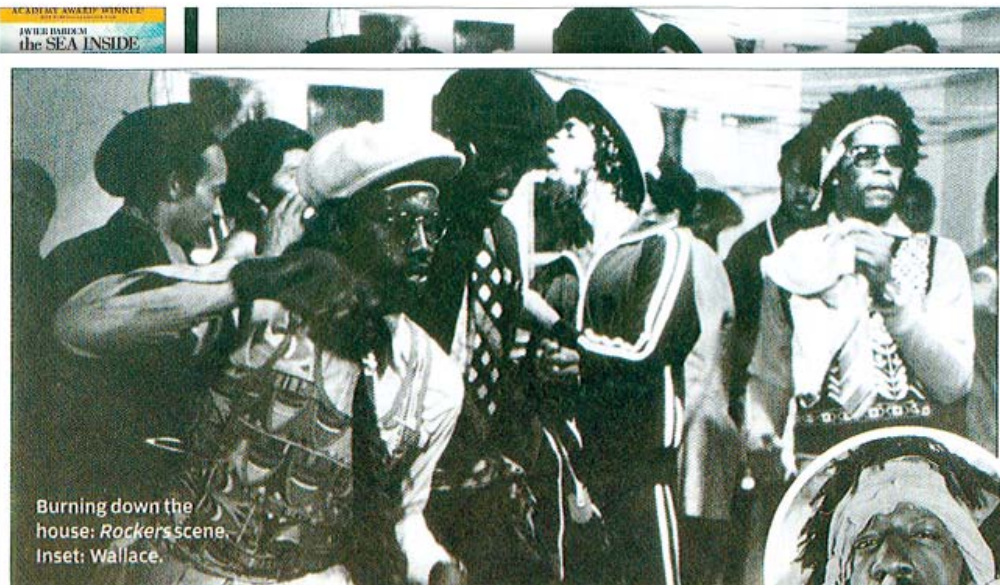




DVD Releases



Burning down the house: *Rockers* scene. Inset: Wallace.

Jah Rule

Reggae's raw, righteous cinematic masterpiece. By Peter Relic

middle of nowhere and smell each other's funk," says the Dead's Phil Lesh, digging this Manchester, Tennessee, megafestival. Jam-band fans will go ga-ga for performances by Praxis, Moe., Trey Anastasio and Galactic, but Femi Kuti's blistering Afro-funk "Truth Don't Die" makes them sound like soggy tissue by comparison. Further redemption arrives via the Black Keys and Kings of Leon; best of all is Steve Winwood's pleading "Dear Mr. Fantasy."

Me - and its tartan-skirted sauce pots are way easier on the eyes than Dr. Evil. Swipes at standardized testing abound as Dominique (Devon Aoki), Max (Meagan Good), Amy (Sara Foster) and airhead Janet (the excellent Jill Ritchie) hunt lesbo baddie Lucy Diamond (Jordana Brewster) to the tune of "Another Girl, Another Planet." "They're calling you a hero when really you're a slut," says Janet. Can't a D.E.B. be both?



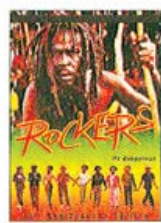
The Pretenders: Greatest Hits

★★★★
Rhino
Twenty years of Chrissie Hynde clips "Had I known I was going to be making videos, I don't know if I would've wanted to get in a band," says Chrissie Hynde in the fine documentary that complements this anthology. Some clips typify pallid Eighties MTV, but 1979's "Brass in Pocket," with Hynde as a frustrated waitress, is a classic. With her panda mascara and receding chin, the oddball videogenic frontwoman is deemed here by Jeff Buckley to be "smarter [and] more sensual than most." Quite right.



A Dirty Shame

★★★★
New Line
In Baltimore, the carnal rapture is nigh In John Waters' world, there's nothing more normal than sexual depravity. An all-out turf war between "the hordogs" and "the neuters" leads a prissy mom (Tracey Ullman) to lock her massively mammariated daughter, Ursula Udders (Selma Blair), in her room. But can Mom buck the transformative effect of getting hit in the head by David Hasselhoff's dookie dropped from 30,000 feet? Witness Johnny Knoxville Frenching a squirrel and the immortal line "I'm Viagravated, and I'm not gonna take it anymore!"

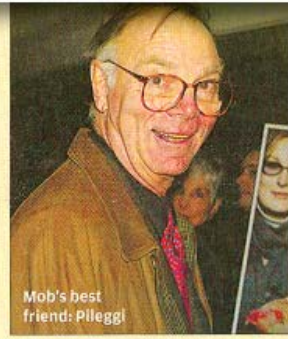


Rockers: 25th Anniversary Edition

★★★★
Leroy "Horsemouth" Wallace, Richard "Dirty Harry" Hall, Jacob Miller, Big Youth
Written and directed by Ted Bafaloukos / Music Video Distributors

It's little wonder that *Rockers* isn't as well known as reggae's most famous flick, *The Harder They Come*. Its Rasta-patois dialogue requires subtitles, and lead Leroy "Horsemouth" Wallace is no pretty boy like Jimmy Cliff. But despite the two films' narrative similarity (a vexed musician intent on improving his lot), *Rockers* is superior. From its opening scene of a Nayabinghi drum circle, the film brims with immortal footage both in studio (Jack Ruby at Channel One) and in concert (Gregory Isaacs in a powder-blue tuxedo). "The big boy control the business - me have to do somet'ing 'bout it," Horsemouth says, buying a motorbike to distribute records himself. "That's why you must play the drums and blow the big guy's mind!" replies Big Youth. As Horsemouth sets about doing both, *Rockers* interweaves a love story and a wild heist while utilizing topical tunes like Junior Murvin's "Police and Thieves" during a house-party raid. With bios of the stars and an exhaustive patois glossary, this beautiful edition does a crucial film necessary justice.

FBI's cornering of real-life Mafiosi allegedly behind the murders of Tony and Michael Spilotro coincide with the ten-year anniversary of the film they helped inspire: *Casino*. "It's kind of a sequel to *GoodFellas*," Martin Scorsese says in the making-of documentary, nearly underselling this Vegas masterpiece, featuring Sharon Stone as the arch bitch, Robert De Niro as her sap and Joe Pesci as the perfect psycho. P.R.



casino boss? When it came out that Robert De Niro was going to play his part as Sam Rothstein, that really impressed him. He said, "I'd be willing to talk to him. I think he's the best actor alive." I don't think there was any way that Lefty didn't want to have some input there. Was any character or plot fictionalized? No. I actually got hold of one of the hitmen, Frank in the movie!" Have you ever committed any crime yourself? I stop at yellow lights. You're just going to get stuck at the next red anyway. What was so great about 1970s Las Vegas? It was like living in the musical *Guys and Dolls*. Everyone knew everyone. Frank Sinatra and Dean Martin would actually be dealing cards at the blackjack table. Today, they are totally impersonal places. KEVIN O'DONNELL

● ROLLING STONE DVD reviews use one- to four-star ratings.



NEW YORKER FILMS/EVERETT COLLECTION (ROCKERS); 2: GREGORY PACER