

EVERY PIXEL TELLS A STORY

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Lovedolls Superstar: Fully Realized

[MVD/Eclectic]

Known as "that Redd Kross movie," I always hated *Desperate Teenage Lovedolls* because it was a John Waters rip without any

humor. What makes this 1986 sequel all the better is that it mixes rock 'n' roll dreams with pseudo-religious passion, borrowing from *Switchblade Sisters*, Adrian Lyne's bump 'n' grind aesthetics from *Foxes* and a Jonestown cult-smelted ambiance



for a mid-'80s fetishistic improv that captures what 1984 pre-/post- and during the Olympics was like in Los Angeles. Having spent a great deal of time around Hollywood in those days, this shot-on-Super-8 youthquake gave me homesick blues for its crude travel-crawl up Melrose past Wacko, a postcard/toy store, over to the Frolic Room where any weeknight you'd find Jeffrey Lee Pierce sobbing in the corner booth, through a pre-renovated Venice Beach where the scattered remnants of a female rock band are pulled into a death-cult along with guest stars like Vicki Peterson of The Bangles, douchebag Jello Biafra, Sky Saxon, Suzy Gardner or L7 and Chuck Dukowski of Black Flag, with music by SST labelmates Lawndale, Meat Puppets and Painted Willie.

From savaging through garbage dumps on Western, to inside the Scientology building on Hollywood Blvd., to stealing curtains from the Psycho house on the Universal backlot — this could only have been made in Hollywood. Anyhow, any movie where an all-female group is shot into space a la *Josie & the Pussycats* is fine by me! —David T. Lindsay

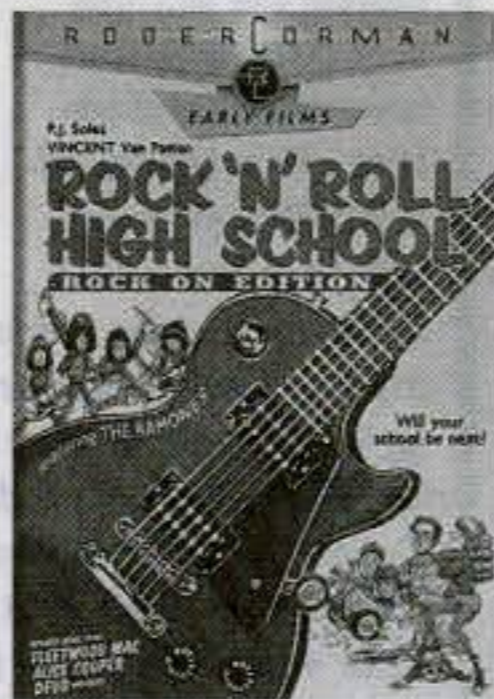
Rock 'N' Roll High School: Special Edition

[Buena Vista Home Entertainment]

How do you write a review of *Rock 'N' Roll High School* without mentioning the featured band? Watch me. And why restate the plot? Everybody should've already seen this movie.

Originally producer Roger Corman wanted to make a movie called *Disco High*, but

for the first time, he agreed to relinquish his title when director Allan Arkush pointed out that to blow up a high school to music meant that the music itself had to contain inherent violence. Arkush, with this his first feature, pulled out all the stops,



cramming every frame with loads of esoterica like the People's Temple recruitment poster and the Hitler Youth khaki as uniforms of choice for Miss Togar's hall monitors.

The movie became the most successful thing Corman ever made,

and in his newly recorded conversation with actress Dey Young, he claims it fits nicely as the bookend film against *Gas-s-s* from the beginning of the '70s. Actually, it's the perfect movie to watch along with Arkush's 1983 movie, *Get Crazy*, which remains my favorite rock 'n' roll movie! Corman brings out numerous trivial bits that I'd not heard before, like that Devo was originally considered for the band. I'd always heard it was Cheap Trick! And that it's Rodney Bingenheimer behind the wheel as the car pulls up to the theater. I'm still floored that Dey Young and one of the hall monitors appeared in last year's Wes Craven movie, *Red Eye*! These Buena Vista Corman reissues are worth it for the commentary tracks, and the movie colors look brighter. —David T. Lindsay

Big Bad Mama

[Buena Vista Home Entertainment]

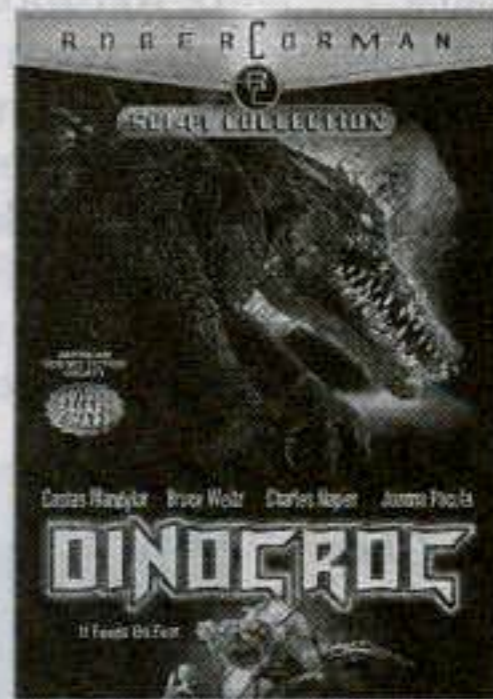
Roger Corman's early films are cyclical. There was the "Nurses" series. And a "Teachers" trilogy. This one fits between *Bloody Mama* with Shelley Winters from 1970 and *Crazy Mama* starring Cloris Leachman in '75. Set during the bawdy, racy Depression, Angie Dickinson and her two daughters try to rob their way from the dustbowl to Waco with the FBI in pursuit. Along the way Tom Skerritt beds all three, and William Shatner appears as a manipulative card shark. But the main reason to get this "Special Edition" is for the "Mama Knows Best" retrospective with Corman and director Steve Carver, plus the wonderful audio commentary track between Corman

and Dickinson where Corman comments, "Bare breasts are the cheapest special effect you can find!" The man has always known what he's talking about. —David T. Lindsay

Dinocroc

[Buena Vista Home Entertainment]

General cheap shoddiness moves this beyond being a *Lake Placid* retread into bug-eyed '50s Bert I. Gordon amazing colossal territory, as sullen corporate bigwig speeds up rapid-growth hormone experiments to careless levels. It's one of those movies where, with a vicious man-eating upright crocodile on the loose, everyone takes unnecessary chances and makes themselves available to be eaten. Case in point: I'm always criticizing movies



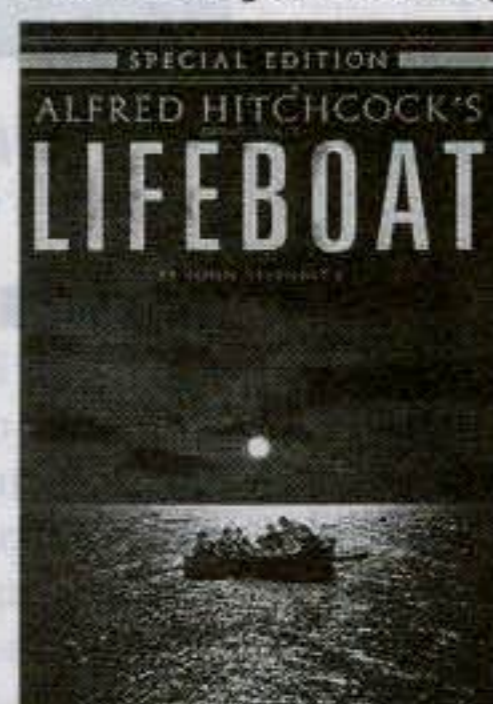
like Cronenberg's *A History of Violence* that want so bad to be cutting edge, but kill the kid off camera! Not here, as Lizzie McGuire's kid brother gets decapitated, his head flying up into the overhead lens! The last five minutes are stunning, offering up a highly-charged

original way to kill off the rampaging monster. —David T. Lindsay

Lifeboat

[20th Century Fox]

While snotty liberal assholes like Dorothy Parker sat pontificating in the absolute safety



of New York City during World War II, director Alfred Hitchcock returned to England to join his mother, refusing to leave during the Blitz! Upon the release of his most patriotic picture, Parker commented how she thought Hitchcock had

gone soft on Nazism, portraying the U-boat captain in *Lifeboat* in such reasonable terms. Hitchcock's point was that enemies of freedom don't froth and foam at the mouth but pass themselves off as civilized men, and if the British people weren't vigilant, the Nazis would win! I hold *Lifeboat* up alongside *Rebecca* and *Psycho* as Hitchcock's best work, not just for the concept of telling a thriller in the confines of a lifeboat, but because its message is as pertinent today as it was 60 years ago. —David T. Lindsay

Without Honor

[Geneon]

A year earlier Bruce Bennett was stuck out in the Sierra Madre; now the same afternoon he brings home their first ever TV set,