



NIGHTY NIGHT: SEASON ONE (BBC VIDEO / DIR: TONY DOW)
 The popular BBC-TV series gets a proper stateside release, and Yankee Brit-com watchers will be reminded of the uncomfortable, semi-improvised laughs of *The Office*, plus the arch amorality of *Absolutely Fabulous*. Creator and star Julia Davis gives a remarkably subtle performance as a cold-hearted hairdresser whose husband's cancer diagnosis inspires her to seduce a doctor with an MS-stricken wife and frame a Tourette's Syndrome victim for the murder of a vicar. It's often very funny, but eventually *Nighty Night* goes so black that the laughs are squeezed out and all that remains is bitter cynicism. By the final episode, Davis' antics have crossed over from wickedly droll to stark and horrifying, and the shift is disturbing. Apparently, season two gets even harsher. Prepare to cringe. FRED BELDIN



TOWNES VAN ZANDT: BE HERE TO LOVE ME (PALM PICTURES / DIR: MARGARET BROWN)
 By now, every fan of the late, great Townes Van Zandt should have seen this superlative documentary, so the aim here is to clue in the clueless. This gentle, thirsty spirit laid down some of the saddest, sweetest country laments ever to silence a rowdy barroom, and his tale of assorted highs and unfathomable lows is related here by those who knew and loved him. Need names? Outlaw legends like Willie Nelson, Kris Kristofferson and Steve Earle vouch for Townes, speaking in awe of their lost friend's supernatural talent and hunger for excess. FRED BELDIN



EVIL BREED: THE LEGEND OF SAMHAIN (LION'S GATE / DIR: CHRISTIAN VIEL)
 Reportedly the victim of post-production tampering, this 2003 slasher probably wasn't destined to be a masterpiece of horror, but what remains after the unauthorized hack is better—a baffling sour-mash of sick gore, slumming porn stars and continuity disasters. *Evil Breed's* lack of interior logic and utter restraint in taste reaches breathtaking heights, and the involvement of several distinguished adult



starlets amplifies the distortion. Deformed cannibals enslave Taylor Hayes for forced breeding, Jenna Jameson's breast implants are gruesomely exposed, Chasey Lain involuntarily spills her guts, and Ginger Lynn Allen wraps her mouth around the worst fake Irish accent on record. Absolutely wretched and genuinely crass, but in 20 years film students are gonna be writing term papers about this monstrosity—yes, it's that good. FRED BELDIN

KISS KISS BANG BANG (WARNER BROS / DIR: SHANE BLACK)
 When this stylish genre thriller starring Robert Downey Jr. and Val Kilmer arrived in the office, the *Resonance* staff went wild. After all, this is the film *Maxim* declared to be "ONE movie that totally delivers!" and we aren't even half the magazine *Maxim* is, so imagine our excitement. Let's face it, the guy who wrote *Lethal Weapon* is the director, how is this not gonna be good? So rather than write a pointless review, the management would like to use this space to make a public plea to all the unseen filmmakers of the world, the children, the mental patients, the amateur documentarians/pornographers—send us your work. We'll watch anything. Thanks for your time. FRED BELDIN

SHE MOB (SOMETHING WEIRD / DIR: UNKNOWN)
NYPHS ANONYMOUS (SOMETHING WEIRD / DIR: MANUEL CONDE)
 Here's more proof that feminism is in the eye of the beholder. This pair of sexploitation potboilers dates from 1968 and suggests a universe where aggressive gangs of lecherous women use feeble-gutted males as either sex toys or currency. The Texas-lensed *She Mob* doesn't credit a director, but it's a wild, depraved kidnapping melodrama full of kinky sensations and faces made for radio. The cute and violent sex farce *Nymphs Anonymous* follows a league of female chauvinists whose dedication to carnal excess leads to sniper attacks and delicious black lace lingerie. The scholarly archivists at Something Weird include the usual assortment of surreal smut trailers and motel stag shorts, and the sum total is three hours of repressed sexuality, '60s style. FRED BELDIN

THE VELVET UNDERGROUND UNDER REVIEW (SEXY INTELLECTUAL)
CAPTAIN BEEFHEART UNDER REVIEW (SEXY INTELLECTUAL)

These *Under Review* DVDs track the careers of essential-listening favorites the Velvet Underground and Captain Beefheart (aka Don Van Vliet), and are the latest in a series of British music documentaries. VU has been endlessly imitated in past decades, enough that they're nearly a genre unto themselves, but Captain Beefheart and his Magic Band's influence is less direct.

Van Vliet's music is so complex and idiosyncratic that mimicry isn't an option for most acolytes. Few who try can replicate the elemental playfulness and joy at the heart of the canon. Still, any musician who experiments with smashing the language of blues/rock to reassemble the bits treads the same ground.

Both docs dig up long-buried performance footage and promotional films for

illustration. Interviews with rock scribes of assorted reputation provide in-depth commentary on the music and its importance, plus former associates and sidemen relay first-hand accounts of what happened to who and when. Most valuable are the reminiscences of VU bassist Doug Yule, who led a life of utter anonymity after the band's collapse and has only rarely been interviewed. He's a major missing piece of the Velvets story, and his appearance here is notable. Fans will appreciate the scholarly tone of the *Under Review* series, but this dry approach probably won't engage anyone not already enamored with the band at hand.

And while the VU edition is played PBS-straight, the Beefheart doc takes some half-hearted stabs at Dada-style whimsy during interviews that distracts. FRED BELDIN

