

Movies

Too much squirming' for the screen

By MARCY BASILE
Movie Reviewer

There she was — writhing on the floor. Her open-toed high heels, reminiscent of past decades, were candy-apple red. Why she neglected to remove her shoes is beyond me. Who am I to question the woman's motives....?

Those were my first thoughts when the movie began. (I had lots of other thoughts before the movie began. Too bad none of the thoughts had to do with the company I was with but that's another story.) Later, I began to question the sanity of my editors — sending a poor, defenseless, slightly inebriated writer to a video shop to acquire pornographic material to review. Needless to say, I brought backups (actually, just one, but he was loud enough for four).

Someone neglected to tell me porn movies are really gross. I

knew they were raunchy and risqué — but gross? I mean, how could something that's supposed to come naturally be gross? They have majors dealing with the subject!

No matter what anyone says, historical romances (i.e. trash novels) have nothing on these things. Words cannot express the shockwaves that swept over me when the VCR kicked in and the squirming began.

What do people see in such "art?" I mean besides the grinding satisfaction of watching other humans breed. They weren't even breeding; platform heels do not a breeder make. Have you ever seen a Doberman wearing open-toed, candy-apple red slingback platforms? I think not.

The woman in the video shop thought we were crazy. Never before had anyone questioned the plot, let alone theory, behind porn. What really made her night though was

when I drunkenly admitted that I was viewing these films as part of my job — neglecting to add that I reviewed movies, NOT sold my flesh. My friend was no help; he had the giggles.

Next day.

The movies sit inside my car waiting to be played with, I mean viewed. None of my friends with VCRs are willing to sit through two hours of blatant, uncensored, cable-version sex without benefit of a backseat. (Drive-in porn must be hideous. Humans — larger than life and better than ever.)

Forced to renting not only the movies but the VCR, too, I sat at home — finger poised over the fast-forward button. The stove heated up my lunch while Vivian, of high-heel fame, heated up the dance choreographer. I worried about burned spaghetti while Vivian worried about not being a "D" cup.

People who make a point of paying money (I only paid because they made me) to see these celluloid stimulants must have the social life of earthworms. Worms don't need each other to reproduce — or backseats for that matter.

Now, I'm not admitting to anything but I am not naive. I went to public school. I know. Playgirl, the magazine in the plain brown cover, is thrust into my mailbox once a month. My friends are as sex starved as the rest. But never in all the joking and hinting and oogling has the true meaning of obscene become so apparent to me as it did this weekend.

I now understand why Bible-toters and parents want pornography banned. I also understand why legislatures have problems with the subject. Who is to say what is the epitome of raunchy? I thought Vivian's display was the epitome of the epitome of raunchy.

Then again, there are some who might think my burned spaghetti pretty much scored a 10 on the raunchy scale. (Of course those people have no taste, but that's another subject, too.)

But what would happen to the mild porn? Playboy, Playgirl and even Hugh-baby would be finished. Kaputt. Finis. Such a waste that would be. Not only would America, and everyone else, miss out on some well-written articles, but I would have to go to other sources for wall decorations.

Enough didacticism.

Vivian taught me something about myself: deep down, I'm the good girl Mom brought me up to be. Vivian chose to do those things on camera and I'm sure she was too well paid. But I'll keep my giggly friends and crude jokes. They suit me much better than open-toed red high-heeled platform shoes ever could. ♪

Music

Breakdancing with death

By WALTER SMITH
Music Reviewer

If you have any ankle, knee, back or other physical problems, you should have a medical checkup before attempting the dances described in these materials. Parental supervision is advised for children who attempt these dances.

While this unsettling message might be appropriate for a record like "The Jane Fonda Workout for the Abnormally Masochistic" or something to that effect, never would one expect it to appear on the cover of a K-tel album. K-tel may be the epitome of consumer exploitation, but I never thought it would release an album that potentially could maim a future record buyer. But alas, enter "Breakdance."

For a mere pittance (\$8.26, including tax), you too can own this LP, as well as the bonus instructional poster and the exclusive breakdance rap sheet. These extras aren't cheapies either; the poster is chock-full of step-by-step photos of members of the New York City Breakers going through the convulsions and contortions known as breakin'.

But if terms like "top-rocking" and "max out" aren't at home in your lingo, then the glossary on the poster will be a godsend. I'm certain Mr. Webster never guessed that "dog"

someday would be used as a verb meaning "to overuse, abuse, or spoil through excess." For example: "Yo, man, he dogged his sneakers. They were all critical looking." But since breakers rely on their skills as dance-masters, instead of toastmasters, their mastery of the Queen's English isn't a must.

As if all this isn't enough, you also receive an insightful glimpse of the history and philosophy of breakdancing as told by Michael Holman, who's billed as America's leading choreographer and interpreter of breakdancing. Holman manages to trace the roots of breaking to the "Cotton Club" era of tap dancing. He also declares New York City to be the international "school" for breakdancing. With such authoritative personalities as these, this LP still would be a steal at twice the price.

Good music is a must for any serious breaker. So K-tel has gathered songs from the best of the inner-city rhythm teams and arranged them into a two-part "self-improvement-through-body-damage" record. Side one contains the likes of Grandmaster Flash and the Furious Five, Freez, Twilight 22 and the Dazz Band. Side two, however, serves no purpose other than something by which to "pop and lock." Whether or

not Alex and The City Crew are close, personal friends of a string-puller is immaterial; what counts is that seven songs worth of album time is taken up by very cheap, extremely amateurish music.

Ever since Michael Jackson made breakdancing legitimate by moonwalking through the Grammys, it's become the biggest rage in this country since tofu. Perhaps the pinnacle of body poppin' was reached when a breaker team received a command performance at Carnegie Hall. To break or not to break? Whatever you decide, by all means, be careful. ♪

