

ISSUE 33

AUGUST 2026

GIRLZ ON FILM

THE DANCE ISSUE

BEAT STREET

DIRTY
DANCING

WHITE NIGHTS

ASSAULT OF THE
GIANT BIMBOES

FAME

THRUSTERS

BREAKIN' 2
ELECTRIC BOOGALOO

STAYING
ALIVE



HOPELESSLY DEVOTED TO 80s MOVIES



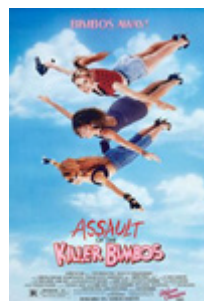
DIRTY DANCING (1987)

GIRLS. ON FILM

THE DANCE ISSUE

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NO PARKING, BABY!

Welcome to Issue 33 of *Girls, on Film*, the zine that is hopelessly devoted to 80s movies! Each issue features eight movies released between 1980 and 1989, all related to a particular theme. We cover a wide variety of movies, providing a mix of commentary, history, reviews, and personal reflection. In this issue, we hit the dance floor! Check out movie summaries below. PS - if you're looking for *Hairspray*, *Footloose*, or *Flashdance*, see Issue 1. We also covered *Girls Just Wanna Have Fun* in Issue 7.

Fame (1980) - Several students at a performing arts high school pursue their dreams to varying success.

Staying Alive (1983) - Sylvester Stallone's *Saturday Night Fever* sequel stumbles through the death of disco.

Breakin' 2: Electric Boogaloo (1984) - Let's

dance and not fight: the West Coast hip-hop spirit compels you!

Beat Street (1984) - A DJ and a graffiti artist try to make it in the big city with wildly different outcomes.

White Nights (1985) - Mikhail Baryshnikov and Gregory Hines just want to dance, dammit!

A Chorus Line (1985) - "All I ever needed was the music, and the mirror, and the chance to dance." A Broadway hit turns Hollywood flop.

Dirty Dancing (1987) - A sheltered young woman falls in love with a rebellious dance instructor during a summertime family getaway at a Catskills resort in 1963.

Assault of the Killer Bimbos (1988) - Don't you dare call them bimbos!

ABOUT THE ZINE

Digital issues of *Girls, on Film* are available to read for free online, or purchase full-color prints from select vendors listed on our website. We invite guest submissions, and collaboration and trade opportunities.

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Stephanie McDevitt's one big disappointment in life is that she wasn't old enough to fully appreciate popular clothing styles of the 1980s, as she was mostly attired in paisley sweatsuits. A full-time editor and occasional freelancer, Stephanie looks nostalgically back on 80s films such as *Ernest Goes to Camp*, *Adventures in Babysitting*, and *Can't Buy Me Love* and wishes she could pull off the hairdos of Cindy Mancini and her friends.

Janene Scelza spent much of her teen years making zines and combing musty video stores and public libraries for all the 80s movies she could find. She's got plenty of faves, but she loves stylish indie films like *Desperately Seeking Susan*, *Repo Man*, and *The Terminator* the best.

Contributing Writers

Dr. Rhonda Baughman, a teacher and freelance writer, raised adolescent hell in the 80s, and the horror films of that era were her BFFs! She loves all 80s pop culture, but nothing spoke to her quite like *Sorority Babes in the Slimeball Bowl-O-Rama*, *Nightmare Sisters*, and *Reform School Girls*. She got a pink laminated Video Time Video membership at nine years old and she never looked back. Or forward, really; she still loves her VHS and VCR. And let it be known, the scrunchie never died for Rhonda: she STILL wears one proudly!

Sebastian Gregory came of age in the fiery crucible of the 1980s. His parents were avid cinephiles who dragged him to every small, independent movie house in Houston and made sure he had a thorough education in film, which may explain his enduring affection for low-grade Italian westerns. He has been an editor, writer, musician, and actor while masquerading as an IT drone in Sector 17.

Katheryn Hans spent her childhood being afraid of, and captivated by, the movies she watched. *Child's Play* prompted her to lock up her dolls in the laundry room; before she understood the existential dread of *The Thing*, the images of alien body-invasion had her peeking through her fingers; and, while *The NeverEnding Story* graced her with the magical delight of Falkor, it also had that one scene (you know the one). Forged from these experiences, Katheryn harbors a deep love of horror, science fiction, and fantasy films.

Jessica MacLeish is a Veronica, not a Heather. She's also writer, editor, and late 80s baby who loves watching, thinking about, talking about, and writing about movies.

Matt Scelza loves to dissect and analyze everything. He co-writes essays for the zine with his sister, Janene. He has also logged a lot of hours at the same video stores and public library film collections with Janene in search of odd and unusual titles. He's got too many favorites to name.

Tom Scelza prefers writing about movies he loves instead of jawboning about it. After years of mulling over those "small" movies that came out during the 80s, Tom gives it his all on movies he has loved forever. Movies should have more substance than car chases.



I'M GONNA LIVE FOREVER

FAME

by: Stephanie McDevitt

Fame tells the story of a group of students from the High School of the Performing Arts, which is a real high school in New York City (now known as the Fiorello H. LaGuardia High School of Music & Art and Performing Arts). Filmed in Manhattan in the summer of 1979, *Fame* captures the grit and intensity required to attend a performing arts school in New York, painting a very complicated picture of the students' lives. The movie revealed its characters through the lenses of class, race, gender, and sexual orientation, but I thought the pace was frenzied and the timeline was perhaps too ambitious. I wish the writers had given some of the storylines some more room to breathe.

Fame begins with auditions and follows the characters through senior year, with a title card to indicate when they move onto the next grade.

The school curriculum is divided into the theater, music, and dance, and the movie follows students from each discipline. There's Montgomery MacNeil (Paul McCrane), Doris Finsecker (Maureen Teefy), and Ralph Garci (Barry Miller) in theater; Bruno Martelli (Lee Curreri) in music; and Coco Hernandez (Irene Cara), Lisa Monroe (Laura Dean), and Leroy Johnson (Gene Anthony Ray) in dance.

Once we're introduced to the characters in the freshman class, there isn't a direct plot line. The movie jumps between the characters and we watch as they struggle just to make it through high school, where, in addition to the performing arts, they also have to pass their regular curriculum. Leroy struggles with his English teacher (Anne Meara) because he can't read and she keeps failing his assignments. Bruno clashes



THIS IS NO MICKEY MOUSE SCHOOL!

with his music teacher (Albert Hague) because Bruno insists he can make orchestra music with just his keyboards. Lisa's dance teacher (Joanna Merlin) tells her over and over that she's not trying hard enough.

As their high school careers progress, they all become more comfortable both at school and with themselves, while also experiencing the cutthroat nature of the entertainment industry. Doris starts to push back on her overbearing mother, Montgomery comes out to his drama class, and Ralph gets some traction as a stand-up comic at Catch a Rising Star while also getting a bit too deep into drug use. A sleazy film maker approaches Coco and asks her to come for an audition only to manipulate her into taking her shirt off on camera. Lisa is eventually dropped from the dance department and, after a brief moment where she seemingly contemplates suicide, she decides to transfer into theater.

Despite all these different plot points, it feels like nothing really happens in this movie. We watch each character progress both as people and artists, but the scenes are short and they cut back and forth so quickly that I felt like I was missing some character growth. For example, in the beginning of the movie, Coco labels herself as a triple threat (good at dance, drama, and music). She is all bravado and confidence, and there are only two vulnerable moments from her: the aforementioned run-in with the amateur porn director and when she plays a song she wrote for Bruno. After she sings for Bruno,



GETTING INTO CHARACTER.

his dad drives her home. When they get to her building, she insists that she doesn't need them to wait until she is inside, and as soon as they leave, she heads to the subway to go to her real address. But that's all we get for Coco.

Some of the other characters are more developed. We know Leroy comes from a bad neighborhood, and he's harassed for being a dancer. Ralph also had a tough upbringing, lives in a bad neighborhood, and talks about his absent father. Montgomery's mother is a well-known actress, but she's never around and he is on his own. He has also fallen in love with his therapist, which is how he realized he was gay. Even though we know more about Leroy, Ralph, and Montgomery, I still felt like the movie was missing moments that would have helped round out all its characters. In its attempt to tell all their stories over the course of four years, it felt incomplete. As reviewer Cian McGrath said, the film feels like, "a 2-hour mash-up or fan edit of the most dramatic and energetic moments from an entire series of television" [1]. It actually runs 2 hours and 15 minutes, so it's a long movie.

Despite the pacing, *Fame* succeeds in other ways. I enjoyed the way the movie framed the students' optimism about their futures in the entertainment industry with the obvious possibility that it won't happen for all of them. In the beginning of the movie, we meet Michael (Boyd Gaines) who, according to Doris, is the best actor in the school. He gets a prestigious college scholarship but opts instead to go to LA to meet with an agent. Doris is super impressed,



PAUL MCCRANE WITH HAIR!

but later, Doris, Ralph, and Montgomery go out to eat and Michael is their waiter. It's a sobering moment for everyone and a reminder about how brutal the industry can be.

In addition to Ralph's drug use and Coco's experience with the porn director, the filmmakers show this brutality in one other way. Ralph is a bit obsessed with the actor Freddie Prinz, who was a real-life alum of the High School for the Performing arts [2]. Prinz was a stand-up comedian (working Catch a Rising Star) and TV star, but he suffered from depression and committed suicide at the age of 22 [3]. We watch Ralph follow in Prinz's footsteps as he also works at Catch a Rising Star. While *Fame* does not explicitly tell you what happened to any of the characters after graduation, it implies that perhaps some of them fell into the pitfalls of fame we so often hear about.

After watching *Fame*, I was curious what happened to all the actors involved in the movie. As I went through the cast list, it felt a bit like going through a high school yearbook to find out where everyone ended up. Irene Cara was nominated for a Grammy award for best pop vocal performance for the title track of this movie, "*Fame*." She went on to have a career in TV and movies, and she also released several albums. She won an Oscar for best original Song for "FlashdanceWhat a Feeling." Cara died of heart disease in 2022 at the age of 63 [4].

Gene Anthony Ray had a tough upbringing and was enrolled at the High School for Perform-



I SING THE BODY ELECTRIC.

ing Arts, but he got kicked out. After *Fame*, he worked on *Fame* the TV series and he landed some other stage and TV work, but he struggled with drug addiction. He died in 2003 from complications from AIDS [5]. Lee Curreri and Laura Dean didn't act much after *Fame*, while Paul McCrane, Barry Miller, and Maureen Teefy all went on to long acting careers. And Boyd Gains, in a nice redemption from his character Michael, would go on to win four Tony awards.

Fame was a hit at the box office, making \$42 million on an \$8.5 million budget. It spawned a TV show in 1982 that ran for two seasons; a music group called The Kids from Fame with some of the original cast, and they put out several albums; a stage version, which has been produced in over 25 countries; another TV series in 1997 called *Fame L.A.*; a 2003 reality TV show called *Fame* that was an *American Idol* rip off; a 2009 remake; and finally, in 2023 Amazon announced plans for another TV series [6]. So, like the song says, it appears that the story of *Fame* will live forever.

Fame seemed to paint a realistic picture of New York in 1980. I really enjoyed the authenticity the filmmakers strove to show, even by casting current students from the High School for Performing Arts. *Fame* is gritty, and it shows some class, race, and gender issues that did (and still do) exist for these high school students. After watching *Beat Street* for this issue, which was not authentic at all, I really appreciated the lengths that the *Fame* filmmakers went to to bring this story to life.



TRANSLATORS OF BODY LANGUAGE

STAYING ALIVE

by: Katheryn Hans

In a June 2026 Q&A with *Vanity Fair*, world-renowned drag queen [1] RuPaul Charles responded to the question “Who are your favorite writers?” with a simple, “Robin, Maurice, and Barry Gibb” [2], otherwise known as the Bee Gees. The Bee Gees were one of the seminal disco bands in the 1970s, writing power hits like “How Deep Is Your Love,” “If I Can’t Have You,” and, of course, “Stayin’ Alive.” These songs were written explicitly for the 1977 film *Saturday Night Fever*, the box office hit that shot a young John Travolta to fame and was instrumental in all four songs ranking No. 1 on the charts [3]. Looking to capitalize off of that success, Paramount Pictures approached Sylvester Stallone five years later to write a sequel.

Saturday Night Fever (1977) [4] is the story of 19-year old Italian-American New Yorker Tony Manero (John Travolta), a small-time local fa-

vorite in the disco dance scene. He and his goon buddies recklessly troll the streets of NYC, playing at being gangsters and treating women like shit. They make racist remarks; they gang rape a woman (a woman who is fawning over, and strung along by, Tony), and, the movie ends with one of the boys jumping (falling?) off a bridge, overburdened with the weight of getting a girl pregnant. Grieving Tony gives the sense that he’s ready to turn over a new leaf. It was a box office smash, making around \$94 million on a \$3 million dollar budget. As a film, I think it’s fine. The characters are all bad people; the soundtrack absolutely slaps.

Staying Alive feels like it was retrofitted to be a sequel to *Saturday Night Fever*. It wasn’t; it is an original screenplay meant to be a sequel, but it is so disconnected from the original. It feels like there was a jukebox musical-ish screenplay



TONY IS READY FOR HIS CLOSEUP.

about a dancer working three jobs, trying to make his big break on Broadway and the studio tried to wedge that into a sequel. The only connective tissue is Tony. It's also quite tame compared to the first movie, with none of the language and grit. Instead, it opts for a PG rating.

The main difference is that there is very little plot. It has been five or six years since the events of the last film. Tony has moved out of his neighborhood and works multiple jobs while grinding through Broadway auditions. His closest friend is a woman named Jackie (Cynthia Rhodes, *Dirty Dancing*). They have some sort of open relationship—they sleep together sometimes, but both of them feel free to canoodle with others. Jackie openly tells Tony she loves him, and Tony openly flirts with other women in front of Jackie. It's a similar dynamic to the girl who loves Tony in *Saturday Night Fever*, except everyone behaves more adult, and Jackie is far less pathetic.

Jackie gets regular gigs in chorus lines and sings in a band. She tells Tony that this is enough for her, and she is fine if that's what her career is. Tony wants to be a star. He finally makes the chorus line in a show called *Satan's Alley*, essentially a story of temptation. A man is dropped into hell and Satan tries to seduce him to stay, or something like that. It's all told in dance, and the show seems to be conceived in order to have an edgy 1980s post-apocalyptic set design without much substance.

Tony falls in love with the lead dancer, Laura (Finola Hughes), almost immediately. She is just like Tony: arrogant, flippant, and careless with



CYNTHIA RHODES. FEATURED TWICE IN THIS ISSUE!

others. She sleeps with numerous men, one of whom is the director, Jesse (Steve Inwood). We get the sense that, after Tony flirts with her, she has some bearing on whether he'll get a part in the show. There's a lukewarm love triangle, which makes up the bulk of the "plot," but ultimately, Tony takes his shot to replace the lead male dancer, does it, and, immediately after opening night, he exits the theatre and struts on the streets, *Staying Alive* playing non-diegetically, reminiscent of the opening scene of *SNF*.

It's all pretty boring and infuriating. Tony might seem ready to change at the end of *SNF*, but *Staying Alive* demonstrates no shift in character: Tony is an arrogant asshole, still stringing women along. The main theme of the film seems to be "Everybody uses everybody," something Laura says to Jesse when he gets jealous about her relationship with Tony. The last shot of Tony strutting is supposed to be triumphant (he made it!), but he hasn't learned anything. There is no revelation. The love triangle is tenuous and the main conflict is the hurdle of getting into the show, which is resolved early on. Tony starts as a good dancer, gets credit for being a good dancer, treats people like garbage, and wins. The end.

In his 1983 review, Roger Ebert likened the film to *Flashdance*, noting that "it isn't really a movie at all, but an endless series of musical interludes between dramatic scenes that aren't there," finally calling it "a Walkman for the eyes" [5]. The movie is less concerned with character, and much more concerned with physicality.

Stallone directed the movie and co-wrote the



SMOKE AND MIRRORS, DARLING.

script with Norman Wexler. It's not Stallone's best-written movie. (Ebert also says this is the "first bad movie" Stallone has made [6]). Apparently, an earlier version of the movie was much darker, like *SNF*, but Travolta disliked it and turned it down. He felt that the film should've been lighter and more triumphant, mentioning *Rocky III*. To his shock, the studio agreed [7].

Stallone was hesitant, however, admitting that he didn't know a lot about dance. But, he figured that if he "approached it from a very athletic point of view," he could pull it off [8]. This ethos is very clear; *Staying Alive* is much more interested in physical movement: close up shots of torsos contracting and swaying; tight shots of Travolta's face showing the intensity of his passion; slow-motion montages of training or auditions. The dancing is compelling.

Unlike *Saturday Night Fever*, *Staying Alive* featured professional dancers, including Hughes and Rhodes. Travolta is also impressive. Stallone avoids the traditional directorial camera work, limiting the use of body doubles. There are full body shots of Travolta jumping, lifting Hughes, and doing some pretty intense athletics. Stallone said "He was on stage with 80 professional dancers, and he outshines them all" [9].

ABC's *20/20* covered the highly anticipated sequel early into its release [10]. Geraldo Rivera compared Travolta to both Rocky Balboa and Tony Manero, down-and-out talents just looking for support. Travolta said that, in early 1982, his career was in a slump, and he believed that he no longer had a future in the industry. He was



REMINDER: YOU'RE WATCHING A SEQUEL!

also uncomfortable about his body [11]. He credits Stallone with his turn around: "When we got together to do this movie, everything changed in my life. Everything" [12].

Though Travolta says "everything," his body was the focus of the press tour. Stallone champions Travolta's dedication many times in these interviews, noting that he completely "transformed his body in 18 weeks" while, for *Rocky*, it took Stallone 18 months [13]. It is impressive, and Travolta does look amazingly fit. That this was the focus makes perfect sense. The film itself doesn't have the juice, and everyone seems to know it. In the *20/20* interview, Barry Gibb calls *Saturday Night Fever* a "phenomena" and is openly dubious about the sequel's ability to hold up. Rivera uses the phrase "Despite its reviews....". Travolta says "it doesn't matter" if the movie is as big of a success. Stallone, jokingly, calls the film "the dumbest, worst film of all time" [14].

Even RuPaul's favorite writers can't save it. Stallone said, "This has nothing to do with disco" [15], and the soundtrack has a serious case of the Bee Gees heebie jeebies. The *SNF* soundtrack is two double-sided records, with seven Bee Gee hits. Obviously, there are other disco hits, but the big sell are the Bee Gees. *Staying Alive* has one, two-sided album with six middling Bee Gee songs (an edited version of "Stayin' Alive" is listed, but only plays for about 20 seconds at the end of the film), and four Frank Stallone songs (which are functional, and I get why they're there). It just doesn't have the sauce. By 1983, disco was dead.



ICONIC HIP-HOP FANTASY ROOTED IN REALITY BREAKIN' 2: ELECTRIC BOOGALOO

by: Sebastian Gregory

Anyone born in the last twenty years grew up in a world where hip-hop is a dominant cultural phenomenon. Hip-hop has gone so global that breakdancing officially hit the 2024 Olympic stage. Hip-hop musicians dominated the charts for years and hip-hop culture is integrated into the mainstream. Hip-hop street artists command gallery walls, turning hip-hop expression into a cultural movement that shaped a generation.

But in 1984, hip-hop was still very much in the urban underground, spreading slowly outward from the Bronx. In the L.A. neighborhood of Westlake, around MacArthur Park, a community activist named Carmelo Alvarez created a space for local kids to dance and do street art without being hassled called the Youth Break Center... better known as Radiotron [1]. After a German film crew documented the nascent West Coast

hip-hop scene in the film *Breakin' and Enterin'* (1983), Cannon Films contacted Alvarez about shooting a new film called *Breakin'* on location at Radiotron. Hip-hop cinematic history was about to be made by the least likely corporate entity to champion an underground scene. Defying expectations, the two breakdancing movies Cannon Films made helped spread the hip-hop vibe around the nation and the world.

In 1979, the successful Israeli filmmaking cousins Menahem Golan and Yoram Globas purchased Cannon Films for half a million dollars. Eschewing the previous owners' penchant for soft-core Swedish sex films, Golan-Globas would eventually greenlight films from pretty much any genre they thought would be profitable. Known in the industry as the "Go-Go Boys", low budget B-movies were their specialty, from sexploitation (*Bole-*



THE NEW SENSATION THAT'S HITTING THE NATION.

ro, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*) to ninja flicks (*Enter the Ninja*, *American Ninja*) to cheesy action films (*Death Wish 2*, *Missing in Action*) [2]. Producer Menahem Golan was willing to take chances on anything that might put butts in seats. He recognized the importance of hip-hop when his daughter mentioned the cool new dance craze all the kids were doing on the sidewalks around Venice Beach. The race to get the first hip-hop dance movie out into theaters was on [3]!

Breakin' came out in May 1984 and starred two extraordinarily talented young dancers who had been featured in the German documentary: Adolpho "Shabba-Doo" Quinones and Michael "Boogaloo Shrimp" Chambers. The plot was a typical "fish out of water" story with the "fish" being Lucinda Dickey (a young dancer hand-picked by Golan), who learns how to breakdance and helps the crew defeat their rival. The reviews were less than kind, but it didn't matter because the box office numbers were strong: \$38.7 million on a film that cost less than \$2 million to make [4]. That was more than enough to convince Cannon to rush out another breakdancing movie as quickly as possible. *Breakin' 2: Electric Boogaloo* was on the fast track for a December release with the three main dancers returning to reprise their roles... and let's not forget a young Ice-T, who was an MC at Radiotron, heavily featured in the documentary, and had a bit part in both *Breakin'* films.

Sam Firstenberg was hired to direct the sequel on a hastily written script. If that name is unfamiliar, then you don't watch enough direct-to-video samurai-cyborg-supercop-ninja B movies such



WHEN TURBO GETS PISSED, YOU'RE GETTIN' DISSSED!

as *Revenge of the Ninja*, *Cyborg Cop*, or *American Samurai*. In 1984 he was relatively unknown with only a few directing credits to his name, including his previous movie, the Cannon Films cult favorite *Ninja III: The Domination* (with Lucinda Dickey as an aerobics instructor possessed by a ninja ghost. Highly recommended).

In *Breakin' 2*, Kelly (Dickey) goes back to Radiotron to hang out with her friends Ozone and Turbo (Quinones and Chambers). Her parents want her to take dance seriously and take a job in Paris. An evil developer, in cahoots with the local government, plans to tear down the Radiotron building and build a shopping mall... unless the kids can raise enough cash to make the necessary repairs and save their community center. Their solution? Put on a big show! Sound familiar? It's basically *White Christmas*. But that's immaterial because the plot is only there to give a plausible reason for the whole point of a breakdancing movie: vast amounts of street choreography and all that popping, locking, breaking, and rapping!

And here *Breakin' 2* does not disappoint. Boogaloo Shrimp said "...it was like the *Enter the Dragon* of hip-hop because you had the best of the best; there were no stuntmen" [5] and it really shows as the dance sequences are phenomenal even today. "Shabba-Doo" Quinones is a legend in hip-hop pantheon. He was a founding member of The Lockers (Toni Basil's dance crew), danced on the *Solid Gold* TV series, and worked with everyone from Lionel Richie to Madonna to Three Six Mafia. Boogaloo Shrimp stands shoulder to shoulder with him. "I played the Dean Martin



THE CLASSIC 80S FUED WITH UNCOOL LAND DEVELOPERS.

role, and he was the funnier sidekick, the Jerry Lewis,” said Quinones [6]. Boogaloo Shrimp went on to be MC Skat Kat and Urkel-bot and showed Michael Jackson the backslide/moonwalk. That’s about as 80s as it can possibly get.

In 1984 they were both at their youthful peak and fill the screen with moves that would be copied and imitated by wanna-be b-boys from coast to coast for years to come. The dance numbers are high energy and creative, including a ceiling dance inspired by Fred Astaire’s 1951 movie *Royal Wedding*. The big show at the end is a neon and pastel drenched grand finale... and therein is an issue. At times it slips into silliness; e.g., a hospital dance sequence that verges on the surreal. “*Breakin’ 2*,” admitted Quinones, “was a bit more of a cartoon. It missed the grittiness the first one had. We had lost sight of the message... I cried about it” [7].

In a strange twist of fate, the plot point about the evil developer was inspired by real life events. The Youth Break Center (Radiotron) where the first *Breakin’* movie had been filmed was under threat of potential redevelopment by the Los Angeles City Council. Carmelo Alvarez organized a community wide protest, but unlike the happy ending in *Breakin’ 2*, where the power of a well-organized and very colorful dance show wins the day, Radiotron was torn down and turned into a shopping mall [8]. How very LA.

Released just seven months after *Breakin’*, *Breakin’ 2* was slagged by the critics and struggled to equal the surprise box office success of the first film. “Unfortunately, that [first success]



THE HIPPEST REVOLUTION.

led to Menahem thinking he had figured it out,” said music producer Richard Kraft. “They had their finger on the pulse of something, once in a while, but most of the time it was misguided.” That being said, *Breakin’ 2* still brought in \$15 million on a \$3 million budget [9] and, for Cannon Films, that was all that mattered. Diminished returns were worse than bad reviews; when they thought there was no more cash to be squeezed out of hip-hop musicals, Golan-Globas went back to making sequels to *Death Wish* and churned out an incredible number of mediocre movies before finally going bankrupt in 1994.

The soundtrack deserves some love here. A dance movie is only as good as its soundtrack, and *Breakin’ 2* is no exception. Even if you’ve probably never heard of any of the musicians or groups credited with writing the music, there are some old school bangers. It’s a time capsule for a very specific moment in the development of West Coast hip-hop and electronic music. Drum machine beats and synth stabs, disco beats, R & B, rapping... it’s all there, but in a very raw form. The song writing duo Jerry Knight and Ollie Brown are responsible for the title track (“Electric Boogaloo”) that became a club hit (peaking at No. 45 on the Billboard R&B charts). The soundtrack itself made it to No. 25 [10].

Great cinema? No. It was only meant to be a vehicle to carry the dancing. That they allowed the dancers to also be the actors set *Breakin’ 2* apart from the other hip-hop inspired movies of the time like *Beat Street*. There’s a real sense of innocence and earnest energy that propels this frothy extravaganza, and I’m here for it. Totally!



AHAB'S WHITE TRAIN

BEAT STREET

by: Stephanie McDevitt

Beat Street was one in a string of movies about early hip-hop and graffiti culture that emerged in the 80s. While it is not a critically acclaimed movie by any means, it showcased so many early hip-hop performers that it became a cult classic and played a huge role in bringing hip-hop culture to the masses. I actually found it to be a bit of a slog to watch, but in learning more about this movie, I totally respect the way it showed the very early days of both hip-hop and graffiti art.

Beat Street tells the story of Kenny “Double K” (Guy Davis), an up and coming DJ from the Bronx. The movie starts with Kenny, along with his friends Ramon “Ramo” (Jon Chardiet) and Chollie (Leon W. Grant), heading to a party in an abandoned building. Kenny’s in the middle of his DJ set when he sees his younger brother Lee

(Robert Taylor) crash the party with his dance crew, the Beat Street Breakers. Lee and his crew are approached by another dance crew, the Bronx Rockers. A fight almost breaks out, but Henri (Dean Elliot) steps in to break it up.

A few days later, Chollie tells Kenny that he got free tickets to go to a party at the Roxy. Kenny and Lee both go and they meet Tracy Carlson (Rae Dawn Chong), who’s an aspiring choreographer and composer. Lee absolutely kills it in a dance battle with the Bronx Rockers, and Tracy invites him to audition for a dance show on TV. Lee, Kenny, and the rest of their crew go to the auditions, and despite his impressive dancing, Lee is rejected in front of everyone on the spot. Kenny accuses Tracy of being condescending, and they all storm out. Tracy eventually stops by Kenny’s house to apologize, and she finds Kenny



RAMO'S GRAFFITI IS RUINED!

experimenting with some new music. He's got a pretty impressive DJ set-up, and he plays her some new mixes.

The next day, Chollie, who's acting as Kenny's manager, gets Kenny a gig to DJ at the Burning Spear club, and they hire him at the club to perform the following weekend. Chollie then convinces a talent agent to come see Kenny perform, and Kenny impresses. The talent scout invites Kenny to perform at the Roxy's New Years Eve party. It could just be his big break! While Kenny is getting gigs and getting close to Tracy, Ramo, who's a graffiti artist, is trying to find out who keeps tagging and ruining his murals. As Ramo is trying to figure out who the culprit is, he's also trying to find a way to help his girlfriend and their baby.

One night while Kenny and Ramo are painting a subway train, the mysterious tagger (Spit played by Bill Anagnos) appears, and Ramo chases him down. They get into a scuffle and eventually fall onto the electrified third rail, which kills them both. After Ramo's funeral, Kenny thinks about canceling his New Year's gig, but then he decides to make the whole night a tribute to Ramo. What follows is the movie's biggest musical number in which Kenny gets a bunch of other acts to perform with him.

There's a lot going on in this movie and none of it is fleshed out well. In fact, it mostly felt like a series of montages and musical performances. And while I generally don't mind either of those things embedded into movies, I thought they



RAE DAWN CHONG APPEARS IN BAD 80S MOVIES.

took the place of plot development. For example, Kenny and Lee live with their mom. She mentions how worried she is about her sons since she already lost one, and Kenny eventually tells Tracy that his brother was a gang leader and he died. But that plot point felt like an attempt to include gang violence even though we don't see any in the movie. It seemed like the filmmakers were trying really hard to recreate a bad neighborhood in the Bronx by talking about gang violence and showing someone warming their hands on a garbage can fire instead of creating an authentic reality for the characters.

Beat Street was based on a story by Steven Hager called "The Perfect Beat." Hager said his script was "a realistic portrayal of a budding rap group trying to make a record. Slice-of-life and it also had a Romeo-Juliet-style story concerning a South Bronx rapper hooking up with a girl from a privileged background" [1]. He said it was a dark story with plenty of drugs and violence that "documented the sudden emergence of crack that flooded into the early hip-hop scene, which had been dominated by weed and beer. The language was raw and laced with obscenities" [2].

Hager sold his script to producer Harry Belafonte, and Hager insists that as soon as Belafonte saw the 1983 graffiti documentary *Style Wars*, he started to make a ton of changes, and the changes made *Beat Street* the inauthentic movie we have today [3]. Some of Ramo's art was hand painted by the film's art department instead of spray painted by a graffiti artist. The characters did not live in realistic homes for the neighbor-



THE TREACHEROUS THREE RAPPING ABOUT XMAS!

hood, and they didn't sound like they were from the Bronx. The music that played over the dance battles should have been traditional B-Boy selections but instead they used an instrumental version of "Breakers Revenge" [4].

In his article on *Beat Street*, Dart Adams pointed out that movie goers were "watching actors we could tell weren't authentic hip-hoppers using slang and engaging in cultural activities they clearly never did before" [5]. I mean, Guy Davis had trouble rapping on the beat, so he was totally unbelievable as a talented emcee. Finally, *Beat Street* took place over the winter holidays, which was tough to sell since the movie came out in July (only one month after *Breakin'*, which was set in the sunny, warm climate of California) [6].

Between the messy storytelling and the inauthenticity, *Beat Street* was a box office flop. It was screened out of competition at the 1984 Cannes Film Festival and went on to only make \$16.6 million on a \$9.5 million budget [7]. However, the movie became a hit through video rentals. It "generated over \$1.5 million in rental revenue at a time when less than 25 percent of American households had a VCR" [8]. So, we can officially add this movie to the list of cult favorites in the GOF catalogue.

Despite its issues, *Beat Street* has gone on to become a wildly influential movie in hip-hop culture. Through the musical performances in the movie, audiences were introduced to Kool Herc, Afrika Bambaataa & Soulsonic Force, Jazzy Jay, Grandmaster Melle Mel & The Furious Five,



THE BEAT DON'T STOP UNTIL THE BREAK OF DAWN.

Rock Steady Crew, and a 17-year old Doug E. Fresh among others. There were so many musical acts involved with this movie that it became the first American movie to release more than one soundtrack [9]. The musical numbers in this movie have become one of the few places you can still see deceased acts like Keith Cowboy, Buck 4, Kuriaki, and Glide Master perform [10].

Beat Street also had a profound effect on German culture, bringing hip-hop culture to both East and West Germany, which were two separate countries at the time. Apparently, *Beat Street* was released in East Germany to show young people the evils of capitalism. However, since the movie focused so much on break dancing and graffiti, the artistry was way more influential than any political message [11]. Emceeing, break dancing, and graffiti competitions popped up throughout Germany as their hip-hop scene emerged. And, based on my visit to Germany in 2019, graffiti art is still very popular.

I think I would have enjoyed Hager's original script. He based his characters on real people, and none of them were accurately depicted in the final version. The musical and dance performances in this movie were super fun, but the rest of the story was so boring and, frankly, beige. As of this writing, you can watch this movie on Tubi, and, if you're a hip-hop fan, you should watch it. Just temper your expectations.



BREAK THE CHAINS

WHITE NIGHTS

by: Janene Scelza & Matt Scelza

White Nights is a long-forgotten 80s title that we only remember from a sacred VHS tape we had that contained music videos our uncle taped off of MTV in the 1980s. One of those videos was Phil Collins and Marylin Martin's "Separate Lives" [1], from the movie *White Nights*. The scenes of sad, lamenting adults set to sad music bored us to tears. The movie's only relevance to us at that point was as a music video that served as the stopping point when we wanted to watch the good videos. We finally had a reason to watch it.

Taylor Hackford's 1985 drama pairs legendary dancers Mikhail Baryshnikov (ballet) and the late Gregory Hines (tap) in a convoluted Cold War tale set in bleak Communist Russia. The movie's title refers to the white night season in Siberia when the sun never sets, a metaphor perhaps for the relentless watchful eye of Moth-

er Russia, and maybe also double meaning as white knights.

Baryshnikov is Nioklai Rodchenko, an accomplished Russian ballet dancer who famously defected from the Soviet Union. While flying to a performance in Tokyo with his manager (Geraldine Page, in a fairly forgettable role [1]), their plane crashes in Siberia. A KGB officer named Colonel Chaiko (Jerzy Skolimowski) recognizes Nik, who claims to be a French citizen. Chaiko lies to Nik's manager about the extent of his injuries and whisks him off. Nik is forced to room with a tap dancer (Hines as Raymond) who defected from America and his Russian wife, Darya (Isabella Rossellini). Chaiko aims to "persuade" Nik to return to the stage and dance at the Kirov (now the Mariinsky) Theater on opening night.



BONJOUR, NICO.

Nik is desperate to escape while Raymond tries to keep him from rocking the boat and getting them all in trouble. The men butt heads, but eventually find common ground. The movie presents an interesting setup, this juxtaposition of both the Russian and American defectors and their different perceptions of freedom, as well as the patronization of the performing arts in East vs. West. The latter is somewhat timely, too, considering Timothee Chalamet's poorly-worded observation about dwindling audiences for ballet and opera. (We assume jazz dance is going, if not already gone, the same way). Ballet is highly revered in Russia, but an autocracy is no way to live, so Nik ditched his dance partner, Galina (played by a young Helen Mirren, who was also Hackford's future wife), and fled Russia. Chaiko forces their reunion, and though Galina is still hurt, it's apparent that neither of them had many options.

Raymond tells Nik about growing up in Harlem, which was apparently rife with black tap/jazz dancers [1]. He had trouble getting work until Uncle Sam drafted him to fight in the Vietnam War. He despises the person he becomes and, much to his family's chagrin, defects to Russia, likewise in search of something better. When we first see him onscreen, he is the leading man in *Porgy & Bess*, but his newfound success comes at a price because his family disowns him.

Nik and Raymond's dynamic remains fairly constant throughout the movie. Nik commands respect, even from dickhead Chaiko, while Raymond is expendable, doing for Chaiko whatever



GETTING TO KNOW YOU. GETTING TO KNOW ALL ABOUT YOU.

needed to avoid exile to a labor camp or worse. Brayshnikov and Hines were both fairly well known in the mid-80s. Baryshnikov graced the cover of *Rolling Stone* and, prior to *White Nights*, Hines appeared in Coppola's *The Cotton Club* (1984). Presumably, the filmmakers (or studio?) needed something more to appeal to larger, mainstream audiences who only recognized these guys on a surface level. So, we get a typical espionage drama, complete with a villain straight out of central casting (not to discredit Skolimowski's acting here, he does the loathsome KGB agent just fine).

Even the movie itself seems to reflect this dynamic. Maybe it should've solely focused on Nik, the gifted dancer who fled an oppressive regime only to find himself trapped once more. Raymond, on the other hand, feels shoe-horned into the story, like they were delighted to hire Hines, but didn't really know what to do with him. We're especially puzzled why he chose Soviet Russia of all places to live? It's suggested later in the movie that the country's reputation was some kind of secret, but that seems like a hard pill to swallow in 1985 after, you know, 30 years of anti-Soviet media. There really wasn't any place else in the world where jazz/tap dancers, particularly a black jazz/tap dancer, could thrive? Send this man to Western Europe! You could still have many of the same narrative beats. Don't even get us started on Darya!

We didn't really know anything about Baryshnikov's and Hines's respective crafts—less so with Hines, since we were already familiar with



FINALLY, THE BOYS CAN LET THEIR HAIR DOWN.

one of his big inspirations: the ever-captivating Nicholas Brothers duo. It's interesting to watch them perform in isolation, for larger audiences, and side-by-side at the studio where Chaiko forces them to maintain their respective practice regimens. Here is more juxtaposition: their different physiques, their warm-up styles, the way they move. We are also amused by athletic Baryshnikov's ridiculous chain smoking habit.

Whether tragic ballet or upbeat jazz, these are the moments when we really perk up. *White Nights* opens with Baryshnikov performing *Le Jeune Homme et La Mort* (*The Young Man and Death*), which immediately sets the tone. This is followed by Hines performing in the musical. Later, Hines improvises a tap dance as he tells Nik about his life. Later, Nik and Raymond perform a wonderful dance number together, demonstrating how these two men who cut their teeth in seemingly different genres perform their movements in a synchronized number intended to fuse the two art forms together. Ballet is graceful and acrobatic; tap seems to involve a lot of up and down and smooth slide movements.

Nik and Raymond, and the movie overall, comes alive in those moments, but unfortunately these scenes are sandwiched between the fairly mundane KGB storyline, which starts to feel like a thin cycle of threats by Chaiko followed by worries of his victims. And Chaiko can't be too terrible, since he needs Nik to do something for him and for Raymond and Darya to persuade him. (Darya is primarily present as the consoling wife, though she gets a few meaningful mo-



THE GREAT ESCAPE.

ments onscreen to tell Raymond what her native Russia, and especially leaving it, means for her).

Eventually, there are rumblings of escape. Nik quietly plans to leave and looks to his allies for help, while his manager, suspecting Chaiko is lying about Nik's health and whereabouts, coordinates with the American consulate. (John Glover surprisingly appears in the movie, but for a distinctly non-song/dance role). Later, Darya announces she is pregnant, leaving the couple to join Nik. The odds are not at all in any of their favors, and Nik makes that very clear, but again, what have they got to lose? Chaiko is always near, delighted to exert his power.

The final sequences are wonderfully tense as the trio hope to reach the consulate with Chaiko hot on the trail. The fate of one of the heroes remains unclear until the very end and, given the kind of movie it had been to that point, we expected only the worst. This is when Nik tries to bargain with Chaiko to release his hostage, promising not to utter a word about the country's reputation (!!!).

White Nights released to middling reviews. The big hit was the music, with the Collins/Martin track and Lionel Richie's "Say You, Say Me" both receiving Oscar nods for Best Original Song (Richie's song won) [5]. We mostly recommend the movie for the dancing sequences. Break the streaming chains and check it out on Tubi, if you're so inclined.



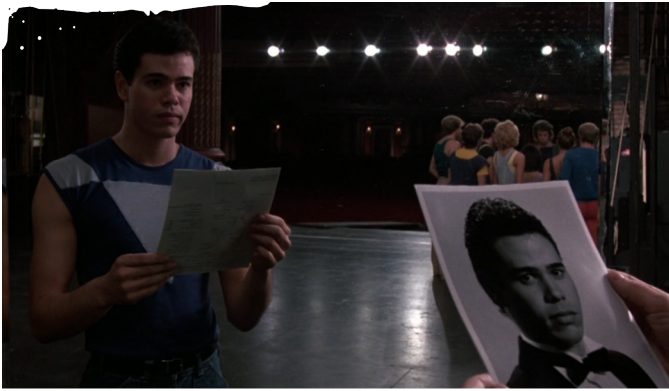
WISH ME LUCK. SAME TO YOU!

A CHORUS LINE

by: Tom Scelza

A Chorus Line: The Play. Michon Peacock and Tony Stevens were dancers. On a snowy night in Manhattan, they gathered a group of fellow “gypsies,” professional dancers playing ensemble parts, often moving from job to job in the theater. Enter the power couple: Michael Bennett, a former gypsy and upcoming musical director, and his muse Donna McKechnie, a featured player and dancer. For 12 hours, the group, led by Bennett, shared stories about their lives, which were taped. There was also a second session. These recordings became the foundation for a 5-hour script, adapted for a musical developed by Bennett about dancers auditioning for a chorus line in a Broadway show. As Marc Eliot wrote: “...these kids were auditioning not just for the show of their lives but to show off their lives” [1]. The play was a hit [2].

A Chorus Line: The Movie. Before the nine Tony Awards, before the Broadway play ever premiered, Universal made a deal with Joe Papp’s Public Theater on Wooster Street to buy the rights to the play for \$5.5 million and an unheard-of deal for royalties when movie sales exceeded \$30 million [3]. Bennett, the brainchild for the play, was chosen to direct and produce the movie, but passed [4]. Mike Nichols and Sidney Lumet, experienced film directors who knew how to make a hit out of adapting theater to film, also declined. Bob Fosse was considered, but he disliked the play. Joel Schumacher was on board, dangling Travolta with the lead. That died. In 1984 they went back to Bennett, but he was in the middle of *Dreamgirls*. Finally, ten years later, (not yet Sir) Richard Attenborough got the nod to direct, through gravi-



GOD. I HOPE I GET IT!

tas with his Oscar winning *Ghandi*, and his premiere 1969 musical, *Oh! What a Lovely War* [5].

A Chorus Line: The Flop. In the 15-year period it ran, I never saw the play. Still, there was tons of news about it and about Michael Bennett. The story was interesting; it focused on dancers, often considered background performers, but essential to make a show work. Unlike actors and singers, dancers have a limited shelf time, like athletes. The exceptions are the triple threat: the ones that can dance, sing, and act, like Gwen Verdon or Chita Rivera. It's a grueling profession; they move from job to job. That's their livelihood. Anything can bring it to a halt.

The story begins with hundreds of willing dancers ("I Need This Job") coming in to audition for the chorus in a Broadway show. The director Zach (Michael Douglas) and his assistant Larry (Terrence Mann) make them go through exhausting pacings, whittling the number down to 17. Zach, often is a mysterious rumble for the actors onstage. But, unlike the play, where you mostly hear him, in the movie, we can see him, sometimes even close up. The focus goes to the very well known Douglas, the chorus loses group cohesion. Next to the Hollywood icon, the idea of 17 actors onstage in a line sharing personal stories about themselves gets diluted in the film. In the end, they will hire only 4 "boys" and 4 "girls." And then the big close, which everyone knew from the TV commercials.



LARRY DEMONSTRATE THE MOVES TO THE LUCKY FEW(ER).

The stage is stripped, except for the back mirrors, mirrors for the dancers to see themselves, as in a dance studio. In the play, those mirrors allowed the actors to dance with their backs to the audience and still be seen. They reflected the actual audience during the performance. Bennett used mirrors as a signature device. In the hands of an inventive director like Nichols or Fosse, that might have been used. Attenborough throws that away until the very end when he "opens up" the play to bring Zach's former lover, Cassie (Alyson Reed), from Kennedy Airport by cab to the auditions. The shots are reminiscent of TV movies during the 70s and 80s using stock footage. We see the outside of the theater and auditionees crowded in lines around the theater.

I had seen *Grease*, both on stage and in film. The two productions are distinctly different, but one thing is clear: without John Travolta, Olivia Newton-John, Stockard Channing, and Didi Conn there would be no big film. *Chorus Line* has little of that, though Cameron English does a terrific job creating one of the most powerfully written characters: Paul is the autobiographical sketch of the play's co-author, Nicholas Dante. Most of the movie lacks this intimacy. Most of the characters' stories are not as compelling as those in the original play.

Attenborough tries to create a love story between Zach and Cassie, which is pallid. They were fictionalized versions of Michael Bennett and Donna McKechnie. But, Attenbor-



WHY FILM THE LEAD ACTRESS FROM BEHIND WHILE SINGING?

ough never makes the romance credible; it was toned way down to professional ties. She is back from LA, desperate for a job, even a spot in the chorus. He cut the autobiographical Donna McKechnie song “The Music and the Mirror” and replaced it with the new “Let Me Dance for You.” He throws away “What I did for Love,” originally sung by the Diana Morales character (Yamil Borges). Attenborough stages this as a torch song throwaway. Cassie, not Diana, ascends a backstage staircase and the shooting is all wrong. In fact, the trouble with this musical is the musical parts.

This is not a Sondheim musical. This is not even a Marvin Hamlisch musical, as he wrote the music, not the lyrics. His collaborator, Edward Kleban and he were direct opposites. In “One,” you can hear Hamlisch right away with that catchy beat, which would be perfect to dance to, but Kleban found it difficult to write for. He fought constantly with Hamlisch and Bennet. Kleban found the book, which was a series of autobiographical notes, the impetus for the songs, not the need to create “hits.” Also, that triple threat (dancing, acting, singing chops) that Bennett required isn’t evident in the movie. The film actors are more out of TV. Audrey Landers, JR Ewing’s secretary in *Dallas*, is pretty and capable, until you see the performance of the Broadway original, Pamela Blair.

Finally, at 1:40:26, all this footage becomes a movie. It comes alive. You’re finally interested in the people. The camera moves.



THE EIGHT WINNERS IN THE BIG CLOSING FINALE OF “ONE.”

Everything starts to make a lot of sense. Paul takes a nasty fall and everyone, including Zach, runs to his rescue. Knowing that the injury is bad, Zach has his assistant Larry call an ambulance. Some of the other guys, including Diana, help carry him offstage. In the aftermath, Zach is actually seen by many of the dancers for the first time. As they stare, he is quite human. One of the dancers, Vicki (Sheila Bryant) reminds him they worked together in a play years ago. He acknowledges that he was not a very good dancer. The camera finally makes sense with reaction shots. You finally see what a good actor’s director Attenborough is. This would have been the spot Zach asks what would you do if you couldn’t dance any more? This is where the song “What I did for Love” would have been. Forget that. Attenborough charges ahead to the grateful eight. And then the big finale.

I created a video showing some of the original play and cast to compare to the film adaptation (see link in Closing Credits [6]). I have always believed no one sets out to make a bad film. Attenborough was disappointed that the film was so panned. Bennett and the original cast hated the film and did not keep it hidden from the public. The film adaptation cost an estimated \$25-27 million to produce. It was distributed by Columbia Pictures and produced by PolyGram Pictures and Embassy Pictures, rather than Paramount. The movie grossed only \$14.2 million, so nobody got royalties on the overestimated \$30 million [7]. Well, that’s show biz.



WELCOME TO KELLERMAN'S!

DIRTY DANCING

by: Jessica MacLeish

A lot of people love *Dirty Dancing*. I'm one of them. Let's just get that out of the way now. The reasons I love *Dirty Dancing* are many: the setting, the romance, the dancing, the frank representation of the pre-Roe abortion landscape, the coming-of-age story, the humor, the excellent soundtrack, Jennifer Grey's laugh, Jennifer Grey's hair, Patrick Swayze's arms, Patrick Swayze's soulful eyes and smile ... and on and on.

One reason I think this nearly 40-year-old movie endures is that it plays into a perennial vacation romance fantasy. Think Danny and Sandy. Frances "Baby" Houseman and Johnny Castle. Mary-Kate and Ashley and their various tween/teen flings, many times over. Stella and Winston. Belly Conklin and the brothers Fisher. Vacation romances are the stuff of fictional legend.

The Vacation Romance™ in *Dirty Dancing* sweeps a viewer off one's dancin' feet. But the romance between Johnny (Patrick Swayze) and Baby (Jennifer Grey), while central and sensual, isn't the only story here. Baby is intrigued by and attracted to Johnny from the first moment she sees him strutting through the Kellerman's dining room with his sunglasses on (inside! Rebel alert!). But it's Penny (Cynthia Rhodes) she sees in action first, during a dance class she stumbles through with some of the other female Kellerman's guests, and it's later that night, when Penny and Johnny do a dance demonstration, that her interest in both is really piqued. Baby's romance with Johnny is sexy, charming, and captures hearts, for sure, but her admiration of Penny fuels her actions over the course of *Dirty Dancing* just as much as her romance with Johnny does.



LAYING DOWN THE LAW FOR THE ENTERTAINMENT.

Baby admires Penny, Johnny's best friend and dancing partner, who was a Rockette. Baby wants Johnny, and she wants to be Penny, I think, and not in a Single White Female way. She continues to want to be Penny even after she learns that Penny and Johnny are not together, as she'd initially thought. She, in an awkward, foot-in-mouth moment, tells Penny she envies her right after Penny tells Baby that her mother kicked her out when she was 16. Baby confronts Robbie Gould (Max Cantor) for Penny (Baby's own sister Lisa (Jane Brucker) is often an afterthought; sorry Lisa!). Baby borrows \$250 from her dad for Penny. She gets her dad to help when Penny is sick after her abortion at the hands of a shady doctor.

Penny's existence embodies something Baby seems to covet; a type of freedom and confidence in her womanly self. Baby's life plan (college, Peace Corps) may well afford her the intellectual stimulation she craves, the seriousness her father (Jerry Orbach) represents that her mother (Kelly Bishop) and sister don't seem to, and the ability to help others that clearly drives her, but Penny's life, tough as it is, offers another kind of reality: one in which you get to express your wants (via the titular *Dirty Dancing*). Of course, Penny's life is more complicated. But Baby wants to want.

This is where the dancing comes in. The dancing! Dancing is work (hard work, as Baby learns!). Dancing is rebellion. Dancing is a way of life. Dancing brings people together. Dancing is sex. Dancing is love. Dancing is freedom...of expression, of the body. Penny and Johnny have freedom in Baby's eyes, but they both lack it, too—Penny, in her limited options and bodily



FOREARMS OF STEEL.

autonomy re: her pregnancy; Johnny, in the constraints around his job, his future, and how people see him.

Baby craves some freedom; she hasn't even realized yet, at age 18, that she can ask people to stop calling her "Baby." She is worldly yet sheltered. She and her doctor father, whom she worships, have serious opinions about serious topics. Baby is on the precipice of studying "the economics of underdeveloped countries" in college and then working in the Peace Corps.

Baby's gaze is focused on the horizon when she arrives at Kellerman's for her three-week family vacation; she's looking at injustices and poverty elsewhere. Nevertheless, Baby wants to help. Within her first few minutes onscreen, she helps the bellhop, Billy (Neal Jones), unload her family's luggage from their car, and we know her heart is in the right place. Baby is also kind of bored, and certainly bored of Neil (Lonny Price), Mr. Kellerman's grandson with whom she has been set-up by the adults in the room for her official Vacation Romance™.

Well, no thank you, Baby isn't having it. Enter Billy, Penny, Johnny, and the whole Kellerman's staff (minus the Ivy League waiters; screw you very much Robbie Gould!) and their *Dirty Dancing* afterhours parties. When Baby gets a taste of this life, she is hooked, and when Penny needs an abortion, Baby gets to step in and help some more—learning to dance and falling hard for Johnny (and he for her), who finally accepts her offered help and shows her his vulnerable side.



SWAYZE INSISTED ON DOING HIS OWN STUNTS.

His feeling of unworthiness is turned on its head. Her eyes are opened and her world expanded. There's more to Penny's life than the independent, sexy, Rockette woman Baby first sees; there's more to Johnny's life than gyrating hips and dalliances (unsabtly encouraged by Mr. Kellerman) with the Bungalow Bunnies whose husbands only come up on weekends; a lot of that "more" is tough breaks, unfair and unjust, and cruel (Robbie, who impregnated and ditched Penny, says some people, like her, "don't count"). There's more to herself, too. Baby can help people, she can dance, she can want (and be wanted). She can decide what—and who—she wants, too.

It all comes back to the dancing, in the end. Because the dancing is the way Baby even got to experience the freedom and love she found on this summer vacation. It's the way she gets to assert her independence, the way Johnny gets to say goodbye to Kellerman's on his own terms, the way they get to defiantly show off their romance, and the way the staff and guests can break down a barrier between them, maybe just once, just for this song (the classic "(I've Had) The Time of My Life"), but also, maybe in a way that will stick around next summer. Hey, it's the 60s, after all. Times, they are a-changin'. Tito the band leader seems on board.

When *Dirty Dancing* came out in 1987, reviews were ok—Roger Ebert, in particular, was not impressed at the movie's predictable "Idiot Plot" [1]; Richard Shickel in *TIME Magazine* was more forgiving (though still not especially wowed) [2]. Audiences turned out, though. The movie brought in \$3.9 million in its opening weekend,



THIS GUY DEFINITELY DOESN'T COUNT.

and eventually grossed just over \$63 million domestically [3]. In the nearly 40 years since its release, *Dirty Dancing* has remained popular and beloved. In 1997, the VHS was the bestselling title in the production company's library [4]. In 2024, the film was added to the Library of Congress National Film Registry for preservation [5], and in 2026, it was picked by *New York Times* culture reporter Melena Ryzik as a "Definitive Movie About America," [6] part of a feature tied to the country's 250th anniversary in July 2026. Irin Carmon called it "the greatest movie of all time" in *Jezebel* in 2010 [7].

And it remains a cultural touchstone; the movie's signature lift dance move appears in 2011's *Crazy, Stupid, Love*—Ryan Gosling's character uses it as a move to seduce women—and 2026's hit streaming show *Off Campus* features a reference to the movie in its very first episode (and characters watch it later in the series, too).

All this for a movie that screenwriter Eleanor Bergstein based on her childhood memories [8], a movie in which the leads hardly got along during filming—but had "breathtaking" chemistry during their screen test and only had to be reminded of that to get over their tension and shore up their falling-in-love performances [9], a movie in which two of the most endearing scenes of said falling-in-love were unscripted/outtakes (Johnny caressing Baby's arm and her dissolving into giggles, and the two of them goofing off, lip syncing to "Love Is Strange" in the studio) [10], a movie that lost a sponsor because Bergstein refused to remove the abortion storyline [11]. Not too shabby for 3 weeks' vacation in the Catskills.



THE ART OF THE GO-GO DANCE

ASSAULT OF THE KILLER BIMBOES

by: Dr. Rhonda Baughman

Assault of the Killer Bimbos (1988) is a beautifully absurd girls' road trip movie, a gorgeously goofy caper with some romance and mob elements tossed in, but at its heart? Its core? Its essence? It's a combo: girl power message meets dance movie. Don't even fight about it. Women helping one another, supporting each other, and several adorkable dancey dance scenes [1] are enough for the combo to stand. Throw in some memorable music, inspiring dialogue, and lively visuals/neon fashion alongside unexpectedly strong performances from most of the main cast and you have a memorable 80s slapstick from my childhood that withstood my recent viewings and adulthood scrutiny [2].

Full Moon (and the former Empire Pictures) mastermind Charlie Band mentions *Bimbos* as one of his favorite acquisitions [3] in his book *Confessions of a PuppetMaster: A Hollywood*

Memoir of Ghouls, Guts, and Gonzo Filmmaking [4]. He also says that "*Bimbos* is particularly interesting because it is often compared to a movie that came out three years later, *Thelma and Louise*." So, *Bimbos* isn't just a collection of some B-movie tropes—this was a girl power dance movie where everyone lived at the end! That is, unlike its *Thelma and Louise* (1991) comparison, no one is pointlessly flying off a cliff in a gorgeous car [5]. And although in real life, I would get the girl power and the road trips, 10-year-old me who both rented [6] the unedited film and watched the edited version on the USA channel's *Up All Night* [7] truly believed there would be more opportunities to watch or engage in go-go dancing than there are at present [8].

The opening credits give us a banger [9] and the dancing body doubles for stars Lulu and Peaches (Elizabeth Kaitan and Christina Whitaker,



THEM'S FIGHTING WORDS!

respectively)—our two lovable go-go dancing heroines. The women are fired and then quit the club because their boss, club owner Shifty Joe Malone (David Marsh) calls them “bimbos.” Peaches, the more confident of the duo, lets loose with “Didn’t I tell you never to use that word around me?! Don’t you know that’s the most goddamned degrading thing you can call a woman!” Peaches is intense here, and frankly, Shifty Joe gets what he deserves.

While on the phone trying to line up Bubbles, a new dancer for the evening, Shifty Joe is shot by hitman Big Vinnie (Mike Muscat), who easily frames Lulu and Peaches for the murder before nonchalantly placing the gun in Lulu’s hand, pinching her cheek and declaring, “It’s your tip, sweetheart,” before exiting the club with his moll, Poodles (punk scene art icon Patti Astor) [10]. Forced to go on the lam, and now the subject of a (wo)man hunt, Lulu and Peaches bond, wield a gun to pick up diner waitress Darlene (Tamara Souza), a hostage who quickly becomes a friend, with a hot cop (Jeffrey Orman) [11] soon on their trail to rescue Darlene [12]. Our lovely trio also manage a few side quests while evading Johnny Law: showing a dishonest mechanic the error of his ways, beating up a few cops (which includes Eddie Deezen), helping an elderly couple stranded at the side of the road, and grabbing the attention of three surf punks (Nick Cassevetes, Griffin O’Neal [13], and Jamie Bozian).

Cassevetes’ Wayne-O surfer character utters the line I deem truly unforgettable—a line that a smitten Lulu (and let’s face it, a 10-year-old Rhonda) ponder a lot over: “A good-looking babe



DON'T CALL THEM THELMA AND LOUISE, EITHER!

like you don’t need no makeup.” This is a line that would follow me for all of my days, and it’s not even one of the intentionally funny lines nor a critical line of exposition—it might even just be well-written filler, who knows? But of all the lines, I am surprised THIS is the one that stuck with me and helped shape little Rhonda (who still doesn’t wear makeup, decades later).

Oddly, but not really considering the direct-to-video B-Movie universe [14], almost everyone seems to be heading to Mexico: Lulu, Peaches, Darlene, hot cop, the three surfers, Big Vinnie, and Poodles. Somehow, it just makes sense that delightful go-go dancers mistakenly accused of murder (with a faux hostage in tow); a small town, justice-fueled cop; actual criminals looking to booze up and hide out; and stoned surfers looking for the big waves all head in the exact same direction to the exact same town. Everything that rises must converge, as writer Flannery O’Connor tells us, and there will be a bimbo showdown [15] in Mexico, in a town called Jalapeno [16]. In short: *Assault of the Killer Bimbos* is not what I would call coherent, but it is gloriously ridiculous chaos that’s still fun to watch, that makes me smile—and that’s exactly the point.

The phrase “killer bimbos” is actually used in the film during a radio announcement letting folks in the area know they’re “armed and dangerous” (with some of this verbiage sampled on the soundtrack) and a sheriff in pursuit uses the phrase to dispatch as well. The word ‘bimbo’ itself is never really shown to be positive or negative, although Peaches clearly loathes the label from



BOZOS VS. BIMBOS

the jump, but the viewer can be left wondering just what precisely the term is really meant to say if anything. As an English major, of course I think about these things and whether or not the word “bimbo” like other derogatory feminist language can be reclaimed.

Although some scenes go on a bit too long, it’s clear this was a short film that they worked hard to reach an adequate run time. I think they mostly succeeded, but one specific scene that really hit that ‘stretching it’ mark: Darlene is sent to entice Big Vinnie in the hotel bar, in front of Poodles, then lure him away from her and back to their hotel room so they can jump him? Kill him? Give him a piece of their mind? It’s unclear, but Peaches and Lulu lie in wait, hiding in the most shoddy-wobble, rickety-ratchet closet when Darlene brings Big Vinnie to the room. Once inside the closet, they can’t get out. We’re talking about slatted wooden doors that would fall apart if someone sneezed too hard. Darlene tells Big Vinnie to just wait a moment while she hangs up his ugly jacket, so it doesn’t wrinkle. She opens the door for her buds to leap out and attack Big Vinnie. After a lot of rolling around on the bed, Poodles dramatically busts in with her hands out like scary crab-pincers.

Exaggerated character types contribute heavily to the film’s comical tone and, unlike a lot of modern movies, it’s not annoying. Yeah, I couldn’t really believe it either. I fully expected the over-the-top club patrons, cops, surfers, and villains (especially the skeezy motel manager) to annoy the hell out of adult me, and yet the performances were not only enjoyable but gleefully portrayed and the



BAMBOOZLED BY BIG VINNIE!

comedic timing on point. No one played their role maniacally and no one seems to be having a bad time or forcing anything. If someone told me a lot of these actors and actresses were classically trained and mentored, I wouldn’t be surprised.

Alongside those playful performances, more than likely, the film is also still fun to watch based on costume design, vibrant visuals, and camera work. The low-budget production style is noticeable but doesn’t get in its own way. I want to pretend the soundtrack is what also guides the film’s cult appeal, but I know it’s probably just me enjoying those songs [17].

Clearly, there’s a happy ending. The bad guys are gone, the girls get the guys and they’re all chillin’ on the beach before they break the fourth wall. For a long time, there was rumor of a sequel—the last scene of the film even hints at it with some ridiculous tagline: “Bimbo Barbecue: the sizzling saga continues!” I don’t think I have to tell anyone that if this had been made, I’d have rented it. Due to the collapse of Empire Pictures and the 1988 WGA strike, the sequel was ultimately canceled.

Could Bimbos be (re)made today? Anything is possible in today’s cultural climate, but I don’t know that the film would need to be remade. It’s perfect: a sweet call to my childhood, a fascinating era of filmmaking so goofy and fun that it can remind us to still dare to reach for those feelings; and certainly, a colorful time capsule of what so many of us loved (and clearly still do) about the 80s.

CLOSING CREDITS

I'm Gonna Live Forever: Fame

Release Date: June 20, 1980

Written by: Christopher Gore

Directed by: Alan Parker

Essay by: Stephanie McDevitt

[1] "Fame" (Frame Rated, 2025) <https://tinyurl.com/3e79b2hr>

[2] "Freddie Prinze" (Wikipedia) <https://tinyurl.com/5n7npxyu>

[3] Ibid.

[4] "Irene Cara" (Wikipedia) <https://tinyurl.com/3c747jud>

[5] "Gene Anthony Ray" (Wikipedia) <https://tinyurl.com/b8f7xx2c>

[6] "Fame (1980 film)" (Wikipedia) <https://tinyurl.com/mv5x3ycv>

Translators of Body Language: Staying Alive

Release Date: July 11, 1983

Written by: Sylvester Stallone and Norman Wexler

Directed by: Sylvester Stallone

Essay By: Katheryn Hans

[1] Drag queen?! Queen of drag.

[2] "RuPaul Answers the Proust Questionnaire" (Vanity Fair, 2026) <https://tinyurl.com/2aczp624>

[3] "How Bee Gees Wrote Saturday Night Fever in A Week" (Ultimate Classic Rock, 2022) <https://tinyurl.com/5779jpjj>

[4] While this essay is about *Staying Alive*, I watched *Saturday Night Fever*, a film I hadn't seen since childhood—and it is crazy that I watched it as a nine year old—, in order to get a full sense of *Staying Alive*.

[5] "Staying Alive" (Roger Ebert, 1983) <https://tinyurl.com/39cswcxd>

[6] Ibid.

[7] "Why Stallone Agreed To Direct The Bizarre Sequel To *Saturday Night Fever*" (Screen Rant, 2022) <https://tinyurl.com/3t4xxv7a>

[8] [VIDEO] Joan Rivers Interviews Sylvester Stallone and John Travolta *Staying Alive* Part 2 (Posted to Youtube by MOR Music Clips, 2019) <https://tinyurl.com/2dr99c6j>

[9] Ibid.

[10] Whomp, whomp.

[11] [VIDEO] 1983. Behind the Scenes with John Travolta and Sylvester Stallone, 'Staying Alive' and others." (Posted to Youtube by Geraldo Rivera, 2025) <https://tinyurl.com/34csz98v>

[12] Ibid.

[13] [VIDEO] "Joan Rivers Interviews Sylvester Stallone and John Travolta *Staying Alive* Part 2" (Posted to Youtube by MOR Music Clips, 2019) <https://tinyurl.com/2dr99c6j>

[14] [VIDEO] 1983. Behind the Scenes with John Travolta and Sylvester Stallone, 'Staying Alive' and others." (Posted to Youtube by Geraldo Rivera, 2025) <https://tinyurl.com/34csz98v>

[15] [VIDEO] Joan Rivers Interviews Sylvester Stallone and John Travolta *Staying Alive* Part 2 (Posted to Youtube by MOR Music Clips, 2019) <https://tinyurl.com/2dr99c6j>

Iconic Hip Hop Fantasy Rooted in Reality: Breakin' 2: Electric Boogaloo

Release Date: December 21, 1984

Written by: Charles Parker, Allen DeBevoise, Jan Ventura, Julie Reichert

Directed by: Sam Firstenberg

Essay by: Sebastian Gregory

[1] "Radiotron: the story of a youth hip-hop club" (LAist, 2023) <https://tinyurl.com/yrkbtftv>

[2] "The Cannon Group, Inc." (Wikipedia) <https://tinyurl.com/3khx6eku>

[3] "Electric Boogaloo: The Wild, Untold Story of Cannon Films" <https://tinyurl.com/meb944nd>

[4] "Breakin'" (Wikipedia) <https://tinyurl.com/3arbpvxv>

[5] "Electric Boogaloo: The Wild, Untold Story of Cannon Films" <https://tinyurl.com/meb944nd>

[6] Ibid.

[7] Ibid.

[8] "Radiotron: the story of a youth hip-hop club" (LAist,

2023) <https://tinyurl.com/yrkbtftv>

[9] “Breakin’2: Electric Boogaloo” (Wikipedia) <https://tinyurl.com/mpb5h8uy>

[10] “Electric Boogaloo (song)” (Wikipedia) <https://tinyurl.com/9hnyun7>

Ahab’s White Train: Beat Street

Release Date: June 8, 1984

Written by: Andrew Davis, David Gilbert, Paul Golding, Steven Hager

Directed by: Stan Lathan

Essay by: Stephanie McDevitt

[1] “Beat Street, What Went Wrong?” (The Tin Whistle, 2022) <https://tinyurl.com/54p3r85j>

[2] Ibid.

[3] Ibid.

[4] “The Story of How ‘Beat Street’ Went From a Box Office Failure to One of Hip-Hop’s Most Important Movies.” (okayplayer, 2019) <https://tinyurl.com/4h2uph2n>

[5] Ibid.

[6] Ibid.

[7] “Beat Street” (Wikipedia) <https://tinyurl.com/y47wvank>

[8] “The Story of How ‘Beat Street’ Went From a Box Office Failure to One of Hip-Hop’s Most Important Movies.” (okayplayer, 2019) <https://tinyurl.com/4h2uph2n>

[9] “Beat Street” (Wikipedia) <https://tinyurl.com/y47wvank>

[10] “The Story of How ‘Beat Street’ Went From a Box Office Failure to One of Hip-Hop’s Most Important Movies.” (okayplayer, 2019) <https://tinyurl.com/4h2uph2n>

[11] “Beat Street” (Wikipedia) <https://tinyurl.com/y47wvank>

Break Those Chains: White Nights

Release date: November 22, 1985

Written by: James Goldman, Eric Hughes, and Nancy Dowd

Directed by: Taylor Hackford

Essay by: Janene Scelza and Matt Scelza

[1] Both “Separate Lives” (the Collins/Martin track) and Lionel Richie’s “Say You, Say Me” earned nods at the 1986 Academy Awards.”The prize instead went to Lionel Richie’s “Say You, Say Me”; another chart topper which appeared in the film but was not included on the original soundtrack due to licensing issues. It was included in the album reissue as a bonus track along with “I Don’t Wanna Know” by Phil Collins.” (Wikipedia, <https://tinyurl.com/2mt6s6b9>)

[2] A busy year for Geraldine Page, who also appeared in and won an Oscar for *A Trip to Bountiful*.

[3] Check out *A Chorus Line* (1985), which Tom writes about in this issue, for insight about working in the biz.

[4] “‘Nights’: Accent On Defection” (LA Times, 1985) <https://tinyurl.com/2emw4zwu>. Though, the surveillance state was no joke; see Julia Cooke’s book, *Come Fly The World: The Jet-Age Story of the Women of Pan Am*.

[5] “White Nights (1985 Film)” (Wikipedia) <https://tinyurl.com/2neb6btv>

“Wish me luck, the same to you”: A Chorus Line

Release date: December 9, 1985

Written by: Arnold Schulman (screenplay); James Kirkwood Jr. and Nicholas Dante (book)

Directed by: Richard Attenborough

Essay by: Tom Scelza

[1] The process, known as the workshop approach <https://tinyurl.com/4bzjzxy6> (“Workshop Production,” Wikipedia), was used again when Bennett worked on the play *Dreamgirls*. Actors signed waivers as in *A Chorus Line* for one dollar. The unfairness of this led to a Development Agreement. This specific contract allows producers to develop new shows with actors, but if actors contribute to the writing or creation of the play, and the show moves on to a commercial production, they receive “contingent compensation” or backend royalties (typically around 1% of the royalty pool shared by the actors). “Eastern Agreement” (Actor’s Equity Association) <https://tinyurl.com/4y66khr2>; “Developing a Show: Actors v. Producers” (HuffPost, 2016) <https://tinyurl.com/2s32t45v>

[2] TCM quoting Marc Eliot’s complaints about the movie, “Marc Eliot believed ‘destroyed the show’s mystical and metaphorical reach, where all its power lay; these kids were auditioning not just for the show of their lives but to show off their lives.” <https://www.tcm.com/articles/1135254/a-chorus-line>

[3] “It was a smash hit with audiences and critics, earning twelve Tony Award nominations and nine wins. The play ran for 6,137 performances, making it the longest-running Broadway show until *Cats*. It also won the 1976 Pulitzer Prize for Drama.” – TCM, Ibid.

[4] Michael Bennet’s reasons for turning the movie both had to do with studio non-response to his suggestions for making auditions for the film the movie, and also not a great foray into filmmaking that was meant to be the movie that taught him filmmaking

[5] <https://www.nytimes.com/1984/11/11/movies/chorus-line-vs-hollywood-a-saga.html>
The *New York Times* called it the “most frustrating and fascinating courtships between Broadway and Hollywood.” Ibid.

[6] [VIDEO] Tom Scelza’s video comparing *A Chorus Line* play and film, “Understanding the creation of *A Chorus*

Line” (posted to YouTube by hyperman1010, 2026). <https://tinyurl.com/mr4aeajp>

[7] “A Chorus Line (film)” (Wikipedia) [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/A_Chorus_Line_\(film\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/A_Chorus_Line_(film))

Welcome to Kellerman’s: Dirty Dancing

Release Date: August 21, 1987

Written by: Eleanor Bergstein

Directed by: Emile Ardolino

Essay by: Jessica MacLeish

[1] Roger Ebert. “Dirty Dancing.” [RogerEbert.com](https://www.rogerebert.com). 21 Aug 1987. <https://tinyurl.com/5cyj2ezm>

[2] “Teenage Turmoil.” *TIME* Magazine, September 14, 1987. <https://tinyurl.com/28u425rd>

[3] “Dirty Dancing.” [Boxofficemojo.com](https://www.boxofficemojo.com). <https://tinyurl.com/4hrdyw5t>

[4] “Save the Last Dirty Dance for the Revival.” *The LA Times*. August 18, 1997. <https://tinyurl.com/mrx5fsnv>

[5] “25 Films Named to National Film Registry for Preservation.” Library of Congress newsroom. December 17, 2024. <https://tinyurl.com/yv7m5rt2>

[6] “What Is the Definitive Movie About America?” *The New York Times*. July 4, 2026. <https://tinyurl.com/3vmzs5xf>

[7] “Dirty Dancing Is the Greatest Movie of All Time.” *Jezebel*. April 29, 2010. <https://tinyurl.com/ymxhtv4r>

[8] “Save the Last Dirty Dance for the Revival.” *The LA Times*. August 18, 1997. <https://tinyurl.com/mrx5fsnv>

[9] Courtney Tenz. “10 Things You Probably Didn’t Know about Dirty Dancing.” [DW.com](https://www.dw.com). 17 Aug 2017. <https://tinyurl.com/2s4z5mkc>

[10] Ibid.

[11] Ibid.

The Art of the Go-Go Dance: Assault of the Killer Bimbos

Year Released: 1988

Written by: Patti Astor, Ted Nicolaou, Anita Rosenberg

Directed by: Anita Rosenberg

Essay by: Rhonda Baughman

[1] The opening credits are considered a dance scene and clearly use pros/body doubles.

[2] Hallelujah! Of course it has some stereotypes, some sexism—but nothing I would call intentionally cruel.

[3] Hilariously, my *Bimbos Cult Video* DVD opens almost like a parody: ‘Empire Pictures Presents’ a ‘Titan Production’, and then ‘Urban Classics Presents’. That’s a lot for a film barely hitting 85 minutes. The neon pink logo and cursive

font of Urban Classics always excited me as a kid and still does even now. It’s also in the opening credits of *Sorority Babes in the Slimeball Bowl-O-Rama* (1988) covered in GOF issue 14.

[4] Written with Adam Felber, published by William Morrow, an imprint of Harper Collins Publishers in 2021

[5] I’m not apologizing. I don’t like the Thelma ending. Although the cars in both films are eerily similar.

[6] RIP VideoTime

[7] And who now owns copies on VHS and DVD; who still owns a framed OG film poster from Hollywood Book and Poster; and whose rock and roll record store owning father bought her the (still owned) soundtrack on vinyl. #BimbosForever

[8] Which is to say, none at all really.

[9] “I’ve Been Watching You” by Knight Time

[10] Her Wiki skims the surface of someone I wish I could have interviewed. RIP to Patti in 2024.

[11] With a face straight out of a Hallmark holiday movie.

[12] Convoluted, yes, so I asked AI to create a summary of the film just to see if it could do any better than me. Nope. It can’t. In fact, the AI was dead wrong. There’s no mall in this film and no beauty pageant. Now I ask you, if AI can’t even get this silly element right, why are we trusting it with the tougher questions?

[13] Yes, those families: Nick is the son of John Cassavetes and Gena Rowlands and Griffin the son of Ryan O’Neal and first wife Joanna Moore.

[14] Bimbos was only discovered at all because its trailer appeared on the VHS rental of *Sorority Babes in the Slimeball Bowl-O-Rama*, alongside an additional trailer for *Galactic Gigolo* (RIP Carmine Capobianco). The *Bimbos* trailer alone (deemed important by young me because it appeared before my favorite film of all time) is actually what led to the late-night TV viewings and eventual multiple rentals.

[15] Not to be confused with “Bimbo Breakdown,” performed by The Billion Dollar Babies on the soundtrack.

[16] Because of course it is.

[17] I can say the same for the music in *Sorority Babes in the Slimeball Bowl-O-Rama* although tragically no official soundtrack was released. HOWEVER, I have found a bootleg site no more than a week after finishing this review and revising.



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