



HENNY GARFUNKEL

Hatchet-Face (Kim McGuire), Milton (Darren E. Burrows), Cry-Baby (Johnny Depp), Pepper (Ricki Lake) and Wanda (Traci Lords) are "The Drapes."

★ ★ ★ 1/2 *Cry-Baby*  
*Oaks Six East*

Life is too dangerous and children grow up too fast for us to ever see the likes of the '50s juvenile delinquent again. You remember them, don't you? They were girls in bullet bras and boys in leather jackets who never did anything more threatening than stand on street corners and spit.

At the time, their rebellious at-

titudes and their rock'n'roll music probably seemed like the end of the world. Now they appear quite innocent, and John Waters misses them. His new musical *Cry-Baby* is a snappy, funny ode to those young, misunderstood toughs.

It stars Johnny Depp in a hilarious performance as Cry-Baby, a "drape" (cool person) who is pushed around by the authorities and harassed by the town

"squares." He's a good boy at heart who is unfailingly polite to women and refuses to drink and drive — or even drink at all as far as we know.

But *Cry-Baby* forces himself to do one bad thing a day, and he won't give anyone the satisfaction of seeing his sweet inner self, except for one symbolic teardrop. When he falls in love with the girlfriend of the lead square and

she decides that she's tired of being good, sparks begin to fly.

This movie is one loopy, inspired moment after another. Early on, the mother of one of the drapes is serving as a crossing guard. She embarrasses her daughter by telling them to look both ways before crossing the street. "Good teen-agers!" she says approvingly when they oblige.

Later, Baldwin tries to win back his girl by leading his buddies and the entire high school band in the bunny-hop dance through town and to her doorstep. Once there, he happily tells the gathering crowd that he's "proud of being

square."

The casting alone is a kitsch-lover's delight. Who couldn't love a movie that stars Iggy Pop, former porn queen Traci Lords, Troy Donahue and Patty Hearst?

Those minor delights aside, the real reasons this movie works are Waters' tongue-in-cheek script and the marvelous songs featured throughout. The songs move beyond a mere pastiche of '50s music to become engaging and memorable in their own right. They help make *Cry-Baby* an unfailingly amusing, finger-snapping delight.

BY MICHAEL GILTZ