

Voodoo and the Oscars

Mickey Rourke
Robert De Niro
Lisa Bonet

(Alan Parker - Director)

Angel Heart is a bit of an oddity really. Initially it appears to be just another big-production wacky detective film with one of those "it was just another day: I was out of booze, out of cigarettes and out of luck until. . ." type of private dick characters this time played by the excellent Mickey Rourke. But don't be caught unawares - suddenly the story bludgeons into a much more sinister vein characterized by the most gruesome aspects of the supernatural.

Unfortunately, I can't give

away real hints about the story without ruining the whole plot, but suffice to say the shocks we were all warned about are not completely unexpected. I picked up the twist quite easily on in the proceedings and I'm certainly no Ellery Queen. The success of the film though lies in the fact that holistically Angel Heart is a sweaty little bastard that effectively keeps the audience in the dark throughout most of the picture only dropping subliminal hints here and there as to what actually might be happening.

It is an excellent example of film making, which manages to paint an authentic picture of urban American life in the

fifties with a particularly grimy brush. Director Alan Parker has a fine sense of combining meticulous attention to detail with sweeping panoramas of almost surreal qualities. In parts the visual sequencing is so good that my socks started to creep off of the their accord.

Again Mickey Rourke takes sometime in establishing his character and futher convinces us that he is a devotee of the De Niro school of acting. In fact, in the first fifteen minutes Mr. Rourke is subject to so many pregnant and contemplative pauses that I was constantly reminded of Travis Bickle in 'Taxi Driver'.

Intriguingly Lisa Bonet, the appallingly wooden Cosby girl, is cast as a 17 year old VooDoo vamp and remarkably enough gets away with it quite well. Those of

you who are familiar with North America's favourite sitcom might actually be a little shocked to see what Miss Bonet is capable of doing with chickens and furthermore receives a rather well choreographed stuffing from Mr. Rourke.

The ending is a little bit corny and escapes without egg on its face only through excellent grand Guignol imagery. The only other complaint I might have, is that, Robert De Niro doesn't really come across too well as the latter day Mephistopholes (oops - there goes the plot!). But these are minor criticisms for a film that is a first rate example of entertaining cinema.

Please see it.

UNCLE STEVIE

This year's academy award presentations show had much

in common with Reagan's presidency; lot's of flash and nostalgia, with little substance, and like Reagan's presidency, it was marred with mistakes and technical foul-ups.

This year's 'gala' - as Hollywood would try to convince us - had the glitter of a Busby Barkley musical, all that was missing was Esther Williams paddling around on stage, in an olympic size swimming pool. If they had installed the pool I am sure Chevy Chase would have jumped in after Marlee Matlin, anything to get a laugh.

Steven Spielberg received the Thalberg award for his contribution to the medium; probably because he has produced or directed five of the top ten grossing movies of all time, and can't get within spitting distance of a regular Oscar.

This year more than any other was a year without surprise; Paul Newman finally got his Oscar, for what was far from his most brilliant performance, Platoon took a well deserved three - Picture, Director and Editor - ,Marlee Matlin earned best actress; no doubt heart strings were tugged throughout America.

Like every year they trotted out those old dears, in their age and decrepitude, so we could all have one last look, before the shuffle off this mortal coil, and gawk we did. No wonder Greta Garbo became a recluse.

All in all, Monday night's four hour marathon provided excellent opportunities to catch up on long overdue work and reading.

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