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Rape case brought to court

By MARK DILLON

Rape has been a common subject in American movies for years, but Jonathan Kaplan's new film, The Accused, gives it an interesting twist.

The scenario, supposedly from an actual case, unfolds like any TV movie dealing with rape: woman (Jodie Foster) eludes her assailants (there are three in this case); the treatment she is given by hospital staff and the law is insensitive and dehumanizing; someone from the DA's office (Kelly McGillis) fights to see the offenders put away - the stuff of every other episode of Night Heat.

But the film isn't even half over. The victim, a waitress, doesn't feel that justice has been done. So the Assistant DA decides to bring to trial the three men, the "accused," who witnessed, cheered, and provoked the crime.

Writer Tom Topor and director Kaplan bring home a potent statement about the violent, voyeuristic nature of crowds in America, emphasized by scenes of fans cheering sports violence.

Thematically the film is compelling and the performances are strong. McGillis is solid as the stubborn prosecuting attorney, but Foster

steals the show. She has been a revelation in the past couple of years, effortlessly making the transition from child star to mature actress. She gives the kind of gritty portrayal in The Accused that made her famous in Taxi Driver. Her scene on the stand is especially memorable.

DA in the new film, The Accused.

For all that the film has going for it, it does not achieve greatness. It is slightly long, and involves too many mini-dramas. A sub-plot involving a college student - who, by acting as a witness, would send his rapist friend to jail, threatens to grind the narrative to a halt. Also, writer and director are so eager to make points for and against everyone that at times

you no longer know the film's position.

Kaplan's direction, which is for the most part competent and occasionally excellent, tends to miss the mark at crucial moments. The rape itself is visualized for us in a flashback near the end of the film. Initially the scene is tense and repulsive, but someone should teach Kaplan when to say "cut." A more economical filmmaker would have done the scene in half the time.

For obvious reasons of commercial appeal, this thoroughly glum tale ends on a somewhat hopeful note, but one does not soon forget the disturbing nature of the crime.

Hard justice

By P.S. MARLBORO . . And Justice for All Metallica

Metallica has a new record out. It took them as long as Michael Jackson, but they finally did it. As most Johnny-come-lately music connoisseurs probably didn't get past the headline of this review, here's to the dudes, - "Metallica Rules."



Master of Puppets, the single LP that should have been a double, is one of the most pivotal records since Led Zeppelin IV. This record has given the metal genre the respectability it had been denied in the past. James Hetfield (vocalist, rhythm guitar) and Lars Ulrich (drums) took writing credits and produced a record that drives with rhythmic innocence (You're not supposed to be able to do that so fast), and with a melodic intelligence rarely seen in metal (Right Lemmy?). Justice for All will be a disappointment if you expect a Master of Puppets II. The lyrics on this record aren't what you'd expect of Hefield at this stage, but the instrumental makes up for it. Some argue that this record should be played at 45 RPM for full effect, granted, Metallica just isn't what it used to be. But those who want the old stuff can still listen to it - sons of Metallica are a dime a dozen. For die-hard fans, this record might just make you realize that these guys aren't kids anymore. Some may scream, "sell out," but "maturity" might be more accurate (and I'm not making excuses). Rock critic Chuck Eddy screamed "sell out," but Chuck Eddy can't deal with the fact that he isn't a teenager anymore, and Windham Hill is just around the corner. Relax, Chuck, growth is a good thing. This isn't really Metallica's best, but it may be you'll be able to understand. This week's Village Voice poll puts ... And Justice For All at number one. Michael Jackson's Bad only made it to number five.

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