

Married to the Mob: incredibly amazingly stupid

Married to the Mob
Orion Pictures

review by Dragos Ruiu

Married to the Mob is a stupid film about incredibly stupid people doing amazingly stupid things. Stupid is perhaps an overstatement of this movie's qualities; maybe daft, or perhaps insipid, or even obtuse should be used.

The star of this movie is Michelle Pfeiffer, whom a lot of people consider gorgeous, and her character is an, err... feeble-minded wife of a mobster (played by Alec Baldwin). Luckily, Frankie the mobster, who goes by the nick-name "Cucumber", doesn't stick around long enough for us to find out that he is stupid too.

Frank gets offed by "Tony the Tiger" (Dean Stockwell), the unintelligent kingpin mobster, who is also "Cucumber's" boss and offended by what "Cucumber" is doing with his cucumber to Tony's bimbo. Then Tony starts hitting on the grieving widow.

Angela (Pfeiffer) has an attack of con-

science, gives away all her ill-gotten worldly possessions, and takes off. While all this is happening, a dim-witted pair of FBI men have the whole lot under surveillance and make dim conclusions about the significance of all the goings on. The whole situation then goes off on its merry, stupid way and we get treated to a TV sitcom plot.

The main FBI guy (Matthew Modine) falls in love with Angela, because he's a ditz, and she's a ditz, and the two of them can't spell ditz together. They toss in a little slapstick humor, blend it all up, and ta-daa, we get a dumb movie.

Oddly enough, this movie bears a lot of resemblance to *Something Wild*, another movie directed by Jonathan Demme (*Stop Making Sense*). But it seems as if this entire movie took a lot of valium compared to *Something Wild*. Both movies follow the same sort of premise, odd people in odd situations, but *Married to the Mob* just falls asleep.

The characters aren't developed, and so they wind up looking... (you can guess it). Interestingly enough, during the closing credits of the movie the audience is treated

to takes of some (really, lots) of scenes that were not included in the movie. Inevitably you have to wonder what the movie was like before all these scenes were edited out. Maybe the characters would not seem like cardboard cutouts, with matching IQ's.

In the opening credits, David Byrne (the Talking Head himself) is listed as the author of the score. And the score is great, but Demme chose to include at best three seconds of any given song; sort of an eclectic version of Name That Tune. This

will probably make a better soundtrack album than a score. The comparisons with Demme's last effort, *Something Wild*, are begging, as everything that was great about that movie went wrong with this movie. This movie missed Demme's frantic energy and wound up being merely moronic.

Of course, if you hated *Something Wild*, you might just like this one. But don't bet on it, unless you like to see pathetic people cavort pitifully.



"How did we end up in this awful movie?"

Celluloid wrap-up

continued from p13

Midnight Run — Robert DeNiro as a bounty hunter who must get his quarry, Charles Grodin, from New York to L.A. in three days, or else he loses the fee. As a very weird friendship develops, the two are chased by the F.B.I., the mob, and a rival bounty hunter. Great fun.

Willow — Epic Fantasy by Lucas and Howard, as a small band of adventurers must protect a baby from the clutches of an evil sorceress so the kid can eventually fulfill a prophecy. It has the right amounts of action, romance, humour, and mystery.

Forget last year's *The Princess Bride* — this is what fantasy should be.

The Worst Five (Alphabetically):

The Big Blue — The story of a group of freewheeling free-divers (i.e., no tanks) and their epic struggle to determine which one of them can hold their breath the longest. Trite, shallow, and boring (i.e., no thanks).

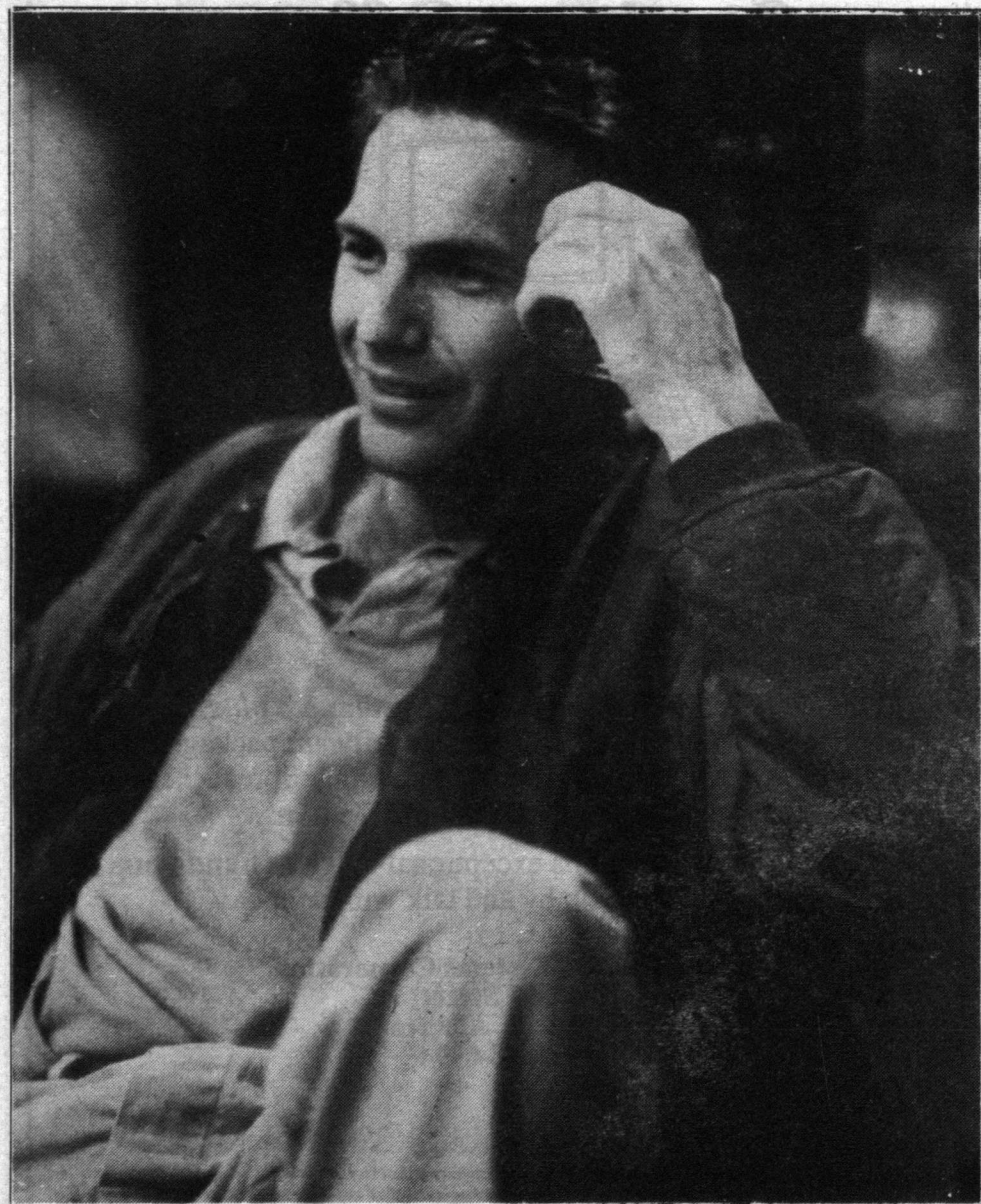
Funny Farm — Chevy Chase as a writer who moves out to a farm to get away from the city. Even *Green Acres* was never this bad, as Chevy plays essentially what he usually does: a moronic klutz.

The Great Outdoors — A summer vacation film with John Candy and Dan Ackroyd as brothers with their families at a country lake vacation lodge. It featured most of the vacation-film cliches, juvenile humour that was not very funny, and shallow performances. At least John Candy wasn't the usual bumbling buffoon he usually plays in his movies, but the film was still awful.

Johnny Be Good — Anthony Michael Hall as a high-school quarterback (no,

really!) being recruited (i.e., bribed) by various colleges. Was it a comedy? A drama? A high-school flick? A satire? A sports story? I couldn't tell. All I could tell was that this film was a real turkey.

Rambo III — Sylvester Stallone as the disgruntled Vietnam vet once again. This time, he goes to Afghanistan to rescue his friend and kill more commies, just like the last Rambo film. A piece of violent anti-Soviet propaganda with no redeeming qualities whatsoever.



Kevin Costner as 'Crash' Davis in *Bull Durham*.

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