

Uncle Stevie at the Movies

Photo
pinched
by
lustful fan

Mel Gibson and Danny Glover in 'Lethal Weapon'

LETHAL WEAPON
(Movie Review)

Uncle Stevie witnesses some proto fascist nonsense at the movies

Whoosh! Bang! There she goes! Beautiful half naked teenager plunges 25 floors into the roof of a conveniently parked DeSoto after lining her nostrils with two pounds of sherbert.

Suddenly, a chubby bearded black man is taking a bath when the doors burst open to reveal a disgustingly lovely brood of kids interrupting the ablutions with a birthday cake. Apparently the man is fifty years old. How nice.

A blissfully happy domestic scene, all warm smiles and tomfoolery. Next cut to a dishevelled muscular young gentleman, waking up in an equally dishevelled trailer somewhere in the middle of nowhere, seemingly with a beer bottle and a cigarette permanently grafted onto his right hand. Mel Gibson (for it is he) gets up, belches voiciferously, tosses something undefinable to his dog, scratches his bum and urinates in the sink. Thus, we have the preliminary character appraisal sequence that leads us into one of the

most predictable buddy buddy movies one is likely to see in the next decade.

Next week the baddies responsible for the death of Miss Nose-Dive '87

The lead henchman is a thoroughly undesirable reanderthal throwback that goes by the soubriquet of Mr. Joshua. Mr. Joshua is a really nasty piece of work and soon we learn that he is also extremely stupid: his party trick is to place a cigarette lighter under his forearm for a ridiculous amount of time. Even at this early stage of the film everybody in the audience possessing the most rudimentary assemblage of the brain cells knows that sooner or later our Mel is going to have to feed Mr. Joshua's intestines through a meat grinder. Actually, as it turns out, he is dealt with in a much more prosaic manner.

Meanwhile, back with the heroes, we find that our Mel is just a little upset over the fact that his wife has recently died. Just to prove the point we are allowed to witness the distraught Mr. Gibson prodding the business end of a pistol into various parts of his face. But he doesn't do it of course. Mel, see, is a one man death squad and the point of fascination of the whole story.

"I once shot an MVA at my My Lai at 1000 yards" proclaims the suddenly serious Mr. Gibson to Danny Glover,

"it was windy and there aren't more than 10 men in the world that could have done that. But... it's what I do best." - the audience go ape shit! And goodness gracious - old Mel is a Vietnam vet! Well you could have knocked me down with a feather.

As the highly wired but charismatic psychotic, Gibson is very well cast. When confronted with a number of men that have just eaten their children for breakfast, his eyes sparkle with an untamed fire in a manically twitching face representing a psyche chock-a-block with demons.

Basically Lethal Weapon might have been a good idea if there was a stronger noiristic element in the whole deal. As it is, the film leans rather suspiciously towards people who give Rambo dolls to Little Jimmy to shoot up with an air gun. The cinematography is a little shoddy and by and large there is a vast acreage for improvement. As a case in point, the ending is bloody ridiculous and the producers should be given a damn good spanking with an AK47 to let it go to such a waste. In short, having

quickly dispensed with all the nasty bastards after being subjected to endless torture, our Mel finally meets up with the incorrigible Mr. Joshua in his partner's vegetable patch where they proceed to slug the crap out of each other; a match up closely observed by half of the massed ranks of the L.A.P.D. as if at a Saturday night wrestling match.

Alright, Gibson is great but the film conspicuously lacks any other redeeming features. The buddy buddy concept gets far too syrupy in parts for my liking and, further, the movie doesn't really know whether or not it wants to be a comedy or an action packed blow out. Quite frankly I was rather alarmed to find myself subconsciously making comparisons with the horrendous Stallone venture Cobra--now there was a bit of celluloid that really sucked a huge one.

It went down well with the spirited audience though--cries of 'Cool, so cool!' and 'Jeez Bob! We gotta see that at least a hunnert times by God☆' filled the evening air after they had been unleashed into the car park.

Catch it on video if somebody has already rented 'Big Bird Eats Some Bread' at your local store, soon.