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Bonnie and Clyde clone dies an awful death

by Jim Russell

Chicago Joe and the Showgirl directed by Bernard Rose produced by Working Title Films

Do we really need another Bonnie and Clyde? Do you want to watch another clinically psychotic couple maim and murder innocent people? If you answered yes to either of the preceding questions, Chicago Joe and the Showgirl is for you.

Kiefer Sutherland is Chicago Joe, a streetwise army deserter

who makes a living by running penny ante scams in World War II London. Emily Lloyd (Cookie, In Country and Wish You Were Here) plays the sadistic "Showgirl" who provides the catalyst for Chicago Joe's transformation from small time thief to vile murderer

From the moment the two of them meet, you can feel the forboding and doom that envelops them. Ricky's (Sutherland) lies and "gangster" delusions feed Georgina's (Lloyd) sadism and

Diceman's film craps out



You have to go beyond Anrew Dice Clay's (above, left) reputation to judge Ford Fairlane. Only then can you see how bad a film it really is.

by Paul Gazzola

Ford Fairlane directed by Renny Harlin produced by Twentieth Century Fox

Don't like Andrew Dice Clay's new movie?

Fine. Just call him a name.

You can call him a "toad" or a "bully," as one Toronto Star critic did. If that language is too strong for you, how about "slightly overweight," as another Star writer kindly pointed out. Then, there's "homophobic," "racist" and "woman-hater" (those three tend to cover everything these days). It's all perfectly safe to do; right now, Clay is the easy target - at least, until the new Guns n' Roses album comes out.

However, in the midst of this name name calling, constructive criticism seems to be absent. So far, with the exception of The Globe and Mail, The Adventures of Ford Fairlane has been treated as another Clay monologue.

Which it is. And, it isn't. There's

Dick Tracy. (One major difference is that Warren Beatty filmed his in seven bright colours, while Clay used seven dirty words.)

Whether or not the parody is intentional is hard to say. Big screen detectives are always cool, and their girl Fridays are always secretly in love with them. But, both films have kids (as in "The Kid"), and both are full of recognizable names (sans make-up, of course), which also goes to show that for as many people who are boycotting Clay, there's another million more than happy to make money off him.

Intentional, though, is the movie's attack on the music industry's habit of placing image above ability (kinda on risky ground, there, aren't we, Andrew?). Or, the tendency of record companies to rip people off to make a profit.

Not that any of this is enough to save Ford Fairlane. As toned down as Clay is (to the point of making fun of himself), the movie is more often silly and stupid than funny. It's going to attract enough Clay fans to make a profit, but it probably won't win him any new ones. But, give the devil his due: Ford Fairlane is no worse than a lot of other comedians' first-time films.

"gun moll" fantasies, to the point where the two of them become a matching pair of self-sustaining social parasites - sharks in a feeding frenzy of violence.

They steal a truck, then a fur coat; they brutalize a woman, then commit murder; it's a predictable spiral that leads to a predictable end. There are no surprises in this story

Sutherland, a Canadian (son of Donald Sutherland), did an admirable job in this "tabloid film," as did Lloyd. Talented Patsy Kensit (Chorus of Disapproval and Lethal Weapon II) is the naive woman left behind as her kind, heroic, smooth talking lover, Chicago Joe, is hand cuffed before her eyes and led away by police to answer for

Though Yallop wrote Chicago Joe and the Showgirl in the 1970s, it did not go before the cameras until 1989. "There was a profound nervousness about what I'd done," he says, explaining why he had difficulty getting producers interested in the property, "because I don't take a moral position." Perhaps ... but the problem may have been the writing itself.

Beneath the exterior of this 'dark" drama is a chilling sexual perversity that many will find unacceptable. Ricky's violence drives his girlfriend Georgina to orgasmic heights as she literally wallows in the blood of their victims

crimes she could never have imagined him committing

Mike Southon's photography is adequate, although he had difficulty holding a skin tone. The entire film was shot on a set, so, at times, the environment looks cardboardish and fake.

Chicago Joe and the Showgirl is based on the "cleft-chin mur-



Kiefer Sutherland and Emily Lloyd play a couple of cute, psychotic kids in Chicago Joe and the Showgirl.

der" that rocked Britain in 1944. The trial and subsequent hanging grabbed the headlines back then. but screenwriter David Yallop chose the events that preceded the trial as the subject of his script.

The body of a partially naked woman, her clothes blown off by a bomb, is highlighted so that her blood covered breasts are prominent. A scene which takes place in a sort of "Dante's Lover's Lane" shows quick glimpses of soldiers making love amid the bombed out rubble of a London building.

"This is garbage," whispered the woman sitting behind me to her companion. I disagree, but I will admit that Chicago Joe and the Showgirl is a hard movie to watch.

Like Bonnie and Clyde or Drug Store Cowboy, there are no heroes, only villains and innocent bystanders, nor has the writer given us any joy in the ending, other than the delight that comes from knowing the film is over.

Director Bernard Rose says, "the most immoral thing in any movie is to show death or violence as something clean . . . It has to be shown as awful and messy and disturbing." Nonsense! Attempting to cash in on a dreadful murder perpetrated by despicable criminals is the most immoral thing.

With apologies to the fine cast, I give the writer and director a 1 out of 10.



more to Ford Fairlane than Clay's fixation with his hair and penis. Somewhere in there is a nasty parody of that visually stunning, but ultimately boring summer epic



The Toronto Art Therapy Institute and the Institute for Arts and Human Development at the Lesley College Graduate School in Cambridge Mass. have completed arrangements for a co-operative program of studies leading to a masters degree in the expressive arts therapies. Students and graduates of the Toronto Art Therapy Institute 2 year diploma program, are eligible to apply to the Lesley College Masters degree program in the Expressive Art Therapies where their graduate-level training at the Toronto Art Therapy Institute will be given credit as part of the Lesley Masters program.

To complete their Masters degree, students spend two summers at Lesley College for 2 five week periods. If you would like to receive further information about this joint effort, please contact our office and a staff person will be pleased to talk to you.

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