Roget's Pocket Collection of Gangster Stereotypes

Orion Pictures Odeon Theatre

review by David Jordan

The holiday season's biggest disappointment had to be The Cotton Club. The 1920's and 30's were exciting years, and have inspired some great films, like The Great Gatsby, which captured all the desperate excitement of the lost generation, or Lady Sings the Blues, in which Diana Ross did a superb job of portraying the hopelessness of a black entertainer in the dirty thirties.

So when Orion Pictures announced that Francis Ford Coppola was taking charge of a \$47 million budget in a film about a Harlem nightclub during the depression, expectations ran high. Unfortunately, The Cotton Club captures none of the excitement of the times. It is merely a pastiche of ganster cliches, a random sampling of outtakes from Godfather III.

years after writing the screenplay of The and a handful of stooges and thugs. Great Gatsby, he reutrns to the subject with The Cotton Club, this time taking credits for directing as well as writing.

Coppola's original inspiration for the movie came from a "pictorial history" of Harlem's Cotton Club, a mob-owned nightclub that flourished from 1923-36. In the movie, actors portray such historical figures as Cab Calloway, James Cagney, and a handful of gangsters and jazz musicians.

But the historical authenticity of the movie is destroyed with the opening shot: Richard Gere is hammering out a soulful trumpet imagine anything more ridiculous—perhaps a Nick Nolte/Louis Armstrong duet.

Roget's Pocket Collection of Gangster Stereoyou" Cagney imitation. Joining him are just ain't no show.

Francis Coppola is fascinated by the boom Frenchy, the muscle-brain bouncer, Owney and bust years of post-WW I America; ten Madden, the jovial father-figure murderer,

Diane Lane is awful as Vera Cicero, partly because of the cardboard role that is scripted for her, but mostly because she has no talent. As the helpless protege of a ruthless mob king, her vocabulary is limited to such zingers as "anything you say, Dutch," and Someday maybe you'll wise up, sap." Granted, lines like these don't give the young actress much to work with, but her melodramatic posturing only heightens the

The camera work is beautiful, and Coppola went to a lot of trouble to find hundreds duet with a black musician. It's hard to of 20's and 30's suits and dresses (he even had thousands of Cotton Club matchbooks printed), but The Cotton Club neither All of the characters are straight out of instructs nor amuses. The Cotton Club proves, once again, that no matter how many types. There's Dutch, the psycho killer, who millions of dollars you throw at a movie prostops just short of a cheap "you dirty rat, duction, without writing and acting there



"Maybe someday you'll wise up, sap," Vera (Diane Lane) tells Dixie (Richard Gere) in The

