
Subject: Re: Barbershop II-- a quick recommendation: Bamboozled

Posted by [lon](#) on Wed, 02 Feb 2005 21:13:53 GMT

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Interesting observation. I would assume off the top of my head that the demands of fame would compromise an artist's ability to be meaningful. cf: *The Painted Word* by Tom Wolfe. He agrees and says that art today is driven by critics and sales rather than invention. Let me ask you what you think about this phenomena of quality actors and directors reaching a certain notoriety and becoming caricatures of themselves. Is that axiomatic within that profession? I don't remember someone like Gregory Peck becoming a shell of himself and his talent; what's going on with these guys. You see a picture with a name star and expect it will be watchable and you are disappointed. There are several actors and actresses I have on a permanent avoid list: Robert DeNiro, Gene Hackman, Heather Graham, Julia Roberts... there's a few others-- Hugh Grant. Al Pacino is flirting with this list as well. Bobby D; Jack; lots more to name. Where are the true practitioners of the craft? Can you picture Spencer Tracy acting the fool in a movie? Ever see the movie, *The Cup? Made in Tibet* real nice flick. I've seen *The Cup*, *Bend It Like Beckham*, *Monsoon Wedding*. *The Cup* tackled the exile of the Dalai Lama doesn't it? To answer your question, it is simply laziness on the part of producers and directors to go to the well for the same named actors over and over. Over the past 15 years, quality work without named stars has been coming out of places like HBO. I'm thinking in particular of the excellent performance by Halle Berry in *"Introducing Dorothy Dandridge."* The French have done a striking adaptation of *"The Count of Monte Cristo"* with Depardieu. What sometimes amazes me is the selection made by my public library in the area of foreign films... stuff I never heard of. To get out of the big star/big disappointment rut, you simply have to take chances: select things you know absolutely nothing about. In doing so I've found my share of dogs, but I've also found things that have made the search worthwhile. *"Bamboozled"* was one of those. *"Eight Women"* was another. And *"The Reflecting Skin"*, whaaaa. What sort of brain does Philip Ridley have anyway? Here's is my editorialization: Whether it be films, politics, tv or even dates, American people are scared sh*tless of everything. So they let their taste be made by critics, advisors, polls, box office-- anyone but themselves. And in so doing they are manipulated like never before. Then as this manipulation is taking place they will congratulate themselves on being with the 'authentic' majority: the ones who vote based on who they'd rather have a beer with. The answer, as Arundhati Roy says, is to make mass media irrelevant. Today there is a movement afoot to release films directly to the public via broadband. Morgan Freeman has produced the first of these. Radio available commercial free via satellite or streamed is another broadband possibility. But these things isolate people even more in their "home theaters" which, rightly put, is a contradiction in terms. The theatrical experience is supposed to be a collective one. What has to be done to improve quality is to 'stay away in droves.'
