



CINEMA

Body of Evidence

by S. Livingstone

Madonna's newest foray into the acting profession has been once again marred by failure. It is safe to assume that the majority of readers hold little stock in Madonna's acting capabilities, and although she has proven to be a shining example of success and stability in the frenzied entertainment industry, she has yet to win the critic's approval as one to hold a lead role. She should be commended for doing better than expected, if not quite well, in *A League of Their Own* (****), but that can be explained by the fact that there were many other fine actresses surrounding her in her supporting role.

Although it has thus been established that Madonna should stay with music and self-exploitation rather than film, the failure of her newest Hollywood production, *Body of Evidence* (*), was destined to go nowhere with or without her presence. The movie is poorly written and directed. The court scenes were well lit as the director had stage hands and

actors alike smoking cigarettes before filming just so as to achieve the haze he desired. If the entire movie was to be based on one smoke filled court room, however, the script would have been rather unnecessary.

Madonna is presented as a sex crazed machine rather than a woman. She coldly converses to Willem Dafoe in pathetic one liners and he answers her in similar fashion. The dialogue is simply a collection of clichés not worthy of an MITV afternoon film fest. Madonna, although a reputable performer in the music industry cannot undertake a movie on her own filmic reputation. *Body of Evidence* cannot and should not be afforded the luxury of rave reviews because of the inclusion of a very powerful and popular performer. The movie was really, well, horrible - the kind one might take an early departure from.

The inclusion of Anne Archer in this film also made me cringe. The woman has typecasted herself into the role of a constant whiner, and the part would have been played better by probably anyone else as it just wasn't believable that such a character could be a

murder suspect. Her character did not create as much shock as it did stupidity. She just added less credibility to a movie already nearing the brink of failure. It is very understandable as to why Archer's publicist warned her against promoting such trash.

The sex must be mentioned as it was not just a part of the plot, but it was the plot. Billed as one of the sexiest films of the year, it may only be so to those involved in the world of S&M. Hot wax and champagne? I don't think so. It would be a very wise decision to avoid the bandwagon I jumped on to see this movie as it is a regrettable and "fromage"-infested excuse for a Basic Instinct wannabe.

Ratings

- ***** Classic
- **** Excellent
- *** Go see it
- ** Wait for the video release
- * Don't waste good pub money

Genesis

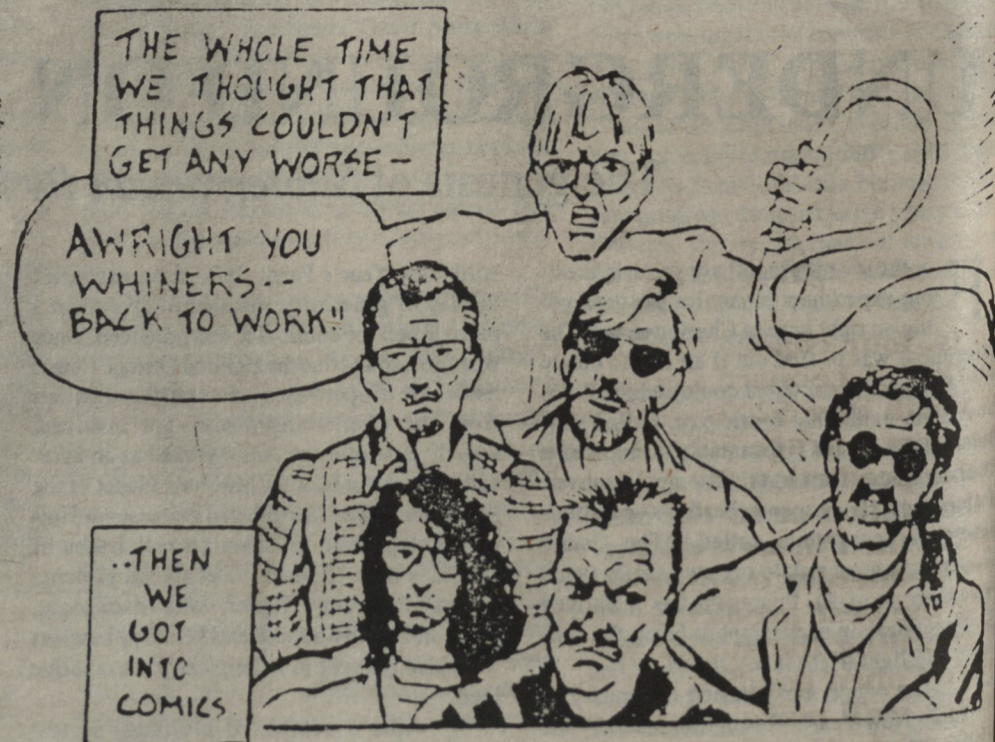
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Surprisingly, the people buying the comic were not tourists, as the creators of S.B.D. had expected. A few tourists did pick it up, but the major buyers were local people. And it was mainly adults picking it up.

Resting up after such a chaotic summer took a little longer than planned, and fans feared that *Subterranean By Design* had been buried by accident. Such fears proved groundless when November brought us the unprecedented third issue. This time around, Brett Taylor had the cover and yes, it was cool again. Part two of a continuing storyline by the Callbecks and the first ever letters page were just two of the features in this unsung issue. Also introduced about this time: The K' Dahver sweatshirt with striking artwork by local artist Peter Murphy.

Finally, the holiday season came, bringing with it the arrival of *Subterranean Blue Christmas Special*. At 40 pages, this ambitious issue arrived only a month after issue three, as if to make up for the August to November gap. And the subversion could continue. Details are sketchy, but rumours hint at a new issue sometime in the new year. This agent will keep you informed as further details develop.

Over and out. ●



Dying in the traces: The staff of S.B.D. Clockwise from top: Jeff Smith, Gordon MacPherson, Peter Murphy, Steve "Taz" Callbeck, Brett Taylor and John MacKenzie