

quite understandable. Allen spent much of the rest of the eighties pumping out fluffy romantic comedies, generally free of his running self-conscious commentary (unfortunately). All were enjoyable, with some (*Zelig*, *Broadway Danny Rose*) being better than others (*A Midsummer's Night Sex Comedy*), but best of them all was *The Purple Rose of Cairo*, in which Mia Farrow is faced with the choice between reality and fantasy. She chooses reality and gets screwed.

His two anomalies of the eighties were *Hannah and Her Sisters* and the underrated *Crimes and Misdemeanours*, which combined the pessimistic drama of *September* et al with comedy. *Crimes* is a rather abrupt fusion of comedy and drama, but it works extraordinarily well and is one of Allen's most profound statements.

In 1990 came *Alice*, a modern take on *Alice in Wonderland*, notable mostly for its all-star cast. In '92 came *Shadows and Fog*, a critical and financial flop.

Though the likes of Steve Martin, Rob Reiner and *Cheers* were making money off Allen's

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style in the eighties, almost all his films lost money. Reflecting the public's sometimes perverse interests, *Husbands and Wives* was Allen's most successful film in years. The film's art-life parallels will probably lend it added resonance in the future, but *Husbands and Wives* is no leap forward. It's tough to ignore the subtext when Allen refers to "kamikaze women" who take you down with them or how his heart knows no logic, but the links to his personal life distract from what *Husbands and Wives* is.

The plot is typically secondary to the dialogue, which is intelligent, if less than revelatory, but these romantic octagons are getting old. The film is also short on laughs, leaving us with an unceasing barrage of neuroses, not the most pleasant viewing experience. Shot in an odd, impossible mock-documentary style with lots of head-rush inducing camera movements, the best scenes of *Husbands and Wives*, however, convey an eavesdropping intimacy and moments of almost embarrassing realism. And it's superbly acted, as always.

Allen's career is now in very real jeopardy, but *Husbands and Wives* reminds us of his continued vitality and progression, despite reduced ticket sales. He's one of the most influential comedians of our time and his best films are some of the best ever. ●

Home Alone 2: Lost in New York

by S. Livingstone

Movies are not the only place in which small children with blond hair are inadvertently misplaced by their parents. I know from first hand experience that parents lose their kids on a regular basis. I, of course, have a story to back up this sudden theory of mine and with that said I will now delve into the files of my adventure-filled childhood and share with you a moment of vacations gone by (and awry)

During my childhood years, my family often took summer vacations to New Hampshire-particularly the White Mountains-to get back to nature and discover ourselves amidst the peace and quiet of the squirrel infested forests. On one of these getting-to-know-your-family excursions, we visited some sort of amusement park. I can still imagine it to be a Disney World wannabe covering acres upon acres of New Hampshire countryside, but with some reevaluation, I have come to the conclusion that the entire park would probably fit quite comfortably into the Charlottetown Mall parking lot.

It was during this fun-filled visit that chaos struck my parent's lives and complete anarchy overwhelmed the park. I, the small blond creator of havoc, was completely unaware of all this. After all, I knew where I was - I was sharing intelligent conversation with the "Old Woman in the Shoe" who was actually quite young. Wigs can be such deceitful disguises.

Now, of course, it took my parents a considerable amount of time to come to the realization that they had lost their only son in a sea of small

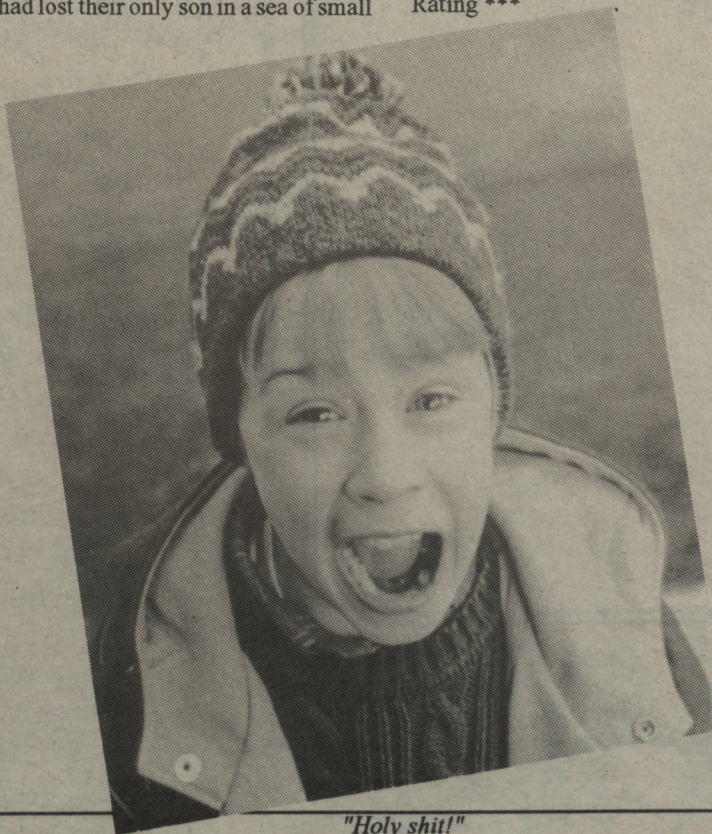
children. They had simply assumed I was with the other couple travelling with us. Needless to say, thanks to their poor response time, I could have already been priced for the black market, but there is no need to force a guilt complex on the parental unit fifteen years after the mishap.

To end this captivating tale of my early years, I will tell you that they did eventually find me and a tear inducing reunion took place. I had no idea as to why all this sudden embracing of various members was taking place. I never even knew I was lost.

Little Kevin MacAllister on the other hand realized early on that he was lacking the ever present parental element the minute he stepped onto the tarmac in New York City. Again, the parents were somewhat late in their reaction time, so Kevin, without fear, takes advantage of both his free time and his Dad's credit card to explore the most fascinating city in the world. He does, as expected, meet up again with the "Wet Bandits" from *Home Alone* (Pt.1) and the painful trip for these two societal discards continues. The torture may not be as continuous as in the prequel but it lends itself to even more bodily injury than before and in this film, that equates laughs.

Home Alone 2, although certainly not a startling departure from the original, is both lighthearted and creative. If you are looking for a film with which to recover from Christmas Break withdrawal, this may be the one. Don't expect a commentary on society beyond the generosity of one homeless person because this is a John Hughes family flick, not a Martin Scorsese directed study on the clash of the pathetically poor and the epitome of upper middle class life.

Rating ***



"Holy shit!"