

Lees bij de volgende tekst eerst de vraag voordat je de tekst zelf raadpleegt.

Tekst 12

FILM REVIEWS FT

adapted from an article by Nigel Andrews

Barely four months after Noah Baumbach's last movie, *While We're Young*, the new one, ***Mistress America***, screeches into view. Is it time to warn him? That he drives too fast? That he races too often? Baumbach can keep going, for now, on his magic tyres. ***Mistress America*** is quite wonderful. It may be his best film to date. It lasts 84 minutes — the right kind of speed — and doesn't waste one of them. It stars Greta Gerwig who plays Brooke: a high-striding boho 30-year-old, dizzy with self-assurance while ditzy with self-delusion. Her newest mission: to show off New York to her younger prospective stepsister (newcomer Lola Kirke), a student and wannabe writer whose mum is about to wed Brooke's dad.



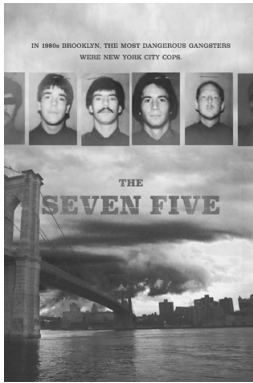
Gerwig, as in their last teaming, *Frances Ha*, co-wrote the script with partner Baumbach. Midway the film shifts to a different setting but higher gear: neo-screwball in a Connecticut country mansion. Like *While We're Young*, this is a film about love (carnal and comradely), art and betrayal. And about the pitfalls of hero worship versus the wise counsels of judicious disenchantment. It's funny, witty, joyous, mischievous and casually profound.



What a week for female-centric American comedy. There can be different meanings or understandings of the word "babe". At times in ***Trainwreck*** Amy Schumer, the TV comedian/writer now turned feature film star/scenarist, looks like a giant baby who has jumped out of a pram to scare the (male) world. The round, full-cheeked face, small bright eyes and mischief-primped mouth form an infant-shaped pouring vessel for the scandalising humour and attack-feminism she dispenses on Comedy Central.

When her dad dies, Schumer's funeral address honours him with the tone of loving insult he liked to dispense: "He was racist, homophobic... he was a drunk," before briefly getting to the good bits, then the maudlin. That her character gets choked with tears in this scene is typical of *Trainwreck*. It mixes comedy and pathos without ever poisoning the whole cocktail. Directed by Judd Apatow as if his recent debacles had never happened (*This is 40*, *Funny People*), the film even has a romcom love plot that works. "Dr" Bill Hader as the heroine's whitecoated Mr Right gets the parodic pelting required

from other characters — "Boring!" snaps mag boss Swinton of Schumer's intended cover boy — before the movie dares a happy ending fit to out-kitsch *An Officer and a Gentleman*.



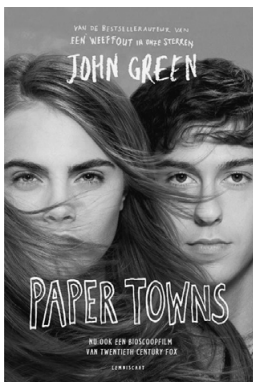
Power corrupts and in ***Precinct Seven Five***, a documentary about bad New York cops, absolute power corrupts almost absolutely everyone.

It's the tale of NYPD officer Michael Dowd, impeccably recorded by director Tiller Russel, who progressed from peccadillo to industrial wrongdoing during a long, dedicated career. Bribe-taking; drug dealing; burglary; kidnapping...

Dowd, after a 12-year jail term, talks to the camera today with an aghast yet unbowed recollection. No sign of remorse. Just a few signs of enduring, or emergent, awe at the liberties

he and his fellow bad apples were able to take — and to be overlooked taking — in a town lit by Liberty's torch.

"Hammer and Cavill" sound like a law firm relying on a blend of concussion and patience-wearing banter. That about sums up ***The man from U.N.C.L.E.*** Guy Ritchie, fresh from re-vogueing Sherlock Holmes, directed this dismal makeover of the 1960s television spy series. Henry Cavill's Napoleon Solo is a series of expensive suits awaiting human occupation. Sharing the pulseless quips and joyless action scenes is Armie Hammer as his limpid-eyed, limply acted Russian sidekick, played on TV by a David McCallum now gone to greater or no less great glory as autopsy wizard on the ratings-through-the-roof NCIS.



Paper Towns is a teenage yarn with a shaggy dog tail. The last part of this bromance cum romance from a novel by John Green (*The Fault in Our Stars*) is a mini road movie, the hero (Nat Wolff) pursuing his dream girl (Cara Delevingne) from Florida to upstate New York in a pal-packed Honda Odyssey. (There's globalism for you. What happened to the Fords and Chevrolets of yesterday's Americana?) Here and earlier, the roughhouse joys of male bonding are juggled, dapperly, charmingly, with the precious precocity of first love.

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