

club le monde

uk press cuttings

Derek Malcolm's Film of the week

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Simon Rumsey is a British writer-director who never knows when he is beaten. So far he has made three films, each of them about Londoners. And he hasn't just made them as director but awarded himself the task of writing and producing them, for very little money, too. The Truth Game and Strong Language are now followed by Club Le Monde, and it's as good, if not better, than anything he has yet done. The Club Le Monde is a disco-cum-nightclub where all sorts of people hang out, sometimes literally. They go to forget, to rave, to find out what life's all about and generally to discover themselves. It's a microcosm of the modern big city world. Rumsey follows around 30 of the denizens of this glitzy hell hole, and particularly Brad Gorton's and Allison McKenzie's two lovers, who have just split up and seem intent on giving each other as bad a time as possible. There are also a group of the friends of either one or the other, a posse of transvestites, a gay bouncer and assorted staff members and eccentrics. It would be going a bit over the top to suggest that Rumsey orchestrates all this with the skill of a Robert Altman, whose Gosford Park proved that expensive country houses are also an effective microcosm of the world at large. But his film is enthusiastically acted by one and all, ties up its loose ends with some panache and provides us with an evening's entertainment that has just enough thought in it to engage the brain as well as the eyes and ears. Whether Londoners are much like this as a breed is a moot point. But I'll accept that some of them are, and that Rumsey has done a pretty good job of observing them without cliché.

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engage the brain”**



- *****Lindt
- *****Ferrero Rocher
- *****Flake
- **Galaxy
- *Finger of Fudge
- xCarob