

STRONG LANGUAGE

UK press cuttings

SCREEN
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son who is given the V-P's business card.

Although I watch eight films in all, the most bizarre experience comes with Mary Harron's adaptation of Brett Easton Ellis's *American Psycho*. The film is a well made, sharp black comedy with an excellent lead performance from Christian Bale. About 10 minutes from the end, a man in the row in front of me starts snoring. This ruins the atmosphere of the film since everybody starts laughing.

Suddenly the snoring man starts waving his hands around in the air like a crazed zombie and the girl sitting next to him jumps up, screams and then falls over. By this time the laughter has been replaced by concerned shouts of 'Get an ambulance!' 'Someone call a doctor!' 'Phone 911'.

The film is stopped, the lights come up and no one's got a clue what's going on. The zombie snorer has, by this time, woken up and no one can work out whether he was having a bad dream or whether he's had a mental relapse. After 10 minutes he is helped outside and the rest of the film is screened. When the audience leaves, the zombie snorer is lying casually on a hospital stretcher, breathing oxygen through a mask. It's never made clear what happened but I see the guy afterwards at other films ... glutton for punishment, obviously.

Apart from *American Psycho* and *Groove*, two of the festival's biggest buzz films are British. *Saving Grace* stars Brenda Blethyn and concerns the trials and tribulations of a recent widower who starts selling marijuana. It's a comedy, was sold for \$4 million and is already being touted as the 'next *Full Monty*'. The other is *The Filth and the Fury*, Julien Temple's re-examination of the Sex Pistols.

The Filth and the Fury is the hot party ticket on the night of its world premiere but actu-



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ally proves to be the easiest party to crash. Offering the words 'We're on the list' (which none of our 10-strong party are) did the trick and we are let in without further ado. Once inside, the questions everyone keeps asking are why are they playing dance music, not punk, and why has the party been sponsored by men's glossy mag *Maxim*?

Not one person can come up with a good answer to either of these problems so the only (completely illogical) conclusion is that we should gatecrash the VIP area.

Our not very cunning ruse for this is to say we know someone inside. When the girl on the door doesn't believe us I say that if we go over to our 'friends' and they fail to say hello, she can throw us out. I end up standing next to John Lydon (aka former Sex Pistol Johnny Rotten) for a while and contemplate saying hello to him. Rather pathetically I can't think of anything to say apart from 'like your hair' (which I don't) – something I feel would trivialise the great impact the Sex Pistols continue to have on our society, or somesuch.

In the state of Utah all the parties finish between 1-1.30am, and no matter how anarchic the Sex Pistols may have been, this is one law they don't flaunt. As we leave the club, someone hears about a party Kevin Spacey's throwing, and although it's true to say he didn't invite us personally, we feel we would add a sufficiently positive contribution to the party for him to let us in. Under a flurry of elegant snowflakes we try to find the Spacey party but fail miserably. I'm sure he'll be having another one soon, I console myself, as I return to my room and start packing.

Simon Rumley's debut, Strong Language, has just opened. 'A film of considerable promise,' writes Philip French, Review page 7