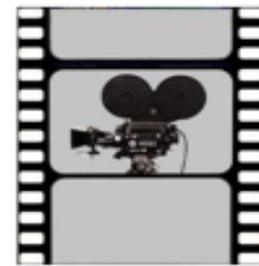


NORTH NEWINGTON VIG SCREEN – 2018 / 2019



Films for Dec 2018 to May 2019
Fridays at 7-30pm (doors open at at 7-00pm)
Bishop Carpenter School Hall on School Lane, North Newington
Parking available in school yard
Films are free, bring along your own beer or wine

For more information or trailer videos on each film go to either:

www.imdb.com or <http://www.rottentomatoes.com/>

NB: reviews below come from various published reviews and are not the views of the VIG Film group

12th April Peterloo (changed as ‘Can you ever forgive me’ not available yet_)

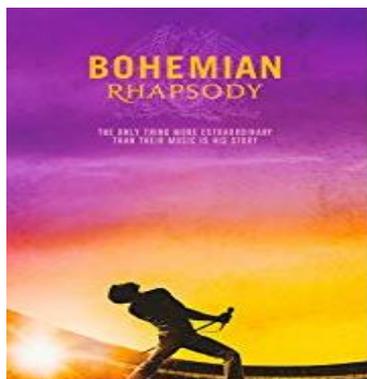


Mike Leigh brings an overwhelming simplicity and severity to this historical epic, There is force, grit and, above all, a sense of purpose; a sense that the story he has to tell is important and real, and that it needs to be heard right now.

On 16 August 1819, at what we would now call a pro-democracy demonstration in St Peter’s Field, Manchester, an excitable band of cavalry and yeomanry – whose commander had airily absented himself for a day at the races – charged with sabres drawn into a crowd of 100,000 unarmed people, many of whom were unable to escape the enclosed space. The troops killed 18 and injured hundreds more. It was Britain’s 19th-century mix of Sharpeville and Hillsborough. The government was entirely delighted with the result, and not displeased with the nickname “Peterloo”, as it felt like a rerun of its victory over Napoleon, the creature of something it continued to fear intensely: the French Revolution.

Peterloo was eventually the seed of reform, and rooting out the political mendacity and bad faith that underpinned the massacre inspired a new wave of national journalism, giving rise to this paper’s ancestor, the Manchester Guardian. The protesters were complaining about taxation without representation: it wasn’t just the French Revolution the Hussars were trying to crush in St Peter’s Field, but the American Revolution, which had shown that defeating the British government was possible. And these were people, in any case, maddened with hunger, because corn law tariffs had barred imports of cheap grain from the continent. In 2018, our government is planning to stockpile food (and medicines) in the event of similar restrictions on trade.

3/5/19 Bohemian Rhapsody



It was panned by the critics but the Freddie Mercury biopic has proven a hit with cinemagoers. Did critics get it wrong? Then the film was unleashed on an unsuspecting

public – and became a smash hit. At time of writing, it has taken \$844m (£645.5m, twice as much as A Star Is Born), astonishingly making it the highest grossing drama ever. My mum and dad went to see it and thought it was brilliant.

So did the critics – but not the Academy – get it horribly wrong? Er, no. Like the song from which it takes its name, *Bohemian Rhapsody* is basically terrible, but in a bombastically entertaining way. One element deserves unequivocal praise – [Rami Malek](#), who as Mercury manages to act his leotard off through the most outlandish fake choppers since Christopher Lee played Dracula (“I have four extra incisors,” he informs Queen, after they’ve hooted “Not with those teeth!” at his request to join them as their singer). The final section, which restages Queen’s 15-minute spot at Live Aid, sees Malek lip synching for his life. Drag queens worldwide should be doffing their wigs in tribute.

The moustaches are uniformly magnificent, while the shot of Freddie strutting past his beloved cats to fling open the curtains on the morning of Live Aid is the film at its best: showy, camp and knowingly ridiculous. [Bohemian Rhapsody](#) also achieves genuine pathos in the scene where Mercury tells the rest of Queen that he has Aids. His refusal to allow others to feel sorry for him and his plucky insistence that the show must go on seem to get to the heart of his character

24/5/19 The Wife

Some of the very best screen performances only fully reveal themselves on second viewing. Take [Glenn Close](#) in *The Wife*, an intriguing (if occasionally contrived) tragicomic drama lifted shoulder high by the six-time Oscar nominee in one of her most deliciously complex roles. When it comes to portraying conflicting emotions, Close has always been in a class of her own, thanks to her kaleidoscopically expressive eyes and precise physical gestures. But rarely has her ability to tell two stories with a single look been more astutely employed than in this elegantly melancholy portrait of a marriage in crisis.



Close plays Joan Castleman, steadfast partner of celebrated author Joseph (Jonathan Pryce), whom we first meet on the eve of his Nobel prize win in 1992. When the early morning phone call comes, Joe insists that his wife pick up the extension to share the news of his victory. We watch her listening to the announcement in closeup, a shifting ocean of pride, regret, astonishment, and... could that be horror? Even when Joe gets her to jump up and down on the bed with him as he sings “I won the Nobel! Joan is evidently proud of her husband, and performs dutiful service on their subsequent trip to Stockholm. She calls herself a “kingmaker”, and she’s clearly the keeper of his flame; holding his coat, administering his medication, picking crumbs out of his salt-and-pepper beard, and leaping to his defence (“don’t be hard on him”) when he forgets the names of his own novels’ characters. All this she bears with a polite smile, although there’s a fleeting hint of a flinch when Joe announces “My wife doesn’t write, thank God” in front of his peers, who promptly forget Joan’s name (“A pleasure, Jean”).

DATES FOR YOUR FUTURE DIARY.....

The Favourite	14/06/2019
Stan and Ollie	05/07/2019
Can you ever forgive me	16/08/2019
Green Book	06/09/2019
If Beale Street could talk	27/09/2019
On the basis of sex	18/10/2019
Fisherman's Friends	08/11/2019
White Crow	29/11/2019