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Between the lines film 2017

Play : Between the Lines Director : Nandita Das Duration : 105 minutes Starring : Nandita Das and Subodh Maskara Language : English rating : 3 Unlike the main Indian cinema, where masala artists rule roost, Indian theater prefers to study and play with scenarios that deal with the complexities of married couples. In a sea of such stories, some realistic and some absurd, another drama, between the lines makes its way to the scene. Chronicling the relationship of an urban couple, she explores the bold theme of gender inequality - how she pursues even the so-called affluent upper middle class. Maya (Nandita Das) is an educated woman happily married to a high-profile criminal lawyer, Shehar (Subodh Mascara) for ten years. While the ambitious Khehar is busy winning court cases, Maya balances her home, her son Arjuna and work (she enters the usual contracts for a law firm) like many urban Indian women. One day she is offered a case (her first) to protect a woman who shot her husband and, as luck would have it, she must fight against Hehar. To find her bearings as a lawyer and get justice for the accused, she takes up the case. But as Maya and Khehar battle in court during the trial, their personal relationships begin to get affected too... Sounds like a simple plot - but it's not. Written by Nandita and Divya Jagdale, the idea originated from a play written by Professor Purushottam Agarwal and is complex in many parts. The script and its performance are such that most men in the audience will find the game powerfully feminist, while women will be treated to the ambiguous internal struggles they must face daily when it comes to priorities between their family and work. Fortunately, the hero between the lines is his premise. This shows us that while in urban families men may not resort to beating their wives and other obvious and gross inequalities, sexism is so deeply and subconsciously rooted in our thinking that we always prioritize the needs of men. Even the most cultural and educated among us! Maya's character is complex because of its many layers and Nandita, quite waiting, essay her well. But Suboda's debut as an actor is surprising. For his first performance on stage, he is confident and at ease. It makes for a charming husband to criminal lawyer, thereby providing comic relief, otherwise thought-provoking play. Periodically, both Nandita and Subodh, who are real married couples, double as courtroom characters, making the switch smooth. Two wonderful performances, some great dialogues, sporadic laughs and lots of thoughts - between the lines leaves you with all this and more. On the other hand, you may find a narrative not in from feature films. Some scenes stretch longer than necessary, with extensive monologues - nothing that some clear editing can't fix. With her first directorial director debut, Nandita proved that she is here to stay. It's a pleasure to re-watch Joan Micklin Silver restored between the lines (opening February 22 at the New York Cinema in New York). 42 years after it was made. I saw him when it was first released, and it played no small part in changing my life: it fueled my nagging desire to be a journalist, and in particular made me want to be a rock critic, a career that I dabbled in for a while. What appealed about that option had nothing to do with the work that the film's music writer Max Arloft did: apparently he didn't do at all. For the most part, Max plays Jeff Goldblum, then in the most angular flush of youth-loped around wisecracking, free-associative bullshitting about the Beatles and Wallace Stevens, soaking up female flattery while wearing a very late 70s ensemble of baggy plastic jackets and a boiler suit, and selling review LPs for cash. The only one that I later discovered was the real aspect of the profession was selling LPs; idea of a boiler suit I tried and quickly rejected before I entered the profession. But when I worked, in the late 80s and early 90s, at a London magazine that ended up looking its own demise in the face, I remembered Silver's film about independent journalism as a collection of possibilities hard won and lost. In my publication came a point when almost every day you could shout: It's just like between the lines! The fictional Boston newspaper film Back Bay Mainline has a banner that looks strikingly close to that of the Village Voice, and it emphasizes its countercultural credentials by having hobbit 60s 70s hero Michael J. Pollard-his character credited just like Hawker - as a primary supplier, literally taking him to the streets. Hawker, who seems to live under a pinball machine in the Mainline office, is seen hilariously working Boston traffic in the opening sequence, advertising it on the car window. All the news for the news... and some hippie smut. In the 1977 Mainline, however, you feel that the days of hippie smut are long gone, and apparently hippie ideals too. Many of the staff we meet seem to be past, and remember better days: Michael (Stephen Collins) is now mostly at home working on his book, trading on his memories of the counterculture, and now poised to be the mainstream media hot shot, as long as he can get this deal. Harry (John Hurd) has a history as a fearless fussing reporter, but it's only too much to know that his great revelations in the past haven't changed much, and either burned out, lost interest, or waiting for something else to wake him up (a sense of frustration all the more poignant since Heard, then aged 31, looks about 18 in some shots). The film was written by Fred later TV comedy Maven, who had experience working for Boston independent bodies Real Paper and Boston Phoenix. They thanked the late credits along with the Los Angeles Free Press, Soho Weekly News, and Village Voice-the last one, which itself ceased to be a print publication in 2017. Anyone who has ever worked on a paper or magazine like this will sigh; it may be hard for the younger generation to believe that print publications such as Mainline ever existed. But in some ways, there's something timeless about the world depicted between the lines: whether it's a print organization with actual ink that stains hands, or a modern online hot-table platform from some creative center, there's something universal about the idea of people with ideals (or an active faded), and some degree of career motivation thrown into the office space together, collaboration, parenting, sparking each other's worst. maybe sleep with each other. Between the lines comes through as a lament for the death of counterculture journalism, though in the UK, the next wave of counterculture evoked in late 70s punk, still a few years of life in it. One of the wave of women emerging as distinctive only-off-mainstream filmmakers in the 70s, the other is Claudia Weil, Joan Darling, and Joan Tewxbury-Silver is best known for two Jewish-themed stories about women in New York, Hester Street (1975) and Crossing Delancey (1988). Between the lines is not quite as female in the center as either, the more ensemble piece revolves around different heterosexual relationships in the workplace. There is a healthy proportion of women in this office, though only one who stands out as carving a strong niche and a crucial career path for herself-photographer Abby (Lindsay Cruz), who is in an on-off relationship with Harry. One of the other two women in the foreground, Administrator Lynn (Jill Aikenberry), is more portrayed as a common den mother who complains that she doesn't actually have talent but told her friend that she has the heart and soul of the place that holds him together. As for Laura (Gwen Velez), she's a writer who more or less reconciled with the game-supporting act of bullish narcissistic and neurotic Michael until she makes a play for independence that only works to the point. It's Abby who displays a fire that can keep the paper and its values going: after hearing that there are still abuses in the nursing home that Harry once wrote about, she suggests rushing there instantly and taking pictures of it. Her energy makes her cross the professional boundary when Harry at a strip club; he writes a story about dancers, and finds Abby taking over his interview with stripper Danielle (fast, funny Marilou Henner, just before the taxi). But then, her subsequent time hanging out with Danielle reveals that she's got the empathy needed to make a revealing, lively piece that Harry's tired, over-the-top issues won't produce. There's also a want doofus corduroy-jacket wannabe around the place, David (Bruno Kirby), a serious intern or perhaps just a hanger-on. He picks up a bit of stray information about the local music bootlegger: he is determined to write an article on it, although he has no idea how to do it, and gets shrugged off after shrugging off his topic. However, he learns to trade slowly, even adopting a false name and a ridiculous fake accent to pass the switchboard of his goal (he may be a lousy journalist, but he was born a gogger, as such tricksters are known in the trade). What's a little shocking about the film now, though it certainly makes it true of life, is the almost aristocratic narcissism that defines many of the male characters who are very intolerant of people they find less talented, or less cool, or less beautiful, than themselves. It's deeply uncomfortable to see Harry's high disdain when accidentally dismantling a piece-about the fate of whales that David presented for his advice, and spinning him with some woolly instructions to write from a whale's perspective. The real puppet in this comedy is Stanley - the only name to mark him as a tough man who runs the magazine's advertising department, wears a bow tie and crunchy moustache, and looks like a much more formal Groucho Marx (in fact, it turns out that Lewis J. Stadlen, who is superbly excited in the role once played by Groucho for the British art series Omnibus). Stanley Is a Man in a non-establishment environment, and a nameless creator passes on unimpressed women, and is therefore ripe for ridicule as the brothers once ruthlessly mocked By Margaret Dumont. But there's a sour edge to the cool cat's brutality here: when editor Frank (John Corkes) reports that he's losing copies of pages for advertising space, he reacts by terrifying a poor nebbish, twisting Stanley's hand by the neck; in 1977, it probably came across as sticking it to a man, but now it feels unpalatably brutish. In moments, the film revels in a broad, brash animal house of humor, such as when a frown figure in a jumpsuit (Raymond J. Barry) enters, breaks a typewriter, and announces to viewers that they have just witnessed a work of conceptual art by Herbert Fisk, and that he is available for interview. The incident triggers a chain reaction of instant destruction by Laurel and Hardy, in which the ultimate goal, inevitably, is Stanley's shirt; This sequence, however, is a hoot. get very little sense, however, about what Mainline actually produces. His great stories seem to be in the past, as Harry laments: We were dangerous then-sowing seeds of dissent, muckraking. The only person in this case is Abby, who just pragmatically wants to get out

and do what she's doing. What these people really seem to produce is a kind of jittery fun: there's a long sequence where all the staff have a cool time in the music business showcase for the pleasingly fiery Southside Johnny and Asbury Jukes (we never get an idea of who else is, though, as if it's a private newspaper bash). The sequence also provides a moment for Joe Morton, one of two black collaborators on the main line and only one with a speaking piece, but still has almost nothing to do in the film except to sing a couple of rows of blues at the evening, with Goldblum vamping on an electric piano. You could say that between the lines is hardly about a newspaper at all, more about a bunch of young people whose energies end as the American counterculture itself run its course, with the 80s and its hard-footed principles about to kick in. as a prophetic farewell to the values that made the new American cinema of the 70s so important. What is strange now is that the young, fresh-faced cast representing the generation seemingly reaches the end of the journey; Acutely, several actors (Welles, Heard, Kirby) are no longer with us. Lindsey Cruz looks like a child, with a bundle of naivety and enthusiasm: you can't believe she's 10 years old from the glacially closed psychiatrist of House of Fame heroine David Mamet. Heard (who worked with Silver again on the 1979 film differently entitled Head Over Heels or Chilly Winter Scenes, depending on the ending) has a weary, foppish laziness. The most startling performance from Gwen Velez, two years after her misguided, humiliated would-be Nashville singer Robert Altman (there's definitely Altman's touch to Silver's film, in the way the voices busily buffet each other all the time). There's something deeply affecting about the strange, tired musicality of her delivery, especially when Laura's in denial: That's what I want, she airily insists, about something you know she's not doing. Between the lines drifts sporadically from episode to episode, from success to compromise (both redemptive and heartbreaking varieties), to the inability to win to hold anyway, in a free, sometimes seemingly free-associative way. It ends with a charming, goofy Goldblum (but somehow kind of monstrous) Max doing what he's best: fussing drinks from strangers at the bar. there was a time when critics could probably do it with ease; I think I came into the profession too late for that. Anyone who still feels idealistic or romantic about trade, and who misses out on the struggles of print journalism and is fraught with camaraderie, obsession, delusion, and satisfaction it entailed, should watch a bristling silver, richly enjoyable film and wonder. And the cinephiles among you, spare a thought for the film critic, briefly glimpsed at an editorial meeting that nervously suggests that the newspaper should send it to cover Cannes - and quickly gets laughed at from the court. Between the lines opens at the quad cinema in New York City on Friday, February 22. Jonathan Romney is one of the editors of Film Comment and writes his column Film of the Week. He is a member of the London Circle of Film Critics. Circle.

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