

IT HAPPENED AT
THE MOVIES

To Laura

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MARC HENDRIKS
NANCY STRICKLAND

It Happened at the Movies

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<http://monstruos.wix.com/marchendriks>

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DJANGO UNCHAINED

In a two-page center spread devoted to *Django Unchained*, Filmkrant contributor Ronald Rovers opines that Tarantino's pre-*Kill Bill* endeavors are but sketches driven by fantastic dialogue.

Hogwash.

According to that fallacious sagacity, the likes of Woody Allen and Kevin Smith have yet to release their debut features. Perhaps Rovers meant to communicate that Tarantino has since given in to his penchant for the grotesque.

Personally, I doubt if such artifices as training a parfocal lens on verbose travelers and scrolling obtrusive legends across the screen constitute a profounder film aesthetic than, say, a wide angle long take of Christopher Walken soliloquizing in a Californian railroad apartment.





Kill Bill (2004) is first and foremost the product of an artist whose previous successes have earned him unprecedented creative freedom. The Unshackled Tarantino decided to from then on focus on tongue-in-cheek, in-name-only, epic remakes of obscure exploitation films.

Taking place in the 1850s, Tarantino's latest tells of how former slave Django teamed up with bounty hunter King Schultz to save his wife, Broomhilde, from evil plantation owner Calvin Candie.

As per usual, Tarantino doesn't heed what society deems offensive and/or politically incorrect. The N-word is used excessively, a (fake) horse is killed on-screen, and a (real) horse topples over when its swaying gaucho takes two in the chest.

Tarantino is up to his old tricks, including messing with our expectations. If you crave solar noon duels and Mexican standoffs, I suggest you go rent *The Quick and the Dead*, Sam Raimi's contemporary homage to the