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As it is seemingly impossible for Francis Coppola to make a dull movie, his long awaited and already controversial "Apoclypse Now" which he calls a "film opera," has finally arrived, and if the concluding sequence is somewhat murky whatex and even a bit pretentious, for over two hours, Coppola takes us on a journey so exciting in its visual bravura that it recalls David Lean at his peak, and that is a very high compliment.

The story he and John Milius have concocted is inspired partially by Joseph Conrad's WN "The Newertxed Heart of Darkness" and in its final moments, in which Marlon Brando dominates as an American Green Beret who turns renegade and goes native and sets himself up as a virtual God to other renegades and ***Emiskarax semi-barbaric tribesmen in Cambodia, from T.S. Eliot's "The Wasteland" and "The Hollow Men" and several other sources. All of these inspirations result in a larger-than-life mythology which **Exama grows out of the reality of the Vietnam War.

The film opens as tough Army Captain Martin Sheam Sheen is informed by his military superiors, personified by the ubiquitous G.D. Spradlin, that the mix much honored Colonel Kr Kurtz (Brando), a Green Beret legend, has defected, perhaps gone mad, and now runs his own fiefdom. Sheen is given orders to venture upstream into Cambodia until he rem reaches the Angkor Wat-type temple from which Colonel Kurtz plays God, and there, to assassinate him.

Going upstream at great peril, Sheen steeps himself into the classified dossiers of Kurtz's career, and learns that the last military officer who was sent to kill Kurtz, joined him instead. He becomes increasingly fascinated by Kurtz's history. He was the perfect soldier, certainty to be elevated to General, but suddenly, he grew tires tired of war, and opted out, first within the Army, and we later, outside of it.

Sheen is aided in his journey by Rekeryxex Robert Duvall, hilarious as a gung ho Lt. Kilgore, and for the final leg of the journey, he requisitions a small naval patrol boat piloted by a suspicious and hostile black Chief, Albert Hall, and a crew which includes a New Orleans sauce chefx apprentice, Frederic Forrest, a young California surfer, Sam Bottoms, and a young black mate called Clean, Larry Fishburne, and all of them are exactly right.

It is a jar journey through Hell that Hieronymous Bosch never revealed to us, there are aerial bombardments and threats from the river and the shores, below bridges and above reefs, and Coppola has filmed these sequen-

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ces most dazzlingly. Finally Sheen arrives at his destination with two of has his four man crew dead.

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In this final segment, which is supposed to serve as the climax of Sheen's journey with within himself, Remarks Brando-Kurtz is supposed to articulate the reasons for his dix disaffection with with the West, war, and life, in general, and explain why he did what he did, and while the the memory of the Jamestown massacres last year may still be fresh, and we know that such things do happen, somehow the end dissolves into a miasma of am impenetrible smoke.

Sheen is splendid as the probing Captain, Brando is ornate as Kurtz, as close to old man E "Citizen Kane" as he dare be. He is Buddha in Kanadu.

Vittorio Storaro's phatagias photography, Dean Tavoularis' production design and the music by Coppola and his father, Carmine, all must be mentioned. They contribute vital notes to the film opera by one of the most exciting, original and consistently successful American talents around. A United Artists movie at Ziegfeld Theater, New York City