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All That Jazz. Bob Fosse's dazzling exercise in pretentious egocentrism is consistently surprising and resolutely stunning. If Chaplin had the temerity to imagine his own death in *Lime-light* and Fellini to aggrandize his creative bankruptcy in *8½* Fosse does them each one further. The tireless invention tends to get wearisome by the too-great final movement, but the level of character insight and complex energy marks this as one of the formidable achievements of the last few years. Fosse disposes of the whole of *A Chorus Line* in the opening reel, and so effectively implicated me into his workaholic's existence that I can honestly say this is the only movie that ever gave me chest pains and a slight numbness in my arm. With Roy Scheider, brilliant as the Fosse surrogate. The rest of the cast, including Ann Reinking, Leland Farmer, and Erzsebet Foldi (a remarkably expert twelve-year-old), is incisively handled. (Avco)