

Oscar morning thoughts

By: Venita Coelho

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Was up at 6.30 am just to watch the Oscars and cheer for Lagaan. And now can you just point me to the next highest building in New York that could do with demolition.

First John Travolta introduces the category. It's best foreign film, but — har har har — all the languages are a suburb of Los Angeles. For him the foreign language Lagaan is made in 'Indian'.

Then they show a clip that takes the piss out of Lagaan. Then they don't even have the courtesy to show the nominees for even a few seconds — doesn't matter how big a star Aamir might be in India. We really are invisible to them.

And they really couldn't give us the award for the film we made, which had brown people singing and dancing and playing cricket. (Cricket?! You know — that stuff that's sort of like baseball, but with really strange rules.)

And what a great evening! Whoopi Goldberg descends in feathers from a trapeze. Wow! What a great, dignified ceremony to celebrate the best that American industry has to offer. And talk about sexist! Where the hell are the women award winners? Charlize Theron gets to host the Technical Awards, but being beautiful obviously she has to be a dummy. So Whoopi helpfully points out that she's a bimchette.

The only women you get to see as part of the ceremony are six-foot-tall plastic dolls who escort the winners up and down. Well, you could say Whoopi is a woman, technically. And while every single award is being presented — oh of course, the ones that aren't as important as Best Actor or Best Actress — the hosts are taking the piss out of everything.

So the introduction to the Make-up Award: 'Actors have to have small heads to take all that make up.' Introduction to Production Design: 'The designer is the one who's draping material around the place.'

Well, har-de-har-de-har! All those hundreds of technicians who work their butts off striving for perfection are certainly rolling around in splits of laughter. How could the award for Best Film possibly go to Lord of the Rings? After all, it's virtually a foreign film — look at the cast and crew. And it's made in English, not American.

Want to know what the Matrix is? It's Hollywood and the

Oscars. Everyone's plugged in — and everyone's brain dead but they don't know it. They are being force-fed mulch of re-cycled Hollywood crappy B grade films.

And gosh! Everything's bigger, brighter and in technicolour with enormous effects. Who wants real life anyway? In real life there are little brown guys making silly films who one has to put in their place by ignoring.

You know what, Aamir? You should have done to this award ceremony what you did to the ones in India. Ignored it. It's a load of crap anyway. You made a great film. And several hundred million Indians stood up in the halls to cheer and acknowledge that. You've got your award.