**BOOk/FILM Review**

Reviews are short descriptions of books, films, Plays etc. They are

written to inform readers and viewers, and to give them your opinion/recommendation about whether they should read a book or see a film/play etc. First of all, you have to choose which film or book you want to write about, and the main thing to keep in mind is not how much you liked it, but how well you remember it. It’s important to feel confident that you have the vocabulary and ideas to describe it. Of course, we usually tend to remember the movies and books we liked the most. A review cab be positive, negative, or balanced; what you think of the film or book is entirely up to you and doesn’t influence your grade at all.

A review should consist of:

1.An Introduction

In which you summarise all the background information of the book/film/etc.(i.e title,name of author/director,type,setting,etc)

2. Main Body

Summarise the plot in a few sentences.

Mention the setting: the place and time of the plot

Say something about the main characters

Say something about the content.

3. Conclusion:

Comment on the book or film.

Let others know whether or not you liked the book/film.

Comment on why do you like it? Why don’t you like it ?

Comment on author’s style good or bad,is the book/film interesting or boring etc.

**Useful Expressions:**

Title,Author/Director,Actors

The film is directed by...

The film is produced by...

The book is written by...

**Setting**

The action takes place in ...

The action of the film is set in ...

The story takes place in ...

**Characters and Plot**

The main characters are...

The story is about...

The novel is about...

The novel tells the story of ...

The novel/film begins with...

The novel has an unexpected ending.

**Reaction**

I am impressed by

I think...

The book is terribly/beautifully written

The film is terrible/exciting...

What surprised me is...

What I liked is...

What I didn’t like is ...

**Points to remember before writing a Review**

1.You need to inform the reader and describe without giving away too much detail.

2.Talk about the plot

3.Tell about the main characters and the actors who play them.

4. Give details about the type of book/film and year of release.

5.Make an analysis, the good and bad points of the review

**Example for Book Review**

**Michael Doane's The Crossingon Reedsy Discovery*:***

In Doane’s debut novel, a young man embarks on a journey of self-discovery with surprising results.

An unnamed protagonist (The Narrator) is dealing with heartbreak. His love, determined to see the world, sets out for Portland, Oregon. But he’s a small-town boy who hasn’t traveled much. So, the Narrator mourns her loss and hides from life, throwing himself into rehabbing an old motorcycle. Until one day, he takes a leap; he packs his bike and a few belongings and heads out to find the Girl.

Following in the footsteps of Jack Kerouac and William Least Heat-Moon, Doane offers a coming of age story about a man finding himself on the backroads of America. Doane’s a gifted writer with fluid prose and insightful observations, using The Narrator’s personal interactions to illuminate the diversity of the United States.

The Narrator initially sticks to the highways, trying to make it to the West Coast as quickly as possible. But a hitchhiker named Duke convinces him to get off the beaten path and enjoy the ride. “There’s not a place that’s like any other,” [39] Dukes contends, and The Narrator realizes he’s right. Suddenly, the trip is about the journey, not just the destination. The Narrator ditches his truck and traverses the deserts and mountains on his bike. He destroys his phone, cutting off ties with his past and living only in the moment.

As he crosses the country, The Narrator connects with several unique personalities whose experiences and views deeply impact his own. Duke, the complicated cowboy and drifter, who opens The Narrator’s eyes to a larger world. Zooey, the waitress in Colorado who opens his heart and reminds him that love can be found in this big world. And Rosie, The Narrator’s sweet landlady in Portland, who helps piece him back together both physically and emotionally.

This supporting cast of characters is excellent. Duke, in particular, is wonderfully nuanced and complicated. He’s a throwback to another time, a man without a cell phone who reads Sartre and sleeps under the stars. Yet he’s also a grifter with a “love ‘em and leave ‘em” attitude that harms those around him. It’s fascinating to watch The Narrator wrestle with Duke’s behavior, trying to determine which to model and which to discard.

Doane creates a relatable protagonist in The Narrator, whose personal growth doesn’t erase his faults. His willingness to hit the road with few resources is admirable, and he’s prescient enough to recognize the jealousy of those who cannot or will not take the leap. His encounters with new foods, places, and people broaden his horizons. Yet his immaturity and selfishness persist. He tells Rosie she’s been a good mother to him but chooses to ignore the continuing concern from his own parents as he effectively disappears from his old life.

Despite his flaws, it’s a pleasure to accompany The Narrator on his physical and emotional journey. The unexpected ending is a fitting denouement to an epic and memorable road trip.

**Example for Film Review:**

The tagline of **Andrea Arnold’s Wuthering Heights**—‘Love is a force of nature’—is almost too good. As a selling-point, it is best not dwelt upon. It tells you what it does not want you to know: this is not an entertaining film (paint dries with the force of nature). Like nature, the ‘love’ of this film is curious and compelling but without romance. There is no sadness or joy, no redemption. The love between Catherine and Heathcliff is not between souls, they share no closeness, it is the love of instinct and physical necessity. In other words, Arnold’s Wuthering Heights is completely without charm, seemingly oblivious to its audience; it cannot be liked or disliked. **The film may well frustrate and it may well absorb, but it will evoke neither revulsion nor delight.**

This is the second Brontë adaptation to have been released this year and it is certainly the more interesting. Cary Fukunaga’s Jane Eyre was decorous and dull, its conservative approach operated on the baffling premises that ‘accuracy’ and ‘faithfulness’ are virtues, and that films need virtues. Arnold’s Wuthering Heights is far from decorous. It is not befuddled by literary deference.

**As is evident from her two previous films, Red Road and Fish Tank, Arnold is drawn to barren and impoverished environments. She is interested in how much people mean to each other when they have nothing but each other.** She is wonderful at conveying moments of grace, the delicate and erotic moments when her weak and lost characters are held in the safety of another’s care. We see this in Fish Tank when the injured Mia is carried in Connor’s arms; in another scene, he gently undresses her for bed. There are similar moments in Wuthering Heights, most enduring for me is when the young Catherine takes Heathcliff riding and the graceful physicality of the horse mediates the desire between them.

What Wuthering Heights does not share with Fish Tank is a sympathetic protagonist. Whereas Mia’s innocence—compassion, hope, naivety—distinguish her from the wilderness of her environment in Fish Tank, in Wuthering Heights, Heathcliff is a part of the wilderness—it is his environment. He is a laconic character whose selective use of language brings to mind Caliban’s boast: ‘You taught me language, and my profit on’t / Is I know how to curse.’ Heathcliff has no private life; his suffering, rage, and yearning are palpable but inexpressive (without rhetoric). He is animal-like; we see him slaughtering animals with the same attentiveness and indifference of an animal. On the occasion of his baptism, he runs from the church and Catherine follows.

Instead of a conscience Catherine and Heathcliff have instinct. They are not overthrown by passion, there is nothing so transcendent as that. What they are to each other is a matter of survival, it is hell without the glamour. Their play is mixed with violence and their tenderness touches on savagery. There is no drama to their desire.

When the older Heathcliff returns to Catherine, he gives up on both his wish to take revenge against his abusers and his intention to commit suicide. He no longer wants to arrange his life into stories, Catherine’s physical presence eclipses such civilised notions. Meaning is only meaningful from a distance. And despite their new material comfort, these older characters still seem neither lost nor at home, still in the wild, blind to their security. They seem hardly to register the existence of Catherine’s husband, jealousy does not play a part. Catherine and Heathcliff can experience acute abandonment but try as they will, they do not have the imagination for jealousy.

Love as a force of nature does not go very far as a story. Insofar as the film seems not to have been made with the audience in mind, it seems not to have been made at all. The film’s neglect of the audience is not a priestly form of acknowledgement either, the film is simply unaware. Indeed, where the film jars is with the entrance of the older Catherine—the actress is too pretty for the part. She takes the characters out of the animal and into the aesthetic and thereby makes the audience present. Beauty always seems like it is for us; that is what it is.

**Arnold’s ‘style’ has been called ‘realistic’, but in Wuthering Heights, it is more impressionistic; it is a dream-like film.** It draws no distinction between inside and out— the weather is seemingly indiscriminate, the characters are quiet but without thought—between night and day, between past and present. Arnold’s landscape is not sublime and it is not beautiful. The dialogue is sparse and the sounds are diegetic. Nothing is added. And all this is turned on its head as the film finishes.

If the film can have a spoiler it is this: there is a song at the end. Having made no attempt to ingratiate us for two hours, the film leaves us malleable and keen for a bit of dictatorship. As Marcus Mumford’s plaintive voice sings over flashbacks of Catherine and Heathcliff together, I fell for it instantly; here was something to mourn for. It was only then I thought, ‘I like this film,’ and just like it.