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„... What seems to be a poor excuse for a plot, with the only goal to show as much naked skin and sex as possible, evolves to a complex roundel in the course of the film.

Soon it becomes obvious, that the point can't be to push Lucy through the different phases of being a slut. And in fact the motorcycle gang is soon completely unimportant, because the viewer is caught by the question about his own integrity. What Lucy goes through in the domain of sex and eroticism on the screen, stands for the process which every single human being on earth must live through for his own nature, and this in various aspects.

The alarming insight: barely anyone ever goes this path to the end, virtually every person is stuck somewhere in the first third and is chocked somewhere consciously by means of self-made argumentations. He then calls it „convention“ or „compromise“ and doesn't think about it any further. Until such a chock sometime loosens by itself and the soul suddenly slips a good part forward on this path of insight. Classical example for such an outburst are family fathers who don't want to hide their homosexuality any longer with forty or fifty and all of a sudden begin a new life... Roland Reber, author and director of this film, shows that one can also go this path by one's own will. And that, if one went through this valley voluntarily, one can reach far higher spheres of felicity, than any involuntary, destructive outburst could ever provide.

What elsewhere is tried to be reached through self-chastisement and meditation, here angels manage it on motorcycles. This metaphor is catchy, comprehensible, nice to watch and much more attractive than nail beds. Not for nothing one says: „The paradise on earth lies on the back of a horse“. Their modern successors provide the biggest possible feeling of freedom one can get in this society without a plane.

As always with wtp it is a home-made self production, virtuously without any tax money (no public funding!), shot in PAL, but so meticulously that it looks like HD... Particularly striking is the music, that – unlike in many other German productions – hasn't been underestimated. One should not expect catchy evergreens like in *Indiana Jones* or *Jaws*, but the music forwards (or counteracts) the different atmospheres of the film considerably and does not hide behind the plot. One should also point out that all sex scenes have been realized very aesthetically and with great skill. Who expects a porn will be disappointed...

ANGELS WITH DIRTY WINGS is a long overdue moral lesson; mores we urgently should be taught.

The core message is constantly brought near to the viewer, in the form of a children's song with the lyrics: *“I know everything up to dash and dot, except one thing which is me, me, me“*. How true, how horribly true.“

(filmjournalisten.de, Julian Reischl)