The new Danny Boyle film "127 Hours" left an indelible mark on the film world, despite it not quite leaving the same mark on the movie-going public. Because of this film's limited and surprisingly misleading advertising campaign, which makes it look like a Saw-esque, two-and-a-half-hour blood fest, 127 Hours didn't reach as many audiences as it should have. This combined with the fact that Las Vegas usually gives films such as 127 Hours a limited release, if a release at all, made the film's success rather quaint, in relative terms, of course. Next to other Academy Award nominated giants such as "The King's Speech," The Fighter," The Social Network" and "Black Swan," 127 Hours seemed to have a shadow cast over it and wrongfully so. Independent or non-market specific films usually have trouble finding a home in Las Vegas, for it doesn't often appear on the list of cities that most limited released films are shown in. The reason for this, I'm unsure, especially since Danny Boyle won the Academy Award for Best Picture in 2008 with his first true masterpiece "Slumdog Millionaire." This phenomenon happens quite often, for the Coen Brothers' 2009 dark tale "A Serious Man" hardly received any advertising support whatsoever and they had won the 2007 Academy Award for Best Picture with their undisputed masterwork "No Country For Old Men." I suppose it has to do with the marketing powers that be, for no matter how acclaimed a director is, if the subject matter is risky, then it is more than likely asked to take a back seat to talking Chihuahuas...you know, real money makers.

Now, back to 127 Hours; from the opening shot the familiar Danny Boyle energy is evident, launching the audience through the relatively short film (a run time of almost exactly 90 minutes) as though they were hanging onto the back of a lightning bolt. I commend the filmmakers in keeping the film short and sweet. In fact, the runtime is completely unnoticeable. The entire film shoots by in what feels like less than a minute and at times the full 127 hour ordeal, as though you're stuck in the same canyon, only slightly above the main character, looking down on him. The film's structure I suppose could be broken down into three acts, despite the majority of the film taking place in one location. There is indeed a beginning, middle and end, but it is completely reinvented here. There is a short prelude to the tragic events depicted in the film, just enough time to get to know the character and immediately like him, followed by one of the most affective main title sequences in recent memory. Then the rest of the film is a classical piece of music working toward rhapsody. What impressed me is the film never really reaches crescendo and doesn't do the usual bottoming out, which so often taints the feeling the rest of the film worked so hard to create. The film leaves you on a high note, still moving at an immeasurable speed.

James Franco carries the film as Aron Ralston, the real-life survivor and writer of the book "Between a Rock and a Hard Place," which the film is based upon. Franco's performance is passionate, realistic, humorous, touching and exhibits the most subtle of human transformations. The film begins small, about an outdoorsman foolishly traveling far into the Utah desert without telling anyone where he's going and getting his arm stuck between a boulder and the canyon wall after a freak accident, but then expands into the personification of the human spirit. It extends its reach and grasps onto something much more profound: how selfishness put him in this terrible situation. The artistic choices made by the director, cinematographer and editor truly make 127 Hours the cutting edge of modern film art. The usage of "shaky-cam" and certain effects, such as changing the shutter speed on the camera are dangerous, but pulled off flawlessly here. I am usually an avid criticizer of shaky camera work, but here it was finally given a purpose, juxtaposed next to breathtakingly beautiful imagery of the desert, which establishes quickly the vast emptiness our main character is venturing into. Most shaky camera techniques are stylistic in nature, but here it is a key way

of telling the story and that makes a world of difference.

The music by A.R. Rahman takes on a spirit of its own and soars far beyond the images, creating something any viewer can grab onto and cherish. The non-original music is spectacular, something not uncommon for Danny Boyle who has always put together a triumphant and exhilarating soundtrack dating back to his "Trainspotting" days. I think there is a certain reluctance to call this film "art," because it isn't a morose story, or about some obscure 15th century painter, but more about the human will to live and uses progressive, edgy techniques. I think it is safe to say Danny Boyle is the king of happy endings. I am unable to recall one ending to any of his films that isn't a moderately joyous one, I mean the main character of Slumdog Millionaire gets the money AND the girl. This is not the way of modern *art* films, but 127 Hours is art, the new wave of art, the next natural progression of film. In my opinion the reason 127 Hours was so overlooked at the 2010 Academy Awards is because it has not yet become fashionable to award films such as this one. Its style is too advanced, its energy is too rapid-fire, its subject matter is not in the traditional sense of art, but it succeeds in telling a difficult, beautiful story and filming an unfilmable movie about one man, one rock and all his choices, which led him there. At the end of it, exhaling a long, deep breath is mandatory. 127 Hours definitely redefines the saying, "buy the ticket, take the ride."

127 Hours is now on DVD and Bluray. The Bonus Features include an insightful commentary by the filmmakers. Spread the word, show your friends and hopefully you'll have an open enough mind to look past the images on the TV screen and see the bigger picture.