

ENTERTAINMENT

VOL. 38 | NO. 41 | FRIDAY, JULY 21, 2006

TODAY



"LOOK!
Up her skirt!"



***Peter Sobczynski has his way with
My Super Ex-Girlfriend***

PLUS: reviews on *Lady in the Water*, *Monster House*, *Clerks II*,
concert reviews on Linda Ronstadt and Say Anything, and more!



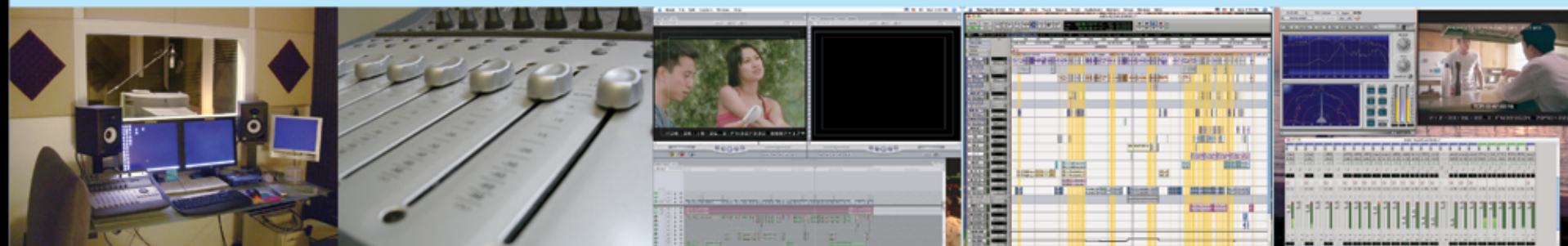
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E-mail: info@flixfactory.com

Tel: (310) 820-7129

Fax: (818) 563-1258

PUBLISHER
KRIS CHIN

MANAGING EDITOR
CECILIA TSAI

GUEST EDITOR
ERIC BYLER

ART PRODUCTION
DAVID TAGARDA

TECHNICAL SUPERVISOR
KATSUYUKI UENO

COPY EDITOR
JULIAN CAMILLIERI

WRITERS
ADAM BARNICK
FRANK BARRON
JULIAN CAMILLIERI
WARREN CURRY
BROOKE DAMMKOEHLER
CLAYSON DEBURGER
SHIRLEY FIRESTONE
JANOS GEREBO
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CARTOONISTS
PHIL CHO
MARK DAR COURT
DREW-MICHAEL
ANNIE ROLLINS

PHOTOGRAPHERS
KATSUYUKI UENO

SALES
KIRT KISHITA
PRESTON WEBSTER
ALICIA APAGHAN

CIRCULATION SUPERVISOR
DANIEL ESPINOSA

EXECUTIVE OFFICE
2325 WEST VICTORY BLVD, SUITE 5
BURBANK, CA 91506-1226
OFFICE (818) 566-4030
Fax (818) 566-4295

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ENTERTAINMENT

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Travis' Critic's Picks:

Oklahoma!, Third Stage

tick...tick...BOOM!, Coronet

Theater Review



In LOVE with The Beatles again thanks to Cirque du Soleil

The Beatles' LOVE, now at the Mirage in Las Vegas, performs on the former stage of Siegfried and Roy



TicketHolders with
Travis Michael Holder

The opening of Cirque du Soleil's newest — and best — permanent Vegas attraction is simply too much to write about in one column. This week I'll tell you what to expect as a suitably agape member of the audience at *The Beatles' LOVE*. And next issue I'll give you a behind-the-scenes peek — including exclusive photos I took during rehearsals and an interview with the legendary Sir George Martin, producer of all the original Beatles albums and co-musical director with his son Giles of this presentation.

In *The Beatles' LOVE*, Cirque and MGM-Mirage have joined forces with Apple Corp Ltd. to stage a musical revolution of sorts, bringing together the most imaginative, successful composers of the previous century with the most innovative troupe of performance artists working today. Bowing at every turn to the Fab Four's groundbreaking sound, *LOVE* miraculously engineers new life into the Beatles' enduring music. *LOVE* is a once in a lifetime experience, even for a worshipful, chronic Cirque du Soleil groupie like me.

Unlike previous Cirque productions, *LOVE* is a celebration of the era in which The Beatles soared, and

the designers and creators have done everything in their power to recall that global phenomenon known as Beatlemania. Beginning with real live Nowhere Men shuffling alone onto the stage to reluctantly visit a modest "Nowhere Land," four scrim-obscured sides of the 360-degree stage soon open grandly into a brave new world. Acrobats dressed as sailors scale ropes leading from a deep pit to the rigging high above, twirling around the dismal scene of WWII-torn Liverpool when John Lennon was born during the final Blitz. As brick walls burst and four small mop-topped children cower in their beds, the chillingly omniscient voices of The Beatles fill the enormous space to harmonize their glorious *a cappella* classic "Because."

All the Beatles' invented characters appear — including Eleanor Rigby, Father McKenzie, Sgt. Pepper, Lady Madonna, Mr. Kite, and the Walrus — as the chronology of The Beatles' music journeys from the early goofy enthusiasm through the drug-meditation years and on to a spectacular finale of "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band." The 90-minute ride is like nothing anyone has ever seen before, thanks to the creators' ability to make it all thrillingly imposing yet surprisingly intimate. Populated not only with typical Cirque aerialists and gymnasts (ranging in age from 9 to 72) but with street performers, ballet artists, hip-hoppers, tap and break dancers — some of them pulled right off the curb having never been on a stage before — there couldn't be a better or more devoted homage to the Beatles than *LOVE*.

The scariest thing for me sitting among the first people to see *LOVE* was an audience dotted with ancient gray and white heads, reminiscent of the group usually assembled for opening night of some old musical warhorse at La Mirada Civic. My thought, as the walls came alive with the sound of The Beatles cranked to full volume, was this might not appreciate the decibel level for a Vegas audience. Usually wearing what Rita Rudner calls clothes that make her want to go up to them and say, "Excuse me, but what are you thinking," these are people who



Cirque du Soleil's 'The Beatles' LOVE features a cast of sixty-two with ages ranging from 9 to 72

walk out of *Mamma Mia* at the Mandalay Bay with their foot-long margaritas in hand as soon as the musical director hits the downbeat. But no, not this time. The minute the sounds of John, Paul, Ringo, and John's vocals filled the huge auditorium, all those gray heads came alive, bopping like psychedelized flower children just as we did 40 years ago. Those ancient heads, you see, were my contemporaries, something that made me want to go back to my suite, melt into the pillowtop mattress, and pull the covers over my own rapidly graying head.

But after dancing the night away at the wonderful after party, toe-to-toe with the performers and artisans

of *LOVE*, break dancing (them, not me) till nearly dawn, I realized what a remarkable impact my generation made on the world in general and the future of music in particular. As young people continually quiz me about my days touring in *Hair*, booking the Troubadour in its artistic heyday, or working for Jim Morrison and The Doors, their adoration for "our" era is obvious, unlike when we Boomers were kids, listening with moderate interest to our parents wax nostalgic about swinging to Tommy Dorsey or listening to Rosie Clooney warbling about the cost of doggies in windows. There is nothing wrong with those simpler days of American music that paved the way for our own his-

toric revolution. But it pales in comparison to what occurred in the late 60's and early 70's (before disco strip-mined the experience), introducing sounds that laid the groundwork for the unstoppable musical freedom of today.

For those of you who worship the days of my youth, you should: there was nothing like it. And nowhere will you be able to absorb the experience better than by heading to the Mirage to let your mind soar and your body groove to the wonder of The Beatles as though discovering them for the first time. ♪

Tickets are available at any MGM-Mirage box office in Vegas or by calling (800) 963-9634.

Travis Michael Holder has been writing for ET since 1990. Also an award-winning actor, he has authored five plays produced in LA, including *Surprise Surprise*, soon to be a feature film. His first novel, *Waiting for Walk*, will hopefully be published before he jettisons his corpulent frame off the Hollywood Sign.

Column

Q/A with a career woman



Hollywood Insider with
Dawn Miller



Author and TV producer Jacquie Jordan

Jacquie Jordan is the Co-Executive Producer of *Sunday Morning Shootout* on AMC, as well as the Executive Producer of *Square Off* on the TV Guide Channel. Jacquie is also the author of *Get on TV*, which was published in January by Sourcebooks and was recently featured in *Selling Power Magazine* and *Entrepreneur Magazine*. She runs a media coaching and media consulting firm for high level talent and corporate executives.

Describe your typical day.

My day starts with quiet mornings - meditation or journaling because it's the only time I'll have for myself. Then, spin or jogging, staff morning production meetings and network conference calls. It's the balance between keeping many balls up in the air, the eye on the big picture, with a focus on every single detail. Also, listening to the input and feedback of the powers that-be, while delivering the best product possible within budget and deadlines. Followed by, returning phone calls, watching tapes and keeping up on e-mails. If I'm not at business dinners, then I spend evenings doing charity supported work. I've had the opportunity to initiate many industry related events for various charities.

What do you like about your job?

I always say that I have traveled the world through the people that I get to meet and work with - I've been able to tell all types of stories through my work-from producing inmates on death row to Hollywood A-listers to moms with a cause and everything in between. I've had the opportunity to book, produce and oversee some 10,000+ TVGuestpert's on television over the course of my career, so far.

What are the challenges you face in your line of work?

The biggest challenge is turning a "no" into a "yes".

What was the most interesting project you have worked on?

Without stating the obvious, it would have to be *Sunday Morning Shootout*. The experience of running *Shootout* has been like getting paid to go to film school while doing my day job.

Do you have any tips or advice for those looking to get into your industry?

People often cling to their ideas like they are their only ideas. The best advice I would offer to those looking to get into the industry is to believe that they are worth more than the value of just their one idea.

What are some current projects that you're working on?

I'm in the process of setting up two books that my producing partner and I have optioned *Will Cook for Sex* and *Straight Girls Guide to Sleeping with Chicks*, as well as a few life rights stories. Currently, I'm trying to find the right script for a Vampire/Death Row Project. For television, if I'm not working on raising the profiles of my Guestpert's, we're trying to set up a great comedy pilot script, in addition to our many unscripted reality and talk projects. In addition to my next book, we created an online business called TVGuestpert.com as a resource for TV Producers to find their next guest expert because the demand to match producing colleagues with TV Guests became too overwhelming to do single-handedly through my media consulting business.

Who are some of your influences?

My eighty year old grandmother, she was an opera singer. Pavarotti was one of her choir boys and she was directed by the late Jose Ferrar. I think it must have been wild to be a career woman in the 50's and 60's while raising a family at that time.

What book are you currently reading?

In the bedroom: *Woman in the Alabaster Jar* by Margaret Starbird. In the kitchen: *Naked Chocolate* by David Wolfe. In the living room: *Chronicles Volume I* by Bob Dylan, On the patio: *The Undomestic Goddess* by Sofie Kinsella. In my bag: *Boffo!* by Peter Bart. ♪

Theater Review

Chernoff's *Love Song* worth a listen



Left to Right: Diana Martin, Stan Mazin, Ryan James, and Irene Chapman

by Kyle Moore

Most people, if we find ourselves in a park on a nice day and some old mensch starts yakking away at us, we'd want to maybe fake an aneurysm to get out of the situation. In Marvin Chernoff's *Chaim's Love Song*, a lonely young woman from Iowa is transplanted to Brooklyn, befriends an old Jewish man, and winds up learning all about life, love, loss, family, friendship, and the true nature of pigeons.

Stan Mazin plays Chaim Shotsky, a retired Brooklyn mailman who relates his life story for the benefit of his newfound friend and captive audience, Kelly Burke (Suzie Ruckle). Mazin gives a rich and detailed performance in an emotionally challenging, wide-ranging role, and is an affable conduit for the New York Jewish experience. Chaim's stories are supported by appearances by his wife Sarah (Irene

Chapman), children (Ryan James and Diana Martin), and his endearing best friend of 35 years, Oscar (Elliot Goldwag). Michele Bernath is also a crowd favorite in a number of small supporting roles, particularly that of a lusty matchmaker. After many years of suffering in silence over the slights God has dealt him, a trip to Israel with his wife brings Chaim a much-needed catharsis and surprising reconciliation.

Although the production hadn't quite found its feet by opening night, Chernoff's script hits its marks, and director Larry Eisenberg brings the show home to a misty-eyed and powerfully emotional conclusion. Even a guy like me, I was verklempt. If only Canter's had been right next door. ♪

Chaim's Love Song
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Book Review

Shadow revives Poe

by Sean Reynolds

American Apparition
How shall the burial rite be read?
The solemn song to be sung?
The requiem for the loveliest dead,
That ever died so young?

Mathew Pearl, author of the widely successful suspense mystery, *The Dante Club*, focuses his second novel on the confusing details of Edgar Allan Poe's death in Baltimore during the fall of 1849. *The Poe Shadow* is a sharp tale of international subterfuge, interwoven with historical facts and persuasive characters. Poe remains a talisman for the horror genre, and Pearl resurrects the shadowy gothic storyteller who invaded the pre-Civil War American psyche with his haunting poems and short stories.



Pearl begins his novel, "I PRESENT TO YOU, Your honor and gentlemen of the jury, the truth about this man's death and my life." The narrator, Quentin Hobson Clark, is a young, successful lawyer living in Baltimore. A fan of Poe's short stories, he corresponds by mail with the infamous author, initially commenting on *The Raven*. "If the raven sits at the top of the chamber door, what lamp-light would be behind him in such a way as to cast a shadow to the floor?" Eventually Poe responds, thanking him for his interest and offering a brief explanation of the shadowy dilemma. "My conception was that the bracket candelabrum affixed against the wall, high up above the door and bust." Quentin is delighted with the candid reply. In all he writes nine letters, and receives four in return, often mentioning Poe's ambitions for his proposed journal, *The Stylus*. Poe's fundraising efforts for *The Stylus* are hindered by the press, constantly printing rumors of his immoral habits, questions about his sanity, improper romantic dalliances, and general excessiveness. As a lawyer, Quentin promises to bring suit against any false accuser attempting to damage Poe's efforts to launch *The Stylus*. Their emerging relationship is tragically severed, however, when the author is found wandering the streets of Baltimore muttering incoherently, apparently drunk and disoriented. He dies shortly after in a hospital that is known for the sordid practice of buying corpses from grave robbers for medical dissection. The newspa-

pers proceed to depict Poe as an incorrigible, insignificant storyteller. Quentin vows to continue to protect him after death from those "carping muckworms that crowded around the scene of Poe's death like hungry little flies."

Quentin's search for justice lures him away from Baltimore, and his lucrative law practice, sending him on a long ocean voyage to uncover the factual basis for Poe's detective stories about C. Auguste Dupin, including *The Murders in the Rue Morgue* and *The Purloined Letter*. He is consumed with the idea that the real life investigator can unravel the threads of Poe's destruction. His quest is complicated, however, when two unique individuals are located in France who fit the personage of Dupin. One is a mal-

contented genius and recluse named Auguste Duponte. "There are many stories to hear of Duponte. He was a great genius. Duponte, they say, would know a thief was going to take your jewels before the thief did." The other is an egotistical English lawyer and self proclaimed Baron with the same last name as the character Dupin. His French wife serves as scout and henchman, and adds a dangerous romantic quality to the affair.

Eventually both men travel to Baltimore to solve the mystery of the author's death. The two detectives work separately, competing for a resolution while the plot is complicated further by a pair of brutal foreigners stalking the Baron and his wife. Quentin risks his reputation, practice, fiancé, and eventually his life traveling a road of political corruption, editorial indiscretion, and personal revelation. Quentin sums up his infatuation (and possibly Pearl's) saying of Poe: "He was America — an independence that defied control, even when being controlled would have benefited him. Somehow Poe-truth is all personal to me."

Pearl's academic background (a graduate of both Yale and Harvard) is evident by his fastidious attention to detail, vivid descriptions, and tactile imagery. "Then came that cold, drizzling afternoon when the noon-day sky was the same at six in the morning as it would be at six at night. Fog everywhere. It drifted like fingers in your face and jabbed in your eyes and down your throat." ☞

Column

Phantom dazzles in Vegas



Brett Barrett and Elizabeth Loyacano in *Phantom of the Opera*, playing twice nightly at the Venetian in Las Vegas.



Hollywood Beat with
Marci Weiner

The Phantom of the Opera has found his new lair at the Venetian Hotel in Las Vegas. From the moment you check in, you can hear the score of the longest running musical being piped through the hotel lobby. There is even a gift shop (located near the Casino) featuring Phantom items for Phantom Phans like moi.

And wait until you enter the 1,800 seat playhouse designed to look like the 19th Century Opera Garnier in Paris, created to house the Phantom Spectacular. Composer **Andrew Lloyd Webber** stated on opening night, "It's a dream come true. We can do things here that we could never have done in any other context."

Because there are two shows every evening, there are two casts performing in the \$40 million dollar production. We were pleased to witness Anthony Crivello as the Phantom, and Elizabeth Loyacano as the delicate Christine. Although the show has been reduced to a 95 minute version, all of the songs are included. And you will get to see the famous chandelier rise and fall, as well as the other dazzling effects which thrilled audiences throughout the world.

At the opening night soirée, the Venetian's main ballroom was transformed into a crimson opera

house, abloom with 5,000 roses. Joining Webber and Director Hal Prince, was comedy icon **Carol Burnett**, Sheldon & Dr. Miriam Adelson (owners of the Venetian) and **Robert Goulet**, to name a few. Even **Roy Horn** (along with his partner **Siegfried Fischbacher**) joined the audience in a standing ovation for the Phabulous Phantom.

Memorial for Jay Bernstein

Along with 400 friends and family, we attended a second Memorial Service for super agent **Jay Bernstein** at Paramount Studios. **Farrah Fawcett**, who was with Jay when he died, was not present, as she was in Texas, visiting her Dad who had open heart surgery. However, **Susanne Somers**, who credits her show biz success to him, held up the fort, and even sang "Bye Bye Baby" (Jay's favorite song).

The hit of the evening was a superbly edited film about Jay's life and loves, featuring **Stacey Keach**, who starred as Mike Hammer in the TV series produced by Bernstein.

Kudos to **Bob Williams**, a pal of Jay's since childhood. Bob is producing *Branson Jubilee*, a TV variety show hosted by **Jimmy Osmond**, that begins airing this

week on PBS. Recent guest stars include **John Schneider**, **Fabian**, and **Jack Jones**.

Hot off the Press

Proving he is not just another pretty face, film and TV actor, **Lou Ferrigno** (*The Incredible Hulk*) who appears regularly on the hit CBS series *King of Queens*, as himself, has been cast as a series regular on a new sit-com. He has been cast as a "Ghost," the spirit of the deceased father of NY actor/comedian Tucker Brown, who the show is built around. *The Only Man I Love*, Tucker Brown, is filming in locations in LA and NY (the setting of the show). Our sources tell us since Ferrigno's success on *King of Queens*, he has been serious about starring in his own show. Look for it as a mid-season replacement in 2007. ☞



The late mega-manager Jay Bernstein with Farrah Fawcett

Restaurant Review

Lucia's Italian offers flair to spare



Located in the Pacific Palisades, Lucia's menu by Chef Cathy Halter attracts gastronomers from around the city



Dining with
Shirley Firestone

A delightful find that could have been tucked away anywhere in the world, Lucia's is located in a sweetheart of a neighborhood and has the feeling of an inn. There were no heads glued to cell phones. And akin to a blast from the past, it had natural charm, making the Italian gods smile just from the aromas in the air. Founded by Morten Kaag and John Halter of Taste and Pizzetta restaurants in West Hollywood, along with managing partner Michael Halter, Lucia's has been a favorite for residents of the Pacific Palisades, luring celebrities and diners from other areas.

This is a cozy place, with white lined tables throughout two inviting dining rooms, and large framed mirrors adorning walls of red brick. Track ceiling lighting seemed to drop shadows between the tables to support a feeling of intimacy. Along with art, knick-nack shelves, a small bar, and wine cellar cabinet, you'll find candlelight almost everywhere. And while unpretentious, it's becoming a major destination for gastronomers. However, with it all, the "star" of the evening was the cuisine, beginning with their fantastic basketed warm focaccia (Italian bread) topped with flavorful "doodads."

Executive Chef Cathy Halter introduced a menu with an extensive collection of Italian specialties while adding the allure of new

American dishes. Some starters were the amazing taste of Grilled Pear & Gorgonzola Pizzetta, Kauaiian Baby Back Ribs with papaya barbecue sauce, also Tuna Tartare Sashimi with avocado, spicy mayo, and grilled crostini. We especially enjoyed the dungeness crab cakes and stuffed mushrooms (using 4-cheeses).

Salads included Salmon a la Livorno, featuring blackened salmon, capers, and goat cheese with balsamic vinaigrette. There's also a wide variety of traditional and contemporary pizzas (or you can design your own from 30 ingredients).

Pasta's vary from Spaghetti Bolognese to Fettuccini Verona with sautéed shrimp, roasted garlic pesto, goat cheese, and pine nuts. In addition, Halter's menu features mushroom-crusted Ahi tuna with gorgonzola polenta paired to a merlot sauce, and a hefty Kobe Beef Cheeseburger with optional caramelized onions, fontina cheese, and wild mushrooms.

Along with the steaks, chicken, veal, and "Mamma's Meatloaf," there were entrées of Macadamia Nut Crusted Halibut, also a marvelous Lobster Cannelloni made in a huge pasta shell with julienned vegetables and goat cheese.

Throughout the menu are healthy options, such as the low carb "Mock" Mashed Potatoes, (made with cauliflower puree) and Penne a la Magro,

prepared with high-protein penne, chicken, and a roasted vegetable medley (\$5.95 - \$15.95).

Mondays are "2-For-1 Pasta Nights" at Lucia's. On Tuesdays, it's "Wine Discovery Night," when all wines — whether purchased by the bottle or glass — are offered at a 50% discount.

Check out their cocktails, all made with Han Soju, a traditional Asian liquor similar to premium vodka. A distilled form of sake, soju originated in the 1300's in Korea. My favorite is the Apple Martini, served with an apple float. They also feature a wonderful Cape Cod, and a list of others, including the tasty Lemon Drop. Beer & Ales are from Italy, Mexico, Ireland, and USA. And the wine list is select, with many by the glass.

This fall, the restaurant is unveiling their new wine bar, adding more seating, and adding some new dishes to the menu. During the winter months, Lucia's will be serving a menu of specialty hot chocolates. Opens for dinner every night at 5:00 PM. ☞



Healthy options at Lucia's include Mock Mashed Potatoes made from cauliflower

Lucia's
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by M.Y. Lee

Nowadays, it seems like every studio and their sister (network) is trying their hand at a procedural drama with a female lead, and a twist. *Angela's Eyes*, Lifetime's version of TNT's *The Closer* or NBC's *Medium*, focuses on Angela Henson (Abigail Spencer), an FBI agent with the superpower ability to tell when a person is lying.

In the pilot, Angela teams with her partners, techie geek Dozer (Joe Cobden) and slightly skeptical token minority Leo (Lyriq Bent), on a Scott Peterson-like case involving a man whose wife goes missing. Angela uses her built-in lie detector to read witnesses and suspects, and eventually solves the case.

Angela's special gift, while helpful in her professional life, comes with certain drawbacks on a personal level. Angela wants to like the man she's dating (Peter Hermann), but it doesn't help that she is able to deduce everything about him. A make-out session is interrupted when she spies a picture taken by his ex-wife and declares, "I'm sorry, I didn't know you were married." Later, the relationship is nearly destroyed when he discovers she's placed a tracker in his cell phone because she "has difficulty trusting people." But thank goodness we're watching Lifetime, which means Angela can win him back with a heartfelt confession that also reveals her backstory.

Angela's parents were notorious spies convicted by the U.S. government for selling secrets abroad. As a girl, her parents' subterfuge provided a crash course in detecting lies, and their conviction inspired her to become an FBI agent. The pilot explores her complicated relationship with her incarcerated father (Boyd Gaines), who

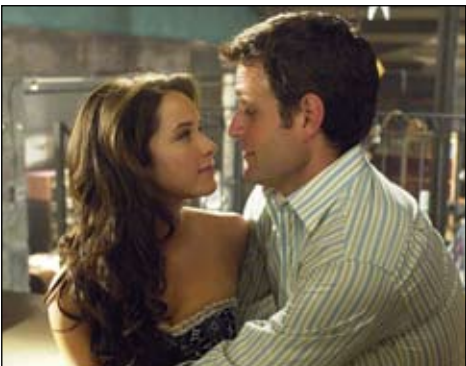


Boyd Gaines

encodes his words and gestures with secret messages during her first visit to the penitentiary in over a decade.

Unfortunately, Spencer as Angela is no Kyra Sedgwick — or Patricia Arquette for that matter. She's easy on the eyes but unconvincing as an audacious yet vulnerable FBI agent — too whiny to convey audacity and too melodramatic to convey vulnerability (perhaps due to her years as a soap opera star).

The writing and execution are sometimes clunky and clichéd. Dan McDermott and Scott Shepard (*North Shore*, *Tru Calling*) supply



Abigail Spencer and Peter Hermann

their characters with unintentionally amusing dialogue like "You have a gift for spotting lies, Angela?" and "the plot thickens," delivered with the utmost seriousness rather than the hint of camp they probably require.

But to be fair, the crime story provides audiences with exactly what they want and expect. And the promising long-term story arc involving Angela's family and the secret messages is not only intriguing but clever. The pilot hints that further investigation may reveal that Angela's parents are innocent of the espionage charges for which they are serving time. *Angela's Eyes* should do fine for now, since summer programming is limited and people love their crime dramas. Hopefully the series will focus on its strengths — crime stories with a couple big twists and an engaging family story arc. 🐾

Oscar winner on radio legend Corwin to lead off Cinemax short doc series

by Jonathan Hickman

Radio isn't dead, today, it's adapted. There was a time before television when 60 million Americans tuned into the radio as a major source of news and entertainment. At the height of that time, the standard was Norman Corwin who has often been called the "poet laureate of radio drama."

Chief among Corwin's achievements on radio was his VE Day broadcast on May 5th, 1945, entitled "On A Note of Triumph." Filmmaker Eric Simonson's short documentary *A Note of Triumph: The Golden Age of Norman Corwin* won the Academy Award for Best Short Subject in March of this year. And on July 27th, Cinemax will debut the film as part of a short documentary series with the short films nominated for the recent Oscars.

The Golden Age of Norman Corwin is an excellent blending of audio clips from the original broadcasts and interviews including Corwin himself. The significance of Corwin's work in radio was tremendous, as evidenced by this documentary with testimony from many who participated. Corwin's audio dramas featured the voice talents of the then Hollywood elite including Edward G. Robinson, James Stewart, and Orson Wells. Many of these "A" list actors lent their voices for little or nothing just to be a part of Corwin's then experimental radio programming. Director Simonson sprinkles in clips from these readings coupling them with old WWII photographs. What is striking about the content of the radio dra-

mas are the mature questions asked and dealt with about the United States' involvement in WWII and the costs exacted. The focus by Corwin is often intimate and necessarily adult.

Modern interviews include discussions with Robert Altman, Walter Cronkite, and Norman Lear among others who count themselves as admirers of Corwin. And Corwin himself reminisces about the golden age of radio and his golden time in it. Today, as shown in the film, he continues his work as a college professor making his way in and out of the classroom with the assistance of a walker. His mind is still sharp even if his body is failing. According to his website, www.normancorwin.com, Corwin celebrated his 96th birthday on May 3rd, 2006.

To acquaint the present generation with Corwin and his work, Simonson uses several editing techniques. I liked how he faded in the old photos very, very slowly from black as original Corwin radio drama clips played underneath. In one scene, he fades into what looks like a bomb drop, spinning the fade in while the audio clip plays dramatically. In another, he fades from one photograph that is still dimly lit into old black and white moving footage never quite permitting the fade to run completely up. I was surprised how this simple technique was so right for the somber material.

The brevity of this documentary somewhat limits one's ability to fully appreciate the content of Corwin's radio messages during WWII. But

what is played will resonate today. And placing things in a modern context isn't hard. Oddly, on my way back to work after lunching with *The Golden Age of Norman Corwin*, I heard today's reigning king of the radio airwaves, Rush Limbaugh, bemoaning those that have been expressing displeasure with what has been referred to as Israel's "disproportionate" response to the kidnapping of their soldiers. Referring to WWII, Limbaugh explained how the military deaths of Japanese outnumbered American military dead by something like 22 to 1. Winning a war, according to Limbaugh, meant killing more of them than they kill of us. Regardless of whether you subscribe to the Limbaugh camp, the power of radio to provocatively challenge is still very potent. And without the work of those like Corwin, the airwaves would not, love it or hate it, be what they are today.

A Note of Triumph: The Golden Age of Norman Corwin will air on Thursday, July 27th (7 pm ET/PT), on Cinemax. This will kick off a series of Academy-nominated short films premiering on consecutive Thursdays. *The Mushroom Club* will air on August 3rd (7 pm ET/PT), *God Sleeps In Rwanda* on August 10th (7 pm ET/PT), and concluding on August 17th (7 pm ET/PT) with *The Death of Kevin Carter: Casualty of the Bang Bang*. 🐾

Jonathan W. Hickman serves as Editor-in-Chief, columnist, film critic, and deep philosopher at Entertainment Insiders. For more writing by Jonathan W. Hickman, go to: www.ELInsiders.com



Eric Simonson's documentary on radio legend Norman Corwin won the Academy Award for Best Short Subject. Corwin is now 96 years old.

Television

Stars, writers, balloons invade Rose Bowl

CBS welcomes Television Critics Association

by Frank Barron

When Pasadena politicians think of the Rose Bowl, they dream of a potential NFL pro football team. When UCLA students think of the Rose Bowl, they look forward to another winning football season at the hallowed facility. And when CBS thinks of the Rose Bowl, they see a place to throw an unforgettable party for the Television Critics Association, with members visiting from all over the nation to get the dish on the networks' new fall lineup.

We entered the event through the same tunnel football teams have used to enter the Rose Bowl for generations. The famed UCLA Marching Band greeted the celebrities and scribes with the Bruin fight song and other tunes. The first glimpse of the inside of stadium had many standing in awe. Surrounded by 100,000 seats, it was humbling to realize the vastness of the one hundred yard gridiron, and what a feat it must be to run its length for a touchdown.

Overhead, the Goodyear blimp flashed the words, "Welcome TCA members, from CBS." Scoreboards at each end of the field flashed the same greeting. At midfield, a humongous CBS eye was painted on the grass. There were dozens of food and drink booths on the field, and giant human-like balloons waved and fluttered in the wind.

The celebrities and writers got a chance to test their skills at punting, passing, and even a game of touch football.

Gary Sinise, star of *CSI: NY*, jumped at the opportunity to throw spirals to his co-stars. Sinise chatted about taking time out from his show to visit the troops overseas. "I take my 'Lieutenant Dan Band' and we play for them," says the *Forrest Gump* actor, who modestly brushes off any fuss made about going on the handshake tours with the USO. "Our soldiers are making the real sacrifice."



Gary Sinise star of *CSI: New York*

Robert David Hall, usually found in the morgue on *CSI: Crime Scene Investigation*, just got back from a cross-country tour on behalf of disabled persons. Hall does a tremendous service lobbying for rights and inclusion for the disabled.

The Amazing Race producers/creators **Bertram Van Munster** and wife **Elyse Dagnieri** were escorted by publicist **Charlie Barrett**, and let it be known they had just come back from a scouting vacation in Thailand. They also toured Kuwait to consider it for a future *Amazing Race* location.



Virginia Madsen

Star of the new legal drama *Shark*, **James Woods** was enjoying all the attention from the throngs of reporters. And the gals were delighted by the immaculately dressed **Peter Bergman** of *The Young and the Restless*, a soap that has been the number one rated daytime drama for 17 years!

Actress **Sprague Grayden**, from the new drama *Jericho*, was hanging out with **Jason Ritter**. In his sitcom *The Class*, Ritter gets to show off his comedy chops, inherited from his late father **John Ritter**. And gorgeous **Virginia Madsen** couldn't help but gush about being part of producer **John Wells'** new heist drama *Smith*.

Meanwhile, CBS honcho **Leslie Moonves** sat back surveying his fiefdom. I had to ask Moonves if he was going to take part in the kicking contest? With his usual smile and fast wit, Moonves replied, "No. I do that at my office every day." ☞

Music

Just One Look

Linda Ronstadt in concert



Linda Ronstadt

by Kat Kramer

The timeless pop icon of the 1970's - 90's, **Linda Ronstadt** performed a one-night only concert at The Gibson Amphitheatre in Universal City. Often referred to as a "chameleon," the veteran chanteuse has been the "Meryl Streep of Song" for more than two decades. Long a favorite of the baby boomers, Ronstadt has also managed to capture the attention of the younger generation, which was evident at the show. The Streep comparison is due to her versatility and passion

to sing many different musical styles including pop, folk, country, standards, jazz, and Latin. She opened with a series of classics from The Great American Songbook, starting with "What's New" (from her famous album of the same title which she recorded with Nelson Riddle back in the early 1980's) then followed with "Straighten Up And Fly Right," "Bewitched, Bewitched And Bewildered," and "Someone To Watch Over Me." The audience loved it. Her voice was pure and strong, and she delivered several "money notes." She

announced that her favorite song from that period of "The Golden Age of Song" is "Lush Life" by the then teenager/composer **Billy Strayhorn**, "who must have been the loneliest teen ever," she commented before launching into a torch rendition. She sang a soulful version of "Adios" by **Jimmy Webb**, and brought the crowd to its feet with "Somewhere Out There" as a duet with **Arnold McCuller** - one of her backing vocalists, who joined Ronstadt along with **Marlena Jeter** to kick-off the "greatest hits" portion of the concert with "Just One Look." Other highlights included "Blue Bayou," "Poor, Poor Pitiful Me," and a lovely version of "Quiere Mucho." Ronstadt turned sixty last week and she is busier than ever with more stops on her summer tour. On July 25, her new album, on Vanguard Records, hits the stores. It's called "Adieu, False Heart" and she joins **Ann Savoy** on the pop rock CD, also featuring musician **Joel Savoy** (acoustic guitar). At The Gibson Amphitheatre concert, **Richie Furay** opened the show and performed various tunes from his current album "Heartbeat Of Love." Furay, the founder of Buffalo Springfield, received a standing ovation. ☞

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LATE SHOW: The Shenanigans, Knock Out, Captain Squeegie & The Soap Suds

7.26 EARLY SHOW - 645PM: Lola Ray
LATE SHOW - 8PM: Kiss Kiss, Nurses, Caleb Engstrom, Neon Lipstick

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Concert Review

Say Anything should've played everything

by Brooke Damnkoehler

Before I'd even heard a note, based on name alone—after the 1989 Cameron Crowe teen flick—I expected Say Anything to be an emo band under the influence of the 1980's— all the bad, the good, and the ugly music from that decade. Attending their concert at the Gibson Amphitheatre (they are currently on tour in support of Dashboard Confessional), I happily found their music to be a power-pop-punk hybrid informed by everything from Queen, to Pavement, to Faith No More, to Fugazi. Yes, I was pleasantly surprised. They performed “Belt,” “Woe,” “Alive with the Glory of Love,” “The Futile,” and “Admit It.” Sadly for me, a newly converted fan, their set was far too short.



Back row: Jake Turner, Alex Kent, Jeff Turner
Front Row: Coby Linder, Max Bemis, Parker Casse

The atmosphere of the concert was that of a frenetic group therapy session, with singer/songwriter Max Bemis working hard to break the barrier between the performers and the audience. With such a strong connection between Bemis and the fans, at times I felt as if I had crashed a party I had not been invited to. But one couldn't accuse Bemis of insincerity. I could see the sparkle in his eye as he winked at us and invited us come along on the journey with him.

Unaccustomed to big venues, the band (aside from the drummer and the bass player) seemed to be feeling its way through the set — no more looking at your instruments guys! As this tour progresses, Say Anything should find their presence and be able to hold its own with the charismatic Bemis.

Say Anything is not just the average emo band. There is something more here. It is not just because Bemis wears his heart on his sleeve as the genre demands, he also has a critical eye towards the entertainment industry and his rock star status — and all that it affords his ego and libido.

“And the record begins with a song of rebellion,” says Bemis as he introduces the first song “Belt.” After all, rock is hardly about real rebellion anymore. It is about selling the commodity of rebellion.

The lyrics are compellingly literate in a playful way. When was the last time you heard the word “gendarme” in a rock song, or any song for that matter? Max then rhymes “gendarme” with “charm.” On the other end of the spectrum is “Alive with the Glory of Love.” Commencing with a flourish that recalls David Bowie's “Let's Dance,” this song's upbeat, infectious melody is juxtaposed with some strange lyrics: “Our Treblinka is alive with the glory of love!” It paints a picture of obsessive sex and love, “each day in hiding beneath the wormwood,” against the back drop of a concentration camp. “Wormwood” and its reference to a Nostradamus quatrain aside, the story that the song imparts, with all its gruesome imagery, recalls the movie *The Night Porter*. Watch it, and you'll know what I mean.

I look forward to a sophomore album from Bemis and Say Anything. In the meantime, I'll be sure to catch them next time they play Los Angeles as headliners. *B*

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Clerks still fresh or beyond expiration date?

ET critics disagree on Kevin Smith's *Clerks II*, made 12 years after the original

by Steven Snyder

In 1994, against all possible odds, Kevin Smith's black-and-white *Clerks* found a spirited band of fans, among them Miramax's Harvey Weinstein. The rest is now part of Hollywood legend, as *Clerks* went on to become a cult sensation. Through the years, one teenager after another has immersed himself in the film's vulgarity-laden comedy, nodding along with a sense of humor that may have been sophomoric to the core, but also had a heart, and an ear for truth. Exhibit A: The infamous oral sex joke that shocked some viewers, but hit a nerve with many others who had already had the debate with friends: What exactly counts as sex anyway?

Thanks to *Clerks*, Smith got the big studio contract and the big budget to direct the debacle that was *Mall Rats* before returning to his indie roots with *Chasing Amy*. Then came the more ambitious — some foolishly called it audacious — *Dogma*, the more marketed and mainstream *Jay and Silent Bob Strike Back* (a three-ring-circus of Smithisms), and the 2004 disaster that was *Jersey Girl*. With *Clerks II*, Smith makes another trip to the bank to cash a "View Askew" check, recycling the same characters for yet another payday. Thus, we have come full circle.

Much like Smith's characters in *Clerks II*, who spin their wheels in hopes of breaking free of convenience stores, fast food joints, and Jersey, only to discover that the best they can hope for is more of the same, so too does Smith's career seem stuck forever in neutral, his hand slapped whenever he tries to reach beyond the formula that was cast in stone 12 years ago. So what you have here is *Clerks* re-mixed, reorganized, and regurgitated — something that feels and looks an awful lot like the original, but lacks its inventiveness and rebelliousness.

When we last saw Dante (Brian O'Halloran) and Randal (Jeff Anderson), they were workers at a convenience store and a video rental store. Now, it's a different day but the same setup: they both work at Mooby's, Smith's fictionalized McDonald's, where every customer is greeted by the cry of a mooing cow.


Here they waste away the days as they always have, Dante filling the hours with the minutiae of cleaning windows and doing crosswords, while Randal uses the joint's one computer to post insults on blogs and look up porn. Outside, the newly religious Jay (Jason Mewes) and the religiously mute Silent Bob (Smith) dance their silly dances, hurl their offensive insults, sell their drugs, and stare off into oblivion — just like always.

For most of the film, we're watching the same setups build up to the same payoffs

we've come to expect over Smith's career. Randal's rude sexual commentary? Check. Dante's anal-retentive flailing? Check. Silent Bob's last-minute outburst? Check. Not to mention the rampant homophobia, racism, and misogyny that runs underneath Jay's ethnic jokes and sex jokes.

There are some moments in *Clerks II* that evoke memories of the vibrant, unpredictable pulse that characterized its predecessor. More often than not, it occurs when the story slows down enough to extricate itself from this rut of obscenities and permit a conversation to take place. Take Randal's ribbing of Elias (Trevor Fehrman), a co-worker at Mooby's, over his obsession with the new "Transformers" movie and his relationship with a girl who's a bit confused about her sexuality. Or take Dante's behind-closed-doors talks with Becky (Rosario Dawson), Mooby's manager, who confronts him about his growing anxiety over moving to Florida with his fiancé, where he'll work at his future father-in-law's car wash. A three-way argument

between Randal, Elias, and a customer about the superiority of *Lord of the Rings* over *Star Wars* revives memories of Randal's classic epiphany in 1994, that the destruction of a second Death Star in *Return of the Jedi* likely caused the deaths of a lot of innocent workers. But too little of the film is like this. While the first *Clerks* was crude, the crudeness accompanied the thoughts of relatively intelligent, albeit immature, slackers. Here, it is lewdness for lewdness' sake, as if Smith solved a case of writer's block by throwing anything and everything into a screenplay — swear, racial epithets, dance sequences, bestiality, and celebrity cameos — in hopes that something would stick.

They're all playing funny, and we're all playing amused. Those who know Smith's universe will enjoy the homecoming, like we always do, but then we'll come to the film's final shot — a homage to one of *Clerks*' first scenes, where Dante sits bored behind the counter while a neurotic customer compares expiration dates on the milk — and sense another opportunity missed to see Smith take the next step. 

By Peter Sobczynski

On the surface, the mere existence of *Clerks 2* seems like an admission of defeat on the part of writer/director Kevin Smith. After all, he was the one who announced after the release of *Jay and Silent Bob Strike Back* that he was going to abandon his so-called "Askewniverse" to devote his time to more mature works — films that would allow him to stretch beyond Jay and Silent Bob. While I personally liked his first such effort, *Jersey Girl*, it was roasted by fans angry at him for not

providing more of the same, panned by critics for its naked sentimentality, and ignored by a public that had grown sick of the hi-jinks of co-stars Ben Affleck and Jennifer Lopez (so much so, in fact, that Miramax attempted to combat this by making the surprise first-reel death of Lopez's character a key publicity point).

In view of *Jersey Girl*'s failure, it is easy to read *Clerks II* as a desperate bid to regain the audience that had abandoned him. And yet, the film is more than a rehash of familiar characters and jokes. It channels the dreams, anxieties, and frustrations of an overeducated and underemployed generation trying to cope with an arrested adolescence that has somehow extended into their 30's. And, it does so with the same detail and nuance employed when the characters were first introduced a decade ago. The result is a work that may be the least essential entry in Smith's filmography, but also a smarter and more thoughtful one than you might expect from a film that devotes a good portion of its third act to a profane act with a donkey.

Clerks II begins as the first one did — with black-and-white footage of Dante (Brian O'Halloran) and Randall (Jeff Anderson) arriving

for another day at Quik Stop, facing the world by providing it with coffee and the paper. But Smith pulls the rug out from under us by having the place immediately go up in flames.

Instead of taking this opportunity to let their lives finally bloom (literally, as the film shifts to color), we cut to a year later and we find them in another soul-killing McJob manning the counter of a Mooby's fast-food restaurant. While Randall is perfectly content to fritter his life away, Dante plans to launch himself into adulthood by marrying Emma (Jennifer Schwalbach, a.k.a. Mrs. Kevin Smith) and moving with her to Florida to manage one of her father's car washes. Set on Dante's last day before leaving, we find Randall dealing with the approaching loss of his best friend, Dante dealing with his feelings towards sexy co-worker Becky (Rosario Dawson), and Jay & Silent Bob (Jason Mewes and Smith) just dealing... in the parking lot outside.

Like the original *Clerks*, many of the scenes in *Clerks II* are little more than excuses for Smith to indulge in his passion for hyper-verbal exchanges choked with elaborate profanity and even more elaborate analyses of virtually any subject that comes up — favorite topics include race (Randall innocently uses the phrase "porch monkey," discovers that it is a derogatory racial term, and launches a campaign to "reclaim" it for non-racists), sex (too many examples to get into), and all aspects of contemporary American culture (Randall hilariously and accurately derides the *Lord of the Rings* films as little more than umpteen hours of people walking: "Even the f----- trees walked!") This stuff is all very funny and it will come as a relief for some to discover that Smith hasn't lost his gift for writing this kind of smart, spiky dialogue. However, there is a more serious undercurrent throughout the film, exploring how the two heroes separately cope with the impending end of their longtime relationship, and their separate futures. It is Smith's ability to tackle real issues in a sly and off-hand manner — not just the sex jokes and gross-out gags — that has made his work so fascinating to watch.

While it might be stretching matters to call O'Halloran and Anderson great actors, they are perfectly at home with the more serious moments that occasionally crop up. A



Rosario Dawson and Brian O'Halloran

CLERKS II

DIRECTED BY KEVIN SMITH

STARRING: BRIAN O'HALLORAN, JEFF ANDERSON, ROSARIO DAWSON, TREVOR FEHRMAN, JENNIFER SCHWALBACH, KEVIN SMITH, JASON MEWES

98 MINUTES, RATED R

★★☆☆☆
(2 out of 4 stars)

★★★★☆
(3 1/2 out of 4 stars)



Jeff Anderson as Randal



Jason Mewes and Kevin Smith reprise their roles as Jay and Silent Bob in *Clerks II*

see *CLERKS* on p. 15

Look...! Up her skirt!



Luke Wilson and Uma Thurman sail over New York City in *My Super Ex-Girlfriend*



Luke Wilson is all but defenseless against Uma Thurman as G-Girl

MY SUPER EX-GIRLFRIEND

★★☆☆
(2 out of 4 stars)

DIRECTED BY IVAN REITMAN
STARRING: UMA THURMAN,
LUKE WILSON, ANNA FARIS,
EDDIE IZZARD, RAINN WILSON,
WANDA SYKES
95 MINUTES, RATED P-13

by Peter Sobczynski

My Super Ex-Girlfriend has so much going for it — a promising premise, a director adept at handling both comedy and large-scale special effects, and the ideal actress in the title role — that I found myself giving it the benefit of the doubt, even after one bumpy and ill-conceived sequence after another. Unfortunately, it never manages to catch fire. *My Super Ex-Girlfriend* is a sour, unpleasant, and vaguely misogynistic mess that becomes even more frustrating during the isolated moments where things do come together, only to fall to pieces once again.

Luke Wilson is Matt Saunders, an amiable dope who is gun-shy on dating after his last couple of rela-

tionships went south. On the subway, he meets Jenny Johnson (Uma Thurman), a sexy/dowdy art historian, and impresses her by recovering her purse from a purse-snatcher. They start dating and Matt begins to notice some odd things about her — she's a little high-strung, a little needy, and she always seems to have to run off to the bathroom just as a major disaster looms. But he is able to overlook those odd details because a.) she looks like Uma Thurman and b.) she is so aggressive in the sack that not only does the earth move, the bed does as well — nearly through the wall. Finally, after shocking Matt by getting hit head-on by a truck with nary a scratch, Jenny lets Matt in on her big secret — she is really G-Girl, the city's top superheroine, thanks to magical powers bestowed upon her by a meteor she touched when she was a gawky teenager.

For a while, the relationship is swell — especially Jenny's unique version of the mile-high club — but eventually, her neediness, possessiveness, and jealousy begin to drive Matt crazy and he decides to break up with her. Needless to say, she doesn't take this very well — especially since she is convinced that Matt has dumped her for cute

co-worker Hannah (Anna Faris) — and she proceeds to use her super-powers to make his life a living hell. In the world of bad break-ups, it is not uncommon for one party to scrawl a nasty message on the side of the other's car — but few besides Jenny would take the extra step of then launching the car into outer space. After Jenny causes him to lose his job and nearly kills him by throwing something through a bedroom window slightly bigger than a rock (this might have been the funniest bit in the film if the trailers hadn't given it away), Matt finds himself driven to desperation and becomes ensnared in a plot by the evil Professor Bedlam (Eddie Izzard) to strip her of her powers once and for all.

Like I said, this is a promising idea for a movie — a goofball spoof of the notion of the flawed superhero that has been explored more seri-

ously in the *Spider-Man* and *X-Men* films — but *My Super Ex-Girlfriend* makes a couple of miscalculations so grand that they grind the film to a halt. One is that instead of making Jenny an endearing neurotic, driven to distraction when her personal life isn't as clear-cut as her professional one, Don Payne's screenplay makes her a nasty, spiteful and vindictive type whose romantic miseries are mostly her fault and whose reaction to getting dumped is so over-the-top that it is creepy instead of funny. Tossing the car into space? Sort of funny. Turning on her heat-vision to scrawl an obscenity into Matt's forehead and nearly boiling his pet goldfish? Not funny at all. Actually, the film's entire attitude towards women is a little on the creepy side — the only way that Payne can think of to conclude his story is to have to two lead female characters engage in a street-smashing cat-fight that seems to go



Luke Wilson as Matt Saunders and Uma Thurman as Jenny Johnson/G-Girl

on forever without inspiring one genuine laugh.

Another problem is the ill-advised construction of the story. The whole idea of a super-heroine (and come to think of it, this film would never have been made — certainly not as a comedy — if the genders were reversed) getting revenge on an ex doesn't even kick in until the film is nearly two-thirds of the way over — in the meanwhile, we are treated to one scene after another in which Jenny acts clingy, possessive, and mildly destructive while Matt stands around looking sheepish long after any potential comedy has been milked from the idea. The special effects are also a disappointment — few of them work as comedy (with the exception of what gets hurled through the window) and none are spectacular enough to work simply as eye candy. This is especially bewildering considering that director Ivan Reitman proved himself an ace at blending comedy and visual effects with *Ghostbusters*. And you would think that with an idea as potentially promising as this one, the screenplay could have found a way to tell its story without having to rely on such stale comedic stock characters as the wacky best pal (Rainn Wilson) and the snarky boss (Wanda Sykes) to fill out the not-exactly-extended 90-minute running time.

There are times, however, when things begin to jell and you can imagine the movie everyone presumably saw in their heads when they signed on. The high school flashback explaining how Jenny became G-Girl is an amusing riff on origin stories. The ever-laconic Wilson gets a few laughs with some of his ultra-dry line readings. And, while it probably won't go down as one of her great performances, Thurman is a sexy and silly wonder as G-Girl. As she did in *zz*, she effectively cuts loose from her usual persona as a reserved goddess and throws herself into an otherwise silly role with far more gusto than it frankly deserves. As for the sight of her in her various fetish-inspired outfits — plenty of capes, spandex, and short skirts (even while flying) — all I can say is that I can think of many people who would willingly turn to a life of super-villainy just to be accosted and boxed around by her. ☞

Peter Sobczynski writes for the *Liberty Suburban Chicago Newspapers* chain and on-line at www.efilmcritic.com. He can also be heard on the nationally syndicated *Mancow's Morning Madhouse* radio program. Comments, complaints, questions, threats and Milla Jovovich's phone number can be sent to him at petersob@netzero.net.

Film Review

Monster House captures kids

MONSTER HOUSE



(3 out of 4 stars)

DIRECTED BY GIL KENAN

STARRING: MICHAEL MUSSO,
SAM LERNER, SPENCER LOCKE,
STEVE BUSCEMI, KATHLEEN TURNER,
NICK CANNON, MAGGIE GYLLENHAAL,
JASON LEE, CATHERINE O'HARA,
JON HEDER, FRED WILLARD

91 MINUTES, RATED PG

by Michael Guillén



Mitchel Musso as DJ and Spencer Locke as Jenny Monster House

With her searing debut in *Body Heat* (1981), Kathleen Turner arrived on the cinematic scene a few degrees hotter than any femme fatale I had ever seen. Her shift into comedy in *Romancing the Stone* revealed an unexpected but welcome range. And her voice as Jessica Rabbit in *Who Framed Roger Rabbit?* provided one of the best lines ever: "I'm not bad. I'm just drawn that way." That voice — which time has only perfected — is back, this time she's not only bad, she's monstrous. And purposely drawn that way.

Motion-capture animation created a successful stir with *The Polar Express*, graduated to the creation of Gollum and Kong in the Peter Jackson franchises, and has now been lifted a notch higher in Gil Kenan's *Monster House*. Here, unlike *The Polar Express*, the characters are more expressive, not less, as animation frees them from the limits of natural motion. I won't say the movie is an instant classic, but I will say the technical wizardry is fun and appealing. Turner's performance is delightful, and, in my estimation, one of the main reasons to see this Halloween-themed scary movie thrill ride.

What kid hasn't been fascinated by a scary looking house in the neighborhood? For DJ, Chowder and Jenny, it isn't just their imagination that transforms the windows into eyes, the front door into a gaping mouth, and a Persian runner rug into a frog-like tongue. This house

has a grudge to settle, and has no qualms about lifting itself right off its foundation to chase people down the street. Location, location, location, indeed!

Monster House captures the mayhem perfectly with kids that really seem like kids. They talk like kids and act like kids, even when placed in fantastic and improbable situations. Granted, all the adults in this story are ineffectual caricatures that only serve to heighten the heroic subjectivities of the three heroes who — realizing the house across the street is eating people (mainly adults, and perhaps rightfully so) — bravely set out to take care of the problem armed with bottles of cough syrup, squirt guns, and a few sticks of dynamite.

With a choice ensemble of celebrity voices, and introducing the perfectly-cast talents of newcomers Mitchel Musso, Sam Lerner, and Spencer Locke, *Monster House* is an impressive first feature by Kenan, who was plucked straight out of UCLA film school with the ink barely dry on his diploma. *Monster House* could probably have benefited from a little restraint — too many

rides at the carnival can be exhausting after all — but restraint will come later in his career. It's good to know that the Spielberg/Zemeckis tradition of feel-good adventure flicks has found its protégé.

Rated PG, perhaps more accurately PG-13, the film is uncertain of its audience. Is it for kids, for teens, or for the adults chaperoning them? Crude potty humor, mixed signals about inappropriate behavior, and a thematic obsession with the uncomfortable shift from childhood into puberty make it questionable that this movie is for young kids. It's more for grown-up kids recalling their own latchkey resiliencies.

Lerner as Chowder especially rings true as the chubby sidekick who overcomes his cluelessness with sheer bumbling bravado. His facial expressions alone are worth the price of admission. Along with Kathleen Turner's voice. 🐸

For blogs, interviews, and reviews
by Michael Guillén,
go to: www.TheEveningClass.com.



Mitchel Musso as DJ, Spencer Locke as Jenny, and Sam Lerner Chowder in Gil Kenan's feature debut, *Monster House*

"I really liked the framing story, which worked in such contrast to the inner story, and it gave it enough distance to let us feel how absurd and rotten the world can be without feeling it so much that we want to 'turn off.'"

-David Jacobson, director *DOWN IN THE VALLEY* and *DAHMER*.



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LADY IN THE WATER

★☆☆☆
(1 out of 4 stars)

DIRECTED BY M. NIGHT SHYAMALAN

STARRING: PAUL GIAMATTI,
BRYCE DALLAS HOWARD,
JEFFREY WRIGHT

110 MINUTES, RATED PG-13

by Peter Sobczynski

How could the writer/director who gave us such crisply paced, serious-minded, and intriguing works as *The Sixth Sense*, *Unbreakable*, and *Signs* (up until its dreadful final reel) also be responsible for one of the most convoluted and incompetent films to come around in a long time? Hell, even *The Village*, which was generally derided, contained a basic storyline one could follow (even if practically everyone who saw it guessed the big plot twist in the first five minutes and spent the next 100 fervently praying that it couldn't possibly be so stupidly obvious). Watching M. Night Shyamalan's *Lady in the Water* is like listening to someone trying to tell a long and elaborate joke, forgetting to include important information and endlessly doubling back. Anyone who sees it will fully understand why Disney executives famously rejected the screenplay despite Shyamalan's track record with them.

Paul Giamatti stars as Cleveland Heep, a lonely building superintendent who, like most Shyamalan heroes, is still grieving over a long-ago tragedy that has all but destroyed his life. His apartment complex seems to be populated almost entirely by weirdos. And, there appears to be someone sneaking into the pool in the wee hours of the night and gunking it up. Cleveland decides to

investigate and winds up falling unconscious into the water. When he comes to, he is safe and sound in his apartment and he has been joined by a mysterious young woman (Bryce Dallas Howard) wearing one of his shirts and nothing more. She has some nasty scratches on her legs, and, the kind of vacant, glassy-

eyed stare that you will soon recognize on the faces of anyone who makes it through this film to the end.

Eventually, Cleveland discovers that she is not a college girl who wandered away from a stoner's

party but a *narf* — a sort of water nymph who has been sent from her world to ours to make contact with a writer whose work will be misunderstood in his own time but will one day save the world. Naturally, there are a couple of hitches to all of this. For starters, neither the *narf* nor the writer have any idea of who each other is. A more pressing problem is that an ugly dog-like creature called a *scrunt* is lurking outside, waiting to chomp down on the *narf* to prevent her from completing her mission. We soon learn that *narfs* and *scrunts* appear in an ancient Korean fable, and that some of the people in the building complex appear in it as well. These people unknowingly possess the power to help Cleveland and the *narf* overcome the *scrunt*.

You might expect Shyamalan to ease viewers into such oddball conceits, but he seems to take a perverse thrill in making it extra difficult for anyone to figure out what the hell is going on. For instance, all this stuff about *narfs* and *scrunts* is explained by a screaming Korean lady and translated by her daughter who, more often than not, goes off onto strange tangents of her own. To add to the confusion, the *narf* decides to stop speak-

ing, resulting in endless scenes in which the apartment residents ask her pertinent questions and she responds by pointing at the wall or tugging her earlobe. Enter Farber (Bob Balaban) who turns out to be a creature even more vile and repulsive than a *scrunt* — a film critic. I'm sure that Shyamalan devised Farber, who serves no real purpose other than to arrogantly get everything wrong, to take symbolic revenge on all of those who criticized *The Village* by feeding him to a giant *scrunt*.

And yet, even this is far from the low point of the film. That comes with the introduction of the writer who will be misunderstood in his own time, but revered by future generations and play a decisive role in the very future of mankind. Shyamalan decided that the only person who could properly essay this role is himself (based on an

acting career consisting entirely of gradually expanding roles in his own films). Even if he could act, the fact that he would actually dare to cast himself in such a part is an act of hubris so startling that it winds up subverting what little dramatic tension there is in every scene in which he appears. (And, I'm not quite sure what the *narf* is supposed to do with him aside from offering a keep-up-the-good-work message from the undersea kingdom.)

Shyamalan is so busy screwing around with these diversions that even his commendable qualities as a director — his ability to slowly generate a palpable sense of menace and dread without relying too heavily on cheap shocks and his facility with actors — wind up falling by the wayside. Shyamalan had the good taste to hire Giamatti and Howard (whose work in *The Village* was that film's only highlight) but perversely gives them nothing to do. Giamatti has little to work with beyond his character's stuttering (which magically vanishes around the *narf*), and while Howard has a nice, otherworldly aura early on, she spends the second half of the film as an increasingly pale zombie with a disconcerting resemblance to Martin Short's Jackie Rodgers Jr. character from *Saturday Night Live*. The lady in the water in *Short Cuts* was treated with more dignity.

In the past, Shyamalan has openly compared himself to Steven Spielberg and Alfred Hitchcock. If this is true, then *Lady in the Water* will probably go down as his 1941 or *Marnie* — a work widely rejected as an artistic and financial disaster after a string of well-received popular favorites. Of course, in the years since those films were released, they have both received a critical reevaluation that has somewhat rehabilitated their reputations. Shyamalan may well bounce back from this debacle — especially if the experience convinces him to listen to story notes or perhaps even work from someone else's script — but I'm guessing that even the most devoted of future fans will be hard-pressed to consider *Lady in the Water* anything more than a cinematic case of temporary insanity. ☞

Peter Sobczynski writes for the *Liberty Suburban Chicago Newspapers* chain and on-line at www.efilmcritic.com. He can also be heard on the nationally syndicated *Mancow's Morning Madhouse* radio program. Comments, complaints, questions, threats and Milla Jovovich's phone number can be sent to him at petersob@netzero.net.



Bryce Dallas Howard and Paul Giamatti star in *Lady in the Water*. Inset: M. Night Shyamalan on set. Cindy Cheung as Young-Soon Choi. Bob Balaban, with Giamatti, as a doomed film critic.

Film Review

Nothing learned in *Boxer*



Cuba Gooding Jr. is a killer for hire in *Shadowboxer*

SHADOWBOXER



(1 out of 4 stars)

DIRECTED BY LEE DANIELS

STARRING: CUBA GOODING JR.,
HELEN MIRREN, VANESSA FERLITO,
STEPHEN DORF, MACY GRAY

93 MINUTES, RATED R

by **Tony Medley**

In *Shadowboxer*, Cuba Gooding, Jr. continues the descent he started with *Dirty*, a movie so profane it exceeded any known bounds of propriety. Here, he stars in a film with enough depravity to offend virtually everybody.

Mikey (Gooding) and Rose (Helen Mirren) are vicious cold-blooded contract killers, in the employ of a psychopath named Clayton (Stephen Dorff). Rose is also a pedophile, although the movie isn't explicit about this. But she killed Mikey's father, who killed Mikey's mother, and all this happened when Mikey was around 7-years-old. When we meet them they are lovers. Apparently Rose raised Mikey and then bedded him.

Suspecting infidelity, Clayton puts a contract on his pregnant wife, Vickie (Vanessa Ferlito), and on everyone who witnessed his recent spell of spousal abuse with a cue stick. Mikey and Rose are the killers, but after dispatching various witnesses without a hitch, Rose falters when Vickie drops her baby just as they are about to plug her. There is no premise to this film other than the point that killers are people too, and that's not a premise.

Gooding says he thinks the film will attract "people who aren't afraid of controversy and think out of the box in terms of relationships, but understand when they're being exposed to something truly great as a life lesson."

Great as a life lesson? Mikey and Rose are portrayed as sympathetic characters, even as they are gunning people down in cold blood. The horror of murder is diminished by the way it's handled. We never get to meet or know the victims, so there is no sense of loss when they are dispatched. We see them: bang! they're dead with a bullet hole between the eyes. No pain, no fear, no suffering, no emotion. One minute they are minor characters; the next minute they are corpses.

Set in Philadelphia, the film was shot in six weeks on a tight budget and it shows. The film also contains some pretty awful acting. Joseph Gordon-Levitt (Dr. Don), who had a sparkling career as a child star in the TV series *3rd Rock from the Sun*, delivers his lines like he's never read one in his life. Macy Gray's Neisha comes off like a puppet.

It is a wonder how this film escaped an NC-17 rating. Sex scenes couldn't get more graphic without showing actual intercourse. The film includes frontal male nudity, complete with condom. Normally, the Classification and Rating Administration is too uptight about sex and nudity while generally ignoring violence, low moral tone, and socially destructive points of view. Here, the movie should have been rated NC-17 based on its non-sexual content alone.

Shadowboxer is in-your-face filmmaking by people with a moral compass badly misdirected. There's nothing remotely entertaining about this film.

Reviews by Tony Medley can also be found in *The Toluca Times*, *The Larchmont Chronicle*, and at the Movie Review Query Engine (mrqe.com), RottenTomatoes.com, and TonyMedley.com. He is also the author of *Sweaty Palms: The Neglected Art of Being Interviewed* which has sold over a half million copies.

CLERKS from p. 11

climactic scene in a jail cell finds them shifting from weirdo comedy to genuine drama without missing a beat. Dawson is funny, sexy, and full of radiant good cheer throughout. And while I am happy that Smith ignored the temptation to devote a large portion of the film to the popular characters Jay & Silent Bob (perhaps dedicating an entire feature to them taught him that they are best deployed in small doses), I will note that they get some big laughs this time, and if he ever decides to center another movie on them, I hope he seriously considers Jay's rant about space travel as a possible scenario. The only bum performance comes from Schwalbach, whose Emma is such an annoying shrew that you can't believe that Dante would give up everything for her. To be fair, this is due as much to the fact that it is a weakly written part as it is the fact that she simply can't act.

Clerks II probably won't bring new fans into the Kevin Smith camp, but it is a smart and funny film that contains a number of big laughs (including the inevitable polluting of the food ordered by a particularly hateful customer, and Randall's hilarious announcement that the donkey show has gone awry). It also contains, in its last shot, arguably the most quietly disturbing final image to appear in an otherwise amiable comedy since the haunting conclusion of *Dazed and Confused*. While watching *Clerks II*, you may recognize yourself or your friends in the characters on screen and you may even find yourself examining your own life choices afterwards. And, I can almost guarantee that you will think twice before getting into an argument with anyone working behind the counter of a fast-food joint before receiving your meal.

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Lightning strikes for Guthe's *First Time*

Writer/director Nick Guthe and writer/actress Nikki Reed (*Thirteen*) talk about their collaboration in the new film *Mini's First Time*

by Julian Camellieri

In 1999 when writer/director Nick Guthe first penned the script for *Mini's First Time*, the film's eventual lead actress Nikki Reed, was in grammar school.

"I often joke that we were waiting for her to grow up," Guthe said in an interview at the Meridian Hotel in Beverly Hills, "Because [Nikki] was only 11 when I wrote the script."

Now 18, Reed was 16 when she performed the role of Mini — a sexy, affluent teen living in a part of Los Angeles where all the residents indulge in classically immoral behavior, the worst of which seems to be Mini's irredeemably selfish mother, Diane (Carry-Ann Moss), who swaps masseur/gigolo tips with fellow trophy wives when she isn't screaming for margaritas in the morning, or offering monthly sexual advances to her comically creepy neighbor (Jeff Goldblum). Mini compensates for a lifetime without affection by seeking an array of "first times," a scandalous list of sins that would make any parent shudder.

"It was just [Nick and I] for six weeks before we started shooting. He played all the characters and I played Mini. That was my way of diving into [the character], just becoming close with her instead of imitating what she did," Reed said.



Nikki Reed

"I didn't go out and join an escort service or go out and have an affair with an older man. But I found a way to relate to her."

Soon after Mini enlists as a high-class, under-age prostitute, she finds herself in a darkened hotel room with her stepfather Martin (Alec Baldwin), a stoic, high-rolling executive. Martin has no idea until afterwards that he has just had sex with his manipulative stepdaughter.

During the resulting affair, Mini revels in the thought of being caught by her mother with her stepfather at any moment. Before long, she's convinced Martin to plot with her to get her mother out of the picture.

"Aside from the just the script being appealing, I was attracted to playing someone that was so different from myself," Reed said. "Mini grew up in a household where she was not loved at all and wasn't given any attention and yet had plenty of resources. I grew up in a house where my mom over-loved me to the point where I was claustrophobic at times and I moved out at 14 because of it."

Reed was speaking of an experience documented in the critically acclaimed, semiautobiographical film *Thirteen*, in which Reed co-starred with Rachel Evan Woods and Holly Hunter, and co-wrote with director Catherine Hardwicke. However, Guthe insists that it was Reed's attitude that scored her the role, not the fame she achieved from *Thirteen*.

"It wasn't a difficult choice. I knew within five minutes of meeting [Reed] that she was perfect," said Guthe. "First of all, she was the only actress who came to an interview who was not actually tarted up. I just thought that the real mini wouldn't try to impress me. She wouldn't care if she got the role."

Asked why his other lead actor, Baldwin, has been notably absent from efforts to promote *Mini's First Time*, Guthe speculated that it may have to do with personal issues. "He has a custody battle with his wife, which is pretty well publicized," Guthe explained. "In this movie he plays a man in a horrible marriage who intentionally drives his wife crazy, and then kills her, and then beats the neighbor to death. I know he's brilliant in the film. Actors are not the roles they play. They are playing roles and it is intellectually dishonest to connect the two."

The long road to getting *Mini's First Time* from script to screen was filled with bumps along the way. "They often say it takes seven mira-

cles or lightning bolts to get a film made and it is usually the case," Guthe said.

Six years ago, Guthe was working in Los Angeles as a screenwriter, exploring all avenues to get one of his scripts made. His wife, Heidi, who is also a screenwriter and often collaborates on scripts and pitches with her husband, came up with an idea for a movie about a friendship between a celebrity and his impersonator. "We needed an actor who was going to play [the celebrity]. We were like, 'Who can we get?'" Guthe said. "And I was driving my car and I heard an interview with [Kevin Spacey] on national public radio talking about his company and how it was set up to find undiscovered voices."

Heidi suggested they send the celebrity script, along with *Mini's First Time*, to Spacey's production company, TriggerStreet. Spacey's producing partner Dana Brunetti became very interested in the *Mini's First Time*, and after a couple of years focusing on other projects, began seeking money and talent. Spacey felt the older man/younger woman relationship between Martin and Mini was too similar to his role in *American Beauty*, but contin-

ued to work on the film as a producer.

Guthe said that the film would not have been made "if not for [TriggerStreet's] belief in me that I could do it, this radio interview I heard, and my wife's good idea. Those were three of the seven lightning bolts."

Brunetti convinced Guthe to send his script to Baldwin's people. (Guthe had sent the script to the actor when he first wrote it and even got a meeting set up, but it was cancelled at the last minute with no explanation.) The second time around proved to be more fruitful as Baldwin signed on. With the high profile actor attached, Guthe was able to secure Reed and the rest of the ensemble cast.

Both Guthe and Reed are optimistic about their futures in the movie industry. Guthe is attached to direct his wife Heidi's celebrity impersonator script, and has two more scripts in the works. Reed is working on her next screenplay as well. "She has asked me to read her latest script, which I will do," Guthe said. "She is a very smart person. I know she will direct a movie one day too. I know she will. She is obviously a very good writer. I think she really enjoys the entire process of filmmaking." ☺

Alec Baldwin and Nikki Reed star in *Mini's First Time*



writer/director Nick Guthe

FILMS YOU OUGHT TO SEE but will you?

Warren Curry champions the quiet and moving, *Swedish Auto* in ET's weekly feature on outstanding indie films in search of distribution

SWEDISH AUTO

★★★★☆
(3 out of 4 stars)

DIRECTED BY DEREK SIEG

STARRING: LUKAS HAAS, JANUARY JONES,
GORDON BASS, ANNE BROWN

97 MINUTES, NOT RATED

by Warren Curry

Swedish Auto needs about half its running time to fully sink its hooks into you, but the payoff is certainly worth the wait. Starting off like a somewhat unfocused and oddly pitched drama, it's a film that gradually sneaks up on the viewer. You ultimately find yourself absorbed in the central characters' plights before even being aware of it. In this methodical but not slow film, director Derek Sieg's script never reveals its hand too early and keeps you guessing which direction it will take until the final scene.

Set in a small Virginia town, *Swedish Auto* features an appropriately subtle lead performance by Lukas Haas as Carter, a reclusive twenty-something man who works as a mechanic at Leroy's Swedish Auto Shop. The shop's owner, Leroy (Lee Weaver), is an encouraging presence in Carter's life, quite the opposite of his antagonizing son, Bobby (Chris Williams), the shop's only other employee. Having lost his parents in a car accident when



Lee Weaver with Lukas Haas at the repair shop. Inset: Haas, January Jones.

the diner Carter and his co-workers frequent for lunch. Much like Carter, Darla is an introvert, but has more immediate problems plaguing her life, primarily her abusive stepfather, Shelley (Tim deZarn). Carter and Darla develop a simmering romantic bond — one that's never free of trouble, due to both their own inherent flaws and those of the world and people around them.

The film's first act is a bit haphazard, leading us to believe that Carter is more troubled than he turns out to be. Little is explained about the genesis of Darla's fascination with Carter, so we're left to accept that these two wayward souls are basically bound by fate. While their initial connection feels forced, Sieg develops Carter and Darla's relationship in a believably complicated way. Both characters, due in no small part to their shortcomings, are easy to like and it's difficult not to hope for their union to succeed.

When Leroy allows Carter to refurbish an old, beat-up Volvo, the film appears to settle into an easy rhythm, but unexpected complications disrupt the false sense of security. Unable to convince her mother to leave Shelley, Darla's taxing home life continues its downward spiral, while Carter encounters unforeseen troubles in the workplace after tragedy strikes. The storytelling is relaxed enough to allow these set-

backs not to feel contrived. At this point in their lives, Carter and Darla's dealings with hardship are basically second nature. The film's calm, restrained tone is maintained throughout thanks to the absence of melodrama, and gorgeous, poetic cinematography of Richard V. Lopez, which establishes the town as an important character in its own right.

Haas and Jones speak volumes through body language and expressions rather than dialogue. Compared to his performance as a shady crime figure in *Brick*, Haas feels more natural here, and Jones, who played a similarly stifled young woman in *The Three Burials of Melquiades Estrada*, is quietly confident in her vital role. She is a young actor to keep an eye on.

An aspect of the story that doesn't feel fully fleshed out is Carter's infatuation with the violinist. After working so diligently early on to establish Carter's preoccupation with the woman and her music, Sieg largely abandons this subplot until the final act when it's tied up in an inconclusive fashion. This element of the story could be discarded entirely with little (if any) adverse effect on the movie.

Sieg, however, gets almost everything else right, and has made an assured, well-rounded film that belies the fact that he is a first-time feature director. *B*

Reviews by Warren Curry also appear on Entertainment Insiders (www.insiders.com) and can be heard on the podcast Filmmakers Pod (www.filmmakerspod.com).



Director Derek Sieg

he was a child, Carter leads a solitary life. His sole refuge is the music of a local violinist named Anne (Brienne Davis). Carter is so fond of the woman's talent that he becomes a harmless stalker, listening to Anne play from various hiding spots.

It turns out that Carter isn't the only stalker in town. He has his own secret admirer in the person of Darla (January Jones), a waitress at

FORD SEEKS HBCU GRADUATES FOR 2006 BLACK COLLEGE ROAD TRIP



DEARBORN, MICHIGAN—Calling all recent HBCU Graduates! Did you love your college experience and want to share it with others? Ford is seeking two passionate Historically Black College and University (HBCU) graduates to participate in the 6th annual 2006 Black College Road Trip to promote Ford's hottest vehicles and its latest community outreach efforts at various HBCU football classics throughout the country.

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Movie Listings

Now playing...



Pirates of Caribbean: Dead Man's Chest has grosseed 258 million U.S. domestice box office to date

The Break-Up ★★ (PG-13)
One might be inclined to walk into a screening of *The Break-Up* thinking that the title says it all. Except in this case, it doesn't. Now if the film had the more appropriate title of "The Argument," then that would have been more like it. (SM)
AMC Loews Universal City 18 & IMAX, The Grove, Pacific Culver Stadium 12, Pacific Galleria Stadium 16

Cars ★★ ★ 1/2 (PG 13)
Pixar is unique in the history of movies. It's the only studio not to have ever produced a flop. Even Walt Disney himself during his heyday would produce the occasional financial disaster. But not Pixar. The only bad movie they ever produced was a short called *Boundin'* and that doesn't really count, which leaves expectations so high as to cause breathing trouble to see them up close. (EL)
AMC Theatres Magic Johnson Theatre, Pacific's The Grove 14, Pacific's Culver Stadium 12, Mann Glendale Exchange 10, AMC Loews Universal Imax, AMC Theatres Burbank, AMC Theatres Burbank Town Center 8, AMC Theatres Santa Monica 7, AMC Theatres, Century City 15, Pacific's Culver Stadium 12, National Amusements The Bridge: cinema de lux

Click ★★ (PG-13)
Since a magical remote control turns out to be the cause of Adam Sandler's problems in his latest comedy, I couldn't help but hope that a real fast-forward button would appear out of nowhere and bail me out of the last 40 minutes. That's because despite an amusing set-up that aims higher than you'd expect from a Sandler comedy, *Click* tunes out with an ending that's sappy, redundant and not nearly as funny as the hour or so that preceded it. (SM)
ArcLight Cinemas Hollywood, AMC Theatres Magic Johnson Theatre, The Grove, Mann Glendale Exchange 10, AMC Loews Universal Studios IMAX Theater, Pacific's Paseo 14, Pacific's Culver Stadium 12, AMC Theatres Burbank, AMC Theaters Burbank Town Center 8, National Amusements The Bridge: cinema de lux, AMC Loews Universal Studios and IMAX Theater

Da Vinci Code, The ★★ 1/2(PG-13)
Time to state the obvious: the movie was NEVER going to be as good as the book and everyone knows it. Remember the first *Harry Potter* film or *Midnight*

in the Garden of Good and Evil. Both were fine films, but you can't do things as nuanced as some novels and remain faithful unless you've got a miniseries lasting a total of four or five hours. This is not to say that Akiva Goldsman and Ron Howard didn't TRY. They did a damn fine job of doing an almost exact transcription of the Dan Brown novel, but the simple fact is that the book was better at when expectorating conspiracy theories than doing chases. (EL)
Mann Beverly Center Cinema, Academy 6, Regency Valley Plaza

Devil Wears Prada ★★ ★ (PG-13)
The concept of fashion as art is a theme given a proper send-up in *The Devil Wears Prada*. And when that art is worn by the likes of Meryl Streep, you can forgive the softness of the film. *Prada* deals with adult issues but handles adult situations from a distance to make it appropriate viewing for a large audience spectrum. And while this may help at the box office, it waters down the effectiveness of the story. (JH)
Laemmle Grand, Five Star Theatres Los Feliz 3, ArcLight Cinemas Hollywoo, AMC Theatres Magic Johnson Theatre, The Grove, Mann Glendale Marketplace 4, Laemmle One Colorado , AMC Loews Universal Studios and IMAX Theater, Pacific's Paseo 14, Pacific's Culver Stadium 12, AMC Theatres Burbank

Fast and the Furious: Tokyo Drift ★★ (PG-13)
The first two were to some extent hits, and so the studio really had no choice but to make a third. It's all the usual crap. The racing scenes are to some extent exciting. But when the camera isn't on fast cars, the action stops dead in its tracks making the film boring more often than not. If you like watching cars crash, *Tokyo Drift* might be for you. Although race car fans might be left wanting as the action becomes gridlock when the drama kicks in. (EL)
AMC Theatres Magic Johnson Theatre, Mann Glendale Exchange 10, Mann Beverly Center Cinema, AMC Loews Universal Studios and IMAX Theater, AMC Theatres Burbank, Regency Valley Plaza

Garfield: A Tail of Two Kitties ★ (PG)
In the *Garfield* sequel, the sarcastic feline (voiced again by Bill Murray) crashes his owner Jon Arbuckle's

(Breckin Meyer) romantic getaway with his girlfriend (Jennifer Love Hewitt) in the United Kingdom. Garfield gets the royal treatment when he switches places with Prince, a royal cat with his own estate. Trouble arises when Lord Dargis aims to claim the same piece of property, which he is in line to inherit. (JC)
Mann Beverly Center, Mann Plant 16

An Inconvenient Truth ★★ ★ ★ (PG)
Is Al Gore doing a Chicken Little act in *An Inconvenient Truth*? I wish he were. This stunning documentary about global warming is a well-reasoned, clearly-proven, intelligent, cogent, irresistible torrent of scientific data, in a curiously warm, engaging, often funny presentation. What an entertaining horror movie this is! (JG)
Five Star Theatres, Los Feliz 3, ArcLight Cinemas Hollywood, Mann Glendale Exchange 10, Laemmle Playhouse 7, AMC Theatres Burbank Town Center 6, AMC Theatres Century City 15, AMC Theatres Santa Anita 16, Laemmle Monica

Keeping Up With The Steins ★★ ★ (PG-13)
The Bar Mitzvah (Hebrew for "first blessing"), is one of the most important ceremonies in the Jewish religion. In olden times, a 13-year-old boy would come up to read the torah at the synagogue for the first time. Then he would be given a party prior to being kicked out of the house and forced to get a job. (EL)
Mann Beverly Center Cinema

The Lake House ★ ★ 1/2 (PG)
A time warp allows architect Alex Wyler (Keanu Reeves) to correspond with Doctor Kate Forster (Sandra Bullock). Forster lives in the future. Not all that far in the future, about two years to be exact. And as luck would have it they live in the same house. In Forster's future Alex moved out well before. Reeves and Bullock both do a decent job, and Christopher Plummer as Alex's father delightfully chews the scenery. *The Lake House* is a one hankie weepy for gals who really don't want to see any of the superhero action flicks that usually come out this time of year. (EL)
Mann Glendale Exchange 10, Mann Beverly Center Cinema, Academy 6, AMC Theatres Burbank

Leonard Cohen: I'm Your Man ★★ ★ (PG-13)
This concert documentary gathers solid interviews, anecdotes, recitations and tribute performances that present a fairly engaging portrait of the wry, dark poet who became a distinct voice in pop music. Unlikely to appeal much beyond Cohen's loyal fans or bring converts to the brooding whimsy and dense wordplay of his songs. But the reclusive Cohen offers warm and amusing recollections. (David Germain, Associated Press)
Laemmle Sunset 5

Mini's First Time ★ ★ ★ (R)
Alec Baldwin excels in this predictable neo-neo-noir, derived from films like *Malice* and *The Last Seduction* rather than the classics that defined the genre. Title character is Baldwin's stepdaughter (Nikki Reed) who first beds him, then enlists him in a plot to do-away with her desperate housewife mother (Carrie-Anne Moss). When the detective assigned to case turns out to be yet another well-known actor (Luke Wilson), it's only a matter of time before the long arm of the law catches up with Baldwin, or Reed, or both. (JC)
ArcLight Cinemas Hollywood, Laemmle Playhouse 7, Pacific Sherman Oaks 5, Mann Criterion

La Moustache ★★ ★ (NR)
A simple argument over facial hair between Marc Thiriez (Vincent Lindon) and his wife Agnes (Emmanuelle Devos) leads to a crisis of identity and existence when Marc shaves off his moustache. Marc is continually told that things he once held dear — his friends, his father, even his moustache — have never existed. As Marc tries to escape from his crisis, the plot becomes as fragile as his reality, ending with suspense and ambiguity, while still full of symbolism. (JC)
Laemmle Music Hall, Laemmle Town Center Theatre

Little Man 1/2 star (R)
Calvin (Marlon Wayans) is a midget criminal who along with idiot colleague Percy (Tracy Morgan) is forced a ditch a stolen diamond inside the purse of rising Chicago businesswoman Vanessa (Kerry Washington). After following Vanessa and her husband home, Percy and Calvin hit upon the perfect idea — they will dress Calvin up as a baby and leave him on their doorstep in a basket, and when they take him in, he can grab the diamond and sneak out. You might enjoy this film if don't require actual humor in your comedies, or if you simply want to peep inside the freak show to see if it really is as bad as it looks. Answer: it is. (PS)
University Village 3, AMC Theatres Magic Johnson Theatre, The Grove, Mann Glendale Exchange 10, AMC Loews Universal Studios and IMAX Theater, Mann Culver Plaza, AMC Theatres Burbank, AMC Theatres Burbank Town Center 6, AMC Theatres Burbank Town Center 8

Nacho Libre ★★ (PG)
Jared Hess' sporadically funny *Nacho Libre* is a messy film carried through on the misanthropic charisma of its lead Jack Black. Lots of unique sketch type comedy can't make this incomplete story work. And this despite some inspired moments from anti-star Black. (JH)
AMC Theatres Magic Johnson Theatre, Pacific's The Grove 14, Mann Glendale Exchange 10, Laemmle One Colorado Cinemas, AMC Loews Universal Studios and AMC Loews Universal Studios and IMAX Theater, Pacific Paseo 14, AMC Theatres Burbank, AMC Theatres Burbank Town Center

The Oh in Ohio ★ ★ 1/2 (R)
Priscilla (Parkery Posey) is a beautiful and successful executive at a corporation designed to attract business to Cleveland. Her marriage to husband Jack (Paul Rudd) and her life seem to be going very well, except for the fact that she has to deal with the colossal bummer of never having had an orgasm. There are several funny, touching, and even sexy moments in writer-director Billy Kent's depiction of Pricilla's chaotic sexual awakening. But an uneven tone that wanders as aimlessly as the movie's heroine causes *The Oh in Ohio* to come off as patchy & incomplete. (JC)
Laemmle Sunset 5 Theatre, Academy 6, Landmark Westside Pavilion

The Omen 2006 ★ ★ ★ (R)
is an awfully good film. Surprisingly, it exceeds its predecessor but could not have been made without it. Though it has been a while since I've seen the Richard Donner directed original, I believe that the 2006 remake is fairly faithful to its source. But instead of feeling like a dirty impostor (ala Van Sant's technically excellent but something missing *Psycho*), this version is sleeker and more consistently entertaining than the first. (JH)
Regency Valley Plaza

Only Human ★★ ★ (R)
What should have been a standard trip home to Spain for television reporter Leni (Marian Aguilera) becomes a bit tense when she announces to her Jewish family that her new boyfriend Rafi (Guillermo Toledo) is Palestinian. It also doesn't help that Leni's family is a bit on the quirky side, with an overly anxious mother Gloria (Norma Aleandro), boistrous father Ernesto (Mario Martin), and awkwardly straight brother David (Fernando Ramallo). Worse still, Rafi is prone to embarrassing situations. (JC)
Laemmle Fairfax Cinemas, Laemmle Town Center Theatre



Parker Posey in The Oh in Ohio



MICKEY SPILLANE Died July 17, 2006

By Rusty White



Mickey Spillane, the last of the great tough guys, died of undisclosed causes at the age of 88. Mickey Spillane was the real deal. A tough guy who wrote about tough guys, he created Mike Hammer, one of the greatest fictional detectives of all time. Mike Hammer has been portrayed by such actors as Stacy Keach, Armand Assanti, Darren McGavin, Ralph Meeker, and Spillane himself. Spillane gave his no-nonsense detective the sexiest secretary imaginable. Velda was erotic on the page and has been portrayed by some very beautiful actresses including Shannon Whirry and Pamela Anderson. I remember the lurid covers of Spillane's paperback classics from my childhood. Tough brutes fighting it out and beautiful broads bursting the buttons of their tight, white cotton shirts. The even more provocative cover of his later novel *The Erection Set* featured one of his ex-wives Sherri Malinou! I wasn't sure what I would find when I picked up one of Spillane's books at age 11. I fell in love with the detective novel, which lead to my love for Film Noir. Spillane wrote more than two dozen books, many of which were brought to the big

Hi there! If you discover a mistake that needs to be corrected or have a tip for a film industry obituary that I have overlooked please feel free to contact me. I would appreciate it if you would send links to news articles confirming any tips. Also, with all of the computer viruses out there, please do not send e-mails with attachments. I automatically delete those. You can contact me at "Rusty@einsiders.com." Thanks!

Over The Hedge ★ ★ ★ (PG) This computer-animated big screen adaptation of the popular comic strip series created by Michael Fry and T Lewis is a clever, charming and often funny movie that the whole family can enjoy. (SM) Mann Beverly Center Cinema, Regency Valley Plaza,

Peaceful Warrior ★ (PG-13) When college gymnast Dan Millman (Scott Mechlowicz) suffers a serious injury, the limitations of his abilities seem irreversible. That is until he meets Socrates (Nick Nolte) a strange man who can channel different levels of physical and mental power. Along with a young lady named Joy (Amy Smart), the two help Dan to become a "peaceful warrior" and find his place in the world. (JC) Mann Beverly Center, Academy 6

Pirates of the Caribbean: Dead Man's Chest ★ ★ ★ (PG-13)

A relatively entertaining film often hobbled by a rambling screenplay and a running time about thirty minutes longer than necessary. The real selling point is the magnificently fruity Johnny Depp as Captain Jack Sparrow. In *Dead Man's Chest* he has here taken the role far beyond mere impression into the kind of demented realm that only the most supremely confident of performers ever dare to enter. In a film that comes close to proving that there really can be too much of a good thing, Depp somehow manages to leave audiences hungry for more. (PS)

Laemmle Grande, University Village 3, Five Star Theatres Vista Theatre, AMC Theatres Magic Johnson Theatre, Pacific's The Grove 14, Mann Glendale Marketplace 4, El Capitan, Mann Glendale Exchange 10, Laemmle One Colorado Cinemas, AMC Loews Universal Studios and IMAX

A Prairie Home Companion ★ ★ ★ ★ (PG-13)

Robert Altman's star-studded ensemble piece was inspired by Garrison

Keillor's understated, unpretentious radio show from a mythical, benign, heartwarming, American hinterland. Altman's direction is as laid-back and unostentatiously clever as Keillor's show. With Keillor himself as writer and self-effacing star, Altman comes up with a wonderfully substantial, light-hearted and wistful film. In it, the radio show is taking place against the suddenly pending demise of station WLT, sold to an evil Texas conglomerate, making this the last hurrah. There is lots of backstage "reality," and - above all - fabulously stick-in-the-brain good music. Surprisingly effective vocals by Meryl Streep, Lily Tomlin, Virginia Madsen, Woody Harrelson, and John C. Reilly. Yes, they also act in the context of monologues and interweaving stories. (JG)

ArcLight Cinemas Hollywood, Mann Beverly Center Cinema, Laemmle Playhouse 7, Mann Criterion

Road to Guantanamo ★ ★ ★ (R)

Based on a true story of three men of Middle Eastern descent wrongly imprisoned for 2 years, Guantanamo should anger everyone who sees it. If you embrace this film's humanist stance, you will be appalled by the injustice it depicts and more ready than ever to criticize the "war on terror." If your politics place you on the other side of the dividing line, you might view this as a shortsighted propaganda piece created solely for the purpose of eliciting knee jerk reactions. In the end, the film forces one to ponder whether basic human rights— i.e. the right not to be tortured— should be extended to all, even those who intend to harm us (or, in this case, share the same skin color with those who have harmed us in the past). (WC) Laemmle 1 Colorado, Laemmle Fairfax

A Scanner Darkly ★ ★ ★ (R)

An almost-animated, pitch-black meditation on perception, paranoia and

screen and TV. For my money, Stacy Keach was the best Mike Hammer. He starred in the 1980's CBS series *Mike Hammer* and reprised the role in several made-for-TV movies as well as the 1997 TV series *Mike Hammer, Private Eye*. Darren McGavin played the title role in the 1950's TV series *Mike Hammer*. Mike Hammer films run the gamut from classic to poor. *Kiss Me Deadly* starring Ralph Meeker is considered one of the greats from the Film Noir genre. It is ironic that the film is so good because director Robert Aldrich turned Mike Hammer from an American Icon into a brutal sadist. Mr. Spillane was a conservative who hated communism. Robert Aldrich was more left of center politically. *Kiss Me Deadly* is a great, if somewhat strange film, but it is not indicative of Mickey Spillane's work. *I, the Jury* was the first Spillane novel to be turned into a film. The results were fair. The 1982 remake featured Armand Assanti giving a brutal performance as Hammer. Spillane played the role himself in the 1963 film *The Girl Hunters*. Even though he wasn't a great actor, this movie remains a guilty pleasure. It features beautiful, widescreen Black and White photography, Shirley Eaton in a bikini, and a badass Mike Hammer as his creator saw him. Spillane began writing for comic books before WWII. He enlisted in the military and served during WWII. His first novel sold several million copies and he never looked back. Thanks Mickey for hours of reading pleasure. Hope Velda was waiting for you on the other side.

identity. Keanu Reeves stars as Bob Arctor, a drug-addicted undercover cop all but permanently ensconced in a second identity as "Fred" (created by a "scramble suit," a hologram of sorts that masks his identity) ordered to spy on his own alter ego and his friends. For viewers, it's tough to anchor feelings or a rooting interest in a mind-fried character with shifting identities, but he's all we have. Even if we don't quite connect emotionally, Bob/Fred's situation keeps us interested in his plight, wondering if he can stop himself from drowning. (AB)

Los Feliz 3, ArcLight Cinerama Dome, ArcLight Cinemas Hollywood, The Grove, Mann Glendale Exchange 10, Pacific Paseo 14, Mann Culver Plaza, AMC Theatres Burbank Town Center 6, The Bridge, Century City 15, Laemmle Monica

Strangers with Candy ★ (R)

Roughly four times the length of a normal episode, *Candy* unfortunately does not contain a similar multiple of laughs. The film is a smug and dreary slog through largely unfunny material that will completely bewilder newcomers while testing the patience of loyal fans of the show. Amy Sedaris as Jerri Blank is best in small doses.

However I will admit that the film does contain one bit that actually made me laugh as hard as anything else that I have seen this year: a gym class sequence featuring an activity more hazardous than even dodgeball. This bit is so weird and unexpectedly hilarious that it makes you wonder who the people were that came up with it and where they were when the rest of the script was being written. (PS)

Laemmle Sunset 5 Theatre, Laemmle Playhouse 7, Landmark Nu-Wilshire

Superman Returns ★ ★ ★ (PG-13)

Does the big screen still need a Superman? The answer is a resounding yes. It may take itself a little too seriously, and the love story tends to overwhelm the gee-whiz fun of it all, but *Superman Returns* is a very good movie— it's not quite super, but it's definitely good. Director Bryan Singer's clever device to link to previous Superman films by incorporating John Williams' theme music, familiar dialogue, and unused footage of Marlon Brando will surely give longtime fans the chills. (SM)

Laemmle Grande, University Village, Five Star Theatres Los Feliz 3, AMC Theatres Magic Johnson Theatre, The Grove, Mann Glendale Exchange 10, Landmark Rialto Theatre, IMAX, Pacific Paseo 14, AMC Theatres Burbank

Waist Deep ★ ★ 1/2 (R)

How do you recycle old clichés without anyone noticing? Change the location of course. Tyrese Gibson ster in a Wesetern relocated to the modern day inner city. The acting is fine, but the script is so uneven that it almost boggles the mind. The good parts are so good and the bad parts are so bad that it averages out at somewhere around the lower end of mediocre. (EL)

AMC Theatres Magic Johnson Theatre, Mann Beverly Center Cinema, AMC Universal IMAX, National Amusements The Bridge: cinema de lux, Regency Valley Plaza

Wassup Rockers ★ ★ ★

An affectionate portrait of seven nonconformist Latino punk rock skaters who square off on their home turf in South Central against hip-hop gangstas and skinhead cholos, and then take crosstown buses to Beverly Hills to devastate the rich White pseudos. Part documentary, part narrative reconstruction, and part ridiculous fantasy. Not Larry Clark's best, nor his most polished, but certainly his sweetest. (MG)

Laemmle Sunset 5 Theatre, Laemmle One Colorado Cinemas, Mann National

Water (PG-13) ★ ★ ★ 1/2

An unflinching look at the life of a widow in 1930's India. A widow, is left at a home for cast out widows where she is expected to spend the rest of her life. (JH)

Mann Beverley Center Theatre

Who Killed the Electric Car? (PG) ★ ★ ★ 1/2

The killers of the electric car were so good—so efficient—most of us forgot it existed. But in Chris Paine's documentary, we focus our attention, not on the problem, but on the solution. If you were depressed by *Inconvenient Truth*, you'll be horrified by *Electric Car*. (SS)

ArcLight Cinemas Hollywood, Laemmle Playhouse 7, Landmark Nu-Wilshire, Laemmle Town Center Theatre

X-Men: The Last Stand ★ ★ 1/2 (PG)

The third, and supposedly final installment hints at "X4." It's entertaining enough, and it's certainly far superior to some of the other recent superhero flicks to come flying off the Marvel Comics conveyor belt (especially 2004's *The Punisher* and 2005's *Elektra*). But the film lacks focus, the dialogue is weak and there are far too many underdeveloped characters, resulting in a franchise that ends on a relative whimper rather than the X-cellent bang that it deserved. (SM)

Mann Beverly Center Cinema, Mann Culver Plaza, AMC Theatres Burbank

You, Me and Dupree ★ 1/2 (PG-13)

You, Me, and Dupree is a mediocre film that squanders the talent of its stars.

The off-kilter humor that earned Joe and Anthony Russo Emmy Awards for *Arrested Development* is missing from *Dupree*, a formulaic romantic comedy highlighted by too few chuckle-inducing moments. Soon after their wedding, Carl (Matt Dillon) and Molly (Kate Hudson) take in *Dupree* (Owen Wilson) who has fallen on hard times. The first morning the newlyweds find *Dupree* sleeping nude on their plush leather couch. As *Dupree's* stay at the Peterson residence becomes longer and longer, efforts are doubled then redoubled to get him out. Wilson has special on-screen radiance that can earn him instant trust (see *The Life Aquatic* and his early work in *Bottle Rocket*). But without the constant gabbing of Vince Vaughn, Wilson's eclectic magnetism isn't enough to carry the show. (JH)

Laemmle Grand, ArcLight Cinemas Hollywood, AMC Theatres Magic Johnson Theatre, The Grove, Mann Glendale Marketplace 4, Laemmle One Colorado Cinemas, AMC Loews Universal Studios and IMAX Theater, Pacific's Paseo 14, AMC Theatres Burbank

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Sales Promotion Coordinator for Growing Independent Film Network Withoutabox, the world's leading network for independent film, is looking for a take-charge Sales Promotion Coordinator. The range of projects is quite wide, so we seek a can-do individual of great spirit who is also a detail fanatic, and has an interest in furthering the independent growth and promotion of film internationally. Reporting directly to the VP Marketing, you will interact with our entire team—and with outside partners, and vendors. Thus, superior writing and interpersonal skills are definitely required. Ability to complete research projects and accept administrative challenges are also key! Qualifications: 2 years' experience in marketing and/or sales, including creation and management of communities and networks as a means of solidifying and expanding the Company's b-to-b and b-to-c market segments. Salary is 30K a year. TO APPLY: please email your resume and cover letter with the subject line "Sales Promotion Coordinator" to: andrusia@withoutabox.com

OFFICE MANAGER / COORDINATOR POSITION AT TULCHIN ENTERTAINMENT

Immediate Job Opening at Tulchin Entertainment/Tulchin & Associates for Officer Manager/Coordinator Position. Producer's Rep/Entertainment Attorney's office immediately seeking office manager/coordinator with interest in film and TV international and domestic sales and financing, marketing, publicity, distribution, and entertainment law. Organized multi-tasker, PC proficient with Internet skills, 55 wpm typing, and solid administrative and accounting skills. Strong knowledge/interest in independent film and festival circuit an asset. Entry-level position with great potential for advancement. TO APPLY: e-mail cover letter and resume to: info4tulchinent@aol.com OR fax to: (310) 914-7927

CASTING ASSISTANTS (Full-Time and Part Time)

We are one of the entertainment industries leading commercial casting companies. We specialize in casting high profile campaigns, multi-content, cross-market, sponsored content, product launches, and celebrity driven campaigns. Our employees' backgrounds are creative and diverse and foster a dynamic and exciting work environment. These positions offer excellent opportunities for growth within a casting company and to gain valuable working knowledge of the entertainment industry. The location is Hollywood and we are hiring full time and part time positions. Knowledge of computers (both PC's and MAC's) and proficiency in both Excel and Word is required. Graphic design skills, including web design a huge plus. Please denote if you are fluent in any foreign language. Please email cover letter and resume to: castingassistant@gmail.com

CREW NEEDED FOR INDIE FEATURE

(approx 16 shoot days over 2-3 weeks) Ultra Low Budget Indie seeking various positions and locations for an August shoot in the San Fernando Valley area (predominantly Woodland Hills). Shooting starts in mid- August. We need 1st and 2nd AD's, each at a flat rate of \$600 cash total, Gaffer/Lighting Technician With Their Own Equipment & Truck at a flat rate of \$3600 total, Set Decorator with graphic design knowledge to build a few simple web pages during pre-production, then handle product placement, wardrobe, set decoration, and production design duties at a flat rate of \$600 cash total, Hair & Wardrobe person to work for a flat rate of \$600 cash total, Grips, A.C.'s, P.A.'s, Interns, or College-Aged Actors/Actresses interested in being involved with our production may also submit inquiries. We're also seeking to shoot in a BAR at \$250/Day, a COFFEE shop at \$250/Day, and a HOUSE or APT. location at \$150/Day, preferably in or near the San Fernando Valley. (We have standard insurance policies in place). Please send a resume via email to AmerAsianFilms@yahoo.com or mail to Roger Lim, P.O. Box 261221 Encino, CA 91426

GRAPHICS DESIGN INTERN NEEDED

Entertainment Today is seeking hard working individuals to join our creative team. Work 1-2 days a week. Background in Adobe In Design and Illustrator preferred. Job duties include layout design, creating ads, eating pizza at 2 AM, and graphic illustration. Non-paid, but school credit available. Email your resume to cecilia@entertainmenttodayonline.com with the subject "Graphics Intern".

WEBDESIGNER/ DEVELOPER WANTED

AIA Studios is looking for a freelance web designer/developer to work with us on an ongoing basis to maintain our website. Our ideal candidate is proficient in building and maintaining XHTML/CSS-based websites, experienced in web-based graphical design using either Photoshop/ImageReady or Adobe (formerly Macromedia) Fireworks and having knowledge of PHP programming would be nice, but isn't absolutely required. Must have both design and development experience. Email your resume and any website links with samples of your work to Denise at: Dennise@aiastudios.com

ASSISTANT TO MUSIC COMPOSERS

Administrative position, which is available immediately, assisting two music composers in Santa Clarita. It is a full-time position, with salary based on experience. A wonderful opportunity to work for a growing company already established in television. Production experience preferred. Email your resume to Julia at julia@ah2music.com

HIRING EDITOR, GRAPHIC ARTISTS, AND CAMERAMAN AT SAIGON TV

Saigon TV (KXLA Channel 44) is one of the leading Vietnamese television networks, and we are looking for an experience Production Crew: 1. Editor 2. Graphic Artists 3. Cameraman Preferably Vietnamese speaking and resides in Orange County. TO SUBMIT: Email your resume and cover letter to: info@saigontivi.com Or via regular mail to: Saigon TV Applications 14776 Moran Street Westminister, CA 92683 Saigon TV is also broadcast in San Francisco - KTSF: Channel-26 Comcast AMFC-4 Online TV at www.saigontivi.com (more than a million viewers!)

ENTERTAINMENT JOURNALISM SEMINAR

Become an Entertainment Writer or a Movie Critic! Come learn how to make your dream a reality with Dan Cox, who has mastered the unwritten rules of studio-level entertainment journalism, and can teach you tried and true ways to pitch your story ideas and hook your readers from the start. Wednesday, July 26, 2006 6:45om - 9:30pm For more info: www.learningannex.com and go to the Los Angeles classes - simply enter coupon code GUNDDC and get \$10 off.

ADVERTISING SALES MANAGER WANTED!

Entertainment Today is seeking aggressive individuals to act as an Advertising Sales Manager. Candidates must posses great communication skills, self-motivation, a solid work ethic, and an outgoing attitude. Job duties include managing regional sales accounts, contacting potential clients for advertisements, organizing sales database, and making lots of money. Must have experience selling advertisement. Please email your resume to cecilia@entertainmenttodayonline.com with the subject "Advertising Sales Manager."

CASTING

CASTING FOR ABC SHOW: SET FOR LIFE!

If you've ever had a dream about quitting your job, paying off your bills, and being set for life, you need to audition for the game show that's making that dream come true! From the Producers of Deal or No Deal and Extreme Makeover: Home Edition, comes ABC's newest television hit show that could help you be Set For Life. It's a fast-paced, high-energy battle in two rounds. Round One: Play to win the highest cash prize. Round Two: beat the odds and name your payday! You could end up with monthly payments of \$1000, \$10,000 or \$50,000 for months or even years! Casting directors are looking for dynamic, enthusiastic participants who are ready to be Set For Life. Participants must be legal US resident and at least 21 years of age. Employee's of The Walt Disney Company or Endemol are not eligible. SET FOR LIFE is holding the following local open call: SAN DIEGO, CA Thursday, July 27th, 7:30pm-10:30pm & Friday, July 28th, 1pm-6pm Downtown Johnny Brown's 1220 Third Ave. San Diego, CA 92101 (Gaslamp District)

NEW CBS SHOW HELPS YOU GET MOTIVATED, GET WORK!

We are casting people who have a hard time getting motivated for a new primetime reality show for CBS. We are looking for people who are depending on friends or relatives to support them and are not contributing to the household. The person may be someone who sleeps till noon, spends the day in front of the tv, and the night out with friends, but doesn't have the motivation to get off the couch and get a job. This show will help families get to the root of the problem, and help the person find a job and apartment! No drugs or incarceration stories and no actors. The person should be over 21. Please email Allison at allicasting@yahoo.ru.com or call 323-201-2515.

CASTING FEMALE HOST FOR VIDEO CHANNEL

Looking for female host to be the face of our Portable Hollywood mobile channel seen in over 50 countries. Host must be energetic, witty, and not afraid to talk to anyone on the red carpet. Must have experience reading from teleprompter and doing impromptu interviews. Email headshots, demo reels, links to: huan.nguyen@cinemaelectric.com For more info on the channel, go to www.portablehollywood.com

SCRIPTS WANTED BY PROD CO WITH STUDIO FIRST LOOK DEAL

Seeking scripts to go into production, ASAP. We have funding and a first look deal w/ a major studio!!! We're looking for Smart Horror, Noir, Thriller, or Suspense. The budget is 500k-1M. We're looking for something that can have commercial appeal but also garner indie credibility. Email any questions, or logline, synopsis, and writing sample if you have it tozoeticent@yahoo.com

Register at www.infolist.com by JULY 31st

FOR A CHANCE TO WIN:

- \$50 Gift Certificate at Virgin Megastore!
- Final Draft Pro Software!
- 10 Free Script Copies each for 10 winners!
- 1000 Color Business Cards
- \$1000 Gift Card at Bradford Portrait Studio!

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Astrological forecasts

by Lady Katsura and Suki Yaki



WARNING: *This is a humor piece, not intended to guide your life decisions. We are no longer calling it "For Women Only" but if you read on, you'll see it still kind of is. Soon we'll test our psychic sensors for gay men only.*

Capricorn (December 22 – January 20)

Did you ever notice that whenever you walk into a room people stare at you? It's not because you're that funny, enigmatic, smart or mysterious – it's because you look like Naomi Campbell's younger sister. So quit complaining that you never had a knack for numbers, can't keep a steady job, and get lost in your own house. YOU'RE HOT.

Aquarius (January 21 – February 18)

The guy in the cubicle behind you may not be what he seems. Next time he leaves for lunch, sneak a peak at his coffee mug. That will tell you everything you need to know. If it's plain, he'll be plain. If it's got some stupid cartoon on it, he won't be able to take you seriously. If it has a moose head on it, this is the man for you.

Pisces (February 19- March 19)

Your seventh moon is straddling Veronica Mars, which means it's time to hit the dating scene again. Who cares if you're newly divorced and seven months pregnant with your fourth child? Men like women who NEED them and you're the perfect candidate. Nursing Bras are IN.

Aries (March 20 – April 19)

Our psychic sensors tell us you're nearing the addiction phase with your plucking. Stop while you still have eyebrow hairs left. Eyebrow pencil was invented as a supplement, not a replacement.

Taurus (April 20- May 20)

We know you've wanted to start up your own All-Female Auto Repair Shop since you took your first mechanics class in high school. What's stopping you? Hit your rich friends up for the start up cash and trust me they'll be thanking you for it in a year.

Gemini (May 21 – June 20)

This week you need to tell it like it is. Speak your mind and don't hold back. If his hair looks stupid, he needs to hear it. If your boss is being an ass, let her know. Scared you'll get fired? Oh no. This week you'll get promoted for that kind of honesty. It's almost like you're omniscient.

Cancer (June 21 – July 20)

Now is not the time to try new things. You already threw your neck out trying to stretch that wet suit over your big ol' head. Sounded harmless until the chiropractor said he wouldn't touch you unless you got an MRI. Then you bit it skateboarding in Venice. Pul-eeze. Just because you've lost some weight and are getting laid, you are not the bionic woman. Chill out!

Leo (July 21 – August 20)

That new guy really DOES like you for your personality. You're really not his body type at all. The good news is that he is not an ass man, so you can lighten up on the lunges and eat that croissant for breakfast.

Virgo (August 21 – September 20)

That guy behind you in line at the coffee shop was undressing you in his mind. If you had mustered up the courage to ask him to a movie – you would have discovered he's a brain surgeon with a passion for kids, traveling, and cunnilingus. He would have asked you to marry him in 7 months and you'd be on your way to becoming a Stepford wife.

Libra (September 21 – October 22)

Curiosity killed the cat but it seldom kills a swinging single gal in Los Angeles. If you've never batted for the same team, now is the time.

Scorpio (October 23 – November 21)

Couples that play together stay together. Blood and Death 3: Attack of the Bloodsoaked Zombies may not be your favorite X-box game, but you'll get the hang of it soon. There's only one other thing he plays with and he doesn't want you to touch it right now.

Sagittarius (November 22 – December 21)

Good news is that your date from three weeks ago is coming back to your life. He knows how to treat a woman right. Bad news is that he likes smallish breasts...okay, completely flat. I know you think of Susanna as your less attractive side kick (admit it!) but I wouldn't invite her over while he's in the apartment. Not until you've secured a few more dates with him.

Ⓡ

SUDOKU

The ultimate logic puzzle

- The object of the game is to fill in the blank cells with the numbers 1 to 9 such that:
- 1) Every row should have the numbers 1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8,9 (in any order).
 - 2) Every column should have the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 (in any order).
 - 3) Every 3x3 bolded square should have 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 (in any order).

2	5				3	9	6	
	9			1				
		9						4
	1		6		7			5
5			4	8	2		7	
		5		7			1	2
1	3	6	8			4		7
8						3		

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Answer to last week's puzzle:

1	5	7	6	4	3	2	8	9
8	4	3	9	5	2	6	7	1
9	6	2	7	8	1	5	4	3
7	9	5	4	1	6	8	3	2
6	2	4	8	3	7	9	1	5
3	1	8	2	9	5	4	6	7
5	8	1	3	2	4	7	9	6
4	3	6	5	7	9	1	2	8
2	7	9	1	6	8	3	5	4

SUDOKU CONTEST!

First 10 with correct answers will win free movie tickets.

Send correct answers to
Entertainment Today at
2325 W. Victory Blvd, Suite 5, Burbank, CA 91506-1226

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ENTERTAINMENT SURVEY TODAY

We'd like to get to know you better!!! Please help us serve you by filling out this brief survey.

The first 30 surveys will receive a complimentary movie/theater tickets to upcoming shows. Tickets are given out on a first come first serve basis.

Sex: (circle) Male Female

Age: _____ years old

Is this your first time reading Entertainment Today?
(circle one) Yes No

If no, how long have you been a reader of Entertainment Today?
_____ years

How often do you read Entertainment Today?
(circle one) Every week Twice a month
Once a month Almost Never

In this issue, which article did you find most interesting?

In this issue, which article did you find least interesting?

What section would you like to see added in the future?

Where did you pick up this issue?

What city do you live in:

What is your profession:

Comments: _____

Contact information (to send movie tickets):

Name: _____

Address: _____

Email: _____

Please cut along the dotted line and mail your survey to Entertainment Today.

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July 31, 2006

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& Fashion Gallery

8:00pm Poolside Fashion Show

Cocktails/Open bar

Poolside Cabanas for Shopping & Sampling

Summer Chic Attire

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R.S.V.P. required for admittance

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