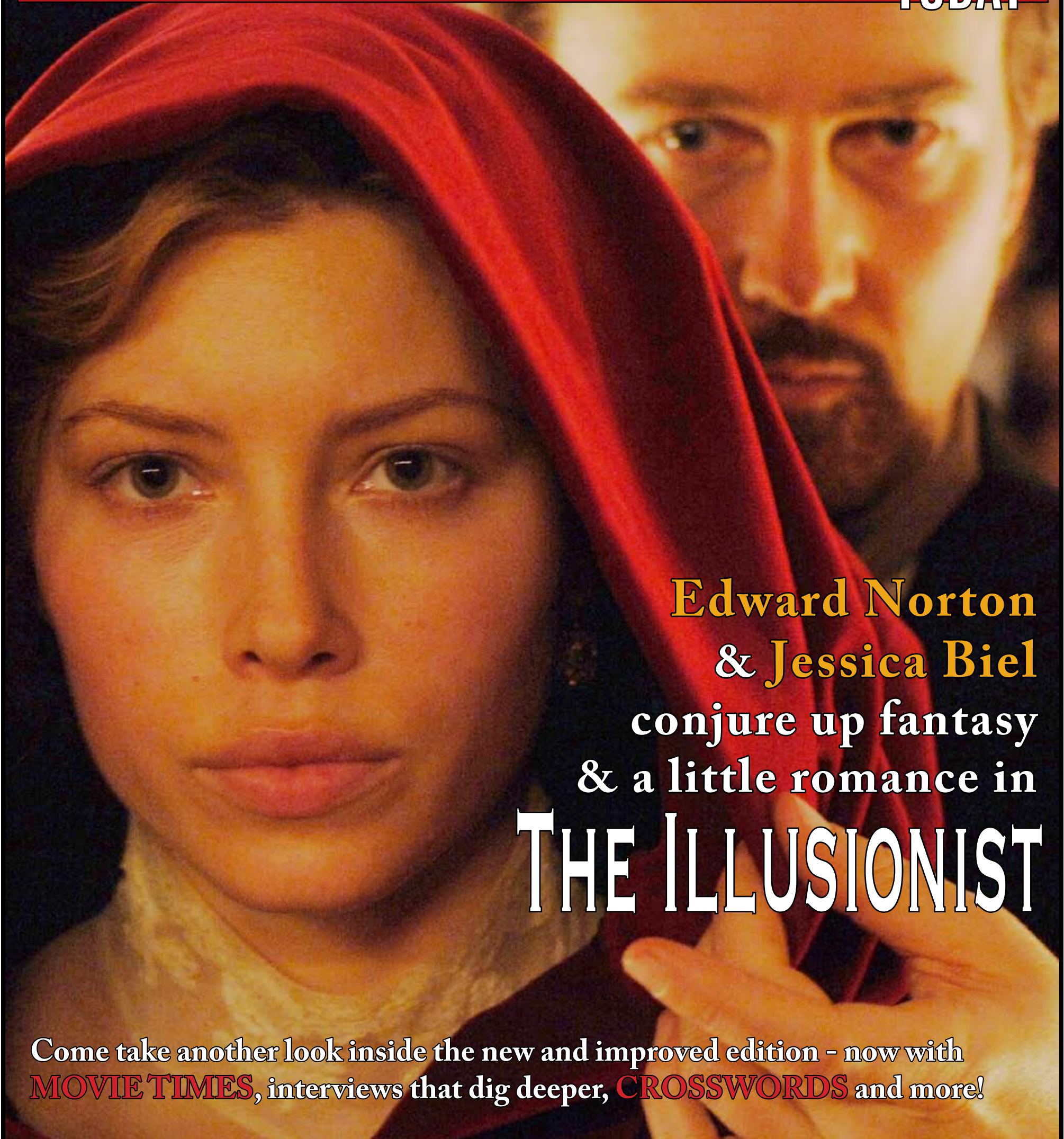


ENTERTAINMENT

VOL. 38 | NO. 45 | FRIDAY, AUGUST 18, 2006

TODAY



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& Jessica Biel
conjure up fantasy
& a little romance in
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Theater Review



Photo by Ed Krueger

Lost & found on the great American highway

Untitled American Highwayscape...

The eight drivers tell their tales of loss and fear.



TicketHolders with
Travis Michael Holder

Ingenious direction by LA treasure Jessica Kubzansky, lovely performances, and unbelievably creative design elements all reverently conspire to present the world premiere of Carlos Murillo's haunting view of disenfranchised Americana, *Unfinished American Highwayscape #9 & 32 or The Broken Tractor Graveyard*. Reason enough for Theatre @ Boston Court to be proud of the incredible things they've accomplished in only three short years of existence.

Perhaps the coolest thing about Boston Court is the dynamic creative team's unswerving dedication to not sacrifice the celebration of great art for the dubious guarantee of commercial success. Rather than opt to build yet another repetitive spire on an already byzantine derelict church, the Boston Court fearlessly presents material that—despite the infancy of their theatre—champions potentially risky new work. Those coming into the theater with a Neil Simon warhorse or sappy American musical comedy need not apply.

If nothing else could be said for the Court's current temerarious business, there is no doubt that *Unfinished American Highwayscape* celebrates the advent of a remarkably poetic and prolific new playwright with a passion for understanding what it is to be an American in the dawn of this troubled millennium. He's a guy who ardently explores the displacement and fear of the future that we all feel.

Midnight along the deserted, lonely highways that intersect the heart of our country: eight individuals drive in their cars, alone in thought. Desperate to understand why their lives have become such desolate dime-novel versions of what they had originally planned, they advance onward into the abysmal night air.

Their journey across Sybil Wickersheimer's gloriously stark and innovative set—a series of fiendishly circuitous roadways where the stories cross and occasionally meld together—commences with the eight individuals facing the audience and shining two flashlights ahead in the darkness to immediately establish their whereabouts: alone and lost somewhere on the road in the middle of the night as they look at the world, at their pasts and towards their futures, through the ever-searching headlights of their separate vehicles.

Kubzansky's typically inventive staging sparks to life a series of unique isolated monologues; never are we offered a static moment as Murillo's indelibly ordinary people lay it on us. Kubzansky's cast is golden throughout, with particular nods to: Carlease Burke and Casey Kramer as two strong-willed women who flee from abusive relationships, Will Collyer as a young kid so filled with sorrow and confusion that he contemplates ending his life in a manner befitting his own sense of order, and Patrick Thomas O'Brien as a nerdy schoolteacher who travels the country with hopes that his collection of souvenir magnets will one day rival the other feeble honors that have somehow dubiously put his rural hometown on the map—"the original home of the Greyhound Bus" and "the birthplace of one Bob Dylan."

Kubzansky's direction simply could not be better; he fortuitously collaborates with some of LA's best designers, including set designer Wickersheimer, LADCC's Angstrom Award-winning lighting guru Jeremy Pivnik, and hot-hot local

costumer Ann Closs-Farley. Perhaps the best of the magnificent design efforts spawns from the percolating mind of canny sound designer John Zalewski who provides some of the production's subtlest touches—right down to different hums assigned to the motors of each character's overworked cars.

Murillo's grandly sweeping script remains oddly introspective. Witness the beginning of what will surely be an auspicious career. This particular work, however, is not absolutely perfect. There is a tangible consternation felt by the end of the journey about what is not probed, explained, or resolved. Surely, this is a choice by



Photo by Ed Krueger
Karim Prince (behind) and Carlease Burke.

an author who understandably recognizes that all lost souls do not always find the answers to that which they search. A perspective, to be sure...but, it becomes difficult for the viewer to be presented with eight stories that travel, as whimsically as they may, to nowhere. Babies are forgotten,

one character's fascination with abandoned cars along the highway fades away, and the start of some new alliances—as most of the eight characters are suddenly paired off—feels more like a quick theatrical band-aid than a resolution. Prophetically, Murillo does call his play *Unfinished American Highwayscape*. So, much of this could surely be intentional, if not terribly unsatisfying.

What *does* satisfy is Murillo's paying unintentional tribute to the traditions established by two enduring works for the stage: Dylan Thomas' 1953 landmark *Under Milkwood* that also ends without a satisfying conclusion to the characters' story-

Restaurant Review

The perfect color



Bartender Lee Scotten serves up hospitality.



Dining with
Shirley Firestone

lines and has still proven itself to have a place in history regardless, and Charles Aidman's LA-born 1963 stage version of Edgar Lee Masters' 1916 poetic anthology *Spoon River Anthology* that brings 244 former citizens of a fictional rural Illinois town to life in a series of postmortem autobiographical epitaphs. In a fair world, despite its youthful indiscretions, *Unfinished American Highwayscape* would easily join this earlier pair of classic plays to become a triumvirate chronicle of our lives and times. Together, these plays could very well be presented in rep for the next few centuries...if the human race survives that long.

F. Scott Fitzgerald is quoted in *Unfinished American Highwayscape* as believing there are "no second acts in American life." This leaves Murillo's lovingly sketched unsung American heroes to wonder—as they travel in an adrenalin haze to an unknown place where they hope to begin a new and less convoluted phase of their downwardly spiraling lives—if there is any hope for them in the supremely amorphous scheme of our contemporary existence, a place where greed, power, and a twisted sense of entitlement have forever altered our future.

In a quintessential example of how great art can summon up the recollection of great art and thus inadvertently calcify the enduring durability of great art, I was immediately reminded by the mesmeric *Unfinished American Highwayscape #9 & 32* or *The Broken Tractor Graveyard* of a quote by Bertolt Brecht from his 1945 masterpiece *The Private Lives of the Master Race*: "I sit by the roadside watching the driver changing wheels. I do not like the place I am coming from. I do not like the place I am going to. So why do I watch the driver changing wheels with such impatience?" Some things never change. ☞

The Theatre @ Boston Court is located at 70 N. Mentor, Pasadena; for tickets, call (626) 683-6883.

Award-winning writer and actor Travis Michael Holder has been with ET since 1990.

Travis' Critic's Picks:

The Reunion
Howard Fine Theatre

tick...tick...**BOOM!**
Coronet

Unfinished American
Highwayscape #9 & #32
Theatre at Boston Court

It was my first time at Colors, a new Beverly Hills watering hole for food served in an unpretentious atmosphere where people nonetheless dress with respect for the establishment. It feels like an old fashioned holiday with warm genuine service: a lovely heated outdoor patio separated by walls of glass rests aside a dining room with wall-to-wall mirrors. International award-winning designer Barbara Lockheart has managed—through décor, colors, and arrangements—to project an ambience of harmony and friendliness throughout the space.

One first enters Colors through an intimate attention-grabbing bar that

features \$6 martinis from 5:00pm to 7:00pm every night. It's serviced by bartender Lee Scotten who also takes care of some marvelous small plates priced from \$2; he'll top you off at \$10 for iced oysters on the half shell. Try the Mango martini!

If you're part of a group, or if you're an upcoming event, there's a private room upstairs with additional restrooms. Up there, you'll be greeted with anything you might require (on a strangely smaller scale!)

Once inside the dining room, the focal point is on two impressive and magnificent faux trees with large, gorgeous branches dappled in subtle light. Another eye-catcher is the oven fireplace where, among other things, Colors bakes their fantastic breads. If you wish, there's a counter for those easily mesmerized by small flames.

The comfortable booths and tables in the dining room are set with fine linens, candlelight, and live potted plants under wood beam ceilings.

Walls at Colors have a gentle hint of soft pastels: turquoise, green, terra cotta, black, and burgundy.

At Colors, you'll find everything that makes a restaurant truly habit-forming.

Their menu of poetically expressed gourmet cooking is dramatically masked in art with everything edible for the palate. Welcome to California Cuisine with an inventive flair and flavors that transcend high into the ether. The combinations are adventurous, with spirited wood oven flat breads that eat like peanuts: go ahead, try to have just one. Next came the roasted root vegetables *a la* arugula pesto, Serrano ham and red basil, garlic chicken and spinach, followed by the largest, plumpest prawns I've ever experienced (three of them were completely satiating). In fact, the flat breads and shrimp alone made a full dinner! We treated ourselves additionally to roasted portobello mushroom soup made with red wine, and a warm Humboldt Fog salad made with baby arugula, candied walnuts, and pears, all tossed together in a Sherry Vinaigrette.

And we've still yet to get to the entrees: braised beef short ribs served with horseradish, whipped potatoes and roasted tiny beets in red wine jus; a second main course of grilled wild

salmon with crushed leek gold potatoes, and autumn vegetables paired to a vinaigrette. The renowned Irving Medina serves as Executive Chef, and has been granted carte blanche to create his personal "nirvana" of food heaven.

Oh, and your steak can be served as salad—it can be prepared with arugula, spinach, and toybox tomatoes.

In you can't make it to dinner, try Colors' fabulous lunch menu. Chef Medina has several sandwiches of interest, including portobello mushroom, Jidori chicken, and paninis (plus one made with those wonderful short ribs!) Or you might enjoy their macaroni and cheese dish, among the appetizers and salads. There's lots of power-lunching at this place, and evenings could be romantic with the right person.

Colors

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Book Review

Quite a book for film fans



by Janos Gereben

Judy Stone's *Not Quite a Memoir* is a rich tapestry of life, politics, philosophy, travel, and insights. But, mostly it is what Stone herself is all about: the movies. This erudite film critic who always marches to her own (leftist, humanistic) drum,

has spent almost all of her 80 years in and around movie theaters.

During her three decades with the *San Francisco Chronicle*, she became a kind of West Coast Pauline Kael (Stone would not necessarily approve of this particular appellation), as she wrote and conducted complex, highly intellectual—and yet honestly visceral—reviews and interviews that concentrated heavily on European and Third World cinema instead of those that would point her thumb up or down for traditional Hollywood fare.

The child of Jewish immigrants from Russia, Stone is the sister of the late, famed investigative journalist I. F. "Izzy" Stone. Her two other brothers are, of course, also journalists.

Stone was still in junior high school when she wrote her first movie review. Her subject was 1936's *The General Died at Dawn* with Gary

Cooper and Akim Tamiroff. Still in high school, she interviewed Madame Curie's daughter Eve, William Saroyan, and Paul Robeson, among others. And her illustrious career is still on-going.

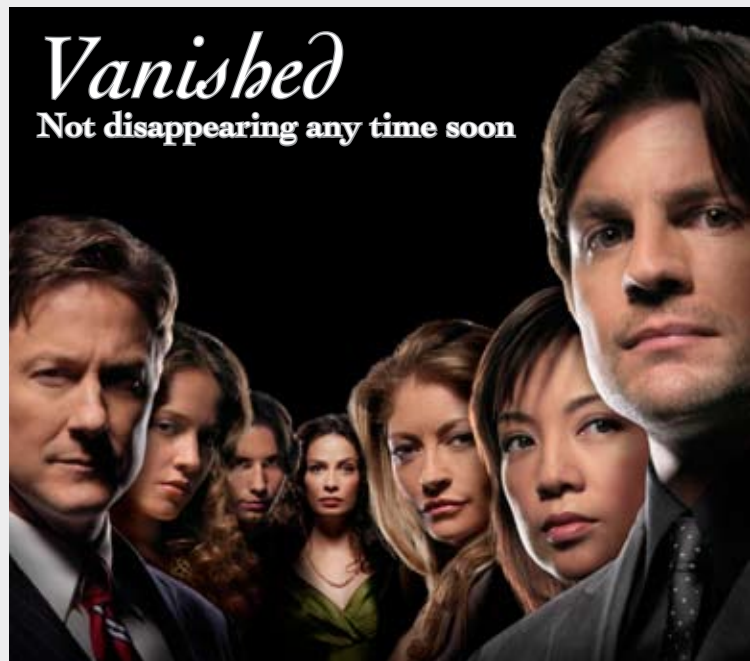
A wonderful anthology of Stone's interviews with some of history's greatest film directors appeared a decade ago in *Eye on the World*. Before then, she published works about the mysterious author of *The Treasure of Sierra Madre*, B. Traven.

In the nearly 500-page long tome of *Not Quite a Memoir*, there are additional scores of interviews and features—none more memorable and moving than the final chapter, "Encounter in Montenegro," a 1959 story about the discomfort of "being American" abroad. The article is strangely, unhappily timely even after almost a half century. The list of interviews is much too long to include here, but—just as a

teaser—it includes Nobel-Prize winner Czeslaw Milosz, E.L. Doctorow, Palestinian director Hany Abu-Assad, Korean director Im Kwon Taek, and Maya Angelou.

Of special interest are such unforgettable stories as: African-American model Donyale Luna's dream of becoming Snow White, Jean Genet's explaining the reasons for his support of the Black Panthers, Carlos Saura's childhood nightmares anent being bombed in the Spanish Civil War, the genesis of Isabel Allende's *The House of the Spirits*, Salma Hayek's dedication to Frida Kahlo, and the richest selection of interviews you'll ever find with Iranian artists.

Stone's interest in the lives and works of Jews, of oppressed minorities, of society's underdogs runs through the book as a thread, but there are also here hundreds of unexpected tidbits. ☞



Vanished

Not disappearing any time soon

FOX's newest action/thriller, *Vanished*.

by M.Y. Lee

Vanished, an exciting new television series about the mysterious disappearance of a senator's philanthropic wife, is FOX's newest action-packed thriller in the vein of *24* and *Prison Break*. Although the pilot could—with its A-list cast, open-ended mysteries, and fancy film work—easily be relegated to a glorified episode of *Without a Trace* (itself also once entitled *Vanished*), the show instead should garner a sizeable audience and be able to maintain it—especially since, with its August 21st premiere, *Vanished* has a jump-start on all the other networks.

The show opens with the most amazing (and extremely expensive) aerial shots of a car as it winds up a Georgia mountainside toward the house of Senator Jeffrey Collins (John Allen Nelson of *24*). The Senator drives to meet up with his pretty and seemingly-perfect wife, Sara Collins (Joanne Kelly). They plan on going to the evening's gala where Sara shall be honored for her charity work. At the event, Sara receives an important phone call...and then disappears inexplicably.

Sara's "vanishing" triggers a huge search, and spirals the show down an intriguing twisted path. On the case are Senior FBI Agent Graham Kelton (Gale Harold of *Queer as Folk*)—who is still scarred from the botched-up rescue he led where a child was killed—and Kelton's token minority partner, Agent Len Mei (an under-utilized Ming-Na) who unfortunately has little to do but spew esoteric trivia and hold her gun as she cases various rooms. Meanwhile, an ambitious yet obnoxious reporter, Judy Nash (Rebecca Gayheart) covers the case and digs up more dirt. (This writer is still trying to figure out if her acting is bad, or if she's so good that

she can make herself wonderfully annoying.) In meeting the rest of the Collins family, we soon realize that nothing is as it seems; everyone is two-faced and has secrets of his own: the Senator's defiant daughter Marcy (Margarita Levieva), his dependable son Max (John Patrick Amedori), and—eventually in upcoming episodes—his devious ex-wife Jessica Nevins (Penelope Ann Miller). As the pilot fades to black, we're hit with one final grand twist in which Sara's ex-fiancé, Peter Manning (Josh Hopkins), explains that Sara is not who we originally thought. Talk about big political conspiracies and juicy plot turns.

Everything about the show is passable—the premise, the storylines, the acting. It's nothing ground-breaking, but it definitely keeps one intrigued, keeps us wondering what might happen next. Much of this successful edge-of-your-seat suspense is the product of solid writing by Josh Berman who created the failed FOX series *Killer Instinct*, and spent the bulk of his career writing for *CSI: Crime Scene Investigation*. The look of the show also keeps it frenzied and tense thanks to the highly skilled directing of Mimi Leder (*The Peacemaker*, *Deep Impact*, *Pay It Forward*).

FOX has become a real pro at developing these adventurous thrillers full of great twists and characters with deep dark secrets. *Vanished* has all of this and more. Normally, one would be concerned about how this show could possibly continue season after season (since they'll eventually have to solve the disappearance of Sara Collins), but considering FOX's track record, this writer's certain that the creative minds responsible for the show will develop new and intense stories that will keep the audiences glued to their television sets. ☞

"Starry, Starry Night"...



Words n Music with
Kat Kramer

Well folks, I was lucky to be able to attend one of the best and brightest star-studded fund-raisers of the year, "A Starry Night" in Malibu where we honored Mayor Antonio Villaraigosa with the GRAMMY Foundation Leadership Award. What a show! It was held on a balmy summer night at Villa Casablanca, the private estate of mega-music producer David Foster who was a most gracious host. The cocktail reception was full of music industry-ites and famous Malibu-ians such as legendary actor and veteran song-and-dance man Dick Van Dyke. The red-carpet buzzed with the arrivals of unexpected surprise guests Oprah Winfrey (along with Stedman Graham and Gayle King), Donald Trump, and Quincy Jones. At the gala dinner that took place on the grounds of Foster's spacious tennis court, comic actor George Lopez presented Mayor Villaraigosa with the prestigious award. The mayor was honored for his commitment and dedication to improving the lives of countless numbers of at-risk youth by providing high quality after-school programs and experiences. Also

joining Lopez to present the award was GRAMMY Foundation and Recording Academy president Neil Portnow. "I have fierce determination that if we can do it in LA, we can do it across the country," stated Mayor Villaraigosa about the successful fund-raising for arts education in public schools.

The stunning musical performances at the intimate concert featuring Foster and friends were fantastic. Some of the highlights included Foster discovery Josh Groban who serenaded us with "Starry, Starry Night," Kenneth "Babyface" Edmonds who brought the house down with a rousing rendition of "If I Could Change The World," pop/rock princess from Great Britain Natasha Bedingfield who commanded the stage with her hit tune "Unwritten," and the legendary Dionne Warwick who proved that you can get a standing ovation simply by singing from the heart on her signature classics "What The World Needs Now (Is Love Sweet Love)" and "That's What Friends Are For." Other musical moments came from BeBe Winans, Dave Koz, Renee Olstead, Peter

Cincotti, Eric Benet, and Pepe Aguilar. Special guests enjoying the concert included Billy Gibbons of ZZ Top fame, *Sports Illustrated* model Alicia Arden, and Academy Award-winning songwriter Carol Connors. It was truly a musical night to remember for the important cause of music education. Please visit www.grammyfoundation.com

On the eve of the unforgettable 1986 elections, legendary superstar Barbra Streisand performed for 500 guests at her Malibu home as a fundraiser for the Democratic Party. It was her first full-length concert in 20 years. Now, the concert's out for the first time on DVD. The 20th Anniversary edition of *One Voice* showcases Streisand as she performs many of her best loved songs: "People," "The Way We Were," and "Evergreen." It hits stores on September 12! The proceeds of the concert DVD will go to benefit the Streisand Foundation.

Live Your Dreams...

--Kat ☞

Good bye, Red



Hollywood Beat with
Marci Weiner

OK, he never had a dinner. And Red Buttons did not want a memorial service. However, after his recent death at age 89, Buttons' legions of friends and family felt he deserved some sort of tribute to celebrate his extraordinary life. Actor, comedian, song and dance man, and one of the most talented performers who ever lived, Red was a perennial fixture on the social scene. His shock of red hair and his infectious smile were the first things we ever saw whenever we entered any soirée he attended. It was a joy to behold his exuberant energy and humanitarian accessibility.

Along with Mark Fleischman (owner of the Century Club) and a slew of other friends of Red, Arthur Kassel invited us to cocktails, buffet, film presentation, and testimonials delivered by such luminaries as Rob Reiner, Charles Durning and Valerie Harper who all demonstrated the collective love and affection. There were more stars in the audience than one could mention. Kassel, who acted

as Master of Ceremonies, said he wanted to introduce the most famous and revered movie star in the world: Mickey Rooney proudly stood up and acknowledged the applause.

Sheriff Lee Baca, who has been in the news more than anyone these days, joked that he was happy that Mel Gibson was not there, because "he would have to put the handcuffs on him." Former Governor Gray Davis said it was a hard act to follow the various comedians who spoke, and retorted: "If I had been better at telling jokes, I'd probably still be Governor." It was that kind of evening: full of love, laughter, and deep emotions about the loss of everyone's favorite redhead, Red Buttons.

We were pleased to be seated with Joe Bologna and Renee Taylor who we congratulated on their new flick, *Boyton Beach Club*. This film, written and directed by Susan Seidelman (*Desperately Seeking Susan*, *Sex in the City*), revolves around five widows and widowers in a Florida adult community whose lives intersect as they meet a local bereavement group. We loved particularly Dyan

Cannon's interpretation of a still sexy sixty-year-old, complete with masses of hair, makeup, and stiletto heels. And Sally Kellerman's experience with Viagra is way over the top (in a good way!) Go girl, go! As AARP Magazine stated, "This is a movie for grownups."

Speaking of important flicks, you are invited to attend the world premiere of a Nasser Entertainment Film on Thursday, August 24th at 20th Century Fox Studios. The movie, entitled *Amber Alert*, stars Elizabeth Rohm (best known for her co-starring role on *Law & Order*). It is the story of the genesis of the National Amber Alert Bill that is one of law enforcement's greatest tools in helping to recover kidnapped children.

Tickets are \$100 per person, and include complimentary drinks and snacks. Proceeds will benefit Sheriff Baca's Youth Foundation, and Lou Ferrigno (*The Incredible Hulk*) will act as Master of Ceremonies. For further information, please contact Dawn Zamudio at 323-526-5120. Hope to see you there on the Hollywood Beat. ☞

Thank your lucky stars for Disney Channel



Miley Cyrus (right) with Billy Ray Cyrus on Disney's *Hannah Montana*.

by Frank Barron

The Disney Channel is shouting, *Olé!* That's because their Cheetah Girls are back with a sequel to the hit cable movie, and this time around it's got an international salsa flavor. Helmed by director Kenny Ortega (*High School Musical*) and shot in Barcelona, Spain, *The Cheetah Girls 2* premieres August 25th. There's plenty of sensational dancing, along with singing from the group of gals led by the ever-popular Raven-Symone who reprises her role as Galleria. Star of the Disney Channel's *That's So Raven*, the multi-talented actress-singer also executive produced the *Cheetah* production. What responsibilities did the 20-year-old have? "I was able to sit with Ms. Debra Martin Chase (*Sisterhood of the*

Traveling Pants producer) and Kenny Ortega, and look through the script and give ideas about different character development. I was dealing with wardrobe and makeup, and helped around the set, as well, to rectify any situations." Was it stressful for her? Heck, no! "I had fun doing it," she says. "I've been in the business since I was 16 months old, and I'm 20 now, so I think that's about time to grow. With every project I do, I try to get another title so I can learn more about behind-the-scenes and further my career. My producer's duties with *Cheetah Girls 2* was a really good learning experience thanks to the Disney Channel."

So, did the producer title go to her head and make Raven the bossy one on the set? Her *Cheetah* cast mates—Adrienne Bailon,

Kiely Williams, Sabrina Bryan, and Mexico's hot teenage recording artist Belinda Peregrin—proclaim, *definitely not!* "When there was a problem, she was right there to fix it," reveals Bryan. "Like with a couple of wardrobe malfunctions. Even on her day off, she showed up to help when I did the tango scene, coaching me from behind the camera."

The exciting production is infused with Spanish language and culture, and the soundtrack was just released on Walt Disney Records: a mix of hip-hop, R&B, Latin, tango, and rock performed by the Girls.

Raven will later this year add her talented voice to animated feature *Everyone's Hero*, after which she will be a party to live-action *Double Dutch*. Meanwhile, director-choreographer Ortega keeps busy in Sydney, Australia as he helps Hugh Jackman launch *The Boy From Oz* stage spectacular about the flamboyant Aussie entertainer Peter Allen.

In other news, Gary Marsh—entertainment president for the Disney Channel worldwide—reports that successful "tween" show *Hannah Montana* is back for a second season after the show's stellar launch propelled lead Miley Cyrus into a bona fide star who recently signed a recording deal with Hollywood Records.

As plans are being made for a sequel to *High*

School Musical, the ascending young stars of the Emmy-nominated made-for-television film (produced by Bill Borden) remain inundated with looming projects. Zac Efron landed the esteemed part of love interest Link Larkin in *Hairspray* (the movie adapted from the musical adapted from the movie) that will star John Travolta as Edna Turnbld, a character previously played in the Waters' version by larger-than-life *cause celebre* Divine. *High School Musical's* Corbin Bleu and Vanessa Anne Hudgens joined Raven and other Disney alumni when they too signed recording deals with Hollywood Records. Corbin, thrice blessed this year by Disney, stars in another Disney Channel movie currently shooting in Toronto, tentatively titled *Jump*, which will air in January.



High School Musical's Zac Efron.

Pretty, blonde and 21 (with genuine musical talent, to boot), Ashely Tisdale's opened up a lot of doors in Hollywood over the last few months. But she won't give up her day job just yet, and has started the second season of *The Suite Life of Zack & Cody*—the hit ABC Saturday morning sitcom on which her *High School Musical* co-star Monique Coleman also appears. Coleman will be among the celebrity participants involved with *Dancing with the Stars* when its third season airs September 12 on ABC. Lucas Gabeel finished up *Halloweentown: Witch U*, the fourth in the series of holiday movies to air as a treat in October—on the Disney Channel, of course. ☞

DVD Review

Another fellow in the *Ring*

The Fellowship of the Ring: Theatrical and Extended Limited Edition

Just in case you were worried that New Line was going to let that geeky guy who lives in your apartment building go for a year without ruthlessly foisting more *Lord of the Rings* crap upon his hands, rest easy: they're gonna fleece him next week. This DVD release will probably go pretty well with that new green cape he bought for those occasions when he decides to get out his walking stick and pretend Burbank is Hobbiton. This two-disc edition comes with both the theatrically-released three-hour version of *The Fellowship of the Ring* and the 246-hour extended director's cut, as well as a bonus disc that houses a new documentary on the film made by fellow Kiwi, Costa Botes.

Botes is a fantastic choice for helming the doc—he collaborated on Peter Jackson's exceptionally nimble and evocative mockumentary *Forgotten Silver*. But, even if this new DVD appendix shows us our favorite wizards and dragons that go through the

often-tumultuous ardors of *Lord of the Rings'* notoriously bitchy production (we get it, guys: making a \$785 trillion movie is *hard*), it nevertheless marks the start of the *fifteenth hour* of bonus material released on DVD in regards to this film alone (let alone the other two installments in the series). Even for your neighbor with the Elijah Wood autograph collection, that's far too much *Lord of the Rings*.

But this unapologetic re-re-re-releasing won't keep techno-files from complaining all that much: the 5.1 Surround and DTS mixes included are so punchy and virile that—if played loudly enough—they're likely to impregnate your girlfriend, and video transfer quality is second-to-none.

Don't drop thirty bucks on this thing, though—rent it or stop laughing at the tattoo of Gollum on your neighbor's forearm long enough to merely borrow it from him for an evening.

by Mike Restaino

Bro, you don't even know

I Know What You Did Last Summer: The Collection

A bare-bones box set that involves the first two movies a series that is a pitiful excuse for *Scream*-lite teenaged flesh flicks, and a third one that couldn't possibly be worse than it is, the *I Know What You Did Last Summer* collection nonetheless might reconstitute that boner you had for Jennifer Love Hewitt behind closed doors in high school (don't deny it) long enough for you to party for a few hours like it's 1997.

Thank God a few years have passed; now, instead of every single damned horror movie looking and feeling *exactly* like *Scream*, they all look like *Saw* (is that a good thing?), so that leafing through the latest torrent of popcorn/gore fests conjure up the nostalgia of looking at anthropological artifacts from a lost age (eg, the late 70's). Horror films no longer play like just another murder/pop-culture-reference-fest from the decidedly inglorious mid-90s. But even that can't levitate the *I Know What You Did...* series out of the darkness of *Scream's* shadow (remember, folks, there's a reason Kevin Williamson isn't working much any more).

The reality of the situation is that there

isn't anywhere *near* enough nudity in these things (if Sarah Michelle Gellar, Jennifer Love Hewitt, or even Ryan Phillippe dropped trou or took off their itchy, itchy tops for more than a nanosecond, we'd be talking about chubby-rific classic of the highest regard), and their tongue-in-cheek postmodernism is so pedantic and one-note that, in hindsight, they play like midnight-movie versions of *Gilmore Girls* in slow-mo (and yes, I mean that as an insult).

And it ain't like you're getting a definitive home entertainment release of these movies—the same dull commentary on the first movie is still here (as is a new commentary on the third one: *yawwwwwwwn*), the pointless and obviously EPK-standard short making-of documentaries, and the please-murder-me Jennifer Love Hewitt music video for "How Do I Deal?" on the *I Still Know What You Did Last Summer's* disc will no doubt leave you reaching for arsenic. ☞

San Francisco filmmaker Mike Restaino is a head writer for DVDFile: www.dvdfile.com.

FORD'S FUSION 'GROWN AND SEXY' EXPERIENCE PARTY TURNS UP HEAT FOR THE MICHAEL BAISDEN LIVE TOUR



Ford will be the exclusive automotive sponsor of the *Michael Baisden Live 2006* tour by hosting its Ford Fusion 'Grown and Sexy' Experience Parties.



ABC Radio Networks' *The Michael Baisden Show* is the No. 1 urban radio program among adults ages 25-54 in Philadelphia, Washington, D.C. and Detroit. It is heard in 40 radio markets around the country, including eight of the top 10 markets.



DEARBORN, MICHIGAN—One of the hottest new cars—Ford Fusion—takes to the air with one of Urban radio's hottest nationally syndicated talk show hosts—Michael Baisden—by hosting 'Grown and Sexy' parties at 10 major stops on the *Michael Baisden Live 2006* tour.

The Ford Fusion 'Grown and Sexy' Experience Party features live entertainment, dancing and an exclusive Michael Baisden appearance. Baisden will energize partygoers, as he hosts the party prior to his *Michael Baisden Live 2006* show and popular relationship seminars in major cities such as Chicago, Dallas and Los Angeles. The party series will run throughout the summer and end in December 2006.

Every month, Michael Baisden will be giving away two Ford Fusion 'Grown and Sexy' Experience Party round-trip tickets for two individuals to travel to any *Michael Baisden Live 2006* tour stop in the country. The trip includes a special VIP meet-and-greet with Baisden, first-class accommodations, entry to the 'Grown and Sexy' party and all weekend tour events plus \$200 in spending money.

"I couldn't be more excited to be associated with the new 2006 Fusion," said Baisden. "This relationship demonstrates Ford's commitment to reaching the African American community."

The parties draw on the themes established from Ford's 'Grown and Sexy' urban Web site and marketing campaign for the new Fusion mid-size sedan. The Fusion is a sedan targeted toward young, established professionals who feel grown and sexy and have a strong desire to express their personality and achievements.

The *Michael Baisden Show* is a daily, four-hour radio program combining music, interactive conversation and inspiration, with a heavy dose of self-help and empowerment. Heard in over 40 radio markets around the country, including eight of the top 10 markets, *The Michael Baisden Show* is the number one urban radio program among adults ages 25-54 in Philadelphia, Washington, D.C. and Detroit. Additionally, the

program is one of the highest-rated afternoon drive programs in New York City.

"Ford already has a strong relationship with *The Michael Baisden Show* through existing radio and online marketing campaigns," said Dan Geist, Fusion Marketing Manager. "Partnering with Michael Baisden to turn up the excitement on the Ford Fusion 'Grown and Sexy' Experience Party made perfect sense."

For details on obtaining tickets for the Ford Fusion 'Grown and Sexy' Experience Party, Fusion 'Grown and Sexy' Party Sweepstakes or the *Michael Baisden Live 2006* tour visit www.michaelbaisden.com, www.grownandsexy.com or visit your local ABC Radio Networks affiliate Web site.

About Michael Baisden

Prior to launching his radio career, Baisden was a best-selling author whose self-published first book, *Never Satisfied: How and Why Men Cheat*, sold more than 300,000 copies. A subsequent publication, *Men Cry in the Dark*, is one of the most popular books ever among African American men and the stage adaptation featured notable actors such as Richard Roundtree (*Shaft*), Allen Payne (*New Jack City*), and Rhona Bennett (*The Jamie Foxx Show*). Baisden's third book, *The Maintenance Man*, was adapted into a stage play starring Billy Dee Williams. His latest novel, *God's Gift to Women*, was also a best-seller.

About Ford Fusion

The 2006 Ford Fusion breathes a fresh attitude into the American mid-size car. It distinguishes itself in what is one of the most competitive vehicle segments with its standout exterior design and engaging driving dynamics. With a bold design and more chrome accents than any vehicle in its class, Fusion brings style to the midsize sedan. Fusion supplies a rush of more than 220 horses from Fusion's available V6 with 6-speed automatic transmission. Fusion has a starting price of \$17,795.

Column

WARMLY, ORMLY

with
Ormly Gumfudgin



Way back in the early days, a young man named Bill Doner was a Public Relations man for Carroll Shelby—automobile enthusiast and innovationist who, beyond other things, is responsible for the Cobra Mustang. Bill would later become a legend of his own making. One night, we had a big poker game with a lot of drinking (of course). Suddenly, Bill had to go to the bathroom for some liquid relief, but the one bathroom was tied up; so he went into the dark kitchen, found an empty scotch bottle, and used it—just in time!

The next morning, writer and SMARTHINKING creator Burck Smith, after a good night's rest, was up early, wandered into the quiet kitchen as he looked for a quick shot of Scotch. (I know you can see it coming!) He looked for "the hair of the dog" to help clear the morning haze of the night before. He picked up what was to be known as "Doner's Scotch," took a swig, immediately spat it out, and screamed, "I've been poisoned!" It woke up everyone in the house, as well as those of us sleeping on the front yard.

After hearing Bill apologize

for his actions the night before—explaining it all in graphic detail—we all had a good laugh at Burck's predicament! After a while, Burck joined us in the appreciation of the subliminal humor involved.

I came home with a few friends from the night prior, and my Attachment heard me talking and giggling about Doner's Scotch. I failed to tell her the whole story of the Doner/Smith encounter. Being a very thoughtful Attachment, she wanted to do something special for me by buying me my own bottle of "Doner's Scotch." She proceeded to visit various liquor stores, and asked for it everywhere—to no avail. They all said, "Never heard of it."

When I figured out what she was doing, I broke down and told her the story, with all those "graphic details!"

We still laugh about it today. I sure hope our dear departed Burck Smith realizes he left us with a legacy of laughter. I like to think he does. ☞

Ormly Gumfudgin is the World's Only Living Bazooka Player, a writer, and conceptual artist.

CD Review



A little night music

World-renowned Les Musiciens du Louvre.

by Gary Hollander

Mozart's Symphonies Nos. 40 and 41 ("Jupiter") are among the most recorded and performed of any in the composer's vast repertoire. What a surprise to be so blown away by these particular incarnations. They are fresh and high-powered, yet true to Mozart. I

would have to go back to cutting-edge Toscanini performances to recall such fervor and hypnotic conducting.

Founded in 1982, the evening's orchestra (Les Musiciens du Louvre) play with razor-sharp attack when called upon, contrasted with delicate lyricism in the quieter moments. In conjunction

with the technical aspects of the shows, it was a supreme joy to experience the seeming spontaneity conveyed by the individual musicians.

Certainly the catalyst of the sublime orchestral playing, conductor Marc Minkowski sets up a meaningful series of phrasing and contrasts in both pieces. He's equally adventurous, and takes the listener as far as he can while being true to the extant spirit of Mozart. The maestro's posthumous vision was clearly established by the orchestra's utilization of his original pedigree of instruments.

The irony seems to be in the almost improvisatory nature of the playing—so fresh, yet so well prepared. Every measure is underlined, yet nothing feels overly prominent or out of proportion. Minkowski's experience with opera, operetta, and early music has left him in good stead.

"Jupiter," No. 41 scales the summit of the Classical period in symphonic music. Passion erupts, while the Symphony No. 40 in g minor is fateful and confined in tone, certainly a more "personal" musical statement

and among the most pulchritudinous of symphonies. All repeats are observed in both symphonies, and—by imparting a truer sense of proportion to the works—they are gratefully welcomed.

The "Final Ballet" from the opera *Idomeneo* is also included on the CD. Many first-time listeners are anticipated to ly hear this piece that has so often been excluded from the opera concerts. The ballet music is a refreshing contrast to the intense drama of the two symphonies.

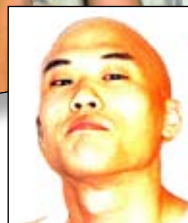
We can only hope that more of Minkowski's treasured Mozart performances are released in the near future. ☞



Oh, cRAP: It's Johnny Polygon!



Johnny Polygon (left) flows at the Knitting Factory. The other half of Polygon's cRAP, David Yi (right).



by Joseph Trinh

Hollywood Boulevard—one of the stranger stretches of Los Angeles—is home to an endless stream of loud, annoying street performers (with and without costumes,) tourism at its saddest, and an eclectic array of clubs and bars. A hodgepodge of pop culture, we see its history on the sidewalks, as the happy tourists pose for pictures next to Bruce Lee's star and with a Michael Jackson impersonator who seems too dark to be realistic. Hollywood Boulevard is also home to the Knitting Factory, where on August 9th, Tulsa-born rapper Johnny Polygon performed. It was a good night to be in Hollywood.

The Knitting Factory's second room, being

prepped for Polygon's imminence, was very low-key with little to distract you from the stage. Probably a good thing—we come here to watch a good performance, not to check out the faux Chinese décor or the Persian draperies you find in most clubs. Even the bar in the back of the room is small and nondescript, with a bartender who isn't keen on small talk (or even smiling, for that matter).

On to the show. Johnny Polygon, whose Midwestern pseudo-celebrity has been cultivated by his decision to reach his audience personally rather than through corporate airwaves, hit the stage at about ten o'clock—about the time when Hollywood's night crowd hits the streets. Polygon's truly a man of the people, with his dreads covered by a pork-pie hat that punctuated his flannel casual look. Nothing about him screamed out at you; no diamond encrusted gold chains, no rings, no half-pound diamond studs in his ears to be found. He hasn't got a dime in his pocket for bling...at least, not yet.

Johnny Polygon entertained the crowd with a sound that seemed to this writer what Doug E. Fresh and Slick Rick might have sounded like if they spliced themselves with the Pharcyde; there was a definite old-school beat gessoed under funny, honest lyrics. He has a smooth, yet kinetic delivery that invites

you onto a journey of self-deprecating humor about drugs, women, and the struggles of a self-made artist. Joining him on the stage were Gabe Real and Joh, both friends from sweet home Oklahoma. Gabe Real confessed after the show that he only learned the set a day or two before, but it definitely didn't show.

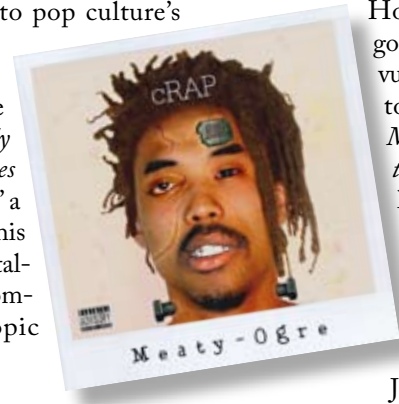
One of Polygon's songs, "Scarecrow," describes Tulsa as he shows off his grassroots sensibilities in reference to pop culture's obsession with processed images. In the song, he notes that, as a rapper, he "needs a gimmick like Nelly and band-aids/Or real issues like illegal aliens land slaves," a self-reflexive statement of his rejection to be compartmentalized by that single, all-encompassing image, that myopic tagline description.

He lays it down for all to know that he isn't about this image—whatever it might be, and that he is a rapper and performer before being a marketing product. It's a refreshing change of pace, in diametric contrast to much of contemporary radio's bland incarnation of hip-hop.

Today, it's hard to distinguish some of the songs the radio plays from jingles. With

Johnny Polygon, it's simple—it's his life, if not his perspective.

Speaking of Polygon's life, "Lose Control" comes across as a confessional missive on his past addictions, from weed to women. He reminisces about "popping his cherry at the age of fourteen," when he first smoked pot, and his preternatural obsession with women. Those are/were his weaknesses (welcome to Hollywood, Johnny), but he goes to show that everyone has vulnerabilities: from alcoholics to "gothic kids with Marilyn Manson shirts who crave attention." He admonishes the listeners about excess, and that "the moral of the story is that moderation is key/don't let anything distract you once you're tasting your dream."



Johnny Polygon, whose latest album *Meaty-Ogre* hits...well, maybe not necessarily stores, but certainly droves of frothing-at-the-mouth fans all over the country, plans on going out on tour in the upcoming days with several more performances in Los Angeles. For those who have yet to see him perform, I suggest you give him a shot. Artists like this deserve more exposure, more support. He's on his way up, so don't miss out on catching him while he still plays the local scenes.

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9:30pm ROSEMARY'S GARDEN

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8:30pm ALANA STONE
9:30pm SOLSTICE

10:30pm SABRINA VARGAS
11:30PM GINA W

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FRIDAY AUGUST 18 - EARLY SHOW - 7PM
MLC / Whipped Cream (Cream Tribute Band)

FRIDAY AUGUST 18 - LATE SHOW - 9PM
The Dirty Kings / The Scene / The Pacific / Casper

EVERY SUNDAY NIGHT - 10PM - 18+ - EVIL CLUB EMPIRE PRESENTS...
Blacklist (formerly Dungeon)

MONDAY AUGUST 21 - 7PM - M PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS...
Yesterday's Rising / Of Hearts & Shadows / Amorette / The Reverse Affect / A Change of Heart / Mokshu / Autumn Black

MONDAY AUGUST 21 - 8PM - KFLA & CHURCH OF THE 8TH DAY PRESENT...
Devolved / The Adversary / Ashton / MPH

TUESDAY AUGUST 22 - 9PM
Johnnie Burton / Elegantly Wasted / Charissa Nicole

TUESDAY AUGUST 22 - 9PM - BLUEBEAT LOUNGE PRESENTS...
Go Jimmy Go / Satori / The Revivers

WEDNESDAY AUGUST 23 - 8PM - SEAN HEALY PRESENTS...
Alias / Lynquistics / Terminal Illness / I&I / Magnum Flow

UPCOMING SHOWS:

SATURDAY AUGUST 26 - 7:15PM - CLUB VODKA PRESENTS...
The Big Ball Stars / (feat. members of AC/DC, Guns n Roses, Quiet Riot, The Firm, Alice Cooper) / **Superna / 286 / + more!**

WEDNESDAY AUGUST 30 - 8PM - A RELIEF INTERNATIONAL BENEFIT SHOW...
Niyaz & Sussan Deyhim / Richard Horowitz

THURSDAY AUGUST 31 - 8PM - CD RELEASE PARTY
Upground / La Banda Skalavera / Viernes 13 / Ezkala & DJ C-Los

THURSDAY AUGUST 31 - 8PM - NOAH K. PRESENTS A SPECIAL EARLY SHOW WITH...
Jean-Jacques Perrey (1st ever performance in Los Angeles)

MONDAY SEPTEMBER 4 - 8PM - KCRW 89.9FM & HARP MAGAZINE...
Eric Bachmann (of Crooked Fingers) / **Richard Buckner**

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Societies Parasites, Another Dam Disappointment, The Scuffs, Defied, Plan Anarchy
- 8.21 The Power Cords, LoveRunner, The Brobecks, The John Whites
- 8.22 TIN PANDA PRESENTS...
Roger Moon, Valentino, Paper Pills, The Braille Tapes, Mackenzie Owen
- 8.23 TIN PANDA PRESENTS...
The Megs, A Prevalence, Forget About the Wedding, Bledsoe, Tizoc Estrada

Concert Review Making a mutiny with the Coup

by Brooke DammKoehler

The Coup is Boots Riley and Pan the Funkstress. Their name is short for *coup d'etat*. For those of you in Rio Linda, that means "a sudden and decisive change of government by force by a small group." This is a Leninist concept, and the Coup are revolutionaries. You've undoubtedly heard their music...even if you don't know it. You may remember the controversy regarding the 2001 release of their album *Party Music*—"party" as in Communist Party. The cover art was a picture of the World Trade Center towers exploding with Boots' finger on the detonator (actually a guitar tuner) and Pam conducting the musical mayhem by waving a pair of drumsticks. Although the album was released before 9/11, the subsequent firestorm regarding the artwork after 9/11 resulted in the offensive photomontage being replaced with that of a Martini glass aflame—a nod to that street fighter staple: the Molotov cocktail. Their current album, *Pick a Bigger Weapon*, is just that—a call to arms. As Riley explains in the liner notes: "Me and my woman were at a restaurant...Dawnelissa was on her third Grey Goose Martini and tried to order a fourth one when Jessica stopped her, saying 'C'mon girl, pick a bigger weapon.'"

An exhilarating performer, Riley continuously moved on stage as he provoked the wild crowd. "Float like a butterfly, sting like a bee," immediately came to mind to describe his style.

Live music engenders energy that can never be simulated by singing or rapping over a backing track. Musically, the Coup draws widely upon soul, funk, rock, blues, and jazz. Amongst the musical influences in evidence were: James Brown, Parliament/Funkadelic, and early Prince. At any moment, they could have morphed into Sly and the Family Stone. The drummer, Quebec Jackson, channeled the great Buddy Miles.

Though Boots Riley "works for the Revolution," he also makes time in several songs for pleasure. "Laugh/Love/Fuck" is an infectious tune that also demonstrates Riley's playfulness: "I'm here to laugh, love, fuck, and drink liquor/And help the damn revolution come quicker." What's not to love about that revolution? With the slow grooving "I Jus Wanna Lay Around All Day In Bed With You," Riley juxtaposes erotic desire with pressures of a low-wage job: "Stop. Pause. Repeat./the stars release/y'know most o' my time belongs to the boss/baby, hold on tight/ this is ours at least."

Riley always ups the ante. On "Head (of State)," Riley bashes Bush and the military industrial complex: "War ain't about one land against the next/It's po' people dyin' so the rich cash checks." To bring it down to the everyday, he then parallels the visualization with a Lewinsky-like encounter: "Bush and Hussein together in bed/Giving H-E-A-D: head/Y'all muthafuckers heard what we said/billions made and millions dead."

Fusing soul power and people power, Riley is a self-proclaimed "proletarianfunkadelicparliamentarian." The funky clarion call "Ride the Fence" breaks it down for us: "I'm Anti-Republican-and-Democratic/If they self destruct/that's anti-climatic/Tired of being hunted like an antelope/take the system by the throat/that's the antidote." Riley instructs us to "be proactive, proceed with confidence cuz you know that you can't change shit by ridin' the fence." Indeed!

And, not a crotch grab in sight! Hallelujah, praise the Lord, pass the ammunition, and let the Revolution begin! 🍻

Film Feature



A glimpse inside the House

An interview with the director of House of Sand

Brazilian director Andrucha Waddington on set with Fernanda Torres, his wife and star of his new film Casa de Areia.

by Michael Guillén

Casa de Areia (*The House of Sand*) is Andrucha Waddington's first feature-length fiction film since his 2000 award-winning *Eu Tu Elles* (*Me You Them*). It features Fernanda Montenegro (Academy Award nominee for *Central Station*) and her real-life daughter Fernanda Torres (Best Actress for *Parle-moi d'amour* at Cannes), two of the most renowned actresses of Brazil. They are brought together for the first time in opposite leading roles. I met up with Andrucha Waddington early one Monday morning at San Francisco's Hotel Adagio for coffee and conversation. I'm keeping Andrucha's broken English intact because I found it charming.

Michael Guillén: *The House of Sand* is a very challenging film to an audience. You're asking the audience to accept certain conventions. And one of them was this leapfrogging of the actresses over the generations.

Andrucha Waddington: I want to go talk about what you said about the intelligence of the audience and to don't underestimate the audience. Yesterday in the Q&A here, a guy asked me, "Listen, I like a lot the film, but I didn't understand why you choose this kind of time lapse." I took a couple

of seconds or minutes to understand, and I said to him, "I did it because I don't like to be underestimated when I am an audience, so I believe that the audience likes to think and realize things and understand—not in the cut—but take a couple of seconds to understand and to read it and to think about." And I think this is something that we don't see too much in the films in these days. It's something I think the cinema

was counting more the intelligence of the audience in the old times, in the old films

MG: Someone was asking me yesterday, "Is it a costume drama?" I said, No. I mean, it *has* that. For me, it was almost like a very subtle piece of science fiction.

AW: I love it!! I love what you said. My wife, Fernanda Torres, she always say it's *2001* with no money, with no space—*2001* in terms of it's a science fiction.

MG: That's how I saw it. I saw the time-lapse scene as very similar to Tarkovsky, to *Solaris*.

AW: Yes!! Which is a film that I loved. Tarkovsky is a master!

MG: What I saw in this movie was a landscape that was in relationship to



Enrique Diaz as Luis in House of Sand.

the women in the film. They were in relationship to the landscape. They just didn't understand that particular dynamic all around them.

AW: The mother understands first.

MG: First. But it took her about ten years to understand that, and eventually her daughter comes to the same understanding. What were you trying to effect with that

landscape? How were you hoping it would define the characters of these women or, more appropriately, isn't the landscape itself a major character?

AW: It's a character that brings isolation, that brings them out of the society and allows them to create a new way of living, her statement, their statements, they create a tiny little small society with their rules, with their new way of facing the world.

MG: There's an organic feel to the movie that seems like it was created in the process. As I was reading the press notes, I came to the understanding that the actors contributed to the film.

AW: A lot! A lot. Actually, in all my films, I really like, I really appreciate like I think—to have a . . . I don't believe that the director can have a vision by himself only. I think to build a film and to build up a clime of working and to put everybody in the same mood and to understand the film you are making, I think these table reading discussions are the most precious things that you can have. So always like four months before I start shooting, I start to make these sessions with the actors, and without having any problem to be confronted, to be argued, so I really open

the script, okay, let's read, everybody have the right to say anything so we should, like, criticize and understand which is the doubts and everything, so session by session this makes the script more powerful because you work in the lines, you argue about the scene that is there, but why this scene is here?

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Film

Art Film of the Week

The Birth of a Nation

with Aaron Sheley

There are probably three perfect films in existence. *2001: A Space Odyssey* reinvented film language and raised the American film to an art form. *Seven Samurai* mastered preexisting film language and raised classical Hollywood grammar to its highest level. And, of course, *Birth of a Nation* introduced the world—for the first time—to a full-length narrative feature.

Birth of a Nation director D.W. Griffith, like Abraham Lincoln, was a great man with a character flaw: he was racist (or “racialist,” as some now have coined the term). Richard Wagner made the finest of operas, and he was a notorious anti-Semite. Like Griffith and Wagner, many artists have so-called “bad” ideologies. Fortunately, an ideology does not reflect on one’s art. Comedian Lenny Bruce said it best when he made it clear that though he absolutely abhorred WC Fields for his flagrant anti-Semitism, the man sure made Lenny laugh—and one thing has nothing to do with the other.

After Griffith invented the “cross-cut” and the “close-up” (as well as an extensive lexicon full of language that is now taken for granted as “basic film know-how”), he finally created *Birth of a Nation*, a silent work of cinema poetry. The war sequences are on a grander level than many today, the love story will make you weep, the assassination of Lincoln will make you gasp for breath. The final hour of the film is infamous, but only such an indelible, powerful film could be so invidious to people 85 years later.



DW Griffith still ruffles feathers today.

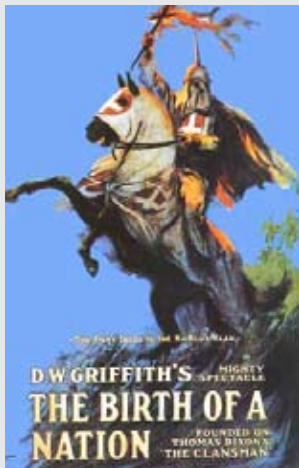
Due to the fact that, in this writer’s opinion, audiences are more racist now than ever (*Big Momma’s House*, *White Chicks*, et al), it’s confusing that so many criticize the man who invented the narrative film. It is a shame and disgrace that we are all so sensitive now, so politically correct that an artist responsible for the creation of modern cinema no longer has an

award named after him. In spite of his personal shortcomings, *Birth of a Nation* is a flawless film made by an absolute genius.

A masterpiece has to stand the test of time; it does not have to convey a popular ideology. *A Time to Kill*, by contrast, is a film that may be anti-KKK...but it is

also an incoherent, stereotypical pastiche of *To Kill a Mockingbird*.

There is and has never been a director who has been able to create a picture cut together with the style, grace, experimentation and audacity of D.W. Griffith. Like Wagner’s *Ring Cycle*, *Birth of a Nation* stands as a fantastic artistic achievement. ♪



Film Review



Choose your Illusionist

THE ILLUSIONIST

★★★★☆
(3 out of 4 stars)

DIRECTED BY NEIL BURGER
STARRING: EDWARD NORTON,
PAUL GIAMATTI, JESSICA BIEL,
RUFUS SEWELL

110 MINUTES, RATED PG-13

by Tony Medley

I like to see movies by smart people with plots that keep you thinking and actors who can spin the web of belief. That’s what I got with *The Illusionist*. Writer/Director Neil Burger sprung the idea from short story “Eisenheim the Illusionist” by Steven Milhauser, but appropriated only the main character into his own singular vision. Burger’s original script had a completely different ending from the one that was finally shot.

Eisenheim (Edward Norton)—an amazing performer of mystifying feats, but a commoner in imperial Vienna—falls for Princess Sophie (Jessica Biel) with whom he has fostered an infatuation since childhood. Problem is that Princess Sophie is Crown Prince Leopold’s (Rufus Sewell) squeeze. Leopold wants to marry her so that he can overthrow his old man, the Emperor, and usurp the throne. As you might imagine, all sorts of problems ensue. Paul Giamatti plays Chief Inspector Uhl: a commoner who, as Leopold’s top cop, is pitted against Eisenheim. The fact that both Eisenheim and Uhl are commoners holds meaning because Leopold is nothing if not a man who flaunts his regal roots.

Edward Norton and Jessica Biel (above) star alongside Paul Giamatti in Neil Burger’s *The Illusionist*. “I’ve never worked with people of this caliber before,” said Biel about her cast.

but the most enjoyable member to watch is Sewell with his delightfully hateful Leopold. Known perfectionist Edward Norton gives an unerring interpretation of the illusionist he plays. Giamatti gives another outstanding performance as the implacable inspector who has to tip-toe along a fine line between representing an evil man and keeping his own exalted position secure. Jessica Biel’s Sophie—around whom all the central controversy swirls—is a beautiful, heady, romantic lead.

Biel was the last person cast, and at the last minute. She had read for the part earlier and was summarily rejected. “My reputation around Hollywood as an action movie star hurt me,” she says. “But this is the kind of film I want to do.” When she was asked to read again with producer Michael London and Norton, she went to the Paris store on Main Street in Santa Monica and bought vintage clothes apropos for turn-of-the-century Vienna (according to London, *Illusionist* was shot in Prague on a budget in the “mid-teen millions”) and went to the reading enmeshed in character. She rejoins, “Going to the reading, which was in Beverly Hills at 11:00 at night, I was terrified, dripping sweat, because I didn’t know how they would react to the way I was dressed.”

London, “she was so in character, both Edward and I were knocked over,” and she got the part. It was a good choice, because Biel is not simply beautiful; she adds a cerebral aspect to the character that is so inherent to the plausible captivation of someone like Eisenheim.

Says Biel, “I’ve never worked with people of this caliber before” (Norton and Giamatti are both Oscar winners), “and I was intimidated by Edward. He is so smart, and is incredibly intense to work with. He will let you have it if you aren’t doing what he thinks is right. He’s opinionated but really cares, and you can’t criticize that.”



The music (Philip Glass), so often a key to a movie like this, is unusual.

Instead of period music, it is intentionally incongruous with a much more modern feel. The cinematography (Dick Pope), too, is pleasantly abnormal. Burger didn’t want it to be too garish or extravagant; instead, he attempted the stark visual feel of early silent films. The look is, thus, dark. A bright scene towards the end of the film literally jolted me out of my seat.

All in all, the notion of such tireless craftsmanship is an endangered species in Hollywood today. ♪

The entire cast is exceptional,

But, when she walked in, reports

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Film Review



Accepted makes the grade

Justin Long (second from left) leads a band of dunderhead misfits into the throes of baking up a fake college from scratch.

ACCEPTED



(3 1/2 out of 4 stars)

DIRECTED BY STEVE PINK

STARRING: JUSTIN LONG, BLAKE LIVELY,
LEWIS BLACK, ANTHONY HEALD

90 MINUTES, RATED PG-13

by Peter Sobczynski

On the surface, *Accepted* appears in line with the late-summer dreck that studios foist on the public in hopes of scoring a few last-minute dollars. With a generic title, a no-name cast, and a premise that would tax the credulity of even the most devout fan of dopey teen comedies, how good could it possibly be? Strangely enough, it turns out to be pretty good after all. Sure, it is silly and inconsequential, but it has been made with a lot of energy and enthusiasm, and contains a surprisingly high number of solid laughs. This is more than I can say for the likes of such recent comedic misses as *The Break-Up*, *You, Me and Dupree*, or *Talladega Nights*.

To be honest, the conceit of the movie is less than promising. After failing to make it into college, graduating senior Bartleby (Justin Long) decides to put more effort into keeping this inglorious news from his parents than he did into applying for school in the first place. (Seriously, how can anyone not make it into Ohio State?) Utilizing bits and pieces from the letterheads of schools that rejected him, Bartleby—with the help of nerdy best pal Sherman (Jonah Hill)—invents the non-existent South Harmon Institute of Technology: the alleged sister school of the esteemed Harmon University. He creates a website, and then sends himself a letter of acceptance. Relieved, his parents give him tuition money...but they want to visit the school. Now Bartleby must rent an abandoned mental hospital, and fashion it into a college by enlisting in help from his other friends in the same boat—stoner Glen (Adam Herschman), injured athlete Hands (Columbus Short), and red-headed firebrand Rory (Maria Thayer). They bring in Sherman's Uncle Ben (Lewis Black), a discredited scholar who now works in a Foot Locker, to pose as the Dean of Students and


successfully fool Bartleby's parents. Unfortunately, the website has an unforeseen glitch...and before long, hundreds of students show up with letters of acceptance and tuition checks of their own.

Instead of simply admitting that his mendacious network of deception has blown up in his face, Bartleby decides on the spot that, instead, he and his ragtag team of cronies will become a "kind-of"/"sort-of" institute of higher learning in which the students will create their own classes and teach each other. For a while, everything goes along swimmingly—the most popular classes include one in which Uncle Ben goes off on long rants that make him sound suspiciously like Lewis Black, a course entitled "The Decline and Fall of Chevy Chase," and plenty of other equally challenging courses—until the boys attract the attention of the real Harmon University and its evil dean (Anthony Heald) who wants the property in order to build an extended gateway to his own campus. Before long, South Harmon is shut down. Everything seems gloomy until Bartleby and Co. are given a chance to appeal for accreditation before the state Board of Education. I won't reveal the outcome, but if you can't guess it from what I have written thus far, you may also be intrigued by whether or not Bartleby's dream girl (Blake Lively) will wind up with him or go off with the evil BMO of Harmon U.

As I said, the plot of *Accepted* is as silly as they come; it sounds more like the subplot for a middle-of-the-road episode of *The Simpsons* or *Family Guy*. And yet, within that flimsy framework, the film comes up with a lot of funny jokes that pop out of nowhere and blind-side you with their utter irreverence. To give away any of them would of course be criminal, but I would suggest that if you enjoyed the off-beat humor of such weirdo gems as *Real Genius* or *Better Off Dead*, you will discover much to enjoy here. I will, however, single out Jonah Hill as the nerd who desperately tries and fails to fit into what he has been convinced is the traditional college experience (i.e., constant humiliation by members of the fraternity that he is trying

to pledge) because he brings such a giddy tone to his lines that he scores the biggest laughs in the film. The mere intonation he brings to a line such as, "Wow—this place is great because now I can get hepatitis" will bring you a smile to your face. Hill is so appealing, in fact, that you wish the filmmakers could have found a way to exploit him more in the proceedings. By comparison, star Justin Long is okay (I like the running commentary he delivers while he sneaks into the evil Harmon U. frat house), but he's a little too vanilla to inspire the devotion in his fellow "students" that drives the final act.

At the same time, director Steve Pink (who makes his debut in that capacity after serving admirably as the co-writer of such choice works as *Grosse Pointe Blank* and *High Fidelity*) manages to establish some subtle and affective points about how the contemporary collegiate experience is no longer what it once was cracked up to be. Instead of being a place where young minds can find a field of study that interests them, students are now programmed to have their entire education programmed before they even have a chance to program their cell phones. (Black has a brilliant monologue along these lines that describes how the educational system has turned into a "serve-us industry.") I'm not saying that *Accepted* poses any new or radical statements, but it is a welcomed refreshment that a film that could just as easily be crammed with typical gross-out gags, fart jokes, and kicks to the groin at least acknowledges such intrinsically relevant real-world issues in a film.

Accepted is by no means perfect. The central concern of the film—covertly creating a school from scratch without anyone noticing—is too silly to ever be believable, and I wish that Pink and the various screenwriters could have figured out a more clever way to conclude the film than with the faux-courtroom theatrics before the Board of Education. *Accepted* is like the South Harmon Institute of Technology to *Talladega Nights*' Harmon U.: it replaces a smug, self-satisfied attitude with a lot of laughs and charm. And *Accepted*, much like South Harmon, is therefore all the more appealing. 

Facts of life



Matt Dillon plays Chinaski, a drunken ne'er-do-well.

by Jonathan W. Hickman

Henry works in order to drink. When he has enough cash for a few good bottles, he stops working. When the liquor runs out, he gets another job.

Bent Hamer's rambling *Factotum* is about a long drunk—one that lasts a lifetime. The word

"factotum" literally means "man of many jobs" or an employee who serves a wide range of capacities. And this film, based on Charles Bukowski's second novel and portions of his short stories, follows Bukowski's alter ego—Henry Chinaski—from job to job.

Along the way, he beds women and writes. And he's never too far from his next bottle. Clearly, Chinaski heads for a big crash...but we've seen that story before. *Factotum* focuses incrementally on what happens prior to the crash, details all the little bibulous swerves along the way.

At times, *Factotum* is funny and down-right profound, but it ultimately proves to be a little dull. This is, of course, because life is often rather sedentary, and a film that so accurately reflects life might prove to be a daunting viewing experience.

Great performances help push the slogging narrative forward, even if it isn't that compelling or interesting. With body language and posturing that matches his furrowed brow, Matt Dillon ably and smoothly slides into his role as Chinaski. Lili Taylor goes for the gusto, gives a triumphant performance as Chinaski's on-again/off-again girlfriend. She appears so strung out here that you wonder if taking the part required her to tie one on each night before shooting (no pun intended...wink/wink). Also of interest is the appearance of Marisa Tomei and Fisher Stevens in supporting roles. Earlier this year, Tomei's little known gem *Marilyn Hotchkiss' School of Ballroom Dancing* opened in limited theatrical release as a continuance of a fine career in small films that the American public always finds time to enjoy. Stevens, who's always been a cool actor, needs to work more in movies worthy of his talent; here, he plays a co-worker of Chinaski in some of the film's most pleasant scenes.

Like many films of its ilk, *Factotum* has an intimate understanding of its subject. This, no doubt, is based in the Bukowski source material. Stories of addiction have been chronicled in the movies for decades. Superior modern examples include Mike Figgis' *Leaving Las Vegas* and 2003's *Happy Hour* directed by Mike Bencivenga. I remember how well *Happy Hour* captured the profile of an alcoholic who never has a hangover because he never stops drinking. *Hour's* craftiness was in its particularly incisive telling of the decline of an alcoholic. But *Factotum's* Chinaski hasn't yet reached that place in his life.

Truth in *Factotum* bubbles easily from out of its chameleonic actors. Taylor has an especially telling scene in which she stands before the tiny efficiency stove in one of their little apartments to make pancakes. Appearing in a clashing combination of bra and panties, she slumps into the frying pan, and complains that they're out of butter. In a quick moment of humor, Dillon as Chinaski suggests that she will just have to fry them dry again. Such mundane profundities permeate this ambling story of a man and his loves who attempt to find a place in a world where the future is dictated by the next job...tacitly in hopes of purchasing the next drink, of course.

Chinaski spends some of his time writing. The content of his diatribes read as essays about his experiences. The film makes good use of ostensible excerpts from Bukowski's stories that were no doubt autobiographic in nature. This is a film about authentic relationships. Relationships with one's work, one's loves, and one's vices, sometimes they're all the same.

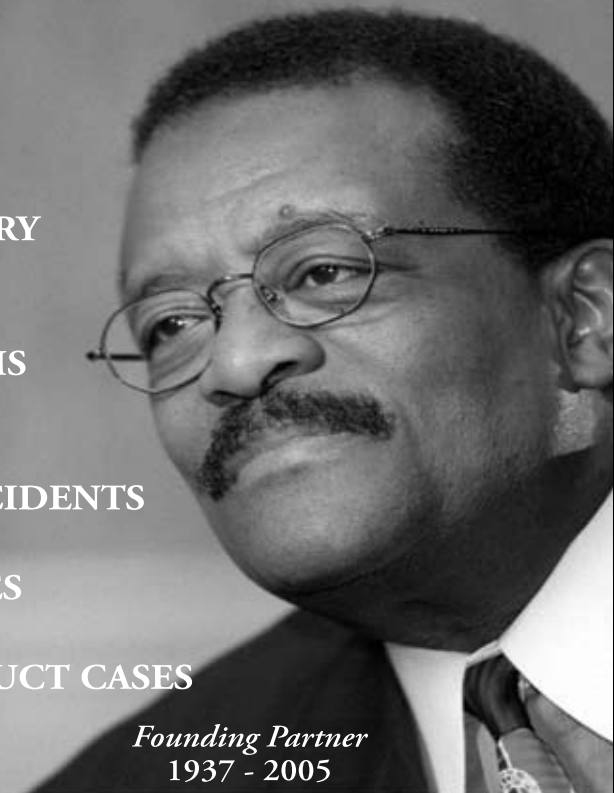
It is too bad that the film doesn't give us a little more structure. But, filmmaker Hamer seems content to follow the sordid details to a grinding halt—although, even when Chinaski hits rock bottom, he isn't yet all the way down. *Factotum* plods through its running time accurately depicting the life of a drunk. Unfortunately, the fact that the drunk is also a writer doesn't make the story any more engaging. But, the film's moments of impacting insight into a life-style in which vice is indulged to the extreme will make *anyone* contemplate his own inner demons.

FACTOTUM
 ★★☆☆☆
 (2 1/2 out of 4 stars)
 DIRECTED BY BENT HARPER
 STARRING: MATT DILLON, LILI TAYLOR,
 MARISA TOMEI, FISHER STEVENS
 94 MINUTES, RATED R

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ENTERTAINMENT

TODAY



Now Playing...

Oliver Stone's latest docudrama *World Trade Center* opened at #2 last week and has grossed over 30 million at the domestic box office.

The Ant Bully

★★★ (PG)

Based on the kids' book by John Nickle, the film begins with young Lucas (Zach Tyler) being picked on by a fearsome local bully. Upset and humiliated, Lucas takes out his frustrations on the anthill in his yard by repeatedly stomping on it and flooding it with a water hose. To settle the score, scientist ant Zoc (Nicolas Cage) devises a way to shrink Lucas down to the size of an ant so that he can be taken to their world and brought to justice. I must admit that when I walked into the screening room to see the new animated film *The Ant Bully*, it was not with the greatest enthusiasm. I can only hope that audiences won't have the same impression, because the film is much better than it seems at first glance. *The Ant Bully* is a smart, funny, and charming family film that has something to say to younger and older viewers alike.

Barnyard

★★ (PG)

Having grown up on a farm, I can testify that cows are the ones with udders and bulls don't really have them. Perhaps for this reason, I was uncomfortable from the outset watching *Barnyard: The Original Party Animals* with my two-and-a-half-year-old. While the film held her attention more than *Cars*, the adult portion of the audience was not so thrilled. In addition to the odd presence of an udder on the boy cows, there is a scene in which the younger bulls go joy-riding in a stolen car while drinking milk in a manner that would suggest inebriation. Drinking and driving in a kids' movie? The story of *Barnyard* has potential. The farm animals party together all night long, and concealing their human characteristics from the humans during the day. When the coast is clear, the barn is converted in almost Transformer fashion to a roadhouse saloon with a stage, a bar, a mechanical human bucking bronco, and lots of drinking, gambling, and carousing.

Cars

★★★ 1/2 (G)

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)

Clerks II

★★★ 1/2 (PG-13)

This film probably won't bring new fans into the Kevin Smith camp, but it contains a number of big laughs. 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.

Conversations with Other Women

★★★ (PG-13)

Being hailed as the cure for the end-of-the-summer-blockbusters blues, *Conversations with Other Women* is really more of a quick-witted and spry play than a film, less the fact that unlike anything that could be performed live on stage, this movie is presented in a split-screen for the entire duration. Similar in style to Mike Figgis' *Timcode*, the narrative continues—Aaron Eckhart plays "Man" who meets up with Helena Bonham-Carter ("Woman") at a wedding, and the two begin to talk and possibly flirt until they reveal to the audience that there's a lot more history there than we initially thought—whilst all along in organic split-screen so that each moment is exhibited from two different angles at the same time. Though it could, much like *Timcode*, be easily decried as a straight "gimmick film," *Conversations* wins out over castigation through its inherently smart script and its spectacular performances by two actors who are, and have been so many times in the past, equally smart about the roles they choose. (JC)

The Descent

★★★ 1/2 (R)

Six thrill-seeking women convene in the Appalachian Mountains to explore a cave. Juno (Natalie Mendoza) is the group's leader, determined to protect the fragile emotional state of Sarah (Shauna Macdonald) who lost her husband and daughter in a grizzly car accident a year earlier. In good spirits, the women set off on their excursion, and descend into the cave with little problem. But when the tunnel collapses behind them, Juno reveals she brought the group to a different cave than they had discussed. This cave has not been mapped or documented at all, and it's not entirely clear—perhaps even doubtful—that anyone who has ventured into it has survived to tell the tale. When their understandable anger subsides, the group soldiers on to navigate the treacherous cave and find a way out. If the situation didn't look bleak enough, it turns out that the cave they've chosen is inhabited by a mutant, sub-human species with a taste for human blood. *The Descent* is a relentlessly paced movie that could very possibly leave you bruised from all the squirming you're sure to do, and one of the most intense viewing experiences I've ever endured. (WC)

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. Streep carries the film.

Edmond

★ (R)

The filmmakers said that "we gave the script to all the studios around town and told them that we had William H. Macy starring and David Mamet writing and Stuart Gordon directing and they all said, 'Great! We'll read it this weekend,' and we never heard from them again." Maybe, just maybe, there was a reason why they never heard from them again. Director Stuart Gordon says, "We are all racists. I am continually shocked and amazed at the words that fly out of my own mouth when someone cuts me off in traffic. We try to hide our racism from each other and from ourselves. But we secretly know it's alive and well within us." *Edmond* is a film in which everyone involved seems smitten with sending a political message about what they feel is wide spread white racism. Maybe all the people involved with this movie are racist; I have no way of knowing. But it's a mistake to paint everyone with the same brush. *Edmond* (Macy) leaves his wife for no reason other than that he doesn't love her and feels he is in the "wrong place" in his life. As unrealistic as this is, what follows is sheer fantasy. *Edmond* is around 46-years-old, but never has there been a more naive man wandering around the streets of Los Angeles. His meetings and conversations with hookers, strippers, pimps, and other people are ludicrous. Nobody who has lived in a city as long as *Edmond* has, is that untouched by the realities of life. Though I'm a fan of some of David Mamet's (who penned both the screenplay and the play off which the film is based) work, *Edmond* epitomizes his great weakness: dialogue that is not credible. People in real life just don't talk like Mamet has them talk, at least in this film. "I have never done a darker piece of work," says Macy about the film for which he had to put in five weeks of hard labor to memorize the effusive lines of dialogue. Rather than waste all of that time and energy memorizing lines, what the film really needed was a new script with credible dialogue to tell what could have been an interesting story about a man descending into madness. (TM)

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 fun,

engaging, often funny presentation. What an entertaining horror movie this is! (JG)

The L.A. Riots Spectacular

★★★ (PG-13)

On the other end of the spectrum from this weekend's widely released mega-budgeted *World Trade Center* is a little film called *The LA Riot Spectacular*. It is a fictionalized gonzo retelling of another dark day in our nation's recent history: the 1992 Los Angeles riots that followed the "not guilty" verdicts in the Rodney King police beating case. While not for all tastes, *Riot* is a zesty mix of irreverent satire and slapstick humor. (JH)

John Tucker Must Die

★ (PG-13)

Ashanti, Sophia Bush, and Brittany Snow find out that they are all dating the same guy: John Tucker, played by Jesse Metcalfe. The three scorned lovers devise a plot of revenge for their former beau, and attempt to turn the tables in game of heartbreak. (JC)

Lady in the Water

★ (PG-13)

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. 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. (PS)

Little Man

1/2 star (R)

Calvin (Marlon Wayans) is a midget criminal who, along with idiot colleague Percy (Tracy Morgan), is forced to 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 the doorstep in a basket, and when he's take in, Calvin can grab the diamond and sneak out. You might enjoy this film if you 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)

Little Miss Sunshine

★★★ 1/2 (R)

When *Little Miss Sunshine* debuted at Sundance earlier this year, it was one of the most buzzed-about films at the fest, partly because Steve Carrell—fresh off the success of *The 40-Year-Old Virgin*—was in the film, and partly because, well, it's just a funny movie. *Little Miss Sunshine* tells the story of the Hoovers, a middle-class family from Albuquerque headed by desperate motivational speaker Richard (Greg Kinear) and homemaker Sheryll (Toni Collette), who also has to look after her gay, suicidal, Proust-Scholar brother Frank (Steve Carell). Further tensions arise from a heroin addicted grandpa and mute-by-choice son. Despite economic troubles, the family decides to travel to Redondo Beach so that daughter Olive (Abigail Breslin) can compete in a beauty pageant. (KV)



Samuel L. Jackson stars in *Snakes in a Plane*.

Material Girls

Not yet reviewed, (PG)
Real-life sisters Haylie and Hilary Duff play Hilton-esque Tanzie and Ava Marchetta, on-screen siblings who are richer than god... until they lose everything that thought they deserved from their parents' prodigious wealth. It's some kind of ensuing scandal of sorts that casts them out "from the penthouse to the poor house," and now the girls—like Paris and Nicole (the other Nicole)—have to figure out how to live the "simple life" without breaking a nail. It's easy to say that this movie will be a simple-minded popcorn flick for simple-minded audiences, but there's the saving grace of its being directed by Martha Coolidge. Martha, as you'll remember, also directed seemingly silly fare like *Valley Girl* and *Real Genius*, and she actually did a hell of a job with each—she ably gave us not only popcorn, but caviar to boot. Yes, she's since made *Angie*, *Three Wishes*, *Out to Sea*, and a litany of other mistakes as of late, but you never know. Not to sound like a "material girl," but anything with Lizzie McGuire...er, Hilary Duff in the starring role is usually worth the price of admission. (MK)

Miami Vice

★★★★ (R)

After a major undercover sting operation targeting a group of drug-dealing white supremacists goes violently wrong, Miami-Dade cops Sonny Crockett (Colin Farrell) and Ricardo Tubbs (Jamie Foxx) are recruited by an FBI agent (Ciaran Hinds) to go undercover to find out who is supplying the supremacists with drugs and information. In bringing *Miami Vice* to the big screen, Michael Mann (who served as an executive producer on the TV show) has wisely chosen to focus on the no-nonsense aspects, and the result is easily the best adult-oriented entertainment to hit the multiplexes this summer. (PS)

Monster House

★★★ (PG)

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. (MG)

The Night Listener

★★★ (R)

How much do we really know about the people we allow into our lives? How much do we manipulate our view of our relationships with others, to meet our own needs? And how much truth is in the stories we tell each other...and ourselves? *The Night Listener*, adapted by Armistead Maupin, Terry Anderson, and director Patrick Stettner from Maupin's novel of the same name, tackles those questions through the tale of radio storyteller Gabriel Noone (Robin Williams), who develops a relationship over the phone with the 14-year-old author of a memoir chronicling a horrific childhood. (KV)

Pirates of the Caribbean: Dead Man's Chest

★★★ (PG-13)

A relatively entertaining film often hobbled by a rambling screenplay and a running time



(NOTE: Due to the nature of this obituary, I am posting it both chronologically and in this month's column. Ms. Rialson's passing went unnoticed for four months.)

CANDICE RIALSON Died Mar. 31, 2006 (reported Aug. 14, 2006)



By Rusty White

Candice Rialson, like Rainbeau Smith, was one of the premiere B-movie queens of the 1970s. Like Ms. Smith, Rialson appeared in both B-movies and A-list films. Both also share the fact that they died out of the limelight. From a physical standpoint, Candice Rialson had more sex appeal than Rainbeau Smith; still, Rialson never reached the status of Ms. Smith's sex-goddess cum fantasy figure. A mere glimpse at her pictures will nevertheless convert the chastest of viewers. While the circumstances of Ms. Rialson's passing were not as tragic or dramatic as Ms. Smith's, her passing did go unnoticed by the Industry for over four months. By all reports, Ms. Rialson died of liver disease at age 54 while surrounded by a loving family. She was, it seems unaware that she still had an avid fan base. Ms. Rialson's passing was discovered by the folks at Code Red DVD who tried to track her down to take part in a commentary track for 1974 sexploitation film Pets.

My first memory of Candice Rialson comes from the Clint Eastwood film The Eiger Sanction. She appears in an early scene opposite Mr. Eastwood who plays the college art professor/professional assassin Dr. Jonathan Hemlock. Ms. Rialson plays a very sexy student who stays after class to see if there is anything she can do to get a better grade. While the movie would have been so much more enjoyable if Clint had taken her up on her offer, he tells her to go home and "study that pretty little ass off!" While Ms. Rialson appeared in A-list movies like The Eiger Sanction, Logan's Run, Mel Brooks' Silent Movie, and William Richert's Winter Kills, she is best remembered for her exploitation and B-movies.

Mark L. Lester's Stunts is one of the best B-movies of the 1970s. Ms. Rialson added a sexy charge to the action-packed murder mystery. She poured on the backwoods sex appeal in Moonshine Country Express opposite Maureen McCormick and the late Claudia Jennings. Candice Rialson's most memorable roles can be seen in several drive-in sexploitation films, such skin classics as Candy Stripe Nurses, Summer School Teachers, and Joe Dante's Hollywood Boulevard. Ms. Rialson also appeared in Mama's Dirty Girls with Film Noir actress Gloria Graham. Her most notorious film, Chatterbox, takes a cue from Deep Throat: though R-rated, this sex comedy tells the tale of a woman with a talking vagina!

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!

about thirty minutes longer than necessary. The real selling point is the magnificently fruity Johnny Depp as Captain Jack Sparrow. 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)

moreland offer a slice of life in their Echo Park neighborhood in this fictional tale of 14-year-old Magdelana, daughter of a conservative preacher, who finds herself mysteriously pregnant shortly before her Quinceanera (15th birthday celebration). She takes refuge with her loving grand-uncle, and her troubled, gay cousin. This lovely and poignant film won both the Jury and Audience Awards at Sundance this year. (KV)

Scoop ★ 1/2 (PG-13)

When Woody Allen's Match Point came out last winter, it was hailed by critics and audiences as a thrilling resurgence for a once-brilliant filmmaker whose output over the last ten years had veered from mildly amusing retreads like Small Time Crooks to embarrassing misfires like Anything Else. Unfortunately, in what may go down as the shortest comeback since Burt Reynolds squandered his Boogie Nights career boost, Allen's latest film, Scoop, is a dreary, dated, and depressing comedy that is an unfortunate return to his recent form. Deceased Joe Strombel (Ian McShane), formerly an ace investigative reporter for a top London newspaper, chats up a fellow spirit who claims that she was poisoned by her boss, the wealthy and politically connected playboy Peter Lyman (Hugh Jackman), because she suspected that he might be a fiend currently stalking British prostitutes. Eventually, his spirit makes contact with Sondra Pransky (Scarlett Johansson), an American journalism student spending the summer with friends in London, and he implores her to follow up on the lead. (PS)

Snakes on a Plane Not yet reviewed (Not Rated)

I came back home to Los Angeles from the middle of Nowhere, CO to discover these strange-looking billboards and bus-stop posters that lined the streets. I remember thinking to myself, "That can't be what I think it says." Honestly, I presumed the poster that showed a plane being crushed by

some kind of motley ouroboros was for a new cell phone company. Don't know why that was my first impression, but I knew in my heart of hearts that I was constantly mistaking the word "snakes" for something else. Then, after about thirty of the terrible things, I finally realized that indeed I was looking at a movie poster for a film called Snakes on a Plane. Yikes. No wonder there was no press screening, no wonder the movie is still not rated: the filmmakers didn't want anybody to see this flick. And by filmmakers, I mean the main writer (there are four credited), John Heffernan, whose previous work includes a website for some football videogame, and the director David R. Ellis who's really a stunt man that haplessly helmed the second installment of Final Destination and some movie about a cellular phone (coincidence?) Samuel L. Jackson, who one could only imagine reprises his role in 1993's Amos & Andrew, is an FBI agent thrust into a "sticky situation" when a covert criminal aboard the plane he's flying on inexplicably releases an entire batch of poisonous snakes in order to kill one particular passenger: the witness to the crime the felonious fella allegedly committed. Normally, here is where I would say something to the effect of, "and then hilarity ensues," but seeing as this film is billed as an action/thriller, let's just assume that the movie will be at least coherent enough to deliver exactly what it promises. (MK)

Step Up ★★ (PG-13)

Channing Tatum plays Tyler, a tough kid who's caught in a Free Willy-esque escapade in which he and some of his "rough 'n' tough" street kid friends vandalize an art school for the sheer hell of it and because, frankly, they're "bad" kids...presumably. But, when Tyler is sentenced to community service at the very art school he and his friends trashed, he finds out that maybe he's not as bad of a kid as he always thought or had been told. Jenna Dewan plays the lovely and agile dance student Nora who ends up aiding Tyler on

his maudlin and hackneyed journey of self-discovery. Nora's trouble is that—even at one of the most "prestigious" art/dance schools in the country—she can't seem to find someone limber enough to even hold her up in a pedantic dance move that, in reality, anyone who could lift a box full of terrible DVD's could accomplish. Following the path of absolutely least resistance, the story flows to the obvious conclusion of Nora finding Tyler to be the perfect dance partner...and he can even lift her svelte frame over his head! The movie, if possible, goes farther downhill from there as every possible cliché is achieved in a stunning example of the kind of teeny-bopper dance movie that has been littering the theaters as of late. One would think that after The Simpsons so deftly lampooned such dreck in an especially scathing recent episode, the studios would take a hint...but, apparently few are willing to yet "step up" to the challenge. (JH)

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)

Talladega Nights ★★ 1/2 (PG-13)

Ferrell once again plays a self-absorbed dope, Ricky Bobby, a man who, as a child, took the lone bit of advice imparted on him by his wayward father (Gary Cole) — "If you aren't first, you're last" — and ridden it to glory as the top driver on the NASCAR circuit. The latest comedy from Will Ferrell, Talladega Nights is essentially Anchorman with its doofus hero seated behind the wheel of a race car instead of a news desk. Everything else

is pretty much the same — the premise, the approach, and even some of the jokes — except that the giddy ingenuity of that earlier film has been replaced for with a lot of expensively produced scenes that are never quite as funny as the creators seem to think they are. This results in some genuinely hilarious moments surrounded by a lot of aimless noodling, and a film that, on the grand scale of Classic Comedy, falls somewhere between Bewitched and Days of Thunder. (PS)

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

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)

World Trade Center ★★★ (PG-13)

It may be an incredibly difficult task, but director Oliver Stone has yet again successfully blurred reality with his own distinctive docudrama style. I was slightly reticent about seeing World Trade Center, as—though I'm a fan of his past work—I've always enjoyed them for their entertainment purposes over their veracity. Before seeing the movie, I wasn't sure if I would be ready to sit down and actually enjoy and be entertained by a film that I knew would be gut-wrenchingly truthful about one of our nation's most traumatic events. My fears were allayed when I went to the theater, sat, and found that indeed I was able to enjoy the movie experience for many reasons, but namely because the film is not the dolorous epitaph I thought it would be; no, instead of being a sorrowful memorial to the victims of 9/11, Oliver Stone was crafty enough to create something we all could enjoy: a brilliant celebration of the survivors. (JH)

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 Bottle Rocket). But without the constant gabbing of Vince Vaughn, Wilson's eclectic magnetism isn't enough to carry the show. (JH) Ⓜ

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MK - Mathew Klickstein
EL - Eric Lurio
SM - Scott Mantz
TM - Tony Medley
SS - Steven Snyder
PS - Peter Sobczynski
KV - Kim Voynar

Pulse 1/2 star (R)

Pulse has confirmed a suspicion. When a publicist declines to have a press screening for a film before its opening weekend release, you can be sure he's more afraid of the press than the press is going to be of the movie. Jim Sonzero's remake of Kiyoshi Kurosawa's Kairo arrives at the theaters DOA: that is, without a pulse. It cannot be resuscitated, no matter how many startle edits, loud screechy noises, and cute collegiate bodies are jammed into this Wes Craven/Ray Wright knockoff of a script. As fond as I am of genre auteur Kiyoshi Kurosawa, I have to admit that Kairo didn't do much for me either. Its edginess was compromised by a belated Stateside release, and its reliance on the topicality of the Internet just couldn't hold up over time. It's a hazardous enough proposition to laminate old fears onto new technologies, let alone keeping up with those technologies. I hoped that Sonzero's remake would do for Kairo what The Grudge did for Ju-On—Americanize it in some serviceably entertaining way. Though there are one or two things introduced in the remake that caught my eye—"actress" Kristen Bell entangled in a nightscape of limbs, and a fly melting into its own shadow—my hopes crashed along with the rest of the system...and never really rebooted. (MG)

Quinceanera ★★★ (R) Helmers Richard Glatzer and Wash West-



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ADVERTISING ACCOUNT EXECUTIVES (Territory)

We are seeking self-starting, motivated, competitive Sales Professionals to join our retail Advertising Sales Department as Account Executives at the fastest growing Entertainment Weekly in LA. You will be responsible for developing leads, making calls and going on appointments to bring in new business. Account Executives are also involved in the development of client's advertising sales campaigns and work with our internal production department to develop the ads. A car is required and you should preferably live in and be familiar with LA. Successful candidates should have at least one year of sales experience, be a self-starter, competitive, outgoing and personable. Successful Account Executives understand that you get what you put into this job. If you are looking for a career in sales, advertising, print media and publishing - this is the position for you! Weekly Draw + Commission DOE.

TO APPLY: If you enjoy a fast-paced non-corporate environment and thrive on relationship building, then email your resume to Editorial@EntertainmentTodayOnline.com

SEEKING DIRECTOR OF DEVELOPMENT

This position is a wonderful opportunity to align yourself with an up and coming arts organization that is helping to redefine the very fabric of the arts through intensive collaboration, inclusion of technology and a commitment to telling meaningful stories. Duties are: Reports to Managing Director, work with a volunteer team of grant writers from the Rogue Staff and Ensemble, coordinating all their efforts to meet deadlines for funding, experience in research of funding opportunities and interested in thinking outside the box to create exciting new funding initiatives, acquires outside hard goods and/or services for projects, handles all tax issues as it pertains to donations of hard goods or services, coordinates grants and grant writing process, proactive about seeking grants to apply for and expanding donor list, generate development budget with assistance from the Finance Director. Pay: \$100.00 per project to begin. To Submit: Send your resume and brief introduction to: Managing Director Megan Owings, mowings@rogueartists.org, 1-213-596-9468

CASTING

PORTUGUESE FEMALE VOICE OVER ACTOR WANTED

We are looking for female native speakers of Portuguese, from PORTUGAL only, for an upcoming voiceover project. To be considered, you MUST supply ALL of the following information (Name, Phone Number, Place of Birth, Current city of residence, voiceover experience, hourly rate, union status, do you have an agent?, ability to record custom demo for us, availability in August and sept), and attach an mp3 to your email. Must be a native speaker of Iberian Portuguese, not Brazilian Portuguese. Our client knows the difference!
TO SUBMIT: Email the above information, including an mp3 demo of your voice to: david@voiceoverexpress.com

TALENTED PEOPLE WHO ARE RELATED TO CELEBRITIES WANTED FOR "ALMOST FAMOUS" ON VH1

It's the real cast of "90210" living in the "Real World" and seeking "Fame." The cast for this reality show on VH1 is made up of six talented people who are related to celebrities and seeking their own shot at stardom. They all believe they have the talent and the rest of the package to become a star themselves. The ideal age range is 18-30. There is pay.
TO SUBMIT: Register at www.infolist.com for free to get submission info

EXPERTS AND WORLDLY WISE PEOPLE WANTED FOR "THE GREG BEHRENDT SHOW" ON THE WB

Looking to book all kinds of on-camera experts for the new daily talk/relationship show, THE GREG BEHRENDT SHOW (premiering Sept 12, nationally syndicated and in L.A., it'll be on the WB). I am also especially looking for people who are not "relationship experts" per se, but who have an interesting or eccentric take on life - people who have that "left-field", down-to-earth wisdom -- like your handyman or laundry-woman, or hairstylist, or that farmer at your farmer's market who delivers down-to-earth one-liners that make you think. I'm looking for that charming senior couple who has been happily married for 50 years.
TO SUBMIT: Email me your phone number with a brief description at: dahlia.greer@gmail.com

HOST WANTED FOR NEW SHOW ON DIY NETWORK - STUD FINDER: A SEARCH FOR A HOST WITH ALL THE RIGHT TOOLS

Cable Network Hunts For Home Improvement Talent to Host New Series in 2007 DIY Network, the television source for do-it-yourself enthusiasts, is searching nationwide for the next home improvement expert! The winner of DIY's Stud Finder Search will be chosen "live" on a national morning show in October 2006, and will land a starring role as host of a DIY home improvement series in early 2007. The Stud Finder Champion will also be profiled in a one-hour special in early 2007. Hosted by DIY host Amy Matthews, the program will feature other top finalists, and a few of DIY's resident experts.
TO SUBMIT: Check out www.diynetwork.com (click on Stud Finder), and submit an application and video explaining why they should be DIY's next host. Deadline is Saturday, Sept. 30

8 WEEKS FREE PHYSICAL TRAINING!

Seeking men and women (between age 35-55) to be a part of an infomercial for the Swing Gym. Ideal candidates are attractive and have great, outgoing personalities. Candidates need to be able to shape up and lose anywhere from 10-30 pounds. Selected participants will participate in classes and follow the eating program for 8 weeks. Selected participants will attend 3 classes a week with an amazing trainer, have "before" & "after" photo shoots, and on-camera interview. Participants must be committed to attending the classes following the program. The on-camera interview is honest and unscripted. Classes will start on Monday, August 28th and will be held in Hollywood on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. There will be a class from 8am to 9am and another class from 10:30am to 11:30am. You must live in the Hollywood, West Hollywood, Burbank, Studio City area to be considered. Do not call if you have been in an infomercial in the last year. Those selected will get to keep the product (valued at over \$500) and will receive \$150 upon completion of project.
AUDITIONS: We are meeting with people on Wednesday, August 6th, so call Roxanne Steiny if you are interested at (323) 962-6529.

It's easy to place a classified ad in

ENTERTAINMENT TODAY

just email your request to Classifieds@EntertainmentTodayOnline.com

Astrological forecasts

by Lady Katsura and Suki Yaki



WARNING: This is a humor piece, and, unlike other horoscope columns, has no scientific basis, and is not intended to guide life decisions.

Capricorn (December 22 to January 20)

They say there is safety in numbers, but there is such a thing as too many nose rings. When you got a sixteenth hole drilled in your left nostril, we were worried about your ability to breathe. Now that your nose has more metal studs than blackheads, it's time we put in our two cents: yucky.

Aquarius (January 21 to February 18)

In case you haven't noticed, you're developing a crush on your girlfriend's little sister. Best to nip it in the bud before it's too late. The temptation may even get worse when she reaches puberty.

Pisces (February 19 to March 19)

You may not be lucky in love, money, or career. But, our psychic sensors predict good fortune in other departments. You won't lose another sock in the dryer for at least a year. When you go to your lunch date Tuesday, you'll find free street parking. And, you know that miniature yo-yo you've been hoping for? There will be two of them in your next Happy Meal.

Aries (March 20 to April 19)

Your parents say they're satisfied with a phone call every Sunday and cards on holidays and birthdays, but the truth is that they would like to hear from you more often. This may sound like a drastic measure, but we suggest you call them every day for three months until they get sick of you again. It worked for your sister.

Taurus (April 20 to May 19)

It is acceptable, and even considered preferable in some religious sects, to secretly gratify one's self while others are present. But, not every day. You may think that you're clever for cutting those holes in your pants pockets, but there's a reason why no one in the office will shake your hand...and it's not because they don't like your Power Point presentations.

Gemini (May 21 to June 20)

We know most of your friends moved out of their parents' houses before they turned 30, but that doesn't mean you have to nix your plan to live at home until you get that screenplay sold. Trust us, it will happen. To expedite the process, perhaps you could try writing something more original, like a script about a police detective with unorthodox methods who gets thrown off the case because he's getting too close to uncovering "something big." You don't have to give us "story by" credit, just a special thanks in the credits.

Cancer (June 21 to July 20)

You may think that you're going to sleep your way to the top, but your current co-workers aren't going to respond like they did last time. Unlike the wait staff at Shakey's, these guys have actually had sex before and are simply not going to be as grateful, nor as impressed.

Leo (July 21 to August 20)

We know about your visit to Mandy the so-called "Central Ave. Psychic" last Sunday afternoon, but we're willing to let it slide. Just this once. If you really want to know if this new guy is the One, email us: PsychicAstrology@EntertainmentTodayOnline.com. In the mean time, ignore what Mandy said. She's a dumb bitch.

Virgo (August 21 to September 20)

On second thought, there may have been a mistake in the psychic forecast we made for you last April 14th. As you may have realized by now, that accountant who's been leaving drool stains on your pillow the past four months is not your soul mate after all. Sorry.

Libra (September 21 to October 22)

Just because your boyfriend thinks professional wrestling is real, and that we invaded Iraq because "they attacked us first," you don't have to break up with him just yet. Wait until he cheats on you, steals from your parents, and leaves the toilet seat up for the 488th consecutive day. By that time, you'll feel justified, and he'll accept your reasons without feeling rejected.

Scorpio (October 23 to November 21)

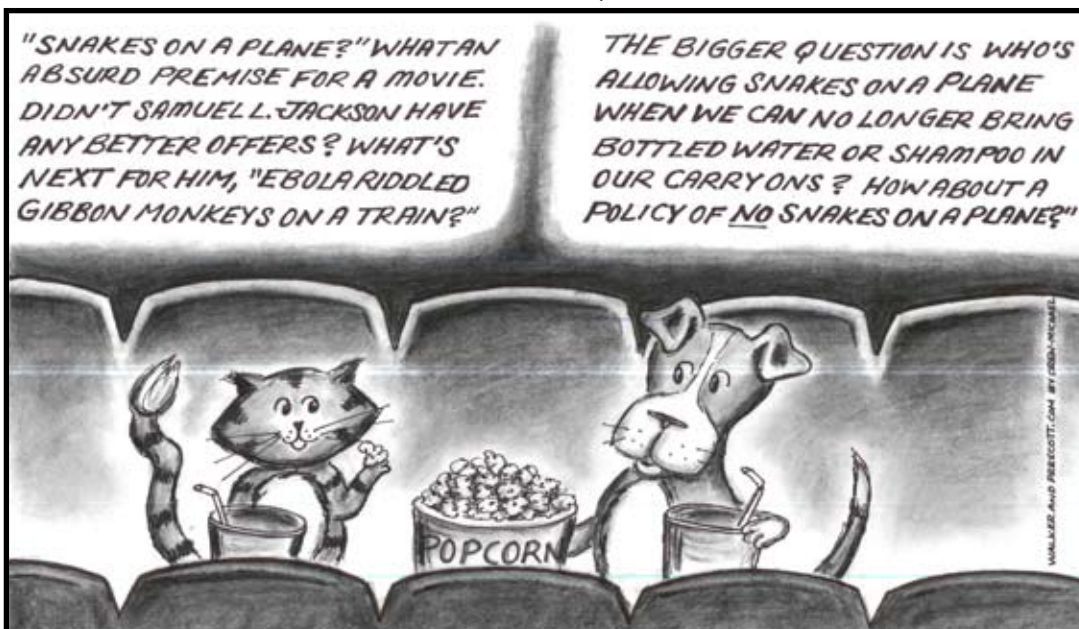
Okay, enough time has passed. It's time to return your ex-boyfriend's CD's. You haven't listened to most of them in months. And, they're all uploaded on your computer now except for Animotion, New Edition, and Pseudo Echo.

Sagittarius (November 22 to December 21)

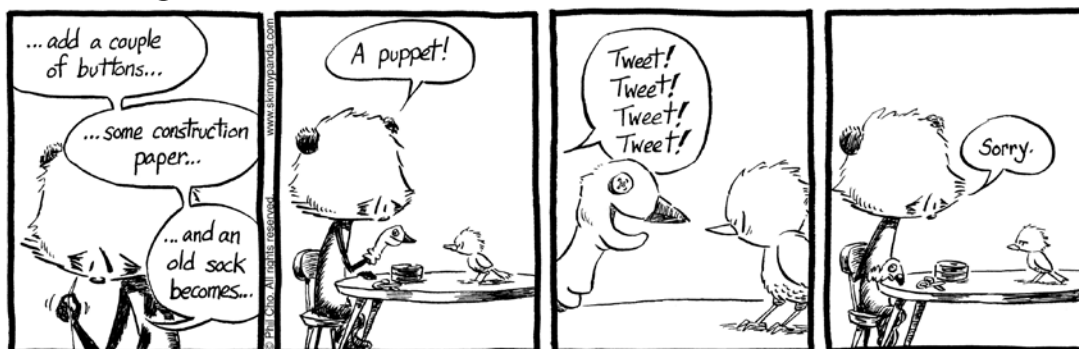
This will be a good week for you if you play the right numbers—and we don't just mean the lottery. Be on the lookout for 3, 7, 9, 5, 1, 6, 2, 8, and 4, or any combination thereof. ♪

Comics

Walker and Prescott.com by Drew-Michael



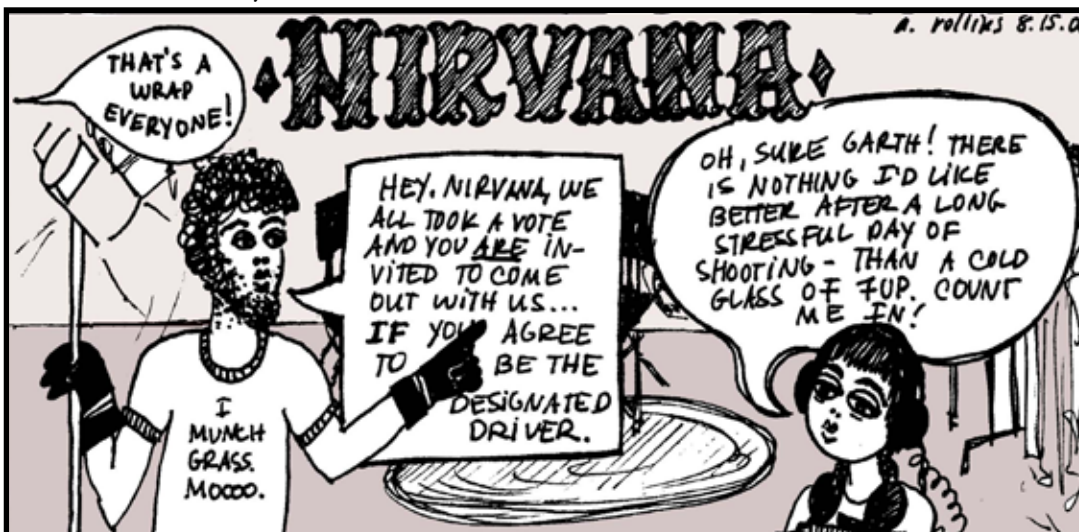
Skinny Panda by Phil Cho



The Hot Zone by Mark Darcourt



NIRVANA by Annie Rollins



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 - 9 (in any order).
- 2) Every column should have the numbers 1 - 9 (in any order).
- 3) Every 3x3 bolded square should have 1 - 9 (in any order).

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

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SUDOKU CONTEST!

First 10 with correct answers will win Knitting Factory tickets and gift certificates.

Send correct answers to:

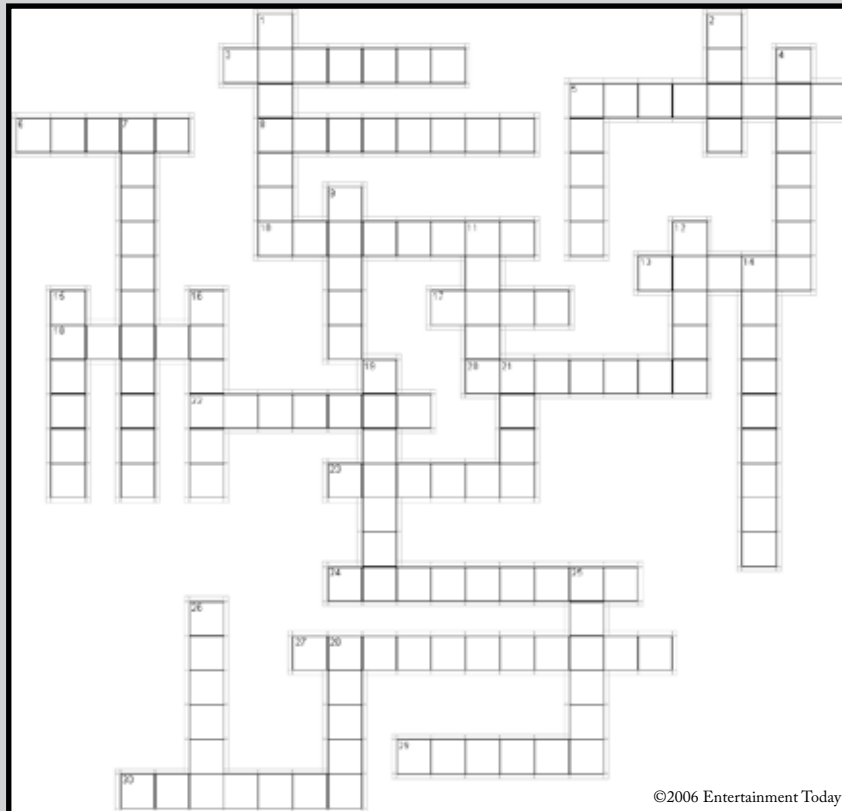
Entertainment Today
2325 W. Victory Blvd, Suite 5,
Burbank, CA 91506-1226

Answers to last weeks puzzle:

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

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PROFESSOR KLICKBERG'S INSUPERABLE CROSSWORD PUZZLE



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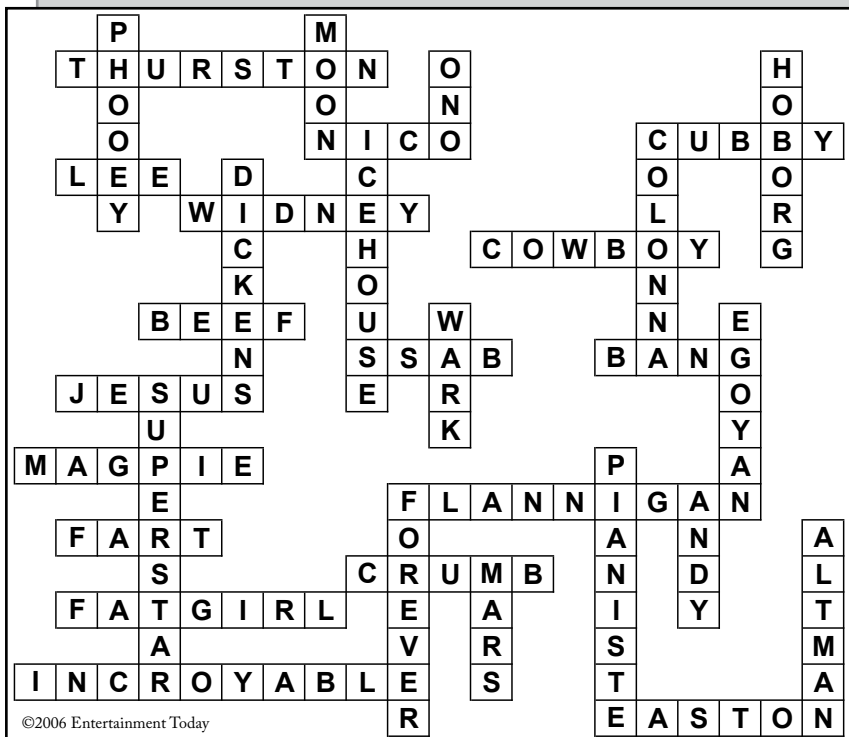
Across

3. A mentor to many writers and journalists of the first half of the 20th century, this literary luminary became the editor of "The Smart Set" at the ripe age of 25
5. 1986 Oliver Stone film that stars James Woods
6. Her telling autobiography "Underneath it All" chronicles her rise to pornographic infamy at the age of 15.
8. Terry Gilliam's latest film to be released later this year
10. A person devoted to pleasure and luxury
13. ___ Apple
17. Noise-art musician whose music was used in films "Funny Games," "Protocols of Zion," and "Trembling Before G-d"
18. "Sucks to your ___!"
20. Walter Benjamin spent almost fifteen years compiling the 900 pages of notes that would be published as "The ___ Project"
22. This Romanian-born artist has been internationally referred to as "Mozart with a paintbrush" or "the petite Picasso"
23. Creator of "MAD Magazine," ___ Kurtzman
24. She complemented many Hunter S. Thompson articles and books with her celebrity photographs
27. Born as Jacob Cohen, this comedian/actor didn't hit the big time until his early 40's
29. His book "The Devils of Loudun" was adapted to the silver screen by director Ken Russell
30. Though many are unaware, this rotund classic comedian and actor was also an accomplished composer and conductor

Down

1. Meet the ___!
2. After dropping out of high school, this musician began performing as Cat Power
4. Nicolas Cage's actual last name
5. Brian Wilson's aborted album of the early 1960's that was at last completed and released in 2004
7. Star of Andrew Bujalski's "Funny Ha Ha"
9. Along with Russ Meyer, this formerly corpulent film critic co-wrote the screenplay for "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls"
11. This independent production company distributed Trey Parker's first feature film
12. He influenced the resurgence of a more loose, acerbic stand-up comedy style in the 1990's, and later directed and produced "Ninja Bachelor Party"
14. John Belushi's final film
15. Though he would later shoot the pilot episode of David Lynch's "Twin Peaks," this cinematographer's greatest work is inarguably "Cycle Vixens."
16. "I like them ___ fried potatoes."
19. The ___ Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde
21. Welcome Home, ___ Carmichael
25. His music was used to score Ethan Hawke's "Chelsea Walls"
26. Documentarian Steve James followed up "Hoop Dreams" with this candid portrait of the filmmaker's "little brother"
28. This filmmaker wrote the epistolary "Without Feathers" in 1986

Answers to last weeks puzzle:



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CROSSWORD CONTEST!

First 10 with correct answers will win Knitting Factory tickets and gift certificates.

Send correct answers to:

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- Sound Mixing (\$50/hr~)



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- Panasonic DVX-100a
- Tripod
- 2 XL Batteries

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- 1000w Lights
- 650w Lights
- 300w Lights

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- (2) Shotgun mics
- FOSTEX Memory Recorder
- TASCAM Portable DAT Recorder
- (4) Wireless Lav Mic Kit
- 8ch Mixer
- 300 ft. XLR Cables
- Portable Sound Cart

POST PRODUCTION

- Apple Final Cut Studio
- Apple DVD Studio Pro
- Adobe Premiere Pro
- Adobe AfterEffects
- Eyeon Digital Fusion
- Photoshop/Illustrator
- DV, DVCAM, Digibeta

POST SOUND

- ProTools
- ADR Studio
- Waves Gold Bundle

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