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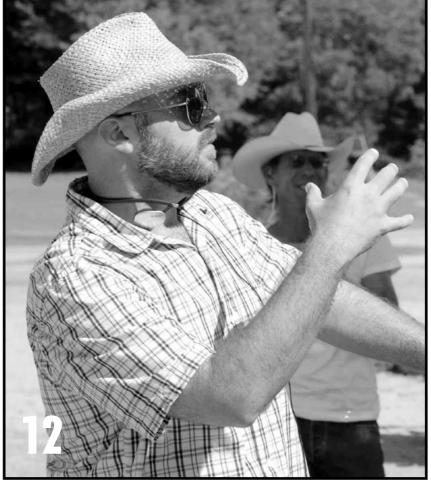
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ENTERTAINMENT TODAY

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Touch of class: **Travis Michael Holder** gets in touch with his Asian side when he visits East West Theater to discover their "colorblind" rendition of the modern classic *Master Class*.

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Ruffle those feathers: OK. We've had it up to here with your Oscar BUZZ. LISTEN, IT'S GREAT THAT THE ONLY TIME THE PEOPLE OF THIS FINE COUNTRY REALLY CARE ABOUT MOVIES IS DURING THE ACADEMY AWARDS (THOUGH, THIS WAS THE LOWEST RATED VIEWING IN 18 YEARS...AND FALLING!). BUT YOU'VE GOT TO REALIZE SOMETHING...IT'S ALL A BIG LIE! MUHAHAHAHAHA! AND SO FORTH. Anywho, special investigative reporter **Stan Furley** tells us why this is NOTHING NEW; UP, UP, AND SOME HAY: BILLY BOB THORNTON AND VIRGINIA MADSEN TELL PETER SOBCZYNSKI WHAT'S "UP" WITH THEIR NEW FILM, THE POLISH BROTHERS' QUIRKY FAMILY ROMP THE ASTRONAUT FARMER; CRY, CRY BABY: WARREN CURRY TAKES A PEEK AT THE THAI PRODUCED, GENRE-BENDING, UNDERGROUND SENSATION (PHEW!) TEARS OF THE BLACK TIGER AND GETS INTO THE NITTY-GRITTY AS TO WHY THE HELL IT'S TAKEN FIVE YEARS FOR THIS FLICK TO COME TO THE STATES; THE REAL DEAL: SO, WE BASH THE AWARDS IN ONE ARTICLE, AND HERE'S ANOTHER THAT CALLS THEM A TRIUMPH. CAN'T SAY WE'RE NOT BALANCED. YES, IT'S STEVEN SNYDER'S LONG-AWAITED WRAP-UP OF THE OSCARS, FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO DON'T REALLY MIND THAT IT'S ALL A BIG PUT-ON OR THAT REALITY SHOWS AREN'T THE LEAST BIT BASED IN REALITY. TAKE YOUR SOMA AND HAVE A GOOD NIGHT; CITY SLICKIN': IS THE NEW TIM ALLEN, JOHN TRAVOLTA, MARTIN LAWRENCE, AND WILLIAM H. MACY MOVIE, WILD HOGS, MORE THAN JUST CITY SLICKERS ON MOTORCYCLES? CHYEAH! PETER **Sobczynski** reveals why the producers of that film only *wish* they could SAY THAT; ALSO: MIKE RESTAINO'S DVD REVIEWS AND ART FILM OF THE WEEK WITH AARON SHELEY.

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There's no doubt about it: **Christina Ricci** is painfully hot. It's, like, difficult to think about her without wanting to take care of her forever. **Or**, in the case of **Samuel L. Jackson**'s character in their new film *Black Snake Moan*, why not just tie her up with a long metal chain and see where it goes from there? But, just what *is* the "Black Snake Moan"? We talk to filmmaker **Craig Brewer**, who's also responsible for runaway critical smash *Hustle & Flow*, about where he appropriated the phrase...oh, and why Christina's all tied-up at the moment...

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Crossword Puzzle, Horoscopes, Sudoku, and Comic strip.

HEAD OF THE BY TRAVIS MICHAEL HOLDER MASTER CLASS AT EAST WEST PLAYERS CLASS AT EAST WEST PLAYERS





In a playful twist on a modern classic, Terrence McNally's Master Class goes Asian.

t seemed at first as though Terrence McNally's *Master Class*, a fictionalized play about Maria Callas' real-life brief teaching stint at Juilliard, would forever live in the shadow of the inimitable Zoe Caldwell who originated the role here at the Taper and won the Tony Award during the play's celebrated 1996 Broadway run. This impression was only solidified when Faye Dunaway subsequently barked and postured her way through a national tour a few years later, evoking a Callas one would have suspected at any moment to scream, "No wire hangers!". Granted, McNally and Callas found new saviors in 2003 when director Simon Levy and his longtime professional muse Karen Kondazian conspired to bring glorious new life to the play in a long-extended run at the Fountain.

I wasn't sure what I thought when it was announced that LA's own acclaimed all-Asian theatre company East West Players would tackle *Master Class* this season. Although an enormous fan of colorblind casting, I wondered if it might be too much of a stretch for an Asian actor to take on the difficult role of the infamously fiery, emotionally ravaged, and *über*-Italian international opera diva. Then I learned that veteran LA director Jules Aaron had cast Jeanne Sakata in the lead role, and I knew I could allay all my fears. Something truly amazing was surely about to be created.

Through all the bluster and insufferable demands as Callas conducts a 1972 workshop at the school, Sakata offers a nurturing side, a kind and gentle smile after she lambastes one student for not having a pencil

or tells another she should work on something more appropriate to her limitations. This Maria is not a total bitch; she is a realist who knows how tough it is to make it in the arts and thankfully pulls no punches. If her three shaken charges (Isabella Way, Linda Igarashi, and Timothy Ford Murphy, all beautifully voiced and ready to conquer the world) leave the room harboring unthinkable things about their mentor, there's no doubt that years later, after swimming in the shark-infested waters of our dreadful business called *show*, they'll be thankful for the strength and wisdom this woman browbeat into them.

As Callas tells us, her audience grateful to be filling in as her students: "If I have seemed harsh, it is because I have been harsh with myself. I'm not good with words, but I have tried to reach you, to communicate something of what I feel about what we do as artists, as musicians, and as human beings. The sun will not fall down from the sky if there are no more *Traviatas*. The world can and will go on without us, but I have to think that we have made this world a better place, that we have left it richer, wiser than had we not chosen the way of art. The older I get, the less I know, but I am certain that what we do matters."

In the sections where the controversial diva drifts into fantasy, remembering her humble beginnings as someone who knew "when you're fat and ugly, no one cares about the high F's you can interpolate," Sakata is mesmerizing. And when she falls into a one-person dialogue between her challenging character and Maria's boorish paramour Ari Onassis, she is uncanny in the delineation between the two—and as heartbreaking as a Piaf song in her reactions to the conversations. Sakata also seamlessly intertwines the rise and fall of this great artist's infamous braggadocio with intense moments of unbearably sad emotional fragility, ultimately presenting a woman who, despite international acclaim, could be easily toppled from her pedestal by the abuse thrust upon her by her lover, who in his guttural grumble tells his lady fair, "You give me class, and I give you my big Greek uncircumcised dick."

Way and Igarashi are solid adversaries for Sakata, filling the stage with some of the world's most celebrated music, especially Way's aria from Bellini's *La Sonnambula* and Igarashi's stunning *Vieni! T'affretta* from Verdi's *Macbeth*. Although an impressive tenor, as an actor, Murphy should listen when Callas advises his character to "simplify!" (his quivering eyebrows could out-Uturbi Jose). Marc Macalintal is perfect as the class' accompanist Manny, though the scripted jokes about his Jewish heritage take us a bit out of the story, and Alden Ray has wonderful moments as a snail-paced stagehand who isn't about to take Maria's abuse without a fight.

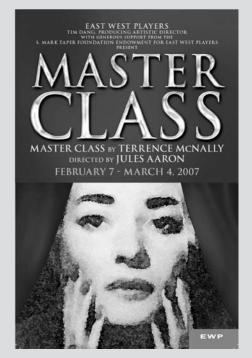
Thanks to the unearthly collaboration of Aaron and Sakata, this *Master Class* is one of the most significant highlights of the season in LA. And thanks to McNally, young hopefuls who never suffered through the infamous tough-love acting classes led by those late-great larger-than-life monsters named Adler, Strasberg, Hagan, or Kenny McMillan, where students were taught by trauma to have an unflinching respect for the grueling art of performing (and seasoned pros got a reminder of why they got into this business in the first

place), will for eternity learn much from the enduring passion of Maria Callas whenever and wherever this play is presented.

Bring those arts students in by the busload, trainload, or boxcar to experience this sparkling *Master Class*, which can teach more in one evening than a semester of training. In the gifted hands of this director and his courageous leading lady, artists, wannabe artists, and their admirers alike will be swept away by the unearthly spirit of a true survivor, someone who was bigger than life, because she took life by the short hairs and refused to let go.

East West Players is located at 120 Judge John Aiso St. in downtown LA; for tickets, call (213) 6275-7000.

Travis Michael Holder has been writing for ET since 1990. Also an award-winning actor and playwright, the first of his five plays produced in LA, Surprise, Surprise, is about to begin the festival circuit as a feature film with Travis in a leading role.



SAY IT AIN'T SO, ROCK! ALL HAIL HELEN MIRREN

BAHAMA MAMA TO BE BURIED NEXT TO HER SON!

Following an exhausting week of Judge Judy on MSNBC, it was decided that Anna Nicole Smith will be buried in the Bahamas next to her son, and not in Texas next to George W. Bush. And all it took was three (or was it four?) days of ridiculous testimony in front of a camera-happy, melodramatic judge to hear a decision that could have been decided in three seconds by flipping a coin. Once it was all said and done, news stations from across the globe had absolutely no idea what to report...because they had absolutely no idea what had just happened, why it happened, and whether they were the only ones with

the opinion that almost all of the testimony made had absolutely no place in a hearing on where to bury a body of a ditzy ecdysiast. Yet, MSNBC loved every minute of it. And so did you...don't lie.

MOVIE STUDIO SUES BLOGGER OVER TOPLESS JENNFER ANISTON PHOTO!

It's 2005 all over again, as yet another topless photo of Jennifer Aniston has surfaced...and yet another person is being sued for exposing (excuse the pun) the pic to the world. This time, it's celebrity blogger Perez Hilton who has found himself in some hot water with Universal Pictures; apparently the photo (which was from The Break-Up, but left on the cutting room floor) was stolen, shoved into the hands of Perez Hilton, and broadcasted for all the world to see. Now Universal is coming down hard; demanding a jury trial, monetary damages and—what the hell?—maybe Perez can throw in some naked pictures of his overweight, ugly body while he's at it. Perhaps with that kind of exposure, the man's larger-than-life ego will break up with him.

SYLVESTOR STALLONE: **ALL JUICED UP DOWN UNDER!**

Is Sly Stallone on steroids? Or are we to assume it's normal for someone 100 years-old to look that jacked? While in Australia for the premiere of Rocky Balboa, Stallone was stopped at the airport after the X-ray machine found some sort of human growth hormone in his luggage. And on his private jet. And in his hotel room. And, with back-to-back Rocky and Rambo films, do you really blame him? Heck, at his age, he should be commended for simply getting out of bed without breaking a leg, let alone stepping into the ring with a real-life boxer less than half his age. No word yet on whether the Champ will face any charges—and, if it doesn't go Sly's way, look for his next fight to be against a kangaroo behind bars.

AND THIS WEEK'S GOLDEN DONKEY GOES TO...

... Britney Spears. Yes, by the time you read this, Ms. Spears will have been in and out of rehab a total of 37 times. But it all makes sense, right? I mean. people go apartment hunting...perhaps Britney is rehab hunting. Either that, or she has as much patience as a dog waiting to be fed. And the sad part-she's only 25. Can you imagine Britney ten years from now



(if she survives that long)? By then, she'll probably have her whole body shaved, piercings coming out of any and all holes, with a giant middle finger tattoo covering her bald head. And MSNBC will still follow her every move...with quick breaks to check on the local weather. Congrats Britney, you're this week's biggest ass.

THAT THING CALLED LOVE

Love, sex, marriage, divorce—and that's just the first week of your average Hollywood romance. Here's what's swirling around the rumor mill this week...

Though she's facing up to a year in jail on DUI charges, that's not stopping Nicole Richie from house hunting with her new boo, Joel Madden. While they've only been dating for three months, it appears as though the two are looking to speed up the relationship process in the event Richie is forced to take a brief trip to the slammer. How do conjugal visits work for celebrities?

Bridget Moynahan recently killed two birds with one stone; the actress announced to the world (via Liz Smith's Gossip Column in the New York Post) that she's pregnant with former boyfriend-and football star-Tom Brady's baby. At the same time, she subsequently ruined Brady's romantic Paris vacation with new gal Giselle Bundchen-both of whom weren't aware of Moynahan's worldwide announcement until the very last minute. Looks as though this Patriot won't be returning to Paris anytime soon...

Fed up with dating only one man at a time, Paris Hilton celebrated her 26th birthday in Las Vegas with two boyfriends, Stavros Niarchos and Brandon Davis, while out to dinner with her sister and Nicole Richie. Hilton reportedly kissed each man in between bites of sushi, letting us all know that this fish is neither dead nor raw. Following the meal, the three shared a room in Palms Hotel and Casino...and I imagine horny teenagers across the globe are secretly praying a video camera was present.

Quote of the Week: Anna Nicole Smith's ex-assistant on Howard K. Stern: "You never slept in the same hed with Anna! You crawled in there after she fell asleep. She never invited you to her bed! The burial plots were bought by you, you sicko. That is the only way you could think of to finally get to sleep next to her each night..." 🏱

TELEVISION

t was great to see Helen Mirren making the rounds during the Awards Season leading up to Oscar night. Her performance as Elizabeth II in The Queen is certainly praiseworthy, but it's been her television work to date that has shown off her supreme acting talents. British movie stars don't spurn television projects as do their American counterparts, so Mirren's best work was actually seen on PBS and HBO this past year.

On HBO, Mirren—a Dame of the British Empire—played the title role in Elizabeth I, for which she received a Golden Globe. But despite her royal roles, she's not a frequent visitor to Buckingham Palace. "I did go there to get my damehood, but I've never been part of the socially invited guests, so it's not likely it would happen in the future." That may be due to her leftist leanings, she reveals. "I have always been a bit of a lefty, less so now than in the 60's. But, I've never joined a political party." Married to American director Taylor Hackford (Ray, An Officer and a Gentleman), Mirren spends a lot of time in America now.

On PBS' Masterpiece Theatre this Fall, Mirren gave her farewell performance as the tough-asnails London cop, Detective Superintendent Jane Tennison, in Prime Suspect: The Final Act. On her role, says Mirren: "It was pretty rare to have a female character drive the story. That is a great gift. But, I wanted Prime Suspect to reflect the world we live in. And in the real world, police don't



Mirren as Tennison on BBC's Prime Suspect



Academy Award winner Dame Helen Mirrer

go on forever, so it seemed the right thing to do." She said good bye to someone she considered "an old friend," after playing Tennison in seven Prime Suspect miniseries since 1992.

It's been one of her favorite roles, Mirren adds, saying that she admires the fictional police woman's knowledge, her job expertise. And if they had lunch together, "I would ask her about crimes that she had solved and stories from within her world. And, I think she'd be funny, because she's got that dry humor. And she's sophisticated. because she's seen a lot of the world. A lot of the dark side." This "dark side" is something that fascinates Mirren, who admits she watches the reality show Cops, and finds it "absolutely

Mirren notes that she enjoys American television in general: "Cable, and obviously PBS has been consistently wonderful. I think a lot of network shows are extraordinarily good. I'm a fan of Criminal Minds. Of course I would be, wouldn't I?" 🏱



SEX, SIN, AND SUPERIOR VOICES

BY DANIELLE JACOBY









LA Opera's very sexy and scintillating take on the Richard Wagner masterpiece Tannhäuser.

aws dropped, fingers pointed, and gasps were unavoidably released, while the audience's eyes were left slightly squinting at the opening of LA Opera's latest, *Tannhäuser*. Perhaps what caused such a stir was the fact that, from the very start, women baring their naked chests and men wearing nude thongs jointly formed a lattice of sadomasochistic visuals across a dim lit stage.

As a result, the sophisticated opera audience was momentarily deafened to Wagner's raging and sumptuous music, and—instead—thought they were in a movie theater watching more of Big Hollywood's prurience.

After the nearly 30-minute overture/ballet/pornography successfully sparked the audience's attention, an entirely new cast appeared onstage to express beauty beyond their bodies, through powerful voices that sang over an immense orchestra unwilling to quiet down.

The audience then discovered that *Tannhäuser* is about a minstrel with a heart divided between two women: Venus, the pagan goddess of love, and Elisabeth, his old flame. Forced to choose between sin and salvation, Tannhäuser must either return to Venus with ease, or journey to Rome, confess his sins, and appease the heart of the pure Elisabeth.

There is an extreme religious undertone to Wagner's obsessive drama that director lan Judge cut to the heart of by going just far enough with his translation. While the cold, monochrome set by designer Gottfried Pilz provided the appropriate backdrop, Judge infused excitement into every moment—from the introductory orgy in Venus's den, to the moving, perfectly timed departure of Elisabeth—in order to accentuate the very meaning behind Wagner's music.

When the audience was not captivated by the absolute emotional power of Wagner's instru-

mentals, they were enthralled by the performers' authentic acting and powerful vocals. It was in fact this great veteran cast of native German speakers that contributed an unstoppable energy to the LA Opera stage.

Martin Gantner as Wolfram von Eschenbach produced baritonal solidity throughout his entire range, and although he lacked the intensity of a leading character, he cultivated a convincing performance. Adorned in brilliant red, Lioba Braun sung a stunning Venus. Standing out amongst her nude cohorts, her charming stage presence and dazzling voice made hearts flutter.

Petra Maria Schnitzer delivered a compelling account of Elisabeth with her lilting, sweet voice that defied expectation as it rose above the orchestra to resonate across the entire theatre. Schnitzer combined singing of truly instrumental accuracy with a delightfully precise tonal quality—just what the doctor ordered.

Of the rest, the role of Tannhäuser may not be the longest of Wagner's heroic tenors, but it is considered one of the most difficult. After performing the opera at the Met and Paris's Théâtre du Châtelet, as well as winning a Grammy Award for his recording with Daniel Barneboim, Peter Seiffert unmistakably mastered this titular role.

Seiffert demonstrated sheer vocal strength in his ability to sing above the hefty orchestra, the chorus, and accompanying roles, and still produced a profound and consistent *spinto* voice of high tessitura. To maintain such a resonating sound over three hours is truly incredible.

In fact, the entire production shocked audiences from beginning to end, not simply because of its unabashed nudity, but because of the performers' vocal prowess. Unsurprisingly, LA Opera's *Tannhäuser* was a complete masterpiece in three acts.

GROOVY KIND OF LOVE

BY MARK JOHNSTON

rading in your heavy-edged past for a happy, poppy (lucrative) future seems to be all the rage nowadays: Chad Gilbert leaving Shai Hulud for New Found Glory, Daryl Palumbo putting Glassjaw aside for Head Automatica; and now Dan Keyes, leaving post-hardcore band Recover to pursue his Young Love. The important thing to bear in mind is that one's personal inspiration is a mitigating factor in making the change. After listening to *Too Young to Fight It*, I'm not certain of Keyes' conviction. Sure, teen girls around the country are going to be wetting their pants over this boy's roguish good looks, youthful voice, and suggestive content, but...

Keyes begins the album with his strongest song, "Discotech," which I hope for the love of god is some kind of clever intentional misspelling.

Discothèques are not of this young man's genre, so he shouldn't be singing about them. But, he does anyway, so whatever. Rather than using pleasing falsettos on the "You can't fake it" (or whatever the hell he's saying) part, he attempts to belt it full-voice, which leaves the song sounding very strained and in need of some good auto-tuning. Slow song "Tell Me" is an interesting shift from the rest of the CD...interesting in the-what the hell is this doing here??-kind of way.

Now, I'm not going to say that this whole album is bad. It's actually catchy and makes me happy in an awkward kind of way, reminiscent of when I was in high school and couldn't talk to girls, but stayed content knowing that they were dumb whores and I was fine with or without them.

Of course, I'm not really one to talk, not being a huge superstar with albums and touring under my belt (or am I?), and I'm not signed to Island Records—the News Corp. of record labels; but I do feel validated in my ambiguity over this CD. While there are catchy riffs, well placed hits and samples, uplifting beats, and harmonious vocals, everything does seem a bit contrived and far-reaching.

But, that's what I've come to expect from every band I hear nowadays; so, by those standards, this makes Young Love's record a decent musical endeavor. Let's just leave it at "This is an admirable first step," and move on with our lives.





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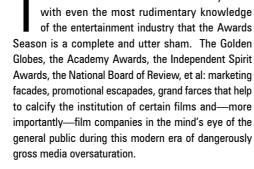
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II ADMIRA

BY STAN FURLEY

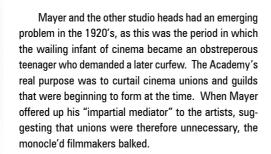
SPECIAL INVESTIGATION INTO AWARDS SEASON





here should be no doubt in the mind of any citizen

In 1927, Louis B. Mayer gathered a contingent of Hollywood's elite at a very special Ambassador Hotel luncheon. It was here that Mayer inaugurated what would become known as the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, a fair and impartial mediator between the studios and the artists, a kind of objective arbitrating body that would deal with contractual concerns. Of course, due to the fact that the Academy was made up of the studio heads themselves, one can only imagine how "objective" of an arbitrator they would/could be.



That is until Mayer and the Academy came up with the ingenious idea of legitimizing his nascent organization by giving some kind of meaningless remuneration to the artists. Two years later, in 1929, we had our first Academy Awards Ceremony. The unions and guilds developed anyway—and, guite immediately, became the fascistic monster tyrants they're known as today-but the Academy Awards stuck it out to become what the general public has come to believe to be the Industry Standard in what is or is not a "well-made movie."

Strangely, the Academy Awards Ceremony—as with the Academy itself—was about as necessary as agents, managers, lawyers, and publicists during the birth of cinema. There already was a relatively established body that performed the so-called task of the Academy Awards. In 1909—only ten years after cinema's genesis—the National Board of Review was founded and later became the first critical organization to announce its annual awarding of what they believed to be the top movies of the year.

The NBR, nevertheless, were no less guilty of playing make-believe than the Academy of Motion Pictures Arts and Sciences. In fact, the National Board of Review quite early on became more of an early precursor to the censoring bureau of the MPAA. Beginning as early as 1915 and going well into the 1950's, producers would submit their films to the NBR in order to receive a "yay" or "nay" so that they could print the coveted "Passed by the National Board of Review" (similar to today's Rating System, a kind of bona fide "this movie is OK by us, folks" branding) on their celluloid opuses. Often was the case that the producer, upon receiving a "nay," would literally re-cut the film until he was granted the thumbs-up by the NBR. As with a totaled car, if the film

proved to be far too objectionable to the National Board a vain bunch of people who will stop at nothing to play of Review, it was not unheard of for said producer to a nice game of quid pro quo. simply dump the project altogether.

In a thinly veiled attempt at both flexing their powers and masquerading as a more diverse body, the National Board of Review became a kind of umbrella for its underling auxiliaries, namely the New York Film Critics Circle (est. 1935) and the Los Angeles Film Critics Association (est. 1975). Many consider the encomiums garnered by these bodies to be the second-most significant awards next to the Academy's, and yet, anyone, anywhere in the world can be a member as long as he or she is willing to pay the \$250/year dues and sit through about 200 screenings a year.

Since their respective inceptions, professional critics themselves have been baffled by the presence and validity of the NY Film Critics and LA Film Critics associations. A few years back, Roger Ebert was guoted as saving that, after 27 years of being a professional film critic, he had no idea (nor knew of any other professional critic who could tell him) exactly who these people were or what purpose they served. Jack Mathews, a writer for USA Today, in his The Battle of Brazil very clearly follows the lineage of the NBR, NY Film Critics, and Los Angeles Film Critics groups, and tells of how being a professional is not a requirement in the least, that he himself had attended a number of screenings with the groups and never once saw a familiar face. Whoever these people are who vote for "the top ten movies of the year," they definitely don't make a living as critics.

If this sounds outrageous, you ain't heard nothin' yet. In fact, having to be a professional at the trade of criticism—you know, intricately knowing and understanding the craft and nuances of cinema—is not a prerequisite in the least to be a voter for the Golden Globes either. The Hollywood Foreign Press, established in 1943 as a mode of delivering "Hollywood news" to the world outside of the States, held its first Golden Globe Awards in 1954 at 20th Century Fox Studios (how's that for "objective"?). As of 2005, there was a scant membership of less than 100 voting members—a group comprised of "part-time" journalists who live only in Hollywood or outside of the country.

And just who votes for the Academy Awards? They've a bit larger basin of members, now totaling at about 6000. Keep in mind, though, that almost 1500 voting members—approximately one-fourth of their body—are actors. This might make some sense to a Martian visiting Earth for the first time when he discovers the overwhelming majority of actors in the industry versus, say, directors or editors (well...), but anyone with half of a brain can run his fingers over the award categories, and proclaim, "What the fuck? What would a bunch of actors know about Best Sound Editing?". Not that it matters much, anyway. After all, except for Best Documentary and Best Foreign Film, the voting members are not required to watch each movie nominated for the other categories. You read right: Academy members can vote on nominated movies without having seen all, or any, for that matter.

Hence the notion of the whole thing being one giant commercial. Especially when you start putting together how much money is spent on the Oscar campaign, and just what happens behind closed doors. Hey, actors are

This does bring up a good point about the Oscars and who they're really for in the first place. In a recent ET interview, we had multi-award winning The Queen scribe Peter Morgan tell our reporter Jonathan W. Hickman that he never understood the Awards Season, that these outwardly vainglorious ceremonies were certainly not for writers, who are traditionally introverted and many times almost reclusive. The ceremonies are for actors, Morgan feels; oh, and the fact that The Queen's profits rose 10% after Morgan won a Golden Globe for his efforts, the fact that ticket sales went up another 40% after its Academy Award nominations made Morgan realize that besides patting obnoxious actors on the back for being as amazing as they've been made to believe by their PR people, the Awards are for: money, money, money,

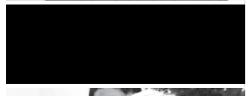
When I was a young boy. I remember always wondering why Coke and Pepsi and other ubiquitous brands even bothered spending money (or time) on commercials. "Coke" is in fact the most recognized word in the world, so why the hell should they be advertising themselves? Today, I feel the same way about Martin Scorsese. Besides being the worst year of movies in the history of cinema, this was also the most preeeeedictable year at the Oscars. Obviously Sunshine would win for Best Screenplay (wholly unoriginal, derivative drek), The Departed (don't get me started) would win for Best Picture, and Marty would finally take the hands of his good buddies Tom, Frank, Stevie, and MC Lucas, and be given a golden-wrapped chocolate statuette that would rest nicely atop his urn containing the ashes of John Cassavetes.

So, why advertise? You can't not have heard about The Departed or Little Miss Sunshine, and certainly not of Mr. Martin Scorsese, the so-called best director in the universe. But, really, the more you stare at Marty, the more you keep saying The Departed, the more you compare Little Miss Sunshine to American Beauty, the more you're not spending your time or money seeing Mutual Appreciation or Flannel Pajamas. It's the same Nazi propaganda process I've learned Coke uses to make sure not so much that you choose Coke over Pepsi; but that you don't ever stop thinking about Coke for even a brief moment.

Ah, but what about the Independent Spirit Awards? Aren't they the harbinger of... Shut up. I'm running out of space already, so here we go right into it. I had the enormous misfortune of attending the Awards, which date back to 1984 (when they were known as the FINDIES: "Friends of Independents") and are traditionally held on the day before the Oscars. On my way to the Awards held in an auspicious tent in Venice Beach, an aging surfer dude asked me, "What are the Independent Spirit Awards?" I answered in kind: "They're a fake awards ceremony held for 'independent' films." It was the blood-red Netflix banners blanketing the whole area that told me I was close to the Awards, and indeed there I was...suddenly being pushed and prodded on the Red Carpet by other journalists from around the world who were bloodthirsty for an interview with people who they couldn't recognize on a bet.

It was in the press area that I learned Dawn Hudson, Executive Director of Film Independent—the







FILM

TAKE A LITTLE TRIP

THE CAST OF THE ASTRONAUT FARMER BY PETER SORCZYNSKI

"non-profit" organization that puts on the Spirit Awards—rakes in such a prodigious yearly draw, that if I wrote the amount now, no one would believe me. Let's just say that if she gave half of her salary to a fund for independent filmmakers, we'd be able to produce at least four or five. Not bad for a freelance magazine writer with a degree in political science. To dear Dawn's credit, Film Independent's revenues have gone up 25% per year since her installment in 1991, after which time, the organization also acquired the Los Angeles Film Festival, the most widely attended film festival in Southern California (which is saying a lot).

In addition to this information about Madame President, I was also introduced to a company called On Three Productions that puts on a "gift lounge" at the Spirit Awards in which another four indie movie budgets worth of products are completely wasted and marvelously marketed to the winners behind the stage in a kind of circus of product giveaways that makes the independence of the Spirit Awards seem all the more fallacious.

So, who heads the Academy of Motion Pictures of Arts and Sciences—that esteemed body that inculcates the unknowing public with the determination of which movies are venerable, indelible masterpieces (Forrest Gump, Shakespeare in Love) and which movies are merely so-so (Pulp Fiction, Citizen Kane)? His name is Sid Ganis, one hell of a marketing and PR guru. And he's had his hands in a few movies to date—Deuce Bigalow, Big Daddy, The Master of Disguise, and the Mr. Deeds remake (as well as Akeelah and the Bee, which was really less of a movie and more of a large-scale marketing experiment on the part of Starbucks Coffee).

Does it really matter that the only movies Ganis has directly had his hand in are a bunch of flops and pablum that received neither critical nor commercial acclaim? Not really, because he knows *marketing* and he knows *PR*. As with his predecessor, he knows, for instance, that a new award category for Best Animated Feature is *so* much more profitable than, say, a Best Stunt category. Ganis and his clan are smart in saying, "Hey, with a whopping five or so major animated features that come out every year, let's just *give the finger* to those thousands of technicians and stunt people who risk their lives and develop new technology to help movies seem that much more realistic!"

Which brings us back to where we started. Reality. What is Awards Season all about in reality? Is it more than just a reason for tubby, radish-faced publicists with bad toupees and plastic-faced, middle-aged wives to traipse around ostentacious Oscar parties held at Beverly Hills hotels, feeling included in an industry to which they've never before and never will contribute? Is it something more than a forum for actors to outdo each other with their obnoxious entourages and garish clothing? Is it more of a way for bodies of non-professionals who refuse to publicly identify their members and who have nothing to do with the legitimate entertainment industry to be bought and sold in order to help further promulgate certain movies in some kind of mass coup born of media and advertising agencies?

Yeah, that's all these awards are about. But, it's cool. It's been this way for a century now. $\ \ \ ^{\triangleright}$

asily the first must-see film of 2007, The Astronaut Farmer is the cheerfully nutty story of an ordinary man, Charles Farmer (Billy Bob Thornton), whose dream of becoming an astronaut was derailed years earlier by a family emergency. His dream never died, however, and Farmer, with the help of his loyal and loving wife (Virginia Madsen) and kids, decides to take matters into his own hands by building his own rocket in the barn out back in an effort to put himself into orbit. This naturally arouses the suspicions of the government who insist that an ordinary person simply can't do such a thing, and while battling those who would shut him down, Farmer inadvertently becomes a media sensation. Soon, the eyes of the world are trained on the barn for his imminent blast-off.

The film is the latest work from Mark and Michael Polish, the creators of such haunting, if little-seen, indie gems as *Twin Falls Idaho*, *Jackpot*, and *Northfork*. With this film, the brothers may be working on a larger canvas than in their previous films, but the end result is just as quirky and fascinating as ever. The premise may sound like either a joke or an invitation for schmaltzy melodrama, but the final product turns out to be neither. Instead, it is a funny and wildly unpredictable work that will impress fans of the Polish Brothers' earlier efforts, while still playing straightforward enough to attract mainstream audiences as well.

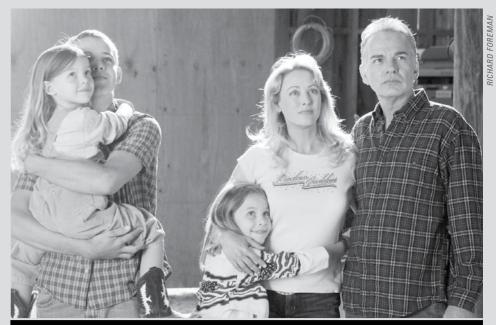
What was it about The Astronaut Farmer that convinced you to sign on for the project?

Virginia Madsen: For me, I liked that it was a story about this family, and it was a well-written story about a family. It is unusual to find that in any script. There are a lot of stories about dysfunction and dysfunctional families, and it just doesn't seem as if they write these kinds of characters anymore, and this one really stood out because of that.

Billy Bob Thornton: Same thing. I just loved the idea that you have this thing—the rocket—as the hook of the movie, and yet it is really about this family and this dream and how they have worked together as a team to do it. I've wanted to do a movie like this—a triumphant and feel-good movie like Hoosiers or Field of Dreams.

Having played a good number of highly cynical characters in the last few years in films such as Bad Santa and The Bad News Bears, is it easier or harder as an actor to play a more straightforward and genuine person such as Charles Farmer?

Thornton: It is all kind of the same. It is all easy in some ways. When you go into something, you have to commit to whatever it is to make it good as an actor, and you don't go outside the lines of whatever that is. I think anytime someone gets too schmaltzy or too cynical or over-the-top or under-the top, it is just because they aren't naturals at any of it. It is



Virginia Madsen with Billy Bob Thornton and their onscreen family in The Astronaut Farmer.

just like talking to somebody—some people are great communicators, and some are not. As an actor, you don't think too much about going too far with it or whatever—you just do what feels natural, and if you have a director who gets that, that is usually when you get your best performances. Sometimes, you'll get a director who tries to direct you a lot, and if they really lean on you, you can see how it affects your performance if you do everything they say. Years and years ago, I did something—fortunately, it was before I was very well-known—with a big director, and he directed me, and I listened, and it wasn't very good.

Madsen: I think that the best directors cast you because you are the one that is absolutely right for the role—I think it was John Huston who said that 75% of directing is casting. Then, a good director is going to let you go and gently guide you if you go astray and pull you back if you go too far. It is done with a gentle hand. These guys [the Polish Brothers] were really good at that, especially so with their own daughters, who play the daughters in the movie. They really had to be careful not to tell them exactly what to do, because we wanted them to be themselves.

In recent years, the two of you have gone back and forth between larger-scale studio pictures and smaller, quirkier works such as this one. Has this dichotomy been something toward which you have been consciously striving, or is it just a matter of following the material?

Madsen: With me, it is really the material. I still experiment and read a lot of really small scripts. They are starting to make movies for phones, and I'll probably do one of those to see what that is like. It is just trying to find good material that is most of the battle as an actor.

Thornton: Same for me—I'm always looking for good stuff. I'm not saying that every now and

then... Well, my manager long ago once said, "Every now and then, you have to have your face on a bus stop." I think if you are just an independent film actor and you always have been and you haven't done something bigger, I don't think it matters and that you don't have some need to do it at some point in your career. However, once you've done it, you kind of have to keep on doing it, because if you don't pop up in a big movie every now and then where everyone sees you, the Hollywood community and the public begins to think that something is wrong and that you are only doing independent films because no one else wants you. There are certain business things that go into it, but even when you have to do one of those every couple of years—when you do the big movie to make a little more money to take care of the things that you screwed up over the past couple of years—you try to pick a good one, and that is possible. I am not an independent film snob who thinks there are no good big movies—there are good commercial movies out there, and you just try to pick one of those as often as possible.

Billy Bob, it has been a decade since Sling Blade, which you wrote and directed as well as starred in. Since then, you have focused almost entirely on acting. Do you have any plans to return to writing and directing at some point down the line?

Thornton: I do have one thing in particular that I want to direct and I have just been trying to get financing for it. It is really hard right now to get certain movies financed, and this is a period drama, which is about the hardest thing to get financed. I'm just talking to studios right now and trying to get someone to finance it. It is something that I would direct but not write, because it is based on a true story—it would be an adaptation, and I'm not real good at that sort of thing: taking a book and really editing it. That's not my strong point—I want to put everything in.

STOP YER CRYIN'

BY WARREN CURRY

TEARS OF THE BLACK TIGER



(3 out of 4 stars)

Directed by Wisit Sansanatieng Starring: Chartchai Ngamsan, Stella Maluchi, Supakorn Kitsuwon, Sombati Medhanee

113 MINUTES, NOT RATED

n one hand, the Thai film Tears of the Black Tiger is like nothing I've ever seen. On the other hand, it's like everything I've ever seen. Writer-director Wisit Sansanatieng pays homage to a variety of genres and perhaps just about all of his cinematic influences in this loud, colorful, fast-paced confection. A mish-mash of flamboyant technique, tongue-in-cheek (I think?) melodrama, absurd screen violence, non-linear storytelling, and more, Tears of the Black Tiger is over-the-top entertainment that's simply too diverting to heavily criticize.

Stuck in US release limbo for several years (it played at the 2001 Cannes Film Festival), the film focuses on the troubled and sometimes tragic relationship between the stoic Seua Dum (Chartchai Ngamsan)—the son of a peasant—and Rumpoey (Stella Malucchi), the daughter of well-to-do parents. Their feelings for each other first ignite as children when Seua Dum defends the young woman against several bullies, leading to an accident that causes the couple to be split apart for several years until they briefly re-kindle their attraction in college. After that meeting, Seua Dum's fortunes sink to new lows when a gang, lead by the vicious Fai (Sombati Medhanee), kills his father.

Adopting the new outlaw identity, Black Tiger, Seua Dum successfully hides his past, joins Fai's gang, and intends to avenge his father's death. Following a shootout, he is given the assignment of executing a police captain named Kumjourn (Arawat Ruangvuth), only to discover that the man is Rumpoey's fiancé. Seua Dum's love for Rumpoey hasn't dissipated (and vice versa), which threatens to compromise his single-minded plan to destroy Fai's gang from the inside.

Bordering on sensory overload at every turn, Sansanatieng's delirious style—with its eye popping Technicolor, gory cartoon violence (even shown via instant replay in one instance), austere sets, and dramatic swells of music—enhances (and sometimes overwhelms) the narrative. Taken on their own, the characters and story are standard and predictable, but the director's hyperkinetic flair makes these elements feel anything but routine. Tears of the Black Tiger is a film where the style is its substance.

The steely, poker-faced Seua Dum, played with an occasionally comic restraint by Ngamsan, is a nod to the emotionally guarded characters found in Westerns and martial arts movies (and, most likely, as the press notes claim, in a past era of Thai films, though I don't know enough about the genre to comment). The wooden acting contrasts the visuals, but, in this film, the key performance is the one given by its director, who comes through with flying colors. In addition to all the eye candy, the brisk pacing lets the film go down smoothly.

If the overtly self-aware movie referencing makes the film sound too esoteric, rest assured that you needn't be a cinema nerd to enjoy what's going on here. As with Quentin Tarantino, Wisit Sansanatieng is a filmmaker who has an obvious passion for his craft and revels in the sheer joy of piecing together and re-interpreting the best moments from his favorite films. Tears of the Black Tiger is a thoroughly postmodern construction that may only be interested in commenting on its own medium, yet the film's dominant trait is an all-important one—simply put, it's fun. And that's a quality which shouldn't be overanalyzed.

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FILM

OSCAR PAYS HIS DUES



Coppola, Spielberg, and Lucas welcome Marty to the Award club.

ne of the most surprising Oscar seasons in recent memory ended Sunday night with a tribute to lifers—to Hollywood heavyweights who were finally celebrated for a career's worth of achievements.

The man of the hour, of course, was Martin Scosese—one of today's most popular, beloved, and imitated American filmmakers. Not only did his *The Departed* earn Scorsese his very first Academy Award, but it also took home honors for Best Picture, Best Adapted Screenplay, and Best Editing—honoring another Hollywood legend: the long-time Scorsese collaborator Thelma Schoonmaker.

In fact, Scorsese seemed more moved by Schoon-maker's award—fighting back tears—than he did for his own moment on the big stage. Presented with the Oscar by friends Steven Spielberg, Francis Ford Coppola, and George Lucas, Scorsese humbly held out the Award and observed, in a frank, matter-of-fact way: "I'm so moved, so moved. So many people have been wishing this for me and my family; I thank you for this."

That same sentiment was echoed by several of the night's winners. Not only was Sunday night a crowning moment for Scorsese and Schoonmaker, but also it was for Alan Arkin, who won the hotly-contested Best Supporting Actor Award for his performance as the cantankerous, drug-using grandpa in *Little Miss Sunshine*. Former Vice President Al Gore's life-long work on the issue of global climate change was vindicated by the Academy's enthusiastic celebration of his documentary *An Inconvenient Truth*.

Of course, most of the favorites going into the Academy Awards walked away victorious. An emotional Jennifer Hudson accepted the Award for Best Supporting Actress moments before she took the stage and went note-for-note with *Dreamgirls* co-star Beyonce Knowles as they performed songs from the movie musical. Forest Whitaker accepted his Award for Best Actor in *The Last King of Scotland* with a speech that paid tribute to the communal magic only made possible by cinema. Helen Mirren, who was a Vegas lock for Best Actress for her performance in *The Queen*, accepted her Award with expected grace and humility.

But outside those categories, it was a year for the veterans. A rousing tribute to composer Ennio Morricone served as the ceremony's centerpiece and honored the musician for a lifetime of great movie themes. Meanwhile, Oscar heavy-weight Milena Cantonero showed up New York fashion heavyweight Pat Field for Best Costumes in *Marie-Antoinette*, and veteran rocker Melissa Ethridge took home Best Original Song for her enviro-anthem "I Need to Wake Up," from the documentary *An Inconvenient Truth*.

Outside of Best Picture, the two most competitive categories turned out to be Best Foreign and Animated Features. The favored Pixar hit *Cars* was snubbed in favor of the cute, box

office penguin hit *Happy Feet*. And *Pan's Labyrinth*, while landing atop many critics' year-end lists, and taking home several Oscars for its artistry and imagination, lost the Best Foreign Film Award to Germany's *The Lives of Others*, which finally opened in art houses across the country over the last month.

While the bloated awards ceremony was greatly helped by host Ellen DeGeneres' populist humor and the palpable drama of which way the Best Picture seesaw would finally fall, the 79th Academy Awards may be remembered by the industry as the year that the Academy turned against the so-called "Oscar film."

Recent years of Oscars have suggested that the Academy tends to reward only certain kinds of films—films based around grand, overlapping plot lines (*Crash*), tragedy themes (*Million Dollar Baby*), or big-budget spectacles (*Chicago*, *Lord of the Rings*). This year's Awards put entertaining, accessible crowd-pleasers above all others.

It was not the tragedy of *Letters From Iwo Jima* that wowed voters, nor the globe-trotting complexities of *Babel*, the biopic charm of *The Queen*, or the Sundance espiegle of *Little Miss Sunshine*. No, beyond all that,



Award winner Arkin.

is was the pure, star-driven enter-tainment value of The Departed, the light-hearted, family-friendly nature of Happy Feet, and the audience-oriented science of An Inconvenient Truth that prevailed overall.

For Scorsese, in particular, who has tried in the past to nab golden statues by making a biopic (*The Aviator*) and a sweeping, epic period piece (*Gangs of New York*), the Academy chose instead to praise him for a gritty, bare-knuckle, in-your-face street opera only he could produce.

In a notable change of pace, this was not a year of Oscar telling us what we should appreciate, but a nod toward the movies that audiences had flocked to, responded to, and established as the hits of the year.

2007 was not only a year that finally gave so many their long-overdue recognition, but also a year that gave all of us a say in the final verdict. \triangleright

BORN TO BE MILD

PETER SOBCZYNSI



John Travolta, Martin Lawrence, Tim Allen, William H. Macy in Walt Becker's (National Lampoon's Van Wilder) Wild Hogs, a film that fast runs out of gas.

WILD HOGS ★☆☆☆

(1/2 out of 4 stars)

DIRECTED BY WALT BECKER
STARRING: TIM ALLEN, MARTIN LAWRENCE,
WILLIAM H. MACY, JOHN TRAVOLTA,
MARISA TOMEI, RAY LIOTTA
99 MINUTES, RATED PG-13

f you have gone to the movies with even the slightest modicum of regularity in the last few months, you have probably seen the trailer for *Wild Hogs* and dismissed it as little more than a knock-off of the perfectly serviceable middle-aged-ennui comedy *City Slickers*, with the chief difference being that the cast is straddling motorcycles instead of horses.

If this was all that there was to say about the film, I would have been perfectly content to simply leave it at that and go on to a more pressing and interesting topic—the cancellation of *The O.C.* or what Penelope Cruz was wearing at the Oscars. Sadly, I fear I must elaborate, because this film is of an awfulness that the previews only begin to hint at—it fails to even live up to the not-exactly-exalted comedic standards of *City Slickers 2: The Legend of Curly's Gold.* In fact, I'm not sure I should deface the word "comedy" by suggesting that this film belongs in the genre—this is a film that does for comedy what Gary Busey did for motorcycle safety.

In a year that has already seen more than its share of comic misfires (*Epic Movie*, *Because I Said So*, *Norbit*, and *Reno 911!: Miami*), there is a strong chance that *Hogs* could be the worst of the lot. While those films were all fundamentally flawed at the conceptual level, this one takes what could have been an entertaining premise and some likable performers, then squanders them on a deeply offensive and deeply unfunny comedic dead zone from which no one, on screen or in the audience, emerges unscathed.

The film starts off by introducing us to our four central characters and the mid-life crises in which they currently find themselves embroiled. Doug (Tim Allen) is a dentist bored by his job, annoyed by his dietary restrictions, and upset that his kid would rather play

video games or hang out with other kids instead of shooting hoops out back. Dudley (William H. Macy) is a nerdy klutz whose inability to find a woman might have something to do with the fact that his every comment and gesture seems to be made solely to convince people that he is gay. Bobby (Martin Lawrence) is a struggling self-help author with a shrill and overbearing wife, obnoxious kids, and a day job as a janitor. Finally, there is Woody (John Travolta), whose status as the alpha male of the group is threatened by the fact that (unknown to the others) he has lost both his fortune and his smoking-hot swimsuit model wife (the latter presumably because she has finally realized that smoking-hot swimsuit models don't live in the suburbs of Cincinnati).

In an effort to get out of their collective ruts, the guys decide to break out the motorcycles that they tool around town on during the weekends and set out on a road trip to the West Coast. Since the guys apparently realize that they are actually characters in a by-the-numbers road trip comedy, they kick things off by doing the kind of schtick only found in by-the-numbers road trip comedies—they burn up their tent and later have their skinny-dipping interrupted by a family who insists on jumping into the same remote swimming hole as four naked middle-aged men.

Things are inadvertently kicked up a notch when they happen upon a biker bar and enrage Jack (Ray Liotta), the leader of the gang-in-residence—first by the poseurs' mere presence, and later when Woody, who returns to the bar for a confrontation, accidentally blows up the place. The four wind up taking refuge in a bucolic small town teeming with chili festivals, bumbling cops, and a comely waitress (Marisa Tomei) who catches the eye of Dudley. Before long, Jack gets wind of where they are hanging out, and his gang begins to lay siege (as much as a PG-13 rating will allow) in an effort to smoke the guys out so that he can pound the stuffing out of them.

As I noted earlier, Wild Hogs looks and sounds of nothing more than a brutally mediocre film over which even the most hot-tempered of individuals might have a hard time getting too worked-up. However, if you look at it for more than a few minutes, you will begin to realize just how appalling the film really is. For

starters, the film simply isn't funny at all—every joke is pitched at the level of an especially primitive sitcom, there is not a single scene that demonstrates even the rudiments of comedic timing, and the characters are so unlikable and self-absorbed that most people will find themselves rooting for the real biker gang to go Altamont on their collective hinders.

More disturbing is the fact that the film is border-line homophobic in the way that, at every turn, it tries to shoehorn in jokes about how weird and wacky gay people are. Mind you, I'm not saying that one can't possibly mine such material for humor—recall the immortal "Those aren't pillows!" bit from *Planes, Trains & Automobiles*. What makes the jokes so offensive here is that: A) They simply aren't funny (they are on such a ham-fisted sitcom level that you keep waiting for Mr. Roper to make an appearance) and B) We are evidently supposed to be laughing at the characters who are supposed to be acting "gay" instead of the overreactions to what they are doing.

What is especially befuddling is that the clueless and clunky screenplay was written by Brad Copeland, a TV writer whose credits include several episodes of Arrested Development—the single funniest and most inventive sitcom of the decade—as well as some installments of the amusing My Name is Earl. How to explain the gulf between those teleplays and what he has offered up here? Maybe he only plays well in someone else's sandhox

Another crippling flaw is the fact that, for a film that seems to be celebrating male bonding and the importance of friendship, you never believe for a second that these four guys ever even met before the cameras started rolling. Of them, the only one who is close to being even remotely likable or sympathetic is Macy, but the mere sight of this great actor reduced to falling off of motorcycles or struggling to shut off a computer that seems to automatically log into payment-optional porn sites is almost too depressing to contemplate (especially when you realize that more people will probably see this performance in its opening afternoon than witness his extraordinary work in last year's *Edmond* during its entire run).

As for Allen, Lawrence, and Travolta, it doesn't hurt quite as much to see them making asses of themselves because, quite frankly, their collective track records are sketchy enough that this film isn't as dramatic of a plunge. That said, Allen and Lawrence, two performers both used to being the top dog in their own star vehicles as opposed to ensemble pieces, are so bored and listless when the focus isn't on them that they all but go limp while waiting for the others to stop talking. Travolta, on the other hand, puts a little more energy into the proceedings, but his character is so completely obnoxious throughout that you may find yourself wishing that he hadn't.

Wild Hogs is a dreadful film—not only is it director Walt Becker's first effort since Van Wilder, it is actually a step backward in terms of quality—but I will admit that there were a couple of minor elements that weren't completely excruciating. As the bumbling small-town sheriff, Steven Tobolowsky has a couple of amusing lines, the best being the one in which he explains the extent of his weapons training. Although Marisa Tomei has virtually nothing to do here, she is nevertheless cheerful and perky and clearly becoming more and more attractive with every passing year.

I also kind of dug Ray Liotta as the choked-with-rage biker looking to destroy everyone else in the film, mostly because it feels less of a performance and more of documentary footage of Liotta going psycho upon the realization that he signed on for a project that could well be the low point of a career that has already seen him acting opposite the likes of an elephant, several second-tier Muppets, and Pia Zadora. As the only two people in *Wild Hogs* with even vague glimmers of personality, I kept hoping that Liotta and Tomei would ride off into the sunset instead of sticking around for the end of this cinematic equivalent of road rash.



Travolta, Macy, and Allen in a quintessential "road movie gone wrong" scene in Wild Hogs.

RIEALLY, WE'RE ALL MESSED-UP

AN INTERVIEW WITH WRITER-DIRECTOR CRAIG BREWER

BY IONATHAN W. HICKMAN

e calls it the Black Snake Moan. Anyone who's seen the trailer for Craig Brewer's new film *Black Snake Moan* knows that Christina Ricci's character, Rae, has got something wrong with her; it's some kind of fever. *Moan* is about a troubled, sick, young girl and the black man who chains her to his radiator in order to cure her of her ills.

After seeing the movie, however, one might wonder what the ailment really is. Is it nymphomania? What's she got? Just what is the Black Snake Moan?

"It is part of that Southern mythological landscape that I'm trying to put in this stew of a movie," writer-director Craig Brewer says of his latest film. "The whole idea came from me having these really intense anxiety attacks that were happening when I was making *Hustle and Flow*."

It was a very stressful time for Brewer, because during the production of *Hustle*, he didn't have a job or any money.

"And everybody at home thought I had made it, because I was being flown out to LA all the time. On one of these flights, I just, uh," Brewer pauses and gestures out from his chest, "I started losing control. My heart started racing, and I couldn't get enough oxygen in my lungs."

Brewer's father died of a heart attack at age 49. Therefore, Brewer thought that he must have been dying.

"It is the adrenaline rush that would come over you, but you're still. It was the first time I really started to think about dying, and the randomness of death: that you would just go any minute."

It took time for Brewer to talk to his wife about the recurring panic attacks.

"I kept it from my wife for a while, but finally I told her, and she said that she had experienced it, too," reveals Brewer. "We went through a difficult time with this thing that was really messing with us. And, really, we grew stronger, because we were helping each other."

He called it the Black Snake Moan. It's actually based in the Blues.

"There's a song by Blind Lemon Jefferson where he's talking about being blind and not being able to see the snakes and the bugs and things that could hurt him in his room at night. And he would sing about how he just wanted some pretty momma to come and take them away."

Luckily for Brewer, the attacks did go away. But the memories remained, and he channeled them into *Moan*. The director then added a chain wielded by a reverential Afro-American and a young, sexy, half-naked, white woman on the other end.

"The chain and the radiator [featured in *Moan*] are very metaphorical to me," Brewer admits. "They are Memphis and my home. I think of my community as that thing that, no matter what I'm doing out in LA, if things are kinda going crazy in the movie business, I'm not judged by my home or my family; they love me unconditionally. And I have a tendency to forget about that; we all forget about that."

Brewer finds it interesting that people have criticized the racial and sexual overtones of his film as being exploitive. He finds it even more interesting that most of the people who have found it exploitive tend to be "middle-aged white men."

"Boy, are we a scared bunch, and we're so cautious about these things," beams Brewer cavalierly. He's just 35, and already referring to himself as middle-aged.

"I've noticed it more and more on this movie that white, middle-aged men are afraid to find that the titillating moments are enough for them. Is it okay for them to appreciate a movie where a white woman is chained up to a black man's radiator? And should it mean something? Should we explore race? Should we explore gender? And, I'm just not interested in that at all."

He does admit that the chain, the woman, the black man, and the radiator, together present a "jarring" image. But, he takes criticism head on.

"If you're talking about Southern archetypes, especially in the Deep South, you can't do it effectively unless you got those chains." Continuing, "It definitely has that drive-in exploitation feel of those race-bating movies. But the chain, I think, is something much more metaphoric. When I was insane and I was out of control, I felt like I needed some kind of weight on me. I needed some sort of boundary, and I needed to be yanked back. And that meant being tethered to something that does not move—church, community, family, friends, the city of Memphis was really my radiator."

Hustle and Flow was Brewer's "rap" movie. Black Snake Moan is his Blues movie. Music is becoming a familiar theme in all of his projects. His next film will be his "Country" music film. All the genres seemed to be linked for Brewer.

"There's a chain between Blues and rap that I think is very strong," he opines. "It is going to take awhile for young people who are into hip-hop to discover the Blues."

Black Snake Moan features archival black-and-white footage of classic bluesman Son House, who explains to us the meaning of this music. Brewer elaborates: "When I look at Blues music, it's exorcism music. It is music where you do get all those taboos out of you."







"These bluesmen, back in the Delta, were some of the first pioneers in this kind of exorcism in a time and a place where these African-American artists were told they couldn't say things. But they did say them. They were speaking to the injustices in life, as well as social injustice, but also, the injustices of loving."

In Moan, Brewer's bluesman is Lazarus, who's played by Samuel L. Jackson. Lazarus is a flawed but essentially moral man. Yes, Brewer makes maximum use of Jackson's ability to say one particular expletive better than any other actor in history. But, the mystique of the flawed artist wasn't lost on Brewer when crafting the Moan.

"One thing I always give artists credit for is that we beat people to the punch. We're the first to say we're messed-up. And, if anything, that's sort of the message of *Black Snake Moan*: that we're all messed-up, but we're all each other's responsibility, and we all gotta start caring for each other more.









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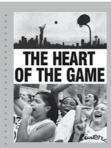
You'd think esteemed, scholarly adult viewers would "grow out" of Disney movies-do thirtysomething's really need talking fairies and flying boys in tights in their cinematic lives? (we get enough of that at home-am I right?)—but that idea is

quickly and lovingly dismissed after about ten minutes of Peter Pan: Platinum Edition (Disney). The film not only translates JM Barrie's tale of fantastical everadolescence for the animated film world, it relishes in it: We don't simply watch Wendy, Michael, and John go to Never Never Land—we join them on their rapturous journey in what remains one of the more glorious filmic travelogues in movie history. And, oh, stop groaning: Yes, you need to buy this new edition (third time's the charm, huh?). A serious upgrade from both the movieonly and special-edition releases of the film on DVD, this double-disc edition houses a jaw-droppingly pristine video transfer, an upgraded 5.1 Surround sound mix and—as usual for the Disney Platinum Series—a sea of bonus features. Sure, the set-top games are only fun the first time or two (even the five-year-old in you will grow tired of them relatively quickly), but the behindthe-scenes documentaries, still galleries and-most impressively—the blueprints for the film's original opening will engage not only Peter Pan newcomer kiddies, but their adult companions, to boot,



Hideously maligned upon its 2004 release, Oliver Stone's Alexander was the kind of shaky historical potboiler that not even 95% of die-hard Stone fans could stomach (your buddy Mike is one of the only critics who found the film's devil-may-care eccen-

tricity implicitly engaging and unique). I doubt that those pissed off at Stone for making such an atypical biopic will come around with Alexander Revisited (Warner), but they definitely should: At an ass-numbingly long running time of 220 minutes, this new (and supposedly final) version of the film runs the gamut—love story, actioner, historical development—and is definitely the incarnation of the film to own. In this 3+ hour version. Stone's ambitious cinematic sprawl hovers over its audience as a peyote vision: As with Natural Born Killers or even his equally-underestimated Nixon. Stone uses insanely-juxtaposed tones and pacing to concoct a wildly enjoyable and vibrantly singular epic in the fashion only he can imagine. And while it might have been nice for Warner to release a three- or fourdisc edition that housed all three different cuts of the film (theatrical, director's cut, and now this Revisited version), it's difficult to complain about this film's DVD presence: Stone's films get across-the-board fantastic video transfers, and Alexander Revisited is no exception (its 5.1 sound mix is also bone-shattering). While this writer was left wanting a commentary with Stone—all we get is an informational yet colloquial introduction to the film from the auteur—he's happy all the same that Stone's vision for Alexander the Great is finally



I gave my dear companion (and noted basketball enthusiast) P. Reo the duty of reviewing The Heart of the Game (Buena Vista) for me, since her passion for the sport (and the teams that play it) is second-to-none. This is what she had to say: "The Heart of

the Game is an in-depth, exciting documentary about the ups and downs of teenage life on a girls' high school basketball team. There are wins and losses, struggles and successes (real life doesn't always come with Hollywood happy endings), but the real strength of this doc is how it showcases both these girls playing on a basketball team and them living their lives as members of a team who care about one another on and off the court. It is a rare and exceptional film. And when was the last time you saw a sports film where the mere act of being part of a team inspired each and every one of the game's participants? This is a captivating and true display of life: Watch these girls—watch them work. play, laugh...and shape their future." The disc looks great, too-in a rare occasion for a documentary, the film has both 5.1 Surround and 2.0 Stereo tracks. The commentary track from director Ward Serrill mirrors much of the info presented in the movie, but additional deleted scenes (with optional commentary) and two bonus featurettes add intriguing background to the world of the film.



Dragon Dynasty (an offshoot of The Weinstein Company's DVD distribution arm) has a few new releases of note, and they let your buddy Mike take a big bite out of some of them. Jackie Chan's Police Story 2 is considered by many Asian-action connoisseurs to be the quintessential film of its subgenre, and they very well may be right, in a certain regard: For rootin-tootin Jackie Chan gymno-killing, this one definitely has its high-octane highlights. And this new DVD has a great Anamorphic widescreen transfer, as well as a handful of intriguing extras (a bonus that doesn't help things: The audio commentary with Hong Kong Cinema expert Bey Logan and Hollywood butt-kisser Brett Ratner—yikes). However, I found two other new Dragon Dynasty titles—Infernal Affairs 2 and Infernal Affairs 3—to be far more rewarding (an Infernal Affairs box set is also newly-released, but it wasn't available for review). Yeah, I was exposed to The Departed before seeing the original Infernal Affairs, but these two engrossing seguels to the Asian hit do everything that the original did (which makes for notable, though been-there-donethat late-night entertainment), even if they become less and less dramatically imperative as the series plows on. This downward spiral continues in terms of DVD quality: Infernal Affairs 2 comes with a commentary and a few featurettes, but Infernal Affairs 3 only offers a simple, EPK-grade making-of short.

Wondering if you should pony up \$40 for that two-disc spectacular? For all of your DVD questions, ask Mike at Mike@EntertainmentToday.net.

VD'S PLAYSTATION POCKE



PC classic, Pirates, now available in your portable PSP.

ortable gaming is hotter than ever, especially now that Nintendo and Sony are supporting our favorite on-the-go pastime with new hardware and games. Sadly, Sony's PlayStation Portable (PSP) is often overshadowed by Nintendo's handheld behemoth, the Nintendo DS. Don't get us wrong: with its touchscreen functionality, innovative games, and stylish design, the DS has more than earned its spot among the best portables, but the PSP shouldn't be counted out just yet. As a matter of fact, Sony's sexy system is finally coming into its own with a bevy of recently released must-play games and a future lineup that's as bright as the PSP's crystal clear wide-screen display. This week, we review two new titles that prove the PSP is a portable force with which to be reckoned.



SID MEIER'S PIRATES!



This PC pirating classic lands on the PSP with an addictive translation that's a perfect fit for the platform. Pirates! brilliantly blends what is essentially a

variety of mini-games into a much deeper strategic adventure. The open-ended nature of the game allows you to live out your very own swashbuckling dream while focusing on a pirating path of your choosing. A Jack Sparrow-wannabe might recklessly pillage and plunder every ship and town he comes across, a womanizing buccaneer might woo the Governor's daughter on the dance floor in every port of call, and a pirate with a taste for the high seas will likely take on any challenge his sea-faring foes have to offer. Individual games and quests include land and sea battles, sword fights, dancing, treasure hunting, and stealth-based missions. Depending on your path and how you tread it, you can become the greatest pirate that has ever lived, or just a plank-walking scallywag.

Pirates! is not perfect. Its visuals are not the PSP's best, and you will occasionally struggle with the camera and controls. That being said, you won't find a better game that captures the pirate's-lifefor-me feeling, and the mini-game structure makes it perfect for portable play sessions. This is truly a game whose sum is greater than its individual parts. And in Pirates!, that sum equals a yo ho ho and a bottle of fun.



RATCHET AND CLANK: SIZE MATTERS

(Sony Computer Entertainment)



Ratchet and Clank might be familiar to PlayStation 2 owners. The unlikely heroic pair have starred in multiple games on the console, delivering hours of platforming, shooting, puzzlesolving, and off-the-wall humor to legions of faithful fans. Now the fearless feline (we think he's a cat) and his tiny robo-sidekick star in an all-new PSP-based adventure that's as good—and in some cases better-than their PS2 outings. The series calling card has always been its variety of imaginative weapons and gear, and Size Matters hits this mark spot-on with an unforgettable arsenal of goofy goodies and ferocious firepower. You can keep it simple and to the point with powerful death-dealers such as the plasma-shooting Lacerator or the shotgun-like Concussion Gun, or get more creative and equip the Acid Bomb Glove that hurls a deadly pool of enemy-eating ooze. Even better, you can strap on our personal favorite, the Bee Mine Glove, and unleash a swarm of stinging pests. You'll also acquire nifty gadgets such as the Sprout-O-Matic that'll turn plants into helpful items such as ladders and Ratchet-launching slingshots.

In addition to cool guns and gadgets, Ratchet can also collect upgradeable armor that actually changes his on-screen appearance with every equipped piece—a nice visual touch. Ratchet isn't the only star here, though, as Clank also takes center stage with a variety of missions and mini-games that find him in Robot Wars-esque demolitions and commanding small armies of Lemmings-like mini-bots.

Size Matters packs plenty of other surprises that we won't spoil for you. From the platforming and the shooting, to the mini-games and the replaystretching multiplayer options, the game offers a polished experience supported by PS2-level visuals and the series trademark quirky humor. The only thing keeping Size Matters from a perfect score is the camera control; while it's some of the best we've experienced on the single-sticked PSP, it still can't match the dual-analog stick functionality of a gamepad. Get passed this simple obstacle-and you definitely will-and you've got yourself one of the best games to grace Sony's slick portable platform. 🔁

SPORTS

WEEKLY SPORTS WRAP-UP

ight falls upon Los Angeles, and out come the wolves to meet the coyotes on Los Feliz and Huxley to go do boilermakers at the Roost. A shiver runs down my back as I sit here in the darkness, thinking about past endeavors and failed attempts at life. I know now that to free myself, I must come forth and face the horrific truth, to exorcise the demons that continue to ravage my heart and feast on my soul. I need to free myself of this thing we call sports.

A life dedicated to the achievements and physical feats of men who spend the golden years of their careers in their thirties is a life gone awry. Like those who tally winners of entertainment awards and root for actors in categories as worthless as the headline that appears above my words, a sports fan's life hinges on not only the outcomes of meaningless events, but also the pageantry and frivolity that precedes it. Sports, and entertainment in general, are the opiates of the masses, dulling us to slumber as we ignore the feeding of the beast.

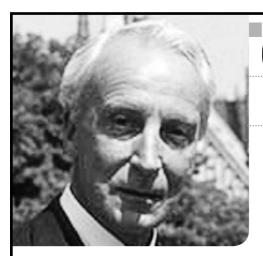
Why can't we revel in life's personal moments? Where is the celebration of that moment when your tongue first connects with a bite of a warm blueberry pie, lightly draped with the sweetness of French Vanilla? Why must we care about the secretive phone calls of general managers trying to make trades of human athletes, not unlike children who trade their bananas for pudding cups in the schoolyards? Why didn't the Lakers' Mitch Kupchak make the trade with

the New Jersey Nets to get Jason Kidd? I guess he thinks his PB&J sandwich is better than New Jersey's left-over fried chicken.

I want to get lost in that scent that is unique to that one spot, right in the back, where a woman's neck ends and her flowing hair begins, where existence sometimes exist, if only momentarily. I don't want to get lost in the numbers of the NFL Combine, where old men with clipboards and stopwatches watch young men sprint, and press, and jump, and shuffle into the hearts of these talent scouts. Rumor has it that the young man who's tagged as the next big thing at the Combine scored a 23 in both his bench press exercise, as well as his Wonderlic test.

Like a suburban drug addict circling the streets of downtown, looking for the legit hookup, I find myself scuttling around the Internet, looking for yet another blog supporting rumors that bigger bloggers boast about knowing, citing others as sources. The search, regardless of its outcome, has left me weary, unable to truly grasp the situation and its dangers that I find myself in. Only when I unfocus my eyes do I focus on my reflection in the monitor's screen.

Is this my moment of clarity? Is this where I break the addiction? Can I finally get away from the arguments about how Greg Oden's position as center supercedes Kevin Durant's pure abilities at the more abundant forward position? I think a trip to the methadone clinic down at the singles bar is in order.



 $\label{eq:BAFTA-winning Scottish actor lan Richardson} \\ \text{died in his sleep at age 72}.$

Mr. Richardson appeared in nearly 100 films and TV shows during his career. Mr. Richardson was best known in his native land for his portrayal of the reptilian politician Francis Urquhart in the mini-series *House of Cards*. Richardson reprised his role in the two spin-offs *To Play the King* and *The Final Cut*.

ENTERTAINMENT INSIDERS

OBITUARY BY RUSTY WHITE

IAN RICHARDSON
DIED FEB. 9, 2007

He was nominated three times for Best Actor BAFTA's for the role of Francis Urquhart. Mr. Richardson won for *House of Cards*. He was also nominated for a fourth Best Actor BAFTA for the Falklands War docudrama *An Ungentlemanly Act*.

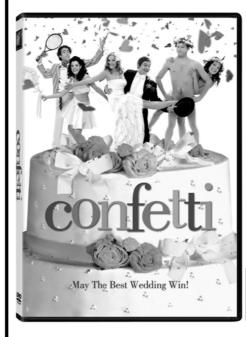
Mr. Richardson played Jean-Paul Marat in Peter Brook's disturbing classic *Marat/Sade*. He also appeared in Terry Gilliam's *Brazil* as Mr. Warrenn.

Among his many other credits are: the Peter O'Toole/Sophia Loren musical version of *Man of La Mancha* and the miniseries *Ike* and *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy*. Mr. Richardson also appeared in *Whoops Apocalypse, Cry Freedom, M. Butterfly, B*A*P*S*, and *From Hell*.

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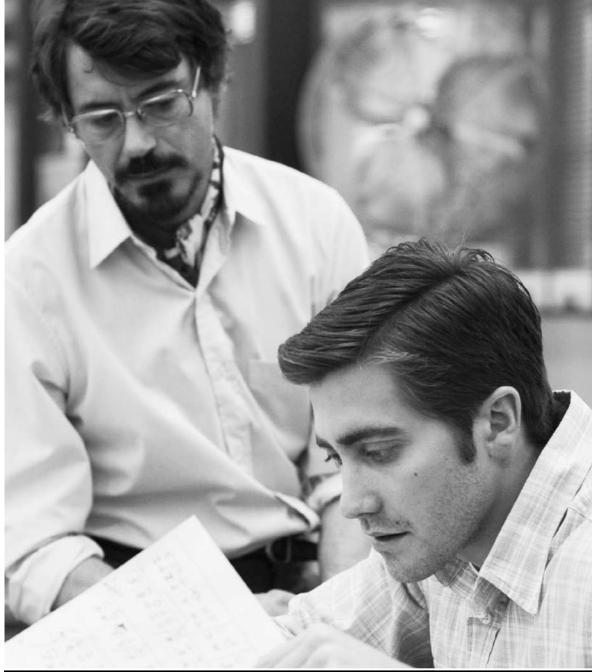
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REVIEWBRIEFS NOW PLAYING...



Robert Downey Jr. and Jake Gyllenhaal in David Fincher's true-crime thriller Zodiac from Paramount and Warners.Bros

The Abandoned

Not Yet Reviewed (R)

A film producer who loses the last of her adopted family members goes back in search of heritage in Russia, from where she originally was born. Once there, strange happenings are afoot, including the disappearance of the producer's guide. (MK)

Amazing Grace

★ 1/2 (PG)

The life of William Wilberforce, one of the leading campaigners for the Abolitionist Movement in Great Britain, is one that is not well known in America outside the world of academia. A spiritual man who came very close to choosing a life of religion instead of politics. Wilberforce's life is one that should be recognized, especially this year, which marks the 200th Anniversary of the Slave Trade Act in England, and the film, Amazing Grace, directed by Michael Apted, attempts to immortalize his life's work. Unfortunately for William Wilberforce, this movie does not do him justice. It is not to say that Amazina Grace doesn't have some good qualities. The production value of the film is good, with some pretty shots of Merry Ol' England

and some well designed sets, and costuming did well in keeping up with our preconceived notions of what people of 18th Century Britain would have looked like. Also, the performances were good enough for what was given to the cast, but the problem with the film begins, and ends, with the treatment of the story. That story comes off as an emotional history lesson, with little real insight into the people. It has the feel of something that can survive at a public school screening, but as a cinematic experience, it falls a bit short. (JT)

The Astronaut Farmer

★ ★ 1/2 (PG)

Charles Farmer's shot at going to outer space was thwarted when he chose to return home after his father's suicide. As a young man, Charles was an astronaut. But instead of career, he decided that his family was the priority. Still, the passion to leave it all behind orbit the Earth never left. Over the years, he collected scraps and whatnot from local junk yards in order to construct his own space vehicle. The US government gets involved when they begin to notice that he's up to something not of this world. The filmmakers

(the Polish Brothers) are smart guys, but by diving into family oriented mainstream fare, they give us nothing more than a modern, funky family film of the likes of *The Computer Wore Tennis Shoes*. (JH)

Black Snake Moan

★ ★ ★ (R)

Please see our interview on page 12.

Bridge to Terabithia

Not Yet Reviewed (PG)

Based on the Katherine Paterson children's book, this Walden Media and Disney production aims to capture the same audience that made *The Chronicles of Narnia* such an enormous hit. Story follows the adventures of Jesse and Leslie who discover a magical kingdom in the forest. (JH)

Children of Men

 $\star\star\star\star$ (R)

Based on the novel by PD James, *Children of Men* quickly and efficiently transports us to a vision of 2027 Britain in which mankind as we know it is literally on its last legs. For unknown reasons, humans have been unable to reproduce since 2009,

and everything has gone to hell as a result. In his previous efforts, *Harry Potter and the Prisoner of Azkaban* and the critically lauded *Y tu mama tambien*, director Alfonso Cuaron exhibited his gift for allowing the human touch to break through technique, as we see once again here with even stronger results. (PS)

Full of It

Not Yet Reviewed (PG-13)

Craig Kilborn and John Carroll Lynch star in this one directed by Jerry Seinfeld doc Comedian director Christian Charles in which a young boy is forced to live out the lies he perpetually tells...with hilarious consequences for the whole family. (MK)

Ghost Rider

Not Yet Reviewed (PG-13)

Marvel's skeletal vigilante biker rides onto the screen personified by Nicolas Cage. Comic book fans are drooling, but the trailer is just awful. Even comic books need one foot in reality. (TS)

Glastonbury

Not Yet Reviewed (R)

Documentary and music video icon Julien Temple (*The Filth and the Fury*) directs this concert doc of UK's Glastonbury music festival. Considered the best-known festival in the world, the showcase is also the longestrunning event of its kind. Combining footage taken from a recent festival with home movies and the like from festivals past, *Glastonbury* gives us the goods on the hottest of the hot in the world of music since 1971. With performances and interviews with David Bowie, Coldplay, Radiohead, Oasis, Chemical Brothers, Velvet Underground, Primal Scream, and the Cure. (MK)

Grav Matters

Not Yet Reviewed (PG-13)

In a story that sounds somewhat similar to last year's *Imagine Me and You*, Heather Graham plays a woman who finds herself flirting with sexual ambiguity (amongst other things) when she finds herself crushing on her brother's fiancée (Bridget Moynahan). (TS)

Hannibal Rising

★ (R)

Hannibal Rising is essentially the Superman IV of the Hannibal Lecter series-a low-rent and low-witted attempt to milk a few more bucks out of a franchise whose days has come and gone-you half expect Jon Cryer or Mariel Hemingway to pop up in cameos along the way. It is a real shame, because Lecter has been such a fascinating character in his previous screen excursions that I would have loved to have seen him appear in a film with a story more worthy of his unique persona. Instead, all we have been given is an exercise in pure greed that is so shameless and devoid of artistic inspiration that it might inspire the good doctor to have Harris. Webher and producer Dino De Laurentis for dinner-the results of that would be far easier to swallow than Hannibal Rising. (PS)

The Lives of Others

 $\star\star\star\star$ (R)

A brilliant political thriller with a gripping human drama. The Lives of Others portrays Gerd Wiesler, a member of the Stasi (the "secret police" of East Germany) following the order of a jealous commanding officer, as he spies on prominent German playwright Georg Dreyman. Over the course of the film, Wiesler begins to empathize with his subject and realizes the true motive behind his assignment, thus leading to the dissolution of the mission and the erstwhile spy's subsequent demotion. The Lives of Others, from first-time director Florian Henckel von Donnersmarck, is an intriguing glimpse into the lives of the German populace during the Cold War and the group of men and women known as the Stasi. (MJ)

Into Great Silence

Not Yet Reviewed (Not Rated)

It took German director Phillip Groning sixteen years to be given permission to make this cathartic meditation on the monastic life. A crew of one, Groning spent six months living with the monks of the Carthusian order who allowed him to film them by himself, without artificial lighting or any other modern-day cinematic devices. What resulted is a film that is an incredibly intimate representation of what it is to live in a monastery. There is no score, no voice-over, no archival footage. Only silent life as it is in the monastery. (MK)

The Messengers

Not Yet Reviewed (PG-13)

The Brothers Pang (Oxide and Danny... seriously) direct this incredibly derivative and hackneved horror film that, from the trailers alone, seems to be yet another run-of-the-mill "Hey, you kids will watch anything that has these same three or four horror film tropes in it, woncha? Buy Pepsi!" kind of a film. Yawn. You know the game by now: we're given a beautiful and bucolic sunflower farm (yup) in North Da (sigh) kota where, surprise surprise: there's suddenly a ghostly presence in the house of a boringly WASPy family replete, of course, with a marble-eyed little boy with bowl-haircut who looks, as usual, like a composite of *The Ring*'s David Dorfman and that alien Pepsi Girl (coincidentally enough). He's obviously the only one who can see the Gollum-esque creatures in the house that is shaken—not stirred—as though this were that shitty remake of The Haunting all over again. (MK)

Music & Lyrics

Not Yet Reviewed (PG-13)

In a meeting of contemporary romantic comedy titans, Hugh Grant plays a washed-up 80's pop star who gets a last chance at a comeback with an offer to write a new tune for a Britney Spearsesque pop diva, and Drew Barrymore is the quirky girl with a flair for lyrics that he meets by happenstance. Appears as predictable as they come, but should still be

fairly winning and often very funny thanks to the charisma and comic timing of the two leads. (PS)

Night at the Museum

Not Yet Reviewed (PG)

Ben Stiller stars in this rollicking comedic adventure film for the whole family. Based on the book by Milan Trenc, film is directed by *The Secret World of Alex Mack* helmer Shawn Levy, and gives us the story of Stiller as a bumbling security guard at a prestigious museum whose artifacts come to life after the reliquary shuts down for the night. PS: Dude, this was written by the people from *The State*! (MK)

Norbit

No Stars (PG-13)

Just when you thought that Eddie Murphy had finally gotten his career back on track with his acclaimed performance in Dreamgirls, along comes Norbit to destroy whatever goodwill he has managed to accumulate over the last few months. Little more than an excuse for him to play multiple roles (a la the Nutty Professor films), this desperate exercise in anti-comedy sees him playing a sweet-tempered nebbish. the nebbish's monstrous (in every sense of the word) wife Rasputia, and an elderly Chinese man, while co-star Thandie Newton (as the nerd's nice childhood sweetheart-vou can tell because she is thin) stands around with a frozen smile while wondering how one goes from working with Bertolucci to playing second-fiddle to a load of latex. It would be easy to call the results sexist, racist, misogynistic, and "sizeist," but that would be too easy. This film displays nothing but sour contempt for all living things (one bit of wackiness involves Rasputia deliberately running over a dog with her car), especially those who still hold out hope that Murphy will one day regain the comedic chops and sheer likeability that made him a star in the first place. As it is, Norbit is a film so hateful and creatively bankrupt that I can confidently predict that only one person could possibly emerge from a screening of it smiling, and his name is Alan Arkin. (PS)

The Number 23

★ ★ ★ (R)

Jim Carrey and Virginia Madsen star in this thriller from Joel Schumacher about a man (Carrey) who grows obsessed with the reallife "23 Phenomenon" that seems to have some kind of mystical power of his character and his character's life/sanity. Carrey said he had to go to a very dark place within himself to play the deranged lead character whose life is ravaged by the number 23. (JH)

Pan's Labyrinth

 $\star \star \star 1/2$ (R)

Pan's Labyrinth is a children's story that poses very adult questions against the traditionally dark and malevolent backdrop of a gothic fairy tale. Filmmaker Guillermo del Toro, in his sixth effort, keeps with his flair for dynamic visuals coupled with strong characters who face moral dilemmas. A clean, efficient script, effortless performances, and one of the finest examples of stellar cinematography I've seen this year combine to make Pan's Labyrinth a memorable experience. (JA)

Reno 911!: Miami

★ (R

The *Reno 911!* gang bring their antics to the big screen, and though the troupe themselves are some of America's funniest comedians working today, their concept of parodying the reality show mainstay *Cops* simply doesn't translate well at all to a an 80-miinute format. (JA)

Seraphim Falls

★ ★ 1/2 (R)

There is unquestionably a lot to like about Seraphim Falls—the blend of narrative ambiguity, visceral energy, and formal beauty at times suggests the work of no less a master of the western genre than Sam Peckinpah—but the final scenes are such a wonky and pretentious mess that I can't quite find my way to offer an overall recommendation. Maybe if it hadn't had done such a good job of creating such an aura of mystery in its first half, I wouldn't have been so bummed by the way it systematically destroys that mystery in the second. Alas, it does, and as I watched the film slowly deflate before my eyes, it reminded me of the story of the little boy who decided to cut his snare drum open in order to find out where the noise came from-in both cases, the answers do eventually arrive, but the overall price is so high that it hardly seems worth it in the end (PS)

Smokin' Aces

Not Yet Reviewed (R)

Action-packed and stylish shoot 'em up in the vein of Tarantino and Guy Ritchie, with a host of big celebs—everyone from Alicia Keys to

in' Aoos

Wild Tigers I Have Known Not Yet Reviewed (Not Rated)

Please see our review on page 11.

Coming-to-age story about a 13-year-old boy who comes to terms with his sexuality and his lust for the cool kid in school. (MK)

Zodiac

Not Yet Reviewed (R)

David Fincher directs this story of the Zodiac Killer starring: Jake Gyllenhaal, Robert Downey Jr., Mark Ruffalo, Anthony Edwards, Chloe Sevigny, Brian Cox, Dermot Mulroney, Clea DuVall, Donal Logue, Adam Goldberg, and Ione Skye. (MK)

FILM

Jeremy Piven: also: Common, Jason Bate-

man, Andy Garcia, Wayne Newton, Ray Liot-

ta, and Ben Affleck. Now, the real question

here is: how many movies are they going to

make with Ben Affleck before they under-

stand that nobody likes him, as a person or

as an actor? Seriously, folks: there must be

some kind of strange contract of which we're

all unaware of here. How many movies have

to bomb horribly, how many executives'

careers must end before they get it? It's like

how they keep making more flicks in the

Baby Genius series. WE DON'T LIKE BEN AFFLECK, HOLLYWOOD!! Figure it out. Read

Much like a British version of a John Hughes

film, this endearing romantic comedy fol-

lows clever and charming Brian (James

McAvoy) through his "fresher" year at the

posh Bristol University. A working class

boy, but drawn to the world of intellect, Bri-

an's life really takes off when he leaves his

sweet mother's (Catherine Tate) nest. Not

only is he accepted as a contestant in the

prestigious University Challenge, a televised

quiz show, he is also torn between two

beautiful women: the book-smart blonde

bombshell Alice (Alice Eve) and the socially

conscious, fantastically sarcastic Rebecca

(a stand-out performance by Rebecca Hall).

And true to the college experience, as soon

as a student is caught up in a love triangle

and confronted with raging hormones,

grades automatically drop. This film does a

fantastic job of recreating 1985 with con-

vincing production design, appropriate cos-

tumes and fitting cinematography, but the

real magic in Starter for 10 is its heart and

Tyler Perry's Daddy's Little Girls

No Madea in this one, folks. Instead, what

we have is a "reverse Cinderella story" of a

romantic comedy in which a rich female

attorney falls in love with a manual laborer

who has three kids. Things gets nutty when

the father's ex-wife returns and wants her

three kids back. Stars Louis Gossett Jr. and

sharp sense of humor. (CR)

Not Yet Reviewed (PG-13)

Gabrielle Union. (MK)

Wild Hoas

1/2 (PG-13)

the memo. That's it, I'm done. (MK)

Starter for 10

★ ★ ★ (PG-13)

ART FILM OF THE WEEK BY AARON SHELEY

PIER PAOLO PASOLINI'S SALÒ



Pasolini (right) was killed for having made his incendiary Salò.

talian, Catholic, Communist, and homosexual, the infamous Pier Paolo Pasolini wrote his own eulogy with this hard-hitting critique on fascism. No wonder he was assasinated for daring to present the neo-realistic production of a de Sade adaptation from hell, as the film adheres to a train-wreck aesthetic of what should never be looked at, but cannot be avoided once in view. Of course, the filmmaker's murder may very well have been a mercy killing-we can see his ultimate despair through the disdain the director felt for contemporary society, his feelings that his world was plunging deeper into nihilism every second.

In a brilliant spin on the de Sade urtext (as well as the 120 Days of Sodom), Pasolini set the film during World War II; though, the film works to unmask contemporaneous horrors of a society in chaos. For example, when the ruling fascists force their victims to literally eat shit, a heavy correlation is drawn to the global proliferation of modern fast-food chains. Sexual excess is also brought to judgment subversively, eliminating the representation of eroticism as contained in earlier works of the same director.

To experience Salò often breeds the side-effects of fear and loathing. The film stock is faded-out, the static, long shots are disarming, and the cinéma vérité documentary style is nauseating to the point of hysteria. The imagery throughout displays the most graphic, and disturbing violence of any film to date. Still, the picture proves the point it sets out to establish: that the human race is headed for the doom of its own invention. To marvel at the spectacle of violence and transgression is also to take in resources of an eschatological moral tale. Pasolini's cunning sound design offsets the gnarly visuals with big

band music and classical piano riffs, a la *A Clockwork Orange*.

Executed so painstakingly, the burning question remains—how in the hell did they pull it off? Interesting references to Dante's *Inferno* seal the emphatic display of sadomasochism with ecstatic literary value. Maddened by the encroaching (and, sadly, now overwhelming) cultural imperialism, Pasolini decided it was high time to unleash all of his demons at once. To purge his hostilities at the price of his own life was the only way for his hopelessness in modernity to ring true for others.

Without a doubt, the film is the best product of the glorious 70's cinematic heyday. In fact, Salò is among the greatest films of all time, not only for its ability to arouse the core problems with humanity, but also in its depiction of actual atrocity inflicted throughout history.

Pasolini's approach may not be subtle; however, his signature technique of positing reality as the only recourse for a possible future is, in this film, unashamed to go to the edge and fall off once or twice. Tragic as the story is, Pasolini laid down his life to point a camera directly at the face of fascism. For this reason, he was shot and killed, and for this reason, he will never die.

FYI: Good luck finding a copy of this DVD to watch (at least for our region DVD players). Salò is not only one of the best and most disturbing films ever made, it is also considered the hardest DVD in the world to track down, sometimes boasting \$600 or more for a copy. If you are able to find it, however, you are sure to "enjoy" an experience that you may never have thought possible from a secondary, fictional representation.



Schedules are subject to change. Please call ahead to confirm showtimes. See Revival Houses and Film & Video Events for other programs.

HOLLYWOOD & VICINITY

ARCLIGHT HOLLYWOOD W Sunset Blvd. at Vine (323)464-4226

Black Snake Moan 11:45 a.m., 2:25, 5:05, 7:55, 10:35

Zodiac 1, 4:30, 8, 11:20 p.m.; 12 noon, 3:30, 7, 10:30

Amazing Grace 11:40 a.m., 2:10, 5, 7:30, 10 p.m. The Astronaut Farmer Fri.-Wed., 1:55, 4:35, 7:05, 9:35 p.m.; Thurs., 1:55, 4:35 p.m.

Breach Fri.-Tues., 11:50 a.m., 2:20, 5:10, 7:50, 10:20 p.m.; Wed.-Thurs., 11:50 a.m., 2:30, 5:10, 7:50, 10:20

Ghost Rider 2:05, 4:55, 7:25, 10:05 p.m. Music and Lyrics 1:45, 4:25, 7:35, 9:45 p.m.
Factory Girl 1:05, 3:15, 5:25, 8:05, 10:25 p.m.

The Lives of Others (Das Leben der Anderen) 1:50, 4:50, 7:40, 10:40 p.m.

Notes on a Scandal 1:15, 3:25, 5:35, 7:45, 9:55 p Pan's Labyrinth (El Laberinto del Fauno) Fri.-Wed., 11:35 a.m., 2:15, 4:45, 7:15, 10:15 p.m.

Children of Men Fri.-Tues., 12:10, 2:30, 5:20, 8:10, 11

p.m.; Wed., 1:35, 4:15 p.m.; Thurs., 11:55 a.m., 2:15, 5:15, 8:15, 10:55 p.m.

Letters From Iwo Jima 12:50, 4:10, 7:20, 10:50 p.m. Blood Diamond 7:10, 10:10 p.m.

Happy Feet 11:30 a.m., 2, 4:20 p.m.

PACIFIC EL CAPITAN Hollywood Blvd, West of Highland (323)467-7674

Wild Hogs 12:20, 2:45, 5:10, 7:35, 9:55 p.m. Bridge to Terabithia 10 a.m.

PACIFIC'S THE GROVE STADIUM 14 189 The Grove Drive, 3rd & Fairfax (323)692-0829 Black Snake Moan 10:35 a.m., 1:35, 4:30, 7:30, 10:30

Wild Hogs Fri.-Sat., 11, 11:55 a.m., 1:50, 2:35, 4:35, 5:25, 7:15, 8:15, 9:55, 10:55 p.m., 12:25 a.m.; Sun. Thurs., 11, 11:55 a.m., 1:50, 2:35, 4:35, 5:25, 7:15, 8:15, 9:55, 10:55 p.m.

ac Fri.-Sat., 11:35 a.m., 12:30, 3:15, 4:10, 7:05, 7:50, 10:45, 11:25 p.m.; Sun.-Wed., 11:35 a.m., 12:30, 3:15, 4:05, 7, 7:40, 10:35, 11:10 p.m.; Thurs., 12:30, 4:05, 7:40, 11:10 p.m.

The Astronaut Farmer Fri.-Sat., 11:30 a.m., 5:15, 10:50

p.m.; Sun.-Thurs., 11:30 a.m., 5:15, 10:45 p.m.

The Number 23 Fri.-Sat., 11:25 a.m., 2:05, 4:45, 7:20, 9:50 p.m., 12:15 a.m.; Sun.-Thurs., 11:50 a.m., 2:20, 5, 7:35, 10:10 p.m.

Reno 911!: Miami Fri.-Sat., 10:30 a.m., 12:40, 2:50, 5:05. 7:25, 9:40 p.m., 12:05 a.m.; Sun.-Mon., 10:30 a.m., 12:40, 2:50, 5:05, 7:25, 9:40 p.m.; Tues., 11:10 a.m 1:40, 4:05, 10:50 p.m.; Wed.-Thurs., 10:30 a.m., 12:40,

2:50, 5:05, 7:25, 9:40 p.m. **Breach** Fri.-Sat., 11:15 a.m., 2:10, 4:55, 7:45, 10:40 p.m.; Sun.-Thurs., 11:15 a.m., 2:10, 4:55, 7:45, 10:25 p.r Bridge to Terabithia 10:30 a.m., 12:55, 3:20, 5:45, 8:10, 10:35 p.m.

Ghost Rider Fri.-Sat., 11:40 a.m., 2:30, 5:25, 8:20, 11:10 p.m.; Sun.-Thurs., 11:40 a.m., 2:30, 5:25, 8:20, 11 p.m. Music and Lyrics Fri.-Sat., 11:20 a.m., 2, 4:35, 7:10, 9:45 p.m., 12:10 a.m.: Sun.-Thurs., 11:20 a.m., 2, 4:35, 7:10. 9:45 p.m.

The Lives of Others (Das Leben der Anderen) 10:35 a.m. 1:35, 4:40, 7:50, 10:55 p.m. Norbit Fri.-Sat., 11:45 a.m., 2:40, 5:20, 8, 10:40 p.m.;

Sun.-Thurs., 11:45 a.m., 2:40, 5:20, 8, 10:30 p.m Pan's Labyrinth (El Laberinto del Fauno) 2:15, 8:05 p.m. REGENCY FAIRFAX THEATRES 7907 Beverly Boulevard (323)655-4010

REGENT SHOWCASE 614 North LaBrea and Melrose (323)934-2944

Volver Fri., 5, 7:30, 10 p.m.; Sat., 2:30, 5, 7:30, 10 p.m.; Sun., 2:30, 5, 7:30 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 5, 7:30, 10 p.m. VINE 6321 Hollywood Blvd. (323)463-6819

Night at the Museum 3, 7:35 p.m. Casino Royale 5, 9:35 p.m.

DOWNTOWN, S. LOS ANGELES

AMC MAGIC JOHNSON CRENSHAW 15 4020 Marlton Ave. (323)290-5900 703

Black Snake Moan Fri.-Sat., 10:30, 11:30 a.m., 12:20, 1:20, 2:20, 3:20, 4:15, 5:15, 6:30, 7:10, 8:10, 9:30, 10:05, 10:50 p.m.; Sun., 10:30, 11:30 a.m., 12:20, 1:20, 2:20, 3:20, 4:15, 5:15, 6:30, 7:10, 8:10, 9:30, 10:05 p.m.; Mon.-Wed., 12:35, 1:20, 2:20, 3:20, 4:15, 5:15, 6:30, 7:10, 8:10, 9:30, 10:05 p.m.

Wild Hogs Fri.-Sun., 11:50 a.m., 2:10, 4:45, 7:20, 9:55 p.m.; Mon.-Wed., 2:10, 4:45, 7:20, 9:55 p.m.

Zodiac Fri.-Sun., 12 noon, 3:30, 6:50, 10:20 p.m.; Mon. Wed., 12:20, 3:30, 6:50, 10:20 p.m.

The Abandoned Fri.-Wed., 5:25, 7:50, 10:15 p.m.
The Astronaut Farmer Fri.-Sun., 11:10 a.m., 1:50, 4:20, 7, 9:35 p.m.; Mon.-Wed., 1:50, 4:20, 7, 9:35 p.m. The Number 23 Fri.-Sun., 10:35 a.m., 12:45, 3, 5:30, 7:55, 10:30 p.m.; Mon.-Wed., 12:45, 3, 5:30, 7:55, 10:30 Reno 911!: Miami Fri.-Sun., 12:15, 2:45, 4:55, 7, 9:10 p.m.; Mon.-Wed., 12:40, 2:45, 4:55, 7, 9:10 p.m. Bridge to Terabithia Fri.-Wed., 12:25, 2:50, 5:10, 7:40,

Ghost Rider Fri.-Sat., 11:20 a.m., 12:10, 2:40, 4:50, 5:20, 8, 10, 10:40 p.m.; Sun., 11:20 a.m., 12:10, 2:40, 4:50, 5:20, 8, 10 p.m.; Mon.-Wed., 12:15, 2:40, 4:50, 5:20, 8,

Tyler Perry's Daddy's Little Girls Fri.-Sun., 11:45 a.m 12:30, 2:25, 3:05, 5, 7:25, 9:45 p.m.; Mon.-Wed., 12:30, 2:25, 3:05, 5, 7:25, 9:45 p.m.

Norbit Fri.-Sat., 10:30 a.m., 12:50, 2:05, 3:10, 5:45, 7:30, 8:20, 10:45 p.m.; Sun., 10:30 a.m., 12:50, 2:05, 3:10, 5:45, 7:30, 8:05, 10:25 p.m.; Mon.-Wed., 12:50, 2:05, 3:10, 5:45, 7:30, 8:05, 10:25 p.m.

The Last King of Scotland Fri.-Sun., 10:45 a.m., 1:30, 4:30, 7:15, 10:10 p.m.; Mon.-Wed., 1:30, 4:30, 7:15,

AEMMLE'S GRANDE 4-PLEX 345 South

Figueroa Street (213)617-0268 Ghost Rider Fri., 5:35, 8, 10:25 p.m.; Sat.-Sun., 12:40, 3:10, 5:35, 8, 10:25 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 5:35, 8 p.m. Music and Lyrics Fri., 5:20 a.m., 7:45, 10:10 p.m.; Sat.-Sun., 12:20, 2:45, 5:20, 7:45, 10:10 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 5:20, 7:45 p.m.

Charging the Rhino 3:10, 7:30 p.m

Oscar Nominated Shorts Fri., 5:30, 8:15 p.m.; Sat.-Sun. 12 noon, 2:45, 5:30, 8:15 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 5:30, 8:15

Short Film 10, 10:25 p.m.; 9:30, 9:45 p.m.; 8:30, 9 p.m To Die in Jerusalem 1:30, 5:45 p.m.

White Light/Black Rain: The Destruction of Hiroshima and

Nagasaki 12 noon, 4:10 p.m.

MANN BEVERLY CENTER 13 8522 Beverly Boulevard, Suite 835 (310)652-7760 -

The Abandoned 12:20, 2:50, 5:20, 7:50, 10:10 p.m. Starter for 10 12:30, 2:50, 5, 7:20, 9:40 p.m. Breaking and Entering 4:05, 9:20 p.m.

Hannibal Rising 1, 3:40, 6:30, 9:10 p.m. Because | Said So 12 noon, 2:20, 4:50, 7:10, 9:30 p.m.

Smokin' Aces 1:30, 6:40 p.m. Children of Men 12:20, 2:40, 5:10, 7:40, 10:10 p.m.

Night at the Museum 12:10, 2:30, 4:50, 7:20, 9:50 p.m. Letters From Iwo Jima 12:40, 3:50, 7, 10 p.m. Dreamgirls 12:50, 3:50, 6:50, 9:40 p.m.

Blood Diamond 12:30, 3:30, 6:30, 9:30 p.m The Pursuit of Happyness 1:30, 4:20, 7:10, 9:50 p.m. Happy Feet 12 noon, 2:30, 5, 7:30, 10 p.m.
UNIVERSITY VILLAGE 3 3323 South Hoover

(213)748-6321 Wild Hogs Fri.-Sat., 12:30, 3, 5:30, 7, 10:30 p.m., 12:35 a.m.; Sun.-Thurs., 12:30, 3, 5:30, 8, 10:30 p.m. Ghost Rider Fri.-Sat., 12 noon, 2:30, 5, 7:30, 10 p.m 12:20 a.m.; Sun.-Thurs., 12 noon, 2:30, 5, 7:30, 10 p.m. Norbit 11:30 a.m., 2, 4:30, 7, 9:30 p.m. Infernal Affairs Fri.-Sat., 12 mid.

WEST HOLLYWOO BEVERLY HILLS

LAEMMLE'S MUSIC HALL 3 9036 Wilshire Blvd. (310)274-6869

nter Point Fri., 5, 7:20, 9:45 p.m.; Sat.-Sun., 12:20, 2:40, 5, 7:20, 9:45 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 5, 7:20, 9:45 p.m. Grbavica: The Land of My Dreams Fri., 5:15, 7:40, 9:55 p.m.; Sat.-Sun., 12:30, 2:50, 5:15, 7:40, 9:55 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 5:15, 7:40, 9:55 p.m

Venus Fri., 5, 7:30 p.m.; Sat.-Sun., 12 noon, 2:30, 5, 7:30 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 5, 7:30 p.m.

Cafe Setareh 10 p.m. LAEMMLE'S SUNSET 5 8000 Sunset Blvd. (323)848-3500

Days of Glory (Indigenes) 1, 4, 7, 9:45 p.m. Gray Matters 1:30, 7 p.m.

The Queen 1:30, 4:15, 7, 9:35 p.m Little Children 4, 9:30 p.m.

Blood Tea and Red String Fri.-Sat., 12 mid.
The Last King of Scotland 1:15, 4:10, 7:10, 9:55 p.m. New York Film and Video Festival

WESTWOOD WEST L.A.

AMC AVCO CENTER Wishire Blvd., 2 blks. E of Westwood Blvd (310)475-0711

Black Snake Moan Fri., 1:35, 4:30, 7:30, 10:15 p.m.; Sat., 11 a.m., 1:35, 4:30, 7:30, 10:15 p.m.; Sun., 1:35, 4:30, 7:30, 10:05 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1:45, 4:30, 7:15, 9:50

Reno 911!: Miami Fri., 2, 4:45, 7:15, 9:30 p.m.; Sat. 11:30 a.m., 2, 4:45, 7:15, 9:30 p.m.; Sun., 2, 4:45, 7:15, 9:30 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 2:15, 4:45, 7:05, 9:15 p.m.

Breach Fri., 1:30, 4, 7, 9:45 p.m.; Sat., 11:05 a.m., 1:30, 4, 7, 9:45 p.m.; Sun., 1:30, 4, 7, 9:45 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 2, 4:25, 7, 9:30 p.m.

Ghost Rider Fri., 2:15, 5, 7:35, 10 p.m.; Sat., 11:45 a.m., 2:15, 5, 7:35, 10 p.m.; Sun., 2:15, 5, 7:35, 10 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 2:25, 5, 7:30, 9:55 p.m. AMC CENTURY CITY 15 10250 Santa Monica

Boulevard (310)289-4AMC

Black Snake Moan Fri.-Sat., 10:35 a.m., 1:20, 4:25, 7:30, 10:35 p.m., 12:40 a.m.; Sun., 10:35 a.m., 1:20, 4:25,

7:30, 10:35 p.m.; Mon.-Wed., 1:15, 4:10, 7:20, 10:15

Wild Hogs Fri.-Sat., 9:45, 10:30 a.m., 12:20, 1:15, 3, 4:10, 5:40, 7, 8:25, 10, 11:05 p.m., 12:35 a.m.; Sun., 9:45, 10:30 a.m., 12:20, 1:15, 3, 4:10, 5:40, 7, 8:25, 10, 10:50 p.m.; Mon.-Wed., 12:45, 1:45, 3:15, 4:15, 5:45, 7, 8:20, 9:45, 10:50 p.m.

Zodiac Fri.-Sat., 11:30 a.m., 12:15, 3:15, 4:05, 7:05, 8, 11, 11:45 p.m., 12:30 a.m.; Sun., 11:30 a.m., 12:15, 3:15, 4:05, 7:05, 8, 10:35 p.m.; Mon.-Wed., 1, 2, 4:45, 5:35, 8:30, 9:15 p.m.

The Astronaut Farmer Fri.-Sun., 1:50, 7:50 p.m.; N Wed., 1:25, 7:15 p.m.

The Number 23 Fri.-Sat., 9:45 a.m., 12:05, 2:30, 5:05, 7:55, 10:30 p.m., 12:55 a.m., Sun., 9:45 a.m., 12:05, 2:30, 5:05, 7:55, 10:30 p.m.; Mon.-Wed., 12:55, 3:25, 5:50, 8:15, 10:40 p.m.

Reno 911!: Miami Fri.-Sun., 10 a.m., 12:10, 2:50, 5:15 7:45, 10:15 p.m.; Mon.-Wed., 12:50, 3, 5:15, 7:30, 9:55

Breach Fri.-Sun., 10:40 a.m., 1:25, 4:20, 7:25, 10:25

p.m.; Mon.-Wed., 1:55, 4:40, 7:35, 10:20 p.m. Bridge to Terabithia Fri.-Sun., 9:50 a.m., 12:10, 2:35, 5:10, 7:40, 10:10 p.m.; Mon., 1:50, 4:20, 10 p.m.; Tues.-Wed., 2:15, 5, 7:40, 10 p.m.

Ghost Rider Fri.-Sun., 11:10 a.m., 1:55, 4:40, 7:35, 10:25 p.m.; Mon.-Wed., 2:10, 4:50, 7:45, 10:30 p.m.

Music and Lyrics Fri.-Sun., 10:55 a.m., 1:45, 4:30, 7:15, 10:05 p.m.; Mon.-Wed., 1:35, 4:25, 7:10, 10:10 p.m.

Norbit Fri.-Sun., 11:35 a.m., 2:10, 4:50, 7:30, 10:05 p.m.; Mon.-Wed., 2:05, 4:35, 7:05, 9:50 p.m.

Pan's Labyrinth (El Laberinto del Fauno) Fri.-Sat., 11:05 a.m., 2, 5, 8, 10:50 p.m.; Sun., 11:05 a.m., 2, 5, 8, 10:45 p.m.; Mon.-Tues., 1:40, 4:55, 7:50, 10:45 p.m.; Wed., 1:05, 4, 10:50 p.m.

Dreamairls Fri.-Sun., 10:50 a.m., 4:35, 10:40 p.m.; Mon.-Wed., 4:05, 10:05 p.m.

The Last King of Scotland Fri.-Sun., 10:15 a.m., 1:10,

4:15, 7:20, 10:20 p.m.; Mon.-Wed., 1:30, 4:30, 7:25, 10:25 p.m.

LAEMMLE'S ROYAL THEATRE 11523 Santa Monica Blvd. (310)477-5581

Avenue Montaigne (Fauteuils d'orchestre) 1:45, 4:30, LANDMARK REGENT 1045 Broxton Avenue,

between Weyburn & Kinross in Westwood (310)281-8223

Wild Hogs 12:30, 2:45, 5, 7:30, 10 p.m.

MAJESTIC CREST Westwood & Wilshire

Boulevards (310)474-7866

The Last King of Scotland 2, 4:45, 7:30, 10 p.m.

MANN BRUIN 948 Broxton Avenue (310)208-

3:30, 7, 10:30 p.m MANN FESTIVAL 1 10887 Lindbrook Avenue (310)208-2765

The Number 23 12:30, 2:50, 5:10, 7:30, 10 p.m.

MANN NATIONAL 10925 Lindbrook Drive (310)208-4366

Music and Lyrics 11:30 a.m., 2, 4:30, 7:20, 9:50 p.m.

MANN VILLAGE 961 Broxton Avenue (310)208-5576

naut Farmer Fri.-Wed., 11:40 a.m., 2:10, 4:40, 7:10, 9:40 p.m

NUART THEATRE 11272 Santa Monica Blvd. (310)281-8223

Tears of the Black Tiger Fri., 4:30, 7:15, 9:50 p.m.; Sat.-Sun., 1:45, 4:30, 7:15, 9:50 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 4:30, 7:15, 9:50 p.m.

The Goonies Fri., 11:55 p.m.

The Rocky Horror Picture Show Sat., 11:55 p.m. WESTSIDE PAVILION CINEMAS 10800 Pico Blvd. at Overland Ave (310)281-8223

Amazing Grace 11:10 a.m., 1:50, 4:30, 7:15, 9:55 p.m The Lives of Others (Das Leben der Anderen) 11 a.m., 2, 5, 8:15 p.m.

Notes on a Scandal Fri.-Wed., 11:40 a.m., 2:15, 4:45, 7, 9:40 p.m.; Thurs., 11:40 a.m., 2:15, 4:45, 9:40 p.m. The Queen 11:20 a.m., 1:40, 4:15, 6:45, 9:20 p.m.

CULVER CITY, LAX MARINA DEL REY

AMC LOEWS MARINA 6 13455 Maxella Ave. (310)578-2002 Black Snake Moan Fri., 1:50, 4:35, 7:25, 10:15 p.m.; Sat.,

11 a.m., 1:50, 4:35, 7:25, 10:15 p.m.; Sun.-Thurs., 1:50, 4:35, 7:25, 10:15 p.m.

Zodiac Fri.-Sun., 12 noon, 3:30, 7, 10:35 p.m.; Mor Thurs., 2:20, 6:05, 9:35 p.m.

Amazing Grace Fri., 1:45, 4:30, 7:10, 9:45 p.m.; Sat., 11:05 a.m., 1:45, 4:30, 7:10, 9:45 p.m.; Sun.-Thurs., 1:45, 4:30, 7:10, 9:45 p.m. Breach Fri., 2:05, 4:40, 7:20, 9:55 p.m.; Sat., 11:20 a.m.,

2:05, 4:40, 7:20, 9:55 p.m.; Sun.-Thurs., 2:05, 4:40, 7:20, 9:55 p.m.

Bridge to Terabithia Fri., 12:45, 3:05, 5:25, 7:45, 10 p.m.; Sat., 11:45 a.m., 2:30, 5:10, 7:45, 10 p.m.; Sun., 12:45, 3:05, 5:25, 7:45, 10 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 2:30, 5:10, 7:45,

Music and Lyrics Fri., 12:05, 2:35, 5:05, 7:50, 10:25 p.m.; Sat., 11:30 a.m., 2:15, 5:05, 7:50, 10:25 p.m.; Sun., 12:05, 2:35, 5:05, 7:50, 10:25 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 2, 4:30, 7:05, 9:35 p.m.

PACIFIC CULVER STADIUM 12 9500 Culver Boulevard, Culver and Washington (310)360-9565

Black Snake Moan Fri.-Sat., 12:45, 3:35, 7:35, 10:35 p.m.; Sun.-Wed., 1:25, 4:25, 7:20, 10:30 p.m.; Thurs., 1, 4:05, 7:05, 10:10 p.m.

Wild Hogs Fri.-Sat., 12:30, 2:50, 5:10, 7:30, 10:05 p.m.; Sun.-Thurs., 1:50, 4:20, 7, 9:30 p.m.

Zodiac Fri.-Sat., 12:35, 3:50, 7:20, 10:50 p.m.; Sun.-Wed., 1:15, 4:40, 8:10 p.m.; Thurs., 3:45, 7:20, 10:50 p.m.

The Astronaut Farmer 2:10, 4:35, 7:10, 9:35 p.m. The Number 23 Fri.-Sat., 12:50, 10:25 p.m.; Sun.-Wed. $2{:}40,\, 5,\, 7{:}30,\, 9{:}55 \,\, p.m.; \, Thurs.,\, 2{:}35,\, 5{:}05,\, 7{:}40,\, 10{:}15$

Reno 911!: Miami Fri.-Sat., 1:15, 3:30, 5:35, 7:45, 9:50 p.m.; Sun.-Wed., 1:10, 3:30, 5:35, 7:45, 9:50 p.m.; Thurs., 1:15, 3:30, 5:35, 7:45, 9:50 p.m.

Breach Fri.-Sat., 2, 4:30, 7:25, 10:10 p.m.; Sun.-Thurs., 2, 4:30, 7:25, 10:05 p.m.

Bridge to Terabithia Fri.-Sat., 1, 3:20, 7, 9:15 p.m.; Sun.-

Wed., 1, 3:20, 5:40, 8, 10:20 p.m.; Thurs., 1:20, 3:20, 5:40, 8, 10:20 p.m.

Ghost Rider Fri.-Sat., 2:35, 5:05, 7:40, 10:20 p.m.; Sun.-Wed., 2:35, 5:05, 7:40, 10:15 p.m.; Thurs., 1:20 p.r Music and Lyrics Fri.-Sat., 1:05, 3:25, 5:45, 8:05, 10:30 p.m.; Sun.-Wed., 1:05, 3:25, 5:45, 8:05, 10:25 p.m.; Thurs., 1:05, 3:25, 5:45, 8:05, 10:30 p.m.

Tyler Perry's Daddy's Little Girls Fri.-Sat., 2:55, 5:25, 7:50, 10:15 p.m.; Sun.-Wed., 2:55, 5:25, 7:50, 10:10 p.m.; Thurs., 2:55, 5:25, 7:50, 10:25 p.m. Norbit Fri.-Sat., 2:30, 4:45, 7:15, 9:45 p.m.; Sun.-Wed.,

1:55, 4:45, 7:15, 9:45 p.m.; Thurs., 2:30, 4:45, 7:15,

UA MARINA DEL REY 4335 Glencoe Avenue (800)326-3264 510

Wild Hogs Fri.-Sun., 11:10 a.m., 1:40, 4:10, 7, 9:50 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1:20, 4:10, 7, 9:45 p.m.

The Astronaut Farmer Fri.-Sun., 11 a.m., 1:30, 4:30, 7:30, 10:05 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1:10, 4:50, 7:30, 10:05 p.m. The Number 23 Fri.-Sun., 11:05 a.m., 1:55, 4:20, 7:10,

9:40 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 2, 4:40, 7:10, 9:50 p.m. Reno 911!: Miami Fri., 2:30, 5, 7:50, 10:15 p.m.; Fri., 12 mid.; Sat., 2:30 p.m.; Sat., 12 noon, 5, 7:50, 10:15 p.m.; Sun., 2:30, 5, 7:50 p.m.; Sun., 12 noon, 10:15 p.m.; Mon., 1:50, 7:20 p.m.; Mon., 4, 9:55 p.m.; Tues., 1:50, 7:20 p.m.; Tues., 4, 9:55 p.m.; Wed., 1:50, 7:20 p.m.; Wed., 4, 9:55 p.m.; Thurs., 1:50, 7:20 p.m.; Thurs., 4,

Ghost Rider Fri.-Sun., 11:20 a.m., 2, 4:40, 7:20, 10 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1, 3:45, 7:15, 10 p.m.

Norbit Fri.-Sun., 11:30 a.m., 2:10, 4:50, 7:40, 10:10 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1:30, 5, 7:35, 10:10 p.m

SANTA MONICA MALIBU

AMC LOEWS BROADWAY 4 1441 3rd St. Promenade (310)458-1506 706

Amazing Grace Fri., 1:20, 4:05, 7, 9:45 p.m.; Sat.-Sun., 10:50 a.m., 1:20, 4:05, 7, 9:45 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1:20, 4:05, 7, 9:45 p.m.

The Astronaut Farmer Fri., 4:30, 10:05 p.m.; Sat.-Sun., 11 a.m., 4:30, 10:05 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 4:30, 10:05 p.m. Reno 911!: Miami Fri., 2:05, 4:15, 7:40, 9:55 p.m.; Sat.-Sun., 11:55 a.m., 2:05, 4:15, 7:40, 9:55 p.m.; Mon. Thurs., 2:05, 4:15, 7:40, 9:55 p.m.

Pan's Labyrinth (El Laberinto del Fauno) Fri., 2, 4:45, 7:35, 10:15 p.m.; Sat.-Sun., 11:15 a.m., 2, 4:45, 7:35, 10:15 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 2, 4:45, 7:35, 10:15 p.m.

Dreamgirls 1:30, 7:10 p.m. AMC SANTA MONICA 7 3rd St. at Arizona (310)289-4AMC

ack Snake Moan Fri.-Sun., 11:10 a.m., 2, 4:50, 7:40, 10:30 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1:20, 4:20, 7:10, 10:05 p.m. Wild Hogs Fri.-Sun., 11 a.m., 12:05, 1:45, 2:35, 4:25 5:15, 7, 7:45, 9:35, 10:15 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1:45, 2:35, 4:25, 5:15, 7, 7:45, 9:35, 10:15 p.m.

Zodiac Fri.-Sun., 11:20 a.m., 12:15, 2:45, 3:40, 6:15 7:10, 9:45, 10:35 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1:15, 2:45, 4:30, 6:15, 8, 9:45 p.m.

Breach Fri.-Sun., 11:05 a.m., 1:50, 4:35, 7:20, 10 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1:50, 4:35, 7:20, 10 p.m.

Bridge to Terabithia Fri.-Sun., 11:45 a.m., 2:30, 5, 7:25,

9:50 p.m.: Mon.-Thurs., 2:30, 5, 7:25, 9:50 p.m AERO THEATRE 1328 Montana Avenue (323)466-FILM

Black Book (Zwartboek) Sun., 7:30 p.m. Our Daily Bread (Unser taglich Brot) Sun., 5 p.m. Robocop Sat., 7:30 p.m.

The Fourth Man Fri., 7:30 p.m Lonely are the Brave (1962) Thurs., 7:30 p.m.

The Friends of Eddie Coyle Wed., 7:30 p.m. HOLLYWOOD THEATERS - MALIBU CINEMAS

3822 Cross Creek Road (310)456-6990 Wild Hogs Fri., 4:15, 7:15, 9:45 p.m.; Sat.-Sun., 1:15, 4:15, 7:15, 9:45 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 4:15, 7:15, 9:45 p.m. Music and Lyrics Fri., 4, 7, 9:30 p.m.; Sat.-Sun., 1, 4, 7,

9:30 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 4, 7, 9:30 p.m. LAEMMLE'S MONICA FOURPLEX 1332 2nd Street (310)394-9741

Starter for 10 4:25, 9:55 p.m.

The Lives of Others (Das Leben der Anderen) Fri., 1:55, 5, 8:15 p.m.; Sat.-Sun., 11 a.m., 1:55, 5, 8:15 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1:55, 5, 8:15 p.m.

An Unreasonable Man Sat.-Sun., 11 a.m. God Grew Tired of Us: The Story of Lost Boys of Sudar Sat.-Sun., 11 a.m.

Letters From Iwo Jima 3:35, 9:35 p.m The Painted Veil 12:45, 6:45 p.m. Captive (Cautiva) Sat.-Sun., 11 a.m. Volver 1:35, 7:10 p.m.

The Queen 1:45, 4:40, 7:20, 9:50 p.m.

MANN CRITERION 1313 Third Street Promenade (310)395-1599

The Number 23 11:30 a.m., 2:10, 4:50, 7:30, 10:10 p.m. Ghost Rider 11:10 a.m., 1:40, 4:20, 7, 9:50 p.m. Music and Lyrics 11:20 a.m., 2, 4:40, 7:20, 10 p.m.

Norbit 11:50 a.m., 2:30, 5:10, 7:40, 10:20 p.m.
Children of Men 11:40 a.m., 2:20, 5, 7:50, 10:40 p.m. Happy Feet 11 a.m., 1:25 p.m. The Departed 3:50, 7:10, 10:30 p.

NUWILSHIRE 1314 Wilshire Blvd. (310)281-

Factory Girl Fri., 2:30, 5, 7:30, 10 p.m.; Sat.-Sun., 12 noon, 2:30, 5, 7:30, 10 p.m.; Mon.-Tues., 2:30, 5, 7:30, 10 p.m.; Wed., 7:30, 10 p.m.; Thurs., 5, 7:30, 10 p.m. The Last King of Scotland Fri., 12 noon, 1, 4, 7, 9:55 p.m.; Sat.-Tues., 1, 4, 7, 9:55 p.m.; Wed., 7, 9:55 p.m.; Thurs., 4, 7, 9:55 p.m.

NO. HOLLYWOOD UNIVERSAL CITY

AMC UNIVERSAL CITY 19 WITH IMAX 100 Universal City Plaza (818)508-0588 707

Black Snake Moan Fri.-Sat., 12:50, 3:50, 6:45, 9:40 p.m., 12:30 a.m.; Sun., 12:50, 3:50, 6:45, 9:40 p.m.; Mon Thurs., 1:45, 4:40, 7:30, 10:15 p.m.

Wild Hogs Fri.-Sat., 11:40 a.m., 2:10, 4:45, 7:15, 9:50 p.m., 12:25 a.m.: Sun., 11:40 a.m., 2:10, 4:45, 7:15, 9:50 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1:55, 4:25, 7, 9:40 p.m

Zodiac Fri.-Sun., 11:30 a.m., 3, 6:30, 10:20 p.m.; Mon. Thurs., 1:30, 5, 8:30 p.m. The Astronaut Farmer Fri.-Sun., 11:20 a.m., 1:50, 4:30,

7:10, 9:45 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 2:15, 4:50, 7:25, 9:55 p.m The Number 23 Fri.-Sat., 11:15 a.m., 1:45, 4:20, 6:50, 9:30 p.m., 12:10 a.m.; Sun., 11:15 a.m., 1:45, 4:20 6:50, 9:30 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 2:30, 5:10, 7:40, 10:25

Reno 911!: Miami Fri.-Sat., 11 a.m., 1:10, 3:20, 5:35, 7:50, 10:10 p.m., 12:20 a.m.; Sun., 11 a.m., 1:10, 3:20, 5:35, 7:50, 10:10 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 2:45, 5:15, 7:35, 9:50 p.m.

Bridge to Terabithia Fri.-Sun., 11:50 a.m., 2:15, 4:35, 6:55, 9:20 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 2:20, 4:45, 7:10, 9:30 p.m. Ghost Rider Fri.-Sat., 11:25 a.m., 2, 4:40, 7:40, 10:35, 11:50 p.m.; Sun., 11:25 a.m., 2, 4:40, 7:40, 10:35 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1:50, 4:35, 7:20, 10 p.m.

Hannibal Rising Fri.-Sat., 11:45 a.m., 2:35, 5:30, 8:30, 11:20 p.m.; Sun., 11:45 a.m., 2:35, 5:25, 8:05, 10:45 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 2:05, 4:55, 7:50, 10:30 p.m. Norbit Fri.-Sat., 12:30, 3:05, 5:45, 8:20, 10:50 p.m.; Sun.,

12:30, 3:05, 5:45, 8:20, 10:40 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 2:35, 5:05, 7:45, 10:10 p.m.

The Messengers Fri.-Sun., 11:05 a.m., 1:15, 3:35, 5:50, 8:10, 10:25 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 3, 5:30, 8, 10:20 p.m. Night at the Museum: The IMAX Experience Fri.-Sun 12:15, 2:45, 5:10, 7:30, 10 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 2, 4:30, 7:05, 9:35 p

CENTURY 8 NORTH HOLLYWOOD 12827 Victory Blvd. & Coldwater Canyon (818)508-

Wild Hogs 11:35 a.m., 2:20, 5, 7:40, 10:10 p.m **Zodiac** 12:15, 3:35, 7, 10:25 p.m.

The Astronaut Farmer 12:05, 2:45, 5:20, 7:55, 10:25 p.m. mber 23 11:40 a.m., 2:10, 4:40, 7:20, 10 p.m Reno 911!: Miami 11:30 a.m., 1:50, 4, 6:15, 8:25, 10:30

Bridge to Terabithia 11:50 a.m., 2:30, 4:50, 7:15, 9:45

Ghost Rider 12 noon, 2:40, 5:15, 7:45, 10:20 p.m Norbit 11:45 a.m., 2:15, 4:45, 7:10, 9:40 p.m

PANORAMA CITY SHERMAN OAKS, ENCINO

LAEMMLE'S TOWN CENTER 5 17200 Ventura Blvd (818)981-9811

Avenue Montaigne (Fauteuils d'orchestre) 11:45 a.m. 2:10, 4:45, 7:30, 9:55 p.m.

Encounter Point 11:50 a.m., 2, 4:35, 7:15, 9:35 p.m. Factory Girl 10 p.m.

The Lives of Others (Das Leben der Anderen) 1:40, 4:55,

Pan's Labyrinth (El Laberinto del Fauno) 1:30, 4:15, 7,

Venus Fri., 12:10, 2:40, 5:10, 7:40 p.m.; Sat.-Sun., 12:10, 2:40, 5:10, 7:45 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 12:10, 2:40, 5:10,

MANN PLANT 16 7876 Van Nuys Boulevard (818)779-0323

nck Snake Moan 11:40 a.m., 2:40, 5:20, 8, 10:40 p.n Wild Hogs 11:10 a.m., 1:40, 4:10, 6:40, 9:10 p.m.; 12:10, 2:30, 5:10, 7:40, 10:10 p.m.

Zodiac 12 noon, 1:30, 3:30, 5, 7, 8:30, 10:20 p.m

The Abandoned 11:50 a.m., 2:20, 4:50, 7:20, 9:50 p.m.
The Astronaut Farmer 11:20 a.m., 1:50, 4:20 p.m. The Number 23 12:30, 3, 5:30, 8, 10:30 p.m Reno 911!: Miami 11 a.m., 1:10, 3:20, 5:30, 7:40, 10

Breach 11:05 a.m., 1:40, 4:15, 6:50, 9:20 p.m Bridge to Terabithia 11:40 a.m., 2, 4:30, 7, 9:30 p.m Ghost Rider 11 a.m., 12:10, 1:30, 2:40, 4:20, 5:20, 6:50, 7:50, 9:30, 10:30 p.m.

Music and Lyrics 11:30 a.m., 2, 4:40, 7:10, 9:40 p.m Norbit 11:10 a.m., 1:50, 4:10, 5, 6:40, 7:30, 9:10, 10:10

The Messengers 6:45, 9 p.m.

Happy Feet 12 noon, 2:30 p.m. PACIFIC GALLERIA STADIUM 16 15301

Ventura Boulevard (818)501-5121 Black Snake Moan Fri., 1:35, 4:40, 7:35, 10:45 p.m.; Sat., 1:40, 4:40, 7:35, 10:45 p.m.; Sun.-Mon., 1:15, 4:15,

7:20, 10:20 p.m. Wild Hogs Fri.-Sat., 12:15, 1:45, 2:45, 4:20, 5:20, 7, 8, 9:40, 10:40 p.m.; Sun., 12:15, 1:45, 2:45, 4:20, 5:20, 7:10, 8:10, 9:50 p.m.; Mon., 1:45, 2:45, 4:25, 5:25,

7:10, 8:10, 9:50 p.m. Zodiac Fri.-Sat., 12 noon, 1, 3:30, 4:30, 7:10, 8:10, 10:50 p.m.; Sun., 12 noon, 1:05, 3:35, 4:35, 7, 8:05, 10:30 p.m.; Mon., 12:45, 3:10, 4:20, 7, 8:05, 10:30 p.m.

Amazing Grace Fri.-Sun., 1:10, 4:10, 7:15, 10:05 p.m.; Mon., 12:55, 3:45, 7:15, 10:05 p.m

The Astronaut Farmer Fri.-Sat., 4:25, 10:30 p.m.; Sun., 4:30, 10:30 p.m.; Mon., 1:35, 7:45 p.m.

The Number 23 Fri.-Sun., 12:10, 2:35, 5:15, 7:45, 10:15

p.m.; Mon., 1:50, 4:35, 7:30, 10:15 p.m. no 911!: Miami Fri.-Sun., 12:05, 2:35, 5:10, 7:45,

10:20 p.m.: Mon., 1:55, 4:30, 7:05, 9:35 p.m Breach Fri.-Sat., 12:05, 2:45, 5:30, 8:10, 10:55 p.m.;

Sun.-Mon., 1:55, 4:55, 7:40, 10:25 p.m Bridge to Terabithia Fri.-Mon., 1:30, 4:20, 7, 9:40 p.m Ghost Rider Fri.-Sun., 1:45, 4:30, 7:20, 10:10 p.m.; Mon.,

1:45, 4:45, 7:30, 10:10 p.m.

Music and Lyrics Fri.-Mon., 1:55, 4:35, 7:25, 10:15 p.m.

Norbit Fri.-Mon., 1:20, 4:15, 7:10, 9:50 p.m.

Because I Said So Fri.-Mon., 1:30, 4:25, 7:05, 9:45 p.m. Letters From Iwo Jima Fri.-Sun., 12:50, 7:15 p.m.; Mon., 4:30, 10:25 p.m.

airls Fri.-Sat., 12:40, 4:05, 7:30, 10:45 p.m.: S 12:40, 4:05, 7:30, 10:30 p.m.; Mon., 12:50, 4:05, 7:20,

PACIFIC SHERMAN OAKS 5 Corner of Van

Nuys Blvd and Milbank (818)501-5121 Notes on a Scandal Fri.-Sat., 2, 4:30, 7, 9:30 p.m.; Sun.-

Tues., 2:05, 4:40, 7 p.m.

Children of Men Fri.-Sat., 2:10, 4:50, 7:40, 10:20 p.m.; Sun.-Tues., 2:10, 4:50, 7:20 p.m

Happy Feet Fri.-Sat., 1:40, 4:30 p.m.; Sun.-Tues., 2:10,

The Queen Fri.-Sat., 1:30, 4:20, 7:10, 9:55 p.m.; Sun. Tues., 2:20, 5, 7:30 p.m.

The Last King of Scotland Fri.-Sat., 1:50, 4:40, 7:30, 10:15 p.m.: Sun.-Tues., 2, 4:45, 7:35 p.m

WOODLAND HILLS WEST HILLS, TARZANA

AMC PROMENADE 16 Topanga Canyon Blvd. And Oxnard N. of 101 Fwy. (818)883-2AMC

Black Snake Moan Fri.-Sat., 10:40 a.m., 1:40, 4:35, 7:30, 10:30 p.m.; Sun., 10:40 a.m., 1:40, 4:35, 7:30, 10:25 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1:40, 4:35, 7:30, 10:25 p.m

Wild Hogs Fri., 10:30 a.m., 12:05, 1:10, 2:50, 4:05, 5:30, 6:45, 8:05, 9:25, 10:45 p.m.; Sat., 10:45 a.m., 12:05, 1:25, 2:50, 4:05, 5:30, 6:45, 8:05, 9:25, 10:45 p.m.; Sun., 10:30 a.m., 12:05, 1:10, 2:50, 4:05, 5:30, 6:45, 8:05, 9:25 p.m.; Mon.-Tues., 1:10, 2:25, 4:05, 5:05, 6:45, 7:40, 9:25, 10:20 p.m.; Wed.-Thurs., 1:10, 4:05, 6:45, 9:25 p.m

Zodiac Fri.-Sat., 11 a.m., 12 noon, 2:35, 3:35, 6:15, 7:15, 9:50, 10:50 p.m.; Sun., 11 a.m., 12 noon, 2:35, 3:35, 6:15, 7:15, 9:50 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1, 2:35, 4:45, 6:15, 8:15, 9:50 p.m.

Amazing Grace Fri.-Sun., 10:35 a.m., 1:35, 4:15, 7:10, 9:55 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1:35, 4:15, 7:10, 9:55 p.m.

The Astronaut Farmer Fri.-Sun., 10:55 a.m., 1:45, 4:40, 7:20, 10 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1:45, 4:40, 7:20, 10 p.m

The Number 23 Fri., 10:15 a.m., 12:45, 3:30, 5:55, 8:30, 11 p.m.; Sat., 10:30 a.m., 1, 3:30, 5:55, 8:30, 11 p.m.; Sun., 12:15, 2:45, 5:20, 7:55, 10:30 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs. 2:05, 5:20, 7:55, 10:30 p.m. Reno 911!: Miami Fri., 10:25 a.m., 12:40, 3:25, 5:40, 8.

10:20 p.m.; Sat., 10:50 a.m., 1:05, 3:25, 5:40, 8, 10:20 p.m.; Sun., 10:25 a.m., 12:40, 3:25, 5:40, 8, 10:20 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 2:20, 5, 7:45, 10:05 p.m

Breach Fri.-Sat., 11:15 a.m., 2, 5, 7:55, 10:40 p.m.; Sun., 11:15 a.m., 2, 4:50, 7:35, 10:10 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 2, 4:50, 7:35, 10:10 p.m.

Bridge to Terabithia Fri.-Sun., 11:20 a.m., 2:05, 4:45 7:10, 9:45 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 2:05, 4:45, 7:10, 9:45 p.m. Ghost Rider Fri.-Sat., 11:35 a.m., 2:15, 5:10, 7:50, 10:35 p.m.; Sun., 11:35 a.m., 2:15, 5:10, 7:50, 10:30 p.m.;

Mon.-Thurs., 2:15, 5:10, 7:50, 10:30 p.m.

Music and Lyrics Fri.-Sun., 10:50 a.m., 1:30, 4:20, 7, 9:40 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1:30, 4:20, 7, 9:40 p.m. Norbit Fri.-Sun., 11:10 a.m., 1:50, 4:30, 7:05, 9:40 p.m.;

Mon.-Tues., 1:50, 4:30, 7:05, 9:40 p.m.; Wed., 1:25, 1:50, 4, 4:30, 9:40 p.m.; Thurs., 1:25, 1:50, 4, 4:30,

7:05, 9:40 p.m.

Because I Said So Fri.-Sun., 11:30 a.m., 2:10, 4:55, 7:40, 10:15 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 2:10, 4:55, 7:40, 10:15 p.m Dreamgirls 1:20, 7:25 p.m.

The Last King of Scotland Fri., 10:20 a.m., 4:30, 10:35

p.m.; Sat., 10:30 a.m., 4:30, 10:35 p.m.; Sun., 10:20 a.m., 4:30, 10:25 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 4:30, 10:25 p.m.
The First Emperor Encore - NCM Event Wed., 7 p.m.
LAEMMLE'S FALLBROOK Fallbrook Mall

(818)340-8710 Nishabd Fri.-Sat., 1:15, 4, 9:45 p.m.; Sun.-Thurs., 12:45,

3:30, 9 p.m.

Zodiac 1:10, 4:35, 8 p.m.
The Number 23 Fri.-Sun., 12 noon, 2:30, 4:50, 7:20, 9:45 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1, 3:30, 5:50, 8:20 p.m

Breach Fri.-Sun., 1:50, 4:30, 7:10, 9:50 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 2:50, 5:30, 8:10 p.m.

Music and Lyrics Fri.-Sun., 11:40 a.m., 2:20, 5, 7:40,

10:10 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 12:40, 3:20, 6, 8:40 p.m.

The Queen Fri.-Sun., 11:30 a.m., 1:55, 4:30, 7:10, 9:45 p.m.: Mon.-Thurs., 12:30, 2:55, 5:30, 8:10 p.m The Rocky Horror Picture Show Fri., 12 mid.

Eklavya - The Royal Guard Fri.-Sat., 6:45 p.m.; Sun. Thurs., 6:15 p.m.

Jimmy Aur Johnny (Nehle Pe Dehla) Fri.-Sat., 1, 3:45, 6:30, 9:30 p.m.; Sun.-Thurs., 12:30, 3:15, 6, 8:45 p.m.

BURBANK & VICINITY

AMC BURBANK 16 125 E. Palm Ave. Downtown Burbank, First & Palm, one block north of Olive (310)289-4AMC

Black Snake Moan Fri.-Sat., 10:40 a.m., 1:45, 4:45, 7:45, 10:45 p.m.; Sun., 10:40 a.m., 1:45, 4:45, 7:45, 10:30 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1, 3:55, 6:55, 9:55 p.m.

Wild Hogs Fri.-Sat., 10:40 a.m., 12 noon, 1:20, 2:40, 4, 5:30, 6:40, 8:15, 9:20, 10:55, 11:55 p.m.; Sun., 10:40 ı.m., 12 noon, 1:20, 2:40, 4, 5:30, 6:40, 8:15, 9:20, 10:45 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1:20, 2:30, 4, 5:20, 6:40, 8:15, 9:20 p.m

Zodiac Fri.-Sat., 11:15 a.m., 12:45, 2:50, 4:20, 6:30, 8, 10:10, 11:40 p.m.; Sun., 11:15 a.m., 12:45, 2:50, 4:20, 6:30, 8, 10:10 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 12:55, 2:50, 4:20, 6:30, 7:50, 10:05 p.m.

Amazing Grace Fri.-Sun., 10:55 a.m., 1:40, 4:25, 7:15, 10 p.m.; Mon.-Tues., 1:40, 4:25, 7:15, 10 p.m.; Wed., 1:40, 4:15 p.m.: Thurs., 1:40, 4:25, 7:15, 10 p.m.

The Astronaut Farmer Fri.-Sun., 10:45 a.m., 1:25, 4:10, 7:05, 9:50 p.m.; Mon., 1:25, 4:10, 7:05, 9:50 p.m Tues., 1:25, 4:10 p.m.; Wed., 1:25, 4:10, 7:05, 9:50 p.m.; Thurs., 1:25, 4:10 p.m.

The Number 23 Fri.-Sat., 11:45 a.m., 2:20, 4:55, 7:35, 10:25, 11:45 p.m.; Sun., 11:45 a.m., 2:20, 4:55, 7:35, 10:25 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 2:10, 4:55, 7:35 p.m.

Reno 911!: Miami Fri.-Sat., 10:50 a.m., 1:10, 3:35, 6:05, 8:30, 10:50, 11:35 p.m.; Sun., 10:50 a.m., 1:10, 3:35, 6:05, 8:30, 10:40 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1:10, 3:35, 6:05, 8:30 p.m

Breach Fri.-Sun., 11 a.m., 1:50, 4:35, 7:30, 10:15 p Mon.-Thurs., 1:50, 4:35, 7:30, 10:10 p.m.

Bridge to Terabithia Fri.-Sun., 10:30 a.m., 1:05, 3:45, 6:20, 9 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1:05, 3:45, 6:20, 9 p.m. Ghost Rider Fri.-Sat., 11:40 a.m., 2:30, 5:15, 8:10, 11:05 p.m., 12 mid.; Sun., 11:40 a.m., 2:30, 5:15, 8:10 p.m.;

Mon.-Thurs., 2:15, 5:15, 8:10 p.m. Music and Lyrics Fri.-Sat., 12:05, 2:45, 5:35, 8:20, 11 p.m.; Sun., 12:05, 2:45, 5:35, 8:20 p.m.; Mon., 2:20, 5:10, 8:05 p.m.; Tues., 2:20, 5 p.m.; Wed.-Thurs., 2:20, 5:10, 8:05 p.m.

Norbit Fri.-Sun., 10:35 a.m., 1:15, 3:50, 6:25, 9:10 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1:15, 3:50, 6:25, 9:10 p.m.

Because I Said So Fri.-Sun., 11:05 a.m., 1:30, 4:15, 7, 9:35 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1:30, 4:20, 7, 9:40 p.m. Pan's Labyrinth (El Laberinto del Fauno) Fri.-Sun., 10:45

a.m., 1:35, 4:30, 7:20, 10:20 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1:35, 4:30. 7:20, 10:15 p.m.

The First Emperor Encore - NCM Event Wed., 7 p.m. AMC BURBANK TOWN CENTER 6 Outside the Mall on N. First St. (310)289-4262

Black Snake Moan Fri.-Sun., 12:15, 3:20, 6:30, 9:35 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1:55, 5:05, 8 p.m.

Zodiac Fri.-Sat., 12 noon, 3:35, 7:15, 10:55 p.m.; Sun., 12 noon, 3:35, 7:15 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1:30, 4:55, 8:30

Reno 911!: Miami Fri., 2:10, 4:35, 7, 9:25 p.m.; Sat.-Sun. 11:50 a.m., 2:10, 4:35, 7, 9:25 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 2:15, 4:35, 7, 9:25 p.m.

Bridge to Terabithia Fri., 2, 4:45, 7:25, 9:55 p.m.; Sat. Sun., 11:30 a.m., 2, 4:45, 7:25, 9:55 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 2:05, 4:45, 7:25, 9:55 p.m

Ghost Rider Fri.-Sun., 12:30, 6:05 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1,

Hannibal Rising Fri.-Sat., 4:55, 7:50, 10:45 p.m.; Sun., 4:55, 7:50, 10:30 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 4:15, 7:10, 10 p.m. Norbit Fri., 2:20 p.m.; Sat.-Sun., 11:40 a.m., 2:20 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1:45 p.m.

The Messengers Fri.-Sun., 3:30, 9 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 3:45, 9 p.m.

GLENDALE HIGHLAND PARK

HIGHLAND THEATER 5604 North Figueroa Street (323)256-6383

Wild Hogs 12:15, 2:25, 4:35, 6:45, 8:55 p.m. The Abandoned 12:55, 4:55, 8:55 p.m. Bridge to Terabithia 12:20, 2:30, 4:40, 6:50, 9 p.m. Hannibal Rising 2:45, 6:45 p.m.

MANN MARKETPLACE 4 144 South Brand Blvd, Suite P (818)547-3352

Zodiac Fri.-Sat., 12:45, 4:15, 7:45, 11:15 p.m.; Sun. Thurs., 12:45, 4:15, 7:45 p.m.

Reno 911!: Miami 11:20 a.m., 1:30, 3:40, 5:50, 8, 10:20

Bridge to Terabithia 11:40 a.m., 2, 4:30, 7, 9:30 p.m Ghost Rider 11:30 a.m., 2:10, 4:50, 7:30, 10:10 p.m.
UA LACANADA FLINTRIDGE 1919 Verdugo Blvd (800)326-3264 508

Wild Hogs 11:35 a.m., 2:10, 4:50, 7:45, 10:10 p.m. Zodiac 12 noon, 3:30, 7, 10:25 p.m.

The Astronaut Farmer 11:20 a.m., 2, 4:30, 7:30, 10 p.m. Reno 911!: Miami 12:05, 2:30, 4:45, 7:15, 9:45 p.m. Breach 11:30 a.m., 2:15, 4:55, 7:35, 10:20 p.m. Bridge to Terabithia 11:40 a.m., 2:20, 4:40, 7:10, 9:50

Ghost Rider 11:50 a.m., 2:25, 5:05, 7:55, 10:30 p.m Music and Lyrics 12:10, 2:35, 5, 7:25, 9:55 p.m

PASADENA & VICINITY

LAEMMLE'S - ONE COLORADO CINEMAS 42 Miller Alley (626)744-1224

Wild Hogs 1:30, 4:40, 7:20, 9:50 p.m. Zodiac 1:15, 4:35, 8 p.m.

Starter for 10 1:45, 5, 7:40, 10 p.m. Breach 1:50, 4:30, 7:10, 9:45 p.m. Bridge to Terabithia 1:20, 3:40, 7, 9:25 p.m.

Music and Lyrics 1:55, 4:50, 7:30, 10 p.m. Factory Girl 4:05, 9:20 p.m.

Venus 1:10, 6:45 p.m.

Letters From Iwo Jima 1, 6:15 p.m.

Babel 3:30, 9:10 p.m. **LAEMMLE'S PLAYHOUSE 7** 673 East Colorado Boulevard (626)844-6500 e Montaigne (Fauteuils d'orchestre) 11:45 a.m.

2:20, 5, 7:40, 10:15 p.m. Breaking and Entering 1:20, 4:10, 7, 9:50 p.m.
Grbavica: The Land of My Dreams 12:10, 2:30, 4:55,

7:15, 9:35 p.m The Lives of Others (Das Leben der Anderen) 1:10, 4:40,

Notes on a Scandal 2:10, 7:30 p.m.

Volver 11:30 a.m., 4:45, 9:55 p.m The Queen 11:30 a.m., 2, 4:35, 7:10, 9:45 p.m.

The Last King of Scotland 1:30, 4:25, 7:20, 10:10 p.m. PACIFIC PASEO STADIUM 14 336 East Colorado Boulevard (626)568-8888

ck Snake Moan Fri.-Sun., 11:05 a.m., 1:55, 5:05, 7:55, 10:55 p.m.; Mon., 11:05 a.m., 1:55, 5:05, 7:55, 10:35 p.m.; Tues.-Thurs., 1:55, 5:05, 7:55, 10:35 p.m.

Wild Hogs Fri.-Sat., 10:30, 11:30 a.m., 1, 2, 4:35, 5:35, 7:25, 8:25, 10:10, 11:10 p.m.; Sun., 10:30, 11:30 a.m., 1, 2, 4:35, 5:35, 7:25, 8:25, 9:50 p.m.; Mon., 11 a.m., 12 noon, 1:30, 2:30, 4:35, 5:35, 7:20, 8:20, 9:50 p.m.; Tues.-Thurs., 1:30, 2:30, 4:35, 5:35, 7:20, 8:20, 9:50

Zodiac Fri.-Sat., 11:25 a.m., 3:05, 7, 10:35 p.m.; Sun 11:25 a.m., 3:05, 7, 10:25 p.m.; Mon., 11:35 a.m., 3:05, 7, 10:25 p.m.; Tues.-Thurs., 2:35, 7, 10:25 p.m. Amazing Grace Fri.-Sat., 10:35 a.m., 1:10, 4:15, 7:10, 9:55 p.m.; Sun., 10:35 a.m., 1:10, 4:15, 7:10, 9:40 p.m.; Mon., 11:25 a.m., 2:10, 4:40, 7:10, 9:40 p.m.; Tues.

Thurs., 2:10, 4:40, 7:10, 9:40 p.m. The Astronaut Farmer Fri.-Sat., 10:40 a.m., 1:05, 4:25, 7:20, 10:05 p.m.; Sun., 10:40 a.m., 1:05, 4:25, 7:20, 9:45 p.m.; Mon., 11:50 a.m., 2:20, 5:10, 7:35, 10:10 p.m.; Wed.-Thurs., 2:20, 5:10, 7:35, 10:10 p.m.

The Number 23 Fri.-Sat., 11:20 a.m., 2:15, 4:50, 7:40, 10:20 p.m.; Sun.-Mon., 11:20 a.m., 2:15, 5:05, 7:30,

9:55 p.m.; Tues.-Thurs., 2:15, 4:50, 7:30, 10:05 p.m. Reno 911!: Miami Fri.-Sat., 11:10 a.m., 1:15, 3:20, 5:30, 8:15, 10:40 p.m.; Sun., 11:10 a.m., 1:15, 3:20, 5:30, 8:10, 10:10 p.m.; Mon., 11:10 a.m., 1:10, 3:20, 5:30, 8:15, 10:15 p.m.; Tues.-Thurs., 1:10, 3:20, 5:30, 8:15, 10:15 p.m.

Breach Fri.-Sat., 10:55 a.m., 1:45, 4:30, 7:50, 10:30 p.m.; Sun., 10:55 a.m., 1:45, 4:30, 7:55, 10:30 p.m.; Mo 11:15 a.m., 1:50, 4:30, 7:50, 10:30 p.m.; Tues.-Thurs., 1:50, 4:30, 7:50, 10:30 p.m.

Ghost Rider Fri.-Sat., 10:45 a.m., 1:20, 4:05, 7:35, 10:15 p.m.; Sun., 10:45 a.m., 1:20, 4:05, 7:35, 10:05 p.m.; Mon., 11:40 a.m., 2:25, 4:55, 7:25, 9:55 p.m.; Tues.-Thurs., 2:25, 4:55, 7:25, 9:55 p.m.

Music and Lyrics Fri.-Sat., 11 a.m., 1:50, 4:55, 8, 10:25 p.m.; Sun., 11 a.m., 1:50, 4:55, 8, 10:15 p.m.; Mon. 11:30 a.m., 1:45, 5:15, 8, 10:15 p.m.; Tues.-Thurs., 1:45,

5:15, 8, 10:15 p.m. Norbit Fri.-Sat., 1:40, 4:45, 7:15, 9:45 p.m.; Sun.-Thurs., 1:40, 4:45, 7:15, 9:35 p.m.

Pan's Labyrinth (El Laberinto del Fauno) Fri.-Sat., 2:05, 4:40, 7:45, 10:50 p.m.; Sun., 2:05, 4:40, 7:50, 10:20 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1, 4:05, 7:45, 10:20 p.m.

Dreamgirls Fri.-Sat., 1:25, 4:20, 7:40, 10:45 p.m.; Sun., 1:25, 4:20, 7:45, 10:35 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1:15, 4:20, 7:40, 10:35 p.m

ENTERTAINMENT TODAY

YOUR MOVIE GUIDE









FRI 02

SAT 03

SUN 04

MON 05

Julio Iglesias

(Latin/Salsa,Pop)
Julio Iglesias was born in Madrid but raised in Miami, and like Miami, his performances have an international energy. His music is without borders, sung in English but speaking the language of desire set to a seductive groove. McCallum Theatre, 73000 Fred Waring Dr., 760-340-2787, 03/02/07: 8 p.m.

Figment

(Gallery,Mixed Media)
(figment), a group exhibit, features works by Marie-Claire Bozan, Jeff Charbonneau, Eliza French, Reeve Schumacher and Erika Somogyi. Robert Berman Gallery, 2525 Michigan Avenue, D-5, 310-315-1937 03/02/07: 11 a.m. till 5 p.m.

(R&B/Soul)

Ginuwine is Back II Basics with his fifth album. Wiltern Theatre, 3790 Wilshire Blvd., 213-380-5005, \$28.50-\$48.50

Doodlebops Live!

The Doodlebops "Get on the Bus" for their first US concert tour! Seen on the Disney Channel's "Playhouse Disney" lineup, Deedee, Rooney and Moe Doodle have fun, playing music and being silly. Forum, 3900 W. Manchester Blvd., 310-330-7300, \$20-\$45 03/03/07: 1 and 4 p.m.

California Modernism: Gallery Selections

(Drawings/Works on Paper, Gallery, Painting, Prints) This exhibition features some of the Gallery's favorite artworks, including paintings and sculpture by California's foremost Modernists of the 1920s, 1930s and 1940s. Spencer Jon Helfen Fine Arts, 9200 West Olympic Blvd., 310-273-8838

03/03/07: 11 a.m. till 6 p.m

Collection Highlights Tour

(Gallery,Museum)
This one-hour tour provides an overview of major works from the Museum's collection. Offered in English and Spanish on weekends. Getty Center, 1200 Getty Center Dr.

310-440-7300 03/03/07: 11 a.m

Constable's Great Landscapes: The Six-Foot Paintings

English artist John Constable (1776-1837) regarded the six foot-long landscapes that he began to paint in 1818-1819 as his most serious and significant achievements. This exhibition will focus on these great paintings and the full-size oil sketches for them. Huntington Library - Art Collections and Botanical Gardens, 1151 Oxford Rd.,

03/04/07: 10 a.m. till 4:30 p.m.

California Style Watercolors: Collectors Choice

(Museum, Painting)

This is the last in a series of four exhibitions of 'California Style Watercolors' in the Back Gallery. Pasadena Museum of California Art, 490 E. Union St., 626-568-3665

D and M Tile and Hispano-Moresque Tile

This installation features hundreds of tiles, murals, tables, ceramics and historic photographs from two little known Southern California tile companies, D and M Tile and Hispano-Moresque Tile. California Heritage Museum, 2612 Main St., 310-392-8537 03/04/07: 11 a.m. till 4 p.m.

Molten Color: Glassmaking in Antiquity

(History/Science, Museum)

This exhibition celebrates the acquisition of the Oppenl‰nder collection of ancient glass, and will be among the first exhibitions to mark the opening of the Getty Villa. The Oppenl‰nder collection is remarkable for its high quality and its chronological breadth, covering all periods of ancient glass production. The objects are arranged by their method of manufacture, from casting and core-forming to inflation, and in-gallery videos will illustrate ancient glassmaking techniques. Getty Villa, 17985 Pacific Coast Highway

310-440-7300

03/05/07: 10 a.m. till 5 p.m.

Focus Tour

(Gallery, Museum, Talk/Lecture)

This one-hour gallery tour focuses on themes in the permanent collection and special exhibitions. Getty Villa, 17985 Pacific Coast Highway, 310-440-7300



THUR 08

TUE 06

Christina Aguilera

(Latin/Salsa,Pop)

Grammy award winner Christina Aguilera rose to fame on the strength of singles such as 'Genie in a Bottle,' 'What a Girl Wants' and 'I Turn To You.' Her 2003 CD 'Stripped' yielded many chart-toppers, including 'Dirrty' and the Grammy winning 'Beautiful.' Aguilera cut her 2004 tour short, taking some time and effort to craft her latest effort, 'Back to Basics,' which contains the megahit 'Ain't No Other Man.' Staples Center, 1111 S. Figueroa St., 213-624-3100, \$55-\$95 03/06/07: 7:30 p.m

Eisenman Architects: Grounded

(Gallery,Installations)

This installation offers visitors a worm's-eye view of the work and an understanding of the spatial qualities of a figured ground that would be impossible to see in the actual built works. SCI-ARC Gallery, 960 E. Third St. 213-613-2200

03/06/07: 10 a.m. till 6 p.m.

WED 07

Wicked: National Tour

(Musical)

Winner of three 2004 Tony Awards, 'Wicked' is a new musical based on the Gregory Maguire novel, 'Wicked: The Life and Times of The Wicked Witch of the West.' It takes place in the Land of Oz and tells the story of many of the characters before Dorothy arrived. The play's book was written by Winnie Holzman. The music and lyrics are by Stephen Schwartz. Pantages Theatre - Hollywood, 6233 Hollywood Blvd., 323-468-1770, \$27.50-\$85.50 03/07/07: 8 p.m.

Cuban Jam Session with Conjunto Guama

(Latin/Salsa,Live Music in Bar/Club) Enjoy an evening of great Latin music. El Floridita, 1253 N. Vine St., 323-871-8612 03/07/07: 8 p.m.

Kurt Elling (Jazz,Live Music in Bar/Club)

Chicago jazzman Kurt Elling may be the last 'hep cat' left in the mainstream jazz world. His signature mix of high-flying poetry and jazz improvisation evoke comparisons to the Beat poets of the ë60s with the added vocal ingenuity of the Manhattan Transfer and Bobby McFerrin. Catali-, aa Bar & Grill, 6725 W. Sunset Blvd., 323-466-2210, \$18-\$30 03/08/07: 8:30 and 10:30 p.m.

Jeff Dunham

(Sketch Comedy, Stand Up Comedy)

Jeff Dunham uses puppets and ventriloquism to create some of the funniest routines in comedy today. His show usually features such hilarious characters as Walter, Peanut and Jose Jalapeno on a stick. Ontario Improv, 4555 Mills Circle, 909-484-5411, \$25 03/08/07: 8:30 p.m.

FEATURE

FOR MORE INFORMATION E-MAIL US AT **EVENTS@ENTERTAIMENTTODAY.NET**



GET ALL THE LATEST ENTERTAINMENT INDUSTRY INFORMATION AT WWW.INFOLIST.COM

SCRIPT WANTED - PSYCHOLOGICAL SUSPENSE THRILLER

WhiteBread Productions

We are looking for a character driven, pyschological suspense thriller (NO horrors, farces or gore). Must be original and edgy.

m will have a budget range of 4-5 million

WhiteBread Productions is a newly formed production company. My last film produced was a feature entitled '9 Lives of Mara.'

TO SUBMIT:

- 1. Please go to www.lnkTippro.com/leads Enter your email address (you will be signing up for InkTip's newsletter - FREE!) 3. Copy/Paste this code: cbbnr8z7gz
- 4. You will be submitting a **logline and synopsis** only, and you will be contacted to submit the full script only if there is interest from the production company.

IMPORTANT: Please ONLY submit your work if it fits what the lead is looking for EXACTLY.

If you aren't sure if your submission fits, please ask **InkTip** first. Email any questions to: jerrol@inktip.com

ASSISTANT/ASSOCIATE WANTED AT DISTRIBUTION CONSULTING FIRM

Peter Broderick, independent film consultant and producer, is looking for a smart, self-motivated, and well-organized person to help manage Paradigm Consulting.

Must have excellent people skills and a passion for independent film. Duties include correspondence, scheduling, travel arrangements, research, organizing, and client relations. Proficiency on Mac; solid writing and typing skills essential. Prior filmmaking or web experience a plus; attitude an insurmountable minus

Opportunity to build valuable contacts, contribute to innovative projects, learn the independent film business, and experience the cutting edge of distribution. Part-time, 3 days a week, approximately 20 hours.

To learn more about Paradigm Consulting, visit www.peterbroderick.com

TO APPLY:

Email cover letter and resume (in the body of the email. NOT as an attachment) to: nikki@peterbroderick.com

Please do not call. We will not be able to respond to all applicants and plan to fill the position by mid-March.

BOOM OPERATOR, MAKE-UP ARTIST, PA's NEEDED FOR SHORT FILM

Skilled indie film crew seeking positions for quick shoot this week

We need the following positions:

- sound mixer/boom operator - hair/makeup artist

Dates will be Wed-Sunday (Feb 21-25) No pay available but we can offer the opportunity to work on a truly great project with with extraordinary professionals, free meals, copies of the film, and attendance at the upcoming 168 Hour Festival Awards ceremony.

TO SUBMIT:

Email your resume or quesitons to James at: jamescombsmusic@hotmail.com

DIGITAL CONTENT MANAGER WANTED AT PARTICIPANT PRODUCTIONS

INDUSTRY JOBS

Want to work for the good guys in the movie

Digital Content Manager wanted at **Participant** Productions (www.participantproductions.com and www.participate.net) the social action production company which produced "An Inconvenient Truth," "Syriana," "Good Night, and Good Luck," and 2007 releases "The Kite Runner," based on the best-selling book, as well as "Charlie Wilson's War," starring Tom Hanks and Julia Roberts. Good movies, great messages, even better people.

High visibility opportunity as we build out a social action network platform across broadband and mobile. High visibility position working with marketing and social action divisions. Ideal candidate will be an experienced online project manager, content producer and marketer with web creative experience and community outreach skills.

Candidate will contribute to workflow across digital marketing/advertising, distribution, crossplatform strategy and acquisitions.

Reports to: Executive Vice President, Digital

Sample Responsibilities:

- * Grow the Participant online sites' communities with regular community, email blasts and blog outreach
- * Guide viral marketing and awareness campaigns, including promotions and publicity efforts
- Manage editorial staff for the new Participant site, working with social action and marketing divisions
- * Coordinate all Participant corporate online content

- * Build site partnership, traffic and email databases
- * Oversee all site and campaign analytics Manage vendor, blogger and agency accounts
- with status reports to EVP

 * Work with EVP to produce online content connected to Participant film productions and

- * Superb digital project management background * Media & Entertainment background in online marketing and creative
- * Familiarity with Web 2.0 technology, design, content syndication and community trends
- Experience with site and feature development, including research, scoping, information architecture, wireframes and mock-ups
- - and CRM best practices * Good web designer skills (HTML, CSS, Flash) a plus
- * Strong organizational, presentation and research skills and ability to manage multiple projects in a
- fast paced, rapidly growing environment Strong written and oral communication skills ability to communicate clearly and effectively at all levels of the organization
 - * Self-directed and enthusiastic team player

TO APPLY:

Email a brief cover letter and resume to Laurie Luh at: Iluh@participantproductions.com OR Fax to: (310) 550-5106

STORYBOARD ARTIST NEEDED

Award winning production company Styopa Films needs a talented **storyboard artist** who is looking for that 'break into the industry' gig, or someone who's looking to add another great credit to a budding career.

We are currently in pre-pro of a very visual feature film with a great cast. Some storyboarding experience is necessary, but talent and an understanding of the medium are most important You will work closely with the director to take her initial sketches and turn them into artistic renderings of shots and camera angles. You must have examples of your drawings/sketches available to be considered.

Pay will be based on experience.

TO SUBMIT:

Email your experience/verifiable credit list, and (if possible) any relevant websites showcasing your work to:

info@tellingfilms.com

INTERN CAMERAMAN AND EDITORS NEEDED FOR TV SHOW

We are looking for INTERNS that are cameramer and editors for a 14 episode TV show covering the hottest news in film, TV, music, fashion etc in Hollywood for a Swedish TV channel.

We are looking for last year students from the TV and film schools in LA, or for someone with similar skills and experience that we can help train and give experience to that we would later hire for paid positions if they work out.

TO SUBMIT:

Fmail Thomas Undhagen at: thomasundhagen@hollywoodmobile.tv OR

Call (323) 466-5583

For information and rates

Call: 213-387-2060 ext. 15

email:

PLACE YOUR **CLASSIFIED** AD HERE!

www.Entertainment Today.net

CASTING

CASTING MODELS TO BE FEATURED ON UGO.COM

Michael Bezjian Photography is casting for the UGO.com "Girl of the Month."

We will be casting ten finalists to be chosen from submissions, each of whom will be paid \$300 to participate in a photo shoot.

The title is "UGO Girl of the Month."

Here is what we are looking for:

Age Range: 18 - 32 (no minors!) Background: Aspiring Actress / Model / Performer Personality: The UGO girl is a smart, down-toearth, beautiful vet attainable woman with interesting skills and hobbies. She's striving to become an actress, a model, a comedian, or a professional musician, but she's also one of the guys: into video games, sci-fi, horror movies, e, indie rock, or something which appeals largely to men. She's outgoing and approachable

We want fresh faces and real people for this. Think Sara Silverman, not Pam Anderson.

TO SUBMIT:

Submissions must include a head shot and full body shot along with a description of why you should be the "UGO Girl of the Month." Email your submission to: mib@earthlink.net

All girls must visit www.UGO.com - there will be

an easy quiz!

**If you do not have a head shot and full body
shot to submit, Michael Bezjian Photography will provide that for you at no charge. Please email your request to the link above.

CASTING INTERIOR DESIGNER TO HOST CABLE NETWORK SERIES

We are looking for interior designers, set decorators, art directors, prop stylists, design and market editors, etc. to host a new cable network series.

Do you know your David Hicks from your Dorothy Draper? Do you know who launched the Hollywood Regency look in recent years? Could you make a 200 sq ft studio look like a Classic Six? Could you decorate a whole house from a make a 200 sq ft studio look like a Classic weekend shopping at Brimfield? Do your friends call you for all their decorating secret sources? If so then we're looking for you!

City Lights Television is looking for a NEW YORK based **female interior designer/host**, 25 to 35 years old, any ethnicity. Design skills are a must but you must know how to shop and be able to stretch a dollar to give even the most basic room big style for very little money.

TO SUBMIT:

Eail your bio/resume/credits, a photo of yourself (very important), and photos of your work to: designers@citylightsmedia.com



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ASTROLOGY

METAPHYSICAL MESSAGES

WARNING: This is a humor piece. Unlike most other astrology columns, this column has no scientific basis, and is not intended as a guide to life decisions.

Pisces (February 19th to March 20th)

An ex is going to be contacting you just before the weekend, inquiring about you and "How you're holding up". Don't give in...you broke up for a reason, leave it. Just take a deep breath. By Wednesday, you'll realize how much better off you really are.

Aries (March 20th to April 20th)

This week brings a turning point in your life, a peace offering by a potentially toxic foe. This is the time for you to let sleeping dogs lie, and move on with both of your lives. Life is too short for squabbles. Also, beware the blonde coming to visit; it's gonna be wild!

Taurus (April 20th to May 20th)

When the hell did you get so lucky?! Seriously, go to Las Vegas right now, because the way your stars have aligned this week, you can basically do anything you want (within reason, mind you).

Gemini (May 21st to June 22nd)

You're in danger. Find a priest. I've already said too much.

Cancer (June 23rd to July 22nd)

As with all things, a little rain must fall. But, there is a thread of silver lining in those clouds. Try not to focus on the hardships ahead of you this week, but instead face the great rewards that await you in the end.

Leo (July 23rd to August 22nd)

Whatever plans you made with your friends this weekend are going to fall through. Don't bother trying to convince them to show, because they won't. Your friends are lazy and, right now, are not going to give you a shred of consideration. Stay home and eat ice cream.

Virgo (August 23rd to September 22nd)

Don't worry if the boss gives you a little extra work this week. That's the way it goes. Something about you this week is making you a magnet for assignments. You're the go-to person. Maybe you should stop working so hard, take it down to their level, and then coast.

Libra (September 23rd to October 22nd)

To quote *The Simpsons*, "Don't have a cow!". The alignment of the moon has increased tidal flow and will undoubtedly lead to gastrointestinal disruptions if you consume too much red meat during this cycle.

Scorpio (October 23rd to November 22nd)

No matter how good you are, someone is always a million times better. It's time to face facts that everything you thought was funny in the movie *Office Space* has actually become your life. Time for a change.

Sagittarius (November 23rd to December 22nd)

Avoid a certain nosey coworker on Tuesday. He's trying to muscle in on your racket. Be forceful, but not enough to cause problems in the workplace. On the flipside, love is definitely in the air, strong emotions are forming. I suggest you go with it; this feeling only comes once in a great while.

Capricorn (December 23rd to January 19th)

This week is going to bring you some amazing changes. New loves, new friends, and a new obsession that may lead to a new career move. With the coming of Spring, you will experience a rebirth and undergo some huge changes.

Aquarius (January 20th to February 18th)

Unfortunately, or maybe fortunately...nothing exciting is happening for you this week. You're going to schlep along the same way you always have. No change, no new affirmations or old army buddies visiting. Just night upon night of TV and candy.

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COMICS

TOTAL THE OF A HOLLYWOOD SCRIPTWRITER



HE WAKES UP AT SEVEN.
BUT LEAVES BED AROUND NINE
WHEN THE PRODUCTION COMPANY CALLS.
BEGINNING TO WHINE



HE KNOWS THAT HE HAS THEM
THEY'RE ALL AT HIS MERCY
WHICH VALIDATES HIM SLEEPING IN
UNTIL WELL PAST 3:30



THEY'VE BEEN WAITING SIX MONTHS
FOR A SIMPLE RE-WRITE
"IT WILL BE THERE NEXT THURSDAY.
FOR NOW JUST SIT TIGHT"



BUT ONCE HE'S AWAKE,
HE GETS TO HIS TASK
AND 3 LINES LATER,
INSPIRATION HAS PASSED

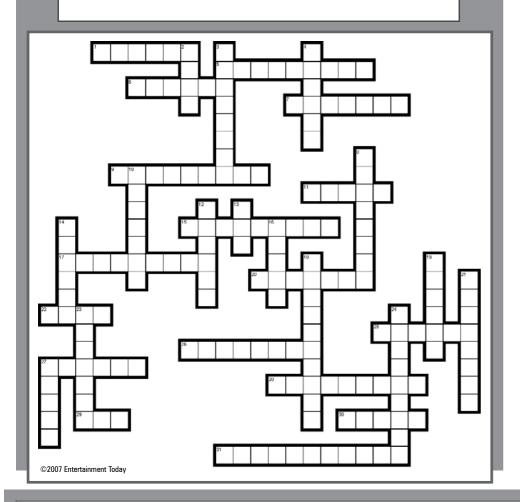
SO OFF TO THE PIG AND WHISTLE
FOR A LITTLE RESEARCH
AND PERHAPS A NIP OF SOMETHING
TO QUENCH HIS THIRST
GOD BLESS YOU SCRIPTWRITER.
FOR THE WORK THAT YOU DO
CAUSE IF THEY DISCOVER OUTSOURCING
....YOU'RE BASICALLY SCREWED!



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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).

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

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SUDOKU CONTEST!

First 5 with correct answers will win Knitting Factory tickets and gift certificates.

> Send correct answers to: **Entertainment Today** 3807 Wilshire Blvd, Suite 717 Los Angeles, CA 90010

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

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ACROSS

- 1. Imaginative creator of "Where the Wild Things Are"
- "Hills Like White
- Beauregarde
- 7. This "King of Children," was an author who remained with his band of children even after they were sent off to a concentration camp during World War II
- Author of "What Makes Sammy Run?"
- 11. Director of "My Dinner with Andre"
- 15. Oxford band originally named On a Friday
- 17. Jack Benny's faithful valet
- 20. She shot Andy Warhol
- 22. Vincent Gallo and Jean-Michel Basquiat performed together in this band
- 26. British photographer whose pictures of young girls in nude have long been at the forefront of the "is it art or is it pornography?" debate 27. "The only thing I like integrated is my
- 28. Before making a name for himself in Hollywood, this Dutch filmmaker made films "Turkish Delight," "Katie Tippel," and "The 4th Man"
- 29. Ondi Timoner's 2004 documentary that chronicles the rise of rival bands Dandy Warhols and Brian Jonestown Massacre
- 30. 1980's "Rude Boy" stars and surrounds the concerts of this ground-breaking punk rock band
- 31. His "Different Dances" was a departure for many

DOWN

- Roughly translated as "the Fartiste," Joseph Pujol took on this name while performing his unique stage act at the end of the 19th century
- True identity of the Shadow
- 8. He was "so lonesome" that he "could cry."
- 10. This red head's oeuvre includes roles in "Diff'rent Strokes," "Salute Your Shorts," and "Terminator 2"
- 12. His gameshows "The Gong Show," "The Newlywed Game," and "The Dating Game" were said to have brought American television to a new low
- 13. Number that comes after five
- 14. Wrote the collection of short stories Robert Altman used for his "Short Cuts"
- 16. Jacques Tati's version of Chaplin's "Tramp"
- 18. An important or self-important person; a bureacrat
- 19. "Be . Be verv
- 21. Howard Schultz started this coffee company, then changed its name to Starbucks two years later
- 23. Child prodigy of the Victorian Period who wrote her masterpiece, "The Young Visiters," at the age of nine.
- 24. The man behind "Calvin & Hobbes"
- 27. Beat poet whose collection of poetry, "Gasoline," ignited the world of literature in the early 1960's

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THANK YOU FOR READING

