

MOVIE TIMES | INTERVIEWS | REVIEWS | CROSSWORD & GAMES

ENTERTAINMENT TODAY

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SINCE 1967

300 is more than just blood,
guts, and sexy ladies
or is it? Find out inside

PLUS:

DUSTIN KENSRUE

QUINCY COLEMAN

AND A SANITARY LOOK INTO THOSE DELIGHTFUL TACO TRUCKS



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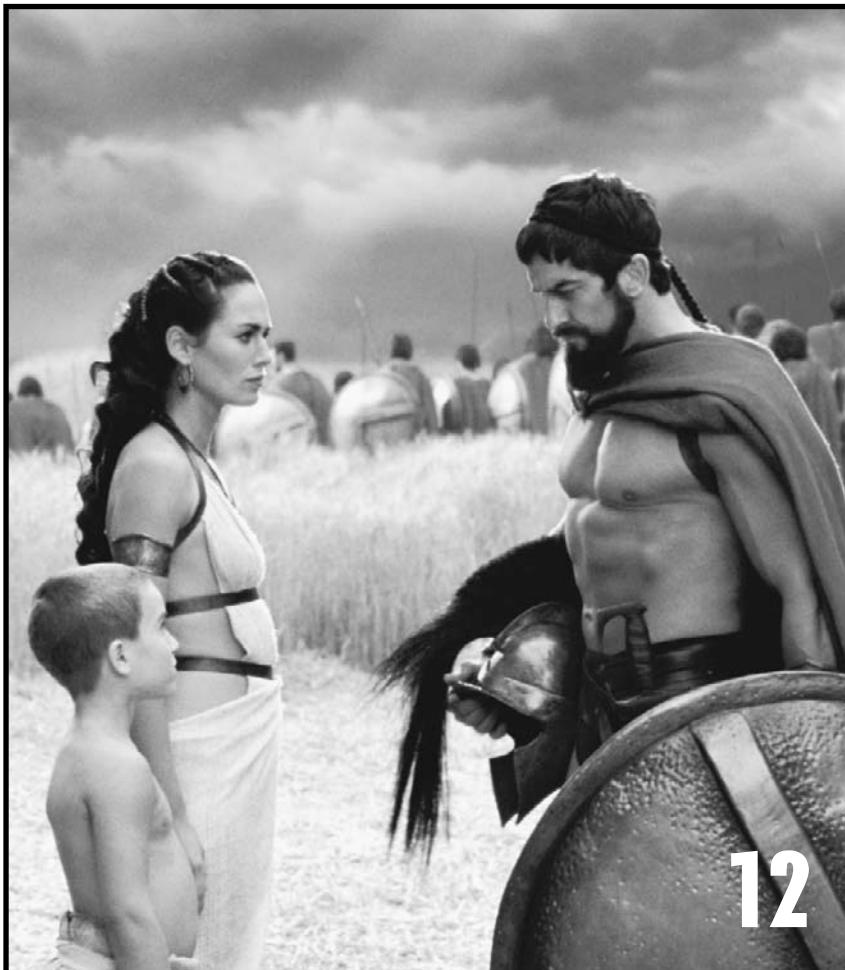
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BIG, BAD WOOLF

BY TRAVIS MICHAEL HOLDER

WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?
AT AHMANSON THEATRE

CAROL ROSEGG

Kathleen Turner as Martha and Bill Irwin as George in Edward Albee's immortal *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* directed by Anthony Page.

There is no doubt in my mind that Edward Albee is our greatest living playwright and that his infamous *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* is one of his most groundbreaking and enduring masterpieces, right behind his most recent and best work, the fellow question mark-ending *The Goat or, Who is Sylvia?*. Now that last year's much talked about Broadway revival of *Virginia Woolf?* has arrived here at the Ahmanson featuring its celebrated stars Kathleen Turner and Bill Irwin, the wonder of this amazing play comes to fruition once again. Yet, for me, this fine and most respectful presentation still remains in the shadow of the first sight of this revolutionary play in 1962.

See, I am fortunately/unfortunately old enough to have seen the original New York production at age 15, and there's no doubt that, although it was one of the defining moments of my life and began my lifelong worship of the late-great Uta Hagan, Albee's then almost scandalously adult play has lost a bit of its bite in the past (yikes!) 45 years. There was something genuinely shocking back then when this quartet of mismatched party guests met back at George and Martha's New England college town to drink and insult and fornicate the long and dysfunctional night away. Audiences gasped in surprise when Honey shouted out "Hump the hostess!" and Martha brayed her late night displeasure about the sexual deficiencies of her drunken guest's non-performing husband, whom she's taken off to bed right under the nose of her long-suffering spouse and sparing partner George.

In an era since desensitized by David Mamet and Neil LaBute and David Lindsay-Abaire, among many other playwrights inspired and given sanction to go further than early Albee, the antics and language of the scribe's characters now seem incredibly tame. *Virginia Woolf?*, despite its age, is not quite yet in the category of O'Neill or Ibsen, not quite yet able to make the transfer from dated to classic. Perhaps one of the prime examples of this is when Nick (David Furr) tells the tale of how Honey (Kathleen Early) roped him into marriage with a false pregnancy. "She blew up," he tells George, "and then she went down," a phrase that's repeated twice and, of course, takes on a whole new meaning in 2007, one director Anthony Page is smart enough to highlight instead of ignore, giving the guys a moment of knowing giggles before continuing on with the text.

This is no doubt a fine restoration of Albee's career-making three-act epic play that will one day help define the middle of 20th century morals and manners, a nearly perfect production under the respectful direction of Page, and beautifully augmented by John Lee Beatty's knockout set and all but one of the production's world-class designers (the conundrum of Turner's bizarrely unattractive costuming by Jane Greenwood might be a result of a case of diva-itis and not the designer's fault).

As the memory of Hagan will, for me, always overshadow any subsequent revival of *Virginia Woolf?*, the performance here of Irwin as George, which won him the Tony, will surely haunt my

ability to objectively judge anyone attempting this role in the future. Irwin's background in physical comedy so energizes this George, from his brilliantly thrown away one-liners to his practiced downtrodden latter-day Peter O'Toole posture and walk. It's never been before that anyone playing George outshined his Martha, but here that is absolutely the case. As his partner in verbal abuse, Turner is surprisingly lackluster, starting the evening so high and so grand that her audience, as the character of her husband beaten down by years of abuse, prepares itself for a "bumpy ride."

By the end of the play, however, Turner loses her steam, giving the jarring final confrontation as George decides to kill their fictitious Sonny Jim a most bizarrely defeated spin. As Martha, Hagan turned into a panther on the attack in this scene, leaving the audience drained and exhausted; sadly, Turner seems to be the only one exhausted here. Hers is also a startlingly unsexy Martha, decked out in extra-large menswear, her hair unkempt and later pulled back severely, giving the illusion of no make-up whatsoever, making Martha's line "I'm an earth mother!" more to-the-point than it was hilarious when Hagan made such an outrageous statement.

In contrast, as Martha, Hagan looked something akin to a 1960 jazz club temptress, with bouffant hair and eyes made up with heavy black liquid liner as though her character was conceived by Shag, arriving down the staircase after she's changed into "something more comfortable" in a bright red chiffon robe with

ruffled collar and front paneling to match. Turner, oddly, emerges from her bedroom in jeans and a man's oversized flannel workshirt. And the problem here isn't that the former seductress of *Body Heat* has gotten older and more plus-sized; when Hagan did a CTG benefit reading of *Virginia Woolf?* opposite Jonathan Pryce on this same Ahmanson stage in 2000 at age 80, she was still incredibly sexy in the role.

Furr finds some interesting colors that are customarily missing in playing Nick, including a set of balls that aren't quite as easily squeezed as usual, but under Page's mistaken directorial guidance here, Early makes the huge error of playing Honey as an exaggerated Eastern Seaboard upperclass Gloria Upson from *Auntie Mame*, depicting her character as so cartoonlike right from the get-go there's no surprise or fun in watching Honey evolve, with copious amounts of brandy, from mouse to drunken hellion.

Still this is a fine production—if not the "quality" theatrical production Miss Turner commented in print she was pleased to bring to such a provincial burg as Los Angeles, a place she said in an interview about the opening of *Virginia Woolf?* has never been "known as a theatre town." May I just say, as a resident of both LA and Manhattan, I regularly see far better and more impressive theatre presented on this coast than I do in New York these days—and though she may be a gifted (though deluded) actor, I've seen far better Martha's in my day, played by people able to actually sustain the character for all three acts. *✍*

The Ahmanson Theatre is located at 135 N. Grand Av. in the Los Angeles Music Center; for tickets, call (213) 628-2772.

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.



A sexy Turner as Martha in Page's Woolf.

CAROL ROSEGG

HUNGRY FOR *FEED*

BY TRAVIS MICHAEL HOLDER *FEED* AT NOHO ARTS CENTER

The future is scary in Jim Lunsford's *Feed*, as a woman stands trial for the crime of giving birth without governmental approval. Now premiering at NoHo Arts, where it was developed in workshop, the *Feed* in question is not some genetically altered Orwellian food source developed by unscrupulous descendants of Col. Sanders, but instead an electronic video feed being broadcast Big Brother-style to the general population.

It's a long way from *Roe v. Wade*, set in an age where the remaining "scavengers after an era of uncontrollable consumption" are sterilized, and procreation regulated by the State. Sid (Andrea Lockhart), in a battle to be returned to the toddler she conceived after a butchered back alley surgery, is placed in the hands of a world-weary defense lawyer named Cowboy (Robert W. Arbogast) who does all he can do to control her violent outbursts in court, let alone help her understand the severity of her case.

Smug prosecutor Keller (Paul Denniston) is assigned to illuminate the name of the man who performed Sid's reverse sterilization and access to the underground network that helped her in her quest to pop out her own little Sid Junior. Coupled with a strangely personal and potentially erotically charged relationship between Cowboy and Keller—one gets the idea that if the defense attorney would succumb to a little casting couching, Keller might lighten up—what Lunsford has created is eerily fascinating and all too possible, unless we all step up and wrestle control from the skewed "leadership" running our country's current Blue Stately born-again dictatorship.

Under the imaginative direction of James J. Mellon, *Feed* is a taut, intellectual, crisply focused thriller guaranteed to induce missed sleep for any thinking person. NoHo Arts has something potentially brilliant; although, after 18 months of workshoping, personally, I would gently suggest *Feed* could be a true contemporary classic if the playwright and this fiercely dedicated band of artists would be willing to commit to about 18 months more. Lunsford's dialogue is literate and often even poetic, but he tends to overwrite, which occasionally leaves this committed band of actors with little place to go beyond making his language work realistically.

It's an occupational hazard for playwrights (myself included), when creating something potentially meaningful, to want to say everything in their



Andrea Lockhart and Robert W. Arbogast in *Feed*.

lives they ever wanted to say; sometimes, a first production of a new work can help weed out the verbal excess in the repeated performance of the material. Many lines repeatedly linking descriptive adjectives ("a select *and* delicate crop", "unique *and* pure," "rusty *and* jagged," "quietly *and* woefully") could be infinitely more effective if simplified. Perhaps this is so clear to me personally because, as they say, we often dislike in other's work what we don't like about our own.

Craig Siebels' striking two-tiered courtroom set is a knockout, as are video images revealing the highlights and atrocities of the 20th century projected above the proscenium throughout the performance, and the cast is uniformly excellent. The two-character scenes "in chambers" between Arbogast and Denniston are particularly striking, and Janet Fontaine is especially successful in finding a few vulnerable layers of humanity lurking somewhere below the crusty exterior of the tribunal's by-the-book chief justice.

Lockhart has Sid's explosive anger down perfectly, although her last speech, offering a statement to the court explaining her actions is, like this play, only *almost* there. Lockhart obviously understands her character's plight and expresses it beautifully, but she tends to rely on tears and a quavering voice to express her position, when holding back from breaking up could be a killer. Tears onstage can be highly effective, but more often, fighting back the overt expression of such emotion can be even more mesmerizing.

Still, *Feed* is a heart-wrenching, incredibly disturbing drama. Shelley wrote that artists and poets were the "unacknowledged legislators of the world." If there's a future for any of us, it's a given that the arts are key. Let's hope that this play is included among the elements that made our species' survival possible. *✍*

The NoHo Arts Center is located at 11136 Magnolia Bl., North Hollywood; for tickets, call (818) 508-7101.



Lockhart with Arbogast and Paul Denniston.

BOOK

ARCHITECTURE OF HAPPINESS BY KEVIN GILL

As I write this review, I am house-sitting for a friend in a suburb-to-remain-unnamed. Despite the house's possession of sturdy walls, a sound roof, and a seven-figure price tag, I am left feeling unsheltered. The protection I seek is not from nature's elements, but from the demons of ennui, apathy, and bourgeois complacency. This morning, in an effort to write, I moved from the bedroom to the study, from the study to the living room, and then from the living room to the kitchen. But as I did, my agitation only intensified. I could not concentrate; I paced the floor, my heart pounded with the brutal urgency of a jackhammer at 7:00am. With no choice but to flee, I headed for the nearest freeway.

You might think that my problem is psychosomatic rather than architectural. However, if Alain de Botton is right, the buildings that define the human-made landscapes of our cities and homes are not irrelevant to the lives we lead. More than protection from rain or cold, our dwellings are the outward expressions of what we aspire to inwardly and—as such—serve to remind us of who we want to be. To live or work in a badly designed building is to be without an important source of guidance and inspiration.

In works such as *The Consolation of Philosophy* and *How Proust Can Change Your Life*, best-selling author de Botton has repeatedly shown the perspicuity of writers one reads in college. It should thus be no surprise that the unspoken theorist behind de Botton's new entry, *Architecture of Happiness*, is Aristotle.

Aristotle was one of the first ethical philosophers to develop a moral system based in the pos-

session of good character rather than in abstract rules or duties. Positive character traits—"virtues"—express the "golden mean" between opposing vices. Courage, for example, is

the mean between rashness and cowardice, and generosity: that between stinginess and extravagance. To be happy, in Aristotle's view, is to be maximally virtuous, to live a life which is in every way balanced.

What is original about the *Architecture of Happiness* is the ingenious way it applies Aristotle's line of thinking to architectural criticism. Taking his cue from Stendhal's remark that "Beauty is the promise of happiness," de Botton analyzes the perceived attractiveness of architectural works in terms of their facility at drawing one closer to a balanced, happy life. Whether one finds a building beautiful depends on whether one finds in its design

the inspiration to live the life one desires—a life that is abundant in those ways one's present life is lacking.

Viewed in this way, perceptions of beauty are largely relative to time and place. Thus Classicism, with its emphasis on order, balance, and proportion, flourished in an age that suffered from the threat



of natural and social chaos. Gothic architecture, known for its ornate transcendentalism, was revived at a time when the shape of modern urban life had become

numbing. Even Modernism, which saw itself as a repudiation of all frill and fuss for the sake of function—an abandonment of the very pretext of beauty in the name of clean, lean engineering—was inspired by a yearning for a simpler way of life.

If buildings indeed bespeak the good life, in which language do they express themselves? In one particularly fascinating chapter, de Botton analyzes the psychological, biological, and historical idioms that enable boxes of wood, stone, brick, and mortar to come alive and address our deepest spiritual concerns. Finally, as though there were no end to this capacious essay, de Botton catalogues those virtues that all well-designed buildings (and thus, presumably, all well-lived lives) would express: "order," "balance," "elegance," "coherence," and "self-knowledge."

It would be hard to overstate my praise for this book. De Botton is a graceful and engaging essayist, miraculously combining both levity and profundity. For anyone such as myself, who is appreciative of architecture but not especially knowledgeable, this is the perfect initiation. The book itself is beautiful, with over a hundred illustrations. If you have never thought about the importance of the buildings that provide the settings for our lives, *The Architecture of Happiness* will change that fact forever.

What is more, de Botton seems to be right. Having fled the suburb-to-remain-unnamed, I arrived at the Los Angeles Central Library. Suddenly, I felt myself at home. Despite the sweaty odor of a few hygienically lax library patrons, and an unsavory looking gentleman viewing pornography on the Internet, the environment granted to my mind enough repose to allow me to imagine the life I desire to lead.

The building embodies the right mixture of security and openness, loft and earthiness, tradition and modernity. I feel liberated to live and work the way I want to. And the words begin to flow... *✍*

SUMAND HENDRICKS



Author Alain de Botton.

RIFFIN' ON THE OLD DAYS

BY FRANK BARRON



The Fabulous Palm Springs Follies has, for 16 years, brought together golden television stars.

The current ratings blockbusters that are Fox TV's *American Idol*, ABC's *Dancing with the Stars* (which returns to the airwaves March 19th), and their many imitators, have their roots in the popular variety shows of the 1960's and '70s. The old *Hollywood Palace*, *Jackie Gleason*, and *Dean Martin* shows are remembered for a certain style of entertainment that exhibited singers and dancers with great showmanship. And even those programs hearken back to Vaudeville. Some folks say this brand of entertainment doesn't exist any more. How wrong they are.

A short drive to the desert to enjoy the long-running *Fabulous Palm Springs Follies* (strutting along in Palm Springs for 16 fabulous years now) was a trip back in time, and a reminder of television's past. Actually, many in the *Follies* cast were part of the cream of the crop of variety shows. All of the performers are over age 55, with the average stunning showgirl in her 70's. Among them, Jill Owens, 63, began her career as a June Taylor Dancer on *The Jackie Gleason Show*, and followed with a role on *Blansky's Beauties* and appearances on *Happy Days* and *Laverne and Shirley*.

Also no stranger to television, Glenda Guilfoyle, 73, danced with everyone from Fred Astaire to Jimmy Durante in many TV specials. Randy Doney, 67, was part of *The Carol Burnett Show* for 11 years, and more recently played a tap-dancing psychiatrist on *Frasier*. The credits for the chorus line and entertainers in the *Follies* reads as a chapter in showbiz history.

"There's no expiration date on talent," says emcee-producer Riff Markowitz, who I knew years ago when he was producing a great many classic variety specials. His credits include TV shows such as HBO's first original drama series *The Hitchhiker*; plus HBO's first major variety special, a star-studded tribute to Neil Simon.

Riff is an old school impresario who knows what audiences want, young and old. When we attended a matinee, a goodly percentage of the attendees were kids. Yes, kids who were heard shouting, "You rock!". Pre-teens (with their grandparents) to teenagers and young adults were all whooping and hollering throughout the three-hour performance. "We appeal to all ages," insists Riff. *FB*

AFFLECK AND WILLIS WON'T DIE HARDER

BY ERIK DAVIS



Willis: "Whatchu talkin' 'bout, Ashton?"

BEYONCE DINES WITH HEPATITIS A!

Beyonce Knowles had a brief scare last week. No, she didn't accidentally sleep with **Pamela Anderson**; instead, the singer-actress attended a bash celebrating the *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit issue, where one of the employees working in chef **Wolfgang Puck**'s kitchen had been diagnosed with Hep A. The Los Angeles Department of Public Health rushed to inform guests that they were potentially at risk, and urged them to seek immediate medical treatment. Luckily for this *Dreamgirl*, the nightmare was averted, since she didn't touch any of the food. C'mon, it's a party for supermodels—did you really expect any of them to eat?

BRITNEY BONDS WITH DANIEL BALDWIN!

You know things are bad for **Britney Spears** when **Daniel Baldwin** offers up his phone number and a shoulder to cry on. Baldwin, in rehab recovering from practically everything, met up with Spears as the two spent some time together at the Promises rehab clinic in Malibu. It's fitting, seeing as plenty of promises were being made by both parties; Spears promised to call if she were to have future problems, while Baldwin promised her a spot on VH1's next D-list reality show.

VICTORIA BECKHAM: AMERICA'S NEXT TOP REALITY STAR!

Upon arriving in America, hubby **David Beckham** won't be the only one bringing in a paycheck. **Victoria Beckham** has partnered with *American Idol* creator **Simon Fuller** on a new reality show that will revolve around the former Spice Girl's transition to the States—including, but not limited to, watching one of the world's richest gold diggers attempt to transport her entire entourage across the pond. Future episodes will include Mrs. Beckham spending as much money as humanly possible, while those of us at home remain glued to the TV set, as well as to our tasty microwave dinners.



Beyonce gets hep at recent dinner gala.

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

...**Ben Affleck** and **Bruce Willis**. Though he's now married with a kid, Ben Affleck's name has popped up in a new tell-all book from Hollywood madam **Jody "Babydoll" Gibson**. Apparently, Affleck spent a whole lot of money for sex with a blonde beauty named "Alyssa" in a Jacuzzi. Also outed in the book was Bruce Willis, though the *Die Hard* star denies ever exchanging his hard-earned cash for a little fun between the sheets. Affleck, on the other hand, refuses to comment. So, for being two of the hottest men on the planet, having sex and paying for it—Ben Affleck and Bruce Willis are this week's biggest asses. (And it just goes to show, you have to be an ass in order to get some...)

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...

Well, look who decided to fess up and admit that they're having a relationship. **Kate Hudson** and **Owen Wilson** finally caved and went public with their now re-kindled romance, after the pair were photographed kissing and holding hands in Australia. Hudson is currently filming *Fool's Gold* and, apparently, Wilson has decided he was way too much of a fool for giving up those golden locks.



Wilson and Hudson at Black Crowes concert.

Is **Britney** back with **K-Fed**? According to reports, Spears left an Alcoholics Anonymous meeting last week wearing a band on her wedding ring finger, leading some to believe she's either hallucinating or, in fact, reconciling with her estranged husband. Last time we checked, pretending to go back in time after screwing up your entire life was not part of the 12-step program.

Chris Rock wants everyone to know that his marriage is as solid as a, well, rock. Following a report in the *New York Daily News*—that claimed Rock and his wife **Malaak** were parting ways—the comedian fought back in the same way most Hollywood folk do. Yes, he went on **Oprah**...with his wife and kids. Says Rock, "It is extremely hurtful to us, our children, and our extended family. We remain, as always, very happy and committed to our marriage and the beautiful family that we have built." And watching you act in a film is extremely hurtful to us, Chris, but we don't run to Oprah to complain about it.

Quote of the Week: British designer **Scott Henshall** on **Britney Spears**' new look: "What the fuck has Britney done shaving all her hair off? She's too fat and looks like an alien. You can take the girl out of the trailer park, but you can't take the trailer park out of the girl. She looks like trash." *FB*

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STAKIN' OUT THE STEAKHOUSE

NICK & STEF'S STEAKHOUSE
BY JOSEPH N. FEINSTEIN



The decade-old Nick and Stef's Steakhouse is the place to be.

The Joachim Splichal empire of restaurants added Nick and Stef's Steakhouse to their list some eight years ago. Located in the Wells Fargo Center at Hope and Third Streets, this lovely, modern steakhouse has been thriving because of a most eager, never-ending crowd. Last Sunday, they added two additional fans, as my lady and I sojourned into their midst for the first time.

You park your car at the P1 or P2 level, go up to the first floor, and find yourself in a courtyard with towering buildings all around you: Jamba Juice dead ahead, the California Pizza Kitchen on the left, and Nick and Stef's straight ahead of you. It's a huge place with dining inside or al fresco offered. The dining room is done in brown and beige, twists and curves in several directions, and offers tables, booths, and banquettes. You're seated, a basket of bread and breadsticks arrives, and your water glasses are filled instantly.

Our server, named Light, appeared to take our order. It needs to be noted that there is a special Sunday "Local's Night" menu, consisting of three courses: Salad or Wedge, Prime Rib or Chicken, and Kit Kat bar or Lemon Meringue Pie for \$38. We elected to stay with the regular menu, for there were "Starters" and "Soups and Salads" that spoke to us, saying, "Order me, order me!"

Our dinner began with a shared Maine Crab Cake with jumbo lump crabmeat, and a micro arugula salad in a sweet ginger remoulade on the side. It was crispy on the outside and most tender and chewy inside...one of the best around. The grilled shrimp cocktail that we also shared was cooked to absolute perfection. Both the crab and shrimp are on the more spicy side, so take that into consideration before ordering.


Nick and Stef's pride themselves on an "original" Caesar Salad, done from scratch. It was a bountiful array of lettuce, croutons, and parmesan cheese in a marvelous sauce that I would highly recommend. Watching the preparation took me back a few thousand years when this sort of service was most usual in higher-priced restaurants. Fran selected the wedge: a huge cut of iceberg lettuce with blue cheese crumbles

and a dressing "on the side". Her report was quite glowing.

All things being equal, you come here for the steak. There are eight different kinds from which to choose. In addition, you can select chicken, lamb chops, buffalo, pork chop, duckling, short ribs, or fish. It didn't take me long to select the Bone-In New York: 20 ounces of thick, juicy, deliciously flavorful meat. It's served with any of seven sauces; I selected the whole grain mustard sauce that complemented my steak beautifully. My lady, ever mindful of her gorgeous figure, requested the Petrale Sole: Two large filets that received two thumbs way high!

Of the sixteen sundry "Sides," we ordered four: The sweet fries, the garlic French fries, the caramelized wild mushrooms, and the glazed yams with raisins and pecans: Gave an A++ to each of the four. Enough for the next night's dinner is assured, I promise! Portions of everything are huge, and sharing could be done easily, including the 20-ounce New York. And I guarantee smiles of approval and contentment, owing to the quality and masterful techniques used by their chef.

All 13 desserts are prepared there, and you will not go wrong sharing a piece of their exquisite lemon meringue pie. It reminded me of the pies I used to eat at the Floridian, Californian, or Virginian in good old downtown New York: overwhelming and yummy.

A few nice memories, a heaping portion of satisfying comfort food, dining in relatively quiet surroundings, some excellent service, and good timing by an efficient server all added up to one "powerful" dinner. And the only thing you need to remember is to tell 'em Joseph sent you! 



A juicy 20-oz steak at Nick & Stef's awaits.

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WE CALL IT THE TACO TRUCK

BY JOSEPH TRINH
ARMANDO'S HOT FOOD



Producer Ty Tyson orders an inexpensive and delicious meal at the famed Hollywood staple.

On a lonely Saturday morning, one wakes up, with remnants of the night before dancing through one's mind and belly. The self-abuse of the night before, which was sold for \$5 a bottle, can leave one in a desperate state of mind. The writhing pain of a hangover can take hold of you for the whole day, if you allow it. Don't. Armando's Hot Food, better known by those in the know as the Taco Truck by the freeway, can help you soothe the pain.

Located conveniently on an abandoned gas station lot at the corner of Western and Fountain, adjacent to the 101 onramp, Armando's is where you can find most all foods Mexican. The mobile restaurant has actually been at this location for roughly three years now, becoming a fixture on the city's longest continuous street. With Carl's Jr. and McDonald's just a block away and in the same price range, the choice is obvious.

One of the more popular items here are the dollar tacos, which you can get with your choice of meat, of which there is plenty from which to choose. The more popular carne asada and carnitas are available, and the more obscure chorizo and cabeza can be had, as well (yes, cabeza translates literally as "head," and no, I'm not going to try to describe what that is to you).


However, two of the better deals are the burritos and the sopes. The burritos, about the size and weight of a brick, as with the tacos, can come with your choice of meat and add-on's, including cheese, rice, beans, vegetables, and sauces. A personal favorite is the burrito al pastor, a heavily

marinated pork that can beat you up, but in a pleasant, S&M kind of way. Starting at \$3.50, you can't go wrong with a burrito in hand.

The best deal, to some at least, is the sope, which starts with a thick, textured flat bread topped with a small mound of (again) your choice of meat, lettuce, tomatoes, sour cream, guacamole, and shredded cheese. A knife and fork is necessary, unless you're one of those brutes who could care less about making a mess.

If the Mexicaness of all of this is not your cup of tea, there are more familiar foods, such as pastrami and steak, which on any given day can do just fine; but when you go to a taco truck, you might as well go all the way and play by the rules. Just a suggestion.

Probably one of the finer aspects of Armando's is the ice shelf located on the side of the mobile eatery, where one can make his or her selection of drinks and desserts, which include different types of gelatin cups and pastries. This reviewer suggests going with the dark sangria with your red meat, and the lighter tamarindo soda for your pollo dish.

Last note: for all you snooty bastards who feel that an establishment such as this is beneath you, get over yourself. When you strip away the pretentiousness of your favorite finer restaurants, you pretty much get what Armando's offers; a group of Mexicans and a grill. Yes, I said it. Do not hide behind your hypocrisy, because in reality, they know how to make good food, and that's all that really matters when you go eat, no? 

A SLICE OF QUINCY

BY JOSEPH TRINH

QUINCY COLEMAN AT HOTEL CAFE

COURTESY OF QUINCY COLEMAN



A cold spell momentarily grips Los Angeles, making the women of the town think twice about the skirts, though many still throw caution to the wind and try holding down their mini drapery in the wind tunnel that is Cahuenga. A wiry looking Irishman, on his first visit to this town, notes the unexpected chilliness of the night. Despite the bleakness of impending frost, one can fine a reverse

oasis at the Hotel Café, where the underground lives, where the future voices of music sharpen their vocals, where one Quincy Coleman makes a night of rime into her night of rhythm.

The preparation for the set looked promising enough, with a standup bass, piano, and trumpet in the mix. Tech issues with the sound guy slightly



delayed the band, which, in a way, helped build the anticipation and energy of the jam-packed crowd; but once the set started, the crowd's eagerness was definitely rewarded. A pair of mature ladies standing next to me were especially giddy, with their plastic, shiny clappers in hand and a childlike enthusiasm in their faces.

Described by Miss Coleman as an "Israeli, surf punk, gypsy swing," the music is less a singular performance, like many other acts who are named after the front(wo)man, but more of a real band, something that has become a rare thing in these days of self-promotion. It must be noted that the bassist and drummer were performing for the first time with Quincy, which was discovered by this reporter after the fact, which points to the skill and abilities of these musicians.

Each component of the band fills the gaps for one another well, creating a nice, complete sound that is

composed of seemingly all sounds American. With an emphasis on New Orleans jazz, Quincy's sound also had hints of blues, pop, and good ol' rock and roll, which was disarming, yet at the same time reassuring, allowing this reporter to remember that music can actually be good and without the desperate air of commercial pop's instant gratification. The band heated up the night so much with their tightly clustered sound that Quincy at one moment had to wipe herself down before continuing. Now *that's* hot, at many levels.

Currently supporting her sophomore album, *Come Closer*, Quincy notes that this time around, she felt it was important to rediscover the joys of music. She admits that her first album, *Also Known as Mary*, was very introspective and personal, which comes off a little heavy. With the new album, she made it a point to create a sound that is more inviting to the listener, yet still quintessentially Quincy. Her set here at the Hotel Café is the evidence of this decision, with a crowd swinging along with the chanteuse.

Quincy Coleman is currently traveling around, with a West Coast tour coming up. Her next appearance in this area will be at the Largo on Fairfax on March 28th, which should be on your calendar if it isn't already. *R*



COURTESY OF QUINCY COLEMAN

AN ARTIST AT THE POKER TABLE

A DISCUSSION WITH DUSTIN KENS RUE BY MARK JOHNSTON

Growing up in Orange County, one is automatically issued a guitar or haircare products. Thank god Dustin Kensrue picked up the former. Early on, Dustin was drawn to music from his parents' extensive collection of classic rock albums. Listening to such greats as Bob Dylan, Cat Stevens, and the Beatles, Kensrue grew to admire the style and drew inspiration from these legendary luminaries.

Beginning his musical endeavors playing in punk bands, Kensrue quickly evolved, with the help of life-long friend Teppei Teranishi, to form Thrice, while still in high school. Although Dustin has never considered himself a "guitar guy," he has been one of the most inspirational figures in hardcore music, and even rock in general. His songwriting ability, amazing vocal prowess, and strong stage presence have made him a venerable force in music today.

Stepping out of his comfort zone of the band he's been in for the better part of a decade, Kensrue picked up his acoustic and began performing solo over the last year, playing sporadic shows around Southern California and New York. After deciding to



release a solo record, Kensrue approached his label representative to present the idea. Uncertain he could give the album the attention it deserved, Kensrue's A&R representative gave his blessing for Dustin to pursue another label to release the album.

Dustin turned to New York's Equal Vision Records, and a short time later, *Please Come Home* was released to overwhelmingly positive reviews from the press, and more importantly: his fans the world over. *Please Come Home* shows a side of Kensrue that his public may not see, but has always been portrayed through his songwriting.

Kensrue is a very heartfelt and sincere songwriter. In particular, the Thrice album, *The Artist in the Ambulance*, is a beautifully crafted work that displays Kensrue's appreciation for an individual that saved his life, and his desire to make the same person—a total stranger—proud for his endeavor. The same admiration and respect is show in spades in *Please Come Home*.

What's next for Dustin? A recent stint on *The Late Show with David Letterman* has helped gain Kensrue national attention, and a summer tour will keep the troubadour busy while his band mates in Thrice rest from the group's current effort: a four-disc, twenty-five song album based entirely on the four classic elements—wind, water, earth, and fire.

Promising a huge array of styles, a paradigm shift from the bands recent release *Vheissu*, out on Island Records, this album, according to Kensrue, "...definitely goes further in different directions than we've gone before. Disassembling a normal Thrice song, breaking them further than we have, messing around with them..."



An amazing songwriter, a non-stop workhorse, and an avid poker player, Dustin Kensrue has become one of the most inspirational, prominent figures in music today, and continues to make friends and fans the world over. *R*

TASTE OF CHIODOS

BY MARK JOHNSTON 2007 TASTE OF CHAOS



Chiodos recently played the 2007 Taste of Chaos showcase in LB.

After a long day of working for the man, really the last thing I want to do is to drive an hour-and-a-half to a venue in Long Beach to see a bunch of bands that I have no discernable desire to see. But being the wonderful individual that I am, and not one to squelch on a guest list spot, I made my way down to the Long Beach Arena to take part in the annual Taste of Chaos showcase. This year's bill featured the Used, 30 Seconds to Mars, Saosin, Senses Fail, Evaline, Aiden, and the fabulous Chiodos brothers.

Negotiating traffic, finding parking, and exodus-ing toward the entrance with the horde of prepubescent idiots in which I was entrenched, I checked in and made my way into the venue. Making my way past the gathering congregation (I guess Evaline was just finishing as I entered, one of the bands I was actually looking forward to seeing), I checked into the press area to see my friends and find out what was going on. The press area had a Rockstar Energy Drink bar, complete with bartender serving up vodka-laced concoctions and libations, probably to keep the press in the lounge drinking while Aiden provided another buzz-killing performance, even for this straight edge reviewer you enjoy so much.

Once *that* was over with, I noticed the Chiod-ers were grouping behind the stage, about to go on. As I was being hailed by the band to join them on stage, I heard my name being yelped at me from behind. I turned around to find the fabulous and famous Will "Fuckin'" Evans making his way toward your humble narrator. Realizing it was too late to get onstage, I joined Will and company in the main floor area and engaged in the excited furor, as the Easter Bunny took the stage to announce the group.

If you have ever seen Chiodos play a show—most notably on last year's Warped Tour—you will have

undoubtedly seen their mascot gorilla/bunny/troll/wizard take the stage and announce the group. If you have had the overwhelming pleasure of meeting the individual behind these characters, you'll find Dave...the Canadian. Dave is probably better known for his time as merch man for the illustrious Boys Night Out; but I know him and love him as the singer and genius behind the hit Canadian group, Simcoe Street Mob.

After his soliloquy, the lights went dim and Chiodos took the stage. Watching a band such as this rise to towering heights is really awe-inspiring and inspirational. The first encounter I had with the band was when our tours converged in Reno, Nevada, and we

played an earth-shattering show for all of ten people. Fast-forward about seven months, the last tour I did with my crappy band was with Chiodos and Calico System (now *The Calico System*), wherein we played night after night of sold-out shows and watched as Chiodos became one of the biggest bands in the genre today. Their stellar live performance, complete with sing-a-long's that were more boisterous than the ones the headliner attempted, was so good that to follow them would be akin to following the London Philharmonic...with Jessica Simpson.

Other bands played that night; I'm sure, to their fans, Saosin and Senses Fail were incredible. To me, they were utter crap. Senses Fail ruined Warped Tour for me; listening to their off-key banter day after day destroyed any desire of mine to ever give them a chance in the future. Then you have Saosin, the epitome of "Too little, too late".

Subsequent to a monumental first release, *Translating the Name EP*, the band dropped their claim to fame, singer Anthony Green, and released a severely disappointing major-label debut. When their first CD came out, Orange County was abuzz with the songs, every CD player was blasting "Seven Years," and kids would inhale helium and imitate Green every place you looked. I haven't heard, or heard mention of one song from their new album. Guitarist Beau Burchell should really have stuck to producing, or undertaking the ten-year reunion tour of Kosmos Express.

30 Seconds and the Used put on solid, archetypal sets that were decent...just missing the "Wow"-factor that they once possessed. Oh, and Street Drum Corps needs to stop interrupting the Used with their so-called drumming; it's very distracting. ♪

OH SWEET NOTHING

BY ELI FLASHER



The opening lush orchestration of Eluvium's latest release *Copia* might as well be the opening score of an epic feature film, as the repeating horn section slowly and deeply takes you into a land of green, murky fantasy. The director of this film is Mathew Cooper, and his use of strings, piano, keyboards, and brass instruments breathe somewhat new breath into the sloth-like movements of the field of ambient music.

As with the genre itself, the album is slow to get its feet moving, but Cooper steadily and gracefully adds different ingredients to the pot right before it becomes a bore, keeping the listener awake and alert, as though taking the beautiful nothingness of Eno's ambient works and mixing it with the gradual intensity of Glassworks. This is music that weaves together, perfect for walking through a crowded street or riding a bicycle through the clouds just as the sun rises, on acid.

You can hear the howl of the wind at the end of the second track, "Indoor Swimming at the Space Station," which gradually rolls into psychotic space moans that one might find aboard the spaceship in *Solaris*. "Prelude for Time Feelers" sounds as though it were written centuries ago by a famous pianist; a gorgeous repeating piano regression, nothing more, nothing less, that is sparsely reinforced by a gentle layer of strings that sound

of a choir of heavenly saints oohing and aahing along to the greatest story ever told. Cue heavy pulsating brass, and the mood deepens, perfect for a tear-dropping onscreen scene. This is music that Hollywood directors should be scrambling to get the rights to, the perfect score for a tearjerker.

The only flaw with this album—and this brand of music—is that it generally sounds the same, but that is OK, as this is a great album to sit back and relax to; it's a stress-reliever. Each track differs enough, though, such as "Ostinatio," which is led by an organ that has a funereal reminiscence about it. It too is soon augmented by a string section that is slowly built upon by a deep brass and hints of a melodica. You have to keep an eye on your stereo to know when a track changes, because the album segues ever so gracefully, making the whole album an experience, not hot tracks.

It is amazing that an artist is willing to create an album of this nature in the 21st century, in the time of Jay-Z comebacks and Fall Out Boy owning the cover of both *Spin* and *Rolling Stone*. This is not an album created for the mainstream; it is for the seekers, the vinyl diggers, and the ones who know the musical secrets and reluctantly tell their friends.

The final track on this near hour album is "Repose in Blue," a tune that climaxes with firework percussion, or perhaps it would fit will in that final battle scene in your screenplay. Whatever it is supposed to be, or where it is suppose to go, it is verdant, quiet, loud, exciting, chill, and—most importantly—the final chapter to one of the most beautiful albums made this year, which, as with its mainstream appeal, ends only as it quietly fades into nothingness. ♪

Eluvium will be opening up for Explosions in the Sky on nearly every date on their upcoming tour, so get there early and prepare to space out.



Eluvium's Mathew Cooper has put together something akin to Sigur Ros in his new outing.

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TUES 3.13
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CHRIS MURRAY COMBO
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e minor god presents... THURS 3.15
KOFFIN KATS
Uiva Hate
the ROCKETZ
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BRIGGS
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Frida Hyvönen
with Au Revoir Simone

WED 3.21
storm large
& the balls
with the oohlas

FRI 3.30
lyrics born
RHETTMATIC
OF THE
BEAT JUNKIES

THURS 3.22
ARMY OF FRESHMEN
SCHOOLYARD HEROES
the transit war
SOUND THE ALARM / UNTIL JUNE

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Final Conflict THE GHOULS
PHANTOM ROCKERS SO
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3.10 - BLACK FICTION / BARCELONA / KITES IN FLIGHT / JEREMY & JESSICA BURGAN

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A HOST OF OTHERS

BY PETER SOBCZYNSKI AN INTERVIEW WITH BONG JOON-HO

Having already subverted the serial killer narrative with his haunting 2003 gem *Memories of Murder*, Korean filmmaker Bong Joon-ho has shifted his focus to monster movies, and the result, *The Host*, is one of the best and most entertaining examples of the genre to come along in a long time. In this alternately funny, exciting, angry, and strangely moving work, the careless dumping of formaldehyde into Korea's Han River leads to the creation of a fearsome monster that rises from its depths, terrorizes the countryside, and then disappears with sweet little Park Hyun-so, the youngest member of a hilariously dysfunctional family, clutched in one of its tentacles.

When the Parks discover that Hyun-so survived the attack and are unable to convince clueless government officials to help them, they band together to break out of quarantine and enter the sewer system in order to save her, in what can only be described as *Little Miss Sunshine Vs. The Smog Monster*.

Mixing together slapstick humor, dark political satire, genuine human sentiment and some kick-ass monster movie moves (the opening Han River attack is certain to go down as an instant classic), *The Host* is a wildly entertaining work that pays homage to such genre staples as *Godzilla*, while slyly subverting their conventions in unexpected ways, and the result is a film that will entertain fanboys as well as those who wouldn't ordinarily be caught dead watching anything in which the central character looks like the result of a drunken hookup between a rhino and the Alien.

Speaking through a translator, Bong (who recently sold the remake rights to the film to Universal) recently sat down to discuss the origins of the film, his views on genre subversion, and the joy of slipping political commentary into a monster mash.

PETER SOBCZYNSKI: What were the origins of *The Host*?

BONG JOON-HO: It came from the space initially [pointing to the poster]. If you look at those apartment buildings, that is where I used to live when I was younger. I could see the Han River from my bedroom, and that is where the first ideas for this film originated. I would enjoy thinking and daydreaming about what would happen if something like the Loch Ness Monster came out of it.

PS: In regards to the political satire, what were your primary motives for injecting that element into the film?

BH: For me, it was part of the tradition of the genre. One of the traditions of the monster/science-fiction genre is to interject political satire—I felt that this was my chance, and I was going to stuff it with everything that I wanted to do. Since this story starts off with this actual case where the American military did pour formaldehyde into the Han River, there is a very natural line of satire about America; but if you look at the film closely, there is also a lot of satire about Korean society. In the end, everything that was tormenting this family became a target of satire.

PS: The film, despite its genre crossing, has become a huge success in Korea. What would you say is the rationale behind such massive audience appeal for such a subversive, deconstructive film?

BH: I am very curious about the same thing. It isn't like Japan, where they have a history of monster films. This is not only a once-in-a-blue-moon monster film from Korea, but one that also happens to break all of the rules. I've gotten very good reviews from Japan and France—*Cinema Jumbo* and *Cahiers du Cinema* placed it in their Top Three for last year—but at the same time, the box-office wasn't so hot. The American distribution company has analyzed that and are going in with a different approach to the film. At the same time, for a Korean film, it has opened in the largest number of countries worldwide, and many international distribution companies are interested because they believe in its potential. ♪



Filmmaker Bong Joon-Ho on the cusp of his nascent career.

WHAT'S MY NAME?

BY STEVEN SNYDER



Kal Penn, Irrfan Khan, Sahira Nair, and Tabu in *The Namesake*, a story about finding yourself.

THE NAMESAKE

★★★★☆

(3 and 1/2 out of 4 stars)

DIRECTED BY MIRA NAIR

STARRING: IRRFAN KHAN, TABU, KAL PENN

122 MINUTES, RATED PG-13

How frustrating it must be to be Kal Penn. In an industry preoccupied with movies about young, beautiful white people, this smart, charismatic, and funny Indian actor has had to do everything but reinvent the wheel to get a chance to break out of Hollywood's stereotypical pipeline. He first did it in *Harold & Kumar Go to White Castle*, exhibiting a penchant for the more intellectual form of immaturity that made the stoner cult hit one of the smartest comedies of the last decade.

But that blip on the radar aside, Penn fans have then been forced to wince through a long drought of clichéd Hollywood comedies. Penn was forced to play it dumb in *Van Wilder 2*, play it wacky in *Epic Movie*, and even go the terrorist route in several episodes of this year's *24*.

But for all those fans who watched his turns in these clunkers with dismay, take note: *The Namesake* re-establishes this young man as one of the most promising actors of his generation.

Based on Jhumpa Lahiri's bestselling novel, and directed by Mira Nair—the inspiring force behind 2002's joyful *Monsoon Wedding*—*The Namesake* is the multi-generational story of a Bengali husband and wife trying to make the turbulent transition from Calcutta to America, and the struggles faced by their children in honoring their Indian roots while embracing their American future.

Kal Penn plays Gogol—the son to soft-spoken but well-meaning father Ashoke (Irrfan Khan) and the strong, independent, but soft-hearted Ashima (Tabu)—the main character of a story that comes to center around his identity crisis, self-discovery, and reinvention.

For that matter, every member of this family comes to reinvent themselves. Ashoke, a shy and timid man who, early in the movie, can barely muster the courage to stare into the eyes of the woman he hopes to woo, later becomes the grounded center of a family that must occasionally survive through rough waters.

Ashima, meanwhile, suffers a difficult transition to the American way of life, flying overseas with

her new husband but leaving her heart behind in Calcutta, with her mother. It is only later, as the years drift by and her children grow older, that her heart finally finds equal footing in the West.

In his earliest scenes, it becomes clear that all Gogol wants—much like most children—is to fit in. He views anything that makes him stand out—his clothing, his name, his personal history—as an obstacle, and so he runs as far in the opposite direction. He dates an affluent, white Yale classmate, and shuns his own family to spend weeks with her at her parents' beach-side summer house. He starts going by a different name, is uncomfortable when his girlfriend meets his parents for the first time, and feels awkward at parties, where he is the only dark-skinned attendee.

That all changes when a family crisis shatters Gogol, who is overcome with guilt at having turned his back on his heritage. Shaving his head, leaving his girlfriend, making a pilgrimage to Calcutta in mourning, and pursuing a relationship with an Indian girl first introduced to him by his mother, Gogol for the first time fully embraces his name, his heritage, and commits himself to honoring his roots.

Yet in the film's final acts, *The Namesake* proves itself to be about far more than just the bumpy road of life, the awkward clash of cultures, or the ups and downs of family. This story is really about Gogol's quest for an answer as to how he should live his life—about this young architect who can design towering skyscrapers but can't quite discern how to construct the bridge between him and his past.

As played so bravely by Penn, Gogol is a distraught boy—and then a passionate man—adrift without a compass. He is the arrogant teenager who cares more about how his name looks on a school application than about why his parents chose that name for him in the first place. He is the twentysomething devastated by the agony of a tremendous loss, who pulls a 180 and steers his life on an entirely new course.

And then, only after those wild swings of the pendulum, is he a man set free; free of the need to blend in, free of the need to repay the debts of his ancestors, free from the worry of who he "should be" and allowed instead to discover the kind of man he *wants* to be.

In this regard, it's the ultimate testament to why his parents endured all the hardships: For the chance to discover the American Dream. ♪

THIS IS SPARTA!

BY PETER SOBCZYNSKI

300



(2 and 1/2 out of 4 stars)

DIRECTED BY ZACK SNYDER

STARRING: GERARD BUTLER, LENA HEADEY,
DOMINIC WEST, DAVID WENHAM, VINCENT REGAN,

MICHAEL FASSBERDER

118 MINUTES, RATED R

Whether you like *300*, the historical epic based on the graphic novel from *Sin City* creator Frank Miller, or not will depend to a large extent on how you feel about the idea of spending two solid hours watching hordes of muscle-bound guys smacking each other with swords while wearing little more than leather jockstraps and canola oil. If this sounds like your cup of tea, it is likely that you will enjoy the picture immensely. On the other hand, if you are one of those people silly enough to require something of substance in your broadsword-based entertainment, *300* will seem as nothing more than a highly-stylized version of a B-movie programmer that will leave you feeling trapped between a rock and a hard pec.

Set in 480 BC, *300* opens as the massive Persian army, led by the fearsome Xerxes (Rodrigo Santoro), begins an exceptionally aggressive expansion policy that consists of taking over every bit of land in its grasp and laying siege to anyone who dares oppose them. This plan hits a snag when they reach Sparta, a land where the men have been trained since early childhood to become the finest and fiercest warriors possible. Even the Persians realize how adept the Spartans are, and so instead of simply trying to sack the land, they send an emissary to convey to King Leonidas (Gerard Butler) that they will leave the city alone as long as they agree to submit to the rule of Xerxes.

“That’s a bit of a problem,” replies Leonidas (presumably, it sounded better in the original Greek), and he and his men quickly dispose of the Persian party in the nastiest way possible. Of course, Leonidas realizes that this means war, and he quickly whips up a brilliant plan: he and 300 of his finest warriors will head off Xerxes and his 100,000 soldiers at the mountain pass at Thermopylae and channel them into a narrow canyon that will greatly diminish the effectiveness of their overwhelming numbers.



After consulting with their oracle (which just happens to be a half-naked and comely lass who appears to be channeling Elizabeth Berkley in full *Showgirls* mode), the mystical elders of Sparta refuse to allow Leonidas to go through with his plan—they claim that the battle is un-winnable and will lead only to the unnecessary deaths of his men. What they don’t realize is that Leonidas pretty much knows that it is a suicide mission—his real agenda is to stall the Persians in order to give his council enough time to convince the other Greek cities to pool their men together to form an army large enough to repel the invaders.

Defying the oracle, Leonidas takes the men to Thermopylae and leads the Spartans into bloody and victorious battle against one wave of weird-looking combatants after another while Xerxes constantly cackles about his imminent defeat. For a while, the Persians are stymied, until one former Spartan, a deformed weirdo whose battle services were declined by Leonidas, offers to show Xerxes a way to outflank them in exchange for money and power.

Meanwhile, on the home front, Queen Gorgo (Lena Headey) tries to rally support to send reinforcements, and winds up submitting to the sexual whims of the sleazy Theron (Dominic West) in an effort to win his support. (Later on, Theron illustrates one of the most important lessons of political treachery—if you are planning on going back on your word and selling out your people for money and power, it is never a good idea to carry incontestable proof of said treachery on your person.)

As with *Sin City* and *Sky Captain and the World of Tomorrow* before it, *300* was filmed by shooting its live-action actors against a green screen and then creating all the backgrounds via computers to create an ultra-stylized world that looks and feels like the pages of Miller’s original work come to life. In a film such as this, the look is initially striking, but if it is to succeed as a whole, it has to either provide one eye-popping visual after another or other factors—such as a compelling plot or interesting characters—have to kick in at some point or it runs the risk of being just an empty exercise in style.

Sin City, for example, had a great visual style, but it also told a trio of entertaining stories that honored the conventions of film noir while still having fun with them, and it provided strong, soulful performances from a cast including: Mickey Rourke, Clive Owen, and Bruce Willis. By comparison, *300* starts off strong enough with its arresting visuals and an entertaining prologue that explains the history of Sparta in general and Leonidas in particular. However, once the Spartans arrive at Thermopylae, the film comes to an impasse as well, as it descends into one look-alike battle after another between our heroes and their weirdo antagonists.

For director Zack Snyder, this is the follow-up film to his 2004 remake of *Dawn of the Dead*, and his approach to the fight scenes is strangely similar to the zombie attacks in that earlier work—wave upon wave of attackers swarm up and are chopped to bit by our heroes until they are finally overwhelmed toward the end. That approach kind of worked for *Dawn of the Dead*, because that film was, at its heart, basically a bubble-headed horror film with little on its mind other than staining the screen red. *300*, on the other hand, would seem to have the potential to go off in any number of intriguing directions and to see it stick to the most superficial interpretation possible will come as a disappointment to anyone silly enough to come to the film expecting something other than a wildly expensive version of one of those old Steve Reeves *Hercules* semi-extravaganzas.

Another key flaw to the film is the painful miscasting of the role of Leonidas. In order for a film of this type to work, you need to find an actor who is both physically convincing and able to deliver the extra-cheesy dialogue with enough straight-faced conviction to make you believe the emotions even while you might be snickering at the purple prose—Charlton Heston in *Ben Hur* and Russell Crowe in *Gladiator* immediately spring to mind as perfect examples of such performances.



For the bold and brawny Leonidas, *300* sticks us with Gerard Butler—the guy that you forgot was the star of the misbegotten *The Phantom of the Opera* even while you were watching it—and he just simply doesn’t have what the role takes to make it work. Yes, he has beefed himself up considerably from a physical standpoint, but he just doesn’t have the imposing force or passion that allows us to believe him for a second while swinging his sword around and uttering lines such as, “Into Hell’s mouth we march!”.

Hell, even Lena Headey cuts a more imposing figure in her role as Queen Gorgo—even though the subplot involving her character isn’t very interesting, she delivers lines such as, “Only Spartan women give birth to real men!” with the appropriate vigor and has the kind of imposing physical presence that inadvertently suggests to those of us in the audience that she, and not Leonidas, wears the jerkin in the family. (Of course, it doesn’t help that of the two, she is clearly the one with the bigger chest.)

300 isn’t completely terrible by any means—there are some arresting individual visual moments here and there (such as a mammoth tree strewn with hundreds of corpses), some amusing lines of mock-heroic dialogue (“Pile the Persians high—we are in for one wild night!”), and a cheerful willingness to spill blood and guts with reckless abandon at a time when every other action film seems to be cutting back in an effort to score the all-important PG-13 rating.

I can even see myself sitting down to watch a few minutes of it here and there, if I came upon it on cable in a year or so. However, considering the promise of the subject matter and the time and energy that clearly went into producing it, the film comes up short. The real-life Battle of Thermopylae is said to have helped bring forth the world’s first true democracy—by comparison, the grandest claim one can make for *300* is that it is at least somewhat better than *Troy*. 🐼



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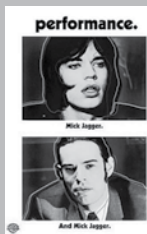
THIS WEEK IN DVD'S

BY MIKE RESTAINO



Warner's new *Director's Showcase* line gets off to a rollicking start with the release of four films with such eclectic pedigrees that they're almost Criterion-worthy. **The Butcher Boy**, Neil Jordan's throbbing fever dream of a coming-of-age tale, has been long hard-to-find in America,

and its release here comes as a bona-fide relief. Sure, the commentary and other mild bonuses aren't anything to get riled up about, but the transfer afforded the picture is exceptional, and the movie's buzzing soundtrack pops off the DVD like caps from a toy gun. Donald Cammell's and Nicholas Roeg's



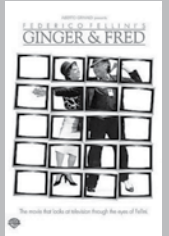
Performance is an equally beguiling entry here, if only for its postmodern narrative template. This film about an East London gangster and the washed-up rock star (Mick Jagger) he ends up inspiring ain't exactly the most rapidly-paced movie in the world, but Roeg's deft manipulation

of Jagger's celebrity iconoclasm is near-perfect (he ended up getting an even better performance out of David Bowie in *The Man Who Fell To Earth* six years later: Call Roeg the George Cukor of rock stars). *Performance*'s DVD ain't all that, though—the disc sticks with the film's original mono



mix, and the only bonuses are two so-so featurettes and the film's trailer. Tom Courtenay's blinding performance in **The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner**, Tony Richardson's tale of a lower-class British cross-countryman who gets slammed with circumstance

on his road to athletic glory, is the film's standout facet (as a picture, it's only so-so: It's on par with, say, *Chariots of Fire*). It doesn't help that this is the worst-looking disc of this *Director's Showcase*—and with a simple mono mix and a



mere trailer as a bonus feature, *Long Distance Runner* pales in comparison, especially when viewed against **Ginger & Fred**, Federico Fellini's hard to find showcase for Marcello Mastroianni and Giulietta Masina and their TV-lampooning interests. Yeah, it's a bitch to not have this disc

loaded with extras (we've been spoiled by Criterion's bonus-heavy Fellini releases of late), but with a stellar video transfer in tow, it's still a marvel to soak in the picture, one of Fellini's late, complicated, giddy masterpieces.



I sometimes feel like a douchebag waxing eloquent about documentaries just because they feature icons from my own personal Valhalla, but fuck it: Whether or not **We Jam Econo** (*Plexifilm*) is any good or not, I must say this—it's amazing. Mike Watt has been a Restaino

hero from my music-boon college days, and just because *We Jam Econo* features the San Pedro bassist talking about his involvement with the Minutemen and the indie music scene that ended up revolving around that band's irreplaceable (and loud) vortex makes it a de facto classic in my book. And the folks who offer their views on D. Boon and Watt's influence on a generation of noise-hummers is outstanding (if anyone out-icons Mike Watt to me, it's Thurston Moore,

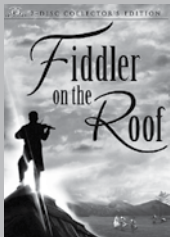
Wondering if you should pony up \$40 for that two-disc spectacular? For all of your DVD questions, ask Mike at Mike@EntertainmentToday.net.

and he uses the term “prog-jazz” here, and it nearly made me fall to my knees). And this double-disc DVD is the real deal. Plexifilm has split it up into two discs—the first features the movie and a handful of bonuses; the second showcases a ton of hard-to-find concert footage—and the package is an absolute punk-sweat fever dream heaven. Suck on it and revel in the tinnitus.



Two very different musicals that span the spectrum of what DVD has to offer: MGM's recent releases of **The Fabulous Baker Boys** and **Fiddler on the Roof** showcase what a solid DVD presentation can do for a film. *The Fabulous Baker Boys* is one of the first films that made these

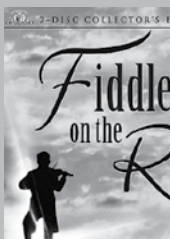
young eyes bug out for women on celluloid (watching Michelle Pfeiffer slink around on a grand piano still stirs my passions), but unfortunately, the film hasn't aged well at all—it seems far more like a precious-adult John Hughes melodrama than a romantically supple old Hollywood musical. This is where



Fiddler on the Roof has it beat: *Fiddler* may not be the best musical in the world—this writer prefers his Topol as Dr. Hans Zarkov in *Flash Gordon* than as Tevye here (even though this is the one for which he earned an Oscar nom)—but its fusion of old world pageantry and

new-wave musical storytelling still wows. And its DVD is a stunner, to boot. Finally the film gets the 2.35:1 Anamorphic widescreen transfer it has deserved for years, and while the 5.1 Dolby Surround mix overdoes things a bit, at least MGM had the kindness to include the picture's original mono track.

Features-wise it's also a hefty beast: While Topol's and director Norman Jewison's audio commentary doesn't stay intriguing through its entire three-hour run, the huge amount of bonus featurettes and documentaries on this set's second disc are really something (fans will really be interested in the original full-color presentation of the “Tevye's Dream” sequence of the film included here). *The Fabulous Baker Boys*, though, only has a so-so 1.85:1 transfer, a sub-standard Dolby Surround Stereo track and not a single bonus to speak of. But then again, Michelle Pfeiffer's caterpillar sexcapades are enough to recommend this title on its own.



The back of **Brother Against Brother** (*Kultur*) calls this 3-disc set of documentaries about a handful of the world's bloodiest, gnarliest and divisive civil wars “authoritative and entertaining.” Um, no. Broken into three separate entities—*The American Civil War*, *The English Civil*

War, and *The Spanish Civil War*—this set runs only 2+ hours, and it offers little that any PBS viewer hasn't yet seen about these historical events. It goes without saying that Ken Burns' *The Civil War* is an all but definitive documentary look at that particular travesty (the doc here sheds no new light on the subject), and the other two additions here, while relatively informational, have none of Burns' narrative prowess or nostalgic flair. And to add insult to injury, audio and video quality are dirt-poor. The full-frame video transfers are shockingly filled with dirt and grime, and the 2-channel Stereo mixes do little to enhance the mood of any of the three pieces here. Also, no extras. Pick up that *Civil War* DVD box set from Ken Burns, and maybe rent the *Spanish* and *English Civil War* discs if you're interested.

THE HALO FIGHT HUNGER

BY MATT CABRAL



F.E.A.R.: First Encounter Assault Recon, from Sierra, gives us one Xbox 360 game for the ages.

Xbox 360 owners with a penchant for blasting bad guys and eradicating extraterrestrial races are undoubtedly awaiting the arrival of *Halo 3*, the third installment in Microsoft's unstoppable sci-fi shooter series. You've probably spent the winter months curbing your *Halo* hunger by wasting evildoers and aliens in recent adrenaline-pumpers such as *Rainbow Six: Vegas* and *Gears of War*. But with those battles conquered multiple times over, what're you supposed to focus your cross-hairs on until Master Chief returns this Fall? Filling the Spartan armor of our favorite Covenant-killing hero is a tall—if not impossible—order; however, the following shrapnel-flying shooters should keep your skills sharp and your appetites-for-destruction satiated for the next several *Halo*-less months.

LOST PLANET: EXTREME CONDITION (Capcom)



You know that great battle sequence at the beginning of *The Empire Strikes Back*—the one with all the snow and cool space-ships? Well, *Lost Planet* sort of makes that look like a schoolyard snowball fight. Seriously, we dare you to try

and catch your breath during this heart-pounding, thrill-a-second shooter, staged on an arctic planet that's as visually breathtaking as it is perilous. As a lone, parka-wearing bad-ass, you'll take on the elements, snow pirates, and arachnid-like aliens that would squash those *Starship Trooper* bugs like...well...bugs. These multi-legged, screen-filling foes don't go down easy, but with an arsenal that includes guns, grenades, a grappling hook, and Vital Suits—heavily armed, pilottable robots—you might just live to enjoy this winter wonderland. *Planet's* high octane action and breathtaking graphics combine to deliver more “oh shit!” moments than any game in recent memory—including *Gears of War*. Plus, after you've braved the frigid fun offline, you can hop onto Xbox Live and play in the snow with up to 16 friends in intense multi-player match-ups.

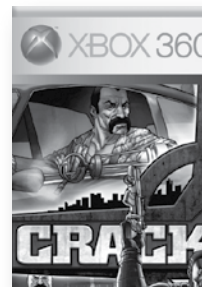
F.E.A.R.: FIRST ENCOUNTER ASSAULT RECON (Sierra)



Like frights with your fire-fights? Then *F.E.A.R.*'s got you covered with a brilliant blend of first-person-shooting and spine-tingling suspense. As an elite army-of-one packing plenty of firepower—all with appropriately ear-popping sound FX—and a sweet time-slowing ability, you'll take on a paranormal plot and a seemingly endless

army of cloned super-soldiers. *F.E.A.R.*'s super-smart enemy A.I. pose a serious threat, but unleashing your slow-mo effect will help even the odds, while also providing some nice visuals as your victims slowly explode all over the creepy environments. *F.E.A.R.* also allows you to share the scares by fragging it out online with up to 16 other players in a variety of addictive multi-player modes. In addition to the fast action, supernatural narrative and online options, *F.E.A.R.* also features a super-creepy, ghostly little girl that'll keep the hair standing on the nape of your neck long after you've finished the game. Play this one with the sound up and the lights out!

CRACKDOWN (Microsoft)



Leap tall buildings, toss buses through the air, and regenerate your health. Nope, this isn't the latest Superman game, this is *Crackdown*, an open-ended *Grand Theft Auto*-like experience that takes the focus off of silly storylines and places it on balls-out action.

Crackdown will certainly satisfy the lock-'n-load crowd with its clean-up-the-streets narrative and awesome shootouts, supported by the requisite death-dealers—assault rifles, submachine guns, rocket launchers—but that's just the beginning. *Crackdown* really shines in its allowing players to do all the cool stuff they wish they could pull off in other games. Leveling-up your genetically engineered, super-human agent will unlock abilities that'll have you shelving the usual justice-doling methods in favor of a more creative ass-kicking spree; why jack a car when you can leap across the city as a human grasshopper? Sure, you've got guns galore, but wouldn't it be more fun to chuck cars at your enemies? Experimental free-form play, a slick visual style, and an online, play-with-a-buddy cooperative mode make *Crackdown* an addictive romp. *✎*

BY JOSEPH TRINH

No hook ever called me nigger." The immortal words of a man who once was the scariest man on the planet, the mouth that spoke out for those who were never afforded the platform that this man fought for and earned for his right to speak. These words never escaped me when I first discovered them.


The sight of the great Muhammad Ali courtside at a Lakers road game the past weekend, a fragile shell that once housed the spirit of a generation watching a sport where race issues become a daily, now silenced by a disease that has stolen his fierceness, takes on a certain sadness for something lost. The repeated viewings like these soften his image, making acceptable what once scared many. They forgot what made him the scariest man on the planet. A sort of proletariat king, who fought against the repression of free will by those who impose their will on those under them. He put his career and life on the line so that he wouldn't have to lose it in the jungles of an unknown land fighting an unknown war of skirmishes with an unknown enemy. He chose to fight the war at home, with the eternal enemy, the system that has been waging a war against their own people.

Should I be offended? I can't see things that simple. Those words came when he tried to send the machine upended. It's as though they're trying to pretend like it all never happened. Sometimes there are things that can never be comprehended.

The images of a shaken man, the canvas of nature's death strokes, diffuse the ferocity of the spirit. Unlike a martyr whose life campaign became the cause of death, a loud bang if significance, Ali's humanistic legacy slowly drifts away like the whimpering universe of simplistic nostalgia.

A side note. The Lakers lost to the Phoenix Suns, with the probable loss of Lamar Odom for the rest of the season after injuring his strong shoulder. Injuries have kept the Lakers grounded all season, especially at this game, and is yet another example of the cyclical phenomenon of cosmic significance.

Paralleled further by the setting of an NBA game. A league who has been nearly as image conscious as baseball, but with issues of cultural identity as opposed to blatant cheating and deception. A league that has imposed a dress code, of all things, on men whose commercial success ties largely into their personalities. At this game, a plucky Canadian named Steve Nash is in the middle of third consecutive MVP campaign. Here we see an image redone.

The tie-ins are apparent, but to only those who can open their mind's eye to them. Muhammad Ali, Elvis Presley, Allen Iverson, Steve Nash. The parallels continue to echo similarities like rhyme form, but can only be heard by those who listen. Do you hear? 



ENTERTAINMENT INSIDERS OBITUARY

BY RUSTY WHITE

HERMAN BRIX
aka **BRUCE BENNETT**

DIED FEB. 24, 2006

serial was produced by *Tarzan* author Edgar Rice Burroughs.

While millions of movie fans worldwide loved Johnny Weissmuller's *Tarzan* films, the character's creator hated them. Bruce Bennett was the only actor to play the character as written until Christopher Lambert took on the portrayal in the 1984 film *Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan: Lord of the Apes*.

Bruce Bennett had an important cameo role in one of most beloved films: *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*.

Mr. Bennett's other film appearances include WC Fields' *Million Dollar Legs*, *Mildred Pierce*, *Sahara*, *Nora Prentiss*, *Dark Passage*, *The Great Missouri Raid*, *Strategic Air Command*, *Love Me Tender*, *The Alligator People*, and *Deadhead Miles*.

Actor and Olympic athlete Herman Brix died at age 100.

Mr. Brix won the Silver Medal for the shot put at the 1928 Olympic Games in Amsterdam. Later, Mr. Brix took the stage name of Bruce Bennett and appeared in over 140 films and TV shows.

He played the character of Lord Greystoke aka Tarzan, King of the Apes in the 1930's movie serial, *The New Adventures of Tarzan*. The 12-part

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Chris O'Neil as Noah Wilder and Rhiannon Leigh Wryn as Emma Wilder in New Line Cinema's release of Bob Shaye's *The Last Mimzy*.

300

★ ★ 1/2 (R)

Please see our feature on page 12.

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)

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)

Beyond the Gates

Not Yet Reviewed (R)

Based on a true story of a Catholic priest (John Hurt) and an English teacher caught in 1994 Rwandan genocide. Michael Canton-Jones directs. (JH)

Believe in Me

Not Yet Reviewed (PG)

A basketball coach moves to Oklahoma intending to coach the Boys' team, but ends up as the coach of the Girls' team. The film follows the coach's efforts to develop a team and to gain support in a

town that has never before supported a Girls' team. (JH)

Black Snake Moan

★ ★ ★ (R)

If *Moan* works, it is because of the music. Brewer smartly intersperses old black-and-white film footage of the famous Blind Lemon Jefferson talking about the blues—both the music and its emotional counterpart. And Lazarus in *Moan* is, of course, a Blues man, who's given it up in favor of farming. A tortured soul, he believes that Rae has been deposited literally on his doorstep by God for a reason. He's determined to break her of her "wickedness," and that means a chain around her waist securely shackling her to a radiator. And it is this tawdry dramatic play that really doesn't work, except in bits and pieces, and then mainly when the Blues takes center stage as performed by Jackson in character. *Moan* has a drive-in movie thing going for it early on. The long lead-in is timed right, permitting Ricci to strut with lusty flavor in front of a huge tractor as the credits roll down and jangly music bursts through the speakers in the theater. At times, the soundtrack sounds purposely distorted as though you're listening to it through a portable speaker hanging on the door of your Chevrolet. (JH)

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

★ ★ ★ ★ (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 Cuarón exhibited his gift for allowing the human touch to break through technique, as we see once again here with even stronger results. (PS)

Exterminating Angels

Not Yet Reviewed (Not Rated)

A French film director encourages his actresses to lose their inhibitions while filming an erotic scene, with unexpected consequences. Erotic tension makes this the hottest screen ticket since the halcyon days of Emmanuelle. This won't play well in the Bible Belt. (TS)

Full of It

Not Yet Reviewed (PG-13)

Craig Kilborn and John Carroll Lynch star in this one directed by Jerry Seinfeld doc *Come-dian* 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)

Gray 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)

The Host

★ ★ ★ ★ (R)

Please see our interview on page 11.

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 Last Mimzy

Not Yet Reviewed (PG)

In this adaptation of the famous sci-fi short story, "Mimsy Were the Borogoves," a pair of young children play with some mysterious toys that they have found, not realizing that they have been sent from the future as part of a time-travel experiment, and begin to devel-

op strange powers as a result. Among the grown-ups caught up in the goings-on are Timothy Hutton, Joley Richardson, and Rainn Wilson. (PS)

The Lives of Others

★ ★ ★ ★ (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)

Maxed Out

Not Yet Reviewed (Not Rated)

This documentary from James D. Scurlock is an expose of credit-card companies and the methods that they use to ensure ever-increasing profits by doing everything in their power to keep Americans drowning in credit debt. (PS)

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 Spears-esque 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)

The Namesake

★ ★ ★ 1/2 (PG-13)

Please see our review on page 11.



Academy Award nominee Abigail Breslin in *The Ultimate Gift*.

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 *Dream-girls*, 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—you 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 real-life "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

★ ★ ★ 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 an 80-minute 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)

Starter for 10

★ ★ ★ (PG-13)

Much like a British version of a John Hughes film, this endearing romantic comedy follows 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, Brian'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 convincing production design, appropriate costumes and fitting cinematography, but the real magic in *Starter for 10* is its heart and sharp sense of humor. (CR)

Tyler Perry's Daddy's Little Girls

Not Yet Reviewed (PG-13)

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 Gabrielle Union. (MK)

The Ultimate Gift

Not Yet Reviewed (PG)

Starring the little girl from *Little Miss Sunshine*, this ham-fisted Fox Faith romp gives us a parable involving a young man who is taught a grave lesson by his grandfather's legacy in the mode of 12 very special gifts. (MK)

Wild Hogs

1/2 (PG-13)

If 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. *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. (PS)

Wild Tigers I Have Known

Not Yet Reviewed (Not Rated)

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

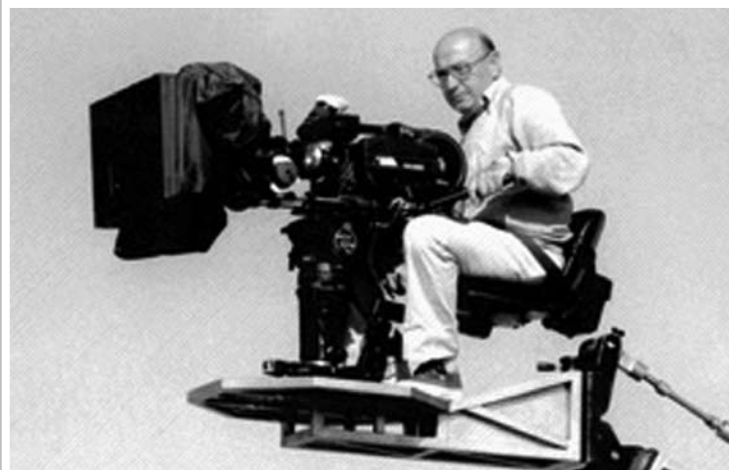
★ ★ ★ ★ (R)

With *Zodiac*, David Fincher confirms once and for all that he is among the finest working in the world today—how many others do you know of who could make a film as thrilling as this in which most of the action involves two or three people talking in a room? Because it is long, grim and moody and tells a story that requires a long attention span and doesn't provide any cathartic chase scenes or gun battles in the final reels, I have the sad suspicion that those anticipating a standard-issue serial killer thriller (the kind unfortunately suggested in the ads) may come away from *Zodiac* feeling disappointed that Fincher hasn't given them the typical fare that they have come to expect from the genre. And yet, I'd like to think that there is an audience out there that is as tired of the same old stuff as Fincher clearly is and that they will respond to a film such as *Zodiac*—one that is extraordinary instead of simply extra-ordinary. ♪

FILM

ART FILM OF THE WEEK BY AARON SHELLEY

LANDSCAPE IN THE MIST



Greek director Theodoros Angelopoulos won a Silver Lion for his film.

Winning the Venice Film Festival's Silver Lion in 1988, Greek director Theo Angelopoulos set his poetic lamentation on the road to nowhere for two young siblings who search for their non-existent father.

14-year-old sister Voula (Tania Palaiologou) and her five-year-old brother Alexander (Michalis Zeke) endure the odyssey before them, daring to believe in their obsession, even when encountering tragic moments along the way. Voula is brutally raped by a truck-driver and is still undeterred to travel to Germany where her imaginary father is meant to be residing. Without sentiment, the film delves into surreal occurrences such as people frozen in place watching the snow, a giant statue hand fished out of the sea, and a dying horse dragged by a tractor.



Scenic visions never cease to amaze during the extrapolated, elongated gaze of Angelopoulos' lingering camera that treats the smallest detail of minutiae as an everlasting imprint on the retina of the spectator. Painterly cinematography is of the essence in depicting the lost travelers. Perfectly executed self-reflexivity is evidenced by a small piece of film found in the garbage, which later happens to be a piece of the film in which the brother and sister find themselves. ♪

Angelopoulos' existential extravaganza frames deep long takes over the tableaux of images, positioning the children in great crisis without the help of an adventurer they meet along the path of the road movie. Voula and Alexander find friendship with a down-on-his-luck, out-of-work actor, Orestes (Stratos Tzortzoglou). Voula discovers her own love for the actor, after he teaches her how to slow dance. Her heart is broken by his kind rejection of her determined love. The children never find their father, yet they do find poetry everywhere, even in the harshest, most blinding elements. Their hopeless journey provides a yearning sensation of loss never to be recovered.

Director Angelopoulos masters the long-take aesthetic (influenced here by directors Antonioni and Tarkovsky) and adds graceful fluidity to each subtle camera movement. Filmed as a fading dream (especially the train ride voice-overs of undelivered letters to the children's father), the gentleness of the children in contrast with the harshness of modernity, is a parable of an allegorical nature.

The score of the film by Eleni Karaindrou matches the complexity of the imagery in range and tone. Similar musical cues linger over the symbolism of mythologized Greek locales with animated, overlapping backgrounds competing with the claustrophobic train-rides. Angelopoulos pulls it off by distancing the characters' thoughts and emotions. By capturing Voula's violent rape offscreen, the director maintains respect for his protagonist, while sending the horror of the moment home. Without shock or phoni-ness, the reserved and elaborate adventures of a sister and brother prove to be a whirlwind of magical verse for the ages. ♪

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
The Last Mimzy Sat., 5:30 p.m.
The Host (Gwoemul) Fri.-Wed., 2:05, 4:55, 7:55, 11:05 p.m.; Thurs., 2, 5:20, 8:20, 11 p.m.
The Namesake 11:40 a.m., 2:30, 5:10, 8, 10:40 p.m.
Black Snake Moan 11:45 a.m., 2:15, 5:25, 8:15, 10:55 p.m.
Zodiac Fri.-Sun., 12:30, 4:10, 7:50, 11:25 p.m.; Fri.-Sun., 7:05, 10:35 p.m.; Fri.-Sun., 11:35 a.m., 3:25 p.m.; Mon., 11:35 a.m., 12:30, 3:25, 4:10, 7:05, 7:50, 10:35, 11:25 p.m.; Tues.-Thurs., 12:30, 4:10, 7:50, 11:25 p.m.; Tues.-Wed., 11:35 a.m., 3:25, 7:05, 10:35 p.m.; Thurs., 7:05, 10:35 p.m.; Thurs., 11:35 a.m., 3:25 p.m.
Amazing Grace 1:50, 4:30, 7:30, 10 p.m.
Breach 11:50 a.m., 2:20, 5, 8:10, 10:50 p.m.
Ghost Rider Fri.-Tues., 1:40, 4:40, 7:10, 9:50 p.m.; Wed., 1:55, 4:45, 7:35, 10:05 p.m.; Thurs., 1:40, 4:40, 7:10, 9:50 p.m.
Music and Lyrics Fri.-Wed., 1, 4, 7, 9:30 p.m.
Factory Girl Fri., 12 noon, 2:10, 4:20, 7:20, 9:40 p.m.; Sat., 12:50, 3, 8:30, 11:10 p.m.; Sun.-Thurs., 12 noon, 2:10, 4:20, 7:20, 9:40 p.m.
The Lives of Others (Das Leben der Anderen) 1:30, 4:50, 7:40, 10:30 p.m.
Notes on a Scandal 1:55, 4:45, 7:35, 9:55 p.m.
Pan's Labyrinth (El Laberinto del Fauno) 11:55 a.m., 2:25, 5:15, 8:05, 10:45 p.m.
Children of Men Fri.-Wed., 1:45, 5:05, 7:45, 10:15 p.m.; Thurs., 12:05, 2:35, 5:35 p.m.
Blood Diamond Fri.-Tues., 1:05, 4:05, 7:25, 10:25 p.m.; Wed., 1:05, 4:05 p.m.; Thurs., 1:05, 4:05, 7:25, 10:25 p.m.
LOS FELIZ 3 1822 Vermont Avenue (323)664-2169
Black Snake Moan 2:30, 5:45, 8:45 p.m.
Zodiac 2, 5:20, 8:45 p.m.
Breach 2:30, 5:45, 8:45 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
The Last Mimzy Sat., 5:30 p.m.
300 Fri.-Sat., 11, 11:45 a.m., 1:50, 2:40, 4:05, 4:45, 5:35, 7, 7:40, 8:30, 9:50, 10:35, 11:25 p.m., 12:30 a.m.; Sun.-Thurs., 11, 11:45 a.m., 1:50, 2:40, 4:05, 4:45, 5:35, 7, 7:40, 8:30, 9:50, 10:35, 11:15 p.m.
Black Snake Moan 10:35 a.m., 1:35, 4:30, 7:30, 10:30 p.m.
Wild Hogs Fri.-Sat., 10:45, 11:30 a.m., 1:20, 2:10, 4:45, 7:20, 9:50 p.m., 12:20 a.m.; Sun.-Thurs., 10:45, 11:30 a.m., 1:20, 2:10, 4:45, 7:20, 9:50 p.m.
Zodiac Fri.-Sat., 11:35 a.m., 12:30, 3:15, 4:15, 7:05, 7:55, 10:45, 11:30 p.m.; Sun., 11:35 a.m., 12:30, 3:15, 4:15, 7:05, 7:55, 10:45, 11:20 p.m.; Mon., 11 a.m., 12:30, 3:15, 4:15, 7:05, 7:55, 10:45, 11:20 p.m.; Tues.-Thurs., 11:35 a.m., 12:30, 3:15, 4:15, 7:05, 7:55, 10:45, 11:20 p.m.
The Number 23 Fri., 11:25 a.m., 2:05, 4:40, 7:15, 9:45 p.m., 12:15 a.m.; Sat., 11:25 a.m., 2:05, 8:25, 10:55 p.m.; Sun.-Thurs., 11:25 a.m., 2:05, 4:40, 7:15, 9:45 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.-Thurs., 10:30 a.m., 12:40, 2:50, 5:05, 7:25, 9:40 p.m.
Breach Fri.-Wed., 11:15 a.m., 2:15, 4:55, 7:45, 10:40 p.m.; Thurs., 11:15 a.m., 2:15, 4:55, 10:40 p.m.
Bridge to Terabithia 10:30 a.m., 12:55, 3:20, 5:45, 8:15, 10:40 p.m.
Ghost Rider Fri.-Sat., 11:40 a.m., 2:30, 5:25, 8:20, 11:10 p.m.; Sun.-Tues., 11:40 a.m., 2:30, 5:25, 8:10, 10:55 p.m.; Wed., 10:40 a.m., 1:30, 4:20, 10:55 p.m.; Thurs., 11:40 a.m., 2:30, 5:25, 8:10, 10:55 p.m.
Music and Lyrics Fri.-Sat., 11:10 a.m., 1:55, 4:35, 7:10, 9:45 p.m., 12:10 a.m.; Sun.-Thurs., 11:10 a.m., 1:55, 4:35, 7:10, 9:45 p.m.
Norbit 11:45 a.m., 2:35, 5:20, 8, 10:50 p.m.
REGENT SHOWCASE 614 North LaBrea and Melrose (323)934-2944
Volver Fri., 5, 7:30 p.m.; Sat.-Sun., 2:30, 5, 7:30 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 5, 7:30 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.
VISTA 4473 Sunset Boulevard at Hollywood (323)660-6639
300 Fri.-Sun., 1:30, 4:15, 7, 9:45 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 4:15, 7, 9:45 p.m.

DOWNTOWN, S. LOS ANGELES

AMC MAGIC JOHNSON CRENSHAW 15 4020 Marlon Ave. (323)290-5900 703
300 Fri.-Sat., 10:55, 11:30 a.m., 1:35, 2:20, 4:30, 5:15, 7:30, 8:10, 10:20, 10:50 p.m.; Sun., 10:55, 11:30 a.m.,

1:35, 2:20, 4:30, 5:15, 7:30, 8:10, 10:20 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1:35, 2:20, 4:30, 5:15, 7:15, 8:10, 9:55 p.m.
The Ultimate Gift Fri.-Sun., 11:55 a.m., 2:30, 5:05, 7:45, 10:25 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 2:30, 5:05, 7:45, 10:15 p.m.
Black Snake Moan Fri.-Sat., 11:35 a.m., 12:20, 1:20, 2:15, 3:20, 4:15, 5:20, 6:30, 7:10, 8:05, 9:30, 10:05, 10:50 p.m.; Sun., 11:35 a.m., 12:20, 1:20, 2:15, 3:20, 4:15, 5:20, 6:30, 7:10, 8:05, 9:30, 10:05 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 12:30, 1:20, 2:15, 3:20, 4:15, 5:20, 6:30, 7:10, 8:05, 9:10, 9:40 p.m.
Wild Hogs Fri.-Sun., 11:50 a.m., 2:10, 4:45, 7:20, 9:55 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 2:10, 4:45, 7:20, 9:55 p.m.
Zodiac Fri.-Sun., 12:05, 3:30, 6:50, 10:10 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 12:20, 3:30, 6:40, 9:50 p.m.
The Number 23 Fri.-Sun., 12:45, 3, 5:30, 7:55, 10:30 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 12:45, 3, 5:30, 7:55, 10:05 p.m.
Bridge to Terabithia Fri.-Sun., 12:25, 2:50, 5:10, 7:40, 9:50 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 12:25, 2:50, 5:10, 7:40 p.m.
Ghost Rider Fri.-Sat., 11:20 a.m., 12:10, 2:40, 4:40, 5:25, 8, 10, 10:40 p.m.; Sun., 11:20 a.m., 12:10, 2:40, 4:40, 5:25, 8, 10 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 12:15, 2:40, 4:40, 5:25, 8, 10 p.m.
Tyler Perry's Daddy's Little Girls Fri.-Sun., 11:45 a.m., 2:25, 5, 7:25, 9:45 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 2:25, 5, 7:25, 9:45 p.m.
Norbit Fri.-Sat., 12:50, 2:05, 3:10, 5:45, 7:35, 8:20, 10:45 p.m.; Sun., 12:50, 2:05, 3:10, 5:45, 7:35, 8:05, 10:25 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 12:50, 2:05, 3:10, 5:30, 7:35, 7:50, 10:10 p.m.
The Last King of Scotland Fri.-Sun., 10:50 a.m., 1:30, 4:25, 7:15, 10:15 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1:30, 5:25, 8:20 p.m.

LAEMMLE'S GRANDE 4-PLEX 345 South Figueroa Street (213)617-0268
300 Fri., 4:40, 7:20, 9:55 p.m.; Sat.-Sun., 1:40, 4:40, 7:20, 9:55 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 5:40, 8:20 p.m.
Breach Fri., 4:55, 7:30, 10 p.m.; Sat.-Sun., 1:55, 4:55, 7:30, 10 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 5:55, 8:30 p.m.
East of Havana Fri., 5:45, 7:45, 9:45 p.m.; Sat.-Sun., 1:45, 3:45, 5:45, 7:45, 9:45 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 5:45, 8 p.m.
The Last King of Scotland Fri., 4:30, 7:10, 9:50 p.m.; Sat.-Sun., 1:50, 4:30, 7:10, 9:50 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 5:30, 8:10 p.m.
MANN BEVERLY HILLS 13 8522 Beverly Boulevard, Suite 835 (310)652-7760 -
The Ultimate Gift 1:10, 4:10, 7, 10 p.m.
The Abandoned 1:20, 7 p.m.
The Astronaut Farmer 12 noon, 2:20, 4:50, 7:10, 9:30 p.m.
Starter for 10 12:30, 2:50, 5, 7:20, 9:40 p.m.
Tyler Perry's Daddy's Little Girls 12:10, 2:20, 4:30, 6:50, 9:10 p.m.
Hannibal Rising 4:10, 9:40 p.m.
Because I Said So 12:20, 2:40, 5:10, 7:40, 10:10 p.m.
Children of Men 12:20, 2:50, 5:20, 7:50, 10:10 p.m.
Night at the Museum 12:10, 2:30, 4:50, 7:20, 9:50 p.m.
Letters From Iwo Jima 12:50, 3:50, 6:50, 9:50 p.m.
Dreamgirls 12:40, 3:30, 6:30, 9:20 p.m.
Blood Diamond 12:30, 3:30, 6:30, 9:30 p.m.
The Pursuit of Happyness 1:30, 4:20, 7:10, 9:45 p.m.
Happy Feet 12 noon, 2:30, 5, 7:30, 10 p.m.
UNIVERSITY VILLAGE 3 3323 South Hoover (213)748-6321
300 Fri.-Sat., 1:15, 4, 7, 9:45 p.m., 12:15 a.m.; Sun.-Thurs., 1:15, 4, 7, 9:45 p.m.
Wild Hogs 12:30, 3, 5:30, 8, 10:15 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.
Hannibal Rising Fri.-Sat., 12 mid.

WEST HOLLYWOOD BEVERLY HILLS

LAEMMLE'S MUSIC HALL 3 9036 Wilshire Blvd. (310)274-6869
Pan's Labyrinth (El Laberinto del Fauno) Fri., 5:20, 8 p.m.; Sat.-Sun., 12 noon, 2:40, 5:20, 8 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 5:20, 8 p.m.
Mehman Fri., 5, 7:30, 10 p.m.; Sat.-Sun., 12 noon, 2:30, 5, 7:30, 10 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 5, 7:30, 10 p.m.
Reel Women International Film Fest
LAEMMLE'S SUNSET 5 8000 Sunset Blvd. (323)848-3500
Maxed Out: Hard Times, Easy Credit and the Era of Predatory Lenders 12:45, 3, 5:15, 7:35, 9:55 p.m.
The Queen 1:40, 4:20, 7 p.m.
Little Children 9:40 p.m.
The Last King of Scotland Fri.-Sat., 1:15, 4:10, 7:10, 9:55 p.m.; Sun., 1:15, 4:10, 7:10 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1:15, 4:10, 7:10, 9:55 p.m.
Israel Film Festival

WESTWOOD WEST L.A.

AMC CENTURY CITY 15 10250 Santa Monica Boulevard (310)289-4AMC
The Last Mimzy Sat., 5:30 p.m.
300 Fri., 9:40, 10:20 a.m., 12:15, 12:50, 2:50, 3:30, 5:30, 6:30, 7:30, 8:30, 9:30, 10:30, 11:30 p.m., 12:15, 12:45 a.m.; Sat., 9:40, 10:20 a.m., 12:10, 12:50, 2:50,

3:30, 5:30, 6:30, 7:30, 8:30, 9:30, 10:30, 11:30 p.m., 12:15, 12:45 a.m.; Sun., 9:40, 10:20 a.m., 12:10, 12:50, 2:50, 3:30, 5:30, 6:30, 7:30, 8:30, 9:30, 10:30 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1:05, 2, 4, 4:45, 7:05, 7:50, 8:35, 10, 10:45 p.m.
Black Snake Moan Fri.-Sat., 10:55 a.m., 1:35, 4:35, 7:20, 10:45 p.m., 12:50 a.m.; Sun., 10:55 a.m., 1:35, 4:35, 7:20, 10:45 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1:40, 4:35, 7:30, 10:35 p.m.
Wild Hogs Fri.-Sun., 10, 11:30 a.m., 12:20, 2:05, 2:40, 4:45, 5:20, 8, 10:20 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 12:45, 1:50, 3:20, 4:40, 5:45, 7:10, 9:50 p.m.
Zodiac Fri.-Sat., 9:45 a.m., 12 noon, 12:55, 3:35, 4:25, 7:15, 8:05, 10:50, 11:35 p.m., 12:20 a.m.; Sun., 9:45 a.m., 12 noon, 12:55, 3:35, 4:25, 7:10, 8:05, 10:30 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1:30, 3:30, 4:50, 7, 8:30, 10:20 p.m.
The Number 23 Fri., 10:05 a.m., 12:35, 3:10, 5:35, 8:15, 10:55 p.m.; Sat., 10:05 a.m., 12:35, 3:10, 8:15, 10:55 p.m.; Sun., 10:05 a.m., 12:35, 3:10, 5:35, 8:15, 10:40 p.m.; Mon., 12:50, 3:15, 5:40, 8, 10:30 p.m.; Tues.-Thurs., 12:50, 3:10, 5:40, 8, 10:30 p.m.
Reno 911!: Miami Fri.-Sat., 10:30 a.m., 12:40, 3:05, 5:20, 7:50, 10:10 p.m., 12:25 a.m.; Sun., 10:30 a.m., 12:40, 3:05, 5:20, 7:50, 10:10 p.m.; Mon., 1:45, 4:05, 9:45 p.m.; Tues.-Thurs., 1, 3:15, 5:30, 7:45, 9:55 p.m.
Breach Fri.-Sun., 11:10 a.m., 1:55, 4:50, 7:40, 10:40 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 2:05, 4:55, 7:40, 10:25 p.m.
Bridge to Terabithia Fri., 9:55 a.m., 12:10, 2:30, 5, 7:35, 10:05 p.m.; Sat.-Sun., 9:55 a.m., 12:15, 2:30, 5, 7:35, 10:05 p.m.; Mon.-Tues., 12:55, 3:10, 5:30, 7:55, 10:15 p.m.; Wed., 1:45, 4:20, 10:15 p.m.; Thurs., 12:55, 3:10, 5:30, 7:55, 10:15 p.m.
Ghost Rider Fri.-Sat., 12:25, 3, 5:40, 8:25, 11:10 p.m.; Sun., 11 a.m., 1:45, 4:35, 7:25, 10:10 p.m.; Mon., 2:15, 5, 7:45, 10:35 p.m.; Tues., 1:25, 4:10, 10:35 p.m.; Wed.-Thurs., 1:25, 4:10, 7:20, 10:35 p.m.
Music and Lyrics Fri.-Sun., 9:50 a.m., 12:05, 2:35, 5:10, 7:55, 10:35 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1:55, 4:30, 7:10, 9:55 p.m.
Pan's Labyrinth (El Laberinto del Fauno) Fri.-Sat., 11:55 a.m., 2:25, 5:15, 8:10, 11:05 p.m.; Sun., 11:55 a.m., 2:25, 5:15, 8:10, 10:50 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 2:25, 5:15, 8:05, 10:40 p.m.
The Last King of Scotland Fri.-Sat., 10:15 a.m., 1:10, 4:10, 7:10, 10 p.m.; Sun., 10:15 a.m., 5:15, 8:05, 10:50 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1:20, 4:15, 7:15, 10:10 p.m., 1:30 p.m.
LAEMMLE'S ROYAL THEATRE 11523 Santa Monica Blvd. (310)477-5581
Avenue Montaigne (Fauteuils d'orchestre) 1:45, 4:30, 7:10, 9:45 p.m.
LANDMARK REGENT 1045 Broxton Avenue, between Weyburn & Kinross in Westwood (310)281-8223
Wild Hogs Fri.-Sun., 12:30, 2:45, 5, 7:30, 10 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 2:45, 5, 7:30, 10 p.m.
MAJESTIC CREST Westwood & Wilshire Boulevards (310)474-7866
Pan's Labyrinth (El Laberinto del Fauno) 2:30, 5, 7:30, 10 p.m.
MANN BRUIN 948 Broxton Avenue (310)208-8998
Zodiac 12 noon, 3:30, 7:10, 10:35 p.m.
MANN FESTIVAL 1 10887 Lindbrook Avenue (310)208-2765
The Astronaut Farmer 2:20, 7:30 p.m.
The Number 23 11:50 a.m., 5, 10 p.m.
MANN VILLAGE 961 Broxton Avenue (310)208-5576
300 Fri.-Sat., 12:30, 3:45, 7, 10:10 p.m., 1 a.m.; Sun.-Thurs., 12:30, 3:45, 7, 10:10 p.m.
NUART THEATRE 11272 Santa Monica Blvd. (310)281-8223
Into Great Silence (Die Grosse Stille) Fri., 4:15, 8 p.m.; Sat.-Sun., 12:30, 4:15, 8 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 4:15, 8 p.m.
Cremaster 3 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 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

PACIFIC CULVER STADIUM 12 9500 Culver Boulevard, Culver and Washington (310)360-9565
300 Fri.-Sat., 12 noon, 1:20, 2, 2:40, 4:15, 4:50, 5:25, 7:05, 7:40, 8:10, 9:55, 10:35, 10:50 p.m.; Sun., 12 noon, 1:20, 2, 2:40, 4:15, 4:50, 5:25, 7:05, 7:40, 8:10, 9:55, 10:35 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1:20, 2, 2:40, 4:15, 4:50, 5:25, 7:05, 7:40, 8:10, 9:55, 10:30 p.m.
Black Snake Moan 1:40, 4:25, 7:20, 10:15 p.m.
Wild Hogs Fri.-Sun., 12:50, 3:10, 5:30, 7:55, 10:20 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1, 3:20, 5:40, 8, 10:20 p.m.
Zodiac Fri.-Sat., 12:20, 3:40, 7:10, 10:40 p.m.; Sun., 12:20, 3:40, 7:10, 10:30 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1:15, 4:40, 8:15 p.m.
Reno 911!: Miami 1:10, 3:30, 5:35, 7:50, 10 p.m.
Breach 1:55, 4:30, 7, 9:35 p.m.
Bridge to Terabithia Fri.-Sun., 12:30, 2:55, 5:20, 7:45,

10:05 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 2:55, 5:20, 7:45, 10:05 p.m.
Ghost Rider Fri.-Sat., 12:05, 2:35, 5:05, 7:35, 10:10 p.m.; Sun.-Thurs., 2:35, 5:05, 7:35, 10:10 p.m.
Music and Lyrics 1:05, 3:25, 5:45, 8:05, 10:25 p.m.
Norbit Fri.-Sat., 12:05, 2:25, 4:45, 7:15, 9:40 p.m.; Sun.-Thurs., 2:20, 4:45, 7:15, 9:40 p.m.
THE BRIDGE: CINEMA DE LUX 6081 Center Drive (310)568-3375
The Last Mimzy Sat., 5:30 p.m.
300 5:15, 8, 10:45 p.m. Director's Hall/Reserved Seating; Fri., 11:15 a.m., 1, 2, 3:45, 4:45, 6:30, 7:30, 9:15, 10:15, 11:55 p.m.; Sat., 10:15, 11:15 a.m., 1, 2, 3:45, 4:45, 6:30, 7:30, 9:15, 10:15, 11:55 p.m.; Sun., 10:15, 11:15 a.m., 1, 2, 3:45, 4:45, 6:30, 7:30, 9:15, 10:15 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 11:15 a.m., 1, 2, 3:45, 4:45, 6:30, 7:30, 9:15, 10:15 p.m.
300: The IMAX Experience Fri., 1:30, 4:15, 7, 9:45 p.m.; Sat., 10:45 a.m., 1:30, 4:15, 7, 9:45 p.m., 12:25 a.m.; Sun., 10:45 a.m., 1:30, 4:15, 7, 9:45 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1:30, 4:15, 7, 9:45 p.m.
The Ultimate Gift 11:45 a.m., 2:25, 5:05, 7:45, 10:25 p.m.
Black Snake Moan Fri., 1:45, 4, 4:30, 7:15, 9:30, 10 p.m., 12:05, 12:35 a.m.; Sat., 11 a.m., 1:45, 4:30, 7:15, 10 p.m., 12:35 a.m.; Sun., 11 a.m., 1:45, 4, 4:30, 7:15, 9:30, 10 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1:45, 4, 4:30, 7:15, 9:30, 10 p.m.
Wild Hogs Fri.-Sat., 12 noon, 2:30, 5, 7:30, 10 p.m., 12:30 a.m.; Fri.-Sat., 11:30 a.m., 2, 4:30, 7, 9:30 p.m., 12 mid.; Sun.-Thurs., 12 noon, 2:30, 5, 7:30, 10 p.m.; Sun.-Thurs., 11:30 a.m., 2, 4:30, 7, 9:30 p.m.
Zodiac 10:30 p.m.; 12:10, 3:35, 7 p.m. Director's Hall/Reserved Seating; Fri., 1:10, 4:35, 8, 11:30 p.m.; Sat., 10:05 a.m., 1:10, 4:35, 8, 11:30 p.m.; Sun., 10:05 a.m., 1:10, 4:35, 8 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1:10, 4:35, 8 p.m.
The Number 23 Fri., 12:25, 2:50, 5:15, 7:40, 10:05 p.m., 12:25 a.m.; Sat., 12:25, 2:50, 7:40, 10:05 p.m., 12:25 a.m.; Sun.-Thurs., 12:25, 2:50, 5:15, 7:40, 10:05 p.m.
Reno 911!: Miami Fri., 12:50, 3, 5:10, 7:20, 9:40 p.m., 12 mid.; Sat., 10:40 a.m., 12:50, 3, 5:10, 7:20, 9:40 p.m., 12 mid.; Sun., 10:40 a.m., 12:50, 3, 5:10, 7:20, 9:40 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 12:50, 3, 5:10, 7:20, 9:40 p.m.
Breach Fri.-Sat., 12:10, 2:40, 5:10, 7:45, 10:15 p.m., 12:35 a.m.; Sun.-Thurs., 12:10, 2:40, 5:10, 7:45, 10:15 p.m.
Bridge to Terabithia Fri.-Sat., 12 noon, 2:20, 4:40, 7, 9:30, 11:50 p.m.; Sun.-Thurs., 12 noon, 2:20, 4:40, 7, 9:30 p.m.
Ghost Rider Fri., 1, 4, 7:10, 9:50 p.m., 12:20 a.m.; Sat., 10:15 a.m., 1, 4, 7:10, 9:50 p.m., 12:20 a.m.; Sun., 10:15 a.m., 1, 4, 7:10, 9:50 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1, 4, 7:10, 9:50 p.m.
Music and Lyrics 1:30, 7 p.m.
Tyler Perry's Daddy's Little Girls Fri., 12:50, 3:10, 5:30, 7:50, 10:10 p.m., 12:30 a.m.; Sat., 10:30 a.m., 12:50, 3:10, 5:30, 7:50, 10:10 p.m., 12:30 a.m.; Sun., 10:30 a.m., 12:50, 3:10, 5:30, 7:50, 10:10 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 12:50, 3:10, 5:30, 7:50, 10:10 p.m.
Norbit Fri.-Sat., 11:55 a.m., 2:15, 4:45, 7:15, 9:50 p.m., 12:15 a.m.; Sun.-Thurs., 11:55 a.m., 2:15, 4:45, 7:15, 9:50 p.m.
Night at the Museum 12:15, 2:50 p.m.
Strawberry Shortcake: Berry Blossom Festival Sat.-Sun., 10 a.m.
UA MARINA DEL REY 4335 Glencoe Avenue (800)326-3264 510
300 Fri.-Sat., 10:40 a.m., 12 noon, 1:30, 3:50, 4:30, 7, 7:40, 10:10, 10:40 p.m.; Sun., 10:40 a.m., 12 noon, 1:30, 3:50, 4:30, 7, 7:40, 10:10 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1, 1:45, 4,

7:20, 8, 10:05, 11 p.m.; Sun., 11 a.m., 12:05, 1:45, 2:40, 4:25, 5:20, 7:20, 8, 10:05 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1, 1:50, 3:50, 4:40, 6:40, 7:20, 9:30, 10:10 p.m.
Black Snake Moan Fri.-Sun., 11:20 a.m., 2, 4:50, 7:40, 10:30 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 2, 4:45, 7:30, 10:15 p.m.
Wild Hogs Fri.-Sun., 11:45 a.m., 2:30, 5:05, 7:45, 10:15 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1:45, 4:35, 7:10, 10 p.m.
Zodiac Fri., 11:40 a.m., 12:45, 3, 4:05, 6:30, 7:30, 9:55, 10:50 p.m.; Sat., 11:40 a.m., 12:45, 3, 6:30, 7:30, 9:55, 10:50 p.m.; Sun., 11:40 a.m., 12:45, 3, 4:05, 6:30, 7:30, 9:55 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1:15, 2:45, 4:30, 6:20, 7:50, 9:45 p.m.

Bridge to Terabithia Fri.-Sun., 11:35 a.m., 2:20, 4:55, 7:25, 9:50 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 2:20, 4:55, 7:25, 9:50 p.m.

AERO THEATRE 1328 Montana Avenue (323)466-FILM

Angel-A Fri., 7:30 p.m.
Our Daily Bread (Unser taglich Brot) Sun., 5 p.m.
The Big Blue Sun., 7:30 p.m.
Subway Sat., 7:30 p.m.
Tarnished Angels (1957) Thurs., 7:30 p.m.

HOLLYWOOD THEATERS - MALIBU CINEMAS 3822 Cross Creek Road (310)456-6990

300 Fri., 4, 7, 9:45 p.m.; Sat.-Sun., 1, 4, 7, 9:45 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 4, 7, 9:45 p.m.
Wild Hogs Fri., 4:15, 7:15, 9:30 p.m.; Sat.-Sun., 1:15, 4:15, 7:15, 9:30 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 4:15, 7:15, 9:30 p.m.

LAEMMLE'S MONICA FOURPLEX 1332 2nd Street (310)394-9741

The Namesake Fri., 1, 2, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9:55 p.m.; Sat.-Sun., 11 a.m., 1, 2, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9:55 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1, 2, 4, 5, 7, 8, 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.
Volver 4:30, 9:50 p.m.
The Queen 1:50, 7:20 p.m.

Oscar Nominated Short Documentaries Sat.-Sun., 11 a.m.

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

The Ultimate Gift 11 a.m., 1:50, 4:30, 7:10, 9:50 p.m.
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, 9:40 p.m.
Music and Lyrics 11:20 a.m., 2, 4:40, 7:20, 10 p.m.
Norbit Fri.-Sun., 11:50 a.m., 2:30, 5:10, 7:40, 10:20 p.m.; Mon., 11:50 a.m., 2:30, 5:10, 7:40, 10 p.m.; Tues.-Thurs., 11:50 a.m., 2:30, 5:10, 7:40, 10:20 p.m.

NUWILSHIRE 1314 Wilshire Blvd. (310)281-8223

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., 1:30, 4, 10 p.m.; Thurs., 2:30, 5, 7:30, 10 p.m.
The Last King of Scotland 1, 4, 7, 9:55 p.m.

NO. HOLLYWOOD UNIVERSAL CITY

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

300 Fri.-Sat., 11:20 a.m., 12 noon, 2:10, 3, 5, 6, 8, 9, 11, 11:55 p.m.; Sun., 11:20 a.m., 12 noon, 2:10, 3, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10:50 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 2:15, 3, 5:05, 6, 8, 9, 10:45 p.m.

300: The IMAX Experience Fri.-Sat., 11 a.m., 1:40, 4:20, 7, 9:45 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 11 a.m., 1:40, 4:20, 7, 9:45 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1:30, 4:15, 7:20, 10:15 p.m.

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

Wild Hogs Fri.-Sat., 11:50 a.m., 2:35, 5:10, 7:40, 10:10 p.m., 12:20 a.m.; Sun., 11:50 a.m., 2:35, 5:10, 7:40, 10:10 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 2:20, 4:50, 7:40, 10:20 p.m.

Zodiac Fri.-Sat., 12:10, 3:45, 7:20, 10:50 p.m.; Sun., 12:10, 3:45, 7:20, 10:45 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1:45, 5:10, 8:35 p.m.

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

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

Bridge to Terabithia Fri.-Sun., 11:40 a.m., 2, 4:30, 6:50, 9:20 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 2:10, 4:30, 7, 9:20 p.m.

Ghost Rider Fri.-Sun., 11:30 a.m., 2:15, 4:50, 7:45, 10:30 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1:40, 4:25, 7:10, 10 p.m.

Norbit Fri.-Sun., 11:55 a.m., 2:40, 5:15, 7:50, 10:15 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 2:50, 5:20, 7:50, 10:25 p.m.

Night at the Museum Fri.-Sun., 11:10 a.m., 1:45, 5:20 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 2, 4:40 p.m.

CENTURY 8 NORTH HOLLYWOOD 12827 Victory Blvd. & Coldwater Canyon (818)508-6004

300 Fri.-Wed., 11:40 a.m., 2:20, 5:05, 7:55, 10:35 p.m.
Wild Hogs Fri.-Wed., 11:35 a.m., 2:25, 5, 7:40, 10:10 p.m.
Zodiac Fri.-Wed., 12:15, 3:35, 7, 10:25 p.m.

The Number 23 Fri.-Wed., 11:50 a.m., 2:10, 4:40, 7:20, 10 p.m.
Reno 911!: Miami Fri.-Wed., 11:30 a.m., 1:50, 4, 6:15, 8:25, 10:30 p.m.

Bridge to Terabithia Fri.-Wed., 12 noon, 2:30, 4:50, 7:15, 9:45 p.m.

Ghost Rider Fri.-Wed., 12:05, 2:40, 5:15, 7:45, 10:20 p.m.

Norbit Fri.-Wed., 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, 7:20, 9:55 p.m.
The Lives of Others (Das Leben der Anderen) 1:40, 4:55, 8:10 p.m.

Miss Potter 11:45 a.m., 2, 4:35, 7, 9:25 p.m.
Cafe Setareh 12 noon, 2:30, 5, 7:30, 10 p.m.

Mehman 12:05, 2:35, 5:05, 7:35, 10:05 p.m.

PACIFIC GALLERIA STADIUM 16 15301 Ventura Boulevard (818)501-5121

300 Fri.-Sat., 12:45, 1:45, 2:30, 3:45, 4:45, 5:30, 7, 7:45, 8:30, 9:55, 10:45, 11:30 p.m.; Sun.-Thurs., 12:45, 1:45, 2:30, 3:45, 4:45, 5:30, 7, 7:45, 8:30, 10:10 p.m.

Black Snake Moan Fri.-Sat., 1:25, 4:25, 7:25, 10:35 p.m.; Sun., 1:25, 4:25, 7:25, 10:10 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1:50, 4:45, 7:40, 10:30 p.m.

Wild Hogs Fri.-Sat., 12:10, 1:50, 2:50, 4:30, 5:30, 7:10, 8:10, 9:50, 10:50 p.m.; Sun., 12:10, 1:50, 2:50, 4:30, 5:30, 7:10, 8:10, 9:50 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 12:30, 1:40, 3:05, 4:30, 5:40, 7:10, 8:10, 9:55 p.m.

Zodiac Fri.-Sat., 12 noon, 1:05, 3:40, 4:40, 7:15, 8:15, 10:55 p.m.; Sun., 12 noon, 1:05, 3:40, 4:40, 7:05, 8:05, 10:30 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 12:55, 3:30, 4:25, 7:05, 8:05, 10:30 p.m.

The Number 23 Fri., 12:10, 2:35, 5:15, 7:45, 10:15 p.m.; Sat., 12:10, 2:35, 8:05, 10:40 p.m.; Sun., 12:10, 2:35, 5:15, 7:45, 10:15 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 12:35, 3, 5:25, 7:50, 10:20 p.m.

Reno 911!: Miami Fri., 12:05, 2:30, 5:05, 7:15, 9:30 p.m.; Sat.-Sun., 12:05, 2:30, 5:05, 7:15, 9:35 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 12:50, 3:10, 5:30, 7:50, 10:05 p.m.

Breach Fri.-Sun., 1:25, 4:25, 7:25, 10:25 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1:05, 4:05, 7:05, 10:50 p.m.

Bridge to Terabithia Fri.-Sun., 1:40, 4:30, 7:05, 9:40 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1:45, 4:35, 7:15, 9:45 p.m.

Ghost Rider Fri.-Sat., 1:35, 4:20, 7:20, 10:10 p.m.; Sun., 1:35, 4:20, 7:20, 10:05 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1:50, 4:40, 7:30, 10:15 p.m.

Music and Lyrics Fri.-Sun., 1:55, 4:45, 7:35, 10:20 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1:30, 4:20, 7, 9:40 p.m.

Norbit Fri.-Sun., 1:40, 4:35, 7:10, 9:45 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1:40, 4:30, 7:25, 10:20 p.m.

Dreamgirls Fri.-Sat., 12:40, 4:05, 7:30, 10:45 p.m.; Sun., 12:40, 4:05, 7:05, 10:25 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 12:40, 4:05, 7:20, 10:25 p.m.

PACIFIC SHERMAN OAKS 5 Corner of Van Nuys Blvd and Milbank (818)501-5121

300 Fri., 1:30, 4:30, 7:20, 10:25 p.m.; Sat., 1:40, 4:30, 7:20, 10:10 p.m.; Sun.-Thurs., 2:05, 4:40, 7:20 p.m.
The Ultimate Gift Fri.-Sat., 1:35, 4:20, 7:15, 10:15 p.m.; Sun.-Thurs., 2:15, 4:55, 7:35 p.m.

Amazing Grace Fri., 1:40, 4:15, 7, 9:50 p.m.; Sat., 1:30, 4:10, 7, 9:50 p.m.; Sun.-Thurs., 2, 4:35, 7:15 p.m.

Because I Said So Fri.-Sat., 2, 4:35, 7:05, 9:40 p.m.; Sun.-Thurs., 2:20, 4:45, 7:10 p.m.

The Last King of Scotland Fri.-Sat., 1:55, 4:50, 7:30, 10:20 p.m.; Sun.-Thurs., 2:10, 4:50, 7:30 p.m.

WOODLAND HILLS WEST HILLS, TARZANA

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

300 Fri.-Sun., 12:30, 3:30, 6:30, 9:30 p.m.; Fri.-Sat., 10:30, 11:15 a.m., 2:10, 4:40, 5:35, 7:40, 8:35, 10:40, 11:30 p.m.; Sun., 10:30, 11:15 a.m., 2:10, 4:40, 5:35, 7:40, 8:35, 10:40 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1, 4, 7:15, 10:15 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 2, 3, 5, 6:15, 8:15, 9:15 p.m.

The Ultimate Gift Fri.-Sun., 11:20 a.m., 2:15, 5, 7:45, 10:30 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 2:15, 5, 7:45, 10:30 p.m.

Black Snake Moan Fri.-Sat., 11:25 a.m., 2:10, 5:10, 8:05, 11:15 p.m.; Sun., 10:35 a.m., 1:30, 4:25, 7:25, 10:20 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1:30, 4:25, 7:25, 10:20 p.m.

Wild Hogs Fri.-Sat., 10:50 a.m., 12:05, 1:25, 3, 4:15, 5:40, 7, 8:20, 9:45, 11 p.m.; Sun., 10:50 a.m., 1:25, 4:15, 7, 7:50, 9:45, 10:30 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 12 noon, 1:25, 2:35, 4:15, 5:10, 7, 7:50, 9:45, 10:30 p.m.

Zodiac Fri.-Sat., 10:55 a.m., 12:10, 2:30, 3:45, 6:15, 7:20, 9:50, 11 p.m.; Sun., 10:55 a.m., 12:10, 2:30, 3:45, 6:15, 7:20, 9:50 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 12:10, 2:30, 3:45, 6:15, 7:20, 9:50 p.m.

Amazing Grace Fri.-Sat., 10:30 a.m., 3:20, 6, 8:40 p.m.; Sun., 10:30 a.m., 5:15, 7:55 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 2:35, 5:15, 7:55 p.m.

The Astronaut Farmer Fri.-Sun., 1:35 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 12:25 p.m.

The Number 23 Fri., 10:35 a.m., 1, 3:25, 5:55, 8:30, 11:10 p.m.; Sat., 12:20, 2:50, 8:30, 11:10 p.m.; Sun.-Thurs., 12:15, 2:45, 5:25, 8, 10:25 p.m.

Reno 911!: Miami Fri.-Sat., 1:05, 11:20 p.m.; Sun., 10:35 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 12:20, 10:35 p.m.

Breach Fri.-Sun., 11:10 a.m., 2, 4:45, 7:30, 10:15 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 2, 4:45, 7:30, 10:15 p.m.

Bridge to Terabithia Fri.-Sat., 10:40 a.m., 1:10, 3:40, 6:10, 8:40, 11:05 p.m.; Sun., 11:30 a.m., 2:05, 4:30, 7:05, 9:40 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 2:05, 4:30, 7:05, 9:40 p.m.

Ghost Rider Fri.-Sat., 12 noon, 2:40, 5:20, 8, 10:55 p.m.; Sun., 12 noon, 2:40, 5:20, 8, 10:40 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 12:05, 2:40, 5:20, 8, 10:40 p.m.

Music and Lyrics Fri.-Sun., 11:05 a.m., 1:45, 4:35, 7:15,

10 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1:45, 4:35, 7:15, 10 p.m.
Norbit Fri.-Sun., 10:45 a.m., 1:55, 4:50, 7:35, 10:10 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1:55, 4:50, 7:35, 10:10 p.m.

The First Emperor Encore - NCM Event Sun., 1:30 p.m. LAEMMLE'S FALLBROOK Fallbrook Mall (818)340-8710

Avenue Montaigne (Fauteuils d'orchestre) Fri.-Sun., 11:30 a.m., 2:10, 4:45, 7:20, 9:55 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 12:30, 3:10, 5:45, 8:20 p.m.

Zodiac 1:10, 4:35, 8 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., 11:40 a.m., 2:20, 5, 7:40 p.m.; Sat., 11:40 a.m., 2:20, 5, 7:40, 10:10 p.m.; Sun., 11:40 a.m., 2:20, 5, 7:40 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 12:40, 3:20, 6, 8:40 p.m.

The Lives of Others (Das Leben der Anderen) Fri.-Sun., 12:50, 3:55, 7, 10:05 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1:50, 4:55, 8 p.m.

Miss Potter Fri.-Sat., 11:35 a.m., 2, 4:25, 7:30, 9:45 p.m.; Sun., 11:35 a.m., 2, 7:30, 9:45 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 12:35, 3, 5:25, 8:30 p.m.

The Queen Fri.-Sun., 4:15 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 5:15 p.m.

Israel Film Festival Sun.,
The Last Fighters Fri.-Sat., 1:20, 7:15, 10 p.m.; Sun., 10 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 2:20, 8:15 p.m.

Mozhi Fri., 10 p.m.

BURBANK & VICINITY

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

The Last Mimzy Sat., 5:30 p.m.

300 Fri.-Sat., 11:50 a.m., 2:45, 5:40, 8:40, 11:35 p.m.; Fri.-Sat., 10:30 a.m., 12:20, 1:25, 3:15, 4:20, 6:10, 7:15, 9:10, 10:15 p.m., 12:10 a.m.; Sun., 11:50 a.m., 2:45, 5:40, 8:40 p.m.; Sun., 10:30 a.m., 12:20, 1:25, 3:15, 4:20, 6:10, 7:15, 9:10, 10:10 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 2:45, 5:40, 8:40 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1:35, 3:15, 4:20, 6:10, 7:15, 9:10, 10:10 p.m.

The Host (Gwoemul) Fri.-Sun., 10:25 a.m., 1:10, 4:05, 7, 9:55 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1:10, 4:05, 7, 9:55 p.m.

Black Snake Moan Fri.-Sat., 10:20 a.m., 1:15, 4:15, 7:10, 10:10 p.m.; Sun., 10:20 a.m., 1:15, 4:15, 7:35 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1:15, 4:15, 7:10, 10 p.m.

Wild Hogs Fri.-Sat., 10:35 a.m., 12:15, 1:20, 2:55, 4, 5:30, 6:40, 8:10, 9:20, 10:50, 11:55 p.m.; Sun., 10:35 a.m., 12:15, 1:20, 2:55, 4, 5:30, 6:40, 8:10, 9:20 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1:20, 2:55, 4, 5:30, 6:40, 8:10, 9:20 p.m.

Zodiac Fri.-Sat., 10:15 a.m., 12:30, 1:50, 4:10, 5:20, 7:45, 9:05, 11:20 p.m.; Sun., 10:15 a.m., 12:30, 1:50, 4:10, 5:20, 7:45, 9:05 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1, 1:50, 4:25, 5:20, 8, 9:05 p.m.

The Number 23 Fri., 12:35, 3:10, 5:50, 8:25, 11 p.m.; Sat., 12:10, 2:50, 8:25, 11 p.m.; Sun., 12:35, 3:10, 5:50, 8:25 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1:05, 3:30, 5:55, 8:25 p.m.

Reno 911!: Miami Fri.-Sat., 10:40 a.m., 1, 3:20, 5:45, 8:05, 10:25 p.m.; Sun., 10:40 a.m., 1, 3:20, 5:45, 8:05, 10:15 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 2:05, 4:30, 7:05, 9:30 p.m.

Breach Fri.-Sat., 11:15 a.m., 2, 4:45, 7:30, 10:20 p.m.; Sun., 4:45, 7:30, 10:20 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 2, 4:45, 7:30, 10:05 p.m.

Bridge to Terabithia Fri.-Sat., 11:45 a.m., 2:20, 4:50, 7:20, 9:50 p.m.; Sun., 11:45 a.m., 2:20, 4:50, 7:40 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 2:20, 4:50, 7:40 p.m.

Ghost Rider Fri., 12:05, 2:50, 5:35, 8:20, 11:10 p.m.; Sat., 12:15, 2:50, 5:35, 8:20, 11:10 p.m.; Sun., 5:35, 8:20 p.m.; Sun., 11:20 a.m., 2:05, 5:35, 8:20 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 2:25, 5:35, 8:20 p.m.



FRI 09

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
03/09/07: 8:30 and 10:30 p.m.

SEBADOH
(Live Music in Bar/Club,Rock)
One of the most important indie-rock bands of the NINETIES, Sebadoh has matured from the schizophrenic sounds of their early recordings to the accessible pop gems featured on their last few albums and they remain an exciting and vital rock band. This tour features original members Eric Gaffney, Lou Barlow and Jason Loewenstein. Troubadour, 9081 Santa Monica Blvd., 310-276-6168
03/09/07: 10 p.m.

POINTER SISTERS
(Pop,R&B/Soul)
Grammy award-winners, The Pointer Sisters have recorded some of pop music's most enduring hits, including 'Fire,' 'I'm So Excited' and 'Jump.' McCallum Theatre, 73000 Fred Waring Dr., 760-340-2787, \$55-\$100
03/09/07: 8 p.m.



SAT 10

BENT MOUSTACHE
(Live Music in Bar/Club,Rock)
One of the most important indie-rock bands of the NINETIES, Sebadoh has matured from the schizophrenic sounds of their early recordings to the accessible pop gems featured on their last few albums and they remain an exciting and vital rock band. This tour features original members Eric Gaffney, Lou Barlow and Jason Loewenstein. Spaceland, 1717 Silver Lake Blvd., 323-661-4380, \$15 - Cash
03/10/07: 9 p.m.

MY CHEMICAL ROMANCE
(Punk,Rock)
New Jersey's My Chemical Romance has consolidated a reputation for brilliant, biting and boundary-leaping rock 'n' roll that first came to worldwide attention with their 2002 debut 'I Brought You My Bullets, You Brought Me Your Love.' The band hits the road to support their third full-length, 'The Black Parade.' Forum, 3900 W. Manchester Blvd., 310-330-7300, \$27.75
03/10/07: 8 p.m.

WILLY PORTER
(Blues,Pop,R&B/Soul,Rock)
Willy Porter combines blues, acoustic pop, grooving rock and soulful sounds with great ease. McCabe's Guitar Shop, 3101 Pico Blvd., 310-828-4403, \$20
03/10/07: 8 and 10 p.m.



SUN 11

S.T.A.G.E. BENEFIT
(Benefit/Fundraiser,Musical,Revue)
This annual benefit, the Southland Theatre Artists Goodwill Event, is an all-star gala to benefit AIDS Project Los Angeles. This year's event will present the music of Stephen Sondheim in a special musical production. Wilshire Theatre, 8440 Wilshire Blvd., 323-658-9100
03/11/07: 3:00 p.m.

WIGGLES: RACING TO THE RAINBOW LIVE
(Family/Child,Pop,Children)
The most successful family entertainment band in history, The Wiggles, are setting out on their most colorful adventure to date as they invite fans to go on a journey that will stretch imaginations to the end of the rainbow. Gibson Amphitheatre, 100 Universal City Plaza, 818-622-4440, \$22.50-\$40
03/11/07: 12:30 and 4 p.m.

SUSAN WERNER
(Folk,Jazz,Pop)
Susan Werner is a talented folk/pop singer and songwriter. McCabe's Guitar Shop, 3101 Pico Blvd., 310-828-4403, \$18
03/11/07: 7 p.m.



MON 12

ALPIN HONG, PIANIST
(Classical)
Alpin Hong is a charismatic pianist who won the 2001 Concert Artists Guild International Competition. Oxnard Performing Arts Center, 800 Hobson Way, 805-486-2424, \$25
03/12/07: 8 p.m.

JAM NIGHT WITH MICKEY CHAMPION
(Blues,Jazz,Live Music in Bar/Club)
Mickey Champion is from Lake Charles, Louisiana, and has been singing for over fifty years. She was discovered in Los Angeles by the great bandleader Johnny Otis, and went on to work with such great performers as T-Bone Walker, Little Esther Phillips, Roy Milton, Billy Holliday and many others. Babe's and Ricky's Inn, 4339 Leimert Blvd., 323-295-9112, \$8
03/12/07: 7 p.m.



TUE 13

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. Pantages Theatre - Hollywood, 6233 Hollywood Blvd. 323-468-1770 \$27.50-\$85.50
03/13/07: 8 p.m.

GROOVE FACTORY
(Dance Club,Funk,R&B/Soul,Rap/Hip Hop,Reggae)
'Groove Factory' features live performances and release parties. Zanzibar, 1301 Fifth St., 310-451-2221, \$10 - Cash
03/13/07: 9 p.m.

OPEN MIC NITE
(Live Music in Bar/Club,Open Mic/Music,Special Event)
Each week showcases local talent. Molly Malone's, 575 S. Fairfax Ave., 310-578-5591, \$5
03/12/07: 8 p.m.



WED 14

AHMAD JAMAL TRIO
(Jazz,Live Music in Bar/Club)
Pianist Ahmad Jamal leads this trio. Catalina Bar & Grill, 6725 W. Sunset Blvd., 323-466-2210, \$20-\$40
03/14/07: 8:30 and 10:30 p.m.

PABLO FRANCISCO
(Stand Up Comedy)
The "Ricky Martin of Comedy," Pablo Francisco has appeared on TV's 'The Practice,' 'The Family Guy' and FOX's 'Mad TV.' This is one man with bright, clever material and dozens of voices to express it in! Ontario Improv, 4555 Mills Circle, 909-484-5411, \$25
03/14/07: 8:30 p.m.

ORPHANS OF THE RWANDA GENOCIDE
(Gallery,Museum,Photography)
This important photo exhibition focuses on haunting first person testimonies and insightful images of human tragedy and survival in Rwanda. Museum of African American Art, 4005 S. Crenshaw Blvd., 323-294-7071
03/14/07: 10 till 4 p.m.



THUR 15

TANNH%USER
(Opera)
Turning away from empty pleasures of the flesh, a medieval minstrel yearns for a more meaningful life. Tannh%user soon finds himself competing in song for the hand of a landgrave's innocent daughter, Elisabeth, but shocks the town with his affirmation of love as a joyous, sensual experience. A journey for forgiveness results in a miracle of redemption. Wagner's romantic masterpiece luxuriates in voluptuous orchestrations and sumptuous melodies, conducted by James Conlon. Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, 135 N. Grand Ave., 213-972-7211, \$30-\$220
03/15/07: 7 p.m.

MY LITTLE PONY LIVE!
(Children,Children's Theatre,Musical)
Pinkie Pie, Minty, Rarity the Unicorn and your other "Pony" characters will sing, dance and put on the world's biggest tea party. Teapots, rainbows, castles, balloons and fancy dress-up clothes will fill the stage and your hearts with the wholesome, loving and playful spirit of everybody's favorite Pony friends. Kodak Theatre, 6801 Hollywood Blvd., 323-308-6363, \$12.50-\$37.50
03/15/07: 7 p.m.

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	ASSISTANT/ASSOCIATE WANTED AT DISTRIBUTION CONSULTING FIRM Peter Broderick, independent film consultant and			

CASTING				
CASTING ALL TYPES WITH LOWER BACK PAIN FOR INFOMERCIAL <i>End Lower Back Pain!</i> We are seeking enthusiastic, outgoing men and women of all ethnicities from 20 to 70 years old to give real life testimonials and be a part of the next infomercial for an amazing new back product. This product is endorsed by leading orthopedic physicians, chiropractors, surgeons, and back care experts in Europe. It utilizes the most effective physiotherapies used by chiropractors for relieving lower back pain, in the comfort of your home. This product is the first home based device that reduces lower back pains by operating on the well-known technique of CPM (Continuous Passive Movement). It's like giving yourself you own gentle chiropractic adjustment at home. Successfully sold and used in Europe for several years, we are now bringing it to the United States. The back product is extremely effective in helping chronic LOWER back pain from the mid-lumbar to the coccyx bone. It is not as effective on upper back pain. Each individual selected to participate will receive a unit (valued at \$600) to keep PLUS a \$100 reimbursement fee for your time if you are interviewed on-camera for the infomercial. WE ARE SPECIFICALLY LOOKING FOR: MOVERS/DELIVERY PEOPLE- People who have to lift and move things for a living. OFFICE WORKERS- Who experience pain because they are forced to sit all day or work at a computer. CAB DRIVER/TRUCK DRIVER/MESSANGER- Anyone who experiences lower back discomfort	because they have to sit in a car for long periods of time. MOMS AND DADS – Busy parents who are lifting kids (and all the things that come along with them!) a lot NEW MOMS – Who have to lift the new baby a lot. ACTIVE PEOPLE – Golfers, tennis players, bowlers, etc. effected by back pain. SOMEONE WHO'S ACTUALLY CONSIDERED BACK SURGERY- If pain has driven you to actually consider surgery for relief. ADDITIONAL TESTIMONIALS – You may not fit into one of the categories above, but if you are experiencing lower back pain and you have your own story to tell, we'd love to hear it! If selected, we will ship you the unit to live with for at least several weeks. Then, you will be asked to talk in your own unscripted and honest opinions about what you thought of the product. This is NOT an acting job. We are seeking <i>real</i> people (who can be actors) who are experiencing real pain. TO SUBMIT: Email us right away if you are interested in being considered for the project. Please include your name, contact phone number, age, occupation, jpeg photo and description of your lower back problems and how they effect you to: sue@getsuperpeople.com Please contact Sue Nelson at (323) 512-7536 with any questions - thanks!	newest, most amazing new care system for FREE! In addition to several skin care products valued at well over \$300 , participants will also get a \$100 expense reimbursement if selected to shoot the on-camera testimonial interview. If you've been worrying about brown spots on your skin or are thinking about trying an expensive laser treatment, these products are for you. The patented formula is a four part system with the main product designed to lighten brown spots and hyper-pigmentation on the face, chest and hands caused by sun damage, hormones, "pregnancy mask," and the aging process. Other products include: an amazing anti-aging moisturizer designed to prevent and reduce fine lines & wrinkles, a light diffusing skin cream, and a top of the line exfoliant. *The ingredients are FDA approved safe and effective.* Please note, we are especially interested in women with the brown spots and hyper-pigmentation on the face, chest, and hands caused by age, sun damage, and hormones. We are just looking for attractive, telegenic testimonials for before and after photos, as well as a possible on-camera interview. Ideal candidates are attractive, outgoing, and do not have acne-this is <i>not</i> an acne product. We need people who will be able to show a difference in before and after photos. If selected, you must be available to come for a before and after photo. (dates tbd). Both appointments should only last about 30 minutes and we will do our best to work around your schedule, but you must be available. The program is slated to last 60-90 days.	You also maybe asked to an on-camera testimonial for the infomercial -expressing your honest opinions of the product. This is not scripted. All participants need to be agreeable to participating in the show on-camera if selected. We will be meeting with people on Saturday, March 10th to make sure your skin is right for this exciting project! TO SUBMIT: Call: (323) 962-6529 ASAP	should be the "UGO Girl of the Month." Email your submission to: mjb@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 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-to-earth, beautiful yet 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, anime, 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	For information and rates Call: 213-387-2060 ext. 15 email: Classifieds@EntertainmentToday.net www.Entertainment Today.net			

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ASTROLOGY

METAPHYSICAL MESSAGES

BY MADAME MIM

COMICS

ATOMSMASHERS PRESENTS - A DAY IN THE LIFE OF... PETE AND HIS PETER

THIS WEEK!!!
TYPE O - POSITIVE

HOUSE OF WHITEY

DEC 13 HOUSE OF WHITEY ANAHEIM

DEC 14 HOUSE OF WHITEY HOLLYWOOD

DEC 15 HOUSE OF WHITEY SAN DIEGO

ARTIST NOTE -
IN 1995 PETE POSED IN PLAYGIRL MAGAZINE.
CANADIAN LAW DEMANDED HE HOLD HIS
"UNIT" ANGELED AWAY FROM THE CAMERA. HE
LATER DISCOVERED THAT ONLY 23% OF THE
SUBSCRIBERS ARE FEMALE....

BY MARK J. AND CHARLES W. WWW.ATOMSMASHERS.NET
WWW.MYSPACE.COM/ATOMSMASHERS

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)
You may think that this is a good time to ask a new lover to go steady with you, but it's not. Too much emotion has been flowing in your gullet, and you can't think straight. Give this one a bit more time and feel it out, or you may end up with a very, very bad situation on your hands.

Aries (March 20th to April 20th)
Sometimes, we all get in trouble; it's a part of life. Don't let it get you down. You may see it as a permanent reminder of a temporary feeling, but life goes on. And yours will as soon as you let this pass and start living again!

Taurus (April 20th to May 20th)
So you lost all your money, your friends don't like you anymore, and you lost your job. This week is about rebuilding yourself from the ashes of the loser you left behind. Go out, have fun, mingle. You need to surround yourself with better people, not the jerks that used you for your car back in high school.

Gemini (May 21st to June 22nd)
Hmmm...you're not dead. Well I guess I was wrong about you. You're a survivor, baby! So go out like Beyonce: alcohol, sex, and underage drinking. That's what the celebrities do, and we all know what's good for the goose is good for the gander. Or is it, what's good for "The Juice" is good for Jennifer Garner?

Cancer (June 23rd to July 22nd)
I know she keeps calling, but you need to be strong. Someone special hurt you deeply, and her attempts to make-up seem stilted and thoughtless. Give it a little time, make her really see what she's done, and how it's affected you. Only then can you truly heal and move on.

Leo (July 23rd to August 22nd)
This week is going to be GREAT for you! Vacations, entertainment; it's all about you this week! Just be careful not to blow all of your money on extravagance, as you tend to do. Have fun, but be thrifty. Money will be needed later.

Virgo (August 23rd to September 22nd)
People have been mean to you all week and now it's time to fight back! Grab the first sharp object you can find, and leave the assholes a pointy present. That will get the message to the others to back the fuck off, leaving you time to pursue your passion: being an anti-social cubicle dweller.

Libra (September 23rd to October 22nd)
The Waning Gibbeous moon betrays an aura of foreboding, almost as though you sense a disquieting metamorphosis. Is this horoscope a big ol' piece of plagiarism? Or is it your imagination...wait...damn it. Sorry, I meant to say that since the moon is just ending it's full cycle (Waning Gibbeous), you will feel a great relief lifted from you as the cosmic weight of the moon has shifted to the southern hemisphere. So celebrate!

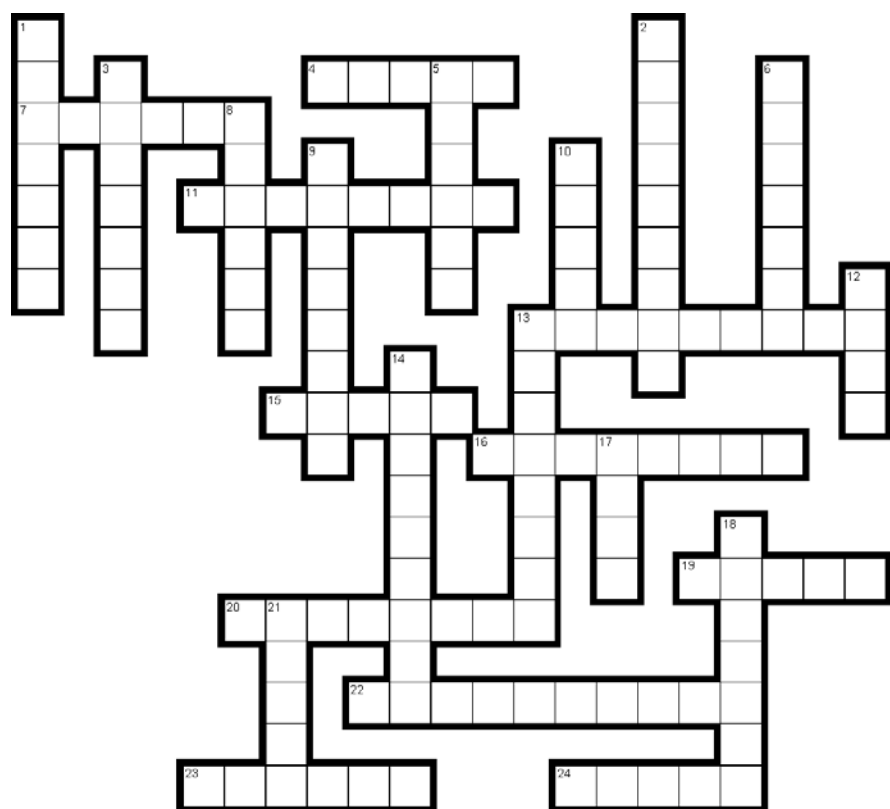
Scorpio (October 23rd to November 22nd)
This week is going to be troublesome for you, as an old friend is going to suddenly pop back into your life. Although this may seem like a joyous event, another freeloader in your life is *not* something you need. Take caution in letting an old friend become a new problem.

Sagittarius (November 23rd to December 22nd)
That thing I told you last week about the nosey coworker, remember? Well, it appears as though you didn't take care of the situation properly. Now you have a bigger fish to fry: he told someone important. Take extra care to smooth things over before they really get out of hand.

Capricorn (December 23rd to January 19th)
I know it's a few months early, but Summer *is* just around the corner. You made a resolution, *now get to it!* Talking about it isn't going to make it happen, you need to act...and act soon. Believe me, it will be more than worth it come June.

Aquarius (January 20th to February 18th)
Unseasonable warmth and a lack of sleep have really done a number on you. Take it easy this week, or your negative energy will start filtering in to your work and love life. You have a strong tendency to being hot-headed, and terrestrial factors are adding unneeded stress.

PROFESSOR KLICKBERG'S INSUPERABLE CROSSWORD



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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).

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

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

Answers to last weeks puzzle:

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

- Influential comedian born as Leonard Alfred Schneider
- Hilary Duff's middle name
- Poet and writer during the early 1900's who was forever in search of writing "the perfect line," and eschewed anything that was not "common" or "local" to America in his works
- A person who has recently acquired unaccustomed status, wealth, or success by dubious means and without earning concomitant esteem; a social climber
- He played the Goblin King in "Labyrinth"
- Clear or limpid
- She plays the title character in Sofia Coppola's "Marie Antoinette"
- He wrote "Stir Crazy," "Splash," and the book that would be adapted into "The Lonely Guy" starring Steve Martin
- Creator of animated television series "The Family Guy"
- He wrote the wordless children's book that was adapted into Academy Award-nominated short film "The Snowman"
- Father of "Looney Tunes" and "Merrie Melodies"

DOWN

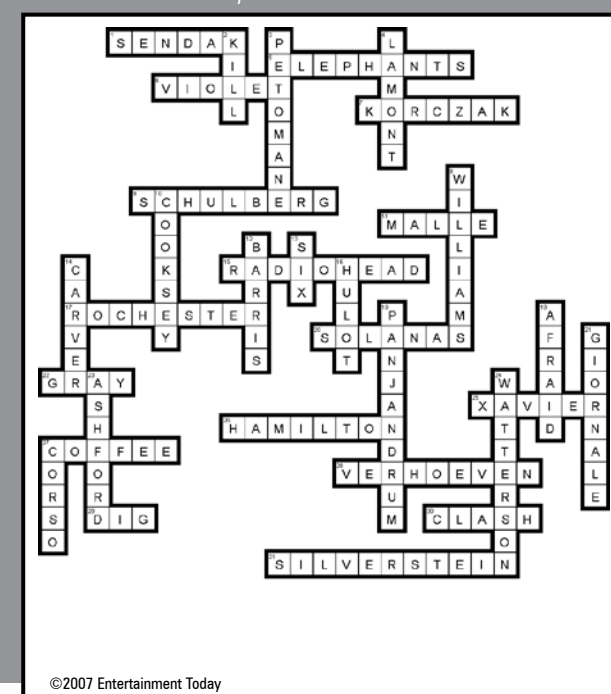
- Long-time writing partner of Dave Chappelle
- The World's Only Living Bazooka Player
- Writer of "Rape of the Ape"
- Writer-director of Academy Award-nominated "The Triplets of Belleville"
- Dean Koontz's "fable for all ages" about a group of kindhearted stuffed animals who venture through the city over a most important night
- She bares it all in Jim Jarmusch's "Broken Flowers"
- Oregon-born animated filmmaker whose works include: "I Married a Strange Person," "Nose Hair," and "How to Make Love to a Woman"
- Filmmaker who wrote the popular "Hollywood Babylon" and "Hollywood Babylon II" books that exposed some of Tinseltown's biggest scandals
- "I'm mad as ____, and I'm not going to take it anymore!"
- Born in Glen Ellyn, Illinois, she is a performance artist and experimental musician who became NASA's first and only artist-in-residence in 2003
- The Internet's biggest multilingual free-content encyclopedia
- "How do I ____ thee?"
- These "Original Artyfacts from the First Psychedelic Era" song collections influenced much of the underground scene of the 1970's and early 80's
- American painter born in Brooklyn who calls himself an "urban primitive" artist

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THANK YOU FOR READING



National Product

Debut album produced by
James Paul Wisner
out this summer



released by r&m records
distributed by icon mes
www.myspace.com/nationalproduct