

Scum Cinema

Vampires and fashion models pollute Harris

Bradley: There are some radical films showing in the Forum this weekend, but Harris has two typical Hollywood movies: *Blade II*, an expensive, pointless comic book slugfest, and *Zoolander*, a harmless parody. That said, these retreads are remarkably well crafted.

Blade II (R)

Here's the pitch: Drinkin', fightin' vampires. Killer!

Jeremy: Having not seen this movie, here's all I have to say: the original *Blade* was not very good, but was damn cool and featured Wesley Snipes saying awesome things like "some muthaf-ckas is always tryin' to iceskate uphill." With the same writer returning (David S. Goyer) and a better director at the helm (Guillermo del Toro), this movie will get me into the theatre, now that I can see it for free.

B: How do you make a sequel to a movie about a guy killing a lot of vampires? You might think about having said guy kill more vampires, but you'd be wrong. *Blade (Snipes)*, a half-man, half-vampire, is forced to team up with the Shadow Council of Vampires to destroy the Reapers, a breed of ugly super-vampires. Yeah, they probably just should've had him stick to killing all the vampires.

Blade II succeeds because of its original fight sequences. Most of the stunts were done digitally, which gives it a fresh look, very different from the now ubiquitous "wire" fighting made famous in *The Matrix*. It moves along at a quick enough pace that you don't realize that there's no plot until the credits roll. Jeremy's verdict: yeah, Vampires, Wood!!

Brad's last gasp: there's no iceskating lines, but there are floors lined with corpses. That's a fair trade, any day.

Zoolander (PG-13)

(Note from Brad: I'd like to thank the Films Chair for re-showing a movie that played at Harris last semester. It makes my job easier, since I can just reprint word for word my previous review.)

Studio tagline: 3% body fat, 1% brain activity.

Starring: Mr. Furious, Eli Cash, Steve Butabi, Marcia Brady

B: Other than Fabio, male models don't occupy much of the social consciousness. It's curious, then, that Ben Stiller decided to write, direct, and star in this skewering of male models and the fashion industry. Regardless of its poignancy, *Zoolander* is incredibly funny. Stiller's Derek Zoolander is the world's best male model, known for his trademark look, Blue Steel. His reign is challenged by the young phenom Hansel (Owen Wilson), as well as a slanderous magazine cover story written by Matilda Jefferies (Christine

Taylor). *Zoolander's* life becomes even more complicated when he is brainwashed by the ruthless fashion designer Mugatu (Will Ferrell) to kill the prime minister of Malaysia. If only he could perfect his new look, Magnum!

J: Sorry, but I think the Spring '02 Brad is out, just in time for the Fall '02 Jeremy. I did not like this movie. The premise is good, Ben Stiller and Owen Wilson are



bradley iverson-long & jeremy blodgett

cheap two-hour thrills



Wesley Snipes is back killing vampires in *Blade II*.

Photo from www.rottentomatoes.com

good, there are some funny moments, but all in all, the picture is not equal to the sum of its parts. The ridiculous and annoying characters at the heart of *Zoolander* remind me of the horrible drivel that made up Adam "king of bad characters" Sandler's *The Waterboy* and *Little Nicky*.

B: Solid insight yet again. So, if you like seeing things that computers make disappear, hit *Zoolander*! While the plot is definitely thin, it has a slew of hilarious gags that I won't give away. This movie will make you laugh, unless you're from Malaysia.

J: And once you finish laughing you'll want to move to Malaysia because you feel so bad about it. Quite frankly, Brad from the past, I would only recommend this to people who want to go to a Harris movie for the ambiance (that is, free popcorn, drunks, and entertaining banter with the screen), not for a well-made movie.

Brad's big number: 37, celebrity cameos in *Zoolander*. Lucky 37. See it for David Bowie and Billy Zane.

Jeremy's verdict: the models in this movie have six packs; you're going to need one too.

Chungking Express (PG-13)

B: Continuing the Cultural Film's food fetish, this weekend we get two newly single Hong Kong cops chasing after women. One mournfully eats canned pineapple each day and follows a blonde drug dealer. The other falls prey to a delightfully spunky noodle girl obsessed with *The Mamas and The Papas*. It's a very stylish pair of love stories.

J: Ah, Brad from the present is back, I see, to review this seven-year-old film that played in Harris my first year. And he's quite right, it is stylish and full of *The Mamas and The Papas* (which, after this movie three years ago, I could not get out of my head until last week). The film is directed by Wong Kar-Wai, probably best known in the U.S. for a BMW commercial featuring the dead sexy Clive Owen; but the most notable thing about this picture is that Quentin Tarantino's Rolling Thunder Pictures owns the distribution rights. And while not terribly violent, *Chungking Express* does have the visual, verbal, and retro flair to make Tarantino proud, and leave an audience happy.

Movie times

Blade II (Harris)
 Fri. 4:30 & 7:30 p.m.
 Sat. 1:30 p.m.

Zoolander (Harris)
 Sat. 4:30 & 7:30 p.m.
 Sun. 1:30 p.m.

Chungking Express (ARH 302)
 Fri. 8 p.m.
 Sat. 8 p.m.
 Sun. 2 p.m.

Free popcorn and soda is available at the Harris Center before each movie.

More info

DJs: Colin Bernard '04 and Aaron Kase '04

Show: "The Rusty Trombone"

Time: Sat. 8 p.m.—10 p.m.

Genre: variety

Top 5 PSAs:

1. Smoke Weed Well
2. Anal Chat
3. He-Man Masters of the Universe
4. The other one about the anus
5. Lebowski Golf

Codes, guests and the weird thing of the week

Listen to the wide variety of music and talk on "The Rusty Trombone" or get punched in the face



by Jenni Wu
 Staff Writer

"This article is going to establish that Kase and I are gay, drunks, crude, and not interested in the radio at all. Just more interested in being gay and crude and drunk," said Colin Bernard '04, who hosts the Saturday night party show, "The Rusty Trombone" with Aaron Kase '04. For Bernard, the relationship is one of convenience. "I figured that since he was a fourth semester DJ, we'd get a show," he said, adding, "It's not like we're exclusive or anything. He's not my boyfriend."

Countered Kase, "I figured that since he was riding on my coat tails, he'd buy me beer."

Despite common co-host complaints (apparently, Bernard is "kind of an ass" and Kase "smells weird"), the two DJs have managed to forge a show rich with guest appear-

ances, secret codes, and not-so-secret innuendo. Take, for example, the origins of the show's name.

"It's about music. I used to play the trombone," Kase said.

However, Bernard offered a different explanation, saying "Technically, a rusty trombone is when someone is giving you a rim job and you get a reach around. Kase loves anuses." Appropriately, the "Rusty Trombone" drink of choice is "purple Mad Dog," chosen for its "ass flavor."

"Frankly," said Bernard, "this show is an excuse to get drunk, listen to music, and talk. I had to explain the birds and the bees to Kase last week."

As for the show's musical content, listeners should be prepared to hear anything from Thelonus Monk to Deff Leppard, as well as assorted "fun stuff," such as sophomore Shihan Abeygunawardana's Sri Lankan rap and beatboxing by Steve Nordlund '04. Banned music includes "pop, really, really suck-ass rap like 'Oh Boy' and 'Hot in Herre,' and the Yawns."

Other features include the disclosure of a secret but useful code. "I told everyone I met that I was going to give

a code some time between 8 and 10 p.m. on my show," explained Bernard, continuing, "And if I went up to them to ask what the code was and they didn't know, I would get to punch them in the face. The code was the sound of me throwing a rock and hitting a deer with it."

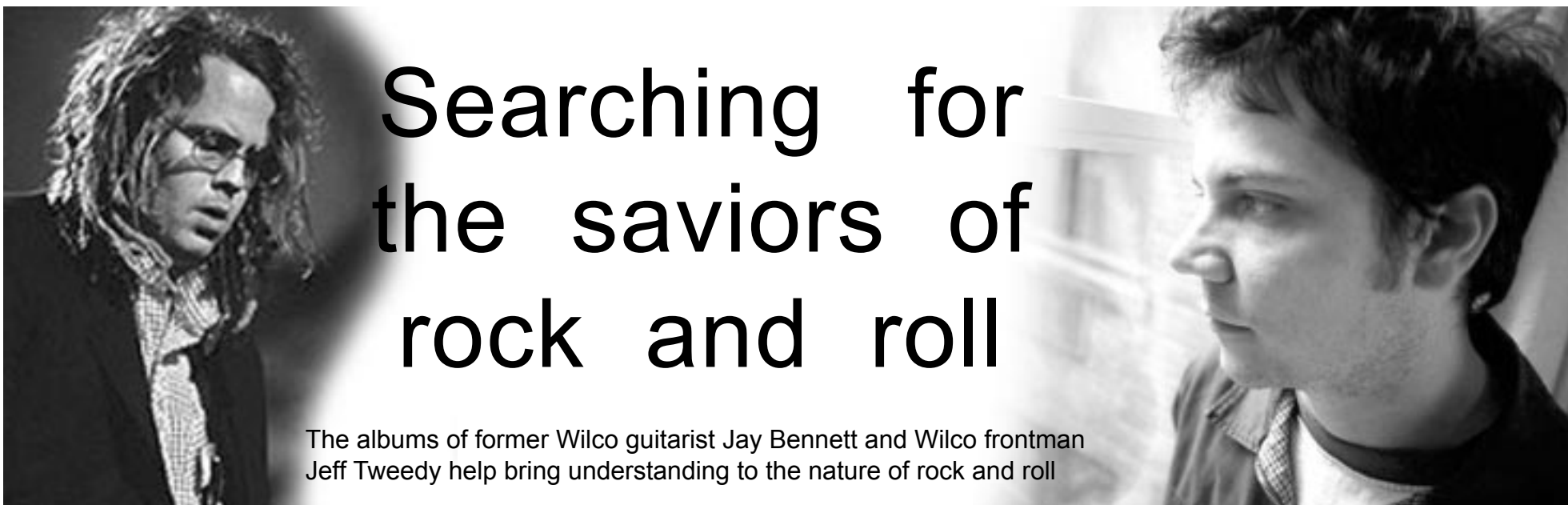
When asked if he followed up on these threats, Bernard replied, "No, I got too drunk that night."

Although the DJs didn't know whether or not they would continue this tradition, they will have "a weird thing of the week," hand drumming concerts, and drunken first-year birthday girls, in the future. And for any readers who aren't yet persuaded to tune in, "Colin will punch you in the face if you don't," promised Kase.

To articulate their closing sentiments, Kase said, "Colin has a really tall ass crack." To which Bernard offered no defense, but added, "To the person who wrote the random rant about the drums on Loose 2nd: eat my ass."

It's violence, Mad Dog, and analingus for the taking every Saturday from 8-10 p.m. on KDIC's own "The Rusty Trombone."

[Aaron Kase '04 and Colin Bernard '04] have managed to forge a show rich with guest appearances, secret codes, and not-so-secret innuendo.



Searching for the saviors of rock and roll

The albums of former Wilco guitarist Jay Bennett and Wilco frontman Jeff Tweedy help bring understanding to the nature of rock and roll

I couldn't pay attention during a two hour long class this afternoon, and unconsciously started thinking about rock and roll, which is where my thoughts invariably end up when they wander. Just now, while eating dinner, reading the new Neil Young biography *Shakey* and listening to Bob Dylan's *Live 1966*, these thoughts on the nature of rock and roll continued. I don't think of the Strokes and the White Stripes as the saviors of rock and roll that everyone heralds them to be since both groups seem to welcome the intertwining of mass media hype with their music.

Last spring, before the release of Wilco's *Yankee Hotel Foxtrot*, I felt confident that this band would usher in a return of pure rock and roll, devoid of any media donated bullshit. I was wrong, and am writing this article in anger at the type of media attention given to *Yankee Hotel Foxtrot*, and, in turn, to the lack of attention given to former Wilco guitarist Jay Bennett and his release, *The Palace at 4 a.m.* But at the same time, it is this anger that fuels my love of rock and roll.

I'm crazy about Wilco. I love their twangy origins on *The Palace at 4 a.m.* as well as the keyboard-laden pop of *Summerteeth*. Both *Being There* and *Yankee Hotel Foxtrot* are included in my ten favorite albums list. But I am sick to death of the attention that their most recent release has attracted, not because of the usual angst at the sentiment that "my band is now big," but because of the very nature

of the attention. In my opinion *Yankee Hotel Foxtrot* is a masterpiece of musical creativity, composition, arrangement and production, but the only thing that anyone is interested in is how the big evil record company did not want it, and that Wilco refused to change what they believed in. It is never noted that Warner Bros. asked them to change their previous record, *Summerteeth*, looking for a more radio-friendly song, and that Wilco obliged, returning to the studio to record the opener, "Can't stand it."

Since artistic integrity is seemed to be so admirable in this story, why has there been no mention of Jay Bennett in this Wilco media frenzy? Bennett joined up with Wilco during the *Palace* sessions, earning special thanks in the liner notes, but his full impact is realized when looking at Wilco's second

record, the classic double album, *Being There*. The difference between *Palace's* leaning towards country, and the sprawling masterpiece of *Being There* can be directly contributed to Bennett. Bennett was the man who challenged Wilco's lead singer Jeff Tweedy's songwriting, moving him away from the Jay Farrar/Uncle Tupelo shadow, and into a more personal realm. It was Bennett's unbelievable creativity and command over an infinite amount of instruments that opened Wilco up

to the diverse audience that loves them today. I feel that *Summerteeth* is more of a Bennett record than a Tweedy record, but it is always understood that Jeff Tweedy is Wilco.

During the sessions for *Yankee Hotel Foxtrot*, Bennett's disillusionment with Wilco reached a peak, and he quit the band. He immediately hooked up with longtime friend Edward Burch and recorded *The Palace at 4 a.m.*, released, ironically, on the same day as *Yankee Hotel Foxtrot*. In the midst of adversity, he remained true to

his artistic integrity, and released a beautiful and powerful record (to demonstrate what role he played in Wilco, compare the boring, simplistic version of "Shaking Sugar" from the *Yankee Hotel Foxtrot* sessions, with the explosive, exciting version on *The Palace at 4 a.m.* The same goes with "Venus Stopped the Train").

It made me realize that the rock savior that I am looking for will never arrive. The media is not willing to look past what's on the surface to see what lies below. If I saw Jay Bennett on the

Late Show, or doing an interview on CNN (as I saw Jeff Tweedy, in the last week), I don't know what I'd do. *The Palace at 4 a.m.* would be less meaningful to me. As it is now, it stands as a reminder of what rock and roll means to me.



James Finley

Guest music columnist

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Music worlds meet

East Meets Jazz fusion brings North Indian music together with jazz

by **Vashti Davis**
Staff Writer

American Jazz and Classic North Indian musicians, come together to perform a unique concert made of sounds that are neither Jazz nor North Indian. Sandip Burman brings the classic sounds of his tabla drums to the concert.

Raised near Calcutta, India, Burman began studying the tabla drums at the age of 6, and learned under some of the most famous men in India, including Shyamal Bose of Calcutta. He is one of the leading musicians in his industry, and Grinnell is just one of many stops on his fall tour.

Adding to Burman's Indian sound is the music of Paul Bollenback and David Pietro. Pietro is a musician most well known for his position of lead alto saxophone in the *Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra*. Bollenback plays classic jazz guitar. He first picked up the guitar at the young age of 7, and has been playing ever since.

The show

Title: "World Jazz Fusion:
East Meets Jazz"
Time: Sunday, Sept. 29 at
7:30 p.m.
Place: Sebring-Lewis Hall

All three musicians are known in the music world for their unique sounds. This Sunday, Sept. 29, at 7:30 p.m. in Sebring-Lewis Hall, these three original musicians, representing a variety of music from an assortment of backgrounds, will come together to put on a concert titled "World Jazz Fusion: East Meets Jazz."