

FAN THE FIRE

ISSUE #43 // MAY 2011

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KILIAN ENG
JAKOB WAGNER
FRIENDLY FIRES
DIGITALISM
40 YEARS OF
FEAR AND LOATHING
ATTACK THE BLOCK
THOR
SHE IS FRANK

TOO MUCH, TOO SOON

THESE TWO HEARTS WON'T MAKE IT LAST- DANNO
WATTS IS QUITE EFFORTLESSLY BEHIND THE CAMERA

How to get a good review

NOAH TAYLOR PADDY CONSIDINE CRAIG ROBERTS YASMIN PAIGE AND SALLY HAWKINS



JAMES MOTTRAM, MARIE CLAIRE

THE BEST BRITISH COMEDY IN YEARS

SHORTLIST



NEWS OF THE WORLD



LITTLE WHITE LIES

**HILARIOUS AND TOUCHING.
A TRIUMPHANTLY BRILLIANT MOVIE**

DAZED & CONFUSED



EMPIRE



GLAMOUR

**THE MOST REFRESHING, URGENT AND ORIGINAL DEBUT
THE BRITISH FILM INDUSTRY HAS SEEN IN YEARS**



DAVID GRITTEN, DAILY TELEGRAPH



DAVID EDWARDS, DAILY MIRROR



**S U B
M A R**

In the modern era of over-powerful blockbusters, there's an argument film criticism's impact is dwindling, but beyond merely a handful of negative buzz-proof franchises, the public still reacts with their wallets to the mainstream media's views.

A torrent of 1-star critiques has brought down M. Night Shyamalan's output of late, with hugely disappointing takings for *The Last Airbender* in particular, while more recently *Sucker Punch* and *Mars Needs Moms* have fallen foul to critics' pens.

As far as reviewers can negatively impact on the success of a release, however, giving positive scores and standout reviews can do even more, and give smaller and indie releases a real chance of doing something special. Or push blockbusters well into the multi-hundred million dollar mark. With such an importance still on reviews then, it's no surprise PR agencies do their best to treat media outlets

well and make them feel special.

For a film like Richard Ayoade's *Submarine*, publicised almost entirely on the back of a raft of 5-star reviews (above), it wasn't difficult to entice good opinion; they just played the film. But for something like *Fast And Furious 5*, it's perhaps certainly advised to help get critics 'in the mood'.

Entering the foyer at a cinema or private screening room to find a spread of free beer and pizza sure won't guarantee a better score – certainly upon the mere sight of complementary food and drink, critics don't yell out "this has just gone from a 2 to a 3!" – but creating more of a usual viewing experience certainly raises morale and helps set a plateau ready for you to enjoy the film.

While I would never complain about seeing films for free and often well in advance of their release – it's amazing! – at times the need to concentrate because you're 'at work' can

distract and restrict enjoyment. Seeing films for a second time when they're in public release sometimes brings a better would-be review score, because you can really sit back, take it all in, and because you're not surrounded by snooty critics missing half the laughs that you suddenly realise are really funny.

At *Bridesmaids* then, that's probably why Universal went a little overboard, but the film was more than worth it. Decking out a Leicester Square cinema with hunky topless men, cute puppies in a little playpen – sure, it didn't have much of an impact on us two guys who were at the screening but the women were lapping it up – and popcorn and lickable body glitter (!!) waiting at our seats, we were right and ready for the comedy that ensued.

It's a funny game, film criticism, and sometimes life on the inside, just gets even weirder.

Sam Bathe
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

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EVERY MONTH AT
CATCH, LONDON

ARTWORK BY
CESAR MORENO

May 2011



New lease of life. Uncool music.

So despite the weather trying desperately to lead us, summer isn't here just yet. It's hanging just around the corner, and probably won't even be here until we're into June. But that doesn't mean we can't get a head start on the summer months, one thing is for certain: there will be a warm, sunny, and something will be back in the sun of the summer.

Despite a flurry of new bands having the opportunity to make the scene, the best of the best is more than likely to be found in the back catalogue of established acts. In fact, instead of the bands that have shown the most promise in the past year, it's a lot of the bands we've already heard about that are making waves with their new releases. And what's more, many of these bands are making waves with their new releases. And what's more, many of these bands are making waves with their new releases.

Right now, it's hard to pick who's going to be the next big thing. But one thing is for sure: the music scene is more than just a collection of new bands. It's a collection of new bands, and it's a collection of new bands. It's a collection of new bands, and it's a collection of new bands.

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Interview with **James Wan & Leigh Whannell**
director and writer/star of *Insidious*
words by Andrew Simpson

"One of the things that Leigh and I really hate are fake scares: the shot in the mirror when there's somebody standing behind them."

indecision
MUSIC BY THE MONTH

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B L I T Z
B L I T Z

PHOTOGRAPH BY: [unreadable]

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ONLINE: FANTHEFIREMAGAZINE.COM

BACK ISSUES: FANTHEFIREMAGAZINE.COM/BACKISSUES

FAN THE FIRE MAGAZINE IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY ONLINE, ON IPHONE AND ON IPAD USING THE FAN THE FIRE PUBLISHING PLATFORM

FOR LICENSING ENQUIRIES PLEASE CONTACT HELLO@FANTHEFIREPLATFORM.COM

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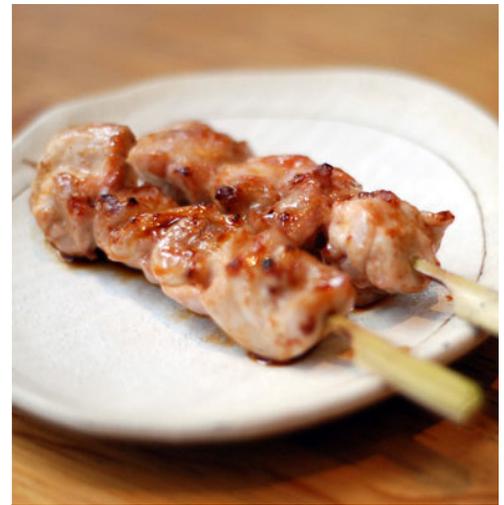




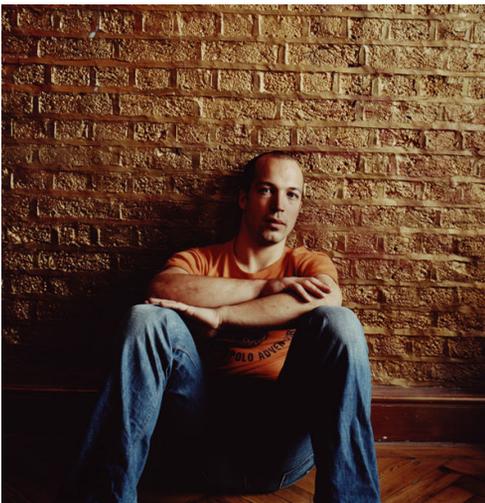
THE CHEMICAL BROTHERS' HANNA OST



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POINTLESS REVIEW EMBARGOES



KITSUNE SPAM EMAILS



MUSIC



ACHILLES
INTERVIEW



DAWES



UNCOOL MUSIC



DIGITALISM



ALBUM REVIEWS



Ale in hand, we escaped the city to find some good homegrown talent too busy making genre-twisting brain music to be affected by the waves of trend.

FAN THE FIRE: What can Achilles bring to today's music climate?

ACHILLES: We have always made an effort to create our own sound so hopefully we are bringing something new to the stew!

FTF: Who are your main inspirations?

A: Our inspirations are very varied which is the result of having so many people in the band. It's a challenge getting everyone to agree but it does mean we have plenty of influences and styles to choose from. Music that focuses on instrumentation rather than vocals such as Cinematic Orchestra and Fingathing. There are jazz influences such as John Coltrane and all kinds of rap (I'm going to say Roots Manuva) and soul (has to be Otis Redding). Also shouldn't forget (guitarist) Joe's love of metal because that certainly influences his writing.

FTF: What's been the band's biggest achievement so far?

A: Winning the Dorset Unsigned Music Awards (DUMA) was very exciting for us because it gave us a summer of festivals to play and also recognition from Rob da Bank, which meant a lot because he appreciated us playing something different.

FTF: Which was your best gig to date?

A: Well the resulting slot at Camp Bestival opening the main stage was one of our bigger gigs; the stage was massive. The extra trimmings of Jacuzzi bus and hospitality helped too. We got to meet Tom Monger (Florence + The Machine) there, who later did some harp for us on track *Yoga For Cats*, and some airplay from Huw Stephens, so it was good for meeting people too.

In terms of general good crowd atmosphere, the second gig we did at Larmer Tree festival that same summer in the Social was very energetic. The marquee is an odd three-tipi shape and when it's busy you end up playing very close to the crowd, but it was also just one of the situations where everything seemed to click.

FTF: What are you hoping for 2011?

A: We've just had a new website designed and the theme of it is to have a countdown timer to our next release. Instead of releasing EPs or albums we've decided to embrace downloads and record and release a single every two months, the idea being that we have a regular interaction with our audience. Also, having played a lot on the South Coast, we are going to focus more on the Bristol area because we'd like to build up a presence there. We all really like the area and there's plenty of venues and a lot going on generally.

FTF: Where do you see yourselves this time next year?

A: The whole point of the two-month releases was to put a focus on writing, so we'll hopefully have a few more recordings under our collective belt. Obviously we would like to have more people listening to our music both live and recorded and over a wider geographical area too.

FTF: How has the South West shaped the band's personality and vibe?

A: The majority of our growing up has been in the South West countryside. I think the small town thing is seen as a disadvantage because the smaller audience, fewer venues and a reduced music scene, but for us it's made it a much more community-based affair. We've worked with lots of people from our collective friendship groups; Jack Kellythorn has produced some fantastic artwork for us and we've done gigs with Will Yates (Memotone) and will hopefully play more in the future.

A friend of ours also from Shaftesbury has recently started a podcast and website called *Last Dance London* and he's been keen to promote artists from back home, so that's been helpful too. Similarly, Raised By Records has been set up by another Shaftesbury chap, based in the Bath area, who's also putting on events in the near future.

Coming from a smaller area it seems like more than just helping out your friends and instead a desire to promote our under represented locality. But maybe we are just inbred, insular country folk.



There's no sure fire way to make it as a band these days, but Dawes seem to have followed a route that sure could work for other aspiring musicians.

Touring non-stop before putting out breakthrough LP *North Hills* in 2009, then touring non-stop in support of the ATO-released record, and finally in 2010, touring non-stop a little more, it took some time at first, but of late, Dawes have been building their reputation with enviable speed. Now on the brink of sophomore *Nothing Is Wrong*, after their debut made a bunch of Top 10 lists a couple of years ago, there is a genuine excitement for what they'll put out next.

Getting busy in 2011 has been part of that too. With lead singer Taylor Goldsmith teaming up with Matt Vasquez of Delta Spirit and John McCauley of Deer Tick to form side-project Middle Brother, a nationwide tour saw Dawes in support, and with everyone in town for the supergroup's mainstage performance at this year's SXSW, Dawes played a buzz-heavy set on the closing night, to showcase their all-new material.

Effortlessly crafted, Dawes'

Americana folk rock 'n' roll has held firm for *Nothing Is Wrong*. The country influences are still there, but it's taken a step onward too, not that a talented four-piece such as these would ever stand still. "We didn't change up our approach too much and yet we were able to create something that I feel has a new identity from our first record," frontman Taylor Goldsmith explains. "It's definitely taking a step in a direction and at the same time, it's maintaining what it needs to maintain."

Unsurprisingly teaming up with *North Hills* producer Jonathan Wilson again, *Nothing Is Wrong* was recorded at his Echo Park studio, all live to 2" analogue tape; a simplistic approach that

forced the band to focus deeply on what they were crafting.

"If you're writing on a typewriter," Goldsmith says, "you have to commit to whatever you're writing. Typewriters

"IF YOU'RE WRITING ON A TYPEWRITER YOU HAVE TO COMMIT TO WHATEVER YOU'RE WRITING. TYPEWRITERS DON'T MAKE IT EASY FOR YOU TO GO BACK AND RETHINK THINGS."

don't make it easy for you to go back and rethink things. Same thing with recording analog. We don't do it because that's what the people we admire did. We do it because it demands something out of us. It doesn't allow us to show up lazy or not on our game. We cut every track knowing that this stuff isn't easy to edit."

With a first jaunt to Europe already in the bag barely a month ago, it's looking to be another hugely successful year for the Cali four-piece. *Nothing Is Wrong* is out June 7th

New lease of life. Uncool music.

WORDS JAMES MURPHY
PHOTOGRAPHY SEAN PECKNOLD



So despite the weather trying desperately to fool us, summer isn't here just yet. It's hanging just around the corner, most probably with more rain clouds than we've seen in the last two months. But while we can't guarantee what weather's going to join the oncoming months, one thing is for certain; there will be music festivals, and something will be branded sound of the summer.

Despite a flurry of new bands who have the potential to take this mantle; The Vaccines (who have tried to take the same steps as The Strokes, or more recently, The Drums) or perhaps Brother (fantastic, it's Britpop 2.0), a lot of the bands who were likely to be critically lauded have been met with slight indifference so far. Instead the bands that have shone this year are returning with second, third, sixth albums and a pattern is beginning to emerge in the critics' responses to these records. One word seems to be creeping in a lot: uncool.

Right now, if I had to pick who's going to soundtrack the next three months of my life, I'd pluck for Fleet Foxes. They've returned with *Helplessness Blues*, the follow-up to 2008's self-titled debut, and the magnificent *Sun Giant* EP. As I write the reviews are dropping in, and every one I have read thus far has picked up on one thing: this record is not cool.

It seems a strange thing to say, really. How can a record really be deemed uncool before it's been released and people have heard it? Maybe I've got the wrong definition of uncool in my head. Writing it out so many times has conjured up a picture in my mind of what it means, or who actually uses the word. The image I've settled with is Will Smith in the *Fresh Prince Of Bell Air* or any scene of *Saved By The Bell*. It's kind of a '90s thing, where the 'cool' chaps – crazy baseball caps on, MC Hammer parachute pants and a T-shirt that manages to blend yellow and pinks and greens all together in a sickening mesh of colour – rib someone else in a shirt, tank top and possibly braces. 'Uncool' seems to be a term out of its own time. But perhaps that's just me.

Then it struck me, that's exactly what they mean. Without trying to sound like a new, innovative sound, or capture a futuristic sound, Fleet Foxes are looking back and not trying to cover it up. The record could have been released in the '70s – critics are

saying it should have been – and there's very little from the last twenty years of music that they've incorporated into the record. It's not a step forward in music, apparently. It's out of time.

This isn't the only record that's being praised but being deemed uncool. Lykke Li returned with a second album *Wounded Rhymes* at the start of March, one that again has the potential to define the sound of this year. But it harks back to the sound of Phil Spector and of girl-groups in the early sixties, with some nostalgic folk too, greatly influencing her sound. Iron And Wine released the sublime *Kiss Each Other Clean*, an album awash with sounds from the late '70s. The other evening, while watching Fleet Foxes on *Later With Jools Holland*, this band from Hollywood appeared, Vintage Trouble, who had nothing but the sound of 1957. The lead singer, Ty Taylor, looked like he'd taken lessons in being enigmatic from Elvis. I haven't seen anyone that enigmatic since, well, Elvis. He couldn't stop moving, arms swinging, kicking and waltzing around the microphone in his lemon blazer a bootlace tie around his collar. He is a timeless being, destined to forever be out of synchronization with the rest of the world. I wonder if the critics will brand him as uncool. Stick him next to Julian Casablancas, with his leather jacket and shades, and it would look like an update to one of those '90s sitcoms that stuck the hip with the square. Or it would have if it was still 2001.

The Strokes came back this year with *Angles*, their first record in five years, since the patchy *First Impressions Of Earth*. And while it wasn't badly received, it has hardly set the world alight again. They'll be storming through tracks at a number of festivals, but it doesn't seem very likely that 2011 will be remembered for them.

The Reading and Leeds line-up looks like it did seven years ago. The bands that are going to shape the rest of the musical year seem to be the ones that are wearing their influences on their sleeves. When the press releases for *Helplessness Blues* were released, Fleet Foxes' lead singer, Robin Pecknold, sent out a letter with all the major influences for the album. So, the sound of the 2011 will probably sound like 1970, or 1957 or perhaps 1962. Either way, it'll be dreadfully uncool. Although maybe that will make it cool. Who knows.





Back to the future. Digitalism.

WORDS SAM BATHE

If it feels like an eternity since Digitalism released debut record, *Idealism*, that's because it has been. Some four years on, with little to plug the gap, though it sure didn't stop the music industry from trying.

Since 2007 we've had the electro overkill of 2009 and swathes of wannabees either side, but like Justice equally took dance music to new heights the same year, no one in the last four has matched the duo.

Releasing teaser EP, *Blitz*, late 2010 on Kitsuné and wonderful new free-download single, *2 Hearts*, last month, Digitalism have made quite the emphatic comeback. The latter sounding like what Klaxons' sophomore should have been, the Germans have returned with a slightly more pop-y touch, but still all the energy and fervour that we've come to expect.

Out June 20th, with a European tour in support, LP *I Love You Dude* will be 10-track strong, including *Forrest*

Gump, co-written with The Strokes' Julian Casablancas over email, and about "constantly keeping on moving otherwise you'll be in some sort of psychic peril." The record will boast a simplistic album cover, but expect a lot more under the hood.

The pair met in Hamberg while Jens was working at a local record store, but it's fair to say they've gone significantly global since then. Already signed up to headline Hard Summer's USA-wide tour, Digitalism have also joined the bill for the Hard Summer

festival in LA, alongside a veritable feast of electro and dance, includ-

ing Boyz Noise, Duck Sauce, Odd Future, Holy Ghost! and James Murphy.

Alongside the return of the aforementioned Justice, whose sophomore LP is also set to drop later this year, 2011 is going to be one big leap back into the mainstream for electronica. And there's no doubt fans are going to love it, the two releases sure can't

THE PAIR MET IN HAMBERG WHILE JENS WAS WORKING AT A LOCAL RECORD STORE, BUT IT'S FAIR TO SAY THEY'VE GONE SIGNIFICANTLY GLOBAL SINCE THEN.

come soon enough.
I Love You Dude is out June 20th



FRIENDLY FIRES PALA

RELEASED OUT NOW

Friendly Fires caused quite a stir with their self-titled 2008 debut, nominated for the Mercury Music Prize, going Gold in the UK and spawning five singles, it announced the St. Albans band on the scene with such instance they quickly became one of the real trendsetters of the British music industry.

Blending the song make-up of indie-rock with the exuberance and experimentation of dance, *Friendly Fires* made for a compelling mix, and left their fans on tenterhooks for where they go next.

Well, they actually didn't really go anywhere at all. Of their sophomore record, the band have said it's a "progression, not a departure", and the latter is certainly more than fitting. Though more ethereal and wispy, *Pala* could just be disc 2 of their first LP, and while the quality is still certainly high, it leaves you wondering what they've been up to for the last three years, *Pala* is just a little unremarkable. **SB**

★★★★★



DEATH CAB FOR CUTIE CODES AND KEYS

RELEASED MAY 30

It feels like Death Cab have been around for a lifetime. Into their 14th year together as a band, *Codes And Keys* is amazingly their seventh studio album, and the band, with no need to 'grow up' or 'find their sound' like so many of today's releasing artists, are revelling in the opportunity to experiment and see where their songwriting takes them.

"A much less guitar-centric album than we've ever made before," the band haven't been lying when talking about their new LP, but even with guitar's slight switch out of prominence, *Codes And Keys* is still unabashedly a Death Cab production.

Their last album, *Narrow Stairs* was hugely wide-ranging, so perhaps it was to be expected that this outing would be a little tighter knit, and it pays off, nestling somewhere between that and their more delicate, pop-y earlier material. It's more upbeat too, who ever imagined that from a Death Cab LP? **TM**

★★★★★



TYLER THE CREATOR GOBLIN

RELEASED OUT NOW

The first release from a member of the LA hip-hop collective Odd Future since they started garnering ludicrous amounts of buzz of late, leader Tyler The Creator's *Goblin* was always going to cause quite a stir.

Like the Arctic Monkeys fascination of 2006 – yes, I just compared Tyler The Creator to Arctic Monkeys – a lot of people will buy *Goblin* without hearing a single beat, but they'll be relieved to find out that it's actually quite good.

Tyler's style gives heavy prominence to his profanity-laden lyrics, with a very minimalist, down-tempo production back him up. It's a style of rap that is certainly far from ground-breaking but he does it well and there's just enough variation to keep things interesting. The lyrics will prove highly offensive to some listeners but they're so ludicrous at times they inspire laughter in equal measure, but I just hope you like swearing, because he curses, A LOT. **SB**

★★★★★



FOSTER THE PEOPLE TORCHES

RELEASED MAY 23

If ever a band has popped up overnight, it would be Foster The People. Stumbling under the radar at the turn of the year, they've quickly, and impressively, become the next likely indie-mainstream crossover. On the back of blowing up in hometown LA, airplay for single *Pumped Up Kicks* and some stirring SXSW performances, whoever mastered their rise to prominence could make millions selling a PR handbook.

Post-MGMT indie-pop, Foster The People are an effortless rendition of a mellow, upbeat summer. Mixing sumptuous basslines, soothing synths and intoxicating vocals, at their moments of brilliance, these boys have got something special.

The aforementioned *Pumped Up Kicks* is by far the standout from the album, imbuing a wonderful and empowering boundless momentum, although after that and opener *Helena Beat*, *Torches* struggles to match the same heights again. **TM**

★★★★★



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THE TREE OF LIFE

RELEASED MAY 27 (USA) TBC (UK)

'Terrence Malick' is one of a select few names in modern filmmaking that, upon its very utterance, can whip up a frenzy of excitement and debate, even when concrete information is scarce. That's exactly what happened with *The Tree of Life*, the reclusive director's latest project; indeed, it's only in the last few months that any real information – and that lovely trailer – has surfaced.

At time of going to press there is no certain release date for the film

in the UK – having previously been scheduled to premiere there before Cannes (a bizarre choice, to be sure) it is now in limbo as a result of an ongoing distribution dispute. What is confirmed, though, is that it will meet audience's eyes first in France, as above, which seems a more fitting reveal for the ultimate art-house director.

Thing is, Malick has earned his glowing reputation. *The Tree of Life* was exciting even before the trailer

hit, simply because it was his first film since 2005's *The New World* (a gap which seems infinitesimal compared to the 20+ years it took him to make *The Thin Red Line*). It stars Brad Pitt and Sean Penn in a study of the loss of innocence and of growing up. The cast is rounded out by much smaller names – Jessica Chastain and Kari Matchett most notably – and, fingers crossed, this will be a breath of fresh air in a summer congested with blockbusters.





A person's arm is visible on the right side of the page, pointing towards the background. The person is wearing a red and white striped shirt and a brown beaded bracelet. The background shows a modern building with large windows and a small tree in the foreground.

OUR IDIOT BROTHER

RELEASED AUGUST 26

Paul Rudd, who seems to have been in every comedy made in the last five years, stars in this all-star ensemble comedy about Ned (Rudd), a man with good intentions who has just been released from prison for dealing cannabis. And after his release he manages to disrupt the lives of his three sisters Miranda, Natalie and Liz, played respectively by Elizabeth Banks, Zooey Deschanel and Emily Mortimer.

This is Jesse Peretz's third feature effort (following *First Love, Last Rites* and *The Ex*) and it was made for a relatively shoe-string budget – \$10m – particularly given the number of big names involved. Aside from those already mentioned, the supporting casts boasts the likes of Hugh

Dancy, Rashida Jones and Steve Coogan. Wisely avoiding competition with the sure-to-be-huge *The Hangover: Part II*, *Our Idiot Brother* is currently scheduled for an August release in the US, and the lack of comedies in that period may help it garner some success with audiences sick of effects-laden epics.

Comedies featuring Rudd have been a mixed bag over the years, but there is hope yet that *Our Idiot Brother* will prove to be one of the better ones. Director Peretz has commented on how quickly the project came together and, indeed, how quickly it was shot (just six weeks for principal photography), but hopefully that swiftness has not diluted the film's quality at all.



BRAVE

RELEASED JUNE 22, 2012 (USA) AUGUST 17, 2012 (UK)

When Pixar revealed a while back that they were doing *Toy Story 3* followed by *Cars 2* and that another *Monsters Inc.* picture was in the future, a few eyebrows were raised. Only slightly raised, of course – this is Pixar after all – but there was a vague murmur amidst the online hordes that maybe, just maybe, Pixar were starting to run out of ideas. During the same period, the original IP *Newt* was axed, but since, *Toy Story 3* has been and gone and proven to a certain extent that such whisperings were massively unfounded. *Cars 2*, set to release in a couple of month's time, will be hoping to emulate that film's critical and commercial success.

Brave is still relatively under the radar in terms of mainstream knowledge, but that's probably just because it's still over a year away. It is set in the mystical Scottish Highlands, where Kelly Macdonald stars as Mérida, who is, incidentally, Pixar's first female protagonist. It looks to be a fairy tale in the greatest sense of the word, as Mérida accidentally plunges the kingdom into chaos and must find a way to fix it.

Backing up Macdonald is a varied cast that seems something of a shift for Pixar, which is fitting given that the story's setting is so unlike anything they've done. Then again, they've done Paris, post-apocalyptic Earth and outer space, so why not Scotland? The cast includes Billy Connolly as King Fergus and Emma Thompson as his wife, Queen Elinor. Elsewhere, Julie Walters and Robbie Coltrane (seen together in the *Harry Potter* franchise, of course) crop up to add their vocal talents. Different it may be, but Pixar's extraordinary track record just keeps on delivering, and there is no reason to think it will come to end when *Brave* is released summer 2012.

TRANSFORMERS: DARK OF THE MOON

RELEASED JULY 1

A lot of things happened after *Transformers 2: Revenge Of The Fallen* was released. It was slaughtered by critics, for one, but it also made a whole heap of money. In the aftermath even Michael Bay and star Shia LeBeouf (both returning here) publicly admitted they'd dropped the ball in a pretty big way. There were even faint accusations of racism levelled at the characters Mudflap and Skids. And it appeared on various 'worst of...' lists.

One thing that didn't happen, of course, was cancel the third entry in the series; sequels to films that make over \$800m, however poorly received, don't get cancelled. And so we have *Dark Of The Moon*, the film that aims to set things right in Michael Bay's world of Autobots and Decepticons.

The plot revolves around a Cybertronian spacecraft which is found on the moon and the race to find out what it is; a race, as ever, between the two battling groups of robots.

Sam Witwicky's (LeBeouf) love interest Mikaela Banes (played by Megan Fox in the first two films) has been shunted out this time and replaced by Carly, played by model Rosie Huntington-Whiteley, who had no previous acting experience, but had worked with Michael Bay for Victoria's Secret adverts in the past.

The trailer landed online recently with all the expected bells and whistles, though the scale of it was undeniably diverting. It's certainly worth checking out, if only for the sheer balls-out ludicrousness on show. Franchise regulars Josh Duhamel, Tyrese Gibson and John Turturro, amongst others, are all back to see the franchise complete its trilogy, for better or for worse, you decide that.







30 MINUTES OR LESS

RELEASED AUGUST 12 (USA) SEPTEMBER 23 (UK)

Rubin Fleischer directed *Zombieland* for Columbia on a budget of around \$20m and roughly quadrupled that figure in box office returns. It was also critically well-received. Hardly a surprise, then, to see Columbia distributing Fleischer's second feature, which also re-teams the director with *Zombieland's* star and now Oscar-nominated frontman, Jesse Eisenberg.

Eisenberg stars as Nick, a pizza delivery boy who is kidnapped by criminals and forced to attempt to rob

a bank in order to pay for an assassin that Dwayne (Danny McBride) wants to hire to kill his father. Slightly complication; they strap a bomb jacket with a nine-hour timer to him, just to give him the right incentive. And there you have the basic concept, a platform which could well provide an effective framework for some quality comedy.

The trailer is out and about online and it looks reasonably promising. Eisenberg's Nick pairs up with Chet, played by Aziz Ansari, whose career

took off on the small screen but has been seen in a few features too, including last year's *Get Him To The Greek*.

Michael Peña rounds off an interesting cast in what will hopefully prove to be one of the better comedies of the year. Danny McBride, for one, will be hoping for a positive reaction after his latest project *Your Highness* suffered at the hands of critics and didn't muster a particularly impressive performance at the box office. It's pretty nailed on though, that this will do better.



40 years in Bat Country. Hunter S. Thompson on film.

WORDS SAM WALKER-SMART



PICTURED: THE RUN DIARY

So begins Hunter S. Thompson's drug-fuelled social commentary on the American dream and the madness that is Vegas: "we were somewhere around Barstow on the edge of the desert when the drugs began to take hold." Like a literary atom bomb, *Fear And Loathing* brought a whole new voice and style to the mainstream; a ruthless, mad, but nevertheless keen, eye to the often boring world of journalism and autobiographical gibberish. The novel made the author a hero in campuses around the world and a chain-smoking force to be reckoned with when it came to covering any story. It didn't take long for filmmakers to see the cinematic potential in the high-octane gonzo tales, with various attempts at turning the material into something palatable for audiences coming to nothing throughout the '70s. It wasn't until April 1980 that audiences were 'treated' to *Where The Buffalo Roam*, a mish-mash of Hunter's work thrown together as a loose narrative starring Bill Murray as the Doctor of Journalism himself. Despite an admirable performance by Murray, who had taken the time to befriend, mimic and be terrorised by Thompson, the film was a dud, a terrible script and foundation never giving the picture a chance. Such experiences do not fill writers, so they opted then to stick with documentaries for the foreseeable future.

With his success and notoriety though came a downside, a cartoon larger than life image; an image that he unfortunately started to live up too, becoming a fully-fledged 'Rock Star Writer' complete with groupies and boatloads of drugs. There were still flashes of brilliance here and there but Hunter had become a spectacle, a spectacle for the cameras and lecturing circuit which had lost its edge. Shot by his neighbour, Wayne Ewing, 2003's *Breakfast With Hunter* captures some of this time as well as the man's day-to-day life over the course of many years, and is still the most intimate portrayal of the author available. The low budget doc also reveals the '90s' fresh interest in bringing *Fear And*

Loathing to the cinemas; *Repo Man* director Alex Cox getting some of the journalist's famed temper when he dared try to 'artistically' mangle his iconic text in one noteworthy section. With Cox gone, the task finally fell to visionary director Terry Gilliam; the right kind of mind to bring the novel's powerful imagery to life. Much like Murray before him Johnny Depp, the next man in line to become Raoul Duke AKA Thompson, bonded with his character's real-life bases over guns, madness and fine whiskey for prolonged periods. Thompson went as far to lend Depp some of his clothes and shaved his head for the picture- such was their closeness that the A-list paid for the man's ambitious pre-planned funeral in 2005.

With *Loathing* finally covered before the 20th century petered out, attentions switched to other transferable material and soon Depp was gunning for the semi-autobiographical *The Rum Diary*, penned when the author was just 22. Resting in development hell for many moons, a whole thirteen years since Depp wandered around Vegas screaming about blood drenched lizards, Hunter's work is once again heading to the big screen, and featuring other big hitters such as *The Dark Knight's* Aaron Eckhart.

The film promises to be a more sane affair, the text written when Hunter was years from perfecting his gonzo writing style; its narrative one of a young guy simply trying to survive in the cut-throat world of journalism

whilst living in a strange land. There's still humour and excitement, but the drama will be of a more conventional and romantic nature, and no doubt more accessible to the masses.

The Rum Diary follows on nicely from 2008's *Gonzo: The Life & Work Of Dr. Hunter S. Thompson*, an in-depth overview of the author's career with interviews from some of his closest allies and enemies, produced just three years after his death. Such a small gap between the two works reveals the author's continuing influence and popularity. He was an original and only those close to him really understood how much of one. Ralph Steadman, the man who visualized *Gonzo's* visceral and mind-bending images; "*Gonzo* was

IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG FOR FILMMAKERS TO SEE THE CINEMATIC POTENTIAL IN THE HIGH-OCTANE GONZO TALES, WITH VARIOUS ATTEMPTS AT TURNING THE MATERIAL INTO SOMETHING PALATABLE FOR AUDIENCES COMING TO NOTHING THROUGHOUT THE '70S.

my life-changing fate! Hunter loved wearing women's clothes and could spit 25 yards!! I was the innocent abroad and he knew it. I guess that is why it worked between us. He was a fierce creative force and I went along with that; we worked on the edge and that gave energy to our intentions." And what of his tragic end? "He told me shortly after we met that he would feel real trapped in this life if he didn't know that he could commit suicide at any moment. I wasn't surprised when he finally did it but I miss

the ol' bugger." I think we all do, in such uncertain times, in a world that is seemingly tearing itself apart at the seams, Hunter could have no doubt flourished, documenting the pure fear and loathing.

The Rum Diary is out October 28th

interview with

Emma Bell

star of *The Walking Dead*

words by Andrew Simpson

Emma Bell is an actress whose name is likely to become widely known before long. The 24 year-old has risen quickly through various low budget films before getting her big break in *The Walking Dead*, the latest US TV hit to make it big in the UK, and a series that boasts the tantalising combination of creator Frank Darabont, a fantastic comic book source and the acting talents of Britain's own Andrew Lincoln, all in a perfectly-realised zombie apocalypse America. On the eve of its DVD and Blu-Ray release, Emma spoke about the show, the current appetite for horror and fantasy on the small screen and her leading, potentially star-making role in the next *Final Destination* film.

FAN THE FIRE: Tell us about your character in *The Walking Dead*?

EMMA BELL: I play Jamie, the younger sister to another character named Andrea. They are from Florida and on a road trip back to Amy's college when the zombie apocalypse happens. They happen to be around Atlanta and they get picked up by a very sweet man and taken to the camp, and then the story goes from there. Andy Lincoln, John Bernthal and Sarah Wayne Callies play the main trio of characters; they stay in the camp and we're all trying to figure out how to survive.

FTF: How did you get involved?

EB: For me it was just another audition; I auditioned for it pretty early on. They maybe didn't have a lot of it written yet, as I knew what it was called but I had no idea there was a comic book attached to it. Actually the scene I read was one of Sarah's scenes. I knew I wasn't going in for that part, but I didn't know initially that my character would be Amy until it was a little bit further along. I found out that I booked it and it was great because I literally had ten dollars left in my bank account!

FTF: Things are a bit easier now then?

EB: Things are a little bit easier, yes. This last year I did *The Walking Dead* and *Final Destination 5*. I worked on that for 3 months, and then last

month I shot a pilot for NBC. So it's been a great year for me both financially and artistically. *The Walking Dead* started it all off, and I was so excited to get that role and be a part of the show. We all felt it was going to be really special.

FTF: The world that Frank Darabont manages to create, has a really sparse, eerie feel, being very peaceful but likely to be broken by terror and anarchy. How did you find the working process of creating that world?

EB: I'm glad that came across, because that's what we were trying to do. A large part of it has to do with the fact that while it's a zombie apocalypse TV series, really it's about the characters. Robert Kirkman, who wrote the comic books, made that pretty evident. When I read those I thought there was an amazing character journey for these people, and what I think keeps the show on edge is that while the zombies are around and they're a constant source of fear, most of the time it's about human versus human and the kind of demons we turn into or the kinds of choices we make as human beings in regards to other human beings when it becomes about life or death. I think that's what makes it really creepy, when you see normal people who in a normal setting would be your next door neighbours turn into the most morally un-centred people. That's what makes it scary.

FTF: So the scariness comes as much from the people as it does from the situation?

EB: Exactly!

FTF: What was it like working with Andrew Lincoln?

EB: Oh, terrible! No, I'm kidding, what was great about working with Andy is that he worked his butt off. He's practically in every single scene, and they're dramatic, emotional scenes, and he was working all the time. But that never stopped him from being a part of the group, and he didn't sequester himself off by being the star of the show. You would say that's how people should act but you'd be amazed by how

some people need to have isolation for their roles. Andy was always a part of the group and he always made us laugh so much. I sat next to him when we flew to Comic Con; I didn't have that many scenes with him, and everyone was telling me how great he was, so I really wanted to have a conversation with him. We sat next to each other on the plane and I don't think I stopped laughing the whole flight. He's just the best. On top of that he's pretty easy on the eye. He's quite dreamy! In America our big introduction to him was *Love Actually*, so everybody thinks of him as the cute guy from that.

FTF: So that made it big over there as well?

EB: I love that film, I don't know anyone who does not love that film in America.

FTF: How do you feel about how your character left the show?

EB: Well I was sad to go. It wasn't just that the show was going to be big, but that the material was great and on a personal level I truly love every person in that cast. It was hard to say goodbye but I have to say Amy's role in the comic book series is much smaller than in TV series, so I was just really happy that they expanded my character to the extent that they did, plus I got to do really cool things as an actor. I had a big death scene, and then I got to come back as a zombie, which was really cool!

FTF: You've acted a lot in the horror genre with *The Walking Dead*, *Final Destination 5* and also *Frozen*. Do you like those roles, and do you see them as offering good parts for women?

EB: I've been really lucky in that all the roles that I've been able to be a part of and have been really challenging as an actress. Each character that I've played brings something else to the table, and what I love about horror as a genre is there are so many branches of it. There are your character dramas, psychological horror, slasher films, zombie apocalypses, supernatural elements. There are so many avenues you can go down, so there's certainly a lot of opportu- ➔

nity. I've been very lucky to be part of the genre, but I would love still to play a lot of different types of characters in lots of different genres.

FTF: What can you reveal about *Final Destination 5*?

EB: Well part of the element of seeing *Final Destination* is seeing how everyone dies and how gruesome it is, so I can't tell you any of that! But I can say that with this one they're really trying to get back to the truth of why people really liked the franchise. I think that the fans will be really happy. The characters are more developed, the writing is really good and the director Steven Quale helped James Cameron come up with the 3-D technology for *Avatar*, so the 3-D element of this movie is going to be really amazing. I can say that the first death scene is on a suspension bridge, so there's a lot of creative outlets for really interesting and horrifying deaths!

FTF: How long do you last?

EB: I'm basically the love interest to the guy who has the premonitions, so I'm in there until the bitter end!

FTF: What about the pilot you shot for NBC?

EB: It's a different type of thing for me; it's a Civil War western, which is such a dramatic period of our history. To be able to portray something very American like that as an American actress is great. It has to be picked up, and hopefully they will love it as much as we all did. I play the repressed preacher's wife, and so I got to wear the corsets and all the stuff. It was fun! It could mean a big move and a big change in my life.

FTF: Would you have to leave LA?

EB: We shot in New Mexico, so it would mean moving there. It would be a big move, but working on that type of project would be really fun.

FTF: Why do you think *The Walking Dead* has been so popular? Has it just come at the right time with other horror series like *True Blood* coming back into fashion?

EB: Zombies, vampires and were-

“I think that’s what makes it really creepy, when you see normal people who in a normal setting would be your next door neighbours turn into the most morally un-centred people.”

wolves are all very ‘hot’, but that’s a trend. What I think will always be fascinating to individuals is the human psyche and what we do in really extreme situations. Everyone’s a little bit fascinated by death, because it’s just such an unknown to us, and whether or not you’re afraid of death, it is very safe to watch it in the context of a TV show. We’re interested in people like us trying to survive this extreme condition, and I think people get fascinated by it because they start to wonder what they would do. But

they do it through this reflection of entertainment. I always found Nazi Germany really interesting, because you can’t really understand how a whole group of people can have their minds all on something that terrifying. The whole zombie and vampire craze explore that because they’re very symbolic of human nature going awry, and I think that’s always going to be something that people are very interested in exploring.

The Walking Dead is out now on Blu-Ray and DVD





interview with

***Joe Cornish,
John Boyega,
Jodie Whittaker,
Leeon Jones, Franz
Drameh, Luke
Treadaway &
Nick Frost***

cast and crew of *Attack The Block*
words by Andrew Simpson

Joe Cornish doesn't seem to be particularly affected by the weight of expectation. As he sidles into a suite at the Soho Hotel for what must be the umpteenth interview about his mega-hit-in-waiting *Attack The Block*, his mood can best be described as 'chipper'. Bringing the same wry yet wide-eyed presence that he has long given to British audiences on both television and radio as one half of the indomitable Adam & Joe, he is a character able to flit between social commentary and fanboy enthusiasm. As an interviewee he's insightful, and a lot of fun.

A hit at SXSW, and just released in the UK, *Attack The Block* already has the whiff of sensation about it. "The idea comes from my love of '80s monster movies like *ET*, *Gremlins*, *Critters* and *Tremors*, all the stuff I loved growing up," Cornish says of his directorial debut, which pits a group of hooded teenagers against an alien invasion of a Brixton tower block. "Also gang movies that I loved when I was a teenager, like *The Warriors*, *Streets Of Fire* and *Rumblefish*. I had never seen a film like that happening in the area where I grew up. Britain was quite good at doing realism and at doing fantasy, but seldom fused the two together."

Attack The Block does just that. Beginning with the mugging of a nurse by a gang of 'hoodies', it turns expectations on their head by making those teenagers the heroes, forcing them to team up with their victim to defend their homes against an invasion by huge, hulking monsters. As well as being a lot of fun, it's also a markedly assured debut feature, especially as most of the film's teenage cast had never worked on a movie. Cornish explains how he just learned to go with it; "As a first time director you are the least experienced person on-set, but you're expected to be in charge. It took me a few days to understand that, but once I got on top of it having those actors was fantastic, because they were just as enthusiastic and as passionate as I was. Every experience was new for them as it was for me, and it felt like a big adventure."

When you watch a film it's often

easy to tell whether it must have been fun on-set, and *Attack The Block* has that feeling in spades. "I'm a huge fan of '80s movies," says John Boyega, who stepped up from theatre work to play Moses, the film's lead. "I can't believe that an urban film from Britain pays homage to those kinds of films." Of the endlessly affable presence of Nick Frost, star of *Shaun of the Dead* and probably *Attack the Block's* most recognisable cast member, he simply says; "We had a wild time." The feeling from the more experienced cast members seems to have been mutual. "You'd be a right miserable git not to!" says Jodie Whittaker, when asked if she had fun making the film. "They brought an energy that was really fresh and lacked a sense of vanity. It felt like you were back at high school, and Joe was the same. He's a 42-year-old child. He's just brilliant to be around". Cornish's childlike enthusiasm wasn't the only thing to impress. "It was so unique to be part of six peoples' debuts, and it's really special to be a part of something that stands alone in British cinema."

In keeping with the cinematic inspirations for *Attack The Block*, one of the most striking aspects of the film is a lack of CGI. "I often feel there's an iPhone app for digital creatures," says Cornish. "They all look the same, and I was excited to try and do what they used to do in the '80s, when a special effect would either be a puppet or a model and you got the sense that somebody had made it. I also wanted something on set with the actors so that when they're attacked they're really attacked." The result is refreshingly analogue, with the cast chased by gigantic beasts, played by men in huge suits, sporting luminous fangs. "It was a big wolf-, gorilla-looking thing," says Leeon Jones, who plays Jerome. "They were scary. When they are jumping on people, they were really doing it."

Another element that helps create the throwback feel is the phenomenal soundtrack from Steven Price and Basement Jaxx, who weave a percussive, synthy undercurrent to the action. "The soundtrack is massively important," says Cornish, obviously

animated by the question. "I've read that Tarantino doesn't use them because he doesn't want someone to affect the tone of his work. But experiencing it firsthand it's incredibly powerful. I felt amazingly lucky that we got Steve, who composed on *Lord Of The Rings*, and Basement Jaxx, who are Brixton-based and whose first gig was at the foot of the road where we shot the opening sequence. South London is usually seen as downbeat, but I wanted to make an upbeat film and there's something very upbeat in everything they do, a sort of smile in their music. The pitch was that John Carpenter and John Williams had gone round to Roots Manuva's house and got very high! I think they nailed it."

Attack The Block is by turns frightening and funny, with a subtext about the myths surrounding teenage gangs. "We tried to take some of the words they use to describe these gangs, like feral, amoral, vicious; and turn those clichés into an actual creature," says Cornish. "In some films you get the victimisation of characters who are children, and who come from situations where they don't have the advantages that you or I might. Personally I'm uncomfortable with the way they are presented, so I wanted to redress that balance by pitting them against actual monsters." Nick Frost agrees. "There is a social commentary, which is a brave thing to do in a horror-comedy," he says. "It's got this element of talking about the society we live in, where people are demonised just because they wear hooded shirts. But what Joe is saying is that they're just kids, and they get frightened too."

That commitment to the reality of these characters extended to language and accents, on which Cornish spent many months achieving authenticity. "I went to loads of youth clubs and youth groups around South London," says Cornish. "I talked to hundreds of kids in groups about the story and listened to everything they said, and went home and transcribed it time and time again until I thought I had enough of a grip on it to write it myself." He then tried it out on the





“...what Joe is saying is that they’re just kids, and they get frightened too.”

cast. “They were able to contribute and adjust,” he says. “My background is in lo-fi production so I’m used to doing everything myself, and it was a process of learning how much talent there was around me and how much other people could contribute.” It’s a trick he learned from a master, having recently worked on the script for Steven Spielberg’s upcoming *Tintin* adaptation. “It’s amazing to see how collaborative Spielberg is,” he says. “He’s completely open to suggestions from anyone, and that lifts everything you do because you want to get the best out of everybody around you.”

“We came in and finished up the final draft and we put in our own little ideas and character traits,” says Franz Drameh, who plays Dennis. Frost is more forthcoming about his input. “Everybody got a say on what they thought of their language in the script, if they could feel themselves saying it and if it worked and resonated with their character. Me, Joe and Luke Treadaway spent an afternoon writing four little scenes for Luke and me to do. It’s always nice when you get to do that. Like when I did *Paul*, there’s such an evolution from the first draft, and if I’m not involved somehow I don’t want to do it.”

The effort paid off, as *Attack The Block* has more of an ear for urban speech than any recent mainstream British film. Talking to the younger cast, you can sense that it speaks to

where they come from. “I haven’t received a script before that’s been so on point,” says Drameh, one of the film’s few experienced actors. “I watched a lot of *The Wire*,” says Boyega, “and I asked questions around my estate trying to get the essence of the character. Some of us have lived in South London all our lives, but there’s a difference between living there and being part of the madness that goes on. It’s about the boys as human beings, and to get that you had to have this South London swagger.”

The authenticity of the film has led to suggestions that American audiences might require subtitles, an idea that to Cornish misses the point entirely. “It was important that it is accessible to anybody,” he says. “We simplified it a bit, and made sure we had a limited glossary that we used, designed to teach you through context. If it works you’re going to have old people like me using it!” Frost is even less forgiving to the idea. “I think it would be stupid, but that’s not to say it wouldn’t happen. I think that presupposes that American audiences can’t be bothered, but they are smart and savvy and as hungry for culture as we are. I think it would be a terrible shame”. Luke Treadaway agrees. “We have *The Wire* coming over here and we understand it. *A Clockwork Orange* has its own lexicon but by the end of the film you understand. If you don’t know what getting ‘merked’ is the first time

you will by the third time.”

Accents are just part of *Attack The Block*’s wider subtext. Treadaway plays Brewis, an upper-middle-class buffoon who enters the block to buy ‘jazz herbs’. Hilarious when attempting gang speak, he is also there for a bigger reason, and is partly based on Cornish himself. “Kids like that do perpetuate the dealing of drugs. The demand for that stuff and the method of distribution is stitched into this socio-economic subculture, and it does take a lot of young people down with it,” he says. “I was as guilty as anybody in my twenties when I would go to these estates and you would get withering looks from neighbours, who would know why I was there. I would feel ashamed, and rightly so, because actions have consequence. But there are still aliens running around to lighten the mood!”

Indeed, the film is never weighed down in social commentary. “It rang true, but it didn’t seem to weigh it down with gritty ‘realness’,” says Treadaway of the balance the film achieves between authenticity and comedy. The result in the end is something charming and enjoyable, if not entirely successful. But even when it doesn’t work *Attack The Block* is never less than utterly endearing, and it is thrilling to see a British film being so ambitious. It announces the arrival of a filmmaker with huge potential, as well as some promising performers.

“I think there are some genuine future stars amongst that cast,” says Cornish. “They are a testament to the message of the film; that they are brilliant kids capable of amazing things”. So, it seems, is he. Cornish is reluctant to discuss his future, but certainly won’t be rushing into the next project. “I’ve waited this long to do this so I’m not going to go and do something rash. I’m aware of all the time, care and attention that we put into this film, and I wouldn’t want to rush into anything.” It’s clear, though, that the world is at his feet. Frost puts it simply; “I think he can do whatever he wants. He’s proved himself. The sky’s the limit.” *Attack The Block* is out now in the UK, release date TBC in the States

interview with

***James Wan
& Leigh
Whannell***

director and writer/star of *Insidious*
words by Andrew Simpson

Leigh Whannell and James Wan are best known as the co-creators of *Saw*, which they co-wrote and produced, with Wan directing. Having become known for a gory, gruesome franchise, those going to see their latest film, *Insidious*, which was co-produced with the team behind *Paranormal Activity*, may be in for a little surprise.

Insidious is the story of a couple, played by Rose Byrne and Patrick Wilson, who appear to become the occupiers of a haunted house after their young son falls into a coma. But what initially seems like a fairly generic *Amityville Horror*-style chiller soon turns into something markedly different, yet all the while retaining a stripped back, spooky feel, light on gore but heavy on atmosphere. The pair are eager to speak about what seems like a new direction.

FAN THE FIRE: Why did you want to make this film?

LEIGH WHANNELL: I think it was the exact right moment to make it. James and I had been working on various projects, together and separately, that were moving very slowly for various reasons. And we started talking about going back and making a completely

independent film with a video camera. James was talking to me about it, and I started really warming to the idea of just going out and shooting something. Why do you need someone's money? Just shoot it! And right at that moment the producers of *Paranormal Activity* came to James and said "we'd love to do a very low budget film with you guys," and it was just perfect timing. That started the whole thing.

FTE: You've said it's a very conscious step away from the sort of work you're known for, and about being frustrated. Was *Insidious* an antidote to *Saw*?

JAMES WAN: I think the very nature of a haunted house movie is that it doesn't need to be a blood and guts movie like *Saw*. I think I wanted to show people that it's possible to make a scary movie without relying on all that stuff – the blood and guts – and that was part of the reason. But we're also just big fans of those movies, and of supernatural stories, and we wanted to make a really scary haunted house film, but one with a new twist that we would bring to it.

FTE: You talk about the influence of haunted house films that you love, which you can spot whilst watching it.

Are those nods intentional?

JW: Yes and no. Story-wise we were very much influenced by ghost stories we've heard over the years from family and friends. Visually I wanted to make a very old fashioned looking haunted house film, so I went back to classic films like *The Haunting* by Robert Wise, *The Innocents*; classic old fashioned haunted house movies.

LW: But also using that weird David Lynch sense as well.

FTE: There is definitely a bit of *Twin Peaks* in the scene where Barbara Hershey [who plays the mother of Patrick Wilson's character] is talking about her dreams.

In unison: Yes!

LW: Right, right, we love that...

JW: That sequence is actually based on a particular story that happened to my grandmother. Someone told me they had had a really scary dream that involved her, and I thought; "Oh my God this is scary stuff," so we found a way to put it into the story. But it definitely has a very Lynchian sensibility to it.

FTE: You have generally worked together; is there something about the relationship that you think is particularly fruitful?

LW: I think we have similar sensibilities. The types of films that James wants to see are the same types that I want to see. So when we get excited about an idea it's great, partly because we're really tough on ourselves and because we don't want to put all the effort into making a film unless we really think it's special.

FTE: Going back to the influences, did you ever feel burdened by them? Did you ever feel worried that what you were doing was going to be seen too much as a genre piece?

JW: I think that's part of the fun, knowing the conventions in these kinds of films and knowing what to break and what to embrace. One of the things that Leigh and I really hate are fake scares; the shot in the mirror when there's somebody standing behind them. We're not big fans of that. If I'm creating a suspense sequence, ➔

“One of the things that Leigh and I really hate are fake scares; the shot in the mirror when there's somebody standing behind them.”

we want it to be real. We want it to be because there's a ghost or a demon about to break through. So it allowed me to stay away from things that I think are clichéd, but at the same time take a cliché and subvert it and spin it around. For instance, the couple in this film do something that most couples in haunted house movies of this type don't usually do. But I won't say any more!

FTF: You have several different supernatural elements operating within the house; what was it about that mixture that appealed to you?

LW: We felt that the different elements of this film is what made it interesting. We're not really into making films as an exercise, like making our version of a straight western. We would need to have a twist on the western that we thought no one had seen before, and that's how it was with *Insidious*. Haunted house films are very rigid. It's a very 'over done' genre and we wanted to bring something different to it. I don't think we could have done it without all these different elements.

FTF: How did you come up with the different ghouls?

LW: Different stories that we'd heard...

JW: Also, coming back to wanting to make a movie that harked back to old school style of filmmaking, movies that take place in the Victorian-era have ghosts in the corner in a Victorian gown. This movie has entities that are from another period, and I would say it adds another little layer to the film. And it's what makes it fun for me, because I get to design the way they dress, the way they put their makeup on and the way their hair is done. That's what actually sets it apart from other haunted house films.

FTF: So it's a toy box, where you pick the elements you like?

JW: Yes, but hopefully it still feels organic to some extent and doesn't feel too out of the box. It still has this umbrella over the whole thing.

FTF: Not to give too much away, but what about the casting, especially of

“Visually I wanted to make a very old fashioned looking haunted house film, so I went back to classic films like *The Haunting by Robert Wise, The Innocents; classic old fashioned haunted house movies.*”

the creepy old lady ghost, but was it hard to find the right people?

JW: Well that comes back to wanting my ghosts to be a bit more quirky. I knew I wanted a boy ghost, but I didn't want it played by a little kid. And I knew I wanted a creepy old woman ghost, but I did not want it played by an old woman. I'll just leave it at that!

FTF: What's next for you both?

LW: We've been talking about a sci-fi film, and we've mentioned it so much we're going to have to make it. I better

whip something up quick! It will actually be a musical-comedy but it will be set in 2028.

FTF: What about an *Insidious* sequel?

LW: We never really think about stuff like that. It seems strange coming from the *Saw* guys because that is seen as this huge franchise. But on the original *Saw* film we weren't thinking of sequels at all. We thought it had a really hard, clear ending, and we think the same with this film. But who knows what the future holds.

Insidious is out now







BRIDESMAIDS

DIRECTED BY PAUL FEIG STARRING KRISTEN WIIG, MAYA RUDOLPH, ROSE BYRNE, WENDI MCLENDON-COVEY, ELLIE KEMPER, MELISSA MCCARTHY & CHRIS O'DOWD

RELEASED OUT NOW (USA) JUNE 24 (UK)

In the past couple of years there has been a spate of very guy-focused comedies. We've had *The Hangover* (soon to be sequelised), *Due Date* and *Hot Tub Time Machine*, amongst others, but here's one which proves the ladies can not only compete, but can fairly comprehensively surpass their male colleagues.

Kristen Wiig's film career has taken a while to get started – many will still only know her from *Saturday Night Live* – but thank goodness she's finally made the transition. She provided support in Judd Apatow's *Knocked Up* (he produces here, too) and Greg Mottola's brilliant *Adventureland*, but

Bridesmaids is the movie that deserves to catapult her into the mainstream.

Wiig co-wrote and stars in this broad comedy about bickering bridesmaids and she's brilliant. Not only that, but director Paul Feig has gathered an exceptionally well-cast ensemble that mesh together beautifully. Wiig steals it, but she has the most screen time; her cast members compliment her well though throughout. She plays Annie, a thirty-something whose business has recently collapsed in the recession and who isn't exactly lucky in love. Just to rub it in, her best friend Lillian (Rudolph) is getting engaged and will marry into a wealthy family. While onto the scene also comes the prim, proper and pretty Helen (Byrne), driving a wedge of jealousy into Annie's friendship with Lillian.

Annie, who is trying to ingratiate herself into this new group of women (having been elected maid of honour) while struggling with her own problems, finds it difficult to accept the changes that are coming, and this leads

to plenty of comic japey. The film sets up several wonderfully executed set pieces (awkward speeches at the engagement party, trying on wedding dresses, an extended flight to Las Vegas, to name just three) that play out delightfully, but crucially it is consistently funny in-between the larger scale events. On the aforementioned flight to Vegas, in particular, and in one glorious slapstick scene towards the end, Wiig gets to show off her range, and she doesn't falter, going at it full tilt at times and reining herself in at others.

Yes, the film is a little loose structurally and takes a while to get going; yes, the denouement comes about a little too quickly and is too easily resolved; but there are more than enough laughs to justify what is a fairly lengthy runtime by comedy standards. There are few greater compliments one can offer a film than to say they feel shorter than they really are, and *Bridesmaids*' two hours positively flies by. **MR**

★★★★★



WIN WIN

DIRECTED BY THOMAS MCCARTHY STARRING PAUL GIAMATTI, ALEX SHAFFER, AMY RYAN, BOBBY CANNAVALE, JEFFREY TAMBOR, BURT YOUNG & MELANIE LYNSKEY

RELEASED OUT NOW (USA) MAY 20 (UK)

Thomas McCarthy's *Win Win* stars Paul Giamatti as Mike Flaherty, a down-on-his-luck lawyer struggling to pay the bills, when an unexpected lifeline comes along.

That lifeline is in the form of Leo Poplar (Young), an ageing client of his broken-down practice who may be going senile. Leo wants to stay in his house, the courts want him put in a home. When Mike realises that whoever is appointed Leo's guardian will receive a monthly payment, he tells the court that he is the man for the job, thus allowing Leo to stay at home. A good deed, right? Well, it would be if

he didn't decide to pocket the cash and put Leo in a home anyway.

So there's your basic setup. This comedy-drama revolves around that one bad decision made out of desperation, not malice; Mike is clearly a good man. His wife (the ever-reliable Amy Ryan) knows nothing of their financial troubles nor her husband's unconventional method of solving them and all seems to be going smoothly until, by chance, Kyle (newcomer Alex Schaffer) turns up to complicate matters. He's Leo's grandson and has run away from his mother, clearly unfit to parent.

Kyle gradually becomes close to the Flaherty family and, although he initially appears dour and sullen, turns out to be not only a good kid, but a damn fine wrestler too. Guiding the local school's terrible wrestling team is Mike's hobby, alongside an embattled Jeffrey Tambor. Later, Mike's recently divorced pal Terry (Bobby Cannavale, providing a lot of the comic beats) makes it a trio.

This is a well-acted, solid film. Schaffer is very effective as Kyle, even though his grunting responses initially suggest a one-note performance. He somehow gives off a warm charisma. As his inadvertent parents-elect, Giamatti and Ryan are good company, both proving again that they can be relied upon to put in a shift whatever they're doing. Tambor and Cannavale are mostly comedy value, and the film does get a few decent chuckles.

It's smooth, likable and it ticks all the right boxes, only that's a little bit of a problem too. *Win Win* skirts with issues but plays it mostly safe, ending up as a well-constructed piece that isn't particularly original and is rarely surprising. You know where it's going pretty much from square one, and while it's charming, it isn't hugely funny or deeply affecting. The point is, it won't blow you away, but it remains a well-played and solidly entertaining family film. **MR**

★★★★★



ATTACK THE BLOCK

DIRECTED BY JOE CORNISH **STARRING** JOHN BOYEGA, ALEX ESMAIL, FRANZ DRAHEH, LEEON JONES, SIMON HOWARD, JODIE WHITTAKER, NICK FROST & LUKE TREADAWAY

RELEASED OUT NOW (UK) TBC (USA)

Riding on a wave of buzz since premiering at this year's SXSW, *Attack The Block* is shaping up to be the British film industry's breakout hit of 2011.

We're introduced to *Attack The Block's* focal characters in somewhat auspicious circumstances. Members of a hooded gang, Moses (Boyega), Pest (Esmail), Dennis (Drameh), Jerome (Jones) and Biggz (Howard) are interrupted as they mug young nurse Sam (Whittaker) while she walks home late one night. When a fiery meteor blasts

down from the sky, crash-landing into a car on the street, Sam makes a run for it before leader Moses turns their attention to the flaming wreckage. Taken by surprise as a mysterious monster jumps out of the car, the gang chase after it before bludgeoning the creature to death with little more than brute force.

Taking their prize back to their council block and up to a friend to get his opinion on what it is, soon more fall from the sky, and Moses and his gang have to fight to save their lives, and, ironically, Sam and their neighbours' lives too.

Wholeheartedly British in all the right ways, *Attack The Block* is a lot of fun and a very pleasant surprise on the horizon. The action and suspense are nicely built-up and feel refreshingly unformulaic in a genre that normally follows the exact same three-act structure. Writer/director Joe Cornish brings a great deal of energy, dynamism and exuberance to the whole production, with a race of monsters

so scary, well-designed and suitably iconic. The mysterious unknown nature of their abilities and make-up is played nicely throughout.

Casting a bunch of unknowns at the head of the cast was always going to be a big risk, but on the whole they cope adeptly with the pressure and responsibility of leading the film. Expect to see each in a lot more films in the future, though given their opening salvo, it's hard to ever be truly emotionally invested.

This is perhaps what holds the film back from *Shaun Of The Dead* territory, and *Attack The Block* seems to lack that certain something to really set it apart from the pack. Even after their redemption at the end, the focal gang still aren't entirely likeable, but that's a flaw that would have required an entirely different story arc to correct, and it's still a very strong British monster movie and a great idea, and ode to South London, to base it all in a rough council block. **SB**

★★★★★



JULIA'S EYES

DIRECTED BY GUILLEM MORALES **STARRING** BELÉN RUEDA, LLUIS HOMAR, CLARA SEGURA, JULIA GUTIÉRREZ CABA, FRANCESC ORELLA, PABLO DERQUI & JOAN DALMAU

RELEASED MAY 20 (UK) TBC (USA)

Guillem Morales' debut feature is an interesting horror about a woman struggling against forces seemingly outside her control, whilst simultaneously losing her sight.

An excellent Belén Rueda stars as Julia, whose blind sister Sara hangs herself in the film's brooding opening – or does she? Sara is convinced there's somebody there in the room with her, and as we glimpse a foot kicking away that stool, so are we. From there we learn that Julia suffers from the same deteriorating eye condition as her twin sister and that, in all probability, she will grow steadily more blind until her sight is entirely gone.

This is natural territory for horror, a genre that – even when dealing with fully-sighted characters – loves to play with our perceptions, to deceive and trick us, to manipulate the natural obscurity of viewing things through a limited lens. In exploiting the primal fear of losing one's sight, *Los Ojos De Julia* (*Julia's Eyes*) is often very successful. That's the benefit of

the subject matter – at its most basic level, this film deals with something that we, the audience, are all naturally afraid of – blindness. That it drops the ball alarmingly in the final act is a huge disappointment.

In terms of quality, the film can be divided fairly neatly between its three acts. In the first act, Morales establishes a moody, dark tone that he fairly relentlessly pursues. Do all public places need to be drenched in inadequate lighting? In horror they do. The centre for the blind that Julia visits early in the film, looking for answers about her sister, is a great, looming edifice, bathed in shadows and rust and sitting on a network of bleak, underground tunnels. And that's a public health centre. It may not be realistic, but it works. The sniffing, ghoul-like blind women that populate the place are equally ludicrous, gathering around Julia's unseen presence like harpies waiting to strike.

These early scenes are stock horror film fare, yes, but they work because an interesting plot is beginning to develop. That plot extends into act two, in which Julia and her husband Isaac (Lluís Homar, looking in the more serene moments like a Spanish Colin Firth) attempt to unravel the mysteries surrounding Sara's death. This mid-section is the film's strongest, maintaining the brooding aesthetic of the opening (there is one particularly

sinister dream sequence) but injecting some welcome character development and even an emotional hook, too.

Then we arrive at a third act which is far too long and drawn out, throwing interesting set pieces at the screen that are handled well but dilute the weight of the previous hour and a half. Revelations begin to emerge that paint the story in disappointingly familiar colours; a villain comes to light that is monumentally disappointing, despite the strong setup that leads to the unveiling. Some earlier story elements are seemingly brushed aside. There are a couple of moments towards the end that aim for twisty shocks but actually fall flat: you know you've missed a trick when the audience starts off jumping and ends up laughing.

The film is produced by Guillermo del Toro, whose history in producing horror and bringing new directors to the fore is growing admirably (look out for Troy Nixey's *Don't Be Afraid Of The Dark* later this year), but it doesn't match the thrills of 2007's *The Orphanage*. That film kept itself together and knew what it wanted to be. *Julia's Eyes* builds nicely but fades quickly, ultimately failing to deliver on most of its promises. That said, Morales (like cinematographer Óscar Faura, who shoots this well) is a name to look out for, perhaps when he gets his hands on some slightly stronger material. **MR**

★★★★★



MOTHER'S DAY

DIRECTED BY DARREN LYNN BOUSMAN **STARRING** JAIME KING, FRANK GRILLO, DEBORAH ANN WOLL, PATRICK FLUEGER, SHAWN ASHMORE, WARREN KOLE & LISA MARCOS

RELEASED JUNE 10 (UK) TBC (USA)

Remaking Charles (not Charlie) Kaufman's 1980 film of the same name, Darren Lynn Bousman takes on *Mother's Day*, hoping to infuse a new energy into a concept borrowed from the cult original.

When a bank robbery goes bad, three brothers (Flueger, Kole, O'Leary) return to the family home only to encounter a new couple (Grillo, King) living there, and their childhood memories long forgotten. However, with one of the brothers suffering heavily from a gunshot wound, they take the new owners hostage, along with a bunch of friends over for a party, and call in their mother (De Mornay) to decide their next move. Then when the couple apparently lie about receiving parcels addressed to Mother, containing big sums of money sent home by her boys, things get a little nasty, and with news reports flooding local TV stations about the botched bankjob, the family try to scramble together an effective

escape route.

Taking all the positives from the tone of the recent spate of Hollywood horror remakes, *Mother's Day* has a gloss and sheen to it that makes it instantly watchable, drawing you into the action and story despite somewhat one-dimension and clichéd character arcs. The film though is much more of a home invasion thriller than the superficial offerings from Michael Bay's *Platinum Dunes*, and despite being heavy on shocking imagery, there's very little that'll actually scare you.

What will take your breath away instead, is the gore. Often feeling largely unnecessary, some of the attacks are so overly brutal – captors on hostages and vice-versa – it's a little sadistic and certainly borders very closely on the over-used torture porn tag. Given Bousman's *Saw*-heavy filmography, perhaps that's the main thing he brought to the film, but it comes so close to ruining the whole narrative as a spectacle, that they'd have been much better advised to steer well-clear.

Just about though, *Mother's Day* remains an effective and entertaining thriller. The tension and suspense throughout skips horror and adds a sense of chaos to the moments of high action. Twists and turns in the story bring a little more spice, though it's

easy to see through them.

From this sort of film you come to expect a certain style and quality of the acting, and *Mother's Day* is no different. Acceptably over-the-top, across the cast, each play their roles with enthusiasm, confidence and a sense of endeavour, leaving the more subtle Deborah Ann Woll as sweet and naïve younger sister Lydia to effortlessly steal the show. Sadly it's focal mother that lets it all down.

Though her dialogue is intended to play on the lessons parents teach their children, through Rebecca De Mornay's performance it became hugely preachy towards the audience, to an off-putting level. When De Mornay isn't telling off her kids and the captives, she's an impressive stern force, but it's makes for a very hit-and-miss, frustrating character.

Despite running a little over-long, *Mother's Day* is a very competent, home-invasion thriller, glossy to the eye, if too bloody once it gets into its rhythm. The relationship between the hostages and their captors is played nicely, and on the whole it's certainly entertaining, the film's sadistic tendencies though will certainly prove too extreme for some, so only go into this if you're happy to see your fair share of torn up human flesh. **SB**

★★★★★



PIRATES OF THE CARIBBEAN: ON STRANGER TIDES

DIRECTED BY ROB MARSHALL **STARRING** JOHNNY DEPP, PENÉLOPE CRUZ, GEOFFREY RUSH, IAN MCSHANE, KEVIN MCNALLY, RICHARD GRIFFITHS & KEITH RICHARDS

RELEASED MAY 18 (UK) MAY 20 (USA)

And so Johnny Depp swaggers and stumbles into *Pirates Of The Caribbean: On Stranger Tides*, the fourth entry in the faltering series, and collects his hefty paycheck along the way.

It's perhaps a touch cynical to suggest that it was only money that persuaded Depp to don the garb of Captain Jack Sparrow once again, but it must have played a big part, because for all the effort that's been put into this, it can't shake off the shackles of its predecessors. As such it shares a few of their charms, but unfortunately too, it also comes saddled with many of their flaws, which began to creep in during sequel one and then again further still throughout sequel two.

Sequel three opens in London, where someone is moonlighting as Cpt. Jack Sparrow, trying to put a crew together under the watch of the fearsome pirate Blackbeard (McShane) in order to set sail for the fountain of youth. Richard Griffiths shows up briefly as a squinty, pompous George II, who captures the real Jack and informs him that the British are trying to beat the Spanish to the same objective. So there are three sets of people after the same prize. Four, really, if you include a splinter group in the midst of one of the main parties.

Therein lies the first of *On Stranger Tides'* glaring similarities to the second and third entries in this series: motivations here, motivations there, double-crosses and hidden agendas; it's all a bit too hazy. Most of it makes sense – most of it – but again the characters' motives are not drawn clearly enough and, even when they are, they aren't particularly strong. In one late scene, set on an island that will be familiar to series fans, Jack's earlier discourse is rendered meaningless in the pursuit of a joke.

Speaking of pursuing gags to no end, look out for Keith Richards momentarily reprising his role as Jack's father, in a redundant and silly cameo early on.

As with the previous *Pirates* outings, at times *On Stranger Tides* looks

lovely, and likewise, there is some playfully well-choreographed action to enjoy. Problem is, there isn't anything in this film that trumps anything in the previous ones; what this film does, they did better, and *On Stranger Tides* so genuinely wants to imitate their playful sense of fun that it forgets that, at one stage, it wanted to do something new.

Ian McShane is effective as Blackbeard but he's hardly a villain for the ages and the Spanish are barely involved. Elsewhere, good character actors like Stephen Graham are completely wasted in uninteresting and underwritten roles, and the moments of whimsy only flirt with real laughs, whereas the japes in the original trilogy frequently raised a smile. Penelope Cruz, meanwhile, is convincing as a pirate and brings some gusto, but not a huge amount else.

It's ironic that the plot concerns the fountain of youth because the series has grown older and staler with this entry; a blockbuster that is nothing more than serviceable and fitfully entertaining. I was going to make some lame joke about *Pirates* swashbuckling under the pressure but, in reality, it hasn't, it's played it safe, it's stuck to the series' guns, all to the film's detriment but probably to the box office's delight. **MR**

★★★★★



THOR

DIRECTED BY KENNETH BRANAGH STARRING CHRIS HEMSWORTH, NATALIE PORTMAN, TOM HIDDLESTON, ANTHONY HOPKINS, STELLAN SKARSGÅRD & KAT DENNING

RELEASED OUT NOW

It is difficult to watch this spate of Marvel films without sensing the derision with which they will be viewed by future generations. The way we snigger at *Thundercats*, so the teens of tomorrow will stare at us with revulsion for having allowed *Iron Man 2* and *Thor* to crown two successive summers. *Thor*, one of this year's Marvel blockbusters, feels much the same as *Iron Man 2* last year, and I can't imagine *Captain America* is going to break the mould come July. The creative team behind this bland and forceful slagheap have picked the pockets of Hollywood's recent success stories; the epic fantasy of Peter Jackson, the bullying energy of Michael Bay, and the tongue-in-cheek humour of Gore Verbinski.

Thor is the headstrong son of Odin, the King of Asgard and the unofficial figurehead of the 'Nine Realms'. As Odin ages and his authority over the realms weakens, the Asgardians'

nemeses the Ice Giants begin to grumble, and another galactic war seems inevitable. Thor, persuaded by his silver-tongued brother Loki, tries to take matters into his own hands; but all he succeeds in doing is speeding up the descent into war, and getting himself banished to Earth without his trusted hammer. While Loki then steals the power in Asgard, ever slipping toward the dark side, Thor must use his time in exile to grow into a reliable leader so that he can return home and battle the forces of evil that have taken control.

The film – oh wait, he trots around after Natalie Portman while he's on Earth too – is the cinematic equivalent of diamante; it dazzles, but in a cheap and chintzy kind of way. During the opening section we are given the entire history of intergalactic conflict in about thirty seconds; and I was too busy thinking up gags like, "where was this brevity in *Hamlet*, Kenneth?" to bother picking holes in the daft background narrative. After the history lesson, we retire to the floating, bronze and glass city of Asgard – the "brightest star in the firmament." Somebody, somewhere, is proud of the art direction and animation that brings this city to life, but it just looks like a *Lord Of The Rings* fan film. Even in three-dimensions it looks two-dimensional,

while the costumes are a laughable cross between *Spartacus* and *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*. In this setting, the twin delights of Anthony Hopkins and Tom Hiddleston (one of our country's finest young talents) seem awkward and, rightly, ashamed.

When Thor arrives on Earth, Branagh substitutes CGI for cheap gags as our mighty hero is felled by a tazer and then a tranquilliser dart. Natalie Portman and Stellan Skarsgård are far too talented for their hopelessly under-developed side-arm characters; and we breathe a bigger sigh of relief than Thor himself when his allies arrive from Asgard to take him back to the realm of turgid animation.

It seemed, for a while, as though graphic novel adaptations were reaching their own post-modernity. Auteurs were twisting the old clichés into something closely resembling art, and *Watchmen* finally got its big screen debut. But this series of films proves that sadly Marvel believe there are millions of people who want nothing more from a summer blockbuster than the costumes and characters of their youth, filmed in 3-D with expensive animation techniques. And the public will likely be out in their droves to see it, despite its many failings. **ND**

★ ★ ★ ★ ★



HANNA

DIRECTED BY JOE WRIGHT STARRING SAOIRSE RONAN, ERIC BANA, CATE BLANCHETT, TOM HOLLANDER, OLIVIA WILLIAMS, JASON FLEMYNG & JESSICA BARDEN

RELEASED OUT NOW

Deep in the Scandinavian wilderness, a child huntress, barely in her teens, with white hair and icy blue eye, has stolen up on a magnificent elk, and with the whip-thud of an arrow she dispenses with her quarry. This is no child, this is a killer... this is Hanna. This opening seems to tell us everything we need to know about Joe Wright's *Hanna*, the story of a teenage girl (Ronan) trained from birth to be the perfect assassin. But as she stands over the elk, pistol in hand, and pulls the trigger, the title of the film explodes across the screen in vibrant red and white, reminiscent of Michael Haneke or some angry German punk video. Joe Wright isn't going to stick to the rules here, he is taking us somewhere new.

Hanna's father, Erik (Bana), is a

rogue CIA agent who has escaped to this remote wilderness and dedicated his remaining days to training his daughter in the art of self-defence. Now that she has come of age, he decides to let her out into the world to meet her fate; a twisted CIA operative, Marissa (Blanchett), who will stop at nothing to kill Hanna. Hanna and Erik split up and agree to meet in Berlin once Marissa has been killed, but this difficult and lonely journey takes Hanna halfway across the world, through hidden desert bunkers, strange gypsy countryside, and looming industrial strongholds.

Being critical, the story is somewhat obvious and many of the occurrences and plot points are too convenient. But this film isn't about jaw-dropping twists or eerie realism; it is about taking the classical elements of an action thriller (escaping from bunkers, hiding from German double-agents, escaping on ferries, etc.) and blending them with an exciting and adventurous vision. Joe Wright mixes elements of fantasy, hyper-realism, and music video to create the sort of action-thriller that Danny Boyle would be proud of, with long, choreographed

chase sequences breaking up striking, languid road trip settings.

Physically Hanna is near super-human, and when called to do so she is capable of extraordinary strength and agility. But mentally she is a child, threatened by the size of the world, and the sheer number of people and distractions in it. Nobody could have played this role but Saoirse Ronan. She is a captivating cross between Catherine Deneuve and some bewitching Gaelic Goddess. She is effortlessly unaware of the camera's obscuring glare, and always seems to float above the earthly machinations of "acting". She is unreachable, and utterly compelling.

This film channels the haunting fantasy of *The Brothers Grimm*, with the hazy, colourful power of *Lolita*, and the thumping action of a *Bourne* film. It is not an original story, and in other hands it might have appeared trashy; but Joe Wright is in great shape, and a string of successes has given him the confidence to break out into a new and energetic style. His vision, along with Ronan's near flawless performance, elevate this interesting story into one of the must-see films of 2011. **ND**

★★★★★



I SAW THE DEVIL

DIRECTED BY JI-WOON KIM **STARRING** BYUNG-HUN LEE, MIN-SIK CHOI, GOOK-HWAN JEON, HO-JIN JEON, SAN-HA OH, YOON-SEO KIM, MOO-SUNG CHOI & IN-SEO KIM

RELEASED OUT NOW

Kim Ji-woon is one member of a wave of South Korean filmmakers currently doing very interesting things. *I Saw The Devil* is his latest feature, and continues his Danny Boyle-esque quest to conquer every genre.

He's done horror (*A Tale Of Two Sisters*), crime (*A Bittersweet Life*) and even a western (*The Good, The Bad, The Weird*). Now, with *I Saw The Devil*, he has entered the thriving Korean sub-genre of revenge-thrillers, made popular overseas in 2003 by Park Chan-wook's excellent *Oldboy*, the star of which – Choi Min-sik – shares the lead here alongside Ji-woon favourite Lee Byung-hun.

Byung-hun plays Soo-hyun, a policeman whose fiancée is brutally murdered by Kyung-chul (Min-sik). Overcome with grief, Soo-hyun shirks his duties as an officer of the law and goes rogue, tracking Kyung-chul down in order to exact retribution before the police can reach him.

What follows is a narrative which see-saws to and fro between the two men and the acts they commit, building a sustained dramatic tension that, while eventually repetitive thanks to the film's drawn out length, is successful. This series of events comes about because Soo-hyun wants to make his fiancée's killer suffer – he won't kill him outright, but instead chooses to catch him, subject him to horrible pain, and then release him, only to repeat the process again and again.

Ji-woon is an effective technician, and he has an undeniable gift for shot-making, for choreography and for sustaining a kinetic sensation. He handles the difficult set-pieces and violence well, managing not to appear over-indulgent despite the film's obvious roots in exploitation cinema. But technically impressive though it may be, the film is not a great deal more than surface value. It's charged with good performances and, my goodness, Ji-woon goes at it full tilt (you'll require a fairly strong stomach at times), but underneath there isn't a huge amount to savour.

The film joins a busy genre, one which we've seen countless times before. Revenge, we know by now, is never the answer. To an extent the film shows this well, but on the other hand it doesn't tell us anything particularly

interesting, and certainly nothing new, about vengeance. It doesn't necessarily have to, but the film's decision to focus so heavily on violence makes the sub-text thin; it's essentially asking us to deplore vengeance whilst revelling in it. Granted, the film isn't pretending to be anything else – its intention is to depict violence – but it ends up feeling shallow.

Byung-jun's game of hunting and releasing Kyung-chul also diminishes our sympathy with him – his reticence causes innocents to be assaulted that otherwise would have remained unharmed; again, this is intended to be symptomatic of his loss of clarity but works against his standing as a sympathetic protagonist.

The plot is a little convoluted at times – why, for example, can't the entire police force track the killer while one man finds him so easily? – but it would be harsh to judge a genre piece too strictly on that front. What Ji-woon has concocted is a violent, brooding thriller with two strong lead performances and some brilliantly executed set-pieces (just wait for the bravado scene in a taxi) that is undeniably entertaining. It's just a shame that it misses out on the same level of emotional weight that something such as *Oldboy* was able to deliver. **MR**

★★★★★



FAST AND FURIOUS 5

DIRECTED BY JUSTIN LIN STARRING VIN DIESEL, PAUL WALKER, JORDANA BREWSTER, DWAYNE JOHNSON, TYRESE GIBSON, LUDACRIS, MATT SCHULZE & SUNG KANG

RELEASED OUT NOW

The latest in the seemingly-never ending *Fast And Furious* franchise, now on its fifth outing, surprisingly the films seem to be extending their welcome, not further out-growing it.

After breaking Dominic Toretto (Diesel) out of a prison transfer bus in the opening scene, Brian O'Connor and Mia Toretto reform their threesome to team up on a job for old friend Vince in Rio. With DEA agents and

a secret agenda on board the train they're hired to heist, however, things quickly go south.

Attracting far too much heat for the Ford GT40 they take to one side, Dominic, Brian and Mia though soon get to the bottom of the mystery. Attacked by local drug-chief Herman Reyes (Almeida), they only just get away before deciding to get square for the attempt on their heads. The plan for redemption? One almighty heist on Reyes' fortune, spanning right across the vast city.

With Reyes owning much of the police force, our loveable rogues face quite the task to get away clean, with incoming federal agent Luke Hobbs (Johnson) yet another bump in the road. But if there's anyone who can lead a mission to victory, it would be Dominic Toretto.

Perhaps unsurprisingly the dialogue is horrendously cheesy, the plot was telegraphed from the first minute

and it was certainly nothing new in the genre but *Fast And Furious 5* is still a lot of fun, you just have to laugh with the often ridiculous narrative, and not hold it against what is a very easy going film.

Making the most of the chemistry they've built up over the franchise outings to date, the central characters will quickly draw you in, while director Justin Lin injects just the right amount of pace. Dwayne Johnson is great too as the cop hunting the gang down, imbuing all the power and ludicrously big muscles (you won't believe his arms) a thunderous DSS agent could need.

Heavy on action and car chases as you'd expected, each directed with confidence if not originality, *Fast And Furious 5* is far, far from a classic, it's not even the best in the series, but it'll spin two hours by with ease and some excitement along the way, even as absurd and silly as it may be. **SB**

★★★★★



ARTHUR

DIRECTED BY JASON WINER **STARRING** RUSSELL BRAND, HELEN MIRREN, GRETA GERWIG, JENNIFER GARNER, GERALDINE JAMES, LUIS GUZMAN & NICK NOLTE

RELEASED OUT NOW

Remaking the 1981 film of the same name, *Arthur* is a Russell Brand-vehicle that it seems has little more ambition than to test his mettle as a comedy frontman.

Billionaire playboy Arthur (Brand) has it all do if he's to stay in his mother's plans for the family's great inheritance. Lavishly partying by night and blazing away their fortune by day, unless he quickly curbs his irresponsible behaviour, Arthur will be cut off and forced to quickly grow up, working his first honest day's work in a lifetime.

The plan to scare him straight,

is marriage, and proposed by Susan Johnson (Garner), an executive at the family company, and of a wealthy (but not as wealthy) family herself, Arthur's mother agrees the pair will be wed, whether he likes it or not.

Though they dated briefly before, somewhat unsurprisingly Arthur isn't into the idea, and that's before he meets Naomi (Gerwig), a local tour guide who quickly captures his heart. Bringing the sweet side out in the lavish playboy, Arthur has soon fallen for humble Naomi, but as his big day approaches, and with secrets held back from either side, Arthur must decide if it's love or money that he wants to line his pockets with, and at last grow up and make the decisions that will truly shape his future.

With the lewd dialogue and slapstick humour falling very flat, hardly any of Arthur's jokes come off, and bar couple of the lines that aren't cringe-worthy, the film is near

instantly infuriating as the sloppy script does little to inspire. Though it's a couple of his lines that are the best thing about the film, Brand's Arthur is the main problem that brings it down. At Arthur's core, he just isn't really a playboy, and the wimpy voice Brand puts on undermines the whole thing. It feels like Brand was never settled on how to play him, leaving the audience a mixed-minded focal character. Even as a drunk, Brand doesn't go whole hog in his Arthur performance.

Elsewhere Greta Gerwig is charming and by far the best thing about the movie, but Helen Mirren is wastefully restricted to playing up to Arthur's Brand-isms, and will infuriate too.

Arthur could have been a caring and heartfelt comedy, but the tone is mixed, and the narrative missteps on all the wrong notes. The film improves towards the end, but by then it's far too little too late. **SB**





CEDAR RAPIDS

DIRECTED BY MIGUEL ARTETA STARRING ED HELMS, JOHN C. REILLY, ANNE HECHÉ, ISIAH WHITLOCK JR., STEPHEN ROOT, KURTWOOD SMITH & SIGOURNEY WEAVER

RELEASED OUT NOW

With a script plucked off the *Blacklist* and Miguel Arteta behind the camera, stellar buzz out of Sundance saw *Cedar Rapids* primed to become the sleeper comedy hit of the year.

After the unfortunate death of a superstar co-worker, the responsibility of representing BrownStar Insurance at a regional conference falls to Tim Lippe (Helms), but for a man who had never stepped foot on a plane before, it's quite the eye opener, and one giant

leap out of his comfort zone.

Falling under the wings of convention veterans Ronald Wilkes (Whitlock Jr.), Dean Ziegler (Reilly) and Joan Ostrowski-Fox (Heche), naïve and super-straight Tim is quickly forced to spread his wings, but when he finds out what it will take to bring home the much-coveted Two Diamonds Award his boss has tasked him with winning, even in his more adventurous state of mind, he struggles to come to terms with pulling off such a coup.

Whether the screenplay was over-rated in its *Blacklist* inclusion, or a lot of its charm and wit were lost in the direction, unfortunately *Cedar Rapids* doesn't do enough to draw in the viewer like it should.

The acting talent across the board is commendable but there isn't enough comedy, nor charm or plot develop-

ment either. The film lacks a pace and urgency, and feels throughout like it could have been so much better, but didn't take the chances to do it.

Ed Helms does his reputation no harm, and though John C. Reilly is hugely aggravating at first, he will win you over by the end too, but like the film in general, while they're very watchable, it's all just a little bland. *Cedar Rapids* can't decide if it wants to be an R-rated romp or much sweeter comedy-drama, and in the end falls inadequately between the two; it's too modest for the former, but struggles to provide a pay off only until right at the end for the latter.

A great final act goes some way to saving it, but on the whole, *Cedar Rapids* is still very disappointing, Arteta, *Blacklist* screenplay and all. **SB**

★ ★ ★ ★ ★



WINNIE THE POOH

DIRECTED BY STEPHEN J. ANDERSON & DON HALL **STAR-RING** JIM CUMMINGS, CRAIG FERGUSON, TOM KENNY, BUD LUCKEY, TRAVIS OATES & KRISTEN ANDERSON-LOPEZ

RELEASED OUT NOW (UK) JULY 15 (USA)

Pooh's first outing on the silver screen for some time, *Winnie The Pooh* feels like it's come out of nowhere, with very little build up to honey-hungry bear's return, and to be honest, a lack of anticipation is probably a good thing.

Set in the classic Hundred Acre Wood, Pooh and the gang go in search of a new tail for Eeyore, after he wakes up one morning to find it missing. Proposing everything from a balloon to a trash can lid, the crisis is averted when

at last they find an able replacement; only a bigger problem soon emerges. With Pooh foraging for honey, he stumbles upon a note at Christopher Robin's house saying he's been kidnapped by a mystical creature called the Backson. Rounding up the troops, the bear leads a charge to rescue their friend, and hopefully find some honey on the way too.

If the story sounds a little lightweight, quite frankly that's because it is. Two brisk crusades, with a couple of songs in between, *Winnie The Pooh* was always going to be aimed at very young eyes, but even with the target audience in mind, it's far too tame and dreadfully linear. There's perhaps enough plot for two three-minute shorts, but here they're stretched into a couple of 30-minute segments bolted together as one longer movie.

Not once does *Winnie The Pooh* attempt any sort of real development, the plot instead is remarkably simple and painfully linear. There's no excitement, no intrigue and no spark or life to the whole production. Even at only one hour long, it feels bloated and grows tired long before the end, leaving kids restless before the second act has even kicked in.

The only ounce of creativity? At times the characters walk into an animated book, interacting with the typography, but that's far from enough to save the film, even with some nice songs sung by Zoey Deschanel.

Nothing in this film really stands out, it's one big non-event, but that means at least it won't ruin the memory of *Pooh* for older eyes, it's far too bland to do that. **SB**





YOUR HIGHNESS

DIRECTED BY DAVID GORDON GREEN **STARRING** DANNY MCBRIDE, JAMES FRANCO, NATALIE PORTMAN, ZOEY DESCHANEL, JUSTIN THEROUX & RASMUS HARDIKER

RELEASED OUT NOW

Bringing much of the talent behind *Pineapple Express* back together, big things were expected of *Your Highness*, though crucially it isn't Seth Rogen and Evan Goldberg's work on the script.

Set in ancient times, brothers Thadeous (McBride) and Fabious (Franco) are both warriors and heirs to their father's kingdom, but couldn't be any more different in nature. With Fabious a natural fighter, athletic, charming and always triumphant, Thadeous feels overshadowed, but does little to boost his reputation. Lazy and crude, he's far from King Tallious' golden boy, but after Thadeous' bride to be is kidnapped by an evil wizard, he's forced to

team up with his brother and go on a quest, hopefully at last proving himself worthy of the family name.

Helping Fabious' other motley swordsmen, soon the brothers have to break away and forge on just themselves, joined belatedly by an mesmerising femme fatale (Portman) but still several men down, as the final showdown soon occurs, Thadeous must find out if he can truly summon his potential within, or continue a failure as he has been in life to date.

Though relatively enjoyable on the whole, *Your Highness* falls far short of what it could, and definitely should, have been. The film is silly, but it revels in it, only it can't quite turn its good-willed nature into comedy.

Featuring modern dialogue and phrases but in an olden style, it's the interplay between the characters that generates much of the film's comedy, but there still just aren't enough laughs. To *Your Highness*' credit, the could-be clichéd lines get much less tired than you'd expect, only Natalie Portman in particular, struggles to pull

the dialogue off, even at first when it's fresh. Since her Oscar-winning performance in *Black Swan* she's appeared in a raft of studio films, and been more than disappointing in them all. Whether they were only ever bankers in her mind or if she really gave it all but came up far too short, Portman has seemed far from driven of late.

Danny McBride and James Franco, however, were much better, each effortlessly watchable with an on-screen chemistry that holds the film together. Perhaps surprisingly it's the former that steals the show and sees McBride move closer still to the comedy A-list.

Inoffensive and light-hearted, which in the end sort of saves it, if you go along with the silliness in the film you'll have fun, but *Your Highness* is still very hit and miss. Fans of McBride and David Gordon Green will find parts to enjoy, but it will struggle to please a wider audience, and you'd probably be better waiting for Green's *The Sitter* for your real R-rated comedy hit of the year. **SB**

★★★★★



OUTSIDE THE LAW

DIRECTED BY RACHID BOUCHARÉB STARRING JAMEL DEB-BOUZE, ROSCHDY ZEM, SAMI BOUJAJILA, CHAFIA BOUDRAA, BERNARD BLANCAN, SABRINA SEYVECOU & ASSAAD BOUAB

RELEASED OUT NOW

The Algerian War, for independence from France, was a disgusting and bloody affair. While the conflict was noble, born out of frustration and persecution, it claimed the lives of hundreds of thousands of people and will forever be remembered as a dark period in both French and Algerian history.

It is this conflict which provides the central focus for *Outside The Law*, Rachid Bouchareb's third Oscar-nominated film since the more than satisfactory World War 2 story *Days of Glory*. Bouchareb's latest outing utilizes the Algerian war as his backdrop to focus on the lives of three Algerian brothers who all take separate paths but whose actions all wind up central to the FLN (National Liberation Front) movement. However, unlike the Alge-

rian war, the film is a deceptively one-sided affair, which may as well come with an obligatory caption before the film to let the audience know that 'the French people are the baddies'.

Within the opening 15 minutes we witness a recreation of the Sétif massacre, which erupted in the northern Algerian market town on May 8, 1945, the same day of German WW2 surrender. The demonstration celebrating victory, but also demanding Algerian independence, was soon disrupted when attacked by French cavalry, resulting in numerous deaths on both sides. The event is a key watershed moment during the early stages of the film, but the manner in which it is depicted is merely a slice of the actual history that took place. Understandably (but not excusably) nothing is mentioned of the violent attacks by Algerians on French settlers beforehand – attacks which partially led to the massacre in Sétif – or indeed of the countryside killings, rapes and mutilations which also took place against the French settlers. Granted these further attacks resulted in tens-of-thousands of French reprisals and summary executions of Algerians (also unmen-

tioned), but you can't help but feel from the beginning that something unbalanced and murky is going on.

Historical fact aside, the film itself is a reasonably well assembled action/gangster drama, and once you get past the opening 30 minutes – which annoyingly jumps from one time period to the next, with the sort of pace and ease only usually associated with Dr. Sam Beckett in *Quantum Leap* – things aren't so bad.

Fans of *The Godfather*, as well as those familiar with *Army Of Shadows*, a 1969 Jean-Pierre Melville classic of the French Resistance, might find themselves buoyed over by the film's approach. However, the more casual viewer will likely struggle with the 137-minute runtime, deeming it rather too much to deal with, especially when you care so little for the wellbeing of any of the central characters.

All in all, *Outside The Law* is a fairly run of the mill slice of historical action/crime-drama, but ironically one that has just enough story to sustain your attention, but all too little historical fact to truly deserve your it to begin with. **JW**

★★★★★



LIFE IN A DAY

DIRECTED BY KEVIN MACDONALD STARRING CINDY BAER, MOJCA BRECELJ, DRAKE SHANNON, CARYN WAECHTER, ASHLEY MEEKS, HIROAKI AIKAWA & BOB LIGINSKI JR.

RELEASED JUNE 17 (UK) JULY 24 (USA)

“It’s the 24th of July, and it’s the best day ever.”

When Kevin Macdonald – the acclaimed director behind *Touching The Void* and *The Last King Of Scotland* – decided to curate YouTube footage into a feature film, he could not have expected to receive over 44,500 hours of footage from 192 countries. People of all ages, from every walk of life, and from every corner of the world celebrated the idea of recording their daily activities and contributing to this time capsule for the YouTube generation.

That phrase, “YouTube generation”, carries so many ugly connotations – of twenty-something western youths giggling at kittens in jars and strumming along to *True Love Waits* – but this film highlights how the farthest reaches of civilisation have embraced this unique phenomenon. Humble American families, Arabian bachelors, quiet African tribesmen, terminally ill housewives – thousands upon thousands recorded the trivial thoughts and activities of Thursday

24th June 2010. The resulting film, *Life In A Day*, is an astounding, baffling, and strangely moving tapestry of human civilisation.

Under Macdonald’s guidance, the film never feels incomprehensibly fast as the hundreds of clips flitter past. He avoids the obvious dichotomies (East vs. West, US vs. Islam, old vs. young) and chooses simply to tell the story of a day, from 00:00 to 23:59. The resulting story allows for an almost tranquil rumination on the subtle differences between cultures.

How do you cook an egg? In a wok on a street corner? Carefully prepared in a kitchen? Hastily cracking shells over a fire in the Armenian forests? And how do you brush your teeth? On the toilet? In an old pewter mug? With your toes? And how do you get to work? Riding a Shetland pony? Jumping on the back of a Parisian bus? Sharing a motorbike into Delhi with three other men? The film allows glimpses of so many ways of living, and the differences between them are more often funny and charming than ominous or sombre.

Macdonald also allows a number of threads to trail through the meta-narrative: an American mother suffering from cancer, a Korean man who has been cycling around the world for a decade, a young Latino boy who shines shoes and obsesses over Wikipedia. These eclectic stories are never

exploited for laughs or tears – there is simply no time for that here – but the emotional involvement we feel for this chorus of characters colours our understanding of the steady stream of images and clips that flows around them.

The film takes a dark turn with footage of the Love Parade Festival in Germany. The images of herds of innocent revellers collapsing in on one another in the unavoidable crush, all while thousands of helpless onlookers watched, is painful and futile. From here the film delves into the Dionysian chaos that, some say, lies beneath the peaceful coherence of everyday life: street fights, baying crowds, Las Vegas excess, football thugs, rockets and fireworks, bombs, darkness, fire and chaos.

The ending is purposefully trivial and remote; as midnight approaches, and the thunder and lightning envelops her car in a parking lot, a young woman’s tear-filled eyes glimmer with pride and hope. She has been at work all day, and nothing of note has happened, but somehow she feels that something wonderful has taken place. A life shouldn’t need to be heroic, controversial, or glamorous for the wider world to take notice of it, wonderful little things happen every day, and finally a film has come along that celebrates every single one of them. **ND**

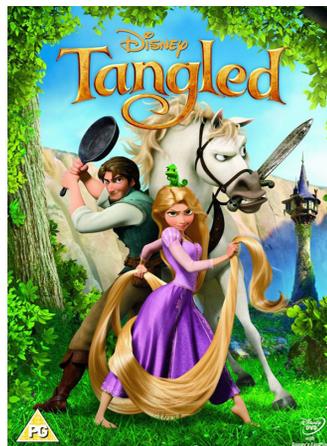
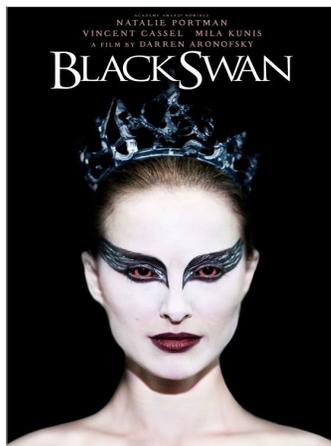
★★★★★

BLACK SWAN

Darren Aronofsky's dark Oscar-winning (ballet) thriller might shake you to your core but it's still a memorable experience for all the right reasons. Portman is quite wonderful although it's not a film for the faint of heart.

Film ★★★★★

Extras ★★★★★



TANGLED

Remarkably fresh and compelling take on the Repunzel tale, an amazing horse and gecko add a lot of amusement while the musical numbers and plot are thoroughly absorbing. Much better than *The Princess And The Frog*.

Film ★★★★★

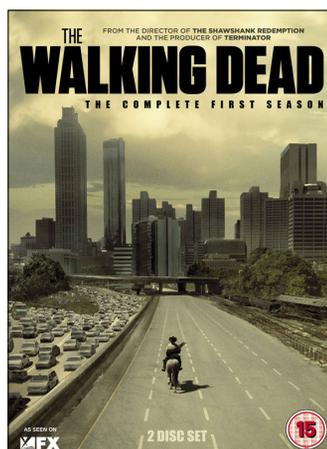
Extras ★★★★★

THE NEXT THREE DAYS

Paul Haggis' English language remake of the quite brilliant *Pour Elle* sees Russell Crowe attempt to break his wife out of prison, although the fact you always believe Crowe could pull it off undermines the whole experience.

Film ★★★★★

Extras ★★★★★



THE WALKING DEAD: SEASON ONE

AMC's comic book adaptation series might take a while to get started but towards the end, and on the finale in particular, it transforms into a near must-watch.

Film ★★★★★

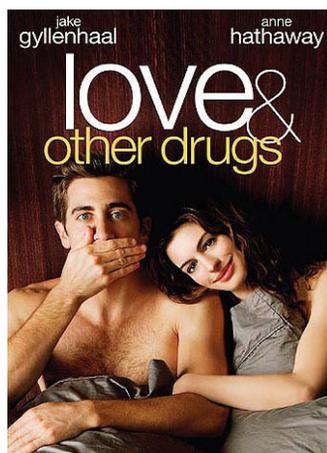
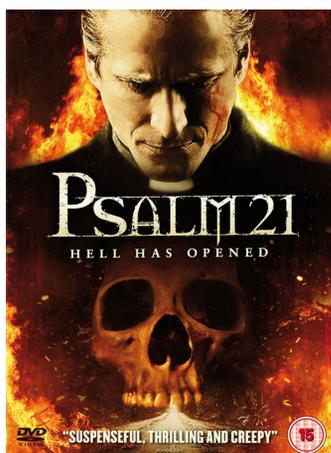
Extras ★★★★★

PSALM 21

Swedish supernatural thriller about a priest who travels to a strange, desolate village to investigate the death of his father, though it can't quite deliver on its promise and feels a little too unfocused to bolster an affecting narrative.

Film ★★★★★

Extras ★★★★★



LOVE AND OTHER DRUGS

Certainly not the rom-com the trailers might suggest, *Love And Other Drugs* is a much darker drama with great performances from Anne Hathaway and Jake Gyllenhaal. Very decent adaptation of a best-selling book.

Film ★★★★★

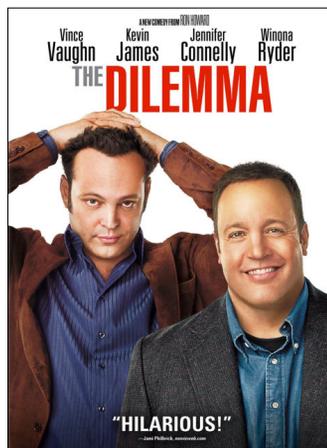
Extras ★★★★★

MORNING GLORY

Generic rom/com that gets overtaken by a striking Harrison Ford performance as a serious news reporter forced to join a trashy morning show. Plays it safe at times but is still surprisingly enjoyable, the romantic side too.

Film ★★★★★

Extras ★★★★★



THE DILEMMA

Massively disappointing comedy from Ron Howard; when he sees his best friend's wife cheating with another man, Vince Vaughn struggles to decide whether to spill the beans or keep it wrapped up before a business meeting.

Film ★★★★★

Extras ★★★★★



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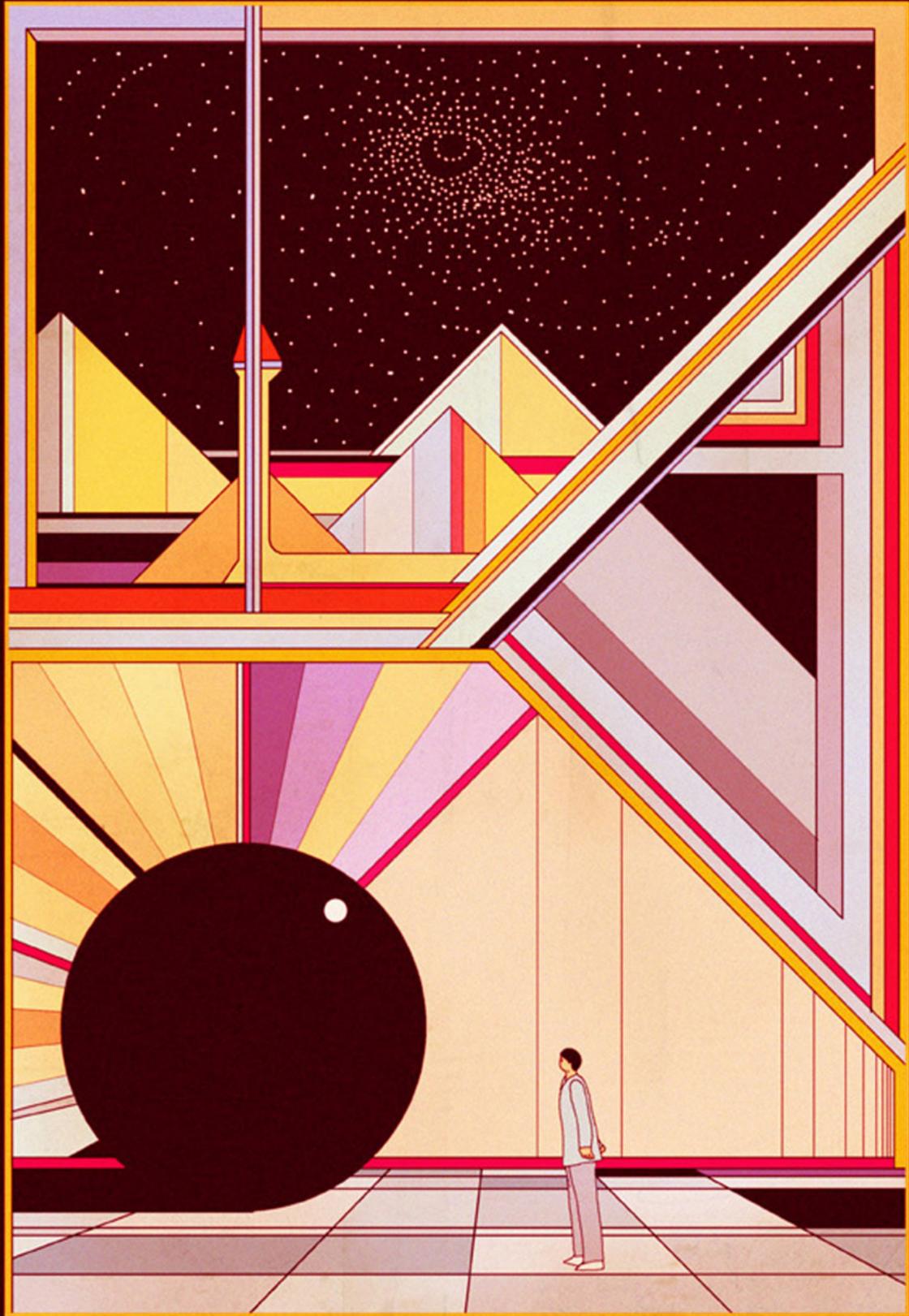
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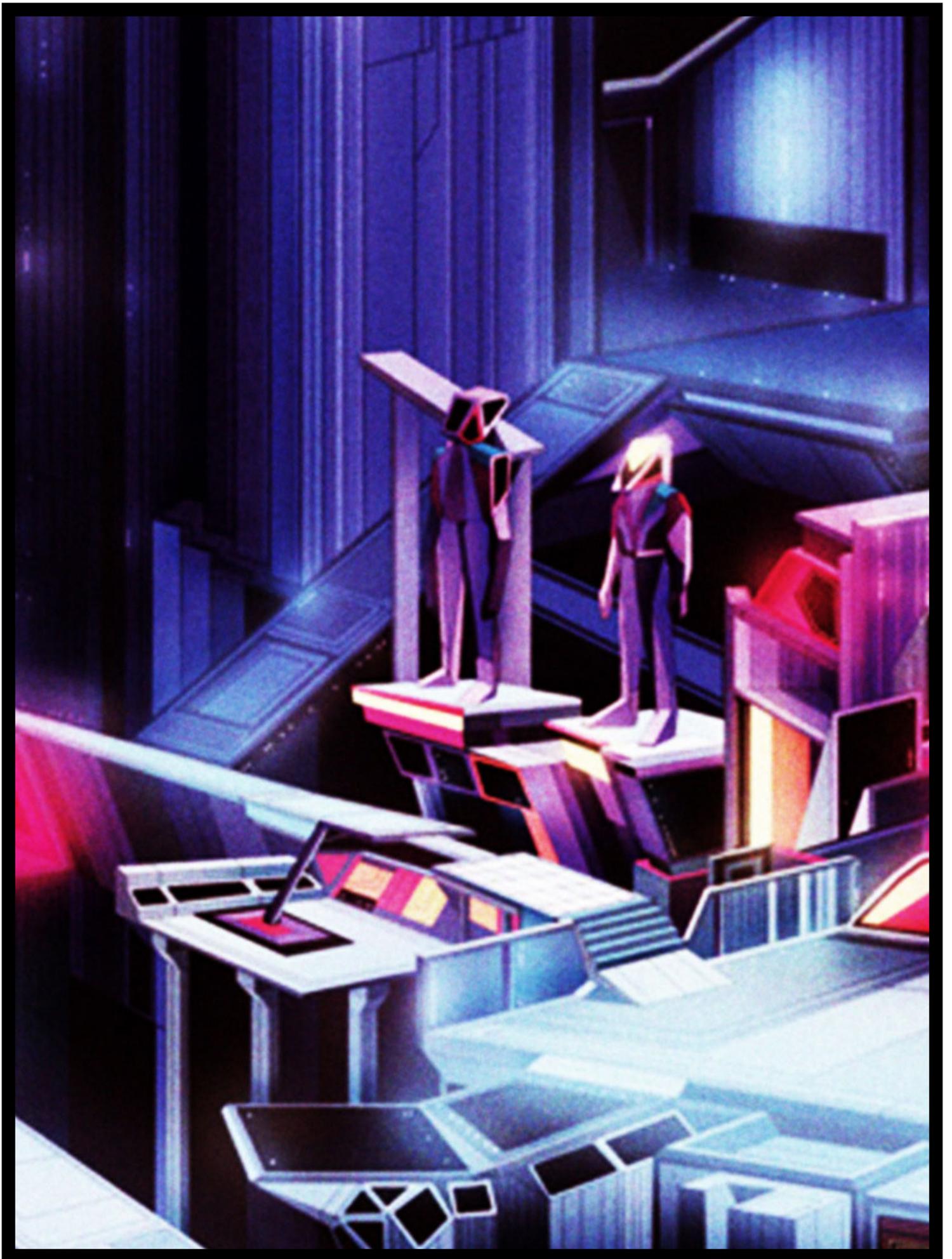




THERE ARE OTHER WORLDS



THEY WISH TO SPEAK TO YOU





















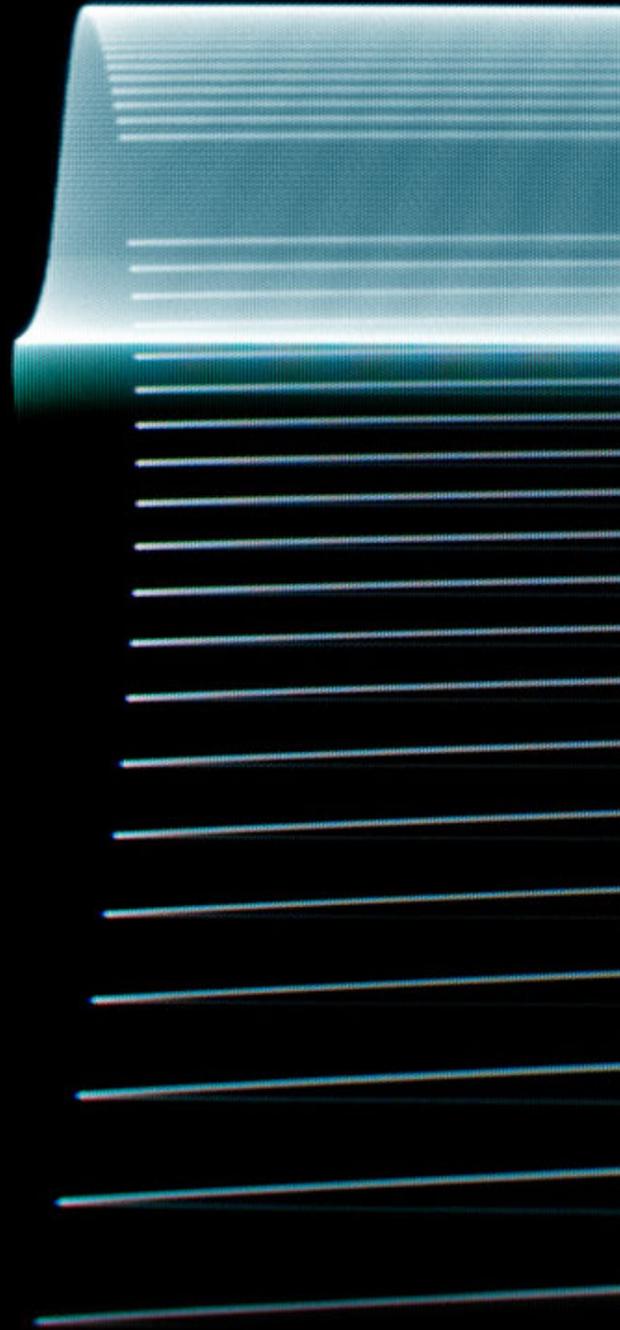


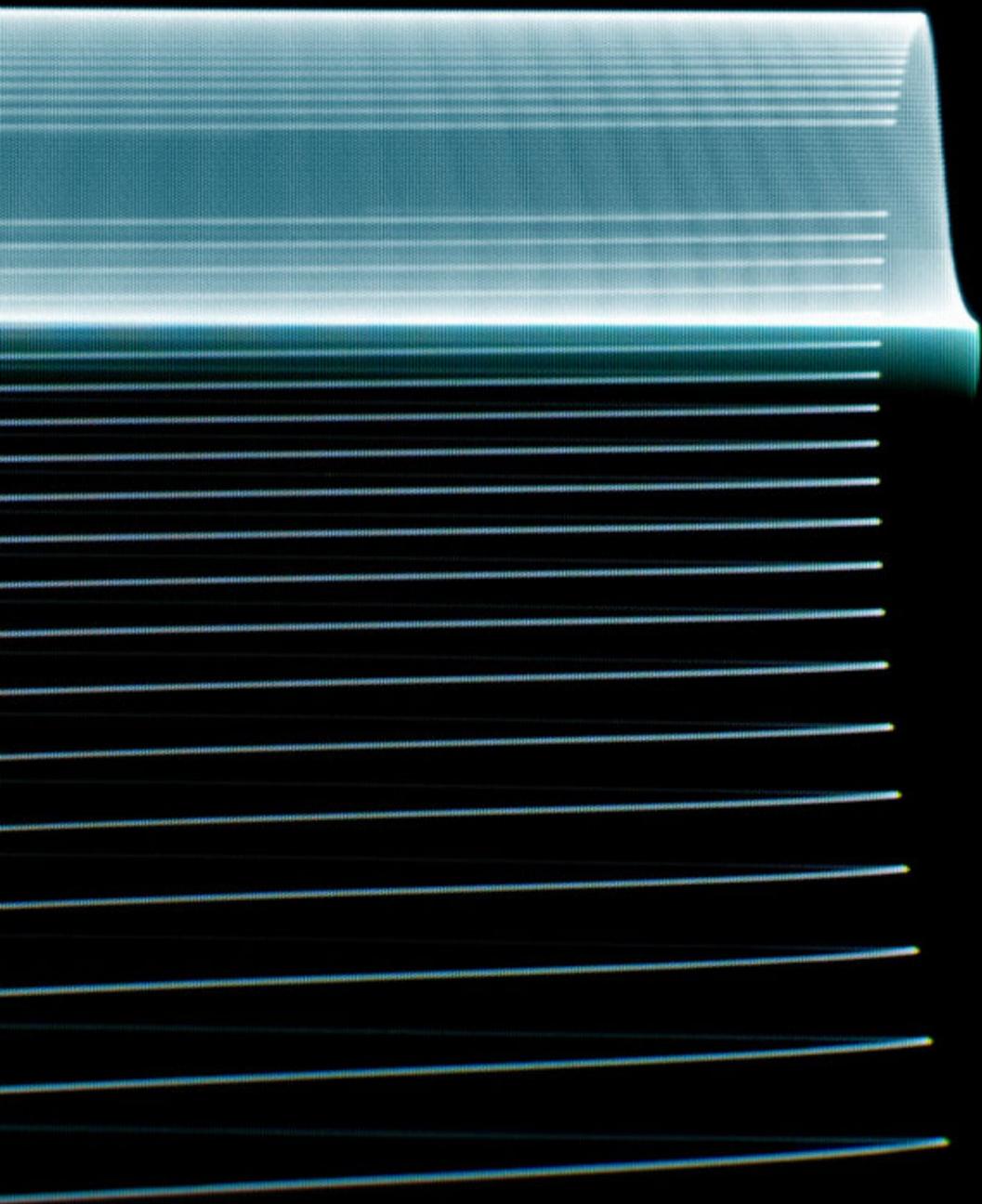
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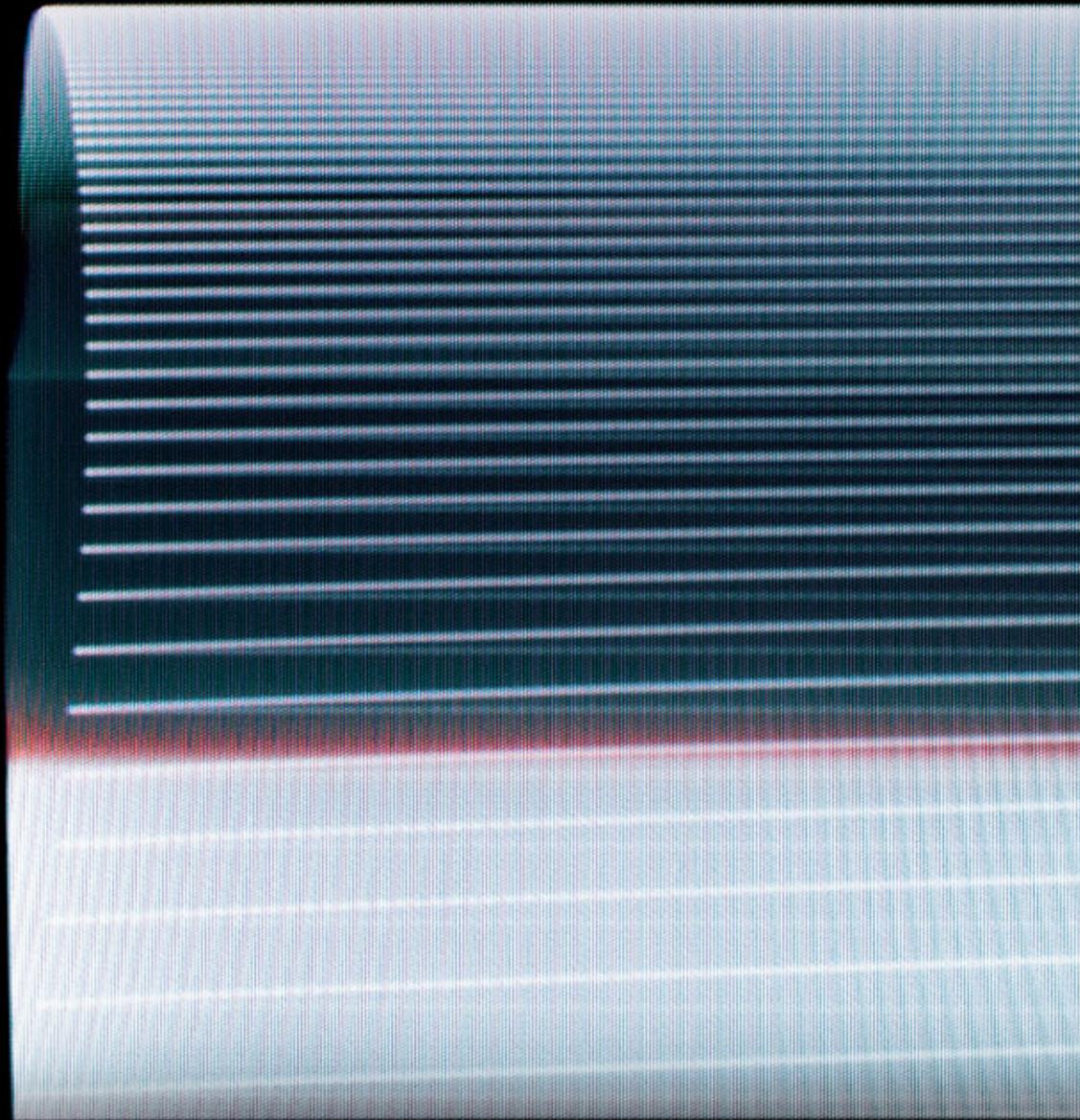
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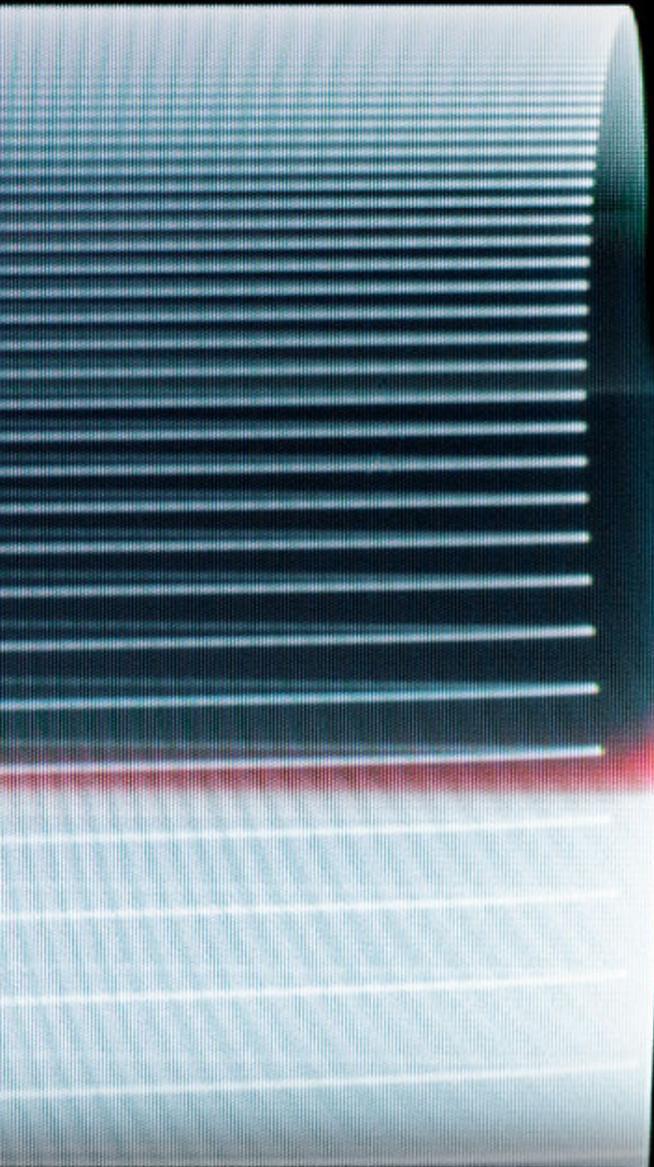
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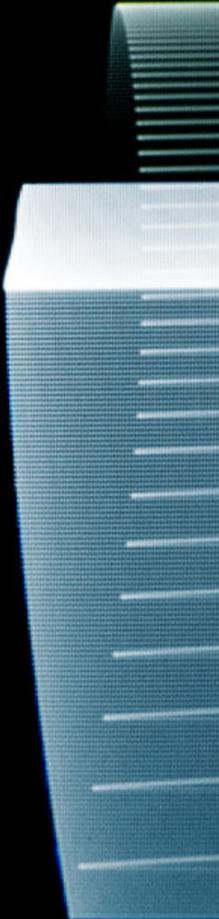
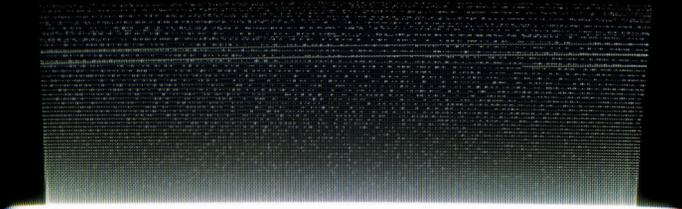
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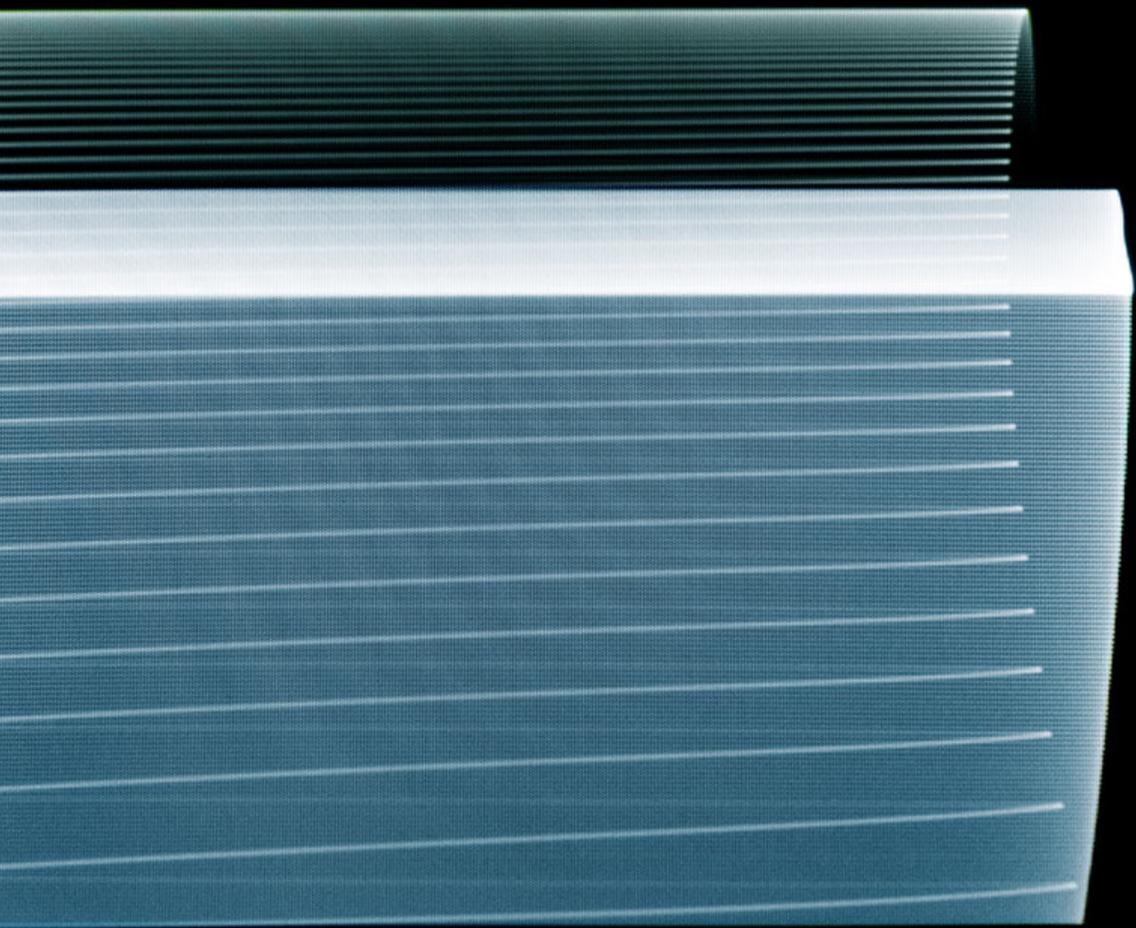


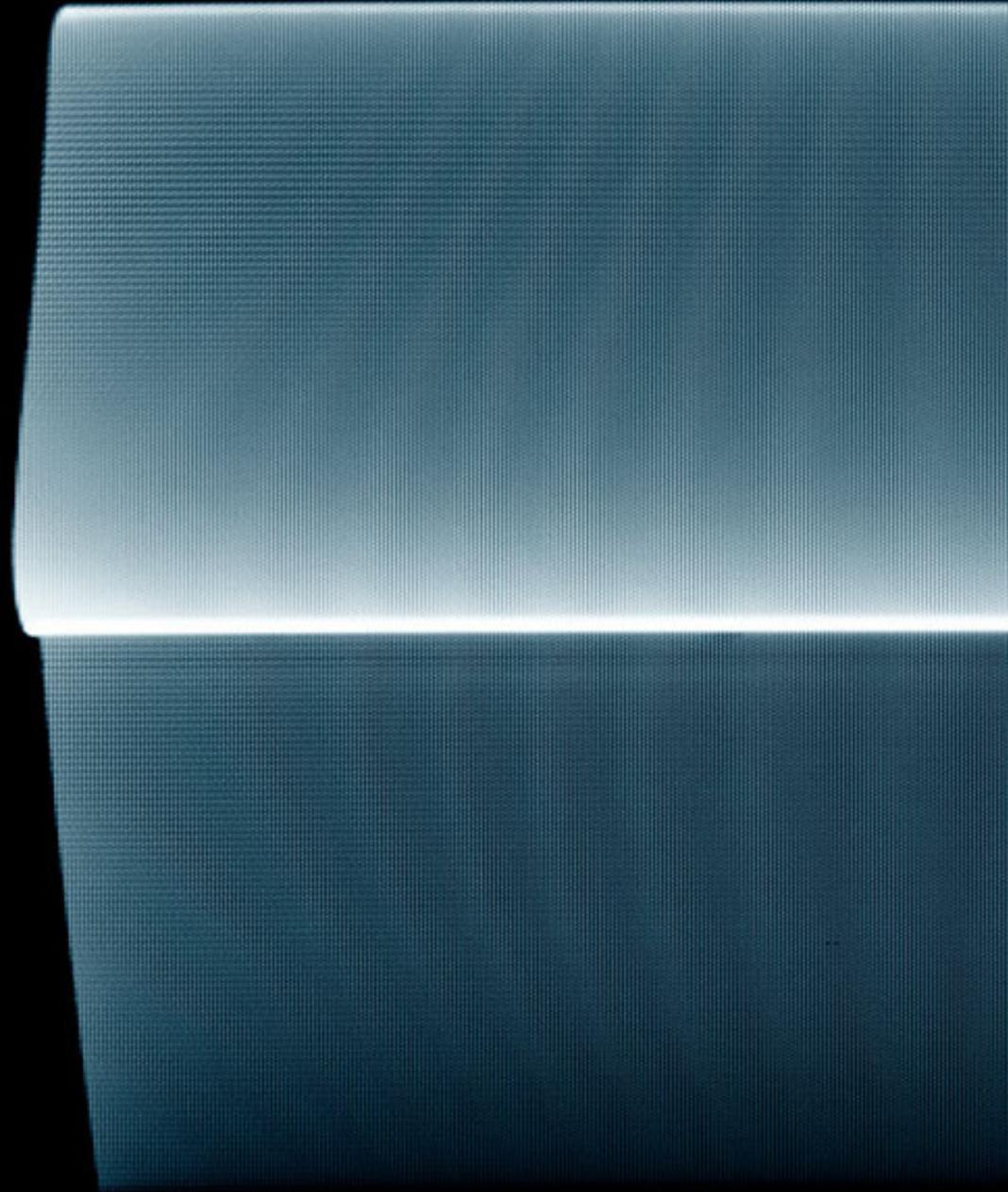


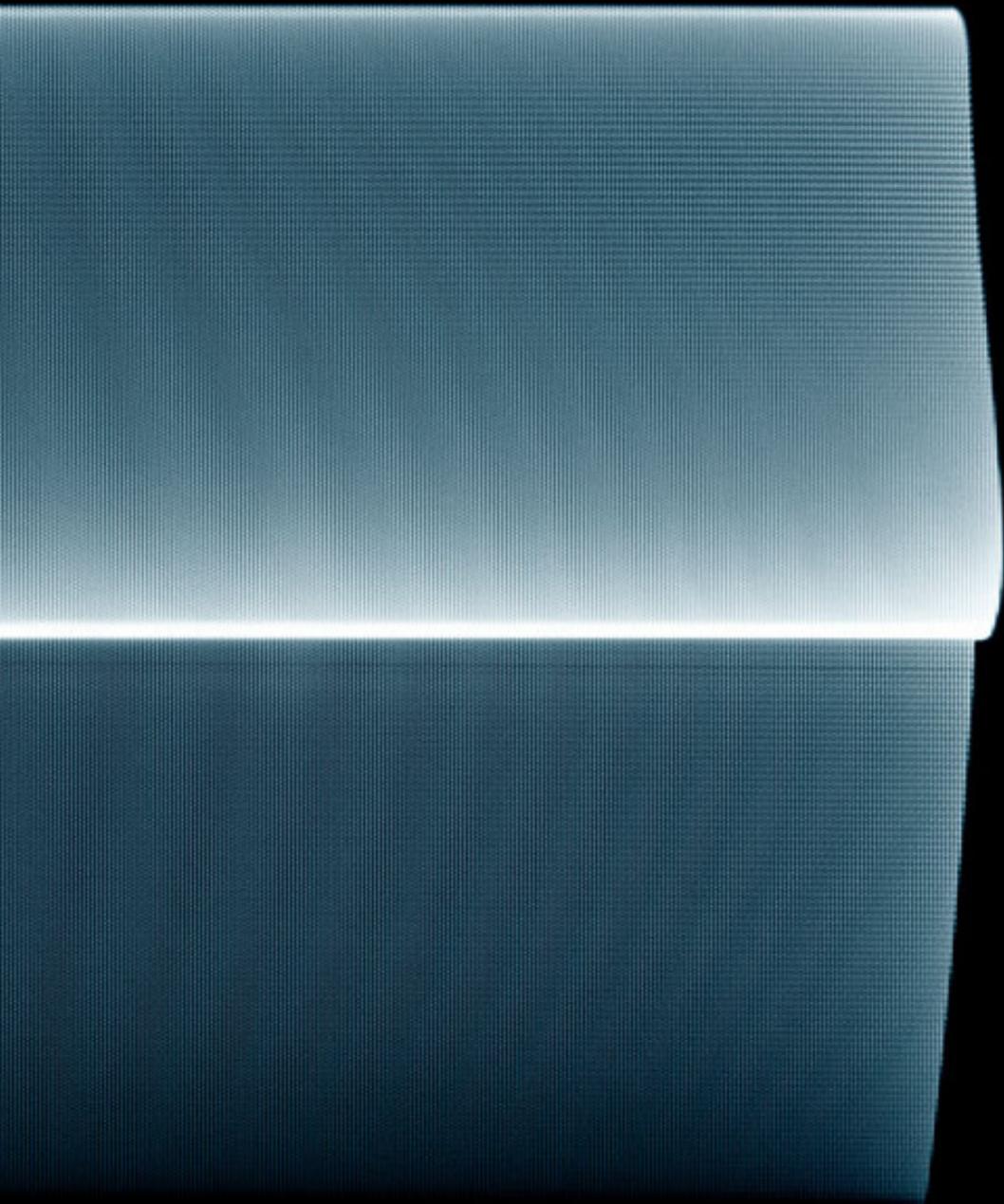


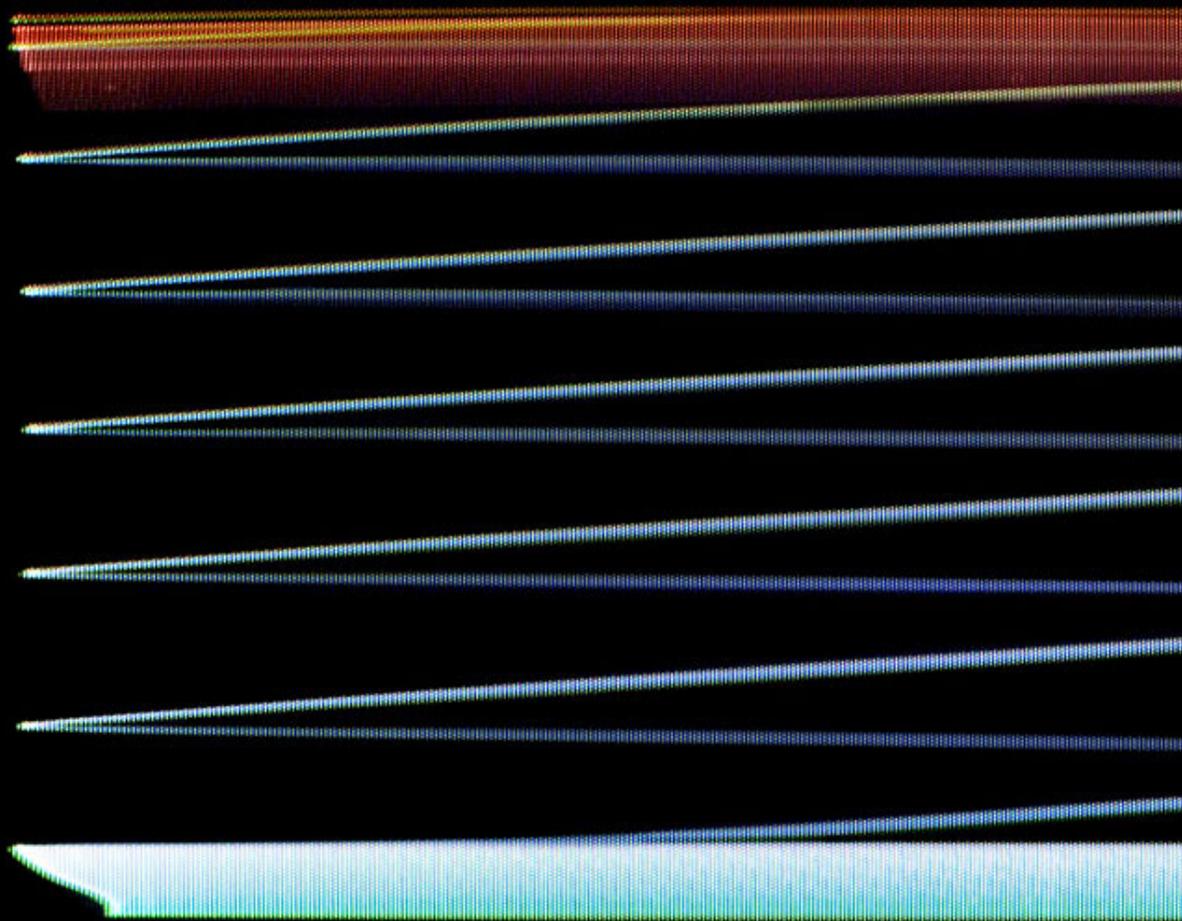


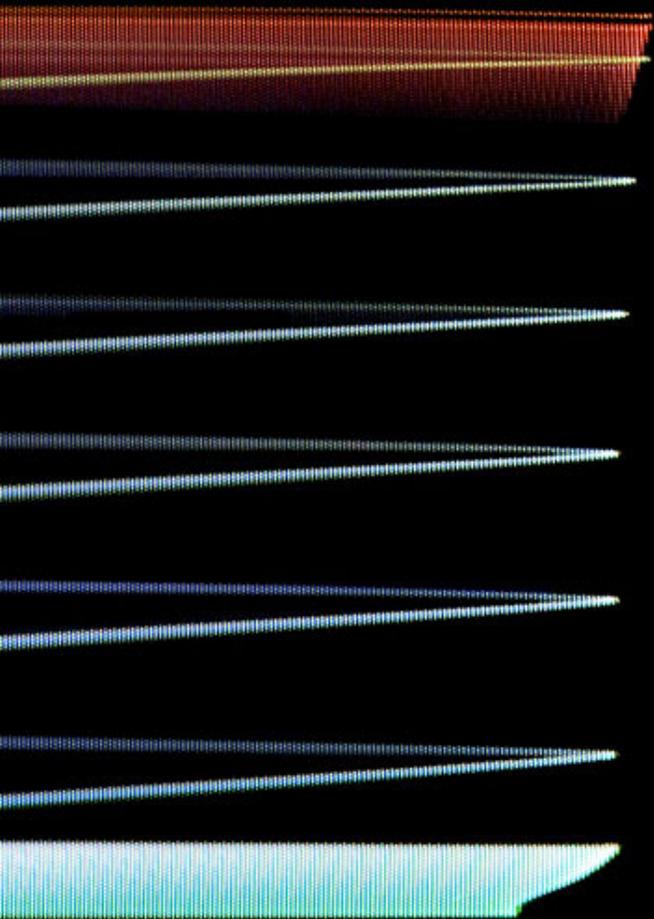


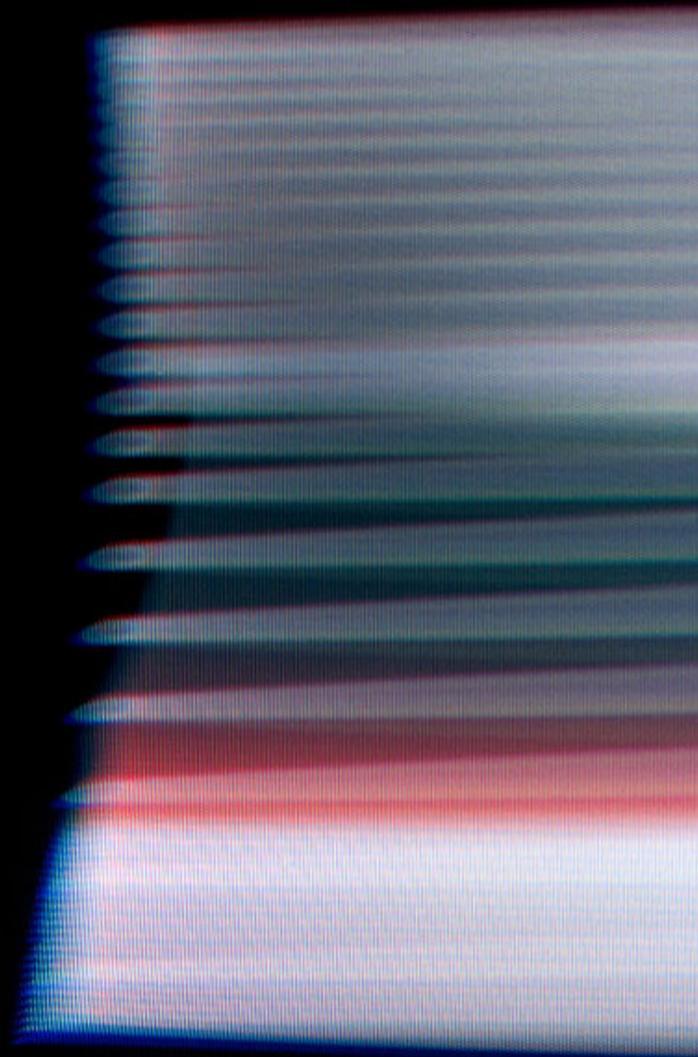


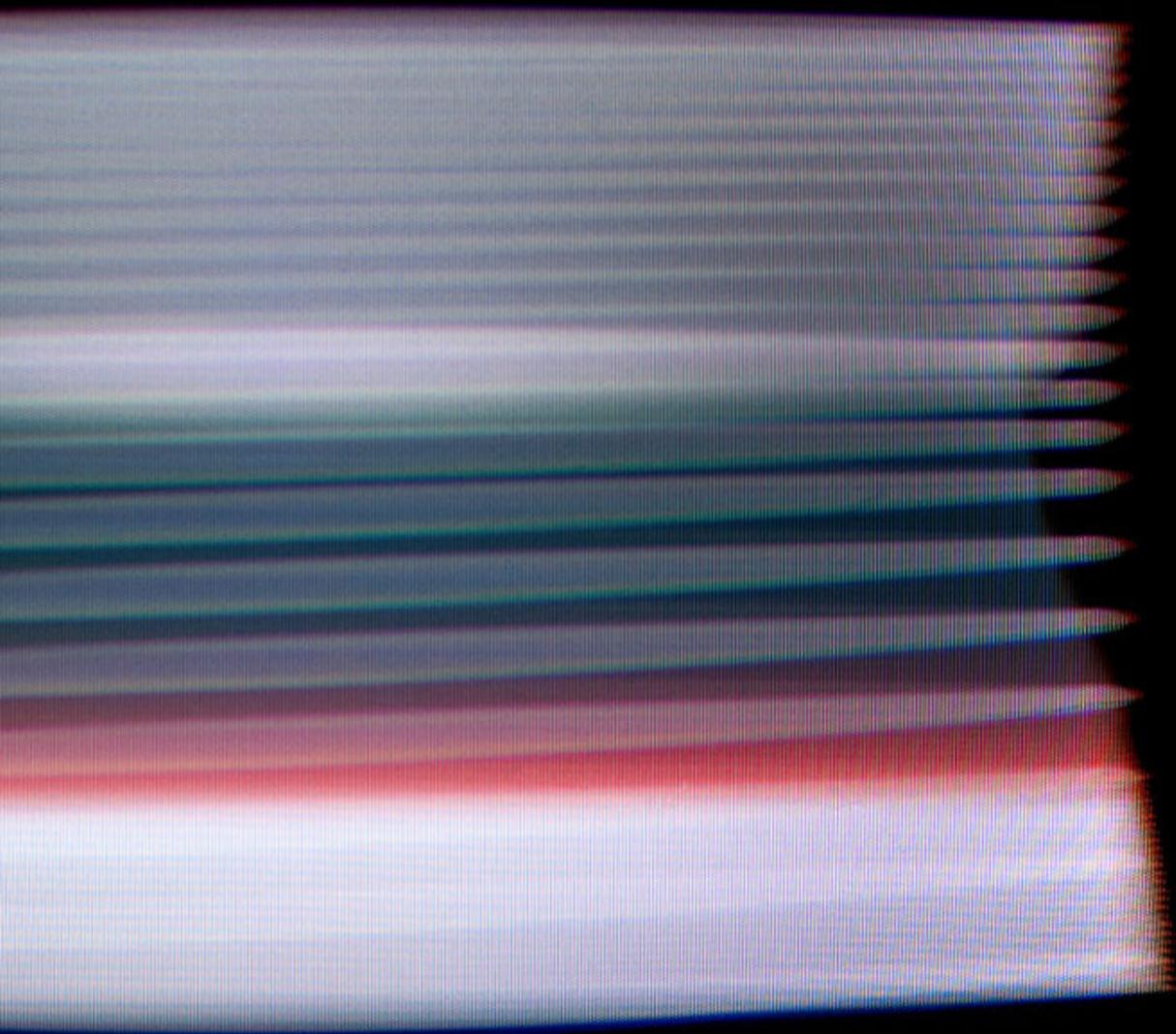


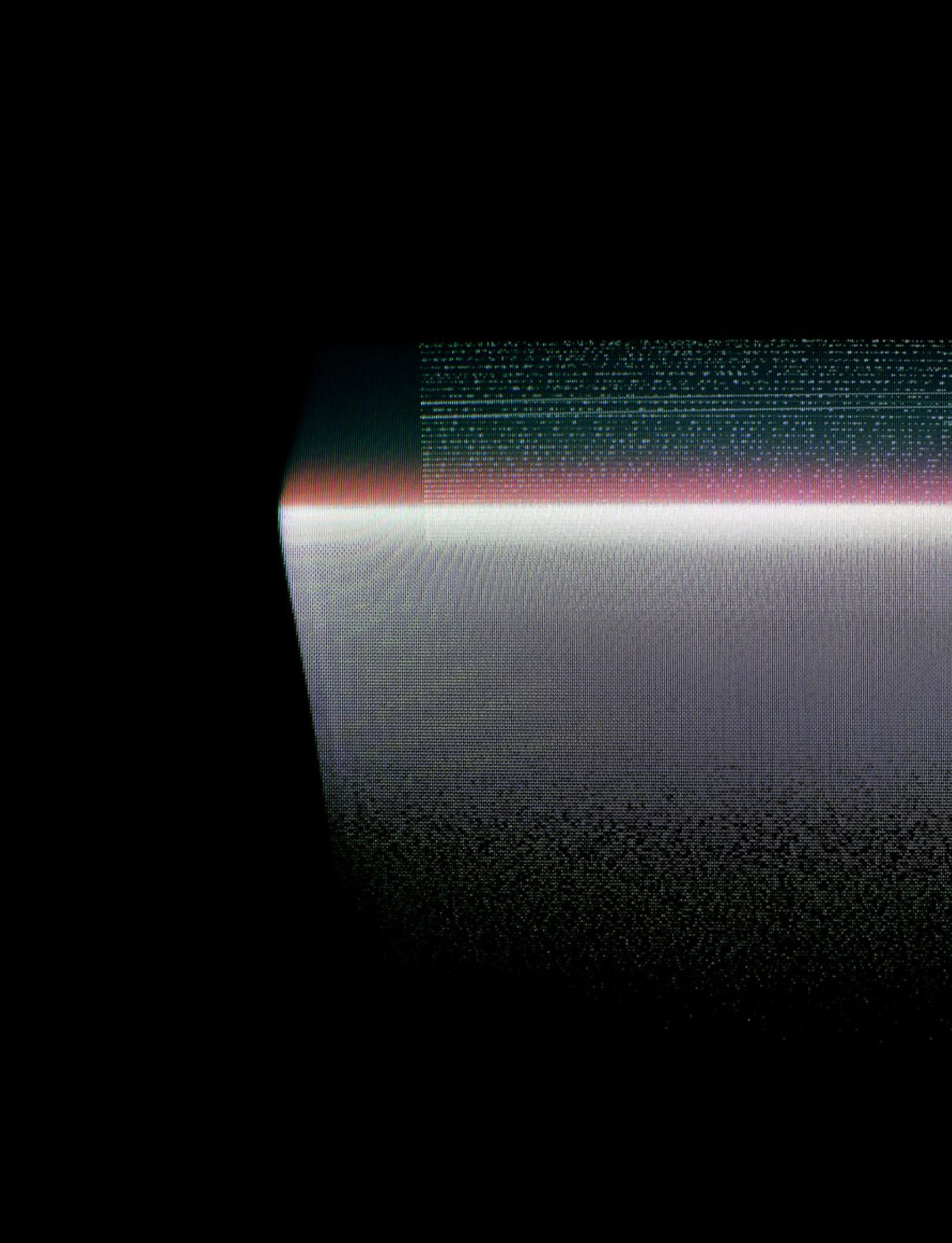


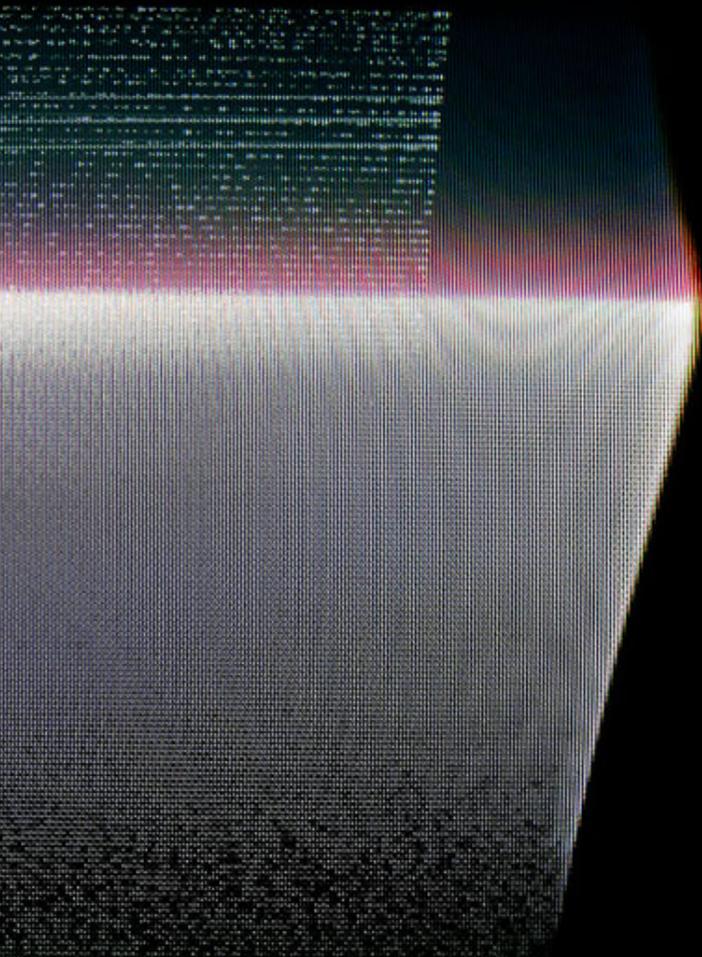














STYLE



SUNSET JUNCTION
BY HARPER SMITH



THE BALLAD OF TROY
VENTURE BY JACEK
KOLANOWSKI



BLITZ BLITZ BY
DANNO WATTS



OUTRUN MY GUN
BY SHE IS FRANK

STYLE

SUNSET JUNCTION

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STYLE



















TOMASZ OSSOLINSKI

The ballad of Troy Venture

PHOTOGRAPHY JACEK KOLANOWSKI (JACEKKOLANOWSKI.COM)

STYLING MICHAŁ KUS HAIR & MAKE UP PAWEŁ BIK

MODEL ADRIAN WŁODARSKI (REBELMODELS)



MARIUSZ PRZYBYLSKI



TOMMY HILFIGER



PAUL SMITH



VISTULA





RAGE AGE



HUGO



BOSS BLACK



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PHOTOGRAPHY DANNO WATTS (DANNOWATTS.COM)













OUT- RUN MY GUN

PHOTOGRAPHER SHE IS FRANK (SHEISFRANK.COM)

STYLIST JORDAN MOORE (MISS BOSSY BOOTS)

STYLIST ASSISTANTS KATE CARNEGIE & GADIR RAJAB

HAIR JASON PANDA (GRAVE AGENCY)

MAKE-UP KATE BLAINNEY (GRAVE AGENCY)

MODELS OCTAVIUS (GIANT MODEL MANAGEMENT), BEAU (LONDON MANAGEMENT),

AIMEE (LONDON MANAGEMENT) & BELLE (DARLEY MANAGEMENT)



BEAU WEARS: TOP BY JOLET; LEGGINGS BY ALEXI FREEMAN;
EARRINGS BY ESTELLE DEVE; SHOES BY NUDE





AIMEE WEARS; SKIRT WORN UNDER BY ABOVE; DRESS BY TRIMAPEE; SHIRT BY ALEXI FREEMAN; JACKET BY ALEXI FREEMAN; NAIL PIECES BY OTT BY LIA; BELLE WEARS; DRESS BY LEONARD ST; JACKET BY ALEXI FREEMAN; BAG BY ALEXI FREEMAN; NAIL PIECES BY OTT BY LIA; SHOES BY NUDE; BEAU WEARS; SINGLET WORN UNDER BY MAITIDE; JACKET BY ALEXI FREEMAN; PANTS BY LIVIA ARENA; SHOES BY NUDE;



BELLE WEARS; DRESS BY BRAIDE; LEGGINGS
BY ALEXI FREEMAN; SHOES BY NUBE; NAIL
PIECES BY OTT BY LIA;
BEAU WEARS; DRESS BY ALEXI FREEMAN;
JACKET BY JOLET; SHOES BY NUDE

OCTAVIUS WEARS; SINGLET BY TRIMAPEE;
JACKET BY TRIMAPEE; NECK PIECE BY TRIMAPEE;
PANTS BY LIMEDROP; SHOES MODELS OWN
AIMEE WEARS; SHIRST BY JOLET; SKIRT BY
ABOVE; BRACELET BY ESTELLE DEVE; SHOES
BY NUDE; NAIL PIECES BY OTT BY LIA





OCTAVIUS WEARS; SHIRT BY LIMEDROP ;
JACKET BY TRIMAPEE; PANTS BY UPPER LEFT
ARM ; NECKLACE BY MECURILIST; BAG BY ME-
CURILIST; SHOES MODELS OWN
BEAU WEARS; SHIRT BY LIVIA ARENA; SHIRT
WORN OVER BY ABOVE; JACKET BY LIVIA
ARENA; LEGGINGGS BY LIMEDROP; SHOES BY
NUDE; NAIL PIECES BY OTT BY LIA



BEAU WEARS; TOP BY JOLET; LEGGINGS BY ALEXI FREEMAN;
EARRINGS BY ESTELLE DEVE; SHOES BY NUDE
BELLE WEARS; TOP BY LIVIA ARENA; SKIRT BY ALEXI FREEMAN;
CAPE BY LEONARD ST; NECKLACE BY MECURILIST; SHOES BY
NUDE; NAIL PIECES BY OTT BY LIA







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