

# THE-REX

M A G A Z I N E

JOHN CARTER

APRIL 2012...

*"Unhesitatingly The Rex is the best cinema I have ever known..."*

*(Sunday Times 2012)*

*"possibly Britain's most beautiful cinema..." (BBC)*

APRIL 2012 Issue 85

[www.therexberkhamsted.com](http://www.therexberkhamsted.com)

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Elizabeth Hannaway	Jack Whiting
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Amelia Kellett	Yalda Yazdanian

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**Betty Patterson** Company Secretary and THE ORIGINAL VISIONARY of The Rex.

**The Rex**

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[www.therexberkhamsted.com](http://www.therexberkhamsted.com)

BEST IN APRIL

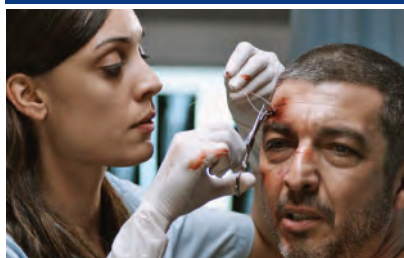


Here at last, the most beautiful of films...

**Cinema Paradiso**

Sat 28 7.00. Italy/France 1988

FILMS OF THE MONTH



Hardcase Argentine filming at its best

**Carancho** Tue 10 7.30. Argentina 2012



Heartstopping, unsentimental, edgy, true & literally underground

**In Darkness** Mon 23 7.30.

Poland/Germany/France/Canada 2011



Kid looks for father but finds better...

**The Kid With A Bike**

Sun 29 6.00/Mon 30 7.30. Belgium/France 2012



## "IN ITS STYLE AND ROOTS, THE REX IS UNIQUE..."

Sunday Times 26 February 2012

**This is renowned historian and writer, Bryan Appleyard's first impression of the Rex, first published on Sunday 26th Feb in the Times 'Culture' section. Here it is edited in our favour; ie anything good he has said about any other cinema has been extinguished. Make of it what you will, but he seems to have had a nice time, considering he turned up for the first, full house, kid's matinee of the Spring half-term...**

"Like most discerning people, I had stopped going to the cinema at Whiteleys, in Bayswater. It was a bog-standard multiplex, apparently designed by somebody who hated humanity not quite, but almost, enough to go on a killing spree. We all know about multiplexes: the auditoriums cold (keeps down the smells, apparently — nice), the carpets usually sticky, the staff surly, the brats restive and, of course, the food packed in the noisiest wrappers known to man. The tickets are pricey and the disgusting food and flat Cokes so expensive, they are bought only by people so up to their eyeballs in debt that it really doesn't matter any more. Yet here I am in the new Whiteleys Odeon, climbing the stairs to something called, seductively, the Lounge. Having paid £15 for a matinee ticket, I now find myself arriving in a gastro-bar

expensively kitted out approximately in the style of a Roger Moore-era Bond movie. Polite, smiling staff flock to my side and usher me to a table, where I am given a glass of merlot and a menu 'overseen' by a star chef.

The hostess feels a little excessive, but, succumbing to her charms, the afternoon's experience ends up costing me £33.00.

Sadly, 90% of movies in Britain are seen not in Lounges, but in cold, noisy, sticky and usually out-of-town multiplexes.

These aliens arrived in the mid-1980s, an American import, as a way of making cinemas more efficient in the face of the long post-war decline in British audiences, from 1.6 billion admissions in 1946 to 54m in 1984. They worked. By 1991, attendances were back up to 100m. There were, of course, casualties. Town-centre, single-screen cinemas closed, leaving a legacy of listed but unuseable art-deco palaces.

Annual admissions now hover around 160m-170m, the variations almost entirely dependent on the number of blockbusters in a given year. Last year, there was a spike because of The King's Speech. But there is a dark cloud on the cinema horizon: home entertainment. Giant flatscreens, surround sound and internet streaming services offering increasingly close to first-run movies will

File

**Push, plash and polter: the 'real cinema' movement is taking off, and could rescue moviegoing with equally resolute, lavish food and imaginative programming. Above, says Bryan Appleyard**

Like most discerning people, I had stopped going to the cinema at Whiteleys, in Bayswater. It was a bog-standard multiplex, apparently designed by somebody who hated humanity not quite, but almost, enough to go on a killing spree. We all know about multiplexes: the auditoriums cold (keeps down the smells, apparently — nice), the carpets usually sticky, the staff surly, the brats restive and, of course, the food packed in the noisiest wrappers known to man. The tickets are pricey and the disgusting food and flat Cokes so expensive, they are bought only by people so up to their eyeballs in debt that it really doesn't matter any more. Yet here I am in the new Whiteleys Odeon, climbing the stairs to something called, seductively, the Lounge. Having paid £15 for a matinee ticket, I now find myself arriving in a gastro-bar



This is how the article appeared with Bryan Appleyard fooling about for the camera (Culture mag S Times 26 Feb)

## Popcorn out, bubbly in

"What the film sector is fast doing is a... [The film sector is fast doing is a...]

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tempt people to stay at home. Can the multiplexes, can cinemas in general, survive? Is the flatscreen the industry's iPod, Kindle or iPad moment?

**"MOST MAGICALLY OF ALL, THE KIDS THEN WATCH THE ENTIRE FILM IN RAPT SILENCE. THAT NEVER HAPPENS IN A MULTIPLEX."**

James Hannaway looks thoughtful.

"Well," he says, "the multiplexes were built for the wrong purpose, and they were built out of town. They were not designed to show films, they were built to sell popcorn and hot dogs. They started in the States, then exported their philosophy around the world that the film was secondary." [Curiously, apart from caring what we show and how it is screened (ie the correct volume, clear subtitles etc) so is ours to a point, but for reasons as different as a palace and a shed. People come to the Rex often not knowing what's on and frequently say they don't care. 'We'll watch anything here' is the general feeling]

Hannaway, a very dapper 64-year-old, runs what I can unhesitatingly say is the best cinema I have ever attended: the Rex, in Berkhamsted. One of those town-centre deco palaces, it was restored over five years leading up to its re-opening in 2004. They had lost the palatial foyer to a restaurant, but the magnificent interior was intact. It was all restored and the seating was cut from 1100 to 300; big armchairs in the circle, candlelit tables and chairs in the stalls.

Tickets go on sale on the third Saturday of every month, and usually they sell out at once. Some are held back and raffled to people who turn up on the night. Snacks are reasonable and cheaper than anywhere half its luxury, mainly contained in silent plastic tubs; if you're downstairs, it will be served at your table. Seat prices are low by London standards (26 miles south): the highest is £10 for a seat at a table, or £8 for one in the circle."

[This is not because we're in the 'sticks'. At 25 minutes from Euston, Berkhamsted is a ridiculously expensive, much sought after commuter haven. Furthermore there's a queue two hundred yards and six weeks, around the block. Some say, we should charge twice that, and people will still come. Who cares? We pay more than our way. And our 'luxury' shouldn't have a premium, it is what we should expect in every public place. An easy, civilized, courteous and safe atmosphere costs nothing. We're just not forgetting old manners].

"Sitting with Hannaway in the foyer before a showing of Martin Scorsese's Hugo is like being with grandad at a giant family party. Children walk in and say, 'Hi, James.'" [One kid, and he's in for it] Hannaway does a little speech on the stage before the film. [Try pronouncing this following clip in a sweet excited Listen With Mother tone] "Now, children, this film is in brand-new glorious 2-D!" He is no fan of 3-D. Finally, and most magically of all, the kids then watch the entire film in rapt

silence. That never happens in a multiplex. "It's because it's an event, something special," he says. "The children know that. And they don't stick to the carpet here."

In the foyer is a long shelf of movie books and an old film-editing machine. It was one of Stanley Kubrick's. The Kubrick family live nearby and are supporters of the Rex. Meanwhile, Hannaway has been lured, somewhat reluctantly, into taking on another cinema — the old Odeon in St Albans, renamed the Odyssey in honour of Kubrick, and the romantic notion of a long, hard journey home. Much of the £1m needed to buy the building has been raised from local people. He has turned away millions from venture capitalists because he doesn't want any pressure to maximise profits at the expense of the audience. "Their pressure" he says, "is the wrong pressure."

What the Rex proves is that there is a demand for real local cinemas, and that people really do want to go out for their films, but preferably not to an out-of-town multiplex. At the level of the experience, there is no comparison. The Rex's bustling sense of excitement is the exact opposite of the cold alienation of the multiplex.

In its style and local roots, the Rex is unique, but 'real' cinemas are springing up around the country. 'We focus on being at the heart of the community, rather than on the periphery. We want people to be able to walk to the site,' says Andrew Myers, chief executive



Sadly: the penny arcades of the 80/90s

of Everyman. 'People are still interested in going to multiplexes,' says Marc Allenby, head of commercial development at Picturehouse — 'at least through lack of choice. We're offering something different and challenging the multiplex experience.'

The small Picturehouse and Everyman

**"I CAN UNHESITATINGLY SAY IT IS THE BEST CINEMA I HAVE EVER ATTENDED."**

chains have led the way with, as far as possible, town-centre sites. These two chains don't go as far as the Rex, rather, they are competing head to head not only with the multiplexes, but with other high-street attractions, especially the buoyant restaurant culture. The Hackney Picturehouse, for example, looks as much like a modern cafe/bar/restaurant as it does a cinema. 'These are venues in their own right,' says Marc Allenby (head of CD at Picturehouse) 'They're not sterile or closed.'

Meanwhile, there are plenty of Rex-like one-offs springing up. Supported by big names such as Michael Palin, Mark Kermode and Maureen Lipman, the Phoenix, in East





Finchley, a cinema that is exactly 100 years old, is run by a local charitable trust. With one screen and 255 seats, it manages to hold its own against nearby multiplexes, largely because, as with the Rex, people want to go to a 'real' cinema. 'We love what we do,' says Kate McCarthy, the operations manager. 'The Artist was a classic example. This cinema was showing films when they were silent, so people wanted to see it here, not at the Odeon, because it was the sort of film we would have been showing in the 1920s.' Nobody I spoke to, with the exception of the maverick industry outsider Hannaway, came straight out and attacked the multiplexes. Myers and Allenby said they served their purpose; McCarthy said they were happy to redirect people who turned up at the Phoenix to see Transformers to the Odeon. But it seems to me, and they hesitantly seemed to agree, that 'real cinemas' are better placed to withstand the giant-screen-and-surround-sound-at-home culture. 'Our offering,' Allenby says cautiously, 'may be more sustainable.'

**T**he trick is to revive as far as possible the idea of cinema as an event, an experience that beats staying at home with your giant screen. Much of this is achieved by placing cinemas among shops, instead of on windblown sites also occupied by B&Q and Comet. Even more is achieved by having a sensational art-deco interior. It also depends on having the right films, but, happily, this need not be entirely determined by the whim of Hollywood. All these cinemas make a point of showing old films; the Rex, of course, runs sell outs of Casablanca, Singin' In

The Rain, Motorcycle Diaries, Everything Is Illuminated, Conversations With My Gardener, The Railway Children and even It's a Wonderful Life every Christmas; and they get full houses by screening live opera and theatre. Running films in repertory also helps, because it gives an audience a reason to come more than once a week. But, of course, in the film business, as the great

**"NOBODY I SPOKE TO, WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE MAVERICK INDUSTRY OUTSIDER HANNAWAY, CAME STRAIGHT OUT AND ATTACKED THE MULTIPLEXES."**

screenwriter William Goldman imperishably observed: 'Nobody knows anything.'

My guess — call it wishful thinking — is that the multiplexes are dying, and that the gap at the premium and local end of the market will continue to widen. Cinema must survive: movies are made to be shown in darkness, on a big screen, to many people. The rest is just TV and shopping."

**Thank you Bryan, for coming to see for yourself, and for lending us yet more quotes to manipulate into word bites. And of course, you and all your media colleagues (who can't get their darling arses out of London) are welcome any time. NB Worth repeating: it can take longer between three stops on the district line than it does to get here. People come from as far as South London, Henley and Chipping Norton...**



A P R I L   E V E N I N G S



## The Help

Sun 1 6.00



**With a well deserved Bafta and Oscar for Octavia Spencer's Minny, this hugely enjoyable, honey-marinated adaptation of Kathryn Stockett's novel struck a chord with US audiences although exactly which chord...?**

Set in 1960s Jackson, Mississippi, it tells how Skeeter Phelan (Emma Stone), a young, white would-be writer, convinces two black maids, Aibileen and Minny (Viola Davis and Octavia Spencer) to work secretly on her book.

Skeeter wants the maids to reveal, anonymously, the hardships routinely inflicted on them by the wealthy families whose houses they clean, food they cook and whose children they raise. Skeeter's book might push towards true racial equality but will certainly win her an ambitious publishing deal.

"The Help is a broad southern melodrama implicitly framing the push for racial equality of oppressed African-Americans who are given their voice by a lone white do-gooder. While the story takes place at a time of seismic social upheaval, director Tate Taylor's screenplay niftily sidesteps politics for specific personal injustices. In short, The Help not only has its cake it eats it. This is as brazen an Oscar-baiter as we're likely to see this year" (*Telegraph*) And they took the bait.

"Viewed as an airbrushed fairytale, however, it is rousingly effective." (*Guardian*)

For all its easy critics pokes, it's a quiet gem with brilliant character studies from the whole cast. Last time, don't miss.

**Director:** Tate Taylor  
**Starring:** Bryce Howard, Jessica Chastain, Viola Davis, Emma Stone  
**Certificate:** 12A  
**Duration:** 146 mins  
**Origin:** USA 2011  
**By:** Walt Disney Studio INTL

## The Descendants

Mon 2 7.30

**Director:** Alexander Payne  
**Starring:** George Clooney, Matthew Lillard, Judy Greer  
**Certificate:** 15  
**Duration:** 117 mins  
**Origin:** USA 2011  
**By:** Twentieth Century Fox

**Back by demand, Alexander (Sideways) Payne's The Descendants is a grown-up adaptation of Kauai Hart Hemmings novel.**

George is Matt King, a lackadaisical husband and father who, in the aftermath of a boating accident, which renders his wife Elizabeth comatose, is forced to confront some uncomfortable home truths. Matt is responsible for the selling of 25,000 acres of his family's land on the Hawaiian island of Kaua'i but, in the wake of Elizabeth's accident, he has an unfamiliar family to look after, and get them through their sudden grief.

Clooney is as affable as ever, although intriguingly the 'family man' is a role we are unaccustomed to seeing him in. Yet he brings the kind of hapless warmth to the part, the kind we loved Jack Lemmon for. "The Descendants is thoroughly well made, and makes clever use of its glamorous setting by taking it for granted, as those who live there. Payne's interest is the human drama: he's very much the director-as-novelist and the film has all the satisfactions of a story well told. It's involving, funny and thought-provoking." (*Standard*)

When asked how hard it was to play a family man so well, with no children of his own, George used the best actor's line (remembering it's only pretend) "It's easy, they were great and I get to give them back at the end." Don't miss.





## The Woman In Black

Tue 3 7.30, Wed 4 7.30



**Back by demand, based on the chilling novel by Susan Hill, and subsequently written for the stage, this is Daniel Radcliffe's first major cinematic outing since hanging up Harry's wand.** He'll wish he'd hung on to it.

Set in Edwardian England, Radcliffe plays Arthur Kipps, a young solicitor who is called to handle the estate of one Alice Drablow, former owner of an obligatory spooky mansion in the North East. As he begins work, he is distracted by footsteps and a mysterious spectre: a woman in black. As Kipps uncovers horrifying tales of children's suicides, it becomes apparent that the malevolent ghost has turned her attention on him...

Director James Watkins (Eden Lake) has crafted an eerie, thrilling tale – masterly in its insinuations; the 12A certificate belying the film's inherent, Gothic creepiness.

"Director James Watkins expertly uses shadows and empty spaces to create a percolating sense of dread, and he waits until the last possible moment before..." (*Telegraph*)

"I remain undecided about Radcliffe, who endures each shuddering shock with a blank, stoic fortitude that suggests a teenager taking his driving test. He passes, but only just." (*Guardian*) (research Simon M).

Apparently the play is über scary, it lulls you before the interval, then the 'malevolent spectre' appears in the aisle beside you. There is no interval here, but we know some eerie apparitions...

**Director:** James Watkins  
**Starring:** Daniel Radcliffe, Janet McTeer, Ciaran Hinds  
**Certificate:** 12A  
**Duration:** 95 mins  
**Origin:** UK 2012  
**By:** Momentum Pictures

## Chronicle

Thu 5 7.30

**Director:** Josh Trank  
**Starring:** Alex Russell, Michael B Jordan, Michael Kelly  
**Certificate:** 12A  
**Duration:** 83 mins  
**Origin:** USA 2012  
**By:** Twentieth Century Fox

**Characterisation isn't something to be expected within the 'super-hero' stable.**

Yet this feature debut from promising director Josh Trank and writer Max Landis proves it's wholly possible, and you don't need the Hollywood big bucks either. Shot in a home footage style (aka Cloverfield) and with a cast of unknown faces, Chronicle follows three college students after they uncover a mysterious, buried object that grants them each telekinetic powers.

The camera, and therefore our eyes, are in the hands of Andrew; a shy, bullied loner with an abusive father and dying mother. After the trio's discovery, Andrew, with his cousin Matt and popular kid Steve start messing around with their newly acquired powers in a series of increasingly comical moments including a hilarious skit involving a poor woman's parked car. But as their abilities begin to strengthen so do Andrew's insecurities; fuelling his anger towards his father and jealousy towards his more popular friends.

His instability reaches boiling point when he attempts to murder his father, kick-starting an impressive psychic battle between Andrew and his worried friends. Whether you find the concept of Chronicle hokey or not, there's no denying the surprising level of depth and genuine emotion found within the relationships of its central characters. We could do with more of these indie genre pieces please. (*Jack Whiting*) Surprisingly, worth a look.





**Director:** John Madden  
**Starring:** Judi Dench, Tom Wilkinson,  
 Maggie Smith, Bill Nighy  
**Certificate:** 12A  
**Duration:** 124 mins  
**Origin:** UK 2012  
**By:** Twentieth Century Fox

## The Best Exotic Marigold Hotel

**Fri 6 7.30, Sat 7 7.00,  
 Sun 8 6.00**

The cast constitutes a dream team of veteran thespians: Judi Dench is a widow emerging from her shell; Tom Wilkinson is a judge revisiting his youthful home; Penelope Wilton and Bill Nighy are navigating a marriage on the rocks; Celia Imrie and Ronald Pickup are randy old goats; and Maggie Smith, as a hip-op patient, offers a working class variant on her sarky-but-shrewd *Downton Abbey* shtick.

Ol Parker's screenplay is based on Deborah Moggach's novel *These Foolish Things*.

The film doesn't quite sink to the dewy eyed clichés of Orientalism derided in the book ('oh the poverty, oh the sunsets') But it still presents a superficial take on contemporary India: beaming kids play cricket, wise old men proffer advice and standard issue star-crossed lovers are saddled with corny lines.

"They are all on enjoyable form but none is really challenged." Just what we need. There's no need to say 'don't miss' I fear children will be slain and sacrificed for a stool at the bar.



The Bands Visit (2007)



So if you think you've seen this shot before...

## War Horse

Mon 9 7.30



**Steven Spielberg directs a vast adaptation of Michael Morpurgo's classic historical equine weepy, written for the screen by Richard Curtis and Lee Hall.**

Devon, 1914. Young Albert Narracott (Jeremy Irvine), the son of farming types Ted and Rose, is putting the family horse, Joey, to good use ploughing their modest fields. At the outbreak of the First World War, Ted seizes the chance to make a shilling, so sells the horse to the army. The film chronicles Joey's dangerous ride across the Western Front, as Albert, lying about his age, joins up in a desperate search for him. Will the two be reunited through the horrors of the trenches?

A wholly Spielbergian vision somewhere between heart wrenching and needlessly sentimental, War Horse is fair proposition. Spielberg remains one of cinema's best storytellers.

"Curtis, in co-writing the final Blackadder episode on TV, set on the Western Front, once created a genuinely brilliant and passionate First World War drama. This isn't in the same league." (*Guardian*)

"This is filmmaking on a grand scale, bound by a grand vision, bolstered by grand performances and swept along by a grand old John Williams soundtrack.

There's not quite something for everyone, but the cynics can trot on: there's something for everyone else." (*Telegraph*) (SM) Most loved it, some didn't. You choose, this one last ride.

**Director:** Steven Spielberg  
**Starring:** Jeremy Irvine, Emily Watson, David Thewlis  
**Certificate:** 12A  
**Duration:** 148 mins  
**Origin:** USA 2011  
**By:** Walt Disney Studio INTL

## Carancho

Tue 10 7.30

**Director:** Pablo Trapero  
**Starring:** Ricardo Darin, Martina Gusman  
**Certificate:** 15  
**Duration:** 107 mins  
**Origin:** Argentina 2012  
**By:** Axiom Films

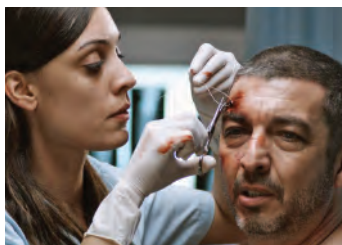
**Directed by Pablo Trapero, "Carancho" is a hard-hitting Argentine crime thriller.**

Ricardo Darin (The Secret in Their Eyes) stars as Sosa the 'vulture' (carancho) an ambulance chasing lawyer, appearing at the scene of the most violent car accidents. On the side, he's also scamming insurance companies working with equally crooked paramedics, persuading people to step out in front of cars to claim the sizable payouts. His line of work brings him into contact with youthful, over-worked doctor Lujan (Martina Gusman)...

"The film's plotting is at times ragged and muffled, though this might be intentional, a way of suggesting the endless ramifications of the endemic corruption. The performances, however, have depth and resonance." (*Observer*)

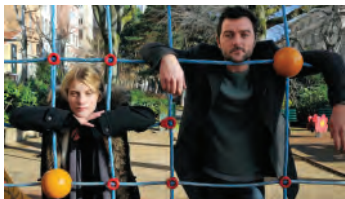
"The desolate Edward Hopper nightscapes provide an effective context for a film where the question of how far someone can stray before they're lost forever, isn't just a matter of narrative trickery but a genuinely soulful, gnawingly tense moral challenge." (*Time Out*)

Argentina is making some of the best films in the world. Starting with Motorcycle Diaries in 2004, has provided the Rex with some gems and faces you don't see everyday. Ricardo Durin's battered face in Carancho is one you don't forget. This dark, oddly beautiful and claustrophobic thriller will not suit all tastes but those who can stomach it will be richly rewarded. (research Simon Messenger) Don't miss.



## Les Adoptes

Wed 11 7.30



**Written and directed by Mélanie Laurent** (*The Concert*, *Inglourious Basterds*) her directorial debut – “*Les Adoptés*” is an entertaining melodrama.

It centres around two close sisters – bookshop owner Marine (Marie Denarnaud), and folk singer and single mother Lisa (Laurent). When Marine begins a passionate affair with customer, and restaurant critic Alex (Denis Menochet), Lisa feels alienated, creating a rift between the siblings. Lisa’s emotions are tested further when tragedy strikes. Up to this point It is a charming indie drama, glowing with good humour and neat observations, with the relationship between Marie and Alex beautifully drawn. Feeling more akin to an American indie movie than a traditional European melodrama, Laurent’s deft, delicate direction will impress some, or smack of distracting whimsy for others.

“...a sad tale that elicits strong performances and some sensitive direction from Mélanie Laurent. The French can do this sort of thing without cloying sentiment, with pinpoint accuracy and delicacy, so that you feel these are real people rather than actors.” (*Standard*) “...a soft-centred, romantic movie of love and family life in provincial France. In its whimsical, bittersweet way it’s very like *Les parapluies de Cherbourg* and *Les demoiselles de Rochefort* without the music.” (*Guardian*) (research SM) Watch out for the girls’ glamorous , boozy mother Millie (Clementine Celarie – *Betty Blue*!)

Well worth a Wednesday outing.

**Director:** Melanie Laurent  
**Starring:** Marie Denarnaud, Mélanie Laurent, Clémentine Célarié  
**Certificate:** 15  
**Duration:** 100 mins  
**Origin:** France 2012  
**By:** StudioCanal

## W.E.

Thu 12 7.30

**Director:** Madonna  
**Starring:** Abbie Cornish, Oscar Isaac, James D'Arcy, Andrea Riseborough  
**Certificate:** 15  
**Duration:** 119 mins  
**Origin:** UK 2011  
**By:** StudioCanal

**They probably loved working with legendary pop-princess Madonna, even felt privileged, so it's a greater shame for the cast, to be involved in something so ego-centric and self indulgent.** But then they must have known what they were getting into.

Andrea Riseborough is fabulous and Abi Cornish, cool and beautiful. And they got to wear nice clothes.

So too, WE provided one our best and most stylish front covers: March 2012. So thanks again Madge.

It has also provided two great parts for women, and world class cinematography in the hands of Hagen Bogdanski (*The Lives Of Others*). So with a world renowned crew and two of best young contemporary actresses in the business, all she had to do was provide a decent idea... Never mind, it looks fabulous and sold out here in seconds first time round, so don't miss it now, it won't be back.







**Director:** Daniel Espinosa  
**Starring:** Ryan Reynolds, Brendan Gleeson, Denzel Washington, Vera Farmiga  
**Certificate:** 15  
**Duration:** 115 mins  
**Origin:** USA 2012  
**By:** Universal Pictures (UK) Ltd



## Safe House

**Fri 13 7.30, Sat 14 7.00**

**Get your motion sickness pills at the ready as Denzel Washington and Ryan Reynolds form an uneasy alliance in this relentlessly dizzying action thriller.**

Rookie CIA agent Matt Weston (Ryan Reynolds) is tasked by his shady superiors with the interrogation of rouge operative Tobin Frost (Denzel Washington) after surrendering to the US Embassy with important 'intel' (See, they don't even try to spell intelligence). Frost is relocated to a safe house in South Africa for questioning. But before you can shout 'conspiracy' a group of mercenaries attack their location and Weston is forced to take Frost out of hiding, and onto the streets of Cape Town.

Safe House is carried on the strength of Denzel's charisma - resulting in the wafer thin plot being ever so slightly less ridiculous - yet it's hardly pushing his abilities as an actor; as are the many implausibilities, masked by a pacing that's hard to keep up.

Whatever your views on 'shaky cam', you will either love, or loathe the shooting style that perpetuates the majority of Safe House. Once the narrative is set, director Daniel Espinosa, discards the pleasantries to allow the many shootouts and car chases to take centre stage.

Thank (or don't thank) Bourne's cinematographer Oliver Wood for the frenetic action on display, it will leave your head in a spin. (*Jack Whiting*) sounds fab Jack.

## The Best Exotic Marigold Hotel

Sun 15 6.00, Wed 18 7.30



The cast constitutes a dream team of veteran thespians: Judi Dench is a widow emerging from her shell; Tom Wilkinson is a judge revisiting his youthful home; Penelope Wilton and Bill Nighy are navigating a marriage on the rocks; Celia Imrie and Ronald Pickup are randy old goats; and Maggie Smith, as a hip-op patient, offers a working class variant on her sarky-but-shrewd *Downton Abbey* Shtick.

O! Parker's screenplay is based on Deborah Moggach's novel *These Foolish Things*.

The film doesn't quite sink to the dewy eyed clichés of Orientalism derided in the book ('oh the poverty, oh the sunsets') But it still presents a superficial take on contemporary India: beaming kids play cricket, wise old men proffer advice and standard issue star-crossed lovers are saddled with corny lines.

With so many characters to juggle several end up getting short shrift, and the lessons learned are banal in nature and schematic in execution. They might just have got away with it as a Sunday night mini-series.

"They are all on enjoyable form but none is really challenged." Just what we need. There's no need to say 'don't miss' I fear children will be slain and sacrificed for a stool at the bar.

**Director:** John Madden  
**Starring:** Judi Dench, Tom Wilkinson, Maggie Smith, Bill Nighy  
**Certificate:** 12A  
**Duration:** 124 mins  
**Origin:** UK 2012  
**By:** Twentieth Century Fox

## Khodorkovsky

Mon 16 7.30

**Director:** Cyril Tuschi  
**Certificate:** 12A  
**Duration:** 117 mins  
**Origin:** Germany 2011  
**By:** Trinity

**Formerly one of the richest men in the world, oil tycoon Mikhail Khodorkovsky now languishes in a Russian jail as the world's most notorious prisoner of conscience; a thorn in the side of Vladimir Putin.**

This hugely engaging documentary charts the rise of Khodorkovsky's vast oil empire in the era of glasnost and perestroika as the Soviet Union fell apart, and concentrates on his very public falling out with Russia's elite in the 2000s.

An outspoken critic of the Putin regime, and a pro-democracy activist, he failed to heed a number of warnings to leave Russia a free man, before being arrested on charges of tax evasion, embezzlement, and money laundering. He is expected to remain in prison until 2017.

Directed by Cyril Tuschi, a German filmmaker, the documentary provides a chilling commentary on modern Russia all the more intriguing in light of the country's elections at the beginning of March. Tuschi has reported how, on more than one occasion, the final edit of the film has been stolen from him, presumably by agents of the Russian state, a comment on the importance of this film itself.

"A fascinating insight into this mysterious and ambiguous figure, into the dark heart of Putin's Kremlin, and even into the soul of contemporary Russia itself."  
*(Guardian) (Simon Messenger)*

Not elitist, this film everyone should see. So don't miss.



## Margin Call

Tue 17 7.30



**Back by demand, a small film with a surprising (and surprisingly good) heavyweight cast.**

It opens like a thriller, and stays a thriller to the end. Financial analyst Eric Dale (Tucci), slips a top secret research project to whiz-kid trader Peter Sullivan (Quinto). Working on it through the night, Sullivan realises that a mortgage crisis is looking inevitable, and it's only a matter of time before his company's assets devalue to nothing. As the crisis escalates through the company's hierarchy, panic mingles with soul searching; sell off the toxic assets and save ourselves Or do the decent thing...? Chandor's strong cast, Kevin Spacey (at his manic best), Demi Moore, Paul Bettany, and Jeremy Irons, all add weight to this taught, tense boardroom drama. As with all recent banker-bashing films, it's nothing without the wonders of hindsight, but as a standalone thriller, it is still first class.

"A shrewd and confident drama"  
(*Guardian*)

"Margin Call presents Wall Street on its own terms even in meltdown, not uncritically but claustrophobically, like a Mob movie indifferent to victims of crime. It's unclear whether the picture realises how bitter a taste this leaves."  
(*Time Out*) (research Simon M)

A red-hot small film with a huge cast and an even bigger story. So good we got it twice, now a third time. So don't miss.

**Director:** J.C. Chandor  
**Starring:** Kevin Spacey, Jeremy Irons, Paul Bettany, Demi Moore, Stanley Tucci  
**Certificate:** 15  
**Duration:** 107 mins  
**Origin:** USA 2012  
**By:** Stealth Media Group

## The Artist

Thu 19 7.30

**Director:** Michel Hazanavicius  
**Starring:** Malcolm McDowell, John Goodman, Bérénice Bejo, Jean Dujardin  
**Certificate:** PG  
**Duration:** 100 mins  
**Origin:** France 2011  
**By:** Entertainment Film Distribution

**Following its special preview here to mark The Rex 7th anniversary in December, The Artist has become the most talked about film phenomenon for many years, generating new interest in genuine creative innovation and imagination.** It makes the industry-manufactured hype of 3-D look dated indeed.

Everybody has raved about it. It won Oscars, and Baftas, and has been hyped beyond it's beautiful simplicity. One was for Best Original Screenplay. While this undoubtedly should have gone to The Guard, the media bitching about best screenplay for a silent film, shows embarrassing ignorance of 'Screenplay'. "It could have been written by a bright 12-year-old" complains Sasha Stone in Awards Weekly (Does this mean she/he has a weekly job?). A screenplay is a complex jigsaw of frame by frame, shot by shot, planning and storyboarding. Dialogue/speech is only part of it. The Artist's screenplay is a work of genius, bringing the audience in on every second of the story.

Un-hyped ignorance made this film bliss for me. By now you'll have heard all about it and seen a thousand clips. Not to spoil it here, we haven't even shown the magical trailer. It is a film you must see on the big screen (especially on ours). It was the only way to watch those first pioneering movies. Then there's the music... Listen and see.



## 21 Jump Street

Fri 20 7.30, Sat 21 7.00



For those of you who haven't heard, or don't care, about a remake of a cult late 80s cop themed TV show featuring Johnny Depp needn't worry, as this raucous action comedy confidently stands on its own two feet.

Regular jester Jonah Hill (looking much lighter) and expressionless meat-head Channing Tatum play Schmidt and Jenko, a pair of bumbling cops who used to be worst enemies in high school. Lucky for them they get to re-live those wonderful adolescent memories as their next assignment puts them back in school as undercover teens to bust a possible drug ring.

"It's a funny twist on teen movies and buddy comedies, creating a postmodern Police Academy" (*Guardian*) erm what? "It throws jokes at the screen with such frenetic pace that inevitably some don't stick, but more than enough do, even those that don't make much sense. By the time you've realised that you're laughing at a situation you don't wholly understand it's gone and you're on to the next." (*Empire*)

Tatum may have found his calling in off-beat comedy timing, and it's a joy to see him stretch his capabilities further than his annual foray into romance or banal street dancing. Together with Hill's dry humour they make a formable double act. (*Jack Whiting*). It sounds too good for teenies, so beat them to the tickets...!

**Director:** Phil Lord  
**Starring:** Johnny Depp, Channing Tatum, Jonah Hill, Jake M. Johnson  
**Certificate:** 15  
**Duration:** 109 mins  
**Origin:** USA 2012  
**By:** Sony

## The Lady

Sun 22 6.00

**Director:** Luc Besson  
**Starring:** Michelle Yeoh, David Thewlis  
**Certificate:** 12A  
**Duration:** 132 mins  
**Origin:** France, UK 2011  
**By:** Entertainment Film Distribution

**Back by huge demand, Luc Besson (Leon) directs Michelle Yeo in this heart-warming story of Burmese pro-democracy activist, leader and political prisoner Aung San Suu Kyi.**

He takes on the inspiring story of her life at odds 'caught between love and duty' and the tenacious long-distance bond she maintained with her British husband, Michael Aris (David Thewlis) while under house arrest for over fifteen years.

"One of those agonisingly well-intentioned films whose heart is in the right place, but everything else is wrong. Luc Besson's film, with its "TV movie of the week" aesthetic, never does full justice to the heartwrenching agony of this final decision, and the international politics of the matter are passed over pretty lightly." (*Guardian*)

"The film is essentially about the love between Suu Kyi and Michael and the exemplary courage, resolution and dedication to democracy they showed over the years in the face of a totalitarian regime nearly as mad as North Korea's. Yeoh and Thewlis are very impressive." (*Observer*)

"A worthwhile tribute with unforgettable scenes and an awards-worthy performance from Yeoh." (*Time Out*)

This is a story that should be told, whether Besson has made a good film is neither here nor there. Bootleg DVDs, with awful sound and vision are selling furtively in hundreds of thousands on the streets of Rangoon. For this alone, you must come.





## In Darkness

Mon 23 7.30



**What's distinctive and worthwhile about Agnieszka Holland's film is how it sees the diverse shades within that humanity, eschewing the moral absolutes which, for understandable reasons, have dominated this cinematic territory.**

So, when the Nazis send in brutal Ukrainian special forces to exterminate Lvov's Jews, Socha (Robert Wieckiewicz, spot-on throughout), a sewer inspector with a pragmatic sideline in burglary, at first stands idly by. Indeed, when desperate Jewish fugitives seek refuge in the sewers, he extorts a fee from them to keep it secret. Their horrendous living conditions in turn do little to heal the class divisions limiting their unity. All of this is grimly believable, so that when the green shoots of decency eventually spring up, they do so in a way that is far from hackneyed, slightly mysterious, and thus all the more affecting. "Convincing in its detail, nail-chewing in its mounting suspense, 'In Darkness' is illuminating, provocative and bracingly unsentimental. It positively clamours for your attention." (*Time Out*)

"The film takes place mostly in the dank and foetid darkness of the sewers and is superbly shot by Jolanta Dylewska. It also has the merit of allowing us to see that the survivors, like Socha himself, were flawed characters, not heroes." (*Standard*)

After the war, Socha was posthumously awarded to the list of Israel's Righteous Among the Nations. It's no easy ride, but shouldn't be missed.

**Director:** Agnieszka Holland  
**Starring:** Robert Wieckiewicz, Benno Fürmann, Agnieszka Grochowska, Maria Schrader  
**Certificate:** 15  
**Duration:** 144 mins  
**Origin:** Poland/Germany/France/Canada 2011  
**By:** Metrodome

## The Artist

Tue 24 7.30

**Director:** Michel Hazanavicius  
**Starring:** Malcolm McDowell, John Goodman, Bérénice Bejo, Jean Dujardin  
**Certificate:** PG  
**Duration:** 100 mins  
**Origin:** France 2011  
**By:** Entertainment Film Distribution

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## Bel Ami

Wed 25 7.30



**Like Water for Elephants** last year, **Bel Ami** gives Robert Pattinson another chance to flaunt his acting potential to an audience not solely comprised of prepubescent twi-hards.

Based on the novel by Guy de Maupassant, **Bel Ami** tells the story of dubious antihero Georges Duroy (Pattinson) as he seduces his way up the social ranks of nineteenth century Paris. Uma Thurman plays Madeleine Forestier, whose husband (Philip Glenister) tries to get Duroy sacked, causing him to run cap in hand to Virginie (Kristin Scott Thomas), who in turn falls embarrassingly in love with him. The third key affair, with the merrily unfaithful Clotilde (Christina Ricci), is the closest to a lasting thing, but it falls apart when Madeleine's husband dies and Georges seizes on the opportunity to advance his career.

"As a whirlwind of bonking and banquets, **Bel Ami** is diverting and sometimes amusing, and Pattinson is adequate in the lead, pretty enough to convince as a womaniser but with enough of a hint of ambition and a moral vacuum behind the eyes." (*Time Out*)

Yet Pattinson lacks the necessary charm to really pull you in, had Vincent Cassel or Romain Duris been cast we would have an entirely different film. (research Jack Whiting) and one worth watching. Either beast would have made kissing two of my favourite women, really dirty, taut and edgy.

**Directors:** Declan Donnellan, Nick Ormerod  
**Starring:** Robert Pattinson, Christina Ricci, Uma Thurman, Kristin Scott Thomas  
**Certificate:** 15  
**Duration:** 102 mins  
**Origin:** USA 2012  
**By:** StudioCanal

## The Best Exotic Marigold Hotel

Thu 26 7.30

**Director:** John Madden  
**Starring:** Judi Dench, Tom Wilkinson, Maggie Smith, Bill Nighy  
**Certificate:** 12A  
**Duration:** 124 mins  
**Origin:** UK 2012  
**By:** Twentieth Century Fox

**The cast constitutes a dream team of veteran thespians: Judi Dench is a widow emerging from her shell; Tom Wilkinson is a judge revisiting his youthful home; Penelope Wilton and Bill Nighy are navigating a marriage on the rocks; Celia Imrie and Ronald Pickup are randy old goats; and Maggie Smith, as a hip-op patient, offers a working class variant on her sarky-but-shrewd Downton Abbey Shtick.**

Ol Parker's screenplay is based on Deborah Moggach's novel *These Foolish Things*.

The film doesn't quite sink to the dewy eyed clichés of Orientalism derided in the book ('oh the poverty, oh the sunsets') But it still presents a superficial take on contemporary India: beaming kids play cricket, wise old men proffer advice and standard issue star-crossed lovers are saddled with corny lines.

With so many characters to juggle several end up getting short shrift, and the lessons learned are banal in nature and schematic in execution. They might just have got away with it as a Sunday night mini-series.

"They are all on enjoyable form but none is really challenged." Just what we need. There's no need to say 'don't miss' I fear children will be slain and sacrificed for a stool at the bar.



## John Carter

Fri 27 7.30



**Disney's big (and I mean really big) budget adaptation of Edgar Rice Burroughs' hundred year old novel, A Princess of Mars, harks wonderfully back to the golden age of pulpy science fiction.**

We open in Virginia with American ex civil war soldier John Carter towards the end of the nineteenth century. He's rugged, gruff and carries a somewhat sour demeanour (pulled off perfectly by Taylor Kitsch – no, that's his face). During a botched escape, Carter finds himself inadvertently transported to Mars! After adjusting to the lower gravity, which he later harnesses to great advantage, "Carter gets caught in the middle of a war between the forces of evil, led by preening conqueror Sab Than, Prince of Zodanga (Dominic West) and those of decency (hardly), represented by philosopher-scientist-princess (all big hair, bosom & straps) Dejah Thoris (Lynn Collins)." (*Time Out*)

Originality isn't John Carter's strongest suit but then nearly every other sci-fi film that came before this has taken something from it and its run of novels. Yet John Carter has a whimsical innocence and sense of Saturday matinee wonder not seen since the original Star Wars, and one that most mega-budget productions sorely lack. It's best to approach John Carter's themes, dialogue and especially costumes with an open mind and a following wind. It's Flash Gordon for the twenty first century. (*research Jack Whiting*)

**Director:** Andrew Stanton  
**Starring:** Mark Strong, Willem Dafoe, Lynn Collins  
**Certificate:** 12A  
**Duration:** 132 mins  
**Origin:** USA 2012  
**By:** Walt Disney Studio INTL

## Cinema Paradiso

Sat 28 7.00

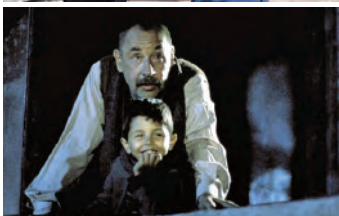
**Director:** Giuseppe Tornatore  
**Starring:** Philippe Noiret, Jacques Perrin  
**Certificate:** PG  
**Duration:** 125 mins  
**Origin:** Italy/France 1988  
**By:** Arrow

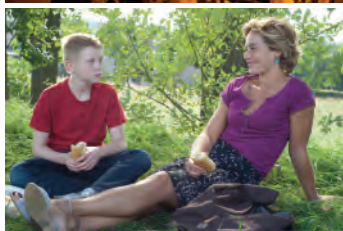
**This was the only film to re-open the Rex in December 2004.**

It wasn't available, there was some quibble over Rights/ownership etc. For seven years I tried, the answer was always the same... Now out the blue, it is here...?

Outside the actors, camera, sound and directors, we must remain unmoved by all those turkeys involved in the making of films, distributing it and owning it. They're the ugly ones who take awards for Best Picture.

This tale is not far off Cinema Paradiso itself. The most beautiful film about film ever made. Don't dare miss it.





**Directors:** Jean-Pierre Dardenne,  
Luc Dardenne  
**Starring:** Thomas Doret, Cécile De France,  
Jérémy Renier, Fabrizio Rongione  
**Certificate:** 12A  
**Duration:** 88 mins  
**Origin:** Belgium, France 2012  
**By:** Artificial Eye



## The Kid With A Bike (Le gamin au vélo)

**Sun 29** 6.00, **Mon 30** 7.30

Written and directed by Jean-Pierre and Luc Dardenne (*Lorna's Silence*, *The Son*), though a clumsy translation from *Le gamin au vélo* to *The Kid with a Bike*, it is a compelling film, deservedly winning the Grand Jury prize at last year's Cannes Film Festival. First time newcomer, Thomas Doret stars as Cyril, a determined 12 year old boy who has escaped from a foster home, having been abandoned by his distant father Guy (Jérémy Renier). His quest, to locate Guy, and his bicycle, the symbol of their relationship, accidentally leads Cyril into the ward of kindly hairdresser Samantha (Cécile de France) but the young boy's desperate search for father figures doesn't go well...

The Dardenne brothers have created a powerful, realistic exploration of nature's oldest bond, that between parent and child, and deftly navigate the film without needless sentimentality; a remarkable piece of work.

"...a wholly gripping, emotionally acute work of humanistic cinema." (*Telegraph*) "See the sheer fear on Renier's face as his character confesses that he just can't cope any longer with looking after his own son. At this point, about half an hour into the story, the power, subtlety, enduring relevance and absolute truthfulness of this Dardennes' story immediately become brilliantly clear." (*Time Out*) (research Simon M) Come for the kid and the serene Cécile de France. Don't miss.



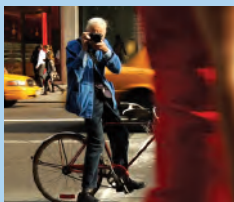
## COMING SOON

## New releases

Once Upon A Time In  
Anatolia  
Le Havre  
Headhunters  
Bill Cunningham: New York  
The Hunger Games

## Back by demand

Best Exotic Marigold Hotel  
The Descendants  
Cinema Paradiso  
Casablanca  
Conversations With My  
Gardener

*Le Havre**Headhunters**Once Upon A Time in  
Anatolia**Bill Cunningham: New York*

## APRIL FILMS AT A GLANCE

Please check times carefully and watch out for early shows.

1	Sun	THE HELP	6.00
2	Mon	THE MUPPETS	2.00
2	Mon	THE DESCENDANTS	7.30
3	Tue	A MONSTER IN PARIS	12.30
3	Tue	THE WOMAN IN BLACK	7.30
4	Wed	THE MUPPETS	2.00
4	Wed	THE WOMAN IN BLACK	7.30
5	Thu	HOP	2.00
5	Thu	CHRONICLE	7.30
6	Fri	THE BEST EXOTIC MARIGOLD HOTEL	7.30
7	Sat	THE MUPPETS	2.00
7	Sat	THE BEST EXOTIC MARIGOLD HOTEL	7.00
8	Sun	THE BEST EXOTIC MARIGOLD HOTEL	6.00
9	Mon	WAR HORSE	7.30
10	Tue	RAILWAY CHILDREN	12.30
10	Tue	CARANCHO	7.30
11	Wed	THE BEST EXOTIC MARIGOLD HOTEL	2.00
11	Wed	LES ADOPTES	7.30
12	Thu	THE MUPPETS	2.00
12	Thu	W.E.	7.30
13	Fri	SAFE HOUSE	7.30
14	Sat	HUGO	2.00
14	Sat	SAFE HOUSE	7.00
15	Sun	THE BEST EXOTIC MARIGOLD HOTEL	6.00
16	Mon	THE BEST EXOTIC MARIGOLD HOTEL	2.00
16	Mon	KHODORKOVSKY	7.30
17	Tue	THE BEST EXOTIC MARIGOLD HOTEL	12.30
17	Tue	MARGIN CALL	7.30
18	Wed	THE BEST EXOTIC MARIGOLD HOTEL	2.00, 7.30
19	Thu	THE ARTIST	2.00, 7.30
20	Fri	21 JUMP STREET	7.30
21	Sat	A CAT IN PARIS	2.00
21	Sat	21 JUMP STREET	7.00
22	Sun	THE LADY	6.00
23	Mon	THE ARTIST	2.00
23	Mon	IN DARKNESS	7.30
24	Tue	THE ARTIST	12.30, 7.30
25	Wed	BEL AMI	2.00, 7.30
26	Thu	THE BEST EXOTIC MARIGOLD HOTEL	2.00, 7.30
27	Fri	JOHN CARTER	7.30
28	Sat	JOHN CARTER	2.00
28	Sat	CINEMA PARADISO	7.00
29	Sun	THE KID WITH A BIKE	6.00
30	Mon	THE KID WITH A BIKE	2.00, 7.30



## A P R I L   M A T I N E E S

**ALL MATINEES:** Balcony £5.00 • Table seats £6.50 • Royal Box seats £10.00  
*Matinee Warning: May contain babies*



**Director:** James Bobin  
**Starring:** Chris Cooper, Jason Segel, Amy Adams  
**Certificate:** U  
**Duration:** 110 mins  
**Origin:** USA 2011  
**By:** Walt Disney Studio INTL

## The Muppets

**Mon 2 2.00, Wed 4 2.00,  
 Sat 7 2.00**

In the final scene of 2008's *Forgetting Sarah Marshall*, Jason Segel's character fulfils his lifelong dream of composing and performing his play 'Dracula's Lament', featuring a host of Jim Henson inspired puppets.

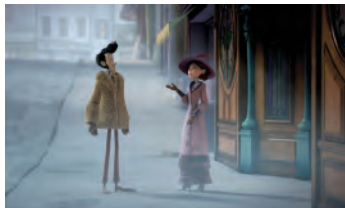
Now, Jason Segel himself gets to fulfil his dream of co-writing and starring in his very own Muppets movie. Kermit, Miss Piggy and the gang return, in self referential style, for a new adventure that doesn't just poke fun at itself, but surprisingly (like *The Artist* and *Hugo*), stands as a brazen wink at the golden age of Hollywood, film making and showbiz. "Segel plays Gary, a small-town optimist whose younger brother Walter happens to be a puppet. Now that Gary is all grown up, he hopes to marry his childhood sweetheart, Mary (Amy Adams), and get out on his own, leaving no place for his furry, still-single sibling. So they head for LA to seek out the only folks who know Walter's pain: his heroes, the Muppets. But times have changed. The old Muppet Theater is in ruins, sold off to an evil oil magnate (Chris Cooper). There's only one thing for it: they've gotta get the old gang back together.

Songs written by Flight of the Conchords' Brett McKenzie blend with Segel and Adams' own brand of sarcasm to include children and adults in the grinning dept. (*research Jack Whiting*)



## Monster In Paris

Tue 3 12.30



**Originally entitled *Un Monstre à Paris*, it has now been redubbed in English. Vanessa Paradis plays the lead, bilingually, in both French and English versions.**

It is Paris, during the great flood of 1910, a movie-mad cinema projectionist and his wisecracking buddy find themselves mixed up in an adventure involving a monster at large in the city. The 'monster' kitted out in a hat and quasi-zoot-suit, turns out to be a nightclub musician, providing backing for singer Lucille (Paradis).

A wickedly cynical mayor, keen to offer the Parisian public some diversion from its flood-related woes, wants to exploit the monster for his own ends.

*A Monster in Paris* borrows some of its tics from silent cinema, but reaches out to films such as 'Frankenstein' and 'King Kong' for inspiration.

"It's hard to fathom who this combo of horror, musical and twinkly retro nostalgia is aimed at." (*Total Film*)

"As a low-profile entry into the animation circus, it charms with painterly backdrops and elegant characters, and a decent one at that." (*Time Out*) Too many missed it first time. You'll love it. So don't miss it twice.

**Director:** Bibi Bergeron  
**Certificate:** U  
**Duration:** 90 mins  
**Origin:** France 2011  
**By:** Entertainment One UK

## Hop

Thu 5 2.00

**Director:** Tim Hill  
**Starring:** Elizabeth Perkins, James Marsden, Russell Brand, Kaley Cuoco  
**Certificate:** U  
**Duration:** 95 mins  
**Origin:** USA 2011  
**By:** Universal Pictures (UK) Ltd

**The story is about young rabbit EB (Russell Brand) heir to the Easter Bunny crown who, on the eve of assuming the mantle from his father (Hugh Laurie), flees the family candy factory on Easter Island to pursue his dream of becoming a drummer in a Los Angeles band.**

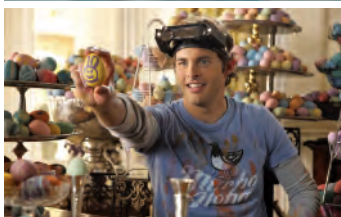
Once there he hooks up with directionless, 30-year-old human Fred O'Hare (James Marsden), while back at the factory, his father's second in command, the gargantuan chicken Carlos (Hank Azaria) is plotting a coup d'état.

"An impromptu rendition of the theme-song, 'I Want Candy', is a horrible low point, but for the most part it's passable, if unexceptional, family fodder." (*Time Out*)

"The bunny slacker-saves-Easter plotline doesn't pack too much predictability but Brand does his best with the material and it's cute enough for kids." (*Empire*)

"Like *Alvin and the Chipmunks*, *Hop* mixes animation with live action and it's a soulless and depressing film, with plasticky production design." (*Guardian*)

"It ain't *Shrek*, but it ain't dreck either." (*Total Film*) Whatever that means. The critics don't seem to like it, so it might be definitely worth seeing. Great for teensies.





## Railway Children

Tue 10 12.30



The welcome the return of this beautiful film keeps it alive for new generations of children to see at the cinema, and us to watch it again and again.

It perfectly captures the English landscape at a time when children waved at steam trains. It is an innocent tale about innocence, pride and good manners; about hardship, adversity and the once lovely friendships between children and grown-ups. It is a celebration of old-fashioned British fortitude set in an environment of steam trains, buttercups, top hats and smocks. Is it sentimental? Nobody can deny the love and charm of Lionel Jeffries's ageless 1970 film of Edith Nesbit's classic children's novel. It is a chance to choke back a new tear and give new children the chance to be lost in the simple beauty of the original, now digitally restored for the big screen. "Putting aside its fusty look and feel, Jeffries' film remains an enjoyable evocation of the time. Of course, whether today's kids get it is open to debate." (*Time Out*) There are no explosions and nobody gets a thick ear. No debate, as the father of girls, "Daddy ... my daddy!" when the steam clears the platform, remains forever heartbreaking. Bring your grandparents, and if you don't fidget, there might be buns for tea when you get home....?

**Director:** Lionel Jeffries  
**Starring:** Jenny Agater  
**Certificate:** U  
**Duration:** 109 mins  
**Origin:** UK 1970  
**By:** British Film Institute

## The Best Exotic Marigold Hotel

Wed 11 2.00

**Director:** John Madden  
**Starring:** Judi Dench, Tom Wilkinson, Maggie Smith, Bill Nighy  
**Certificate:** 12A  
**Duration:** 124 mins  
**Origin:** UK 2012  
**By:** Twentieth Century Fox

The cast constitutes a dream team of veteran thespians: Judi Dench is a widow emerging from her shell; Tom Wilkinson is a judge revisiting his youthful home; Penelope Wilton and Bill Nighy are navigating a marriage on the rocks; Celia Imrie and Ronald Pickup are randy old goats; and Maggie Smith, as a hip-op patient, offers a working class variant on her sarky-but-shrewd *Downton Abbey* Shick.

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## The Muppets

Thu 12 2.00



In the final scene of 2008's *Forgetting Sarah Marshall*, Jason Segel's character fulfils his lifelong dream of composing and performing his play 'Dracula's Lament', featuring a host of Jim Henson inspired puppets.

Now, Jason Segel himself gets to fulfil his dream of co-writing and starring in his very own Muppets movie. Kermit, Miss Piggy and the gang return, in self referential style, for a new adventure that doesn't just poke fun at itself, but surprisingly (like *The Artist* and *Hugo*), stands as a brazen wink at the golden age of Hollywood, film making and showbiz. "Segel plays Gary, a small-town optimist whose younger brother Walter happens to be a puppet. Now that Gary is all grown up, he hopes to marry his childhood sweetheart, Mary (Amy Adams), and get out on his own, leaving no place for his furry, still-single sibling. So they head for LA to seek out the only folks who know Walter's pain: his heroes, the Muppets. But times have changed. The old Muppet Theater is in ruins, sold off to an evil oil magnate (Chris Cooper). There's only one thing for it: they've gotta get the old gang back together.

Songs written by Flight of the Conchords' Brett McKenzie blend with Segel and Adams' own brand of sarcasm to include children and adults in the grinning dept. (research Jack Whiting)

**Director:** James Bobin  
**Starring:** Chris Cooper, Jason Segel, Amy Adams  
**Certificate:** U  
**Duration:** 110 mins  
**Origin:** USA 2011  
**By:** Walt Disney Studio INTL

## Hugo

Sat 14 2.00

**Director:** Martin Scorsese  
**Starring:** Asa Butterfield, Chloe Moretz, Emily Mortimer, Jude Law, Ben Kingsley, Sacha Cohen,  
**Certificate:** U  
**Duration:** 126 mins  
**Origin:** USA 2011  
**By:** Entertainment Film Distribution

**Hugo is fabulous. It transcends ordinary film making as it cinematically weaves a tale of an imaginative and resourceful young boy desperate to fill the void left by his lost papa.**

Hugo (Asa Butterfield) is an orphan who lives in the rafters of an old railway station in 1930s Paris. His father (Jude Law, seen in flashback) used to look after the station's network of clocks, over which Hugo has unofficially taken charge. He eats stolen croissants and spends much of his time dodging the station's bumptious inspector (Sasha B Cohen). The boy's attempts to repair a strange mannequin inherited from his father, lead him to the bookish teenager Isabelle (Chloë Moretz) and her godfather, the groundbreaking French filmmaker George Méliès (Ben Kingsley) now eking out a living selling toys. Together, the children delve...

"What an exceptionally un-Scorsese-like film *Hugo* appears to be on the surface: a festive kids' adventure with a boo-hiss baddie set on the not-so-mean streets of 1930s Paris.

Yet it feels like one of his most personal films: a love letter to cinema, to the magical imperfection of celluloid just as its days are numbered. He directs every film with the passion of his first. And it shows." (*Time Out*) It is beautiful, start to finish. Come again. Only to be seen on our big screen.





**Director:** John Madden  
**Starring:** Judi Dench, Tom Wilkinson, Maggie Smith, Bill Nighy  
**Certificate:** 12A  
**Duration:** 124 mins  
**Origin:** UK 2012  
**By:** Twentieth Century Fox

## The Best Exotic Marigold Hotel

**Mon 16** 2.00, **Tue 17** 12.30,  
**Wed 18** 2.00

The cast constitutes a dream team of veteran thespians: Judi Dench is a widow emerging from her shell; Tom Wilkinson is a judge revisiting his youthful home; Penelope Wilton and Bill Nighy are navigating a marriage on the rocks; Celia Imrie and Ronald Pickup are randy old goats; and Maggie Smith, as a hip-op patient, offers a working class variant on her sarky-but-shrewd *Downton Abbey* Shitick.

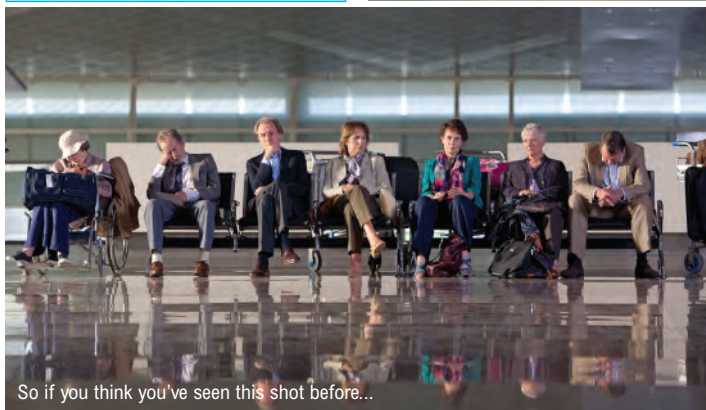
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The Bands Visit (2007)



So if you think you've seen this shot before...

**The Artist** Thu 19 2.00,  
Mon 23 2.00, Tue 24 12.30



Following its special preview here to mark The Rex 7th anniversary in December, **The Artist** has become the most talked about film phenomenon for many years, generating new interest in genuine creative innovation and imagination. It makes the industry-manufactured hype of 3-D look dated indeed.

Everybody has raved about it. It won Oscars, and Baftas, and has been hyped beyond its beautiful simplicity. One was for Best Original Screenplay. While this undoubtedly should have gone to *The Guard*, the media bitching about best screenplay for a silent film, shows embarrassing ignorance of 'Screenplay'. "It could have been written by a bright 12-year-old" complains Sasha Stone in *Awards Weekly* (Does this mean she/he has a weekly job?). A screenplay is a complex jigsaw of frame by frame, shot by shot, planning and storyboarding. Dialogue/speech is only part of it. The Artist's screenplay is a work of genius, bringing the audience in on every second of the story.

Un-hyped ignorance made this film bliss for me. By now you'll have heard all about it and seen a thousand clips. Not to spoil it here, we haven't even shown the magical trailer. It is a film you must see on the big screen (especially on ours). It was the only way to watch those first pioneering movies. Then there's the music... Listen and see.

**Director:** Michel Hazanavicius  
**Starring:** Malcolm McDowell, John Goodman, Bérénice Bejo, Jean Dujardin  
**Certificate:** PG  
**Duration:** 100 mins  
**Origin:** France 2011  
**By:** Entertainment Film Distribution

**Cat in Paris**  
Sat 21 2.00

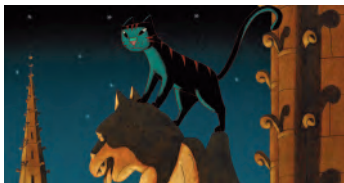
**Directors:** Jean-Loup Felicioli, Alain Gagnol  
**Certificate:** PG  
**Duration:** 70 mins  
**Origin:** France 2012  
**By:** Soda Pictures

**This charming, gorgeously stylised animation won hearts and plaudits on its release, and a deserved Academy Award nomination for Best Animated Feature.**

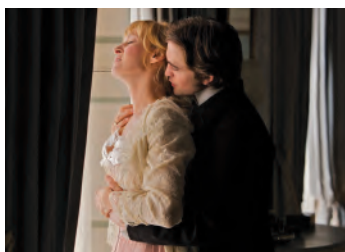
Lest we not guess it is French, "Une vie de chat" is curiously released as "A Cat in Paris". Dino, a domestic Parisian feline, lives a double life. By day, he is an affable pet cat, living with Zoe, a mute child and her mother Jeanne, a detective. By night, he assists Nico, a jewel hunting cat burglar. When Zoe secretly follows Dino and Nico on a nocturnal adventure, she ends up falling into the clutches of notorious gangster Victor. Can cat and cat burglar steal her back before it's too late..?

Gloriously rendered, owing more to a children's book, rather than the glossy sheen of a Disney offering. With enough capers for kids, and a pleasing jazz score for parents, this is an unusual, alluring family film.

With a UK release date of 6th April, our home-based film critics haven't had a chance to pontificate on it yet, so come and see for yourself. "A truly inspired, invigorating animated detective adventure." (*research Simon Messenger*)







**Directors:** Declan Donnellan, Nick Ormerod  
**Starring:** Robert Pattinson, Christina Ricci, Uma Thurman, Kristin Scott Thomas  
**Certificate:** 15  
**Duration:** 102 mins  
**Origin:** USA 2012  
**By:** StudioCanal

## Bel Ami

**Wed 25 2.00**

**Like Water for Elephants last year, Bel Ami gives Robert Pattinson another chance to flaunt his acting potential to an audience not solely comprised of prepubescent twi-hards.**

Based on the novel by Guy de Maupassant, Bel Ami tells the story of dubious antihero Georges Duroy (Pattinson) as he seduces his way up the social ranks of nineteenth century Paris. Uma Thurman plays Madeleine Forestier, whose husband (Philip Glenister) tries to get Duroy sacked, causing him to run cap in hand to Virginie (Kristin Scott Thomas), who in turn falls embarrassingly in love with him.

The third key affair, with the merrily unfaithful Clotilde (Christina Ricci), is the closest to a lasting thing, but it falls apart when Madeleine's husband dies and Georges seizes on the opportunity to advance his career.

"As a whirlwind of bonking and banquets, Bel Ami is diverting and sometimes amusing, and Pattinson is adequate in the lead, pretty enough to convince as a womaniser but with enough of a hint of ambition and a moral vacuum behind the eyes." (*Time Out*)

Yet Pattinson lacks the necessary charm to really pull you in, had Vincent Cassel or Romain Duris been cast we would have an entirely different film. (research Jack Whiting) and one worth watching. Either beast would have made kissing two of my favourite women, really dirty, taut and edgy.



## The Best Exotic Marigold Hotel

Thu 26 2.00



The cast constitutes a dream team of veteran thespians: Judi Dench is a widow emerging from her shell; Tom Wilkinson is a judge revisiting his youthful home; Penelope Wilton and Bill Nighy are navigating a marriage on the rocks; Celia Imrie and Ronald Pickup are randy old goats; and Maggie Smith, as a hip-op patient, offers a working class variant on her sarky-but-shrewd *Downton Abbey* Shtick.

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**Director:** John Madden  
**Starring:** Judi Dench, Tom Wilkinson, Maggie Smith, Bill Nighy  
**Certificate:** 12A  
**Duration:** 124 mins  
**Origin:** UK 2012  
**By:** Twentieth Century Fox

## John Carter

Sat 28 2.00

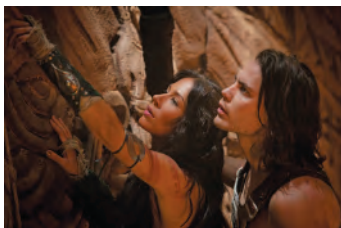
**Director:** Andrew Stanton  
**Starring:** Mark Strong, Willem Dafoe, Lynn Collins  
**Certificate:** 12A  
**Duration:** 132 mins  
**Origin:** USA 2012  
**By:** Walt Disney Studio INTL

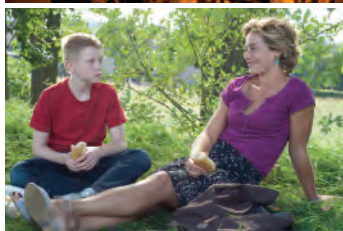
**Disney's big (and I mean really big) budget adaptation of Edgar Rice Burroughs' hundred year old novel, *A Princess of Mars*, harks wonderfully back to the golden age of pulpy science fiction.**

We open in Virginia with American ex civil war soldier John Carter towards the end of the nineteenth century. He's rugged, gruff and carries a somewhat sour demeanour (pulled off perfectly by Taylor Kitsch – no, that's his face). During a botched escape, Carter finds himself inadvertently transported to Mars! After adjusting to the lower gravity, which he later harnesses to great advantage, "Carter gets caught in the middle of a war between the forces of evil, led by preening conqueror Sab Than, Prince of Zodanga (Dominic West) and those of decency (hardly), represented by philosopher-scientist-princess (all big hair, bosom & straps) Dejah Thoris (Lynn Collins)." (*Time Out*)

Originality isn't John Carter's strongest suit but then nearly every other sci-fi film that came before this has taken something from it and its run of novels. Yet John Carter has a whimsical innocence and sense of Saturday matinee wonder not seen since the original *Star Wars*, and one that most mega-budget productions sorely lack.

It's best to approach John Carter's themes, dialogue and especially costumes with an open mind and a following wind. It's Flash Gordon for the twenty first century. (*research Jack Whiting*)





**Directors:** Jean-Pierre Dardenne,  
Luc Dardenne

**Starring:** Thomas Doret, Cécile De France,  
Jérémy Renier, Fabrizio Rongione

**Certificate:** 12A

**Duration:** 88 mins

**Origin:** Belgium, France 2012

**By:** Artificial Eye



## The Kid With A Bike (Le gamin au vélo)

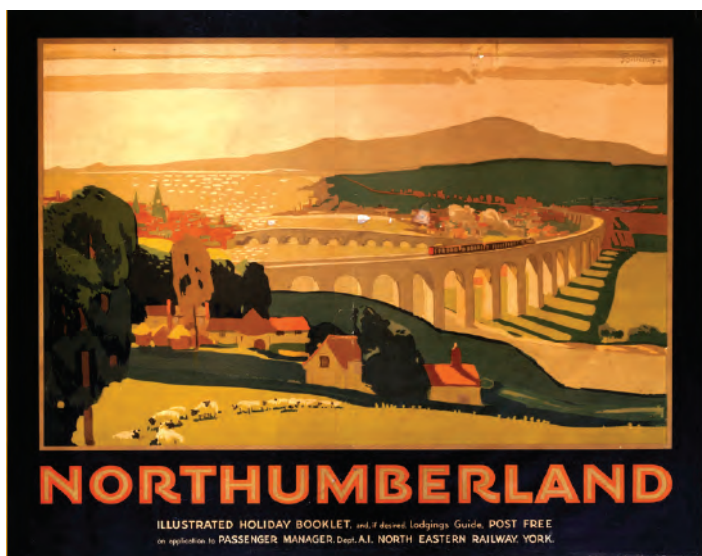
**Mon 30 7.30**

Written and directed by Jean-Pierre and Luc Dardenne (*Lorna's Silence*, *The Son*), though a clumsy translation from *Le gamin au vélo* to *The Kid with a Bike*, it is a compelling film, deservedly winning the Grand Jury prize at last year's Cannes Film Festival. First time newcomer, Thomas Doret stars as Cyril, a determined 12 year old boy who has escaped from a foster home, having been abandoned by his distant father Guy (Jérémy Renier). His quest, to locate Guy, and his bicycle, the symbol of their relationship, accidentally leads Cyril into the ward of kindly hairdresser Samantha (Cécile de France) but the young boy's desperate search for father figures doesn't go well...

The Dardenne brothers have created a powerful, realistic exploration of nature's oldest bond, that between parent and child, and deftly navigate the film without needless sentimentality; a remarkable piece of work.

"...a wholly gripping, emotionally acute work of humanistic cinema." (*Telegraph*) "See the sheer fear on Renier's face as his character confesses that he just can't cope any longer with looking after his own son. At this point, about half an hour into the story, the power, subtlety, enduring relevance and absolute truthfulness of this Dardennes' story immediately become brilliantly clear." (*Time Out*) (research Simon M) Come for the kid and the serene Cécile de France. Don't miss.

# PINEWOOD nil HS2 £33BILLION



C hancellor Osborne's assault on environmental protection in the name of economic growth reached its awful climax in the Budget. It is designed to remove obstacles to development on the Green Belt (ie local authority planning permission on Green Belt land). Published alongside the Budget on 21 March, it was hidden from bad publicity by the glare of the usual distracting uproar over the main Budget. They talk with great and practiced sincerity of cowardice when the Afghans bomb 'our boys', while their own cowardice is rank. They are opening the green hills and fields of England to profiteers and men already fat on old greed. Our boys and girls will lose their rightful heritage (they are taught to sing about) to this 'green and pleasant land'. The cowards who have slipped this under the budget know all the sly tricks. The next will be: 'We're building for the future, homes for our children to live in.' We all know they couldn't care less. It's only words, masks and smokescreens. Turning fully the hypocritical circle; on 20 January, Pinewood Studios were refused permission to build on their own land. The studio had planned to build a complex on the 105 acres adjoining its site. Apparently it was all set to go ahead

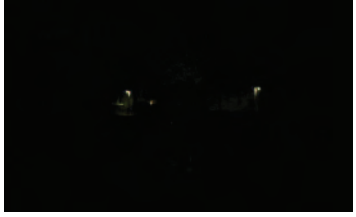
in the light of the government's recent support for the 'creative industries'. Lip service as it turned out.

Eric Pickles, Communities and Local Government Secretary, refused planning permission to expand into surrounding Buckinghamshire fields. 'Project Pinewood' would have offered 1400 homes for international film workers, a replica of 17 major world cities (New York, Paris etc) as permanent locations for top production companies from across the world, and create long term employment for thousands. Meanwhile, on the other side of Buckinghamshire and only ten days earlier 10 January, the pointless High Speed Rail Link (HS2) was granted permission to go ahead by practically all government bellies. Of course unlike Pinewood the HS2 will be jolly good for the country, destroying hundreds of miles of precious



The old gates at Pinewood





So what happened? Ask the cctv cam (circled) bolted to street lamp! Must have gone out. They may still be in the broken 17th C tomb, having accidentally tripped in the dark? Hope so, toe rags. Top: before & after street lamps turned off. Ravens Ln 1:10am early March. Wonder which Herts CC Chief is paid £tens/thousands (of ours) to switch off lights we've already paid to stay on?

countryside over a fifteen year upheaval period, create temporary employment for cheap labour, and ruin thousands of ordinary lives – all for 25 minutes faster to Birmingham.

Three weeks later on Mon 6 Feb, came the following: “Britain’s railways are now officially the worst in Europe” “Overcrowded, expensive and slow” to

which I add, late, called off, dirty and dangerous, and that’s not just the trains. So building one train on one line taking you one stop to Birmingham and other one stops north will change all that...? Please deal with and repair and make better what we have already, you hapless (bordering on evil) incompetent, senseless bastards. It’s easy.



### Doesn't peace always get in the way of war?

I paid scant attention to a passing headline about wind turbines interfering with nuclear submarines (Telegraph 7 Jan). Like a subliminal blip the headline kept coming back. Any such interference would be both ironic and scary. Ironic: one is symbolic of peace with its notion of energy-without-destruction while the other, is pure destruction. It must be so terribly inconvenient for them, that peace should always get in the way of war? The scary part of course: while wind turbines stand clear, wide and open, nuclear subs lurk underwater in darkness and stealth. The windmills are there for all to see, shiny, majestic and quite beautiful in formation, whilst under the surface mankind has other ideas. So let interference continue. They can always tune to Radio Luxembourg.

## I SAY, SAM SIMPSON...



**B**ack from Australia, Gorgeous Sam Simpson has become our resident photographer. She doesn't get paid and it's hardly residential, but she's pretty fab on both sides of the camera. So here are some shots she did recently at the Rex. She used the setting for a young model, up-start, Kate Parker's first portfolio. They're pretty hot it's true and we wouldn't normally print something so fetching, but it is a new and interesting way to see the Rex. And I think you'll agree the glorious proscenium arch provides splendid framing for a girl leaning casually on the bar. I know it might be hard, but try to pay particular attention to the projection box shot. A year or so ago, say summer 2009? (to gain favour) an extra rumour

began to circulate about the company I might enjoy from time to time (previously it only amounted to goats on Cholesbury Common or marrying my own daughter in Venice). Sadly gossip has been pretty thin of late, but it would appear the meatier tales germinate largely at the hairdressers! To the yarn: apparently, I would pleasure various ladies of the night and other floozettes, in the projection box. It still makes one smile to think a chap of one's calibre would ask a filly to join with one in a noisy industrial unit. Heaven forefend. Therefore I include this sweet picture of Kate in the projection box, so you can see how jolly awkward the whole business might be. However, if you fancy a rub down with a drop of 3-in-1 in the Rex engine room,



Sam Simpson on the other side of the camera: [www.samsimpson.info](http://www.samsimpson.info)

you'll have to queue. I use a stand-in these days and, as you can imagine, he's in great demand.

This nonsense aside, besides snapping us and keeping an archive of celebrity guests and other special occasions at the Rex, Sam is up to no good with her camera all over the place, and in even greater demand.

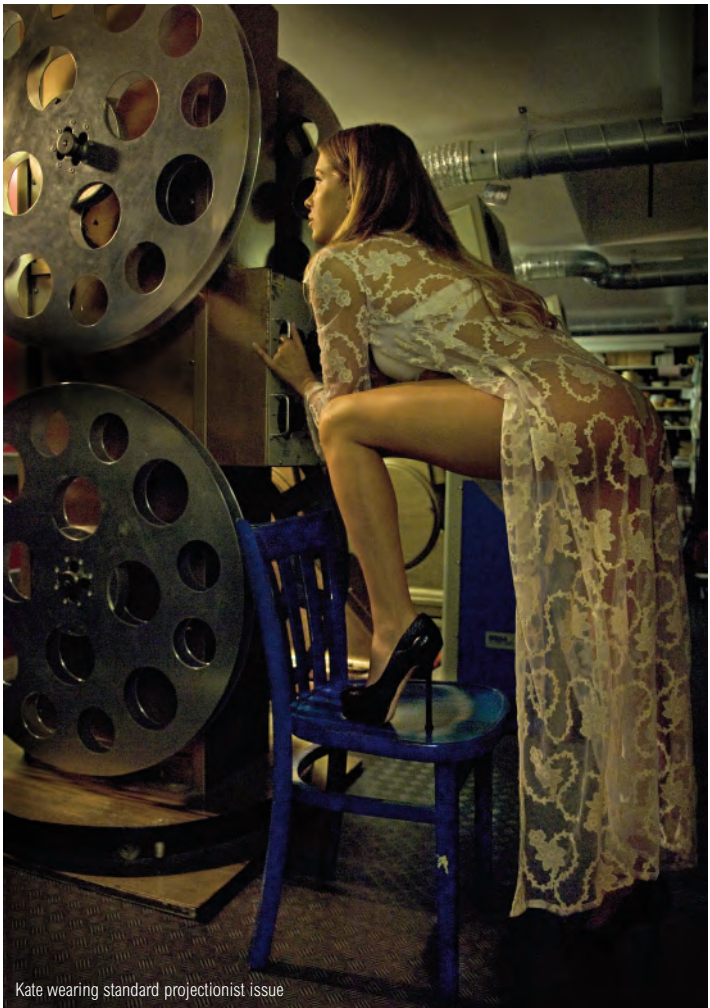
Only this week she was exclusive photographer commissioned to shoot all front and back stage antics of some silly 'international chart topping boy band' The Wanted at the O2 Arena. You can add Ben Montague, Ben Martinez, Jessie J and the Sugar Babes or

Pussycats something or other, to the dull list.

In her words: "Shooting both ends of the spectrum, from architecture to children, B&W work, intimate close up studies (not grinning portraits, see website) to corporate and industrial photography. (Weddings only by special request)" 20 yrs international experience in London, Paris, Miami, Brisbane back to London.

In the meantime if you fancy the Rex as a location for your portfolio please contact Sam, not us. Moreover, she snaps us for love, so we love her.

To view it all and contact Sam: [www.samsimpson.info](http://www.samsimpson.info)



Kate wearing standard projectionist issue