

THE-REX

M A G A Z I N E

IRON MAN 2
JUNE...

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

JUNE 2010 Issue 63
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Mon-Sat 10.30-6pm Sun 4.30-6.30pm

Gallery	4-6
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SEAT PRICES:

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Martin Coffill Part-time assistant projectionist
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The Rex

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BEST IN JUNE

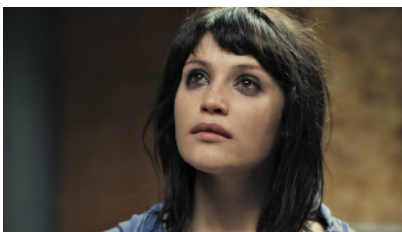


An exquisite story beautifully told. France 2007.
The Diving Bell and the Butterfly Tue 29 7.30

FILMS OF THE MONTH



Nonstop action, noise and comic violence.
 USA 2010. **Iron Man 2**
 Thu 3 7.30 / Fri 4 7.30 / Sat 5 7.00



A tense low-budget nail-biting thriller. UK 2009
Disappearance of Alice Creed
 Thu 10 / Fri 11 7.30



Passion caught. Passion charged. Passion repeated. France 2006. **The Beat that My Heart Skipped** Wed 16 7.30

EVENING OF COMEDY & MAGIC...

Phelim McDermott, Andy Smart and Phil Jupitus



Our second and last charity event of this or any year went swimmingly. The Comedy Store Players started the evening with a bang. They were a hard act to follow so it was a good job it was the remarkable Andy Hamilton who did. His observational genius was in full stream.

Last act; magic-man Chris Dugdale had the hardest job, but conjured the audience back to their seats and stole the hearts of the Rex children. Nigel Barden's energetic auction raised millions for Breakthrough Breast cancer. The evening was hosted by Hat Trick and organized by their top shebang Debbie Manners, with an appearance by top, head shebang Jimmy Mulville himself. There are some real comic geniuses on radio and TV. They all seemed to be at the Rex on 1st May.



Chris Dugdale



Andy Hamilton



Phelim McDermott (front)
Colin Sell, Neil Mullarkey, Phil Jupitus



Colin Sell



Andy Hamilton, Andy Smart and Phelim McDermott

The Comedy Store Players will be back later in the year for a gig of their own. So might the magician (if he behaves himself). The biggest treat for me was meeting Colin Sell. He was early and after wondering in and out with nobody there to say hello, introduced himself to me as 'the piano player' Something he was never accused of during 30 years of I'm Sorry I Haven't A Clue.

I was very chuffed. "and at the piano – Colin Sell". He'll be back too, accompanying an evening of silent movies in the autumn.

Below. On our stage for the first time; the gorgeous Northchurch Womens Institute who came to celebrate their 90th anniversary at a matinee screening of Glorious 39



THE CROWE FLIES OVER ASHRIDGE...



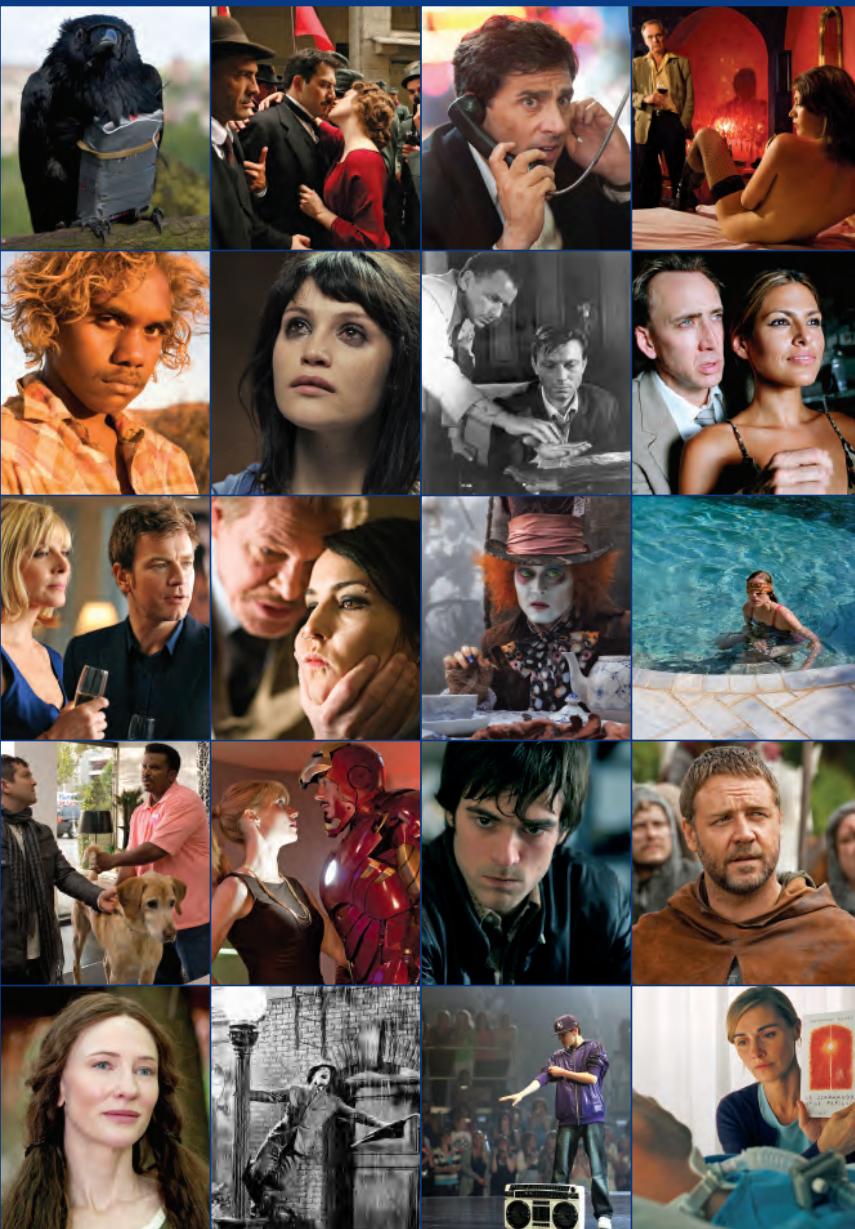
Pictures by Rex regular Paul Andermatur on the set of Robin Hood in Ashridge last year.

Apparently they constructed the hut and steps (left) from mostly natural materials found in the beechwoods.

The 'prefabs' are mobile stables, to save the horses going home every night. Pity they couldn't leave those huts built from bracken and branches. Against the rules. Some Robin Hood might set up camp...?

THE FILM see page 18.





J U N E E V E N I N G S

The Girl With The Dragon Tattoo

Tue 1 7.30, Wed 2 7.30



The Girl With The Dragon Tattoo, whose original and more potent title was **Men Who Hate Women**, a blunt but fitting description of this angry, intelligent Swedish thriller. It begins with Mikael Blomkvist (Michael Nyqvist), an investigative journalist dedicated to exposing corporate crime, facing jail for libelling a wealthy tycoon.

Racism, patriarchal misogyny, globalization: director Niels Arden Opley gives all these hefty themes their due in this largely faithful adaptation of the popular trilogy by Stieg Larsson (whose own death is veiled in mystery and rumour).

Now down at heel and in hiding, Mikael accepts a job from a rich industrialist to look into the disappearance of his beloved niece more than 30 years before.

Blomkvist is the putative hero, with a lived-in face and weary dedication. He is superbly mis-matched with Salander, mesmerizingly played by Rapace, the goth/punk hacker. She's a grim, spectral presence in the opening scenes, until being pushed too far. Revenge doesn't get any better. Each actor all the better for being unknown faces from a cold country.

"Still, wintry photography is consistently atmospheric, the sense of cultural scabs being picked at interesting, and Rapace's performance altogether more thrilling than any known star chosen for the promised Hollywood remake." (*Telegraph*)

Beware: Edge of seat, with some ouch, eye-watering moments. But don't miss.

Director: Niels Opley
Starring: Michael Nyqvist, Naomi Rapace, Sven-Bertil Taube
Certificate: 18
Duration: 152 mins
Origin: Sweden 2009
By: Momentum Pictures

Iron Man 2

Thu 3 7.30, Fri 4 7.30,
Sat 5 7.00

Adventure 2 of Marvel Comics' man-in-a-can.

Now he's a global plutocrat mega-celebrity and adorable egomaniac, whose hi-tech weaponry has cowed America's enemies into submission.

"I have successfully privatised world peace!" he cheerfully hollers.

But Rourke's glowering Russian wannabe iron man with the subtle word-play name of Ivan Vanko is set to take him on.

Ms Paltrow is back as long-suffering Pepper Potts, and Gorgeous Johansson enters our story as the absurdly sexy martial-arts princess Nathalie.

"Twitchy, talky, muscly Robert Downey Jr strengthens his grip on the role that made him a player in this spectacularly efficient and efficiently spectacular sequel to Iron Man.

There are some funny scenes and some great CGI exploding hardware; it never looks a penny less than a million dollars, nor Johansson a Celsius-degree less than smokin' hot." (*Guardian*)

"It's full of good banter and throwaway grace notes. It's funnier too.

If it often borders on smug, it's equally happy to be only lightly reverent to the comics it's based on". (*Telegraph*)

"The single point of interest is to see if Robert D can rouse himself to carry the movie, as he did first time around.

With his just-toned-enough body he's looking good. Hell, given his past record of addictions, drug busts and prison time, he's looking great. Maybe they should call him Irony Man." (*Independent*)

Favreau's entertaining and furiously brash film takes the strangeness of the real-life incredible hulk that Rourke has become, then pushes it into the realm of comic-strip magnification.

Continued on page 26



Director: Jon Favreau
Starring: Robert Downey Jr, Sam Rockwell, Mickey Rourke, Gwyneth Paltrow, Don Cheadle, Scarlett Johansson
Certificate: 12A
Duration: 125 mins
Origin: USA 2010
By: Paramount International Pictures



Still Walking

Sun 6 6.00

Director: Hirokazu Koreeda
Starring: Yui Natsukawa, Kazuya Takahashi, Hiroshi Abe, Shohei Tanaka
Certificate: U
Duration: 114 mins
Origin: Japan 2008
By: New Wave

A typically graceful turn from acclaimed Japanese director Koreeda (*After Life*, *Nobody Knows*), *STILL WALKING* weaves together with great subtlety an intricate and nuanced family drama, inviting comparison with the work of none less than the master of the genre, Yasujiro Ozu. Taking place over one summer's day, the film follows a Yokohama family as they reunite to celebrate the life of their eldest son, whose tragic death 15 years ago left a painful mark not yet healed. It is during this poignant remembrance, however, that the gaps and tensions between family members become achingly apparent. Scooping a host of awards across Asia since 2008, *Still Walking* arrives in the West as an emotionally charged tale of family, striking in its immediate familiarity across cultures. "Koreeda locates ideas in mundane imagery, such as a drawer left slightly open, a butterfly entering the house, or cherry blossom blooming in the garden." (*Time Out*)

"Unlike family sagas in British, American and European drama, there are no crockery-smashing rows. Resentments and anger are contained within the conventions of politeness and respect. Impossible to watch without a lump in the throat." (*Guardian*)

"Still Walking is an acutely observed and tenderly rendered portrait of family, mortality and remembering." (*Telegraph*) A beautiful film, back by request. Don't miss



Dogtooth

Mon 7 7.30



Yorgos Lanthimos' pitch black film, both restrained and profoundly disturbing in equal measure, captured last year's Prix Un Certain Regard at Cannes where it polarised audiences, and will no doubt do the same here.

An apparently average family unit; a pater familias, a submissive mother, and their three late-teenage children, live on an isolated country estate on the outskirts of a Greek city. A large fence surrounds the property, and the children have apparently never been on the other side. Infantilised from birth; they have no conception of the outside world; mis-using everyday words having been taught incorrectly by their parents; believing aeroplanes regularly fall from the sky in the form of their toys. This hyper-sheltered existence is shaken by the arrival of an outsider; a woman brought in to meet the son's carnal urges. As she befriends the eldest daughter, things begin to fall apart...

"A black-comic poem of dysfunction, a veritable operetta of self-harm, this brilliant and bizarre film is superbly acted and icily controlled... a superlative example of absurdist cinema, or possibly the reverse – a clinically, unsparingly intimate piece of psychological realism." (*Guardian*)

"A stunningly provocative play on the inspirations that make us who we are...special and troubling" (*Time Out*)
Dogtooth or the 'Josef Fritzl School of Parenting'. (*Simon Messenger*)

Director: Yorgos Lanthimos
Starring: Anna Kalaitzidou, Christos Stergioglou, Aggeliki Papoulia, Michelle Valley
Certificate: 18
Duration: 96 mins
Origin: Greece 2009
By: Verve

The Ghost

Tue 8 7.30, Wed 9 7.30

Director: Roman Polanski
Starring: Pierce Brosnan, Ewan McGregor, Kim Cattrall
Certificate: 15
Duration: 128 mins
Origin: France, Germany, USA 2010
By: Optimum Releasing

With the hysteria surrounding Roman Polanski's arrest in Switzerland last year, it would have been easy to bury "The Ghost" as a footnote in the director's extraordinary life. However, luckily for us this is not the case.

Pierce Brosnan is Adam Lang, a smooth, smug, former Prime Minister living in exile on an island off the perma-drizzly US eastern seaboard. Ewan McGregor plays an un-named journalist, who is offered the opportunity of a lifetime to ghost write Lang's memoirs.

As McGregor's hack arrives in the States, news breaks of the former PM's supposed authorising of the rendition and torture of terrorist suspects whilst at Number 10. As they begin work on Lang's memoirs, it transpires that the previous ghost writer was found drowned. What has he discovered about the former PM's shadowy links to the CIA? And what secrets lie in the draft manuscript already prepared?

It's Polanski filtered through Hitchcock, and it's fiercely compelling to watch. Clearly Lang bears a striking resemblance to a recently disgraced former PM, adding a hugely enjoyable subtext to what is already a tense thriller.

"Very involving movie...Polanski is far from finished as a film-maker."

(*Guardian*)

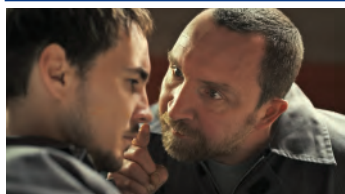
Oh yes he is...

Shame about Ewan's silly Englishy accent. His native Scots would have been fine. (*research Simon Messenger*)





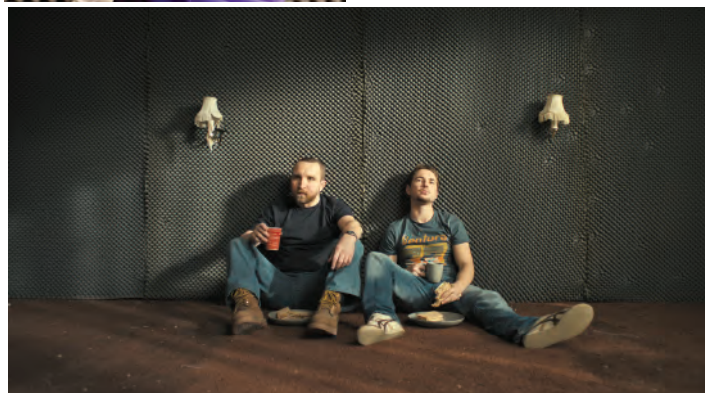
Director: J Blakeson
Starring: Eddie Marsan, Gemma Arterton, Martin Compston
Certificate: 18
Duration: 100 mins
Origin: UK 2009
By: Miracle Communications



The Disappearance of Alice Creed

Thu 10 7.30, Fri 11 7.30

The words ‘low-budget British film’ conjure digital, students and the internet. It is something made for YouTube, theatre or television with delusions of the big screen. The big screen was not made to watch three people out acting each other in one room. It was made for huge skies and car chases. However, this thriller about a meticulously planned kidnapping, is the type of constricted piece we’re traditionally good at: put three actors in a bolt-fitted, soundproofed flat, and watch the sparks fly. “Eddie Marsan’s Vic is a little disappointing. A snarling-heavy Marsan is less compelling than Marsan in almost any other mood. Gemma Arterton is fast improving but there’s not enough detail to the role. It feels too much like a rough-me-up career move, a walk on the wild side. It’s Martin Compston (Red Road) who comes out best, shouldering the story skillfully as the nervous, inexperienced Danny” (*Telegraph*)
It is clever enough to fool us that they might actually get away with it. They steal a van, shop for tools, fit a room with padlocks and sound-proofing, all with no fuss and no mistakes. “You’re more likely to admire its thrifty resourcefulness than to be absorbed in its story.” (*Independent*)
“A small but perfectly formed crime drama. Without making a fuss, a proper nail-biter.” (*Empire*)



Alice in Wonderland

Sat 12 7.00

Director: Tim Burton
Starring: Helena Bonham Carter,
 Christopher Lee, Johnny Depp,
 Mia Wasikowska, Stephen Fry
Certificate: PG
Duration: 105 mins
Origin: USA 2010
By: Walt Disney Studio INTL

It is so fabulous on our big screen, it is back for those who missed it. So don't. If Lewis Carol met Tim Burton, they would either loathe or love each other, but each would have to agree on like minds. This is Tim Burton's Alice and it's bonkers. It's not Alice as you know it. It has Johnny D, the ever nutty HB Carter and Matt Lucas as Tweedle Dums and Dee. There are a thousand other misfits, some stars with voice-overs, others a mischief of themselves, their children wouldn't recognize. So don't listen to critics or anyone who 'knows'. Come for yourself, by yourself and enter a wonderland created in 1865 and read to every child since, now reinvented in 2010 by a different madman. It will always remain an oddity. It doesn't matter what anybody does to it in translation or interpretation. Burton is the perfect mischief maker to remind us just how odd was the reverend Carroll's invention. He has changed it. So what? Come for the magic he brings to the big screen, not the bedtime story. Don't listen to the noise, come and see for yourself. "Start at the beginning and when you get to the end, stop." Best comment: "I want to go back in and watch it all over again. Cancel tea..."



The Manchurian Candidate

Sun 13 6.00



I first saw this at the pictures as a kid of fifteen and have never forgotten it. They were well known faces, but didn't seem like it. Sinatra was the most famous face on earth and Laurence Harvey, largely forgotten, was exquisite in every cool dept. At fifteen into girls and guitars, we knew nothing of war, cold or hot. Yet this stuck. It failed at the box-office in 1962 at the height of the Americ-Anglo Cold War with the USSR, and was banned behind 'Iron Curtain' (Eastern bloc; Poland, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia etc) until the Soviet Union finally collapsed in 1993. It raises the same dangerous flags today. It's story of political intrigue and assassination which came true. Following the death of JFK (Nov 1963) the film disappeared. It remains a nightmarish tale of high-level subterfuge and mental manipulation. One of the first films to dare suggest the American system of power and privilege was corrupt. It precedes not just the Kennedy's and Luther-King murders, but Vietnam, Watergate and the entire '70s conspiracy boom. Frankenheimer's prophetically tragic, chilling, brilliant, blackish (film-noirish) thriller about brain-washing, conspiracy, the dangers of international assassination, and political intrigue is as now as now gets. He didn't see the religious nuts coming, but glimpses. We're promised a good print...? Worth big-screen scratches not to miss.

Director: John Frankenheimer
Starring: Janet Leigh, Frank Sinatra,
 Laurence Harvey
Certificate: 15
Duration: 121 mins
Origin: USA 1962
By: Park Circus Films

Samson and Delilah

Mon 14 7.30



This first feature film by Australian director Warwick Thornton is a tender and tragic love story set against the bleak backdrop of the outback around Alice Springs.

Samson and Delilah are two young Aborigines. He, partially deaf, unemployed and addicted to sniffing; she lives with her grandmother producing native art in an attempt to get by. Almost wordlessly, the two strike up a relationship and head for the city in a stolen car. Living his life in a narcotic haze, Samson is unable to truly care for Delilah; acting in a sickeningly neglectful way at times, but does love conquer all..? "Thornton is brilliant at capturing the isolation that marks these kids' lives and inviting us into their bubble, a place where we come to see tenderness behind rough exteriors and understand the prejudices they face...a sensitive and fearless commentator unafraid of revealing ugliness on all sides of the social divide but who also believes that love can endure most hardships." (*Time Out*)

"It becomes very bleak at times, and requires a little patience to catch its drift, but nobody will mistake it for anything other than remarkable." (*Independent*) While desperately sad, it is a film that shouldn't be missed. Take a deep breath and come. (*research Simon Messenger*)

Director: John Frankenheimer
Starring: Rowan McNamara, Scott Thornton, Marissa Gibson, Mitjili Gibson
Certificate: 15
Duration: 101 mins
Origin: Australia 2009
By: Trinity Films

Date Night

Tue 15 7.30

Director: Shawn Levy
Starring: Steve Carell, Tina Fey, Mark Wahlberg, Mila Kunis
Certificate: 15
Duration: 88 mins
Origin: USA 2010
By: Twentieth Century Fox

Claire Foster (Fey) and her husband Phil (Carell) are the embodiment of (movie) suburbia. She's in real estate; he's an accountant. She wears a mouth guard at night; he wears a nasal strip. She's a control freak; he leaves open cupboard drawers into which she bangs. They love each other and their kids, but there's not much drama going on in their lives. Startled to hear that a friend (Mark Ruffalo) has split up with his wife (Kristen Wiig) because they're now just "excellent roommates", they decide to make a night of it in Manhattan. In a moment of unusual boldness, Phil takes a table reserved for the mysterious 'Triplehorns'.

"Date Night wants to be all things to all film goers: comedy, couples movie, stonking thriller. But more isn't always more. The script - for the most part just endless variations on the sentiment, "But we're from the suburbs!" (*Telegraph*) This dumb and mostly fun fish-out-of-water comedy would be more dumb and much less fun if it wasn't for some amusing casting and a punchy running time that acknowledges the limits of its script.

"The script is lowest-common-denominator stuff - mistaken identity, car chases, strip clubs, boat rides - but the rapport between Carell and Fey is easy to warm to..." (*Time Out*) Sounds like easy going fun.



The Beat That My Heart Skipped

Wed 16 7.30



We've had some stunning films. This is one of them. It is back after four years, following Audiard's latest cinematic triumph: *A Prophet*.

He has an understanding of storytelling rivalling only Ken Loach's genius. He lets his actors live and breathe the tale. "Romain Duris triumphs in Audiard's French take on *Fingers (US1978)*." (*Derek Malcolm*)

A remake can surpass its American original if in safe French hands!

Never vice versa. Though comparisons with the original are inevitable, his precise direction in tandem with the simmering, complex performance from Duris means this film surpasses expectation. Tom is set to follow in his father's footsteps in the sleazy and sometimes violent world of property 'development'. Then a chance encounter leads him to his first passion – the piano. He finds a teacher, a virtuoso Chinese pianist (Pham).

She doesn't speak a word of French, he is fevered with anger, frustration and longing. So music is their only language, which breathes throughout to the beat of their charged silence. Pressure from the ugly world he inhabits, his father and the wife of a false friend, tears him in all directions. It is as stunning as it is disturbing as it is beautiful. It's passion is caught indelibly in two exquisite faces.

It will stay with you. Cancel the rat-catcher but not the piano lessons. Don't miss.

Director: Jacques Audiard
Starring: Romain Duris, Linh Dan Pham, Emmanuelle Devos, Niels Arestrup
Certificate: 15
Duration: 107 mins
Origin: France 2006
By: Artificial Eye

Hot Tub Time Machine Thu 17 7.30

Director: Steve Pink
Starring: John Cusack, Chevy Chase, Sebastian Stan, Clark Duke, Craig Robinson, Rob Corddry
Certificate: 15
Duration: 99 mins
Origin: USA 2010
By: Twentieth Century Fox

Here is a comedy that has a goodish central idea, copious swear words and resounding number of crude jokes!

Best friends in their mid-forties are so disappointed with their lives they decide to go on holiday to a ski resort.

A malfunctioning hot tub becomes a portal in the space-time continuum.

By dint of some inexplicable magic it transports them back to their youth in 1980s. They know what will become of them but now might have a chance to change things?

John Cusack is always being dumped by his girlfriend, Rob Corddry is an alcoholic who can't find the party, Craig Robinson has a control-freak wife and Clarke Duke is a video game nerd. (No clichés here then)

"It's passably funny in spasms, but in the end the outright vulgarity palls and you wonder what the two leading ladies in the cast, Collette Wolfe and Lizzy Caplan thought of it all. Not much I'd say."

(*Standard*)

"Gross-out comedy, buddies-bonding movie, time-travel caper: there should be a lot going on here. As most of it is filthy, there isn't. It's left to Adam's young, square-ish nephew (Clark Duke) and to Robinson to add some charm to the anarchy." (*Telegraph*)

For some reason I thought this was a good idea. It would loosen up the programme and be fun. I was wrong.





Director: Werner Herzog
Starring: Nicolas Cage, Eva Mendez, Val Kilmer, Fairuza Balk
Certificate: 18
Duration: 122 mins
Origin: USA 2009
By: Lionsgate Films UK

Bad Lieutenant: Port of Call New Orleans

Fri 18 7.30, Sat 19 7.00

Some critics are hailing Werner Herzog's remake of Abel Ferrara's 1992 cult favourite *Bad Lieutenant* as a masterpiece. Others suggest it is one of the worst films ever committed to celluloid. If so it's in good company; *Get Carter* and *The Pink Panther* for example. The new film opens in New Orleans just after Hurricane Katrina. Cage plays Terrence McDonagh, a cop with an appetite for sex, drugs and blackmail. His gambling has left him with huge debts. His superiors tolerate his eccentricities because ... blah blah. His high-class hooker girlfriend Frankie (Eva Mendes) is likewise able to overlook his indulgences. "Herzog's version is flimsy and spurious, while Cage delivers a haphazard, half-hearted performance that never touches Harvey Keitel's anguish in the original." (*D Thomson's Biog of Film*) "He does not retread *Bad Lieutenant* so much as reinvent it. But there's something wonky and dangerous about this film... Herzog takes one of the oldest genre clichés in the book, the maverick cop snooze, and then sees how far he can twist it before it snaps." (*Guardian*) "Cop patter and humdrum camerawork are of the sort found in any trashy TV police procedural." (*Time Out*) "An object lesson in how to take a routine assignment and subvert it." (*Independent*) Did they all see the same film? You decide.



StreetDance 2D

Sun 20 6.00



This bright and enjoyable family-friendly dance film is a bold and breezy British move to break into the 3D arena as yet untapped in terms of the successful street dance genre. The film is likely to be a big hit with the kids. The script follows the tried and trusted format (refined in films such as *Step Up*, *How She Move*, *Step Up 2* and *Make It Happen*) of rough'n'ready street dancers coming up alongside classically trained performers and having to learn a few life lessons before realising the two styles can mesh. Plus adding in a little romance along the way.

Cue the expected clash of cultures as the two dance styles face off against each other. Naturally after a few minor conflicts the two sides grudgingly come to respect each other's own ability to perform spectacular moves...

The young cast are all relative newcomers and are all suitably nimble-footed, but not great actors. Britain's Got Talent winner George Sampson, role as a wannabe dancer was especially written for him.

Wisely they keep the film fresh, bright and frothy, making good use of the London locations and delivering a film that is non-aggressive. Unfortunately, all of the effort has gone into the dance routines and effects neglecting the script and performances.

Nevertheless its feel-good nature is uplifting.

Director: Max & Dania
Starring: Flawless, Diversity, Charlotte Rampling, Nichola Burley
Certificate: PG
Duration: 98 mins
Origin: UK 2010
By: Vertigo Films

Revanche

Mon 21 7.30

Director: Gotz Spielmann
Starring: Johannes Krisch, Irina Potapenko
Certificate: 15
Duration: 121 mins
Origin: Austria 2008
By: Artificial Eye

Revanche is a meditation on its simple title: Revenge.

Intelligent and well-made, contrived and implausible; it has a distinctive Euro-hardcore sheen, mainly due to the superbly lucid, diamond-hard cinematography of Martin Gschlacht.

Alex (Krisch) is an ex-con working as a barman/henchman in a Viennanaisé brothel where he falls for Ukrainian, Tamara (the mesmerising Irina Potapenko).

He visits his cantankerous grandfather (Thanheiser) in the country. The old man gets taken to church by Susanne (Ursula Strauss), wife of local cop Robert (Andreas Lust; not too apt as it turns out). "Drawn together in a web of coincidence and fate, there is something rickety and elaborate about Spielmann's narrative structure, but first-class acting and direction glue it all together tight." (*Guardian*)

An Oscar nominee in 2009, it starts like most Austrian films: naked people sprawling on beds in bare apartments, not looking at each other??

There's a squirmy boss, a 'well intentioned' bank robbery, with no chance. The rest is intimate and desperate. There's a score to settle, a stray bullet and a crude contrast between the sexually potent criminal and the morally upright policeman who's 'firing blanks'.

"A steady grip without charging head-first into thriller territory: a cool, cosmic irony..." (*Telegraph*) 'Whose fault is it if life doesn't go your way?' We know the answer. Come, in case we're wrong... again!





Director: Christopher Morris
Starring: Riz Ahmed, Kayvan Novak, Arsher Ali, Nigel Lindsay
Certificate: 15
Duration: 101 mins
Origin: UK 2009
By: Optimum Releasing

Four Lions

**Tue 22 7.30, Wed 23 7.30,
 Thu 24 7.30**

* Please delete as appropriate depending on your familiarity with The Daily Mail.

“Four Lions” is the latest brilliant black comedy/piece of offensive claptrap* from satirical mastermind/gross degenerate* Chris Morris.

It chronicles the story of four British Jihadists whose intention is to attack the London Marathon.

They are led by Omar (Riz Ahmed); the outwardly sensible family man, complete with wife and child. His fellow wannabe bombers include Waj (Kayvan Novak), a stupid thug whose vision of heaven is the Alton Towers ‘rubber-dinghy rapids’ ride; and Faisal (Adeel Akhtar), whose faux-IRA approach to chemical purchasing is comic genius/just not funny*

No-one doubts that it is brave/stupid* of Morris, and “Peep Show” writers Sam Bain and Jesse Armstrong, to approach the topic, but their aim to highlight the “Dad’s Army” side to a very real threat also serves to question at what point is it impossible to derive humour from such a raw subject?

“We might not agree with the cry ‘Let’s bomb Boots!’, but ‘Fuck Mini Babybel!’ has an oddly rousing ring to it by the end of this uneasy, surprising sort-of-comedy.” (*Time Out*)

Come and have an informed opinion/don’t come as it’s not in the least bit edifying.* ‘I used to be a suicide bomber but wasn’t any good.’ (*research Simon Messenger*)





Director: Ridley Scott
Starring: Russell Crowe, Cate Blanchett, William Hurt, Max Sydow, Mark Strong
Certificate: 12A
Duration: 140 mins
Origin: UK, USA 2010
By: Universal Pictures (UK) Ltd



Robin Hood

**Fri 25 7.30, Sat 26 7.00,
 Sun 27 6.00**

Blanchett plays Marion with a kind of elegant exhaustion that occasionally flares into bad temper. The spark between her and Crowe, however, seems as hard to kindle as a stick of damp greenwood. It doesn't help that she initially threatens him like a testy medieval Lorena Bobbit: 'If you so much as touch me I will sever your manhood, do you understand?'

Perhaps because of this, Robin's manhood is kept firmly under wraps throughout, although there are hints that his merry men are making whoopee with the local wenches in off-the-shoulder hessian.

"Crowe, oddly for such a memorable actor, gives a somewhat muted performance. It is none the less brilliantly shot and there are moments – such as when old Sir Walter's coffin is lowered into the ground – when the visual poem of olde England seems to flicker into life." (*Telegraph*)

"Scott orchestrates the sound and fury with a seemingly effortless bravura: unfussily pulling off a profusion of tremendous action scenes and really quite impressive period backdrops including one CGI panorama of medieval London that looks like a Wenceslaus Hollar engraving come to life." (*Guardian*) You will have heard the crowing over Russell's accent and that it's not the 'real' Robin Hood story! I say, steady on. It looks fabulous on the big screen. Come for that and a glimpse of Ashridge.





Director: Marco Bellocchio
Starring: Filippo Timi, Giovanna Mezzogiorno
Certificate: 15
Duration: 124 mins
Origin: France, Italy 2009
By: Artificial Eye



Vincere

Mon 28 7.30

They say that behind every great man, there's a great woman. But what does it make the woman if, in this case, the great man is dictator Benito Mussolini? Marco Bellocchio's operatic film seeks to answer the question about Ida Dalser (Giovanna Mezzogiorno; a flawless and heartbreaking performance) the mother of Il Duce's son, and according to some sources, his first wife.

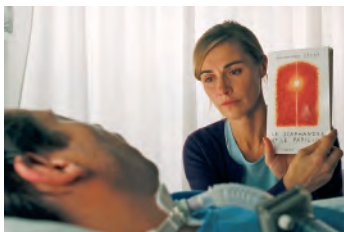
She was besotted with the man who would later become Italy's leader; Dalser and Mussolini's son was born in 1915; the same year Mussolini (Filippo Timi) married Rachele Guidi. When he ascends to the premiership, Dalser, his dirty little secret, had to be silenced. She thrown into an asylum unable to prove she was the dictator's 'wife' and mother of their child. Bellocchio's comment on Fascist Italy, and the martyrs who stood against it is legitimately impassioned, and historically fascinating, but is let down by it's a mildly repetitive screenplay.

"It's a film rife with ambiguities and ellipses that will intrigue or infuriate depending on taste." (*Time Out*)

"Well played and sumptuously shot, but once Mussolini disappears from view, to be glimpsed solely in (genuine) newsreel footage, it loses its motor." (*Times*)
 Vincere means 'win' and nobody does. Ignore them. Come for the Italian style, passion and melodrama.



Diving Bell & The Butterfly Tue 29 7.30



This is one of the best films you will ever see and one you will remember even when you think it's forgotten.

It is beautiful in every way, from 'being the camera' to the faces and the seamless non-acting. The only disappointment – and it's big: the best piece of music (Tom Waits' I'm Still Here) is only in the trailer. It doesn't make the final edit.

But that's all and when you stop waiting for it, the rest is exquisite. It is clear, real, absorbing and takes you with it every moment – and you learn the alphabet in french. There is no hint of manipulation. Schnabel recounts the remarkable true story of Jean-Dominique Bauby (phenomenal Mathieu Amalric), the horny, charismatic editor of French *Elle* magazine, who in 1995 at only 43 awoke from a coma to find himself a victim of locked-in syndrome: mentally alert but physically paralysed – except for one eye lid. Terrifyingly, his mind, wit, memory and imagination are intact.

Through four devoted, beautiful and unceasingly patient faces, he 'blinks' this profound story. "It's a gorgeously atmospheric and deeply affecting piece of work" (*Times*)

The faces, the screenplay, the language, the camera, will move you further than you want to go. Come, lose yourself and "fall back in love with life" (*Edmund White*).

Director: Julian Schnabel
Starring: Marie-Josée Croze, Anne Consigny, Emmanuelle Seigner, Mathieu Amalric
Certificate: 12A
Duration: 112 mins
Origin: France 2007
By: Pathe Distribution

Singing in the Rain Wed 30 7.30

Director: Gene Kelly
Starring: Debbie Reynolds, Donald O'Connor, Gene Kelly
Certificate: U
Duration: 102 mins
Origin: USA 1952
By: British Film Institute

Singin' in the Rain will be here forever and return to the Rex again and again, but months apart. So come and see it now. Its 1927, Don Lockwood and Lina Lamont are the darlings of the silent silver screen.

Off screen, Don, aided by his happy-go-lucky friend, Cosmo Brown (the brilliant Donald O'Connor), has to dodge Lina's romantic overtures, especially when he falls for chorus girl Kathy Selden (sacchrine Debbie Reynolds). With the advent of the 'talkies', Don and Lina's new film will be all singing, dancing and talking!

Unfortunately, Lina's voice could scrape a blackboard. Kathy is brought in to secretly dub her voice – seemed like a good idea at the time. Don goes off splashing policemen... But uh oh when Lina finds out (about the dubbing not the splashing...!)

Come for her and of course Gene's big dance, for which they had to mix milk with the rain so the cameras could capture the detail of the downpour. Hope it was only one take? Most of all come for the warm innocence of it all and of course, Donald O'Connor's unsurpassed show-biz masterpiece 'Make 'em Laugh'. What better thing to do with the last day of June? Don't hesitate.



COMING SOON

New releases

The Killer Inside Me
The Girl On The Train
Whatever Works
Shrek Forever After
Heartbreaker
Leaving

Back by demand

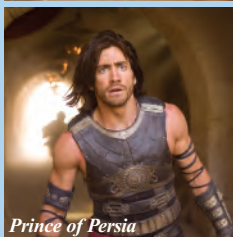
I Am Love
The Sea Inside
Departures
Everything is Illuminated
Kick Ass
The Girl With the Dragon
Tattoo
Father of my Children



Valhalla Rising



Sex & The City 2

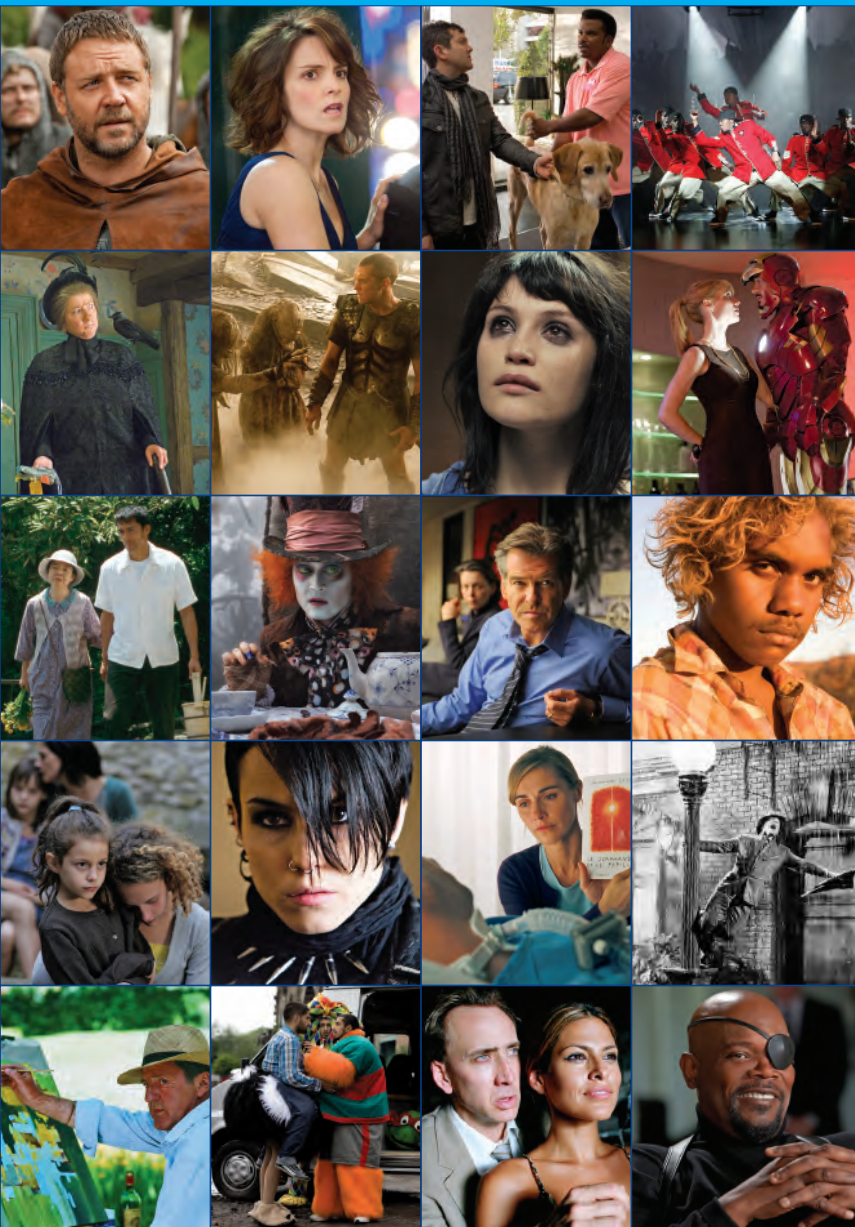


Prince of Persia

JUNE FILMS AT A GLANCE

Please check times carefully and watch out for early shows.

1	TUE	NANNY MCPHEE	12.30
1	TUE	GIRL WITH DRAGON TATTOO	7.30
2	WED	IRON MAN 2	2.00
2	WED	GIRL WITH DRAGON TATTOO	7.30
3	THU	CLASH OF THE TITANS 2D	2.00
3	THU	IRON MAN 2	7.30
4	FRI	IRON MAN 2	7.30
5	SAT	IRON MAN 2	2.00, 7.00
6	SUN	STILL WALKING	6.00
7	MON	STILL WALKING	2.00
7	MON	DOGTTOOTH	7.30
8	TUE	IRON MAN 2	12.30
8	TUE	THE GHOST	7.30
9	WED	THE GHOST	2.00
9	WED	THE GHOST	7.30
10	THU	THE DISAPPEARANCE OF ALICE CREED	2.00, 7.30
11	FRI	THE DISAPPEARANCE OF ALICE CREED	7.30
12	SAT	ALICE IN WONDERLAND	2.00, 7.00
13	SUN	THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE	6.00
14	MON	THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE	2.00
14	MON	SAMSON & DELILAH	7.30
15	TUE	DATE NIGHT	12.30, 7.30
16	WED	DATE NIGHT	2.00
16	WED	THE BEAT THAT MY HEART SKIPPED	7.30
17	THU	HOT TUB TIME MACHINE	2.00, 7.30
18	FRI	BAD LIEUTENANT	7.30
19	SAT	STREETDANCE 2D	2.00
19	SAT	BAD LIEUTENANT	7.00
20	SUN	STREETDANCE 2D	6.00
21	MON	BAD LIEUTENANT	2.00
21	MON	REVANCHE	7.30
22	TUE	FOUR LIONS	12.30, 7.30
23	WED	CONVERS. WITH MY GARDENER	2.00
23	WED	FOUR LIONS	7.30
24	THU	FATHER OF MY CHILDREN	2.00
24	THU	FOUR LIONS	7.30
25	FRI	ROBIN HOOD	7.30
26	SAT	ROBIN HOOD	2.00, 7.00
27	SUN	ROBIN HOOD	6.00
28	MON	ROBIN HOOD	2.00
28	MON	VINCERE	7.30
29	TUE	DIVING BELL AND THE BUTTERFLY	12.30, 7.30
30	WED	SINGING IN THE RAIN	2.00, 7.30



J U N E 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

Nanny McPhee & The Big Bang

Tue 1 12.30



Thompson herself writes, produces and stars as the post-Poppins supernanny who shows up in the midst of a chaotic household, and as in the first one, gets less and less ugly as the kiddies get more and more beautifully behaved.

Gyllenhaal has to deal with mutinous children and a sinister brother-in-law (Rhys Ifans) while pining for her husband (Ewan McGregor), who's away fighting Adolf.

It's a storybook version of the 1940s Blitz, without terror or rationing. The movie punches out broad entertainment for little kids effectively. The only spark of real comedy is Bill Bailey's relaxed cameo as a local farmer with a reverence for his pigs.

"The mix is similar to the first film, naughtiness versus magic, but nimbler this time as it shuttles from class warfare to unscrupulous spivs and the prospect of enemy attack." (*Time Out*)

"This sequel is superior to the first Nanny McPhee. It is wittier, more serious-minded and dramatic. This is a shrewd, heartfelt piece of work."

(*Telegraph*)

"She's Mary Poppins meets Gina Ford. Just one whack of her magic stick and she can sort out any problem. Full of icky comedy, plenty of poo jokes, but all heart. This is old-fashioned entertainment." (*Times*)

You'll love it. Bring your grandparents and their street.

Iron Man 2

Wed 2 2.00, **Sat 5** 2.00,
Tue 8 12.30

Continued from page 8

Watch out for Downey Jr's manic speech patterns. His (literally) wired narcissist hero is such a gabblor that everyone else has to raise their game to talk around or over him – notably Sam Rockwell, playing a rival whose thoroughgoing obnoxiousness is designed to make Stark look slightly less of a blowhard.

What's at stake is a battle not between good and evil but between those who can and who can't shut up!

By contrast, Rourke's Vanko is a man of few words, barely audible. He grunts occasionally or mutters in a wildly approximate Russian accent. Mostly he just smirks, toothpick between lips as bloated as the rest of him.

It's barely an acting role, yet Rourke is unmistakably the film's star – so tough that he can even get away with wearing dainty glasses. Also in the taciturn dept is Scarlett's dirty, leathery spy who knows a kick is worth a thousand words, and a pout two thousand.

"Is the Iron Man suit a weapon or, as Stark claims, a 'hi-tech prosthetic'?"

It's hi-tech, all right, unfolding automatically, as if Robert D were merely a hanger for a CGI wardrobe.

Vanko, however, needs no armour.

When Micky R takes his shirt off, what we're apparently seeing is his actual minotaur-like body, battered, bulked up and battered again, swollen and shined till it belongs in the leather department of DFS. Rourke's body is its own prosthetic, as lo-tech as they come.

Iron Man 2 is flashy, trashy, strident.

The script has dashes of authentic screwball wit: "a bazooka capable of busting the bunker under the bunker you just busted." (*Independent*)

Director: Susanna White
Starring: Maggie Gyllenhaal, Emma Thompson, Maggie Smith
Certificate: U
Duration: 109 mins
Origin: UK, USA 2010
By: Universal Pictures (UK) Ltd



Director: Jon Favreau
Starring: Robert Downey Jr, Sam Rockwell, Mickey Rourke, Gwyneth Paltrow, Don Cheadle, Scarlett Johansson
Certificate: 12A
Duration: 125 mins
Origin: USA 2010
By: Paramount International Pictures



Clash of The Titans

2D Thu 3 2.00

Director: Louis Leterrier
Starring: Liam Neeson, Ralph Fiennes, Sam Worthington
Certificate: 12A
Duration: 106 mins
Origin: UK, USA 2010
By: Warner Brothers

“A balderdash reimagining of the 1981 stop-motion classic; Clash of the Titans follows Perseus’, the mortal son of Zeus, on his perilous journey across ancient Greece battling scorpions, skeletons, snakes and eventually, a giant sea monster.

The setting is mythical Ancient Greece, War is brewing between man and the Gods and a lowly fisherman named Perseus (Worthington), who so happens to be the son of Zeus, gets caught up in it all when his parents are inadvertently bumped off by Hades (Fiennes). Be thankful we’re showing it in 2D.”

(Jack Whiting)

“Whatever the flaws in the script, there’s no faulting director Louis Leterrier’s visual ambition: this is a film of mighty vistas, beautifully designed beasts and intense, well-structured combat sequences, all rendered in eye-popping, though still rather fake-looking computer effects.” *(Time Out)*

“So much state of the art technology and A list talent has been thrown at this sword and sandals epic some of the shit is bound to stick. And the 3D looks a hurried after thought and the story a bit of a greek salad. There’s always another giant scorpion or some unintentional campness to liven things up.” *(Guardian)*
 More a clash of complete tits. Junk but fun. Come for both.



Still Walking

Mon 7 2.00



A typically graceful turn from acclaimed Japanese director Koreeda (*After Life*, *Nobody Knows*), **STILL WALKING** weaves together with great subtlety an intricate and nuanced family drama, inviting comparison with the work of none less than the master of the genre, Yasujiro Ozu. Taking place over one summer's day, the film follows a Yokohama family as they reunite to celebrate the life of their eldest son, whose tragic death 15 years ago left a painful mark not yet healed. It is during this poignant remembrance, however, that the gaps and tensions between family members become achingly apparent. Scooping a host of awards across Asia since 2008, *Still Walking* arrives in the West as an emotionally charged tale of family, striking in its immediate familiarity across cultures.

"Koreeda locates ideas in mundane imagery, such as a drawer left slightly open, a butterfly entering the house, or cherry blossom blooming in the garden." (*Time Out*)

"Unlike family sagas in British, American and European drama, there are no crockery-smashing rows. Resentments and anger are contained within the conventions of politeness and respect. Impossible to watch without a lump in the throat."

(*Guardian*)

"Still Walking is an acutely observed and tenderly rendered portrait of family, mortality and remembering." (*Telegraph*) A beautiful film, back by request. Don't miss

Director: Hirokazu Koreeda
Starring: Yui Natsukawa, Kazuya Takahashi, Hiroshi Abe, Shohei Tanaka
Certificate: U
Duration: 114 mins
Origin: Japan 2008
By: New Wave

The Ghost

Wed 9 2.00

Director: Roman Polanski
Starring: Pierce Brosnan, Ewan McGregor, Kim Cattrall
Certificate: 15
Duration: 128 mins
Origin: France, Germany, USA 2010
By: Optimum Releasing

With the hysteria surrounding Roman Polanski's arrest in Switzerland last year, it would have been easy to bury "The Ghost" as a footnote in the director's extraordinary life. However, luckily for us this is not the case.

Pierce Brosnan is Adam Lang, a smooth, smug, former Prime Minister living in exile on an island off the perma-drizzly US eastern seaboard. Ewan McGregor plays an un-named journalist, who is offered the opportunity of a lifetime to ghost write Lang's memoirs.

As McGregor's hack arrives in the States, news breaks of the former PM's supposed authorising of the rendition and torture of terrorist suspects whilst at Number 10. As they begin work on Lang's memoirs, it transpires that the previous ghost writer was found drowned. What has he discovered about the former PM's shadowy links to the CIA? And what secrets lie in the draft manuscript already prepared?

It's Polanski filtered through Hitchcock, and it's fiercely compelling to watch. Clearly Lang bears a striking resemblance to a recently disgraced former PM, adding a hugely enjoyable subtext to what is already a tense thriller.

"Very involving movie...Polanski is far from finished as a film-maker."

(*Guardian*)

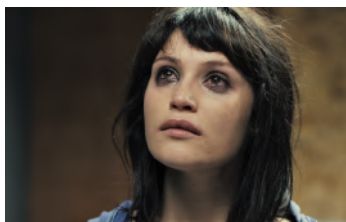
Oh yes he is...

Shame about Ewan's silly English accent. His native Scots would have been fine. (*research Simon Messenger*)



The Disappearance of Alice Creed

Thu 10 2.00



The words ‘low-budget British film’ conjure digital, students and the internet. It is something made for YouTube, theatre or television with delusions of the big screen. The big screen was not made to watch three people out acting each other in one room. It was made for huge skies and car chases. However, this thriller about a meticulously planned kidnapping, is the type of constricted piece we’re traditionally good at: put three actors in a bolt-fitted, soundproofed flat, and watch the sparks fly. “Eddie Marsan’s Vic is a little disappointing. A snarling-heavy Marsan is less compelling than Marsan in almost any other mood. Gemma Arterton is fast improving but there’s not enough detail to the role. It feels too much like a rough-me-up career move, a walk on the wild side. It’s Martin Compston (Red Road) who comes out best, shouldering the story skillfully as the nervous, inexperienced Danny” (*Telegraph*) It is clever enough to fool us that they might actually get away with it. They steal a van, shop for tools, fit a room with padlocks and sound-proofing, all with no fuss and no mistakes. “You’re more likely to admire its thrifty resourcefulness than to be absorbed in its story.” (*Independent*) “A small but perfectly formed crime drama. Without making a fuss, a proper nail-biter.” (*Empire*)

Director: J Blakeson
Starring: Eddie Marsan, Gemma Arterton, Martin Compston
Certificate: 18
Duration: 100 mins
Origin: UK 2009
By: Miracle Communications

Alice in Wonderland

Sat 12 2.00

Director: Tim Burton
Starring: Helena Bonham Carter, Christopher Lee, Johnny Depp, Mia Wasikowska, Stephen Fry
Certificate: PG
Duration: 108 mins
Origin: USA 2010
By: Walt Disney Studio INTL

It is so fabulous on our big screen, it is back for those who missed it. So don’t.

If Lewis Carol met Tim Burton, they would either loathe or love each other, but each would have to agree on like minds. This is Tim Burton’s Alice and it’s bonkers. It’s not Alice as you know it. It has Johnny D, the ever nutty HB Carter and Matt Lucas as Tweedle Dums and Dee. There are a thousand other misfits, some stars with voice-overs, others a mischief of themselves, their children wouldn’t recognize.

So don’t listen to critics or anyone who ‘knows’.

Come for yourself, by yourself and enter a wonderland created in 1865 and read to every child since, now reinvented in 2010 by a different madman.

It will always remain an oddity.

It doesn’t matter what anybody does to it in translation or interpretation.

Burton is the perfect mischief maker to remind us just how odd was the reverend Carroll’s invention. He has changed it. So what? Come for the magic he brings to the big screen, not the bedtime story. Don’t listen to the noise, come and see for yourself. “Start at the beginning and when you get to the end, stop.”

Best comment: “I want to go back in and watch it all over again. Cancel tea...”



The Manchurian Candidate

Mon 14 2.00



I first saw this at the pictures as a kid of fifteen and have never forgotten it. They were well known faces, but didn't seem like it. Sinatra was the most famous face on earth and Laurence Harvey, largely forgotten, was exquisite in every cool dept. At fifteen into girls and guitars, we knew nothing of war, cold or hot. Yet this stuck. It failed at the box-office in 1962 at the height of the Americ-Anglo Cold War with the USSR, and was banned behind 'Iron Curtain' (Eastern bloc; Poland, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia etc) until the Soviet Union finally collapsed in 1993. It raises the same dangerous flags today. It's story of political intrigue and assassination which came true. Following the death of JFK (Nov 1963) the film disappeared.

It remains a nightmarish tale of high-level subterfuge and mental manipulation.

One of the first films to dare suggest the American system of power and privilege was corrupt. It precedes not just the Kennedy's and Luther-King murders, but Vietnam, Watergate and the entire '70s conspiracy boom.

Frankenheimer's prophetically tragic, chilling, brilliant, blackish (film-noirish) thriller about brain-washing, conspiracy, and dangers of international assassination, and political intrigue is as now as now gets. He didn't see the religious nuts coming, but glimpses.

We're promised a good print...?

Worth big-screen scratches not to miss.

Director: John Frankenheimer
Starring: Janet Leigh, Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey
Certificate: 15
Duration: 121 mins
Origin: USA 1962
By: Park Circus Films

Date Night

Tue 15 12.30, Wed 16 2.00

Director: Shawn Levy
Starring: Steve Carell, Tina Fey, Mark Wahlberg, Mila Kunis
Certificate: 15
Duration: 88 mins
Origin: USA 2010
By: Twentieth Century Fox

Claire Foster (Fey) and her husband Phil (Carell) are the embodiment of (movie) suburbia. She's in real estate; he's an accountant. She wears a mouth guard at night; he wears a nasal strip. She's a control freak; he leaves open cupboard drawers into which she bangs. They love each other and their kids, but there's not much drama going on in their lives. Startled to hear that a friend (Mark Ruffalo) has split up with his wife (Kristen Wiig) because they're now just "excellent roommates", they decide to make a night of it in Manhattan. In a moment of unusual boldness, Phil takes a table reserved for the mysterious 'Triplehorns'.

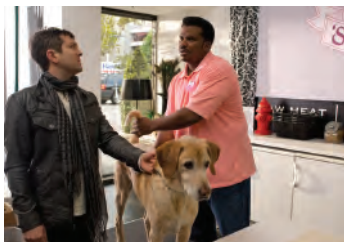
"Date Night wants to be all things to all film goers: comedy, couples movie, stonking thriller. But more isn't always more. The script - for the most part just endless variations on the sentiment, "But we're from the suburbs!"' (*Telegraph*) This dumb and mostly fun fish-out-of-water comedy would be more dumb and much less fun if it wasn't for some amusing casting and a punchy running time that acknowledges the limits of its script.

"The script is lowest-common-denominator stuff - mistaken identity, car chases, strip clubs, boat rides - but the rapport between Carell and Fey is easy to warm to..." (*Time Out*)

Sounds like easy going fun.



Hot Tub Time Machine Thu 17 2.00



Here is a comedy that has a goodish central idea, copious swear words and resounding number of crude jokes!

Best friends in their mid-forties are so disappointed with their lives they decide to go on holiday to a ski resort.

A malfunctioning hot tub becomes a portal in the space-time continuum. By dint of some inexplicable magic it transports them back to their youth in 1980s. They know what will become of them but now might have a chance to change things?

John Cusack is always being dumped by his girlfriend, Rob Corddry is an alcoholic who can't find the party, Craig Robinson has a control-freak wife and Clarke Duke is a video game nerd. (No clichés here then)

"It's passably funny in spasms, but in the end the outright vulgarity palls and you wonder what the two leading ladies in the cast, Collette Wolfe and Lizzy Caplan thought of it all. Not much I'd say."

(*Standard*)

"Gross-out comedy, buddies-bonding movie, time-travel caper: there should be a lot going on here. As most of it is filthy, there isn't. It's left to Adam's young, square-ish nephew (Clark Duke) and to Robinson to add some charm to the anarchy." (*Telegraph*)

For some reason I thought this was a good idea. It would loosen up the programme and be fun. I was wrong.

Director: Steve Pink
Starring: John Cusack, Chevy Chase, Sebastian Stan, Clark Duke, Craig Robinson, Rob Corddry
Certificate: 15
Duration: 99 mins
Origin: USA 2010
By: Twentieth Century Fox

StreetDance 2D Sat 19 2.00

Director: Max & Dania
Starring: Flawless, Diversity, Charlotte Rampling, Nichola Burley
Certificate: PG
Duration: 98 mins
Origin: UK 2010
By: Vertigo Films

This bright and enjoyable family-friendly dance film is a bold and breezy British move to break into the 3D arena as yet untapped in terms of the successful street dance genre. The film is likely to be a big hit with the kids. The script follows the tried and trusted format (refined in films such as *Step Up*, *How She Move*, *Step Up 2* and *Make It Happen*) of rough'n'ready street dancers coming up alongside classically trained performers and having to learn a few life lessons before realising the two styles can mesh. Plus adding in a little romance along the way.

Cue the expected clash of cultures as the two dance styles face off against each other. Naturally after a few minor conflicts the two sides grudgingly come to respect each other's own ability to perform spectacular moves...

The young cast are all relative newcomers and are all suitably nimble-footed, but not great actors. Britain's Got Talent winner George Sampson, role as a wannabe dancer was especially written for him.

Wisely they keep the film fresh, bright and frothy, making good use of the London locations and delivering a film that is non-aggressive. Unfortunately, all of the effort has gone into the dance routines and effects neglecting the script and performances.

Nevertheless its feel-good nature is uplifting.



Bad Lieutenant: Port of Call New Orleans

Mon 21 2.00



Some critics are hailing Werner Herzog's remake of Abel Ferrara's 1992 cult favourite *Bad Lieutenant* as a **masterpiece**. Others suggest it is one of the worst films ever committed to celluloid. If so it's in good company; *Get Carter* and *The Pink Panther* for example. The new film opens in New Orleans just after Hurricane Katrina. Cage plays Terrence McDonagh, a cop with an appetite for sex, drugs and blackmail. His gambling has left him with huge debts. His superiors tolerate his eccentricities because ... blah blah. His high-class hooker girlfriend Frankie (Eva Mendes) is likewise able to overlook his indulgences. "Herzog's version is flimsy and spurious, while Cage delivers a haphazard, half-hearted performance that never touches Harvey Keitel's anguish in the original." (*D Thomson's Biog of Film*)

"He does not retread *Bad Lieutenant* so much as reinvent it. But there's something wonky and dangerous about this film...Herzog takes one of the oldest genre clichés in the book, the maverick cop snooze, and then sees how far he can twist it before it snaps." (*Guardian*)

"Cop patter and humdrum camerawork are of the sort found in any trashy TV police procedural." (*Time Out*)

"An object lesson in how to take a routine assignment and subvert it." (*Independent*)

Did they all see the same film? You decide

Director: Werner Herzog
Starring: Nicolas Cage, Eva Mendez, Val Kilmer, Fairuza Balk
Certificate: 18
Duration: 122 mins
Origin: USA 2009
By: Lionsgate Films UK

Four Lions

Tue 22 12.30

Director: Christopher Morris
Starring: Riz Ahmed, Kayvan Novak, Arsher Ali, Nigel Lindsay
Certificate: 15
Duration: 101 mins
Origin: UK 2009
By: Optimum Releasing

* Please delete as appropriate depending on your familiarity with *The Daily Mail*.

"Four Lions" is the latest brilliant black comedy/piece of offensive claptrap* from satirical mastermind/ gross degenerate* Chris Morris.

It chronicles the story of four British Jihadists whose intention is to attack the London Marathon.

They are led by Omar (Riz Ahmed); the outwardly sensible family man, complete with wife and child. His fellow wannabe bombers include Waj (Kayvan Novak), a stupid thug whose vision of heaven is the Alton Towers 'rubber-dinghy rapids' ride; and Faisal (Adeel Akhtar), whose faux-IRA approach to chemical purchasing is comic genius/just not funny*

No-one doubts that it is brave/stupid* of Morris, and "Peep Show" writers Sam Bain and Jesse Armstrong, to approach the topic, but their aim to highlight the "Dad's Army" side to a very real threat also serves to question at what point is it impossible to derive humour from such a raw subject?

"We might not agree with the cry 'Let's bomb Boots!', but 'Fuck Mini Babybel!' has an oddly rousing ring to it by the end of this uneasy, surprising sort-of-comedy." (*Time Out*)

Come and have an informed opinion/don't come as it's not in the least bit edifying.*

'I used to be a suicide bomber but wasn't any good.' (*research Simon Messenger*)



Dialogue Avec Mon Jardinier (Conversations with my Gardener)

Wed 23 2.00



Not only is this a blissful tale beautifully told, it brings a French summer landscape into an English summer afternoon as it did from January to April 2007. It is one of those rare, small films which will lift you.

A finely observed gem depicts a poignant friendship between two men who seem to be from different worlds but have simply taken different routes.

This becomes clear and remains part of the film's magic to the end. It tells of a respected Parisian painter on the brink of divorce as he returns to his childhood home and employs a gardener to tame the vegetable patch.

As the gardener nurtures and the painter daubs, a warm friendship grows between them. Sharing a love of the place, they begin to see things afresh. Naturally, it is the 'dauber' who has most to learn. It is funny, warm and glows with life as it paints a tender portrait of men coping in their own way.

"Perhaps it's their love of food and wine, but France is one of the few countries where films about the land are still made - about how it sustains and nourishes..." (*Crits*)

Nothing happens except everything. It is beautiful. You will love it.

Director: Jean Becker
Starring: Daniel Auteuil, Jean-Pierre Darroussin
Certificate: 12A
Duration: 109 mins
Origin: France 2007
By: Cinefile

Father Of My Children **Thu 24 2.00**

Director: Mia Løve
Starring: Louis-Do Lencquesaing
Certificate: 12A
Duration: 110 mins
Origin: France, Germany 2009
By: Artificial Eye

A remarkable work about humanity at its most beleaguered.

Based loosely on the life of Humbert Balsan (spoiler warning - best not Google him until you've seen this film), Grégoire, played by the astounding Louis-Do de Lencquesaing, is a Parisian film producer; unhurried, confident and perennially busy. At the weekends, he passes time in a gorgeous country house with his beautiful wife Sylvie (Chiara Caselli) and their three children.

A seemingly perfect existence; however Gregoire's production company is deeply in debt; promoting brilliant, but un-commercial film-makers. Gregoire is unable to see the contribution he has made to cinema, and that financial success is not everything; a deep despair ensues; a life at the end of its tether...

This deeply affecting film examines a life beneath pretences; the essence of desperation and of hope. It resounds, almost serendipitously, in our troubled fiscal climate; nothing is forced, or cajoled into relevance. That director Mia Hanson-Løve was not even 30 when she made this picture is truly something.

"Given that it's about something as specific as the liquidation of a film company, it's also a small miracle of emotional access... Hansen-Løve's film is about coping, its focus practical and utterly unsentimental..." (*Telegraph*) Stunning, heartbreaking, uplifting and not to be missed.

(*Research Simon Messenger*)





Director: Ridley Scott
Starring: Russell Crowe, Cate Blanchett, William Hurt, Max Sydow, Mark Strong
Certificate: 12A
Duration: 140 mins
Origin: UK, USA 2010
By: Universal Pictures (UK) Ltd



Robin Hood

Sat 26 2.00, Mon 28 2.00

Blanchett plays Marion with a kind of elegant exhaustion that occasionally flares into bad temper. The spark between her and Crowe, however, seems as hard to kindle as a stick of damp greenwood. It doesn't help that she initially threatens him like a testy medieval Lorena Bobbit: 'If you so much as touch me I will sever your manhood, do you understand?' Perhaps because of this, Robin's manhood is kept firmly under wraps throughout, although there are hints that his merry men are making whoopee with the local wenches in off-the-shoulder hessian.

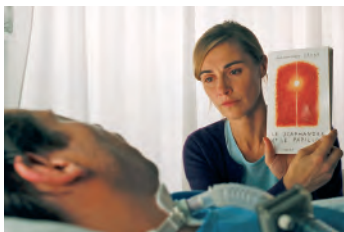
"Crowe, oddly for such a memorable actor, gives a somewhat muted performance. It is none the less brilliantly shot and there are moments – such as when old Sir Walter's coffin is lowered into the ground – when the visual poem of olde England seems to flicker into life." (*Telegraph*)

"Scott orchestrates the sound and fury with a seemingly effortless bravura: unfussily pulling off a profusion of tremendous action scenes and really quite impressive period backdrops including one CGI panorama of medieval London that looks like a Wenceslaus Hollar engraving come to life." (*Guardian*)

You will have heard the crowing over Russell's accent and that it's not the 'real' Robin Hood story! I say, steady on. It looks fabulous on the big screen. Come for that and a glimpse of Ashridge.



Diving Bell & The Butterfly Tue 29 12.30



This is one of the best films you will ever see and one you will remember even when you think it's forgotten.

It is beautiful in every way, from 'being the camera' to the faces and the seamless non-acting. The only disappointment – and it's big: the best piece of music (Tom Waits' I'm Still Here) is only in the trailer. It doesn't make the final edit.

But that's all and when you stop waiting for it, the rest is exquisite. It is clear, real, absorbing and takes you with it every moment - and you learn the alphabet in french. There is no hint of manipulation. Schnabel recounts the remarkable true story of Jean-Dominique Bauby (phenomenal Mathieu Amalric), the horny, charismatic editor of French *Elle* magazine, who in 1995 at only 43 awoke from a coma to find himself a victim of locked-in syndrome: mentally alert but physically paralysed – except for one eye lid. Terrifyingly, his mind, wit, memory and imagination are intact.

Through four devoted, beautiful and unceasingly patient faces, he 'blinks' this profound story. "It's a gorgeously atmospheric and deeply affecting piece of work" (*Times*)

The faces, the screenplay, the language, the camera, will move you further than you want to go. Come, lose yourself and "fall back in love with life" (*Edmund White*).

Director: Julian Schnabel
Starring: Marie-Josée Croze, Anne Consigny, Emmanuelle Seigner, Mathieu Amalric
Certificate: 12A
Duration: 112 mins
Origin: France 2007
By: Pathe Distribution

Singing in the Rain Wed 30 2.00

Director: Gene Kelly
Starring: Debbie Reynolds, Donald O'Connor, Gene Kelly
Certificate: U
Duration: 102 mins
Origin: USA 1952
By: British Film Institute

Singin' in the Rain will be here forever and return to the Rex again and again, but months apart. So come and see it now. Its 1927, Don Lockwood and Lina Lamont are the darlings of the silent silver screen.

Off screen, Don, aided by his happy-go-lucky friend, Cosmo Brown (the brilliant Donald O'Connor), has to dodge Lina's romantic overtures, especially when he falls for chorus girl Kathy Selden (sacchrine Debbie Reynolds). With the advent of the 'talkies', Don and Lina's new film will be all singing, dancing and talking!

Unfortunately, Lina's voice could scrape a blackboard. Kathy is brought in to secretly dub her voice – seemed like a good idea at the time. Don goes off splashing policemen... But uh oh when Lina finds out (about the dubbing not the splashing...!)

Come for her and of course Gene's big dance, for which they had to mix milk with the rain so the cameras could capture the detail of the downpour. Hope it was only one take? Most of all come for the warm innocence of it all and of course, Donald O'Connor's unsurpassed show-biz masterpiece 'Make 'em Laugh'. What better thing to do with the last day of June? Don't hesitate.



KEEP CALM AND CARRY ON...



This is fantastic democracy. Your votes are piled for all to see. Mine is the neglected 'pile' on the right. The boy in the green Tshirt looks like he's serving drinks at The Rex.

Thank you for my 846 votes. Although it wasn't quite enough, it was more than I expected and heartwarming for that. I was only 29,000 short of the Tory and beaten into last place by UKip the BNP! At least you know it wasn't wasted. When I first put these notes together while my recall was still fresh, the 'Supremes' were still squabbling over who should be lead-singer. Now in late May it is all too clear who is singing the high notes, and who is on backing vocals.

The odd thing about democracy is it makes you realise how little the masses in a comfortable society can be trusted. Though happily, they snuffed out any hope for the BNP and shot down UKip in a dog-fight over Buckingham, they confounded prediction and gave the cocky press a good seeing-off. However, after all the fuss about most/all MPs slyly fiddling expenses and enjoying second homes, the masses played it safe and trusted the same faces/voices all over again. The trick is never to trust more than one opinion at a time. The Hustings was fun, though I wish I'd tried harder and not fumbled. I have a

curious Kamakasi comfort in failure when set against forces I have no chance of defeating. It is a peculiar trait, given that I seem stubborn in the face of overwhelming odds. Though I did some decent research on Coalition Govts throughout Europe, and how ridiculous is the notion of 'High Speed' rail, I didn't make enough of either. Happily, I will make up for it, month after month in the Rex magazine together with an increasing understanding of the power of you/my/space/face-sites. Not to be confused with sit-on-my-face sites.

Somebody challenged me about why I shook hands with the BNP candidate. I replied it was what Nelson Mandela would do. It shut them up. Later I thought and wished I'd said; it is also what Michael Corleone would do... I shook hands with them all.

THE COUNT AT WATERSMEET. RICKMANSWORTH.

I arrived just after midnight at the 1970s purpose built local authority leisure arena. Upstairs was where the 'action' would take place. The bar was closed. The running television coverage in a



large well-lit room was showing live helicopter footage of David Cameron's motorcade travelling along a dark country road towards Witney. It reminded me of that OJ Simpson car chase.

I was shown the postal votes. It is all very simple, even primitive. Your physical paper votes are taken from the polling booths. After counting, they are bundled into units of 100 and laid out on a final table area where you can see the paper rising or not (see pic opposite. Mine is that neglected pile on the far right – irony is not dead. You can work the rest out for yourself). What I couldn't believe about the postal votes was that the Tory pile was already huge. The Costa del Wardrobe was deciding our future and they don't even live here! Even I had a few and don't know anybody outside Tring. My daughter posted from London, that's all I was expecting – one piece of precious paper blowing around. My pile didn't get much bigger.

I was told off by the Returning Officer for taking pictures. Again I wish I'd said something like; do you know who I am? But he knew. He was in charge of the piles.

I talked to the lovely women counting votes on fab overtime, waiting for their next batch. All they did was complain they couldn't get into the Rex. I tried a few bribes.

I was interviewed by a child sent from the Gazette.

Then on leaving, I shook hands with all I could find; Labour, Tory and Lib.

The Ukip chap was making paper areoplanes in another room, under supervision. I was looking forward to another Mandela with the BNP but she didn't turn up. All the dates of my life, in one.

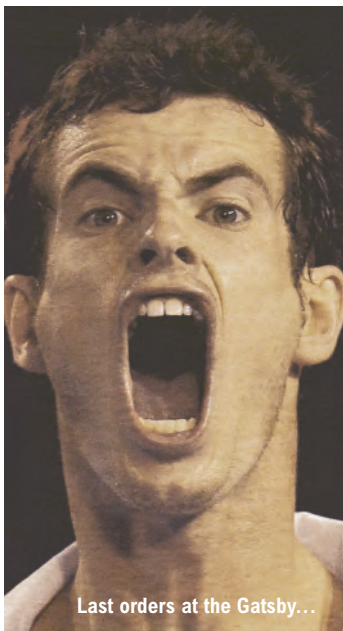
On leaving David Gauke told me of woman on the doorstep who was "adamant to vote for James Hannaway". We laughed, enjoying the emphasis on 'one' vote. What fun. Christopher Townsend stopped to ask me to stay and take my stand with them. A sincere gesture, but by then, I couldn't wait to get home.

The best of it was for five days we had what I had stood for. For five whole days the country got what I had promised... Nothing. For a week they were the best 846 votes cast.

The government didn't exist, yet the world went on. Nothing changed. Nothing collapsed. Nothing did anything. Just like when the traffic lights pack up - there are no hold-ups and everything flows without the slightest queue.

Every Govt is guessing what the world will become. They have no sense of future. Everything changes every ten years or so, so the same can stay the same.

Now let's see what Laurel and Hardy can do. Watch the piano fall down the steps again?



Last orders at the Gatsby...

Dear Sir

Is it me or has anyone else experienced a change of electoral heart on May 6th? Now, firstly I must point out that in the last election I voted for a different party. You see I do not believe that one should support a political party like a football team; any such belief I find completely bizarre. Why would anyone make a choice that decides the way our country is governed based on class belief or the fact that their forefathers voted for that party. My mother, for example, voted conservative but hasn't a clue what they stand for; she just thinks that she should because she's posh!

I digress....but I must tell you that I greatly admired your standing as an independent candidate.

At the polling station though, I realize my vote was going to David Gauke, a man who I wrote to some years back expressing my concerns over small business taxation and general squeeze and bleed.

The cunt never replied.

So I voted for you.

Yours sincerely

Reg

Dear Reg,

As you can imagine your letter (typed and posted) with your precise lay-out copied here, went around the office long before it got to me. It stays intact, due to the unanticipated timing of that word.

JAMES HANNAWAY INDEPENDENT

SOUTH WEST HEARTS
GTH 1040 2300

EDITORIAL COMMENT



I have nothing of cinema before we opened the Rex, but guess there was no money to it. There is no money in Parliament either. Only the Club makes it so.

Here, you want find lies, half-truths/hall-facts, stretched truth or a mistake. What you will find is someone who may not do any better than those seasoned career politicians and party club members, but can't do any more or threaten.

By now, if you've got this far, you'll be thinking he hasn't said anything. It is meaningless to spend anything hoping it will sound meaningful. Club back benches are powerless. They must use the party line and vote as they are told. As a back bench, I too will be powerless, but with no whips and money once me to corner or threaten.

Nelson Mandela said...
"Compassionate Romantic Generalists" are the only ways to treat those who should lead and the people state of it. I can't live up to any of his beautiful feelings. Instead I am compelled to show Mark You's interests from present.

I am doing this because this is the first and perhaps last chance to put people into Parliament who are not politicians. There is no ambition to be part of The Club and will not climb the ladder of the invisible. I say things as I think them and talk when I should listen. This is for me and my children. Therefore, you and yours. Just like the legends in The Rex. Think on it.

You want need to ask me anything. I don't know anything.

In 2005 I would have voted against the creation of Reg without fear.

For anyone in literature knowledge would see a small about.

I can ask questions. Not like the press ask questions, looking for angles or some of grand enough, but real questions with no galls, angle or intent other than to hear and understand the answer.

"Why" is a good start. Just like the boy who missed the can, so can see the Emperor is naked. Knowing the rules hampers integrity. Knowing nothing is freedom.

Clearly, at 63 this is not a career move. Not in a game. I will spend five years fighting for things local and global, with every chance of losing. I have an income and a long life. I live nearby, where from a cupboard, the Rex strategy was conceived and St Albans (Oxbow), was.



I tried the Daily Mail route with *s but realised the insult. Hypocritical and cowardly editors know what they're doing. Curiously the use of purile ***s causes you to repeat it to yourself.

It is snide, hollow and witless.

Whereas the stark word there for all to see, can be spontaneously funny.

As demonstrated here.

The addition of a polite 'Yours sincerely' straight after is little short of comic genius.

Thank you (for the letter, & the late vote). James



Typical of the Gazette (pub Wed 5th May). Democratically fair. Making equal monkeys of us all.

HOME...



Ashridge Saturday 15 May 2010...

"... one afternoon of heat the express-train drew up there unwontedly. It was late June..." (two lines from *Adlestrop* by Edward Thomas. 1917)

It was 1973? I was travelling home from London. The train stopped 'unwontedly' over the canal at Bullbeggars. I didn't know where I was, but had enough time to look out of the carriage on both sides. I fell in love there and then.

Missed the name as the train picked up speed through the station and thought I'd never see it again. Five years later I took a job in Hemel Hempstead. Driving through Potten End I came down the winding, leafy hill into Berkhamsted. On crossing the Railway bridge then the canal into Ravens Lane (where you can now see the Rex rising in front of you) I knew where I was. I had found it... and have never left. My children were born here and I love it still; every inch from Ashridge to the Chilterns.



The market place. Old Amersham April 2010