

FAN TIME FIRE

ISSUE #45 // JULY 2011



CAPTAIN AMERICA
ARRIETTY
MATÍAS MONTECINOS
JOHN LASSETER
INTERVIEW
CHILDISH GAMBINO
TWIN SHADOW
CAMERON MCNEE
WASHED OUT

BEACH COMBER

SARAH ST CLAIR RENARD HITS THE BEACH,
BUT SPENDS MORE TIME ON THE ROCKS



Much ado about? Nothing.



Despite my never-ending 140-character rants on Twitter each month, it's often surprisingly difficult to think of a topic of choice for my editor's letters. Sure, it's great and all to be happy and upbeat (and to be honest, I often am), but nothing feels better than sprawling for 400 words as you air your grievances; yet picking a subject for my rage can be kind of tricky.

When you see a lot of films each month – often we'll be at five screenings a week – that brings a lot of conversation too. You can delve into how a new blockbuster each week is killing 2011's cinematic endeavour, pleasure that relative 3-D to 2-D ticket sales are slowly swinging in favour of the latter, that *Pirates Of The Caribbean 5* and 6 are in already production or excite-

ment South Korean frontrunners Park Chan-wook and Kim Ji-woon are each working on English language debuts.

Music is hard for another reason; LA bands, and trying not to talk about them. Wow I love what was the Long Beach indie scene, and now what's coming out of Silverlake. Though We Barbarians have uprooted to Brooklyn (something that is already paying dividends), Delta Spirit are holding firm, and Dawes, Local Natives and now Foster The People making it big; it's tough to pick elsewhere, so I often avoid.

Art is tricky, we feature spreads and work without any text, and for a reason, critiquing them is better with your eyes, not my words. While style has made this page before – I wrote about Tom Ford and his hatred of shorts but a couple of months ago –

but there's only so many times you can speak of being a modern gentleman and Band Of Outsiders' suits.

And so random subjects often take centre stage, though plucking one out is even harder. Last month I was playing a lot of *L.A. Noire*, so I penned a piece on Rockstar and quite simply how wonderful they are, and before then, I read a great issue of *Wired*.

And so to this issue. The last *Wired* wasn't great, I'm wearing shorts in the city no matter what on a sunny day, I still hate 3-D and LA bands still amaze me, and with that I've rambled my way to the end. Enjoy the issue.

Oh, the News Of The World hacking scandal. Damn it, I could have talked about that...

Sam Bathe
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

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JULY 2011



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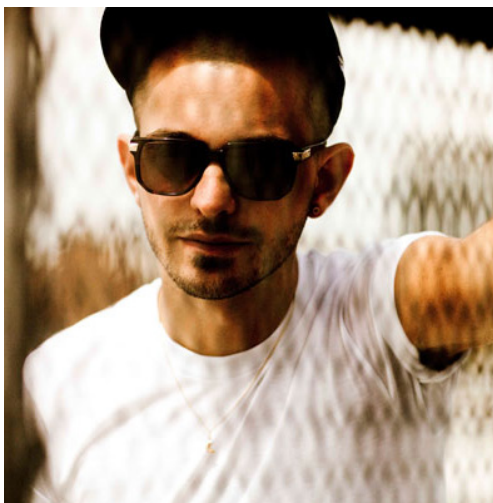
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**AEROPLANE'S
MONTHLY MIXES**



**DEATH CAB
FOR CUTIE LIVE**



**MASTERCARD
PAYPASS**



CODES AND KEYS



FAKE BLOOD



ALBION



**THE FINAL MASTER
OF WE BARBARIANS'
NEW EP**



***BRAVE*
TEASER TRAILER**



RUPERT MURDOCH



REBEKAH BROOKS



JAMES MURDOCH



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NEWS OF THE WORLD



**POINTLESS REVIEW
EMBARGOES**



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ALBUM REVIEWS

Full of colour.

Washed Out.

WORDS JAMES MURPHY
PHOTOGRAPHY WILL GOVUS

Ernest Greene is the sole member of Washed Out, Sub Pop's latest signing. And while he's being tied up with Memory Tapes comparisons and tagged with silly new sub-genres, this time 'chillwave', what he actually has to offer transcends lazy branding.

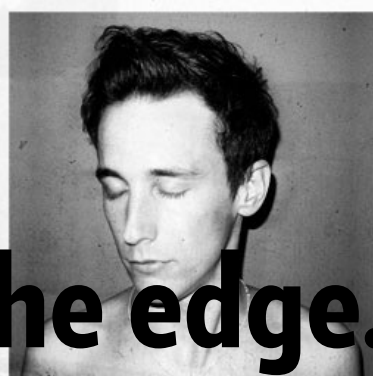
Having kicked off his musical career in his bedroom in Georgia, US, during the summer of 2009, Greene produced two startling EPs that quickly had MySpace and any other social networking site chattering away enthusiastically. EP *Life Of Leisure* escaped onto the internet in August 2009, and quickly *Feel It All Around* was contending for sound of the summer. The more controlled *High Times* EP followed a month later. Though there were clear hints of hip hop and smart, sharp pop sounds, the songs were carried more

of an '80s electronic influence than anything else. Synthesizers and programmed drum beats echoed out from all pores, as well as samples from the likes of Italian groups Change and Gary Low. But rather than sounding at their best whilst being pumped from the stereos of convertible cars or out of double-glazed windows at *Skins*-style house parties, the songs had more of a tender side, something explored further on the first Washed Out full length, *Within And Without*.

Washed Out presents a sound similar to shoe-gazing, replacing psychedelic, reverb-soaked guitars with psychedelic, reverb-soaked synthesizers. Claiming hip-hop influenced him in the way he writes, his style is more in line with traditional pop, extracting more emotion and feeling in his

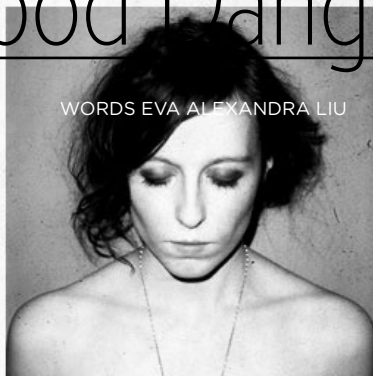
words and melody. And that's the endearing thing about Washed Out; the melodies. They sit calmly under the noise while it swirls, taking a back seat with hushed tones. But as much as he'd like to cover it up, Ernest Greene has got quite the ear for a powerful pop-hook. Greene's voice floats, burying itself in the ears of the listener. His relaxed tones almost recalls The Stone Roses' Ian Brown (as opposed to the thuggish, cocksure-voiced Ian Brown that emerged after the demise of The Stone Roses). It's a sweet, delicate thing, hanging on in the mind long after the beats and synthesizers have stopped. So rather than being packed up in a box with the rest of summer sounds as August draws to a close, Washed Out will more likely than not find a space to shine during the autumnal months. ♣



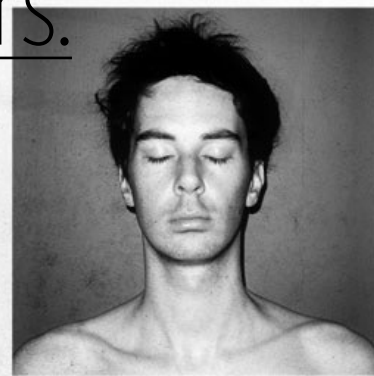


Life on the edge.

Good Dangers.



WORDS EVA ALEXANDRA LIU



Before our clubnight *FRIDAY NIGHT FIST FIGHT* donned its brief summer hiatus, we were treated to a set up there with the best that have hit the stage at Catch in recent time, from the band Good Dangers.

The four boys/one girl group (Max, Howie, John, Gavin and Jenny) fall into the categories of indie, pop and electro; a tricky genre-combo to succeed within given the abundance of current bands/artists donning this amalgamation. Indie-pop groups regularly struggle to exhibit true originality in today's climate, but despite Good Dangers' sound and production being akin to the likes of a (potentially unintentional) lo-fi The Big Pink and Black Kids, they do manage to bring something different to the table.

As the venue began to fill up with people awaiting their performance, it would appear Good Dangers have already attracted quite a following.

From the outset, there's an element of intelligence to their music – which (for the style they fall into) was both satisfying to hear – separating the band from the style-over-substance scenesters typically found within these said constraints.

Their set built well and got the crowd moving, however, they arguably climaxed a little early as some seemed to lose interest towards the end.

On stage they displayed a humble charisma and maintained positive communication with the audience. The lead singer, sharing a similar rasp to The Cure's Robert Smith, delivered his vocals well, and the majority of the band had a good presence. The hypnotic hooks and riffs from the guitars were strong and distinguished, though at times sounded like commercial adaptations of Foals'/Midnight Juggernauts', or perhaps an element of the Modular, Australian sound. Lastly,

the drums and bass provided a solid backbone for the set.

Although not of huge importance, there was a slight inconsistency in their styling which in our harsh judgemental British culture did make me want a stronger element of uniformity on stage. Their tracks *Brasilia* and *So Unkind* are amongst Good Dangers' best to date, and each would nestle perfectly into an indie film soundtrack.

Although their set might of benefited from a tighter performance, they still impressed, and creative talent shone through. Good Dangers are a band with strong foundations that may have a lot to look forward to. They almost seemed, like they could crossover into a slightly more mainstream sound, still keeping that crucial body of integrity, so keep an eye out, as with single releases on the horizon, you might just see them pushing up the chart surprisingly soon.





Freaks and geeks. Childish Gambino.

WORDS MICHAEL RAMEY

Donald Glover is able to do anything he wants in his career now, a rare treat for those in the entertainment business. His comedy fans know him from *30 Rock*, *Derrick Comedy*, and the hilarious Troy on *Community*, but he has also been approached by many different fashion companies, like Gap, appearing in their ads. Yet even with everything else going on in his life, he still finds time for music. Having proclaimed himself “a nerdy black guy” you wouldn’t know it when his alter ego Childish Gambino hits the stage, where his “I don’t care” confidence nonetheless brings him a great deal of respect. Fans first got a taste of Childish Gambino in December 2010 with the release of the first song off of his EP *Be Alone*. Fans had to wait four long months to get the full EP which he released for free on his website. That’s when the actor/comedian/writer saw his music career begin to really start to take off.

Childish Gambino’s music is fast-paced rap that sucks you in from the first moment, though if you are easily offended, it may not be for you. The Gambino’s songs have a “f*ck you” at-

titude, like on track *Freaks And Geeks*; the music video already hitting three million views on YouTube even though the entire shoot is just Glover dancing back in forth in a red hoodie. Yet despite its simplistic nature, there’s no denying the great rhymes and catchy beat.

Along with making an impact with his music, the IAMDONALD tour features Glover’s hilarious stand up act, as well as Childish Gambino. Half way through his show it turns into a concert, Glover demonstrating a charisma that would make Mick Jagger proud. Only someone very talented, and daring, could get away with a show like that, and Glover does. Both him and Childish Gambino leave the audi-

ence thirsting for more.

While there is no set date for the release of the second Childish Gambino EP, hopefully there will be some great collaborations on it. While he has collaborated with very few people to date, those in the public domain are quite brilliant. His most notable collaboration is with Jamie XX, putting a new and entertaining twist on Adele’s *Rolling In The Deep*.

One of the funniest (and nicest) guys in comedy today, an entertaining actor, and even geeky fashion icon, it is only a matter of time until we see Childish Gambino climbing the music charts, and Glover taking his talents to the next level. And we can’t wait. ♣

**HALF WAY
THROUGH
HIS SHOW IT
TURNS INTO
A CONCERT,
GLOVER DEM-
ONSTRAT-
ING A CHA-
RISMA THAT
WOULD MAKE
MICK JAGGER
PROUD.**



You hear countless stories of bands or artists growing up on rough estates, in broken homes and fighting against the highest adversity to reach fame on a grand scale. It happens so often it's become one of the biggest clichés in music, so it's refreshing to hear of, and delve into, a more interesting past that takes in sights and sounds around the world and without a newfound major label that propels an artist so easily into a whole new life.

George Lewis Jr., known by his stage name, Twin Shadow, has had an unusual route to recognition. Now based out of Brooklyn, George was born in the Dominican Republic, but after trouble in his local neighbourhood, his family moved to America, and to the most boring and safe place his father could think of, Florida.

Son of a hairdresser and teacher/semi-professional American footballer/massage therapist/filmmaker (Lewis Sr. was also on staff at a circus for a while), George got into music at a young age and started playing guitar at the age of 14. Feeling a little stifled by the few opportunities the lower East Coast brought, he moved away, and to

what he thought was a thriving music scene in Boston.

Though his new home didn't quite offer the resources he had hoped, George still made good of his situation, and with band Mad Man Films, released two albums and tasted life on tour. It was a taste he wanted more of, but knew Boston just wasn't quite right, so via time in Europe around Berlin, Copenhagen and Sweden, settled on New York, and the rest, as they say, is history.

Refreshing his persona as Twin Shadow, Lewis Jr. soon turned his attention to a different style of music, and influenced lyrically by a lot of '70s art house

films he was watching, *The Seventh Seal* in particular, took on a 1980s new wave sound, to great success.

Releasing his debut album, *Forget*, in late 2010, the LP was largely recorded on the road, late at night alone in hotel rooms. He recalls it as a lonely

experience, but wouldn't have changed a thing if he was granted a do-over, which should come as no surprise, because *Forget* was received to great critical acclaim across the board.

With his reputation growing ever since, the album was produced by Grizzly Bear's Chris Taylor (ever the superstar producer of late) and put out on 4AD and Taylor's own Terrible Records. It sold well, in part thanks to a clever idea of pricing the LP at \$1 for a limited time, with George wanting to

avoid the piracy issue of whether people will steal it, or not listen to it at all. And the gamble paid off.

With an upcoming nationwide tour already selling well – en-

titled the Clean Cuts Tour, its poster touts a different (and particularly crazy) hair style to denote each venue and city – watch out for Twin Shadow over the next few years, as George's rise to prominence looks set to roll on and on and on.

**THE LP WAS
LARGELY
RECORDED
ALONE IN HO-
TEL ROOMS.**



THE CHAIN GANG OF 1974 WAYWARD FIRE

RELEASED OUT NOW

Were it not that The Chain Gang Of 1974 had been around long before White Lies (and we've got the demos to prove it), critics abound would surely be popping a 'post-White Lies' tag on the Colorado band, and it would have been rightly so, the pair share many a similarity. Unlike White Lies, however, the dark and brooding of *Wayward Fire*'s hook-laden synth pop-rock, doesn't quite hit the spot.

There's no doubt the man behind it all, Kamtim Mohager is a talented guy, and at times, this album's craft is hugely impressive and catchy in abundance, but it always feel like the music is missing something. Perhaps a stronger bassline, perhaps more variation in the vocals, perhaps the odd lighter synth or guitar, if you put all the best bits of each track together, you'd be onto an almighty winner, but in its current form, *Wayward Fire* falls that crucial distance short, and sadly you'll grow a little tired before the album is over. **SB**

★★★★★



POOR SPIRITS VVOVV

RELEASED OUT NOW

We caught wind of Poor Spirits very early into their life, after a tweet by once Long Beachers We Barbarians, detailing the two-piece's debut EP. Entitled *Sweet Teeth*, boy was it impressive, pulling influence from Crystal Castles but making every beat and synth their own. Coupled with expansive and experimental vocals, the six-track release sure announced them on the scene, and pricked up our ears for good.

After joining the aforementioned We Barbarians in a move to the West Coast, beat-maker Carlos has been down his partner-in-crime, so this debut LP *VVOVV* is an instrumental effort, not that that holds it back. Moving between more anthemic and sparser entries, Poor Spirits' jungle-synth debut full length is a hugely impressive feat, and like nothing you'll have heard of late. It's not unusual for the sake of it, and every sound counts, Carlos turns music around super quick too, so we're sure excited for more. **TM**

★★★★★



WOLF GANG SUEGO FAULTS

RELEASED OUT NOW

A lot of people might buy Wolf Gang's *Suego Faults* thinking it's the latest release from LA scaremongering rap collective Odd Future [Wolf Gang Kill Them All]. Realising that it's not will probably have you either throw your arms up in joy, or recoiling away in sheer disappointment. And well, either would probably be a little in the extreme.

Crafting an album of great elegance and fully-formed sound, Max McElligott's pop-rock debut has an air of opera about it, as more thought went into a single track off *Suego Faults* than The Vaccines' entire LP. For better or worse, McElligott sticks to his guns, and on *The King And All Of His Men* and *Dancing With The Devil* it works a treat, but elsewhere it's less successful. *Suego Faults* isn't packed with fillers, just some of the obvious craftsman's ideas don't quite work as well. With a couple more years in him, however, and a little more experience, the next LP could be a stormer. **SB**

★★★★★



WASHED OUT WITHIN AND WITHOUT

RELEASED OUT NOW

Sub Pop's latest poster child Ernest Green (one and all of Washed Out) has been the talk of Pitchfork Towers since the release of EP *Life Of Leisure* a little under a year ago, but while the influential site might go a little over the top for some bands, this hype was earned.

Now with an LP under his wing to really make good on his early short-run releases, *Within And Without* is a (read 'em and weep) nine-track strong masterclass in 1980s new wave, or 'chillwave' as music is so awkwardly re-termed.

If you're left a little lost with the genres, think Gold Panda, made exclusively with laid-back synths and slow meandering vocals, though that certainly underplays it, as on *Within And Without*, Green blends his musical talents into an intoxicating mix. More of an 'album' than you'd probably expect in the current climate, *Eyes Be Closed* stands out, but really, you should just listen to the whole thing. **TM**

★★★★★



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RISE OF THE PLANET OF THE APES

RELEASED AUGUST 5 (USA) AUGUST 12 (UK)

Welcome to the beginning of the preview of the prequel/reboot of the *Planet Of The Apes* film franchise, *Rise Of The Planet Of The Apes*, the most exciting film in years for those who are fans of the words 'of' and 'the'. Yes, it's a silly title, and yes, it's another reboot (this is set up as the beginning of a new franchise), but wait! Watch the trailer. It doesn't look that bad.

That is, watch the most recent trailer. The first footage released of this film I found underwhelming, but the latest teaser offers us more of an insight into the setup of the film and, finally, my anticipation has been piqued. James Franco stars as Will Rodman, who is using apes as test subjects in his research into curing Alzheimer's disease. Ignoring the fact that Franco doesn't really look like a renowned scientist, the scene-setting, in which an ape called Caesar begins to think more and more like a human, and is eventually pushed into animosity (seemingly by the jibes of Draco Malfoy himself), is looking quite convincing.

Weta Digital's CGI bells and whistles will bring the apes to life this time (no physical effects) and their work is looking weighty and, crucially, expressive and lifelike. The apes' faces – in particular their eyes – look to be something of a triumph; the next step up in on-screen simians since Peter Jackson's *King Kong* reboot. A supporting cast boasting Freida Pinto, Brian Cox and Andy Serkis (as Caesar; surely the only human to be typecast as a gorilla) looks well-chosen overall and the film, irksome though its franchise-beginning machinations may be, does look like it has something about it.







REAL STEEL

RELEASED OCTOBER 7

Based on a short story by Richard Matheson, *Real Steel* stars Hugh Jackman as Charlie Kenton, a man whose boxing career is cut short when – some time in the future – robots begin to start replacing humans as the competitors. Grudgingly Charlie takes a new position as a small time promoter, until he partners up with his son Max (Dakota Goyo) to build a robot which can compete in the big leagues. Thus, a new chance at success in his chosen sport (though not exactly how he had planned it) presents itself.

When I first heard about *Real Steel* (which had been floating around for a while before eventually getting underway) I was sceptical. Now that I've seen some promotional material and the trailer I have to say I'm a little less so. Yes, it's jumping on the robot bandwagon that Michael Bay's *Transformers* films have set in motion, but it doesn't really look a similar proposition.

The less this film is about CGI robots (mo-capped or not) smacking each other around the better. Sure, that's the context, but the heart is the

father-son relationship, and thankfully the trailer played this element up above all else, which is the way it should be. The boxing scenes look decent enough, but avoiding the kind of weightless lightshows the *Transformers* films have a habit of turning into is essential. Jackman is a good choice in the central role, and he looks to be fully committed. He's got the charisma and presence to make this work; we'll just have to wait and see if the special effects – and, more importantly, the script – can justify its existence.





TWILIGHT: BREAKING DAWN - PART 1

RELEASED NOVEMBER 18

Amidst all the *Harry Potter* mayhem which, at time of writing, is really beginning to kick into top gear, people will momentarily forget (though probably not for very long) that another huge franchise is rolling into town with its latest instalment not long after. Unlike *Potter*, which is currently concluding its divided last chapter, *Twilight* is approaching the first of its two-part conclusion.

I wonder if *Breaking Dawn – Part 1* will follow the same pattern *Potter* did, by saving most of the action for the

second film and going with a slower, more expository first half. Unlike with *Potter*, I haven't read Stephenie Meyer's books, so I don't know what happens in this and as such can't really comment on whether the decision to split the thing is a good one or not. The cynic in me suggests it's a money spinner and nothing more; hopefully I'll be proved wrong. But then, when Harry is doing it, and *The Hobbit* in 2012/13, it really does seem that splitting adaptations is the new cash cow in modern filmmaking.

Now, while *Twilight* can't match *Potter* in box office receipts and overall market dominance, it still boasts a legion of fans who will be eagerly anticipating this. The films so far have been up and down in quality, and it has fallen on the shoulders of Bill Condon (*Dreamgirls*) to deliver the finale everybody wants. Whether he can do it or not remains to be seen, but this is coming out later in the year (out of competition with a slew of blockbusters in spring and summer) so it should be poised for good numbers.



WARRIOR

RELEASED SEPTEMBER 9 (USA) SEPTEMBER 23 (UK)

Tom Hardy has been around for a while but it was *Bronson* – and later his charming performance in *Inception* – that brought him the attention he's now enjoying. His most high-profile up and coming project is undoubtedly *The Dark Knight Rises* (doesn't get much bigger than that, really) but *Warrior* is an intriguing, smaller-scale starter to Christopher Nolan's main course.

Hardy plays the son of a former boxer (Nick Nolte) whose alcoholism destroyed his family life. Now, he is being trained up by his father to compete in mixed martial arts, an arena his brother (Joel Edgerton) just so happens to be in as well. Already you've got the basis of a very strong cast right there. Both Hardy and Edgerton have buffed up considerably and certainly look the part. Elsewhere, Jennifer Morrison and Kurt Angle (yes, *that* Kurt Angle), amongst others, provide support.

Although the sports film genre includes plenty of easily comparable pictures, *Warrior's* interesting casting and focus on a less mainstream sport (as opposed to boxing, basically) will hopefully set it apart. Last year we had *The Fighter*, which also dealt with addiction and family issues, so *Warrior* has a recent benchmark, but director Gavin O'Connor – best known for his work in TV up to now – has an interesting angle and a decent cast.





DON'T BE AFRAID OF THE DARK

RELEASED SEPTEMBER 30 (USA) TBC (UK)

Since we last previewed Troy Nixey's horror remake (of the 1973 television flick of the same name) the full trailer has been released, as well as a collection of posters. Generally speaking, this promotional material has done little to dampen our hopes for this Guillermo del Toro-produced shocker.

It's the oldest story in the book – family attempt to live in old, broken-down house and realise all isn't as it seems – but there is something about Nixey's film that inspires confidence. Perhaps it is Oliver Stapleton's dingy photography, the genuinely creepy air established in the trailer; hell, perhaps (and this will be music to FilmDistrict's ears) it's the presence of del Toro himself as producer and co-scriptwriter. Personally, the fact that Guy Pearce is involved also gives the film an extra something. 11-year-old Bailey Madison, meanwhile – as Sally, the girl at the centre of the mystery – is already getting a hyped reception for her performance.

Perhaps memories of *The Orphanage* (another del Toro love child) is raising expectations for this new horror to levels that less established genre entries wouldn't normally benefit from, but in the end it doesn't matter. If the film is good, it's good; if it isn't, it isn't. Marketing based around Guillermo del Toro's good (and currently very popular) name is only natural, but hopefully a spark has rubbed off on Troy Nixey and he's delivered something worthy of our time. It's been a long time coming (and has seen numerous delays) but finally we will get to find out if the hype has been justified or not.





INTERVIEW WITH

**MELANIE
LAURENT**

STAR OF *BEGINNERS*

WORDS BY ANDREW SIMPSON

Mélanie Laurent is the real thing. In her on-screen roles, from Nazi hunting cinéophile in Quentin Tarantino's *Inglourious Basterds* to musical virtuoso in *Le Concert*, the 28-year-old Parisian actress has always had a cool, demure air. Accounts of the moment when Gerard Depardieu asked her if she wanted to be an actress after he spotted her visiting a film set aged sixteen, seem to portray her reaction as involving nothing so much as an insouciant shrug. But far from possessing the clichéd Gallic cool that story suggests, in person Laurent has an almost childlike brand of animated enthusiasm, as well as a sure understanding of why she makes movies. As far as twenty minute interviews go, she's relaxed, fun and passionate, flitting between heartfelt opinions on what makes great cinema and, more often than not, cracking jokes.

Dressed simply but sveltely in black, and with her blonde hair tied in a ponytail, Laurent is in a playful mood. When she is asked why she decided to take a role in *Beginners*, the new film by illustrator and filmmaker Mike Mills that she is in London to promote, she leans over and whispers "I don't know" before breaking into a fit of giggles. But what might seem flippant soon gives way to the fierce

engagement that has seen her recently move into direction. "I loved the script, and I loved the story," she says, dispensing with her initial jokiness. "And I wanted to be part of an American independent movie."

That last phrase is a loaded one, recalling as it does the sorts of 'American indie' films that have seemed to stagnate recently. Content to ape the geekish whimsy of leading lights such as Wes Anderson with little understanding of the emotional intelligence that made films like *Rushmore* and *The Royal Tenenbaums* so fresh, the past few years has witnessed a near unending slew of gimmicky, uninspired depictions of implausibly eccentric outcasts. Mike Mills' directorial debut *Thumbsucker*, which featured a medicated teenager with the most babyish of habits, is a prime example, and Mills has taken six years to make his follow up, using the intervening years to return to the illustration and music videos that made his name.

Beginners sees depressed illustrator Oliver (Ewan McGregor) fall for Anna (Laurent), an enigmatic and implausibly beautiful French actress living in an LA hotel. Featuring Oliver's childish doodles, a first meeting that comes whilst its leads are dressed as Sigmund Freud and Charlie Chaplin,

and a telepathic dog, it could easily be the sort of insufferably kooky love story that has become all too familiar. Yet unexpectedly *Beginners* is something of a triumph, and in its portrayal of Oliver's father Hal (a wonderful Christopher Plummer), features possibly the most sensitive portrayal of homosexuality ever put on-screen by a straight director. Mills' has confessed that this storyline, in which Hal announces his homosexuality following his wife's death, is fiercely autobiographical, and it is the sheer emotional authenticity of its characters that allows the film to transcend the initially twee. The relationship between father and son acts as a counterpoint to *Beginner's* central love story as, following Hal's death, Oliver struggles to emulate his father's happiness.

"Even when you read the script you could feel that it had a special angle," Laurent says, nodding at the suggestion that *Beginners* could easily have been wearisomely familiar. "It was not caricature, and I think it makes the difference. You could feel that it would be right, in a simple way, and that's one of the most difficult things to do. I think it's easier to make big scenes," she goes on, holding her arms wide to illustrate the point, and making a blockbuster sound effect. The giggling comes back, before she gets serious again. "It's really something to see through the characters and to talk about a fragile subject."

That subject is people trying to accept the possibility of love, and how Hal's late blooming happiness marks Oliver and Anna out as beginners in matters of the heart. "I think love is timing," says Laurent. "They just meet at the wrong moment. She's funny and light, and he needs that. He needs to fall in love with someone fresh, but it's too soon. Anna is too obsessed with her career, she's lost, and I think especially because she's French [a point only added when Laurent was cast] there is the element of her being so far away from home." She rejects the suggestion, though, that Anna's lonely existence is like her own. "I don't feel close to Anna. I can understand all

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the hotels and the unhappy stories of actresses but I don’t feel like this. It’s kind of a challenge because she’s so different, so complicated. She’s scared to be in love, and that’s interesting because I don’t know those feelings.” Indeed, it is Laurent’s sensitive portrayal of vulnerability beneath all the enigmatic cool that helps make her onscreen relationship with McGregor a convincing two-hander.

Mills’ decision to film *Beginners* in two distinct parts, and in chronological order, helped create a convincing emotional intimacy. “He started shooting Christopher and Ewan for two weeks. They had a break, and then I arrived in LA,” she says, describing the shoot. “It was special because he did everything in order, so Ewan *had* just lost his dad. For him it was exactly like the script, and he was talking to me about Christopher. I think it was great to do it like that. For me it was like a documentary.” Ultimately, she says, “it’s the most real movie I’ve ever made.”

Narrated by Oliver, *Beginners* features montages of photographs taken at different points in its characters’ lives, and a dog that silently communicates with Oliver via onscreen subtitles. When Anna and Oliver meet (that Freud and Chaplin scene), she is

unable to speak due to laryngitis, and communicates with him by writing on a notepad. The imaginative, non-verbal ways in which Mills expresses his characters’ emotions shows him bringing the playfulness of his music video and art careers to bear on the film, signaling his growth as a director. “It’s exactly the cinema I want to do,” Laurent says. “It’s not too real, and the imagination for me is the purpose of being a director, that you can put pictures in, and decide that the dog is going to speak. It’s cinema, its movies. I love that, and I was inspired when I was working with Mike. I’m crazy about the movie.”

Laurent obviously loves the film, and she certainly comes across as an actor taking roles that excite her. But it is also true that *Beginners* is indicative of her rising stock in Hollywood following Tarantino’s plucking her from the French art house scene for *Inglourious Basterds*, and it is not surprising that a currently under-wraps studio film with “an amazing cast” is on the cards. Also coming up is a World War Two film directed by Billy August (*Les Misérables*) in which she plays a Portuguese Resistance fighter which, she says referring back to *Inglourious Basterds*, means “I’m going to kill Na-

zis, again!”

Mostly though, Laurent seems to want to talk about what makes a good director rather than a successful actress, hardly surprising considering that she has recently made her directorial debut with *Les Adoptés*, adapted from her own script. “I wanted to copy him!” she bellows when asked if Mills had been an inspiration. “I wanted to be as nice as he is with the crew, to be as generous, to be a good human being. People want to be great when they have a great captain on the boat. He wears suits every day, because he says ‘I love my crew so I have to be at my best.’ I loved him so much for that.”

Tarantino represented filmmaking on an entirely different scale, but proved no less inspirational. “He had maybe 300 people [on set] and watching him was amazing,” she says, describing the atmosphere on the set of *Inglourious Basterds*. “Before one scene he would ask everybody to be on set, and he said what he was going to do during the day. He was like that after two months, not just the first day. He would be like ‘Okay guys, ready? Today we are going to shoot this f*cking amazing scene!’ And everybody screamed ‘Yeah!’ Laurent is animatedly throwing her hands in the air, imitating Tarantino’s American accent, and like him she found her own method of creating a bond with the crew on her own film. “I did a video clip,” she laughs. “We put on a Notorious B.I.G. song and we had everybody in front of the camera. We were dancing on set at 9am. It was crazy.”

As well as promising what might be one of the year’s must-see movie outtakes, it is a recollection that leads her onto a serious point. “I made another movie after this, before mine, and the director was not like that. He was not a mean person but there was no communication, and it was a boring set. Everybody wanted to go home. What’s the point in making movies if it’s not fun?” It is a good place to finish and, you suspect, just about sums her up. A handshake, a knowing smile, and she is gone.

Beginners is out July 22nd



INTERVIEW WITH

***JOHN
LASSETER,
SIR
MICHAEL
CAINE
& JASON
ISAACS***

DIRECTOR, PRODUCER AND STARS OF CARS 2

WORDS BY ANDREW SIMPSON

Cars 2, the sequel to Pixar's 2006 smash hit portraying a world inhabited by talking automobiles, arrives in cinemas this week. Coming in the year of Pixar's 25th Anniversary celebrations, it sees hero Lightning McQueen (Owen Wilson) enter a new racing competition called the World Grand Prix, taking him to Tokyo, Italy and London. On the way, best friend Mater (Larry the Cable Guy) becomes unwittingly involved in international espionage when British intelligence agent Finn McMissile (Sir Michael Caine) mistakes the rusty tow truck for a fellow spy. What follows is a globe-trotting series of action-comedy set pieces, in the now obligatory 3-D, and taking themes ranging from friendship to alternative energy. Director and Pixar kingpin John Lasseter was on hand this week to discuss the film, along with stars Sir Michael Caine and Jason Isaacs, who has two small parts in *Cars 2*. Despite some poor reviews, and the fact that none of the three seems to have spent much time together when making the film, spirits are jubilant, and the conversation takes in everything from representing London on-screen to the tragic death of original *Cars* star Paul Newman, as well as what qualities make for a good spy.

FAN THE FIRE: How do you feel about 2011 being Pixar's 25th Anniversary?

JOHN LASSETER: At Pixar we stay focused on every film we make. It takes four years to make each one of our films. We started trying to have one film every year, and it took us about 10 years to get there because we didn't want to have any drop in quality. We're always staying focused on our films, and making great films, and having fun doing it because if you are it's going to be there on the screen. We actually missed our 25th anniversary. But we did celebrate and we did take a bit of time to reflect back. In 1986 we formed Pixar and we were a technology company, then in 1991 we made a deal with Disney to make our first feature film that became *Toy Story*. But before that I was the only traditionally trained animator working with com-

puter animation, and there were only four out of forty of us that started Pixar who were in animation. So Pixar's kind of had two phases.

FTF: The film ends with a big set-piece race and face-off in London, one that shows off the landmarks of the city re-imagined for a world inhabited by cars. Why did you choose London?

JL: When I finished doing *Cars* and we travelled around the world, I'd been living with it for five years and I had cars as characters on my mind. Every place I went to I would look out the window and imagine what a car version of this city would be like, going to countries and cities that have a very unique automotive heritage, unique automobiles or vehicles. I've always loved London: I came here in the summer of 1979 and just never forgot being in the city with the taxi cabs and the double-decker buses and so on, and everything had the particular feeling to it. There's something utterly unique about London, and I love it and really wanted to bring that up. So when we started thinking about the World Grand Prix and starting it in Tokyo and going to Italy, we always wanted to have the climax of the film in London so we could really show off all the beautiful architecture and the car version of that. We had a lot of fun 'car-ifying' London. You look closely, there are so many automotive details in the architecture, it'll take a few times to see all the incredible detail that's been put into the film, and just the fun of reimagining, so Big Ben became Big Bentley, and looking at columns and how with just a little tweak it looks like the grill of a Rolls Royce. It was really great. It's a real love letter to each of the countries that we visit.

FTF: Did you think about recasting Doc Hudson from the original film following the death of Paul Newman?

JL: We have been unfortunate enough over the years to have lost some of our friends. Many times we have to find an actor who will sound like them. But Paul Newman was different story. He was Doc Hudson. He became a very

close friend of mine, and I was so inspired by him during our recording sessions for *Cars*, they were almost like conversations. We'd sit in the recording studio and make sure that they just recorded everything we said, because we would talk about racing. You couldn't get him to talk about acting at all, but racing he would just talk for hours. There was such passion there and it kept informing me, every time we had a session I would come back and tweak the scenes with the Doc Hudson character, and it kept becoming more and more like him. He was Doc Hudson and Doc Hudson was him, so when we started contemplating the new movie, right away we said let's just come up with tasteful way to pay homage to the character and to Paul Newman. We came up with the idea that the big cup that they race for in Lightning McQueen's racing circles is called the Piston Cup, and so they renamed it the Hudson Hornet Memorial Piston Cup in honour of Doc Hudson, and they turned his doctor's office into a Doc Hudson Museum. It was kind of my little tribute to Paul Newman.

FTF: How did the actors become involved in the film?

JASON ISAACS: I was filming something in LA, and the phone call came and someone said 'Listen, John Lasseter wants...' and I said 'I'm in.' Then they said 'It's a little part...' and I said 'I'm in.' Then they said 'Look, it's *Cars 2*,' and I said 'Look, if they want me to go to Pixar and clean the windows with my tongue, I'm in!' I'm a massive fan of all their films and particularly John [Lasseter's] work. For all their fantastic technological background I think he's a master storyteller, and that's the most important thing. 'I trust him, I'm in,' and they said 'well they've invited you to Pixar for the weekend,' and I'm a total techno geek so it was an absolute wet dream for me, but I couldn't go because I was filming! So I went instead to a studio where I expected to be for about ten minutes as I'm so fleetingly in the film, luckily playing a brilliantly realised character. So I knew I'd be there for moments. And instead all ➡

the storyboards were there, and this uncontrollable enthusiasm was in the room. I'd read articles about the process before but to see it first hand, to see how they were just bubbling over with passion, they wanted to show me everything. I thought 'Now I get it, now I see why the stories are so great'. It's not just attention to detail as a work of craft, it's an act of love really bringing these stories to the world. So then I recorded it, and I was either very good or very cheap because they asked me to do another part.

MICHAEL CAINE: In quite old age I had three grandchildren, and I thought, they're never going to see me in any movies for years: you can't go and see *Harry Brown* until you're 18! I wanted to do something, and out of the blue I was called and they said it's *Cars 2*. And I had never seen any cartoons. So I rented *Cars*, and I was absolutely stunned because I was thinking of a cartoon, which for me was Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck. But the word cartoon didn't seem to apply to this movie, and I can't think of any word which does. The Disney people told me that it was an animated feature, which didn't seem quite right either. It is better than what that sounds. I was absolutely stunned by what they'd done. Then I said what am I going to be, and he said 'You're going to be a spy.' And I thought 'I started out as a spy as Harry Palmer in *The Ipcress File* at the beginning of my career.' And I thought the film's all about cars, and I did a film

early in my career called *The Italian Job* which is all about cars.' Actors are very superstitious, and I thought 'that's a good omen.' Then I said 'What's my name?' and he said 'Finn McMissile,' and I said 'Great, that's a great name, you know there's going to be trouble!' And then I said what kind of a car am I?' He said 'A 1966 Pale Blue Aston Martin,' and I thought 'That's the coolest car I've ever heard of,' and I said 'I'll do it'. I saw it yesterday, and I'm so glad I did.

FTF: What was the experience like?

MC: For me what happens in the movie is what happens when you act in it. The movie is about talking cars, but you gradually go in and it's just like watching people. You go in to record, and you think how am I going to talk like a car? You talk like a human being, and it's exactly the same as playing a flesh and blood character, except you never get to meet anybody! You do it for a couple of hours every few months. I remember John saying 'You're done after today', and I said 'How long have I been doing this?' He said 'Two and a half years!' I had no idea how long I'd been doing it.

FTF: Do you not feel like retiring?

MC: for me I've been asked if I would retire. In the movies you don't retire, the movies retire you, if you have no luck probably on your first movie! I've been very fortunate and I've got into a position where you are no longer a romantic leading man obviously, but I started out as a repertory actor which

is playing different parts. My mentality is still that of a repertory actor, and I'm my own worst critic. I just keep looking for new parts which will force me further and further, to be better and better. And I'd never done, properly, an animated film, and I'd never done a film in 3-D. For me, I just keep going until no offers come in. The great thing about being an actor is that you don't ever have to retire. Someone's got a movie with a 90-year-old bloke in it! You don't have to retire at 65. I saw in the paper people saying 'we've got to work until we're 66', and I'm thinking 'I'm 78, what are they talking about?!'

FTF: What are your best car stories?

MC: I grew up in a non-car period which was the Second World War, and I grew up in a city, London, that had an incredible public transport system, taxis, underground and buses, so I never knew a person who owned a car until I was 25 years old. The first car I ever bought was a Rolls Royce. I bought it and I couldn't drive it so I said I was going to learn to drive, and the insurance company said no you're not! The insurance premium was so high that it was cheaper to hire a chauffeur. So I hired a chauffeur and I never drove again until I lived on Los Angeles. You have to drive in Los Angeles, so I took a test, and it was very weird. The man said before I took the test that the man with whom you are taking your lesson is sitting outside in the car, you will only speak to him to say good morning, there will be no normal conversation. I said okay, and I got in the car and the guy looked at me and said 'I loved you in *The Man That Would Be King*. You're going to have to be sh*t not to pass this test!'

JJ: The only car I remember driving fast was in a film with Jackie Chan called *The Tuxedo* and we were sitting in the car, waiting to clear the street as we were going to do a car chase. Jackie said 'I hate this, we don't do all this in Hong Kong, we don't clear out the streets, you just drive and if you crash you pay people money.' And I said 'You know I'm quite comfortable with how we're doing this one!'

“LOOK, IF THEY WANT ME TO GO TO PIXAR AND CLEAN THE WINDOWS WITH MY TONGUE, I'M IN!”





HORRIBLE BOSSES

DIRECTED BY SETH GORDON **STARRING** JASON BATEMAN, CHARLIE DAY, JASON SUDEIKIS, KEVIN SPACEY, JENNIFER ANISTON, COLIN FARRELL & JAMIE FOXX

RELEASED OUT NOW (USA) JULY 22 (UK)

That you want to kill your boss is probably not a new train of thought for millions of people across the world. But even after clocking in at 9am on a Monday morning it's not meant literally. *Horrible Bosses*, however, takes you at your word.

With their working day made a living hell by three impossible bosses, a drunken conversation between buddies Nick (taken advantage of by an insufferable slave-driver who gobbles up a promised promotion for himself), Kurt (managed by a drug-addled heir, determined to make a quick buck at the expense of the company's future) and Dale (sexually harassed on an hourly basis by his deviant co-worker) turns all too serious as they decide to

take their alcohol-fuelled ramblings at face value. Seeking advice from a hitman (Foxx) they stumble upon in a bar, the trio devise something that mostly resembles a plan and decide to kill off each other's bosses one by one.

Though it tonally steers well clear of any new ground, thanks to a lot of good humour in the mean time, *Horrible Bosses* is a thoroughly entertaining, if far from extraordinary, comedy.

At the forefront of everything good the film does, leads Jason Bateman, Jason Sudeikis and Charlie Day are great, and much of the reason *Horrible Bosses* is such a success. Alongside a handful of other title roles either recently released or due for the coming months, each are front and centre amongst the top candidates for a new comedy A-list, boasting encapsulating chemistry as much as a threesome as each alone themselves.

Like their long-suffering subordinates, the bosses too make their mark on-screen. Most at ease as she's ever been since the conclusion of the iconic *Friends*, Jennifer Aniston is wicked like you've never seen her before. Farrell gets it just right as a (and thanks to the advertising campaign for this) 'tool' and as the scary Dave Harken, Kevin Spacey is a fearsome character.

And it's great to see John Francis Daley in front of the camera again too (it might have been a while since you saw the *Freaks And Geeks* star if you don't watch TV series, *Bones*), co-writing the film to boot.

It's thanks to the acting talent that *Horrible Bosses* pushes beyond the mediocre, delivering lines with perfect timing and deriving laughs fairly consistently as the narrative tumbles along. Some of the director's 'quirks' though are less successful.

Perhaps wary the movie could easily fall into the mass heap of R-rated comedies that fail to really find an audience each year, the use of big typography flying across the screen could barely work any less; it's only after a bunch of other clichéd 'flourishes' that you can really get into the film. And as it moves on, oh boy does it jump quickly from act one to act two.

If this wasn't a year that also saw the release of *Bridesmaids*, *Horrible Bosses* might have been pushing for the comedy top spot, and though it falls some way short of real excellence (emotional clout this does not have), it's still an accomplished effort, and a popcorn comedy you shouldn't be ashamed of wanting to see. **SB**

★★★★★



ZOOKEEPER

DIRECTED BY FRANK CORACI **STARRING** KEVIN JAMES, ROSARIO DAWSON, LESLIE BIBB, ADAM SANDLER, SYLVESTER STALLONE, NICK NOLTE, DON RICKLES & JUDD APATOW

RELEASED OUT NOW (USA) JULY 29 (UK)

If you've been searching for a slapstick white version of *Dr. Doolittle*, (minus the wit), then this is the movie for you. However, although I admittedly winced and cringed at the sight of the plot before seeing the movie, it could have been a hell of a lot worse, and it could be described as a great family film for this summer. Well, almost.

The movie opens with Griffin (James) proposing marriage to his hot supermodel girlfriend Stephanie (Bibb), who is – how can I put it – ridiculously out of his league in every way. Her bitchy refusal to his heartfelt marriage proposal on a beautiful sunset beach is purely down to his salary, so she says, and the fact that he is a mere humble animal-loving zookeeper. She fails to mention anything about his receding hairline, lack of height and the fact that he outweighs her by about nine stone – it's just his choice of career that dwindle his chances.

Unfortunately, this scene boasts the majority of mild nervous laughs

and it pretty much turns downright potty there on in. The plot quickly skips forward five years and we find Griffin working as the 'Lead Zookeeper' (no apparent authority) and is – you guessed it – still traumatised from his unredeemable broken heart. And in true pathetic rom-com style he conveniently ignores his stunning co-worker Kate's (Dawson) obvious attraction to him. The word 'predictable' started to flash in my eyes like cartoon dollar signs as he comes across his old flame, or more fittingly, old heartless ice queen, at his brother's engagement party, and he hyperventilates whilst she teasingly flirts with him. It is this chance encounter that leads him to believe he could win her back, if he just transforms his life and gets a flashy job with his car-dealing brother to reach the zenith of his unattainable lady's opulent lifestyle needs.

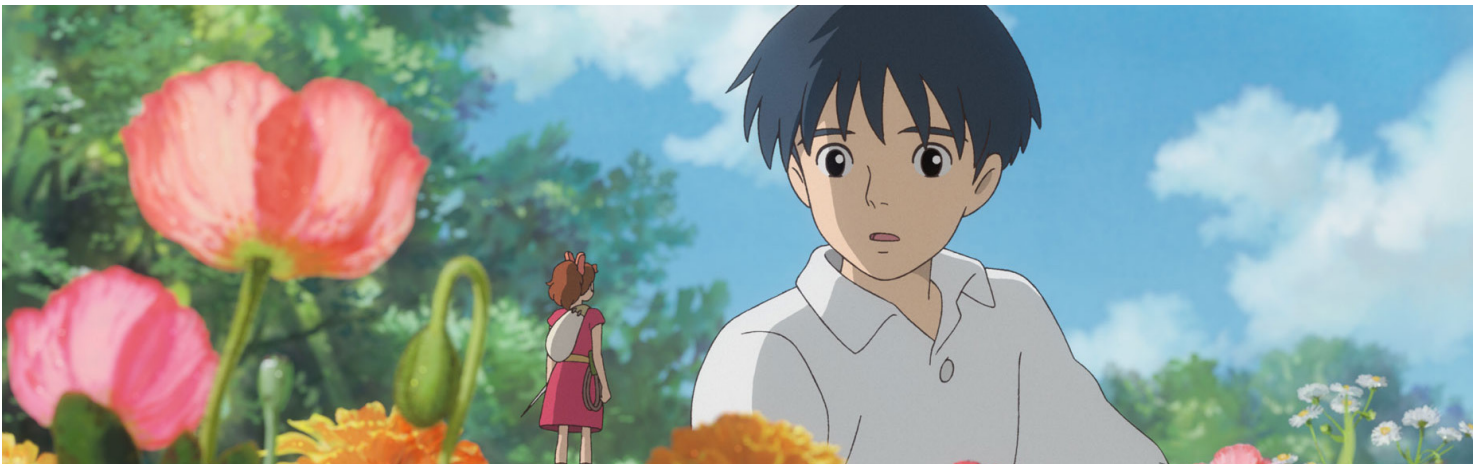
It is at this defining moment that all hell breaks loose in the world of film, when it would be tight-budget balloons to \$80m because the animals had to open their mouths. The CGI talking mutts are not just any old voices too, there's an all-star cast hiding behind this array of furry mugs. In fear of losing their most treasured zookeeper, the animals break their 'code of silence' and reveal they can talk to humans and apparently offer a dating advice service.

Sylvester Stallone and Cher should be funny as the voices of the bickering lion and lioness, but they're not. The giraffe played by Maya Rudolph is plain embarrassing and the voice behind Donald the capuchin monkey, Adam Sandler, prodded the most laughs out of the audience when he advises Griffin to 'throw poop at her'. I couldn't help but wonder who this weird romantic/animal comedy was aimed at when the film gets suffocated by a tedious love chasing travesty that would confuse kids and bore the hell out of enduring adults.

The highlight of the film is when Griffin strikes up a friendship with lonesome and troubled gorilla, Bernie (Nolte), who has an implausible and random desire to eat at T.G.I Friday's – especially weird when he orders thirty oranges. Hello product placement.

As the film draws to a close, our idiot protagonist finally comes to his senses and finds requited love with the gorgeous Rosario Dawson – at Stephanie's frustration when she decides she does indeed want a piece of the zoo daddy. Putting all bizarre gorilla antics and hot girls falling for chubby losers aside – there are a few giggles and highlights hidden under this manic zoo-shambles of a movie, and could be one for the kids this summer with all the slapstick and chatty critters. **LB**

★★★★★



ARRIETTY

DIRECTED BY HIROMASA YONEBAYASHI STARRING SAOIRSE RONAN, TOM HOLLAND, MARK STRONG, OLIVIA COLMAN, PHYLLIDA LAW, LUKE ALLEN-GALE & GERALDINE MCEWAN

RELEASED JULY 29 (UK) FEBRUARY 12, 2012 (USA)

Discussion of the rise of Pixar invariably assumes that computer technology is a direct replacement for hand drawn animation. Audiences, for their part, seem to agree: the original *Toy Story*, coming as it did one year after Disney's last traditional hit, *The Lion King*, effectively marks the end of that studio's incredible era of popular hand drawn classics. But whatever the success of computer-animated movies, the sense remains that they have never quite managed to replicate the surreal magic of *Snow White And The Seven Dwarves* or *Cinderella*. Computer animation fits modern subjects (cars, toys and super heroes) in appealing to today's younger audiences, doing so in ways that are endlessly inventive.

Those that eagerly await the latest work from Studio Ghibli, the utterly distinctive Japanese animation house behind films such as *Spirited Away*, know that the hand-drawn still has the power to amaze, even when – as in the case of their latest film – they decide to play it safe.

Arrietty marks an interesting departure for the great studio. Work such as *Spirited Away* and *Ponyo* are intrinsically linked with Hayao Miyazaki, their director and Studio founder. This time

Hiromasa Yonebayashi, chief animator on some of the Studio's biggest hits, directs from a Miyazaki script, which is itself curiously inspired by Mary Norton's classic series of English children's books, *The Borrowers*. Thus a studio that has always grasped to particularly Japanese subjects and themes has started to introduce new elements, and has done so without its resident auteur at the helm.

The story of a family of tiny people whose daughter Arrietty strikes up a friendship with a sickly human boy, Yonebayashi's film is at heart a tale of childhood loneliness and the need to believe in magic. Less supernatural than Ghibli's earlier work, gone are the ghosts, monsters and sheer weirdness of films like *Howl's Moving Castle*, and to the fore is a world created from things recognisable from our own, with the Borrowers' domain constructed from objects 'borrowed' from their larger counterparts. A world where leaves are used as umbrellas, walkways are made out of nails, and doorways masquerade as plug sockets, the shifting scales of household objects is frequently a source of awed wonder. The intricate use of perspective makes the scaling of table legs vertigo inducing, and a scene in which Arrietty and her father wander around a French dolls' house outright surreal.

Fully realised and engrossing, *Arrietty* continues the cultivation of a visual style that works surprisingly well in conjunction with a twee countryside backdrop clearly lifted from Mary Norton's novels. The story itself is a sweet, if uncharacteristically thin,

tale of lonely childhoods briefly relieved by friendship. Shô, a boy forced to move to the countryside due to a heart condition, is tragically cut off from other children, and Arrietty, the daughter of protective parents, longs to explore what lies beyond her world. It sets the stage for a friendship that eventually comes to threaten the safety of the Borrowers as more malevolent adults discover their existence.

Previous Ghibli films like *Spirited Away* were almost Japanese equivalents of Brothers Grimm or Roald Dahl stories; dark fairytales that explored both childhood fantasies and nightmares, but *Arrietty* has none of that sense of shock or mad invention. While the source material indicates both a younger target audience and an attempt to experiment with new influences, as in the use of English dubbing – here ably performed by Saoirse Ronan, Tom Holland and Mark Strong – *Arrietty* sees Ghibli potentially catering to European and American audiences at the expense of what originally made their work so thrilling.

An ambition of Miyazaki's for 40 years, *Arrietty* represents another magical flight of fantasy for what remains a unique voice in cinema, even when it lacks the darker, more fantastical imagery of its previous work. As a beautiful, simple ode to the dreams and longings of childhood, and the power of imagination hand drawn onto the frame, it could hardly be more charming. But one longs for the rippling sense of the unreal that once lingered beneath the surface. **AS**

★★★★★



CARS 2

DIRECTED BY JOHN LASSETER & BRAD LEWIS **STARRING**
OWEN WILSON, LARRY THE CABLE GUY, MICHAEL CAINE,
EMILY MORTIMER & THOMAS KRETSCHMANN

RELEASED OUT NOW (USA) JULY 22 (UK)

Though Pixar's perfect run hit a speed bump with the original *Cars*, the ever-impressive animators quickly again stepped up their game on *Ratatouille*, *Wall-E*, *Up* and *Toy Story 3*. *Cars 2*, however, makes for an unwelcome return to the world of by far their worst film to date, and this time, turns in a picture even their inferior competitors would be embarrassed by.

After taking best friend Mater (Larry The Cable Guy) along with him as a crew hand on the World Grand Prix race series, Lightning McQueen's (Wilson) tow truck buddy inadvertently gets caught up in a whirlwind, and worldwide, conspiracy, and must bluff his way as a secret agent to help expose the villains at its heart.

Whatever the story or world it's

set in, the common value in all Pixar movies is of heartfelt emotion and a keep care for the central character, but *Cars 2* is shockingly bland, without any kind of character or charisma. The film pretends to be about true friendship but that's a quickly forgotten side arm to the would-be thrilling – and in reality, boring – action storyline.

I went in though knowing it wasn't going to be the usual 'Pixar' film, but even with expectations lowered, what followed felt very laboured, boring and un inventive. The narrative and plot are languid, taking forever to develop, with lifeless action and racing sequences in between. *Cars 2* doesn't have the intensity or energy it sorely needs, much of which is thanks to a massively tame score which really lets the film down, leaving Lasseter and Lewis' effort feeling like a second rate spy thriller, not even a good homage or witty take on genre movies.

This is particularly disappointing given the talent involved, and though the direction from legend John Lasseter and Brad Lewis is OK even if it could have been much snappier, the main problem, however, is that there's

so little spark in the script and very limited character or plot development over the whole 112-minute runtime.

The visuals are lush, as you'd expect, but that's not enough from an animated film these days, far from it; *Cars 2* is easily the worst film Pixar have ever made, with the other non-critically acclaimed release being the original *Cars*, whether the sequel is sat at our doors for cinematic or commercial reasons (*Cars* did some serious business on tie-in merchandise) is up for serious debate.

The voice acting is fine, nothing extraordinary, the 3-D though, it utterly pointless, serving only to dull-down the would-be bright Pixar visuals.

It's hugely sad that the Emeryville studio have turned in their first dud but the stark reality is that *Cars 2* really offers very little for neither kids nor adults. With a *Monsters, Inc.* prequel coming up in 2012, this movie and last year's *Toy Story 3*, though the latter was truly brilliant, hopefully franchise reliance isn't a sign that Pixar are getting lazy and that *Brave* will prove the doubters wrong next summer. **SB**

★★★★★

CAPTAIN AMERICA: THE FIRST AVENGER

DIRECTED BY JOE JOHNSTON STARRING CHRIS EVANS, HAYLEY ATWELL, SEBASTIAN STAN, TOMMY LEE JONES, HUGO WEAVING, DOMINIC COOPER & STANLEY TUCCI

RELEASED JULY 22 (USA) JULY 29 (UK)

Captain America: The First Avenger is the fifth and last entry in the build up to Marvel's ambitious Avengers project. As with the four films that preceded it, Joe Johnston's picture has its highs and lows, but in general it's a good introduction to Steve Rogers (Chris Evans) that ends the prologue, as it were, on a relative high note.

It's a real shame that none of these five films have hit the high points of other superhero franchises, particularly because there have been flashes of quality along the way. *Captain America* left me feeling frustrated precisely because it comes so close to being a great big screen iteration of Cap, but for all its successes, and there are many, it boasts a number of flaws to stop it hitting the heights.

We open in the present day, where scientists (in a fun *Alien* homage) discover 'something' buried in the ice. From there the film jumps back to the Second World War, where Steve Rogers, a skinny kid from Brooklyn, is dismissed from a military enlistment program for failing the required fitness tests. We learn this isn't the first of said tests that he's failed. It's hardly surprising, given that Rogers is a waif; skinny, scrawny and short. He desperately wants to fight for his country; not because he wants to kill Nazis, but because he understands that others are dying for him and he feels he owes them. To make matters worse, his soldier friend Bucky Barnes (Sebastian Stan) is himself heading off to war.

Chris Evans is perfect casting for Steve Rogers, although ironically it's in this opening reel – while walking around in his digitally emaciated body – that he makes his biggest impression. It's crucial to the success of the character that we like him at this point, because thanks to Dr. Erskine's (Stanley Tucci) super-soldier serum, he's about to lose the physical flaws that have held him back in the past. Evans does a good job of establishing Rogers as a kind-hearted young man, a believably patriotic (but crucially not flag-waving) guy who just wants to do his part. Stanley Tucci, as the scientist who introduces him to the process that will make him the complete soldier, gives a lesson in making an impact with marginal screen time, enjoying his German accent clearly, but giving the character weight. "People forget that the first country the Nazi's invaded was Germany," he wisely points out.

It is surprising that this opening section is as endearing as it is because, for all the technical wizardry that inevitably went into digitally shrinking Chris Evans's head down onto this smaller frame, the effect never *quite* sits right. At times his limbs just look out of proportion; at times his clothes don't fall quite as they should; his reduced jaw line makes his mouth look just a little too close to his chin. It is testament to the writing and acting in the first act that this does not hinder the film's development.

It's after Rogers undergoes his transformation that things become a bit bumpier. Evans is still Cap – no doubt about it – but the film has to expand beyond him and its other elements aren't as strong. Good supporting characters such as Tommy Lee Jones' grizzled Colonel (incidentally, a role he could play in his sleep, but which is still great) and Hayley Atwell's effective Peggy (military officer and token, but charming, love interest) are still around but are generally sidelined

in order for Hugo Weaving's Johann Schmidt – a deranged German officer heading up the Nazi's Hydra division – more screen time. He and his assistant Dr. Zola (Toby Jones) play around with off-world technology in secret labs but their skulduggery is frankly clichéd and largely uninteresting. It's a real shame, because when Schmidt removes his mask to reveal his true face, the visual effect is pretty much bang on. They got the look right, but Schmidt's scheming lacks weight, and his character is also noticeably missing a strong theme in the musical score, which is otherwise fairly strong.

Cap's relationship with his 'hand-picked' crack team, meanwhile, is sidelined and wasted in the same way that the Warriors Three were given painfully short shrift in *Thor*. Characters like Dum Dum Dugan (Neil McDonough) are almost non-existent and a montage of brief action scenes designed to cement their comradeship is rushed and ineffective. The extended action scenes, though, are generally well-staged, with extensive use of wide lenses and minimal fast-cutting meaning we can see what's actually going on.

The climax of the film is both a success and a failure. Some good action leads up to a finale that lacks the emotional weight you desperately wish it had, and the ending does its requisite job in laying down the final foundation for next year's su-

perhero smack-down. I don't think it's really a spoiler (given that we all know these characters will unite next year) to say that the film ends in the present day. Sadly, rather than hyping up *The Avengers*, it left me ruing the fact that we won't see more period Captain America films.

That's it then; that's your lot. The last piece of *The Avengers'* puzzle has fallen into place – now it's over to Joss Whedon to satisfy the masses when Marvel's gargantuan project rolls out next year. I wait with bated breath. **MR**

★★★★★

EVANS DOES A GOOD JOB OF ESTABLISHING ROGERS.





BEGINNERS

DIRECTED BY MIKE MILLS STARRING EWAN MCGREGOR, CHRISTOPHER PLUMMER, MÉLANIE LAURENT, MARY PAGE KELLER, GORAN VISNJIC, KAI LENNOX & CHINA SHAVERS

RELEASED OUT NOW (USA) JULY 22 (UK)

Artist, writer, director; it might be six years since Mike Mills' last film, *Thumbsucker*, hit theatres, but you can be sure he hasn't just been twiddling his thumbs in the meantime. His latest project, written and directed by, is *Beginners*, a film, you might have guessed, about new experiences.

Shortly after his mother's death, Oliver's (McGregor) life is rocked again; his father (Plummer) comes out of the closet, and introduces his much younger male lover. As you might ex-

pect, this is a lot to take in, but it's also a lot to experience for elder statesman Hal. All the while Oliver starts a love affair of his own – meeting the alluring Anna (Laurent) at a party (and enjoying a fairly unique first few hours together when she can't talk) – although with everything else going on in his life, he struggles to get a grasp on what the feelings of his own really mean.

Loosely based on the true story of director Mike Mills' own aged father coming out, stated however, that this is more of an 'inspired by' story, rather than a mimicry of real life, *Beginners* is a disarmingly sweet-natured portrait of two people, one lost, one now found, making their way towards love.

The film feels like a matured, LA-set rendition of *Submarine*, in both narrative tone – though the central father and son are both well into their years, their character arcs could cer-

tainly be described as a 'coming of age' tale – and sumptuous aesthetics and playful metaphors – powerful use of colour and quirks such as what Oliver's dog is thinking.

Beginners is wholly dependent on its life-affirming and absorbing characters with acting praise due across the board. McGregor struggles at times with an American accent but it's made up for quite effortlessly by great chemistry with Melanie Laurent and especially Christopher Plummer.

Heartfelt and loving, yet possessing the bittersweet edge a film like *Beginners* sorely needed to stave off appearing overly twee, Mike Mills' new film has all the caricatures of an 'indie' production but the skilled filmmaker knows how to keep each just in check, to hold firm on a central narrative. There's rewatch value galore too. **SB**

★★★★★



SARAH'S KEY

DIRECTED BY JODIE FOSTER **STARRING** KRISTIN SCOTT THOMAS, MÉLUSINE MAYANCE, MICHEL DUCHAUSSOY, NIELS ARESTRUP, FRÉDÉRIC PIERROT & DOMINIQUE FROT

RELEASED JULY 22 (USA) AUGUST 5 (UK)

With a central story based around a the real-life Nazi round-up of Jews in the early 1940s, you can see what co-writer/director Gilles Paquet-Brenner was going for with *Sarah's Key*, but the sadly the award-baiting result falls flat, forgetting about the audience for long, key periods throughout the film.

Writing a feature on the notorious Vel' d'Hiv Round-up, Julia Jarmond (Scott Thomas) grows determined to

get to the bottom of one little girl's story, tracking her every step right into the current day.

Frustratingly unable to capitalise on a very interesting premise, *Sarah's Key* really struggles in the second act. The conclusion is quite thrilling as details emerge thick and fast, but before that, the narrative leave the viewer to wade through laboursome plot development and an uninvolved central performance.

Lacking any real urgency, Kristen Scott Thomas is ever natural on-camera, but you'll never come close to feeling the obsession and excitement for the subject matter than her character at least claims to possess. That you won't want to leave the theatre half way through, however, is down to young Mélusine Mayance, wonderfully

playing the titular Sarah.

Ever slipping through the fingertips of numerous Nazi guards, one minute of her tale is much more interesting than an hour of Scott Thomas slowly mumbling, though as the plot cuts back and forth to the modern day, the narrative is left almost entirely devoid of pace, despite getting away with not feeling disjointed.

This would normally be the point where you say: "XXXXX is almost a great film", but *Sarah's Key* is just one step further behind that. What it could have been is there for all to see, but it doesn't even come close to being compelling enough as it's only real positive (beyond impressive stage and wardrobe design) is a great performance from a star of the future young girl. **SB**

★★★★★



TRANSFORMERS: DARK OF THE MOON

DIRECTED BY MICHAEL BAY STARRING SHIA LABEOUF, JOSH DUHAMEL, JOHN TURTURRO, TYRESE GIBSON, PATRICK DEMPSEY, ROSIE HUNTINGDON-WHITELEY & KEVIN DUNN

RELEASED OUT NOW

“That’s a lot of robot fighting right there.” My initial reaction upon walking out of *Transformers: Dark Of The Moon* was probably predictable, but after a truly blockbuster opening to the franchise before a grand mis-step on the sequel, how this trilogy closer fared was going to be anything but a nailed down cinematic success.

With the Cybertronian war again set to rear its ugly head on Earth, the Autobots learn of a decades old discovery of their lost spacecraft, and ex-leader, on the Moon. Though after racing to retrieve its cargo, and revive their fallen comrade, for a final battle against the Decepticons that is shaping up to be the most fearsome yet, whatever secrets the crash-landed ship may hold, it seems Sam Witwicky (LaBeouf) is destined once again to be the difference between victory for Optimus Prime, or defeat, and the destruction of Earth as we know it.

If *Dark Of The Moon* was produced purely to be an exposé of what you can do with CGI in the modern era, it’d get full marks. This is truly is the ultimate showreel for Industrial Light & Magic. But it’s meant to be a film, and sadly it’s not very good at that.

The CGI is hugely impressive but it just doesn’t mean anything if there’s no interest drawn from the story.

Dark Of The Moon has no pace to the narrative and no justification for the aimless, and endless, robot-on-robot fighting. Despite all of the crushing action scenes and lavish explosions, the movie is shockingly devoid of visceral thrills, and no slow-motion Transformer transformation can make up for that. And while bar some lovely 3-D lens flare in the opening prelude (J.J. Abrams will have a field day), the extra dimension adds nothing; this film looks great, but that’s nothing to do toting a pair of silly glasses on your face from start to finish.

Despite Shia LaBeouf’s best efforts there’s little to actually make you feel involved or interested in the story, though his charisma and performance are still commendable. There are A LOT of failed attempts at humour over the two-hour plus runtime but he’s the only actor that manages to pull one or two of them off. Elsewhere Josh Duhamel certainly doesn’t feel like he should have any kind of authority in the army, Frances McDormand is OK if utterly annoying as the US Secretary of Defence, while Patrick Dempsey plays a character pointlessly tied to the plot, John Malkovich is a senseless boss and John Turturro is dreadful as ever.

However it’s Rosie Huntington-Whitely that really steals the show when it comes to bad performances; the model-turned-actress sure can’t boast the latter of those as God-given talent and she’s truly terrible throughout. While Megan Fox might not have been the most talented on-screen presence in the world, at least she can say lines without sounding like she’s reading a script as she goes; Huntington-Whitely serves to negate any sort of tension built up each scene, completely

taking you out of the movie every time she opens her mouth.

I’d say it was a blessing therefore that the model isn’t given too many lines, but Bay’s other use for her in the movie is even more cringe-worthy. While widely Megan Fox was said to be little more than eye candy in the first two *Transformers* films, here, how Huntington-Whitely is shot on camera and referred to by other characters is quite shocking; such crude and repressive objectification is typified no more perfectly than in her first appearance on-screen, where the camera follows the her trouser-less behind as she walks, and wiggles, up the stairs to meet a sleeping LaBeouf. You don’t have to be a feminist to be disgusted by the vulgarity and objectification of women and Huntington-Whitely by Bay and the script in *Transformers: Dark Of The Moon*.

Away from the central acting cast, Leonard Nimoy is pleasing as Sentinel Prime, and Alan Tudyk, Ken Jeong and Andrew Daly also come out with their reputations still firmly intact.

Beyond the issues surrounding Huntington-Whitely, at least the racist robots from *Revenge Of The Fallen* are gone, but an unfathomable number of other Autobots and Decepticons have returned in their place. And like their various inclusions, as a whole, this film is all too complicated and unfocused, when really, nothing much happens from start to finish. *Transformers* was so great because it felt like it had a structure – generic as it was – but it was always moving somewhere; everyone had their place, everyone knew the score, and it hit all the right notes perfectly. Like in the sequel, *Dark Of The Moon* tries to do too much, when underneath there’s really very little going on at all. **SB**

★★★★★



HARRY POTTER AND THE DEATHLY HALLOWS: PART 2

DIRECTED BY DAVID YATES STARRING DANIEL RADCLIFFE, RUPERT GRINT, EMMA WATSON, RALPH FIENNES, MICHAEL GAMBON, ALAN RICKMAN & HELENA BONHAM CARTER

RELEASED OUT NOW

The conclusion to the highest grossing film series of all time, *Harry Potter And The Deathly Hallows: Part 2* marks the end of an era for studio Warner Bros., and final piece of the puzzle for fans across the world baying to see the wizarding world on the silver screen.

With the end in sight, Harry (Radcliffe), Ron (Grint) and Hermione (Watson) go in search of the final horcruxes and destroy them to bring the powerful Lord Voldemort (Fiennes) back into mortality, as the wizarding war dawns on Hogwarts for one last time. With the scene set, the ultimate showdown between the pow-

ers for good and evil comes to a head, and with it, a fight that will decide the future of the wizard, and inevitably human, race for forever.

Pretty much an open goal given the inevitable payoff that concluding a story some seven films in the making was always going to bring, director David Yates though has helmed a very impressive film; *Part 2* is a fulfilling experience, and the best of the series.

Making up for the 146 minutes of exposition that was *Part 1*, *Part 2* offers excitement at every turn. This is a film packed with action, that after a very brief 'previously' sequence at the start, moves along very quickly at the start but it's still very easy to follow. In the latter stages though, the narrative takes a little more time to set the stage for the closing stand off, and it does so well; David Yates and his editing team deserve great praise for their pacing throughout.

Bar a hiccup or two with the 3-D – on the whole it retracts, rather than expands, the experience – the production values and tone stand up to the grandiosity *Part 2* needed; it feels epic enough to match the importance of rounding off such a franchise. Given such a big budget (\$250m shared with *Part 1*), the visuals are luscious, and

the CGI some of the best around.

As has become a hallmark of the adaptations, lead Daniel Radcliffe again struggles in scenes of heavy dialogue, though Emma Watson and, in particular, Rupert Grint, are much better. Even Radcliffe though has come a long way since their debuts many years back and in making themselves household names (and putting a substantial amount in the bank), each should be very proud of what they have achieved along the way, now able to take their careers wherever they desire.

The household names dotted around the rest of the cast are all faultless, each at so at ease in their roles, producing performances that will sit amongst their other career-defining moments.

Though upon its conclusion it never quite hit the cinematic heights of other epics such as *The Lord Of The Rings*, *Harry Potter And The Deathly Hallows: Part 2* is still a great film, and a hugely impressive franchise. While Warner Bros. have dropped the ball a couple of times along the way, this is a collection of movies that will forever be held dear in the hearts of Harry's countless fans. And the epilogue scene is truly wonderful. **SB**

★★★★★

YOUR HIGHNESS

Limp comedy set in the middle ages with faux ancient dialogue; a lazy brother must step up his game to help his future sister-in-law. McBride and Franco do themselves no real harm but the film is nothing close to special.

Film ★★★★★

Extras ★★★★★



FAIR GAME

Middling political thriller, *Fair Game* gives it a good go as the outing of an undercover CIA agent leaves her life in danger. Perhaps it needed to be released a couple of years ago but good performances hold the film together well.

Film ★★★★★

Extras ★★★★★

UNKNOWN

Attempted *Taken 2*, only *Unknown* lags behind it's would-be prequel as a man wakes up after a car crash to find a stranger assuming his identity, his wife even going along with rouse. Watch the films it borrows from, not this.

Film ★★★★★

Extras ★★★★★



BIG MOMMAS: LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON

Unnecessary third outing for the *Big Momma* franchise, this time dragging Brandon T. Jackson along for the unfortunate ride. It's unfunny, lazy and highly boring.

Show ★★★★★

Extras ★★★★★

THE DRUMMOND WILL

Hit and miss low-budget black comedy, there are times *The Drummond Will* works well but its success comes in wide-ranging patches; about two brothers who discover their deceased father had a secret stash of dirty money.

Film ★★★★★

Extras ★★★★★



SUBMARINE

Uplifting and absorbing coming-of-age indie dramedy that truly announces Richard Ayoade as a filmmaker, about a 15-year-old boy, determined to lose his virginity and keep his parents from divorce, all before his next birthday.

Film ★★★★★

Extras ★★★★★

THE KENNEDYS

"The truth behind the most iconic family in American history," *The Kennedys* tries so hard to be an HBO drama but never quite pulls it off. The series is still entertaining, and gripping in parts, but never the real deal you want.

Show ★★★★★

Extras ★★★★★




THE SILENT HOUSE

Tremendously effective and thoroughly scary Uruguayan horror; a father and daughter temporarily move into an isolated house to renovate it, only after hearing strange noises upstairs, things take a turn for the worse.

Film ★★★★★

Extras ★★★★★



TO CELEBRATE THE
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LEFT SIDE STORY
BY DAVID SEMENIUK

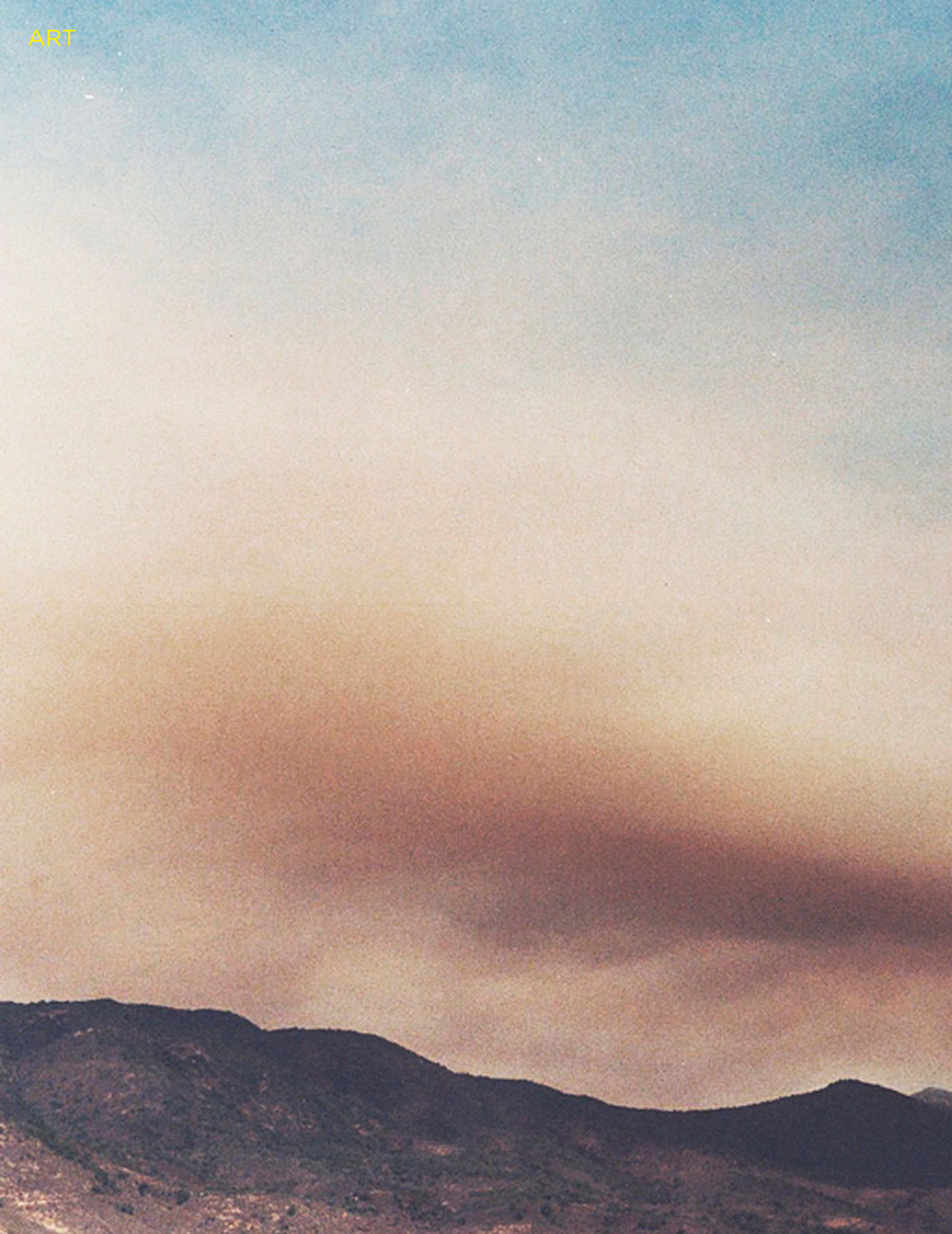


WOLVES AND
WHISTLES BY MASHA
KRASNOVA-SHABAEVA



PRECIS PARDO BY
PETER GARFIELD

ART



S O L U T E Y O U R S O L U T I O N

PHOTOGRAPHY MATIAS MONTECINOS ([FLICKR.COM/DELIRIOMATO](https://www.flickr.com/photos/deliriomato/))











































LEFT SIDE STORY

PHOTOGRAPHY DAVID SEMENIUK (DAVIDSEMIENIUK.COM)























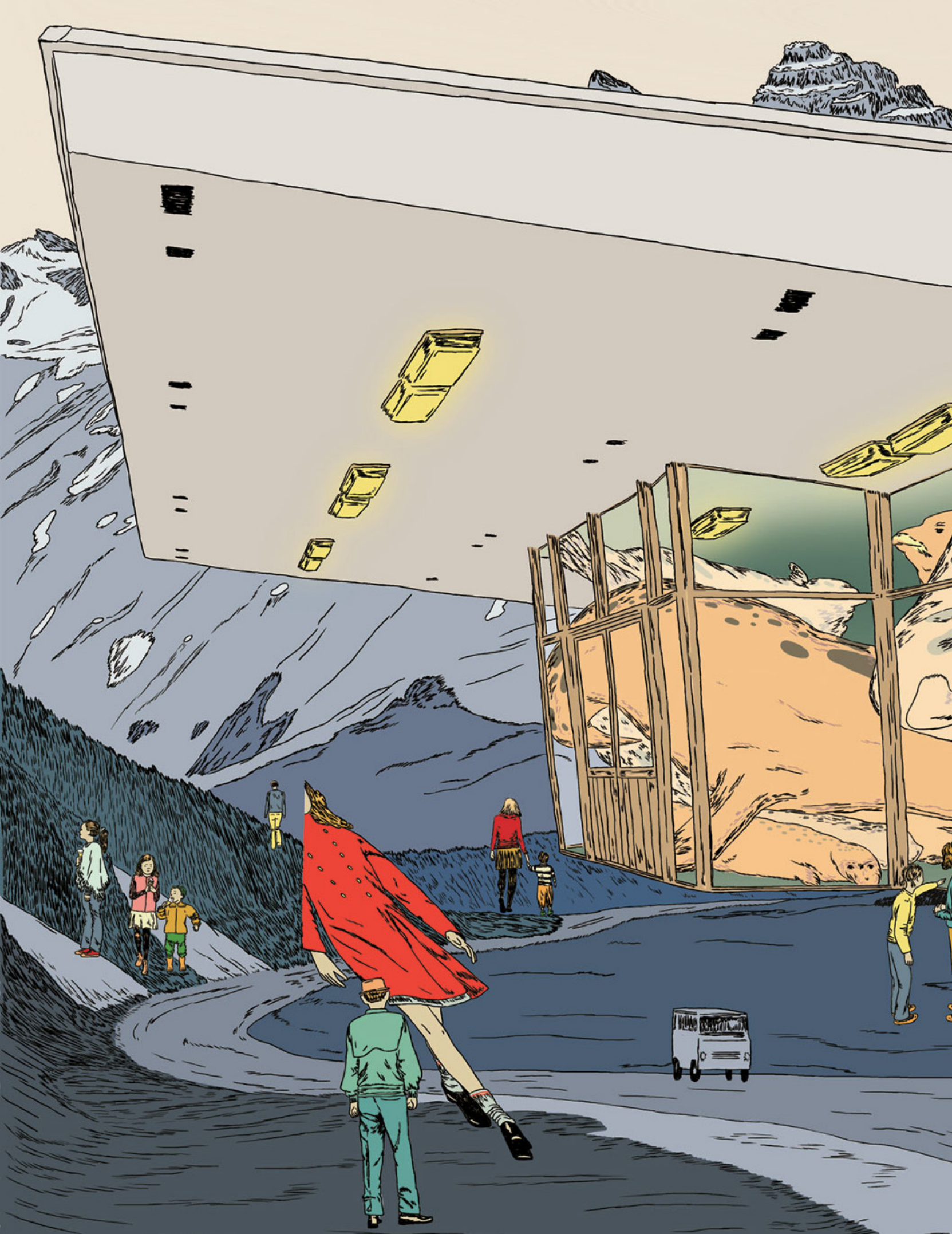


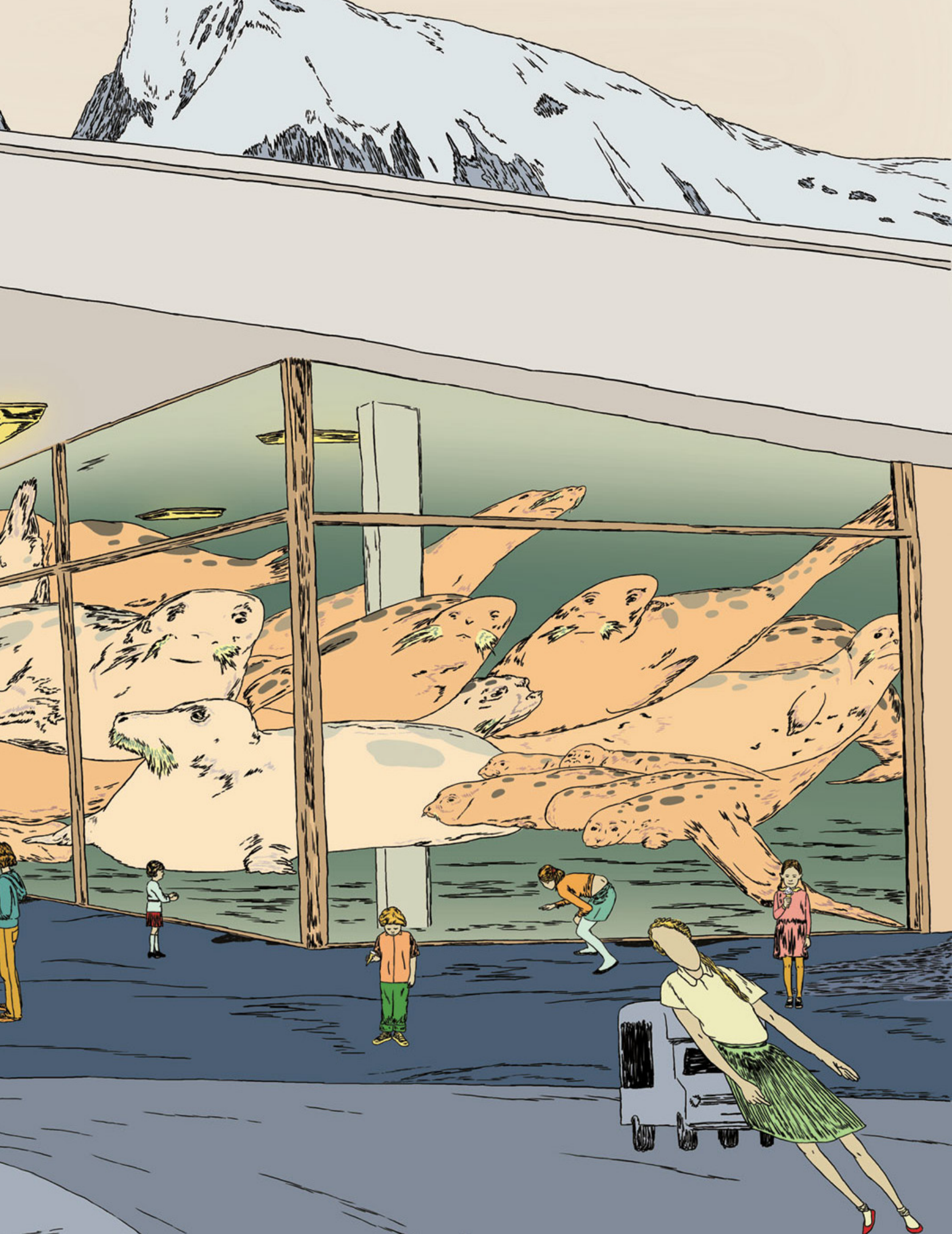


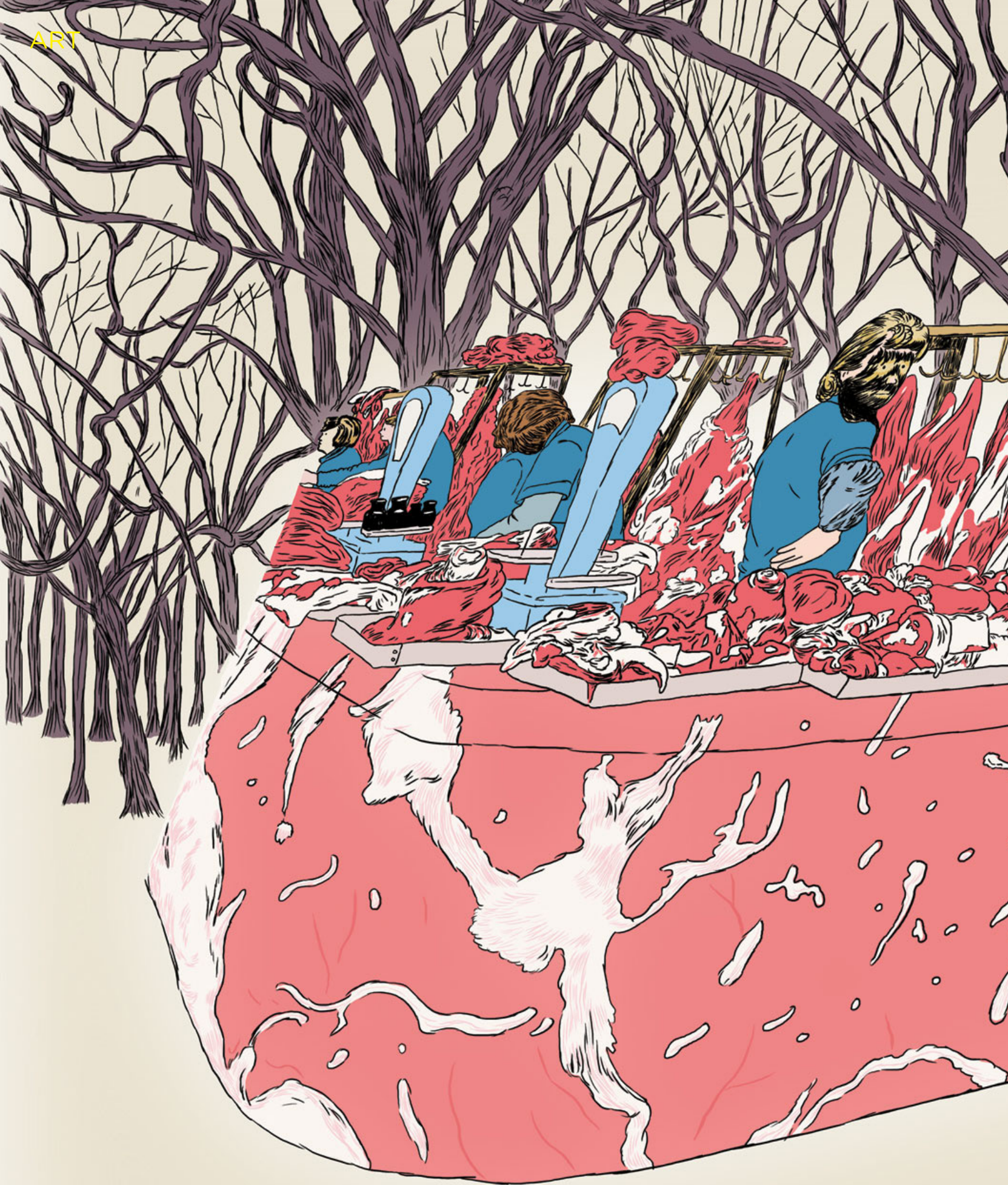


WOLVES **AND** WHISTLES

ILLUSTRATIONS MASHA KRASNOVA-SHABAEVA (MASHUSHKA.COM)











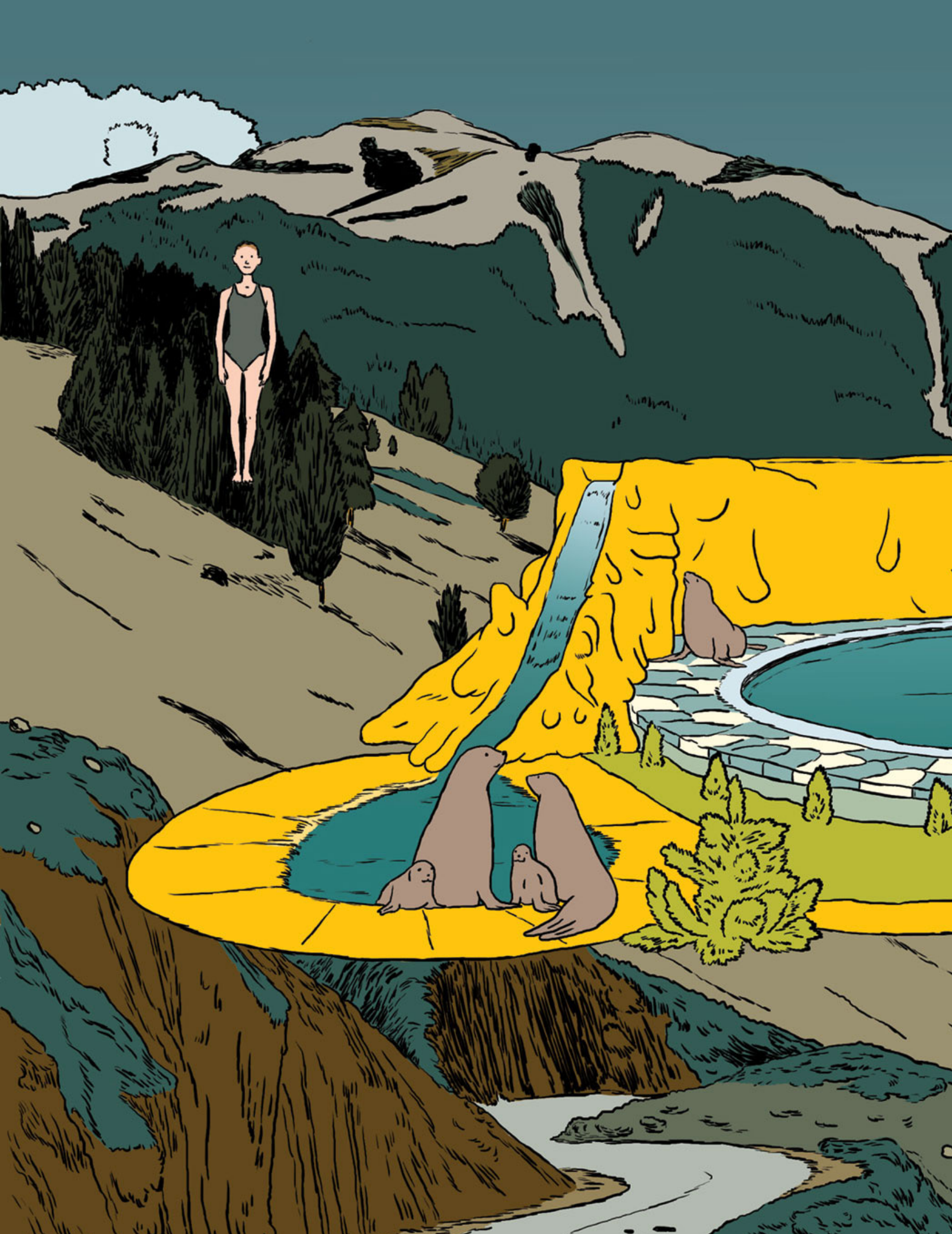


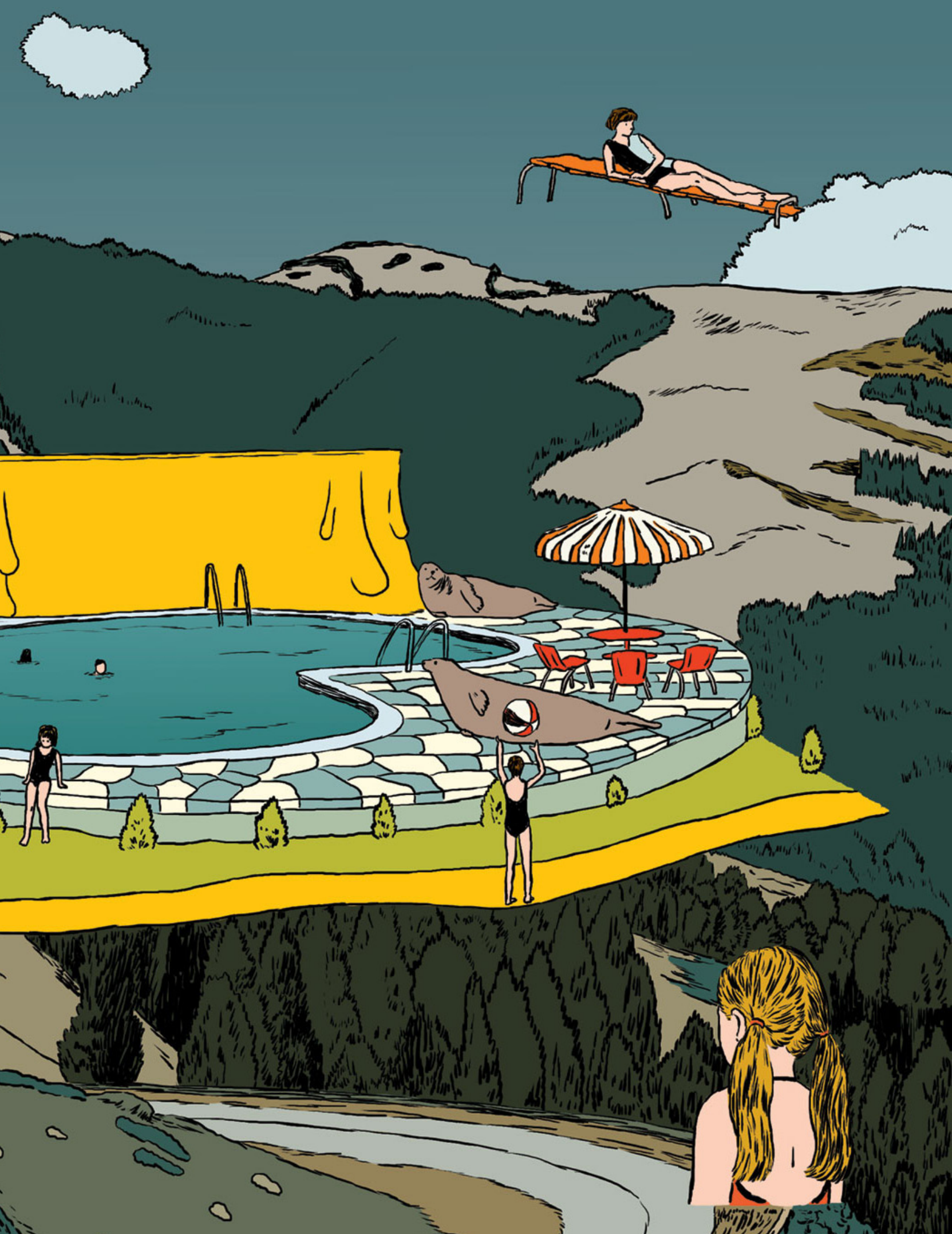


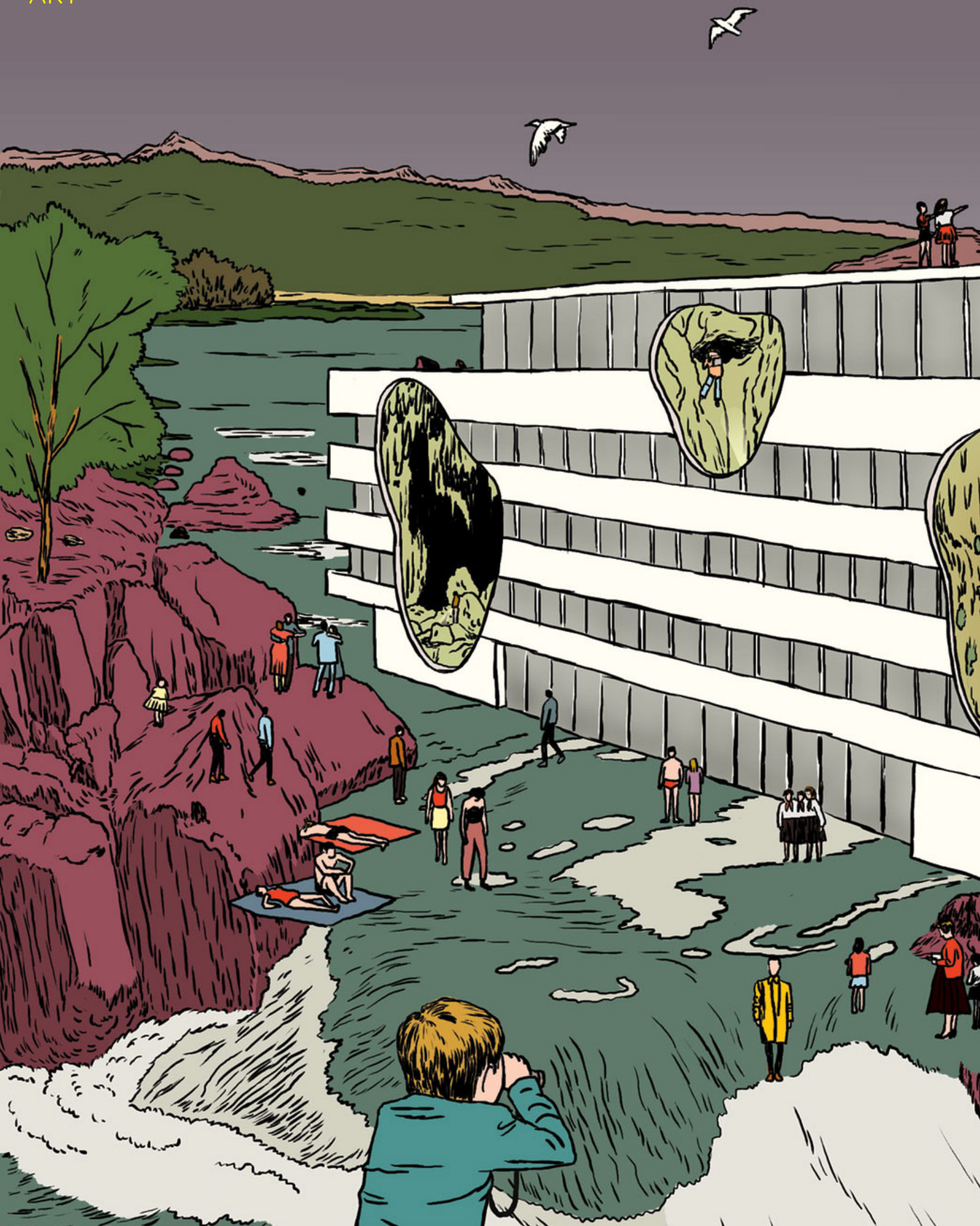


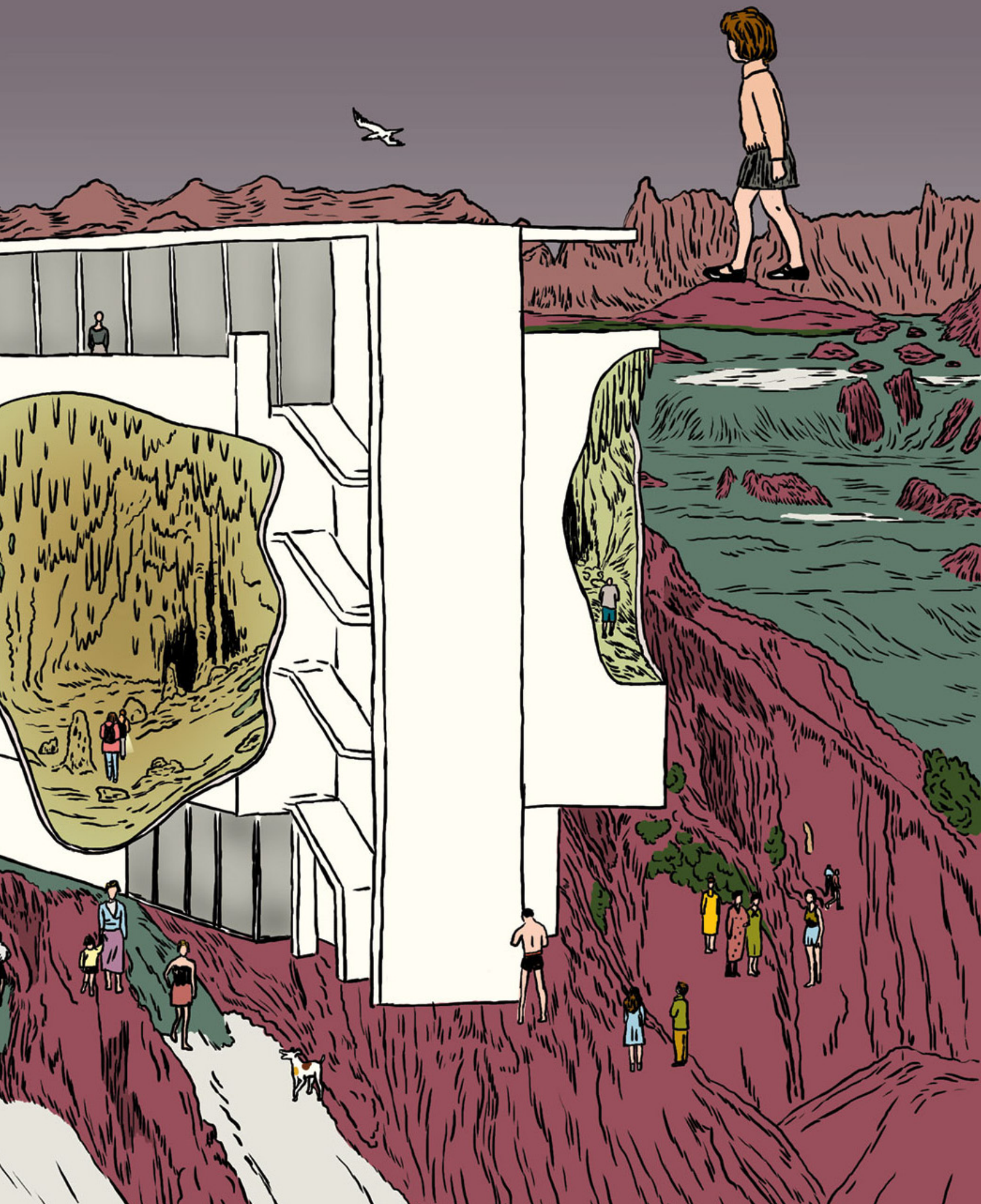


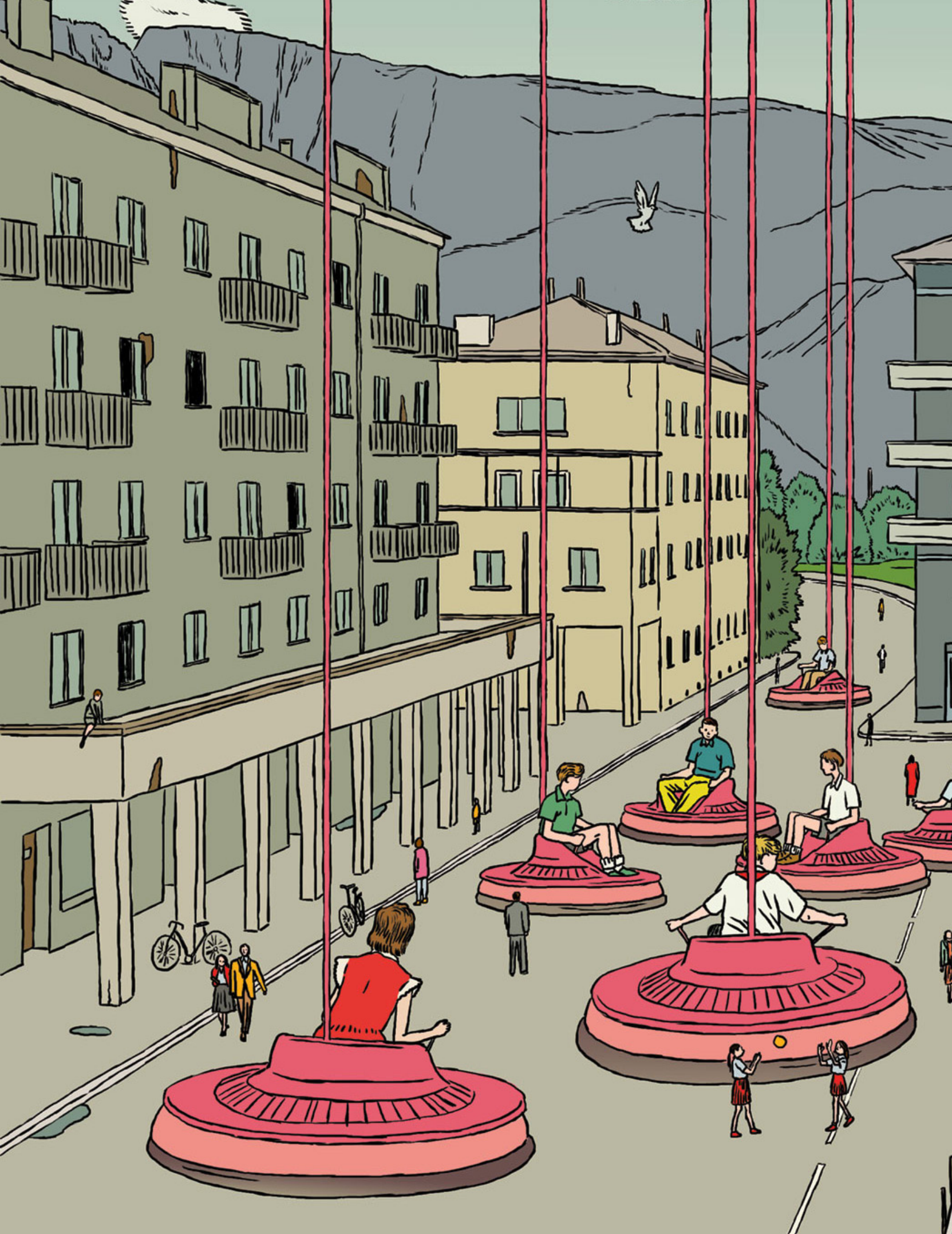

















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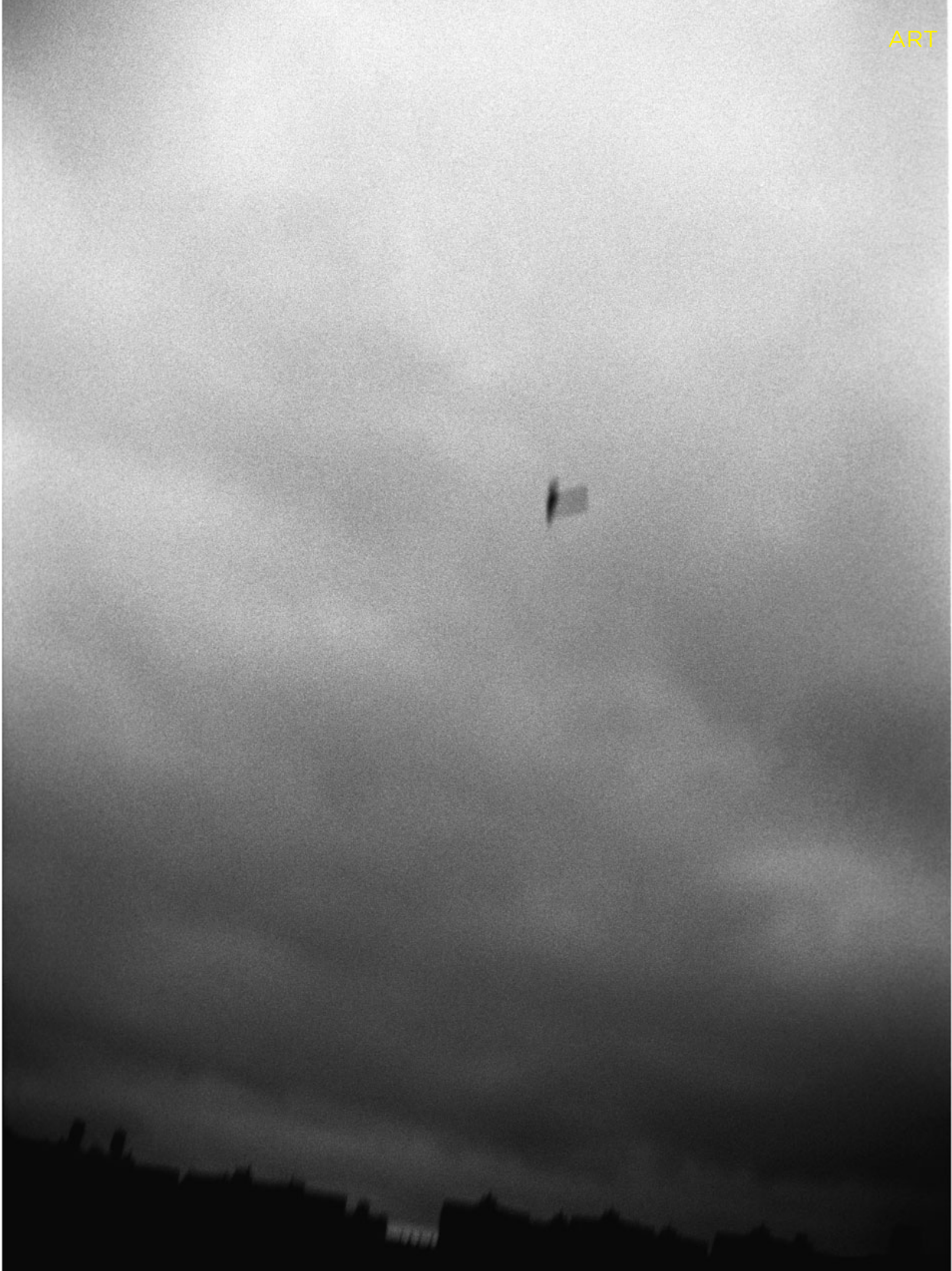
PHOTOGRAPHY PETER GARFIELD (PETERGARFIELD.NET)

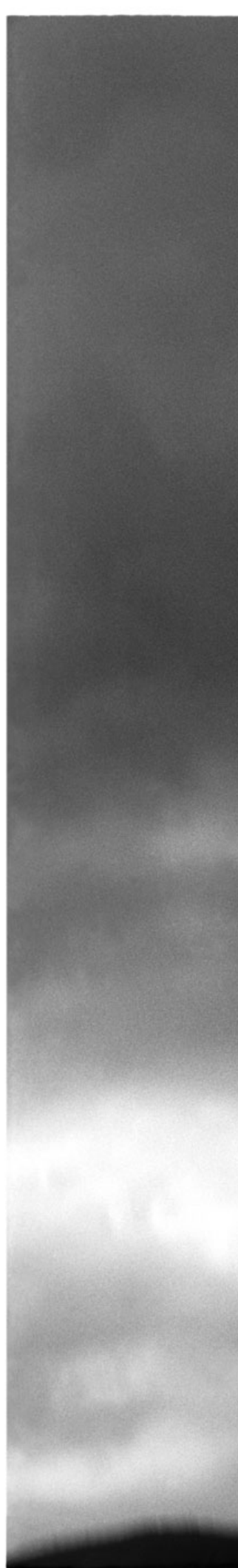














ART



STYLE



DECK THE HALLS BY
CAMERON MCNEE



THE HERITAGE ISSUE
BY KRIS DE SMEDT



SUDDENLY SHE BURST
WITHIN BY SARAH ST
CLAIR RENARD



DANS LE NOIR BY
SOLVEIG MOLLER

DECK THE HALLS

PHOTOGRAPHER CAMERON MCNEE (CAMERONMCNEE.COM)

STYLIST RUTH HIGGINBOTHAM

HAIR & MAKE-UP SAM NORMAN

ART DIRECTION SARAH BUNTER & JETHRO MARSHALL (JJMARSHALL ASSOCIATES)

MODELS ASTRID (FM MODELS) SHANNON (UNION MODELS)

PHOTOGRAPHERS ASSISTANT DAVID ADAMS



Black Vest **Adidas** Denim Dungarees **Carhaart**









Jacket **Vintage** Grey Shorts **Topshop**



Black Vest **Adidas**
Denim Dungarees **Carhaart**



Vest **University of St Thomas** Pink Skirt **Beyond Retro**
Neck Chain **Chanel**







Black T-Shirt **Chicago Blackhawks**
Grey Shorts **Topshop**







STYLE

THE HERITAGE ISSUE

PHOTOGRAPHY KRIS DE SMEDT (SEPTANTESEPT.COM)

STYLIST PIERRE-YVES MARQUER

MODEL BENONI LOOS (IMM)

MAKE-UP BRIGITTE PETIT

SPECIAL THANKS TO AAM.BE FOR THE LOCATION

PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED IN THE WORD MAGAZINE









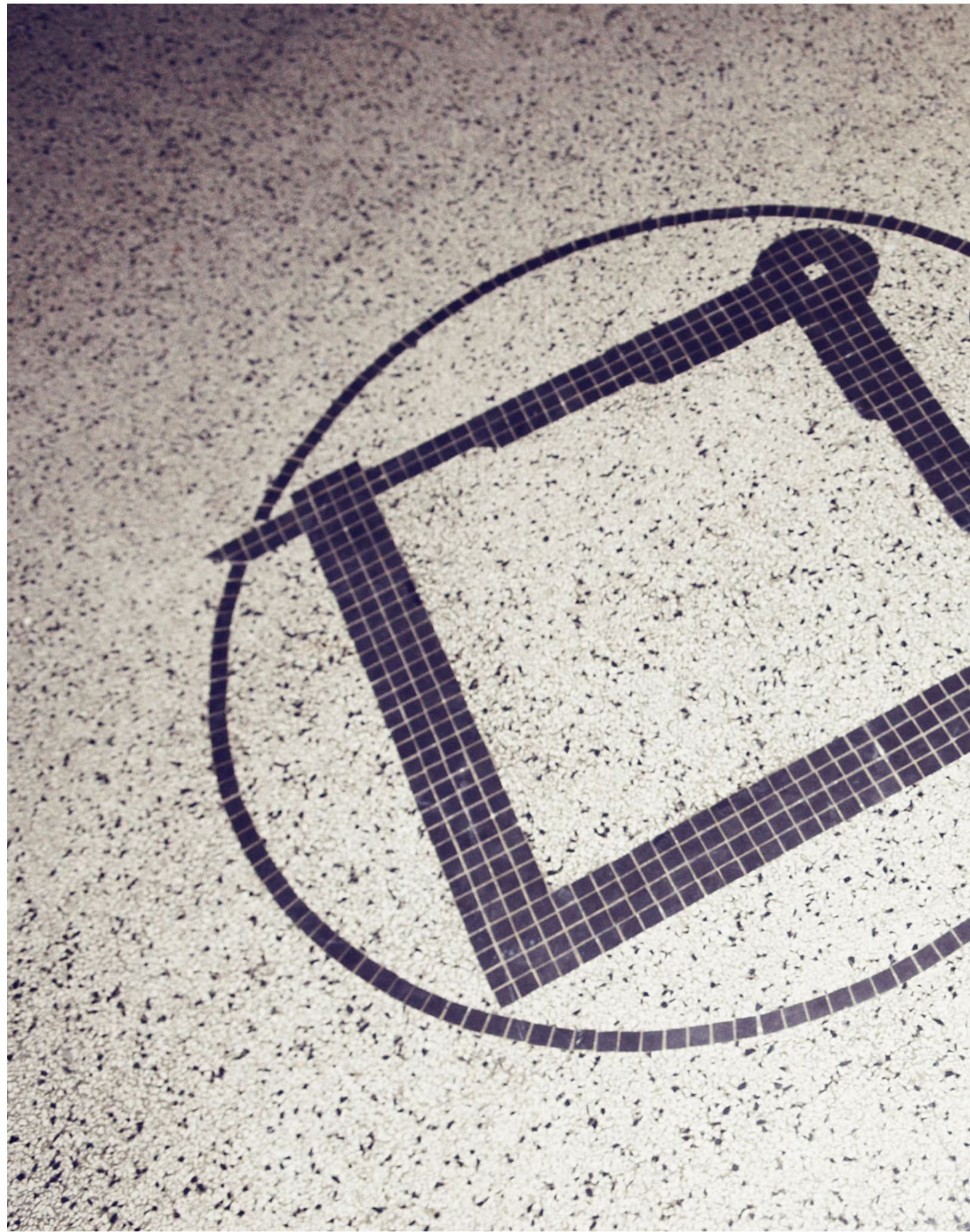














STYLE

Suddenly she burst within

PHOTOGRAPHY SARAH ST CLAIR RENARD (SARAHRENARD.COM)

STYLIST JENNIE BRAMER (JENNIEBRAMER.BLOGSPOT.COM)

HAIR & MAKE-UP REGINA TÖRNWALL (ZOTAR.SE)

PHOTO ASSISTANT MALENA RIDDERSTAD

MODELS JULIA O., HANNA & LOUISE @ [MODELLINK \(MODELLINK.SE\)](http://MODELLINK.MODELLINK.SE)





Shirt **Beyond Retro** Vintage Shorts and Shoes
Broadway & Sons Earrings **Gina Tricot**

Vintage Shoes and Shorts **Broadway & Sons**
Jacket **Whyred** from NK Designers Shirt **Stylist's own**







Left: Top **Stylist's own** Vintage Jacket, Shorts and Shoes **Broadway & Sons**
Right: Shirt **Beyond Retro** Vintage Shorts and Shoes **Broadway & Sons** Earrings **Gina Tricot**











Left: Golden Pants **Beyond Retro** Shirt and Boots **Stylist's own**
Right: Vintage Suede Shirt and Shorts **Broadway & Sons**



Golden Pants **Beyond Retro** Shirt and Boots **Stylist's own**





Sitting: Suede Vest **Acne at NK Designers** Blouse **Chloe at ABCD**
Standing: Golden Pants **Beyond Retro** Shirt and Boots **Stylist's own**
Lying: Vintage Suede Shirt and Shorts **Broadway & Sons**



STYLE

DANS LE NOIR

PHOTOGRAPHY SOLVEIG MÖLLER (SOLVEIGMOLLER.COM)

STYLING COCO LECOQUETTE

HAIR & MAKE-UP DANI MOON FOR GIVENCHY AND SCHWARZKOPF PROFESSIONAL

MODELS TANIA FER (TREND) CAROLINA BAVIO (SEVEN)

MAKE-UP ASSISTANT ANGELINA FOR PEOPLE MAKE-UP

THANKS TO KANTIA, CAROLINA, ALBERT & JONATHAN





Sweatshirt **Factoria RentMe**
Sweatshirt **Gori de Palma**

Dress **Factoria** RentMe





Jacket and Shirt **Gori de Palma** Belt **Toni Francesc**
Beauty: White face **Acti'mine**
Wake-Up skin SPF 15 **Givenchy**







Dress **Gori de Palma** Underwear **Andres Sarda**
Beauty: Strong styling gel **G. Force by Osis+**
Schwarzkopf Professional



Left: Body **Gloria de Palma** Belt and Bracelet **Vintage**
Right: Vest **Georgiela Jose** Bracelets **UNO de 50**

Left: Shirt **Factoria RentMe** Bra **Andres Sarda** Necklace **UNI de 50**
Right: Dress **Gori de Palma** Bra **Andres Sarda** Ring **McQueen** Necklace **Mango**





Shirts **Factoria RentMe**
Handmade Tutus **Xantia Morillo**

Blazer **Gori de Palma** Jumpsuit **Georgiela Jose** Panties **Andres Sarda** Shoes **H&M**



STYLE

Left: Shirt **Factoria RentMe** Bra **Andres Sarda** Necklace **UNI de 50**
Right: Dress **Gori de Palma** Bra **Andres Sarda** Ring **McQueen** Necklace **Mango**



A black and white photograph of a person wearing a jacket, seen from the chest up, looking over a dark, rocky horizon. The person's face is partially obscured by a bright, overexposed area, creating a silhouette effect. The background is a bright, hazy sky.

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