

COLD CREEK MANOR

"Cold Creek Manor" is like pulling a tired, musty old pair of Nike's out of the closet and spray painting them to look fresh and new. In the end, they're still the same old pair of Nike's, complete with bad stitching, busted heals, and gum stains on the toes. You've just given them a new look in an attempt to conceal their shortcomings. That's "Cold Creek Manor" in three lines, a tired, played-out idea given a revamping by a fresh and talented filmmaker. This is what was probably said when the writer of "Cold Creek" pitched the idea to the studio executive:

Writer: "Think about it. It's your basic family thriller, a lunatic befriends a naïve family-he has everything on his mind but friendship. The family does not realize he's a loony because they're naïve; that is until the father wises up and discovers the loony's ulterior motives, but the family isn't as wise as the father, so they think the father is the loony until he proves that he isn't. Now that everyone knows who the real loony is, they kill him." Studio Executive: "Okay, I see. It's 'Cape Fear' meets 'Single White Female' with a little splash of 'Arlington Road'? Right"?

Writer: "Exactly! I figure we could set it in the country in a big spooky house, add a few name actors who we haven't seen in a while..."

Studio Executive: "Like Dennis Quaid as the father?" Writer: "Right! Maybe even Sharon Stone as the

Mother, or Stephen Dorff as the loony! Yea! I loved him in that vampire movie! He'd be great. Anyway, like I was saying, we could then attach some weird "indie" director that needs a paycheck...."

Writer and Studio Executive: "Like a Mike Figgis!" Writer: "Right! He could give it a glossy paint job and know one will ever know the difference."

By MATT MOSLEY Film Reviewer

Studio Executive: "Sounds like a go picture to me!" I do not mean to sound cynical, because the film is not a "train wreck" by any means. I have seen worse, a lot worse. The screenplay is just *sooo* conventional. I applaud Mike Figgis for attempting to direct this film school garbage. The man has made some amazing films in the past, like "Leaving Las Vegas" and "Timecode." It seems to me that he did everything in his power to create a good movie. There are some really good psychological moments, some great uses of wide angle lenses, a fitting performance by Quaid, even some really awesome stuff using digital camcorders. But all of that combined with a poor script does not make "Cold Creek Manor" a good film. It is like turning finger paints into the Mona Lisa. It is impossible.



Superboxxx

Above: Big Boi



Andre 3000 and Big Boi sure know how to continue with a bang. Their new albums "The Love Below," and "Speakerboxx" are separate individual albums done by each performer but sold together.

EE DEEZ REVIEW

WPSH The Reactor

Radio Club

Andre's album, "The Love Below" expresses new artistic creativity with a few soulful songs. FEW is the keyword here. Many of the songs are sort of tasteless and unnecessarily raunchy. I quickly changed the songs to find myself at the end of the CD unsure of whether or not my personal opinions were getting in the way.

I let one of my guy friends listen to the album while I cringed during "Spread." He bobbed his head while my face turned bright red during the spoken word track. "Where Are My Panties?" He smiled and laughed. There is no doubt that Andre is talented, he has amazing vocal talent. I just do not think I'd put the CD in my headphones to jam to.

The best track on this album is a duet with Norah Jones, "Take Off Your Cool," and the introduction to the album has a beautiful, classical approach. Otherwise I would like to erase all memories of it.

The second album, "Speakerboxxx," satisfies the listener on the very first track. "Ghetto Musick" is one of the only songs that Andre and Big Boi work together on and the chemistry reminds you over "Bombs Over Baghdad" or "Players Ball." At this point I was relieved that I made it through Disc 1.

Big Boi sticks to the basics on this album and the songs are pretty average, but refreshing. 1 did, in fact, find myself moving my shoulders and dancing in my seat. Nothing really sparked or moved me, but 1 did enjoy the beats.

My Outkast experience left me pondering. Guys, enjoy **ARTIST/GROUP**: yourselves. Ladies, my apologies.





The Love Below

Michelle O'Malley

Outkast

