

Cheap Seats and Sticky Floors

Texas Chainsaw Massacre is like a slap in the face

By **MATT MOSLEY**

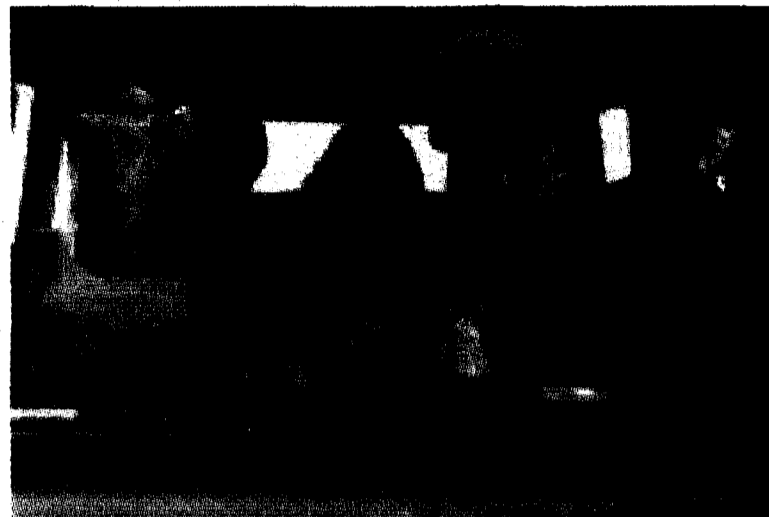
Film Reviewer

Why? That question beat on my brain like the pistons of a car while watching *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, the latest film in a long chain of cheap thrill rides that have littered our multiplexes in the past year. Why did they make this film? The only plausible answer I could come up with was money. Money, money, money. It's not a film; it's a product, and I'm personally offended by it.

In my opinion, Tobe Hooper's 1974 masterpiece, *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, is one of the greatest filmmaking achievements of all time. The insanity, the rawness, the irrationality of the subject matter, it all comes together like a blazing wildfire to create one of the most intense, macabre, brilliant films ever put on screen. Shot in a documentary, cinema verite style, Hooper's vision portrays the "free spirit" mentality of the early 1970's youth in conflict with the sheer violence that so defined the decade up to that point. It's unrelenting and truly horrific.

The new *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* is a complete slap in the face. It's been made with such disrespect in regards to the original film, that I actually felt physically ill while sitting through it. The cheap, music video style photography is so obnoxious and over done that it defies all logic. I can't think of one shot that made any sense, as far as realistic or metaphorical lighting is concerned. It's distracting to say the least. Any spirit or relationship to Hooper's film is completely lost in the mess of Hollywood glorification.

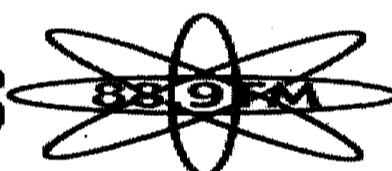
I could go on and on and on about how much I hated this film and bore you with every minute detail, but really, what's the point? Hooper's film will stand the test of time and remain a cult classic for generations to come. It will always be the sleepover movie of choice for adolescent boys ages 12 to 14. The new film will fall by the wayside and be forgotten, just like Gus Van Sant's stupid and pointless remake of *Psycho*. I'm not against remaking old films, just as long as the original spirit crosses over and is handled with respect. Andrew Davis' *A Perfect Murder*, Steven Soderbergh's *Ocean's Eleven*, and Martin Scorsese's *Cape Fear* are all intelligently made remakes that transcend that status and stand proudly on their own. A remake is done well when it's made to activate the mind, not the pocket.



The remake of Texas Chainsaw Massacre doesn't do the original version justice



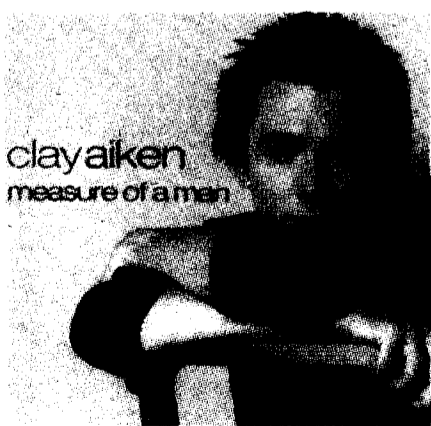
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If you are looking for a good CD to buy your grandmother for her birthday or for Christmas, Clay Aiken's *Measure of Man* would be a perfect addition to her collection. When Aiken's first album was released in stores on October 14th, the only people I saw purchasing the album were women in their late forties and older, which I found sort of odd considering Aiken's background in music. The second runner up for American Idol II isn't making the young girls cry like Justin Guarini or winning the hearts of beautiful mature women like Ruben. Instead, the underwear being thrown to him on stage is that of married women. Perhaps, lonely married women. Very lonely, married women.

Needless to say, Aiken's record is mature yet boring. It seems as though the only thing he ever does is stand in the rain or long to hold someone in his arms. Aiken goes from breaking up to making up. "Invisible" is the only song worth listening to. It's about not being noticed, and if he were invisible, he could watch you in your room.



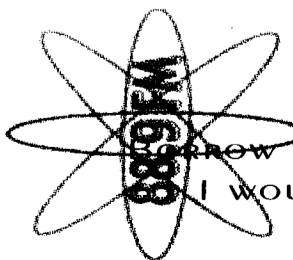
Sounds more creepy than depressing. I did, however, experience some nostalgia when I heard the song "Touch." The beginning reminded me of Bananarama's "Cruel Summer," and that made me happy. As for the rest of the album, it's just a bunch of unemotional boring songs about love and being lonely. On a good note, Aiken did not over sing or over step his lyrical boundaries. Throughout the album you almost forget you're listening to the guy who really extenuates his R's and who looks funny when he sings.

Oh and the music. Could it sound any cheesier and over produced? I think the keyboard is set to "Human Voice" in every song it's used in and the background singers sound like they'd rather be somewhere else. So in conclusion, for a man who was just introduced to the music industry, I guess the album isn't that bad.

Again, "Invisible" is cute and "Measure of Man" is pretty, but it's not something I'd bring to a keg party. But to Bingo with the grandparents, absolutely. Rock on grams!

REVIEWED BY:	MICHELLE O'MALLEY
ARTIST/GROUP:	CLAY AIKEN
ALBUM TITLE:	"MEASURE OF MAN"
LABEL:	RCA RECORDS
RELEASE DATE:	OCTOBER 14, 2003
GENRE:	Pop
OVERALL RATING:	**

WPSH



THE REACTOR

THE KEY

HORRIBLE *

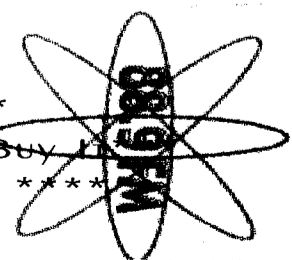
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I WOULD PROBABLY BUY IT ****

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THE REACTOR



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