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Last of Summer Sippin'

Saturday, Sept. 15th 6pm - 9pm

Join us in celebrating the end of summer and the arrival of the Grape Crushing season. Admission is \$8 for one or 2 for \$15 and includes live music, appetizers and a tasting flight of 6 wines. We are also releasing our 2006 Echo West Cabernet Sauvignon.

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TICKET PRICES:
Children: 12 & Under FREE
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\$30 Maximum per Family

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15th, 7:00pm

5150 SW Watson Ave. Beaverton, OR

film

Delirious

Spoofing the paparazzi and idiot celebrities is the artistic equivalent of shooting fish in a barrel, which makes writer-director Tom DiCillo (*Living in Oblivion*) the real fool for missing so many easy targets. Steve Buscemi plays a struggling photographer who unwittingly helps a young homeless man (Michael Pitt) ascend to stardom. It's always fun to watch Buscemi in his ratty wiseass mode, and Alison Lohman and Gina Gershon make the best of their paper-thin characters. But most of the jokes are stale, especially the unfounded speculations that Pitt's character is gay. Opens Sept. 14 at Cinema 21. **C**

—Stephen Blair

Jack Smith and the Destruction of Atlantis

Jack Smith (1932-1989) was an extraordinarily influential figure in the New York art and film scene starting in the late 1950s. A gay anarchist/artist who made baroque, glittery underground movies using trash and his own teeming imagination, he's best known for the 1962 underground feature *Flaming Creatures*, banned for its Dionysian orgies and male and female nudity (nicely sampled here).

The film makes a convincing case for Smith as a modern William Blake, the visionary godfather of performance art, the sexual revolution and even the counterculture. A master at conjuring beauty from nothing (his outfits, all feathers and festoons, were legendary), he was also deeply self-destructive and always "bit every hand that could feed him," as John Waters says. The film features extensive footage of Smith in action, along with contextualizing commentary from friends, for a memorable biography of a genius who was queer in more ways than one. Screens Sept. 14 to 16 at Whitsell Auditorium; for showtimes visit www.nwfilm.org. **A**

—Gary Morris

Mala Noche

Anyone familiar with Portland filmmaker Gus Van Sant's near-obsessive fascination with the dispossessed—young street hustlers, disenfranchised

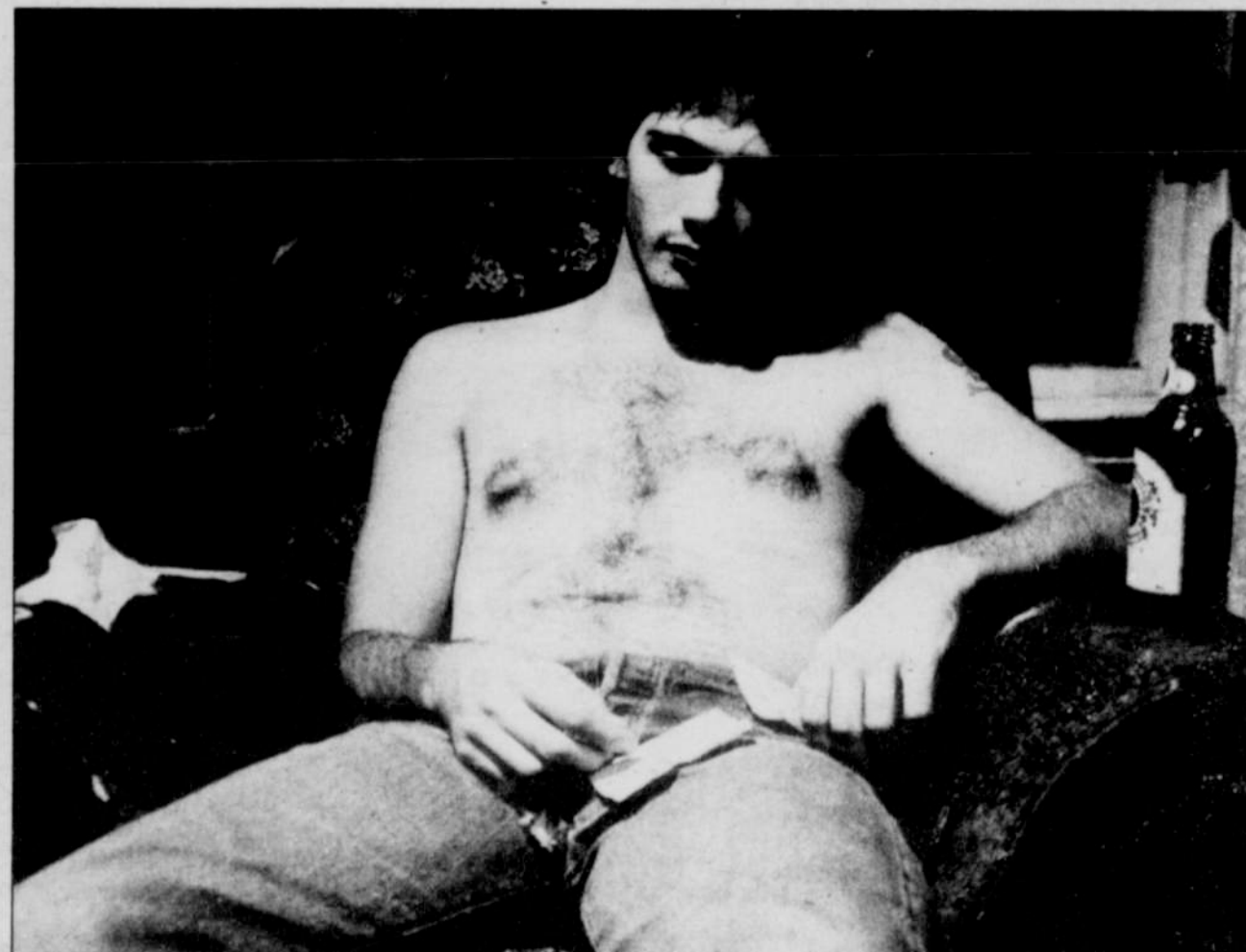


The Northwest Film Center revives *Jack Smith and the Destruction of Atlantis*, a memorable biography of a genius who was queer in more ways than one.

gay boys, poor kids, junkies—will understand the draw of filming Walt Curtis' quasi-autobiographical recollection as his first completed feature film in 1985. Against the backdrop of pre-gentrification Portland (cinematographer John Campbell immortalizes the film's inner Northwest locations in noirish black and white), a sort of disconnected, culture-clashing love triangle plays out: Lovelorn slacker/convenience sort clerk Walt (Tim Streeter) has it bad for Mexican immigrant/delinquent/loiterer Johnny (Doug Cooley). With his affections unreciprocated, Walt turns to Johnny's more willing friend Roberto (Ray Monge), an unfortunate manipulator who cannot help using Walt's frustration to his own sexual and material advantage.

On the aesthetic level, *Mala Noche* uses avant-garde techniques of composition and editing, achieving a cool yet ultimately empathetic tone. If only for its unworried political incorrectness and the boldness of its queer content, the film surely must have been an instigative touchstone for the much later New Queer Cinema; more immediately, it is the rowdy queer sibling of Jim Jarmusch's similarly independent, low-temperature, black-and-white and episodic 1984 film *Stranger Than Paradise*.

Mala Noche is tragic, but not without its mordant humor and romance. The erotic tension between lost young men of queer or mutable sexuality is as palpable—and more graphic—here than in *My Own Private Idaho*, the Van Sant film it most closely resembles. More than 20 years later,



Gus Van Sant's *Mala Noche* surely must have been an instigative touchstone for New Queer Cinema.