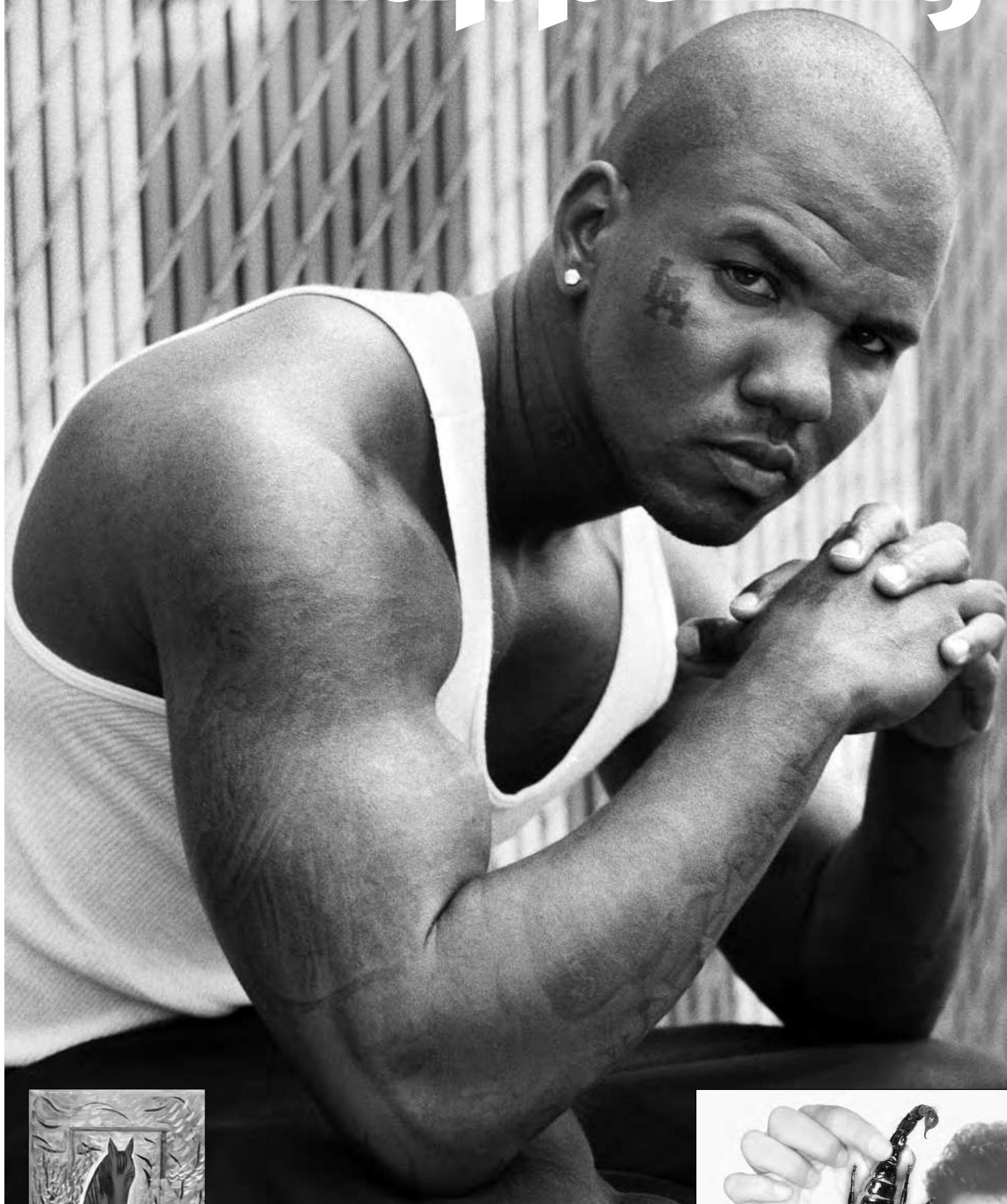


WHAT'S happening

Word up, homies, it's the O.G. straight outta Compton and into his beaming, bullet-proof Benz, the one, the only, **The Game!** But seriously, this man's got the requisite gangsta resume to back up the hardcore lyrics on his debut album, *The Documentary*. Growing up on Compton's East Side, Game (née Jayceon Taylor) took his nickname from his grandmother because he was always game for recreational activities. But in his late teens and early twenties, Game played the hardcore life out to its extreme. He later explained, "When I sold drugs it was because it was my last resort because I had four sisters and an older brother and we were eating Cheerios on Thanksgiving." After suffering a near-fatal murder attempt, Game got serious about rap, and before he knew it, Dr. Dre wanted to sign him up and take Game under his wing. No doubt The Game calls Dr. Dre the "father he never had." Ever since then, Game has found redemption, finally peaking with his newborn son, Harlem. Game describes his son's ultrasound as "the closest I ever been to Heaven" on the song "Like Father, Like Son," and later says his son's birth was "some next level shit." We like to hope The Game's show at the McDonald will be more of that next level shit. See Saturday Calendar.

David Copperfield knows there's a thin line between magic and reality, and he's known for walking it. Take, for example, the prospect of being robbed at gunpoint in Miami. Rather than hand over his belongings, Copperfield — née David Kotkin — used sleight of hand to give the illusion he had nothing of value in his pockets. The robbers took off and were later caught without incident. There's also Copperfield's claim of a "Fountain of Youth" on the island he owns in the southern Bahamas. No doubt that small discovery will be channeled into his act in the coming years. As for Sunday's back-to-back shows at the Hult, look for sleight-of-hand stunts with lethal scorpions (pictured below), levitations, a clothing swap, a "squeezebox" trick that compacts Copperfield into a cube no bigger than a shoe box, David "floating" through solid steel and, of course, the material transport of audience members from one part of the Silva Concert Hall to another, not to mention transporting one lucky patron to his or her dream reunion with a loved one. It has to be seen to be believed (or debunked) so grab some tickets, see the show for its theatrical magic and, later, catch *The Prestige* at Movies 12 for some on-screen magic. See Sunday Calendar.



Is it *already* the last Friday of the first month of 2007? Is anyone out there still writing "06" on official government docs like we are? How about one big, fierce, collective sigh of exasperation from all of us, and then we head on down to the various locations of the **Last Friday ArtWalk**. Not to be missed is the final artwalk for the Last Eye Open gallery, which will feature a retrospective of the venue's past artists, including Halo Jones, Wayde Johnson, J-Star and Joey Edwards. But, with the closing of Last Eye's gallery status, we get a handful of new additions, such as Gallery 245 (hosting Adrienne Hamilton's beautiful photos from Italy), the Art of Glass (with Kiki Metzler's "PsycheDelicatessenPostImpressionistArt," pictured left) and The Wandering Goat, a formidable new force in the Whiteaker district, hosting everything from film screenings to DJs to artwork by Mickey Stellavato. See Friday Calendar.

