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DAVID BEBEE, RECORD STAFF

At left: Devin Chin-Cheong and Karyna Puchkova of Eastwood Collegiate perform a dance called Teenage Litany at the Registry Theatre during a TILTsound + motion performance Wednesday. The students were involved in TILT's creation project which has the Toronto pros working with area dance students. Above: Sarah Haalboom, Gala Tanaskovic and Amanda Damaren, all of Eastwood, perform a dance called Ground Owl Suite.

REVIEW

Teen spirit gives pros a lift

BY STEPHEN PREECE
FOR THE RECORD

The Registry Theatre buzzed with youthful energy Wednesday evening, hosting the third performance of its contemporary dance series (Starlight Theatre Presents!)

Toronto's professional dance company, TILTsound + motion, presented an innovative program, drawing both from polished company repertoire, as well as pieces choreographed by company members over the last two weeks while in residence at local high schools. This provided a wonderful opportunity to feature local teens alongside out-of-town pros.

Led by co-artistic directors Deborah Lundmark and Patricia Quevedo, TILTsound + motion employs five emerging dance artists (Bess Callard, Maxime Caya, Susanne Chui, Clinton

Draper and Kate Franklin) performing commissioned works from invited choreographers.

This performance included a special guest with local roots, Joel Seaman, who dances regularly with Canadian Children's Dance Theatre and got his local start at Eastwood Collegiate.

EXHIBITION OF DIVERSITY

During a post-performance talk, dancer Chui explained the company's emphasis on moving beyond modern dance (which has prescribed traditions and movement), towards a more contemporary tradition which willfully explores a wide range of free associations and artistic expressions. This diversity evidenced itself throughout the performance.

The first piece from TILT repertoire, titled Kuere (choreography

Lesandra Dodson, 2002), explored the process of questioning through words and gesture. With the title drawn from the Anglo-Saxon root of the word "question," the dancers queried one another with challenging back-and-forth spoken dialogue. Pointed fingers represented how questions can be intrusive. Similarly, outstretched arms and heads raised to the sky indicated a sense of puzzlement and wonder at some of life's more vexing problems.

The energy of Kuere vacillated from a languorous sensuality to an abrasive challenge indicated by slapping and other jagged interplay. Questions seemed to simmer and then explode in the dancer's passionate quest for answers. Punctuated queries in English (for example: "Tell me, is the rose naked or is that her only dress?") were immediately followed by Spanish

phrases and movements, mimicking the flow of language from the performers.

The performance evoked a potent communication of sound, meaning, movement and visual sensuality through exquisite dancing.

The next five short pieces were choreographed by company dancers and performed by local high school students. The dances ranged from solo works to larger ensembles.

The teen performers, while not in the same league as the TILT professionals, displayed a remarkable sense of poise and professionalism.

CAMPY BOOGIE-WOOGIE

Stylistic offerings ranged from the more campy boogie-woogie to sweeping whimsicality to frenetic athleticism. On the whole, the novice teens

maintained the evening's flow with aplomb and youthful energy.

The evening's highlight was TILT's Earth Dance, Wire Dance (choreography Sasha Ivanochko, 2005), concluding the program. The work draws inspiration from Asian and East Indian dance traditions, combining them with an urban club feel — eclectic and hip. While often frenetic and ecstatic, the work also included elements of confident and primal sensuality. Dancers portrayed an almost cocky exuberance as they would swing, saunter and strut. The movement seemed to capture a bold sense of the teen experience with optimism and verve.

Chui said she felt the final dance captured the dynamic of a high school cafeteria, bubbling with adolescent energy, flirtatiousness and peer dynamics. Ah, to be young again!



WARNER BROS.

Emma Watson as Hermione Granger and Daniel Radcliffe as Harry Potter continue in their war against evil in the fourth entry in the series, Goblet of Fire, which was out on DVD for sale and rent this week.

Goblet of Fire is hottest seller in Potter series

Harry Potter has outdone himself. Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire, the fourth film in the popular children's series, has rung up the franchise's best first-day DVD sales — five million copies.

The figure includes North American sales of single-disc, two-disc special editions, four-disc gift packs and rental copies, a spokesperson for distributor Warner Home Video said yesterday. The DVDs hit the market Tuesday.

The film, which opened in theatres in November, generated \$288 million US domestically and more than \$600 million overseas.

While five million DVDs in one day

is an eye-popping figure, it's not record-breaking. Finding Nemo is the first-day DVD sales champ, with eight million copies sold on its release date in November 2003.

The previous instalment of the Potter franchise, Harry Potter and the Prisoner of Azkaban, has sold 10.2 million discs to date, according to the trade publication Video Business.

Filming is underway on the fifth adaptation of J.K. Rowling's best-selling Potter books. Harry Potter and the Order of the Phoenix will be released theatrically in 2007.

• Associated Press

Immigration caught in pictures

RECORD STAFF

KITCHENER

An exhibition featuring the work of Kitchener-Waterloo photographer Marcela Elizondo opens Tuesday and continues through March 22 at the Rotunda Gallery in Kitchener City Hall.

Titled Keeping You in Mind, the 20 black and white photos are intended to reflect the immigrant experience across Waterloo Region.

The exhibition is presented by the MT Space, Waterloo Region's multicultural and interdisciplinary theatre

company.

Elizondo, who now resides in London, Ont., said in a statement she is trying "to capture the multicultural expressions that bring life to the urban landscape of the Waterloo Region.

"These photographs show how the different ethnic and cultural expressions of immigrant families blend in and adapt to their new Canadian environment."

The MT Space, in partnership with Cross Cultures Magazine, is holding a meet-the-artist reception March 21 at 6 p.m.

REVIEW

Craven remake adds a couple of brains to the hills with eyes

Film squeezes in a message while squeezing out blood

BY BOB STRAUSS

A little respect, a little imagination, scary suspense and some severed digits.

That's all we really ask from remakes of landmark horror films. Surprisingly, few recent examples have delivered the goods.

But The Hills Have Eyes, a Wes Craven-produced remake of his 1977 mutant cannibal bloodbath, gets the basics right. It's a well-made fright fest that boasts decent portrayals of adequately written characters, good make-up effects, an actual thought or two — and more than enough gross-out shocks to keep your little brother happy. If this doesn't sound like anything to rave about, well, it isn't. Such minimal elements of craftsmanship are so rare in the genre these days, however, that you feel kind of obligated to lavish praise when you see them.

Even more so when considering that this is the English-language debut of director Alexandre Aja and his scripting partner Gregory Levasseur. While their French hit High Tension proved Aja possessed the sado-cinematic chops nerd-boys and their excitement-starved girlfriends crave these days, it also had one of the most infuriating twist endings in the history of scary movies.

Perhaps producer Craven insisted on a little more narrative integrity. Whoever was responsible, Hills makes sense within its genre limits, has a few things to say about family dysfunction (both the everyday and extreme varieties) and emphasizes the original's anti-nukes message in powerful ways. It's nice for those of us who remember smarter movie slaughters of the '70s. Then it just up and turns into Straw Dogs after awhile.

Recently retired cop Big Bob Carter (Silence of the Lambs' Ted Levine) is hauling his family and a renovated Airstream down the vacation road to California when the tires are blown in a remote stretch of New Mexico. Armed and fearless, Bob and his resourceful adolescent son Bobby (a very good Dan Byrd) figure they can protect their womenfolk — praying ex-hippie mom Ethel (Kathleen Quinlan), new



FOX SEARCHLIGHT PICTURES

Aaron Stanford prepares for more carnage as he, his family and in-laws find themselves in a heap of trouble on a remote highway in The Hills Have Eyes.

MOVIE

Title: **The Hills Have Eyes**
Director: **Alexandre Aja**
Stars: **Aaron Stanford, Kathleen Quinlan, Vinessa Shaw, Emilie de Ravin, Dan Byrd, Ted Levine, Robert Joy, Billy Drago**
Rating: **18A**
Opens: **Today**
Theatre: **Cambridge Centre, Conestoga Mall, Gateway, Imperial Road, King/Water**

mother Lynn (Vinessa Shaw), her infant daughter and pouty teen-sister-who'd-rather-be-partying-in-Cancun Brenda (Lost's Emilie de Ravin). That goes double for Lynn's wimpy Democrat of a husband Doug (Aaron Stanford, fresh from kids' roles).

What they don't count on is a family of deformed cretins descended from area miners who were irradiated by atomic bomb tests. When night falls, the demented monstrosities get into the Airstream, do terrible things to the

females, kill some Carters and, in one incredibly weird bit of dress-up, one of them (fan favourite Robert Joy) appears to morph from Keith Richards to Bob Dylan to Ozzy Osbourne with just a few minor costume changes.

As if that wasn't scary enough, a survivor from the stranded party must venture into the mutants' home village of the damned, where the whole notion of nuclear family comes in for quite wicked and very painful-looking satire.

True to the title, the film's rocky, desolate terrain is an ominous presence in itself; it's Morocco standing in for the Land of Enchantment, by the way. The blasted landscape lends essential eeriness to the early, buildup stages of the film. This kind of atmospheric accretion used to be a horror-movie given but here comes off more like a lost art rediscovered.

Which is not to say that anything about The Hills Have Eyes should be mistaken for art. It indulges many of the cheap clichés modern horror movies are addicted to, especially near the end. The film is proficient entertainment, though, for the cannibal brain lurking deep inside us all.

• New York Times News Service