



**THE SECOND SEASON.
IT'S A SAFE BET
IT WON'T EVER
BE CONFUSED WITH
THE SECOND COMING.**

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BLOOD WORK

NO
SPUD
4U

Poor old crusty Clint Eastwood, ruining a perfectly good novel to have a last gasp at directing. Walk toward the light, Clint. It's all over now, dude.

BARBER SHOP



Maybe if I was black I would have thought more of this picture. Come to think of it, I probably wouldn't have. Because then it would be my brothers and sisters that were being badly stereotyped and not just some black people in the urban jungle.

Hey everybody. I've just been reading about the new prime time shows which are launching on the tube over the next few weeks. Nothing much caught my eye save for the fact that there seems to be a lot of wannabees on the way. There's **Abby**, a new sitcom starring **Sydney Poitier's** daughter, **Sydney**. (Isn't that like **George Foreman** naming all his kids George?), which appears to be a wannabe **Ned & Stacy** or **Will & Grace**. **Rockport PD**, which looks like a wannabe of **The Job**, the short lived **Dennis Leary** series. **Mr. Sterling** (which I've already seen twice and liked), a wannabe **West Wing**. **Queens Supreme**, which is a wannabe **100 Center Street**. **The Dead Zone**, another in a long list of **Outer Limits** wannabees. **Kingpin**, a **Sopranos** wannabe with a Hispanic flavour. **Veritas: The Quest** which looks like some kind of **Relic Hunter** wannabe. **My Big Fat Greek Life** is a self explanatory wannabe. And of course, **Dragnet** which is, you guessed it, a **Dragnet** wannabe.

Now which of these wannabes have the legs to make in up in the bigs? My sight unseen (almost) money's on **Dragnet**, **Mr. Sterling** and **Kingpin**.

There are also some shows that look like they have a bit more in the way of uniqueness. These are the show you don't predict but rather pray for, as television, as we have all seen for years, abhors anything unique.

My sight unseen predictions for possible good viewing it this area are: **Life Of The Party**, a sitcom starring **Nathan Lane**, who is one of the funniest people in show business. **Miracles**, with **Skeet Ulrich**, as a Roman Catholic priest/supernatural stuff investigator and a new Fox series called **Keen Eddie** which is about an American cop in England.

Finally I guess it wouldn't be a horse race if I didn't predict a few dead-in-the-water-already shows. So here they are. **Regular Joe** starring **Daniel Stern**, who's coming up on being a three time loser on TV. **The Atwood Stories**--a six part series based on the stories of Canadian novelist **Margaret Atwood**, because I don't think that people who like Margaret Atwood are TV people and vice versa. **The Pitts**, because everybody will see it as Fox trying to re-create the success of **Married With Children**.

You heard it here first. I will follow up as these shows actually appear and we can all see just how good a guesser I am.

BLOOD WORK (NO SPUD 4U)

For an essentially bad actor and so so director Clint Eastwood has somehow managed to have himself a long and fairly illustrious career. That's because he's got himself a reputation as an American icon. Obviously America is not always so fussy about their icons. And iconism is kind of easy to come by these days what with everybody but everybody getting a shot at it.

I will admit that Clint Eastwood has made a few good movies. Easily his best would be the 1992 Oscar Winner, **Unforgiven** and I also kind of liked **Thunderbolt & Lightfoot** and **The Outlaw Josie Wales**. After that it kind of falls off into a morass of obviousness,

and **Blood Work**, based on a very good thriller novel by **Michael Connelly**, resides somewhere at the bottom of the heap.

Blood Work is the story of an FBI profiler named Terry McCaleb, who tends to show up in every other Michael Connelly novel, sometimes with and sometimes without Connelly's main character, LA Police Detective Harry Bosch. Clint, very badly cast as McCaleb (Kevin Costner would have been much better, 'cause he's younger, can actually act etc. etc.), has a heart attack while chasing a serial killer through an alleyway, retires, buys a boat, gets a new heart and a very haggard looking Angelica Huston as his doctor, and starts to mend when the serial killer shows back up again.

Now the story is pretty cool and has a lot of irony and all that good stuff. So I'd advise you to read the book and avoid this movie like the plague, because Clint and his people have really flushed this puppy down the toilet. From filling with screenplay with stilted dialogue, constant explanation and extreme awkwardness, to the casting of people whose acting abilities makes Clint's feeble performance almost tolerable by comparison. Most notably someone named **Wanda De Jesus**, **Paul Rodrigues**, who has never been much of a serious actor anyway, and particularly **Jeff Daniels** who looks more like he's rehearsing for *Dumb and Dumber II*.

The Wife and I watched *Blood Work* all the way through at my insistence. Afterwards I apologized profusely for putting her through this nonsense and agreed to let her have the next 2 picks at Ye Olde Video Shoppe. Now I've got two 18th or 19th century costume dramas to look forward to. Thanks a lot, Clint.

PS. I think it's time for Clint to just head on back to Carmel and take up whittling or something.

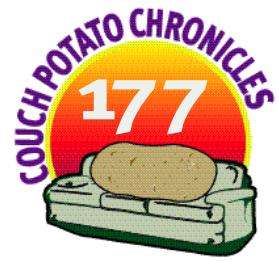
BARBERSHOP (ONE SPUD. TWO SPUDS IN DA HOOD)

This is one of those all black 'in da hood' movies that give people who aren't black a chance to see what black culture is really about. Unfortunately, if you go by this flick, it's not about very much at all, or so it would seem from this lame attempt at social commentary disguised as Hollyweird black dramady.

First of all, will somebody tell rapper, **Ice Cube**, that he has failed to make the cut in the rapper-to-actor-transition-sweepstakes. **Will Smith**, **Eminem**, or **Snoop Dogg** he's not. Not anywhere close.

In *Barbershop*, da Cube plays a young schemer who sells the barbershop he inherited (along with a lot of back taxes) from his daddy to a slick talking loan shark, who plans to turn it into a strip club, goes out for some fried chicken and suddenly decides that his barbershop is really an icon in the da hood and sets out to try and get his money back, which he does by means of an extremely absurd and contrived subplot that's too lame to even talk about, but provides relief from the tediousness of all the 'local charm' we are being force-fed inside the barbershop, which is kind of like a half-assed Noah's Ark for black people, in that there's one of every different kind of stereotypical black person. Whew! That's the longest sentence I've ever written that actually made sense.

There's a certain amount of humour in this film and everybody is



acting up a storm, but it's kind of a tempest in a teapot. I think, a lot of black people go into an all black or mostly black production with the feeling that they have something to prove to America. And this feeling tends to supercede other things, like maybe this movie is kind of dumb and pointless and not about anything other than how everybody sits around the damn barbershop all day because, well...I don't know why because I'm a white guy and I don't really get it.

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

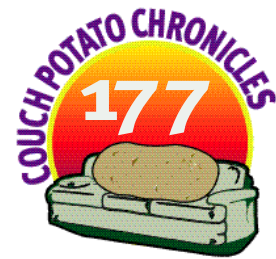
This one goes to the Wife. "I I hear anything else about el Nino, I'm going to spit.". In spite of the fact that I make commercials for a living, I actually kind of hate them as a TV viewer. So if I'm watching a show in real time (as opposed to tape), I will flip around to check out whatever's going on on the other stations. If the Wife happens to be sitting there with me, I'm somewhat restricted to the Raptors and The Weather Network although I've been experimenting with **Connie Chung** on CNN, which I think the Wife puts up with because there's always a chance that Connie will be covering something to do with the British Royal Family, (those wacky Windsors). Anyway, a lot of times I will hit The Weather Network when the weather person is standing in front of this huge map of Canada, showing us the awful truth about what is happening across the country. Invariably, whenever something nasty appears to invade this country from the great plains states or the south east, it always seems to have something to do with el Nino. El Nino is causing this to happen ... el Nino is playing havoc with the pressure systems in the south causing a big storm to bury New York City and bring the US financial systems to a crashing halt ... yadda, yadda, yadda.




I personally think that el Nino is nothing more than a convenient nickname for the trade winds that have blown from west to east around the world for the past billion or so years. And will not stop blowing...like ever. I think el Nino, like the concept of wind chill is nothing more than a construct of some yahoo not unlike myself who's job it is to dream up weird names for a lot of the normal stuff that's happening to give people on The Weather Network a concrete enemy to blame things on. Cause let's face it, predicting the weather is a high risk operation at the best of times. So when things go wrong, you could do a lot worse than el Nino as your excuse.

When I was flipping around tonight looking for basketball scores, I saw this thing on the History Television about some farmer out in Alberta who uses the spleens of slaughtered cattle to predict the weather and does one hell of a job at it. He was interviewed extensively and never mentioned el Nino, one time. Not once. Think he's got his priorities straight? I wanna get one of those cow spleens for sure. Then who knows, maybe a little freelance consulting for my friends at The Weather Network.

(PS to all Weather Network Spuds--just kidding -- I think you do an outstanding job and I love you.)

Well that's all she wrote for this week. As you can see I've conquered that Gap of Shame thing, with something we Spuditorialists like to call line spacing and superfluous salutations So until next week, bid you all a fond adieu, adios, and of course, so long.



SPUD RATING LEGEND	
	Check It Out / Was Worth It
	Take It Or Leave It
	Just Plain Sucks