**WEEKLY PICKS**

**BOOK**
The Kama Sutra: The Rules of Love and Erotic Practice
*by Manuela Dunn Mascetti*

“Ask my girlfriend.” — Liam O’Keefe ’01

**MOVIE**
Meet the Parents
*Directed by Jay Roach (2000)*

"A hilarious movie and a must see for all dudes who are afraid of your girlfriend’s dad."
— Chris Tracey ’03

**MUSIC**
Amen (So Be It)
Paddy Casey

“David Gray only a ‘lil more electric and a ‘lil better.”
— Paul Washington ’03

**WEBSITE**
www.reviewsforguys.com

“...a website spin off of Maxim — you can never get enough of these.”
— Doug Frisina ’02

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**REVIEW**

**‘Honoring’ Y2K’s worst movies**

*Battlefield Earth* sweeps other turkeys of 2000

**BY TIM O’COIN**

CRUSADER FEATURES EDITOR

Poor John Travolta.

That’s what crossed my mind as the “Saturday Night Fever” star crossed the stage to present the memorial segment of the Academy Awards last Sunday. Six years ago he was Hollywood’s comeback kid, thanks to Quentin Tarantino’s breakout film “Pulp Fiction,” which once more established Travolta as a major player in movies. Riding high off the surprise success of the popular indie flick, the ’70s superstar reinvigorated his stalled career with a string of blockbusters that made the lean years of the ’80s seem very far away indeed.

Then he made “Battlefield Earth.” I’m not exactly sure how or why this atrocious film made it past script stage, but this IS Hollywood after all, where clout often prevails over content. Travolta, one of the most prominent and outspoken members of Tinsel Town’s premiere spiritual movement, the Church of Scientology, made it a personal crusade to bring Scientology founder L. Ron Hubbard’s massive sci-fi opus to the big screen, and with his star power behind the project, it was only a matter of time before it was a done deal. Not only did Travolta vigorously promote the production, he also produced the film and played the lead villain. His name became synonymous with the movie, and when it opened last May to dismal box office numbers and some of the most savage critical barbs of the past ten years, he, so-to-speak, “went down with his ship.”

— Paul Washington ’03

**FRIDAY, MARCH 30, 2001**

**Seven Days...**

Friday, March 30th

Amo at Irish Times, Worcester
Pete Tong at Avalon, Boston
Say Zuza and Slobberbone at T.T. The Bear’s, Cambridge
Masters of Groove, Topaz, and Wax Poetic at Lill’s, Somerville
Brother Chameleon at Woodman’s, Essex

Saturday, March 31st

Amo at Irish Times, Worcester
The Sheila Divine and Longwave at Lucky Dog, Worcester
Lavababy and Went at Boston University, Boston
Andrew Kerr and Vance Gilbert at Passim’s, Cambridge
Dougie MacLean at St. John’s Church, Watertown

Sunday, April 1st

Andrea Bocelli at the FleetCenter, Boston
Boy Sets Fire, Death By Stereo, and Sick Of It All at Axis, Boston
Mustard’s Retreat at House Concert, Worcester
KRS-ONE at Orpheum Theatre, Boston

Monday, April 2nd

Birth at Middle East Club, Cambridge

Tuesday, April 3rd

Dreadnaught at Clark University, Worcester
John Pizzarelli and Maureen McGovern at Mechanics Hall, Worcester

Wednesday, April 4th

John Hammond at House Of Blues, Cambridge
Equation at Johnny D’s, Somerville

Thursday, April 5th

Rane at Assumption College, Worcester
J Masius & The Frog and The Sadies at Middle East Club, Cambridge
Poncho Sanchez at Sculler’s, Boston

**Battlefield Earth**

*Warner Bros.*

front of a massive crowd of Hollywood regulars, all most likely aware of “Battlefield Earth’s” notoriety. Perhaps that’s why he was chosen to introduce the “In Memoriam” montage – the moment of silence afterward spared him from even more ridicule by emcee Steve Martin. However, I’m sure that many people, including myself, find little pathos in the universal derision of “Battlefield Earth” – it deserved every acerbic comment and Razzie statue it got, and then some. Utterly terrible in every aspect – direction, screenplay, acting, and special effects – it sits atop the formulaic dung heap of lousy films that came along last year. While it definitely was the worst, it wasn’t the only putrid product to come out of Hollywood in 2000. Here are some of the films that the Razzies looked over.

“Down to You” (dir. Kris Ascensino)

“Few of you probably remember this forgettable romantic flop with teenybopper idols Freddy Prinze jr. and Julia Stiles as a troubled college couple, not that a movie like this deserves to be remembered. “Down To You” is a vacuous, inane exercise in romantic tripe – a film that made all this stuff far better than it should have. The major revelation during the finale is that Travolta is more cloying and sappy than profound. A dull, dull film with little payoff for the ride.”

“Dinosaur” (dir. Eric Leighton and Paul Verhoeven)

“I think it’s a shame that Disney consistently uses their talent, both traditional and computer, on such uninspired premises. Breaking out the cookie cutter once more, Disney revisits the ol’ dependable misfit & fish-out-of-water storyline with cutting-edge CGI animation. Sure, the visuals do impress, but with its vapid story and characters obviously lifted from Disney stereotypes, the film has no substance. A story like this one is better told visually, without distracting (and frustratingly stupid) dialogue – too bad Disney took the path of least resistance on this project.

“Hallow Man” (dir. Paul Verhoeven)

“Take the killer from ‘Scream’ (or any other movie from that particular genre), make him invisible, and set him loose in a secret government laboratory with a bunch of scientists. That’s basically a truncheon elucidation of ‘Hollow Man.’ A pitifully bad sci-fi thriller about a government researcher who, thanks to an experimental serum, turns invisible, goes mad, and kills people. A neat concept ruined by a been-there, done-that plot – it’s basically a slasher flick with top-notch visual effects. The next act showdown is unforgivingly stupid.

“The Ladies Man” (dir. Reginald Hudlin)

“Flat out, this movie did not have to be made, and should not have been made period. Lorne Michaels takes one of the least funny Saturday Night Live character skits and turns it into an even less funny movie. Stick with ‘Wayne’s World’ and ‘The Blues Brothers.’

“How the Grinch Stole Christmas” (dir. Ron Howard)

“The Grinch” made boffo bucks at the box office, but the best version of Seuss’ timeless and touching tale remains the half-hour animated TV show – it doesn’t cost eight dollars to see, and it has heart. Howard’s version thinks it has heart, but it’s built underneath a mountain of unnecessary extravagance. Jim Carrey plays the Grinch solely as a mean-spirited goof rather than a character of true menace as Seuss intended, which ultimately guts the story’s charmingly emotional. The Grinch’s redemption, in this version, hollow and bereft of feeling – a fitting description for the movie that surrounds it.