

# Best of the Fest

**BOOM: THE SOUND OF EVICTION** is the kind of film you hope to see at something like the Lost Film Fest. Chronicling the dot-com boom in San Francisco and its resultant displacement of thousands of residents of the Mission District, *Boom* is a powerful reminder that money and the hubris it inspires is an empty and corrosive set. Cathy Acosta and her five sons live in a house they love with neighbors they know and trust. But after gentrification sends her property values soaring, her family is evicted and must live in a tiny two-bedroom apartment with friends, her children sleeping on a worn carpet for three months. Hers is just one of the stories told in this documentary that shows how a powerful grassroots social movement can make a difference. Looking back on it now, it's almost hard to believe the Bay Area's Internet economy was ever so hale. Directors Francine Cavanaugh, A. Mark Livi and Adams Wood take us into shamelessly extravagant parties where young dot-comers in paper tiaras holding cell phones hand each other business cards. They also take us into studios of local artists, into Mayer White Brown's office and into the crowd at a street celebration thrown by the longtime Latino residents of the area who are slowly being pushed out by the cell phone holders. The evictions and gentrification are intolerable, and seemingly unsolvable. But never underestimate the power of the barrio. This film serves as an interesting—and overlong, unfortunately—study in social politics. **B** (*Liz Spikol*) Sun., June 2, 4pm.

**DIY OR DIE.** Subtitled "How to Survive as an Independent Artist," Michael Dean's hour-long documentary is more than just a glorified scene report. Its subjects are painters, writers, musicians, photographers—even dot-comers. Under broad chapter headings like "integrity," "commerce," "self-definition" and "adversity," the collected creative types offer insights into their unique lifestyles. Sure, they can come off as self-righteous, patting themselves on the back a bit much at times, but the prevailing do-it-yourself message is ultimately as inspirational as Dean intended. Not all the interviewees are recognizable (which actually works to the film's benefit), but astute adherents to underground music will recognize Puzosi's Ian MacKaye, Dinosaur Jr.'s J Mascis, Mike Watt, Madigan Lunch, photographer Cynthia Connolly, Lydia Lunch and um, a guy from GWAR. Memorable rants and anecdotes abound, with circus performer Jim Rose easily taking the cake (especially after we see him facedown on broken glass, inviting people to stand on his head). While the film's last few minutes seem sloppily thrown together (and that closing theme song is downright annoying), it's not enough to dampen the fierce artistic spirit that is the real subject here. **B** (*Doug Wallen*) Wed., June 5, 6pm.

**DONALD AND DOT CLOCK: FOUND DEAD IN THEIR HOME.** He's a quirk-ridden wannabe Baryshnikov who looks like a cross between David Cross and that guy from *Haiku Tunnel* and speaks like a constipated Kermit the Frog. She's a quirky woman with huge teeth who works for the Psychic Friends Network and believes in something called "Rodent Harmonic Ballads." Two depressed, quirky souls

ways. Shot on DV and with a score that sounds like it was written on a Casio keyboard, the film clearly loves its quirkiness but what's so surprising is how relentlessly *break* it is—a quirky love story that, for some reason, actually follows through on the promise in its title. In fact, if I learned anything from this quirk-filled venture, it was that there's nothing worse in this world than self-pitying nerds—and I say that being somewhat of a self-pitying nerd myself. Quirky, yes, but also amazingly upsetting, which at least makes it original. **C** (*Matt Prigge*) Sun., June 2, 10pm.

**GIGI FROM 9-5.** Don't be put off by this short's Tisch School of the Arts pedigree. Filmmaker Joanne Nucho isn't trying to hear that noise either. "Having been at NYU for three years I watched everyone make one sucky movie after another about the narrow culture of most of the students who attend the private universities of this country," she says. And in fact her 10-minute musical diatribe against office drudgery and the corporate mentality is oddly insightful—it takes most people at least a few years in "the real world" to realize how soul-sucking it can be. You'll get the point, from the spooky, Aphex Twinesque lip syncing of the opening scene to the zombie dancing of "office workers" in the streets to little Gigi sitting motionless and brain-dead in front of her computer. It's clever and funny, but after listening to all that tuneless singing you'll wonder why Joanne didn't make more careful selections from her fellow performing arts students. The cartoon titles at the end are cute too. **B+** (*Katie Haeghele*) Sun., June 2, 10pm and Mon., June 3, 8pm.

**HOT AND BOTHERED: FEMINIST PORNOGRAPHY.** This interview-style documentary puts forth that the female production and consumption of porn is, quote simply, radical feminism in action. Listening to these whip-smart women—who include *Fabula* magazine editor Jen Loy, Tristan Taormino, author of *The Ultimate Guide to Anal Sex for Women*, and porn producer Jane Hamilton—it's easy to find yourself in agreement. (Choice quote from Taormino: "I feel like it's *Our Bodies, Ourselves*, but it's specifically just your ass.") It's not all rhetoric, though. The 38-minute doc is highly engaging, especially with people strapping it on left and right. There's also a funny sped-up montage featuring more typical porn conventions, like rapid-fire head bobbing, creepy long fingernails and bleached-out hair—it all looks even sillier in warp speed, though not much. As Jane Hamilton says slyly: "This multimillion-dollar business is not being supported by one guy in a raincoat." So don't let him be the only one at this screening, either. *Hot and Bothered* is a must-see for savvy men and women as well as perverts of every stripe. **A** (*K.H.*) Mon., June 3, 10pm.

**LOVE AND THE MONSTER.** Based on the cult comic *Love and Rockets*, Miles Montalban's *Love and the Monster* is a funny portrait of social and sexual isolation. The short opens with a mod-ish B-movie scene in which an ogre (looking just like *The Goonies*' Sloth) corners a distressed damsel amid psychedelic lava-lamp lighting. When the hero arrives to save the day, it's a standard ending that doesn't sit well with

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