

Across
Campus

Graduation

Commencement will be Saturday, May 12, in D.L. Ligon Coliseum. The two ceremonies will occur at 10 a.m. and 2 p.m.

Come and support the graduating students of MSU.

Foreign Film

Continuing Education presents "A Very Long Engagement." This extraordinary love story, set against the background of World War I, will be showing at 7p.m. May 3 at the Kemp Center for the Arts. Convicted of self-mutilation in order to escape military service during World War I, five soldiers are condemned to face certain death in the no man's land between the French and German trench lines.

It appears all of them were killed in a subsequent battle, but the fiancée of one of the soldiers refuses to give up hope and begins to uncover clues as to what actually took place on the battlefield.

Admission is free. Donations are welcome. For more information, call ext. 4756.

Student Art Exhibitions

The art department opens the Senior Student Exhibition and the Student All-Media Exhibitions with a reception from 6 p.m. to 8 p.m. May 4 in the Fain Fine Arts galleries. In the Foyer Gallery will be the works of seniors Kim Bartel, Katy Blackwood, Johanna Krantz and Jim Thomason. On exhibit in the main gallery will be all-media student artwork. Both run through Aug. 24.

For more information, call ext. 4264.

Spring Choir Concert

The music department presents a Combined Choirs Concert at 3 p.m. May 6 at First Presbyterian Church on Taft Blvd. The University Singers and Oratorio Chorus will perform music ranging from a Mozart opera chorus to Irving Berlin vocal jazz to an African-American spiritual.

For more information call ext. 4267.

Retiring Professor

One of our professors will celebrate his approaching retirement with a reception honoring his years of service to MSU.

On May 4 from 2 p.m. to 4 p.m. Dr. Al Sutko, Professor in the McCoy School of Engineering, will be honored for his years of service to MSU.

Both events will be held in the Kiowa Room of Clark Student Center.

'Next' on the list: a huge waste of time

JASON KIMBRO
ENTERTAINMENT EDITOR

Hello, my dear readers. As you can see from the report card, my last film of the year is one corrosive piece of crap that would be quite surprising to me isn't considered one of Nicolas Cage's worst films.

"Next" is another attempt by director Lee Tamahori ("Die Another Day," "XXX: State of the Union") to wow his audiences with break-neck action sequences and eye candy worthy of any summer movie.

Unfortunately Tamahori seems to be getting worse and worse with each film he makes.

When "XXX: State of the Union" was released I was somewhat excited because I kinda-sorta liked the first one with Vin Diesel and I very much enjoyed Tamahori's over-the-top rendition of Bond with "Die Another Day," but after one screening I felt sick.

My expectations were not nearly as high for "Next," but I must say I felt just as sick after leaving this rotten excuse for an action flick.

Here's the gist:

Nicolas Cage is a man with a hair problem. No really, his hair is pretty god-awful in this one, but those are the least of his problems.

He plays Cris Johnson, a low-key vegas magician with the stage name Frank Cadillac. He is able to pull off some amazing slights of hand and some wondrous predictions. These popcorn achievements come easy to Cris because he is psychic, well, sort of.

Cris can only see about two minutes into the future. We are not told why he is able to do this nor are we told why he is able to see further whenever his love interest Liz (Jessica Biel) is involved. Furthermore we are not told how the FBI has come to know about the things that make him special.

All these pieces are conveniently thrown at us through a series of silly chases that lack anything new or ex-

citing.

What we are told is that the FBI has discovered that a Russian nuke has gone missing and that the likely location is Los Angeles. A top agent named Callie Ferris (Julianne Moore) wants to harness the power of one Cris Johnson to find out exactly where the bomb may be.

The baddies in control of the nuke consist of your basic crew of Eastern Europeans, Asians, a few bad accents and an unknown mystery man in behind the bankroll and he has somehow discovered Cris' powers as well and wants him snuffed.

So now we have your basic chase flick with the FBI and a bunch of stereotypical terrorists chasing after poor Cris and his beautiful and apparently blind sex toy Liz.

This film had many opportunities to impress the audience with some amazing bits of action and adventure but fails to do so for two main reasons: the special effects were horrid on the parts that were the most original and the rest was just poorly planned.

One scene could have been one of the best action sequences in recent years as Cris runs down the side of a canyon as bunch of logs, cars, and a tanker truck come tumbling after him and a group of law enforcement officials. This scene is wasted and will forever look like crap.

Performances were meager. Biel comes off as a great second fiddle but again fails to add any sort of leading role quality to her performance. She may be doomed to always play a second tier love interest.

Moore had at one time been an illustrious actress with great films under her belt (i.e., "The Hours") but lately her choice in movies and her apparent lack of care in how well she performs in them keeps pushing her down my list of faves.

As for Cage, a slump in ones career can be a bitch to climb out



Nicolas Cage goes to get his eyes burned out with acid after seeing his latest film, "Next."

of (Travolta, Slater) and he is beginning to tumble down the ditch pretty fast.

Poor atmosphere makes for a poor film. Whatever happened to those films that were thick with flavor and vigor where even if there wasn't an explosion of flying car the film would have still been a great action flick? You know what I mean. Films like "Die Hard" and earlier Bruckheimer films that always put one in the mood for the type of film they were about to partake.

This air of this film was as thin as the waist of an anorexic cheerleader after a day in the toilet.

Based on a story called "The Golden Man" by Philip K. Dick (an ingenious sci-fi writer whose stories are butchered by Hollywood far too much) the story is just too plain silly and full of unintentional laughs.

Speaking of unintentional laughs, I just cannot get over Cage's hair in this movie. It looks like that of a balding Christopher Walken after an overdose on hair gel.

Many more problems lie within the script that go far beyond a suspension of disbelief. And you cannot seem to have a film with Cage these days without seeing him shirtless.

That same pattern seems to be going along for Biel as well as we are beginning to see a lot of scenes with her in her panties. Of course I'm not going to complain too much about that.

I hope you have all had a great year and I look forward to the year to come as I continue to be your film critic for at least twelve more months.

You all have an awesome sum-

mer. I will be spending mine selling jewelry no one wants to buy and walking and walking and walking around our beautiful Sikes Lake. It's about time I trade in some calories for all that cheese. Adios!

REPORT CARD

Entertainment Value:	D
Artistic Crap:	F
Plot/Script:	F
Performances:	D
Overall GPA:	0.50

SunKyu Yoo-Norris

Charlotte shows how good music runs in her family



Charlotte Gainsbourg turns her pretty little head away from the blinding light of her world.

RICHARD CARTER

WICHITAN DANCE CRITIC

Being the kid of a rock star does not necessarily make one a rock star.

In fact, children of jazz musicians and country musicians actually seem to follow their parents better into the headlines. In jazz, for example, there's the talented Brubeck brothers who have played locally.

Country wise, Hank Williams has a talented grandson, Hank III, and then there's his son Hank Jr., a guy who despite his limitations has charted a few times.

Rock wise, there's a Lennon here and there, and an untalented Osbourne or two. All in all, not an impressive bunch of talent.

The release of Charlotte Gainsbourg's second album, "5:55," last week was a little surprising for listeners who enjoy continental pop. The 33-year-old daughter of the now deceased French singer Serge Gainsbourg (the illustrious Beck adores him) and English pop singer and actress Jane Birkin, it's her first album in over 20 years.

An established actress (most recently "21 Grams" and "The Science of Sleep"), Gainsbourg created "5:55" with amazing help. The noted duo Air wrote the music, and Jarvis Cocker, Neil Hannon and Gainsbourg penned the lyrics. Radiohead producer Nigel Godrich oversaw the mixing and production.

Considering that Gainsbourg is over 30, this is her first mature record and she's an actress, "5:55" has all the ingredients for disaster. But "5:55" is surprisingly good. No, not surprisingly good. It really is good.

Air's music is rich in melody and played on piano, tasteful guitars, a good rhythm section and gorgeous

strings. It's a collection of intelligent and cosmopolitan pop sounds that Air might have considered saving for their most recent album.

Gainsbourg's vocal delivery is strong, mixing in a breathy English accent flavored with French vowels. Interestingly enough, she sings a lot like what a mix of her father and mother's voices might have sounded like together.

Finally, the words are lyrical and insightful and sound really intoxicating sung by Gainsbourg.

There are at least three songs here that would be perfect singles for FM radio if the contemporary format was not so tone deaf. The songs "5:55," "AF607105" and "The Songs That We Sing" literally sing with gorgeous strings, melodies and vocals.

Of the 14 songs on the American release, only three are what I would call lesser tunes. The rest of the record thrives based on its heady mix of '60s pop music and contemporary electronica influences.

For those who know Gainsbourg's films, listening to the songs of "5:55" is a little like watching Gainsbourg on the screen. There is something beguiling about watching her characters and her voice.

The U.S. release of the disc includes two worthwhile videos.

So far, 2007 has been, at best, a pretty erratic year for music. Gainsbourg's "5:55" is a pleasing work of pop songs that would be perfect to listen to late at night.

It's unlikely that Gainsbourg herself would want to be a rock star, nor did her parents want that for themselves.

However, her father and mother's work is still memorable, and now their daughter has also created a very fine CD.

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The Wichitan would like to wish you all a safe and pleasurable summer!

See you all next fall!