



David Hockney's *Self-Portrait with Blue Guitar*, 1977.

Cannes Extraordinaire!

The 59th Cannes Film Festival proceeds May 17–28 and as always, it's all about the mystique, spectacle, and buzz. But the grandam of film festivals is unpredictable. This year, Ron Howard, Brian Grazer, and Tom Hanks are world-premiering *The Da Vinci Code* there, and last year's debut was *Shrek 2*. Compare that to 2003's premiere of Vincent Gallo's *Brown Bunny*, replete with a scene depicting Chloe Sevingy performing fellatio on him. And at 2004's festival, protesters halted the red carpet for two hours when 500 French entertainment workers decried government cuts in unemployment benefits—Michael Moore offered his support, of course.

There's a magnetism associated with Cannes, a *je ne sais quoi*. But is it losing its moxie? Says the *LA Weekly's* "Deadline Hollywood" columnist Nikki Finke, "It's a very antiquated, ridiculous thing. It used to be the only game in town and now it's totally overshadowed not just by other important film festivals in Europe, but more and more in North America: Sundance and Toronto." Regardless, we can't wait to see what awaits this year. www.festival-cannes.fr —Adam Ted Jacobson

STILL LIFE WITH HOCKNEY

What do we see when we look closely at ourselves, our loved ones, our friends? David Hockney—whose portraits exhibit at LACMA June 11 to September 4—sees the ticks and creases, postures and fashions, pretension and empathy that we all embody. Hailing from the centuries-old British tradition but not entirely obedient to it, Hockney renders portraits that stand on their own. We don't need to know that Gregory Evans was his boyfriend, Nick Wilder was his art dealer, or the elderly seated woman was his mother. That said, the portraits span half a century; his subjects age, and his rendering of the sleeping dachshund Stanley becomes a *memento mori*. Hockney says of his periodic return to portraiture: "I am constantly preoccupied with how to remove distance so that we can all come closer together, so that we can all begin to sense we are the same, we are one." www.lacma.org —Hunter Drohojowska-Philp



Indian actress Mallika Sherawat at last year's Cannes festival

(PLUGGED IN)

Who's doing what...



Eleanor Suhr,
TV news producer:
There's nothing like biking and rollerblading along the the oceanside path that stretches for miles from Will Rogers State Beach all the way down to Torrance. When I want to get lost in a crowd and listen to the cacophony of the sidewalk vendors and music, I go by the Venice Boardwalk and the Santa Monica Pier; if it's solemn sunsets that I crave, I head to Malibu or down toward Redondo.

Artist **Melanie Pullen's** latest show at Ace Gallery in Beverly Hills was *High Fashion Crime Scenes*: I like places with a story, especially any scene of a crime. Two weeks ago I ended up at the house of the doctor who is now assumed to be the perpetrator of the Black Dahlia murder. It's a beautiful Lloyd Wright house on Franklin Avenue in Hollywood. We discovered a secret room where we contemplated over wine what happened behind closed doors. Scary!



Actress **Marina Black** most recently appeared on an episode of *CSI: New York*. She played *Parker McKenna* on the first two seasons of *Six Feet Under*: My perfect day in L.A. starts with a hike with my dogs, Ella and Thacher, in Mandeville Canyon, then a cup of coffee and a breakfast burrito at Who's On Third Cafe on 3rd Street (at Orlando). Also, I collect old typewriters; I found my two best ones buried under clothes in thrift stores on Fairfax. My friends at All Star Machines (Santa Monica) keep my typers in top shape with new ribbons.