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On a Role with Recent Spanish Cinema: Daniel Monzón and *El corazón del guerrero*

By

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"El rol es tan peligroso como el mus." Santiago Segura

"¡Leo di Caprio es una mierda! ¡Yo soy el rey del mundo! —"Master" Víctor (Juan Díaz, in *Corazón*)

"Before there was the Internet, with its multi-user dungeons (like chat rooms) and virtual identities, there was Dungeons and Dragons, a fantasy role-playing game that first became popular in the mid-1970s among young men who owned every album Yes had ever made, and who used sci-fi jargon like "grok" in conversation." A.O. Scott

Spanish film and film criticism has suffered from "genre trouble" for a long time, but the problem has become more acute since Franco's death. As Andrew Tudor points out, "Genre notions—except the special case of arbitrary definition—are not critics' classifications made for special purposes; they are sets of cultural conventions. Genre is what we collectively believe it to be" (7). Edward Buscombe sees a similar problem: "Genre is a term much employed in film criticism at the moment, yet there is little agreement on what exactly it means or whether the term has any use at all" (11). In terms of Spanish film criticism, both among academics in this country and among popular and academic critics alike in Spain, "genre" tends to be a dirty word (except in that hallowed, color-coordinated niche that where campy melodrama and Almodóvar are venerated). In fact, I argue in a nearly completed book to be called *Genre Trouble in Recent Spanish Cinema* that precisely such genre confusion has muddied the valorization of contemporary Spanish films significantly, and has also had an adverse effect on filmmakers who came of age during the transition to democracy. To put it bluntly, many middle-aged Spanish cineastes and critics do not always know a genre when they see one. The deleterious effects of the Salamanca Talks can still be seen in one warmed-over attempt on 50s Italianate Neorealism after another; the male weepy is alive and well on Spanish celluloid; and examples of the sentimentality-dripping antifascist movie continues to be released year after year. Moreover, in trying to avoid making (or praising) what they perceive as American style genre films, many directors (and most critics) have unconsciously rejected certain genres

only to embrace others. As Rick Altman observes, when genre questions are discussed in such a highly politicized environment, "no agreement can be found between those who propose a ritual function for film genres and those who champion an ideological purpose. . . . If we have learned anything from post-structuralist criticism, we have learned not to fear logical contradictions but instead to respect the extraordinary energy generated by the play of contradictory forces. . ." (30). To put it another way, making a big-budget action drama a la Schwarzeneger left a Spanish director vulnerable to dialectical criticism—and besides, who had the money? By contrast, aping American *auteurish* films of the 70s seems to have been declared above reproach. By this I mean films like *Straw Dogs*, *Dog Day Afternoon*, and their cousins (whether "dogs" are mentioned in the title or not). But Spain in the new milenium is beginning to fill up with fresh breeds of critics and directors more interested in the Dogme 95 vow of chastityⁱ than in dogfights over who is more leftish than whom; than in doggedly imitating forbears from home or abroad; or in dog-eared back issues of *Cahiers du Cinéma*. Let us look here at one specific sub-genre of fantasy in recent Spanish film to illustrate this.

In the more than twenty-five years since Gary Gygax thought it up, "Dungeons and Dragons" has become the most popular role-playing game in the history of humanity. Millions of people have played it the world over, and there are hundreds of novels, comics, cartoons, and board and video games based on it. Or as the Los Angeles Times critic John Anderson put it in his review of the homonymous film:

For twenty-five years, [D and D] has been keeping otherwise productive people occupied and, if you believe some court testimony, inspiring more psychotic behavior than *The Catcher in the Rye*.

This, we're sure, is slander; those people were time bombs anyway.

In an age as unheroic as ours, being instructed by a designated dungeon master to take on the persona of a wizard or warrior sounds likeⁱⁱ inspired escapism. Even more satisfying is that Hollywood's long-awaited film version of the game, made with a budget of \$36 million (roughly 7 billion pesetas at the time), which premiered in 2000, flopped like a dying tuna, while a variety of Spanish films made with a fraction of the

money easily outshone Courtney Solomon's maiden effort. Admittedly, it is hard to get worse reviews than *Dungeons and Dragons* garnered. A. O. Scott pointed to "its atrocious dialogue and clumsy pacing . . ."; Anderson was drawn to "something that looked like a many-tentacled gum wad"; while Roger Ebert zinged, "high marks for anyone who can explain the role that dragons play in the Izmerian ecology." Kamal Larsuel-Ulbricht was more direct: "Dungeons and Dragons? More like dragging dung." *BBC-Online* reviewer, Nick Cramp, noted, "The film had a modest budget, and it shows." Perhaps size of the budget—like a Spielbergian T-Rex—is something that appears smaller than life in Hollywood's rearview window? In any case, it is nice to be able to cite various examples of recent Spanish films that did more with a fraction of this budget, and have their point of departure in role games. Because of space limitations here, I cannot treat them all—and there are many that hack into role-playing with more or less success. To cite just four examples, these range from high concept, high profile debuts like Mateo Gil's in *Nadie conoce a nadie* (1999), and Pedro L. Barbero and Vicente J. Martín's in *Tuno negro* (2001); to lesser-known *tivimuvís* like Eduardo Cortes' platonically allusive *La caverna* (2000), or the proto-*Airbag/Año mariano* pairing of Fernando Guillén Cuervo and Karra Elejalde in *Corsarios del chip* (Rafael Alcázar, 1996).

But one of the least studied and most interesting may well be Daniel Monzón's 2000 debut as writer and director. Monzón, who had already worked as a film critic and scriptwriter for ten years, was initially contracted to write the script for *El corazón del guerrero*, and ended up directing the ambitious project as well. Álex de la Iglesia told Miguel Juan Payán in an interview:

El corazón del guerrero, de Daniel Monzón, a mí me parece una película extraordinaria, absolutamente inusual en el cine español, es una película increíblemente bien realizada, y tuvo dos nominaciones a los Goya y no se llevó ningún premio.ⁱⁱⁱ A mí eso me duele . . . Desde aquí digo: id a ver *El corazón del guerrero* . . ." (132)^{iv}

Although Courtney Solomon may have intended nothing more than entertaining escape with *Dungeons and Dragons*, one full year earlier, Monzón's Spanish film was released, providing far greater

pleasure while stepping back a bit and looking critically at the game, the fantasy, the North American society that spawned them, and the Spanish society that slavishly imitated all of the above. Moreover, as Álex de la Iglesia also said in the same interview, “una de las cosas que más me gusta de la película fue que ha ayudado a la eliminación de un crítico [el mismo director Monzón]” (134).

As the film opens, we meet a pair of thieves who hail from the magical world of swords and sorcerers. The muscular Beldar is played by Joel Juan and scantily-clad, buff, Sonja is Neus Asensi (filmed from an extremely low angle to make her 1 meter 60 centimeters—or about five feet two and a half inches—appear more imposing). Prancing and wisecracking, the duo steal an enormous jewel from the heart of its mummified guardian, all in the dark cave of the Order of the Thousand Eyes. Dialogue is witty but adolescent, and the acting style is finely balanced, just cartoonish enough to let us know that this is no innocent emulation of the enchanted warrior genre. Fleeing from disembodied heads and sword-wielding skeletons, Beldar grasps at last that the jewel comes equipped with the requisite curse. He loses consciousness, and when he awakes, he—and we—are in the “real” world, as we know it. Specifically, Beldar is stretched out in the bedroom of an adolescent boy from today’s Madrid, the walls covered with posters that indicate his fetishes and fantasies. A woman, apparently his mother, is shaking and haranguing him to get ready for school. At the bathroom mirror, warrior Beldar faces the reflection of Ramón Belda (Fernando Ramallo), a skinny sixteen year-old with a wild imagination fed by role games he plays with hash-smoking friends, led by teenage sadist, “Master” Víctor. The psychological alibi for Ramón to fantasize about becoming buff Beldar is evident; the frail youth is in full male gender performance crisis. Judith Butler has described masculinity and femininity as made up of, “acts, gestures . . . corporeal signs and other discursive means . . . [in order to] conceal the gender discontinuities that run rampant within our understanding of gender identity and sexual orientation” (135-6). In *Acting Male*, Dennis Bingham sees masquerades—and we could certainly include Ramón’s behavior here—as “a specific way of dealing with gender roles as performed . . . fabrications” (13).

Like a modern *Licenciado Vidriera*, Ramón is the victim of a magnificent delusion that causes hilarity in his tormentors.⁵ Like a high school Quixote, Ramón's delusion is the product of addiction to popular or "low" genre of entertainment. In *Inventing High and Low*, Stephanie Sieburth begins by examining Don Quixote's discussion of genre with the canon of Toledo as he is imprisoned and taken home in a cage at the end of part one. Although the canon defends a neo-Aristotelian literary theory, he cannot help being "spellbound by the tale, despite its utter implausibility" (2). For Sieburth, the canon's articulation of traditional "apocalyptic prophesies of the end of 'high culture' because of the spread of 'lowbrow forms' "(2) is answered by the Knight of Mournful Countenance's proto-democratic argument that chivalric novels are both authorized by royalty and yet enjoyed by all, "de todo género de personas de cualquier estado y condición que sean" (499).

Monzón, the former critic and theoretician, knows exactly what he is doing when confronts high and low cultures in this film, and he places the conflict squarely in a landscape studded with Golden Age literary allusions. Lest there be any doubt about Monzón's intention, Ramón's mother succinctly says to him right from the start of his role playing, "Cada día la misma murga. Se te va a pudrir el cerebro con tanta tontería." This echoes closely Cervantes' narrator, Cide Hamete Benengeli, who diagnoses don Quixote's problem thus: ". . . del poco dormir y del mucho leer, se le secó el cerebro, de manera que vino a perder el juicio" (37).

But the Golden Age allusions do not stop with Cervantes. Next we see Ramón at school with his best friend, Javi (a deliciously crass Jaime Barnatán), to whom Ramón explains that every night in dreams he becomes Beldar. In fact, Ramón asserts, his life is a dream, and the dream seems more real and more important than waking reality. Bathos ensues when Ramón, fresh from invoking Calderón, asks Javi if the latter can prove that this moment is more real than Ramón's dreams, and Javi slaps his friend's face and then takes a comic pratfall.

Like Cervantes' hero, Ramón is coy on the subject of women. When Javi, like a pimply teenaged Sancho, asks about Ramón's dream warrior princess Sonja, "¿Te la follas o no te la follas?" Ramón replies primly, "Se supone que sí, pero yo no sueño con esto." Later, when Ramón meets Sonja's alterego, Sonia, a drugged out prostitute offering drive-through sex in Madrid's Casa de Campo, the youth's quixotic delusion and prudery prevent him from seeing her as she really is. It is not until Sonia—at once Dulcinea and Maritornes—pulls off her panties in front of him at the bus stop, in preparation for going off to work, that the dime drops. Says Ramón, wide-eyed, "Sonia, ¿eres puta?" to which she replies in exhaustion, "Pero tú ¿eres gilipollas?" The Knight of Mournful Countenance was never more squeamish about sex, or gallant, when near the end Ramón tells his lady fair, "Sonja, tú no eres puta. Eres la mujer más maravillosa de éste y todos los mundos . . . y yo voy a devolvarte al sitio donde eres una reina."

In one episode, Sonia doubles as Sancho, and makes up a fantastic story of her own to serve her ulterior purposes. In order to detain Ramón, Sonia avers that the fireworks in the sky above the amusement park are the work of an evil sorcerer. Ramón replies, "Pero, ¿qué chorradas estás diciendo?" Sonia counters with logic worthy of Sancho Panza: "O sea, que yo me tengo que tragar todas tus mierdas y por una cosa que yo digo, no confías." Hearing that, Ramón negotiates a suspension of disbelief, as did Don Quixote with Sancho in Part II, Chapter XLI, at the end of the Clavileño episode. There, the knight agrees to accept Sancho's version of the ride on the wooden horse if Sancho will agree to believe what Don Quijote saw in the Cave of Montesinos.

Like Don Quixote, Ramón suffers from delusional episodes in which familiar scenery and objects are transformed. For the sake of modern audiences, Monzón gives plausible explanations for the phenomena. Every time the group of boys gathers to play their role game, "Master" Víctor swings a pocket watch on a chain to suggest hypnosis. While the other youths snicker, Ramón appears susceptible, entranced. Moreover, in the early scenes, Ramón sees himself as Beldar only when he sleeps at night or daydreams in class. The first time he seriously fails to distinguish fantasy from reality, the youth has

perhaps been hypnotized, has definitely smoked hashish with his role-playing friends, and then has jumped from atop a high building into a swimming pool and been knocked unconscious. Subsequently he is sleep-deprived, hardly eats or drinks, faints and strikes his head, eats a rare roasted rat, and then has a variety of unidentified pills stuffed in his mouth by a dwarf.^{vi} It is no wonder he is confused! After that string of misadventures, anyone could mistake the lions in front of the Congress building for vicious mechanical felines protecting an evil sorcerer's castle; Madrid's amusement park for an ancient city under a spell; and a smarmy young politician for a robed priest in a satanic rite.^{vii} Like Cervantes, Monzón delights in using the delusions to skewer foibles of his time—in this case, not the Church and the Inquisition, but rather trash TV, vapid, media-made candidates, and product placement in infotainment.

Javi, with his earthy comments that contrast with Ramon's idealism—for example, "oye, acabo de pensarlo, ¿has visto alguna vez a tu madre en bolas?"—reminds us of don Quixote's swineherd sidekick, but the role is shared with the dwarf Felipe^{viii} in a dual role as a mentally unstable homeless person in the real world, and as the skeptical assistant to Santiago Segura's magician in the fantasy one. In the episode in which Felipe saves Ramón from a subway train and takes the boy to his grotesque underground lair, the movie enters the picaresque aesthetic, with its hyperbolic filth and hunger. Monzón does the picaresque well, with nicely broad strokes that the anonymous author of the *Lazarillo* would have appreciated. For example, when Ramón needs to communicate with a television psychic, Felipe crawls out of a manhole, bites a yuppie on the arm, and steals his cell phone, rudely interrupting the sort of one-sided *pijo* twaddle one is forced to endure daily in the public spaces of Madrid. This gives viewers a moment of sheer viewing *jouissance*.

Like the *bachiller* Sansón Carrasco, "Master" Víctor, the sadistic teenage leader of the role-playing game, attempts to trick Ramón into going home. In the second part of the Quixote, Chapter XIV, we remember that the *bachiller* disguises himself as "El Caballero del Bosque," (AKA "El de los Espejos") and challenges his errant neighbor to a joust. To Carrasco's dismay, don Quixote knocks him to the

ground, and the college boy is forced to crawl off in shame to get his broken ribs mended. Similarly, in *Guerrero*, Víctor arranges a meeting at a shopping mall in order to trap Ramón, but gets his comeuppance when the smaller, frailer youth suddenly head butts Víctor, appropriately breaking the snotty older boy's nose. If the parallel were not clear enough, we remember that Carrasco's "squire" in this episode was Tomé Cecial, disguised by a terrifying *papier mâché* nose. This is echoed yet again in *Guerrero* when Víctor's preppy proboscis is exaggeratedly taped up for a trashy television appearance.

Structurally, the film generally parallels the first part of the *Quixote*, perhaps to leave room for a sequel. The hero has a series of adventures in which he mistakes people and places for characters and sites from his fantasy, and in the end is "caged"—don Quixote, taken behind bars in an oxcart to his village, and Ramón is straitjacketed in an institution for the criminally insane. Like the Manchegan's debate over the value of low and popular fiction with the Canon of Toledo on the way home, Ramón gets a chance to defend his fictional world before a Spanish high court. Writer-director Daniel Monzón describes the film's position between genre and literary allusion thus: *El corazón del guerrero se abre al*

espectador como una misteriosa baraja de cartas con las que disfrutar de una partida de consecuencias insospechadas. . . . Película de aventuras, melodrama, 'thriller' político, fantasía heroica, comedia negra, extravagancia romántica o introspección psicopatológica . . . tiene un poco de todas esas cosas para que cada cual elija con qué carta quedarse y construya su propia película. Por lo que a mí respecta, yo la he jugado con una reivindicación de la fantasía frente a las limitaciones del llamado 'mundo real'. Ramón Belda es un iluminado: la vida es sueño y la realidad, mentira. (From the informational sheet typically handed out in Spanish cinemas)

Lest my reader think I make too much of these connections, these literary allusions were neither lost on nor despised by the critics. Wrote M. Toreiro in *El País*:

[C]omo Cervantes, lo que interesa a nuestro neocineasta . . . no es otra cosa que la irónica comprobación de adónde conducen los sueños cuando el soñador pierde definitivamente todo

anclaje con lo real. . . . [La película es] deudora de numerosas referencias previas, del cómic heroico a Conan, de *El día de la bestia* a Cervantes y Calderón.

What's in a name? In the case of *Corazón*, a lot. Scrawny Ramón's last name is Belda, perhaps a glancing reference to turn of the century Spanish comic novelist, Joaquín Belda. Even Ramón's fantasy name, Beldar, is mistaken by Sonia on their first real-life meeting for a boy prostitute's nickname. "Es tu nombre de guerra?" she asks. When, not understanding, he says no, she adds, "pues es un nombre bien raro," and promptly mangles it into *berza* (feed cabbage), by which appellation she addresses him for the rest of the movie.

When in her role as Sonja, our heroine provides the practical counterpoint to Beldar's idealism—paying the sorcerer and making stinging observations. She is strong and valiant as well, killing Beldar's aggressor (the infelicitously-named Ishtar^{ix}) to save his life in the initial scene, and charging toward the monstrous lions before Beldar can decide to move. And when someone slips from a cliff, it is not Sonja, but Beldar who dangles helplessly, while the petite warrior princess performs the delightfully impossible, hugely cinematic trick of sustaining the weight of a large man with one hand, and then pulling him to safety. The difference in size between Asensi and Joan makes the wink at the cliché all the more fun.

The magician Netheril's name might sound fine in English, conjuring up images of the nether world, but in Spanish, it is a little too close to "necio" for serious comfort. Moreover, Netheril's place of origin, Raticulín, Ganímedes, suggests some sort of low-budget rodent pedophilia, particularly since we come to the reference just after viewing a rat roast.^x

All of the fun alluded to above is employed to entertain, but also with plenty of social satire aimed at everything from the media to cults, to politics, to the breakdown in traditional family structures. Ramón's single mother is depicted as never home and always working. When the police express surprise that she did not know where her son had spent the previous evening she retorts that he shouldn't have to punch in and out like a factory worker. Later, when they ask about Ramón's father, she responds bitterly,

"Ése sí que dejó de fichar hace tiempo." Ramón's weak-minded malleability, which makes him cult-fodder or easy prey for a bully like Víctor, is presented, at least in part, as resulting from his lack of supervision.

In any case, Monzón's vision is hardly Manichean. After all, Javi's mother is all too present, and he still turned out to be a big-mouthed, crude, insensitive Pepsi-can shaker. "Mola," Javi tells Ramón when he learns they have his apartment all to themselves for the evening. "Ojalá mis padres se pirasen alguna vez." Seeing Ramón's face, he clumsily tries to rectify things with, "sólo de vez en cuando, no para siempre como tu viejo, joder." The film hardly holds up Javi as a model.

The much-decried descent of Spanish televisión into *telebasura* is so ingeniously pilloried here that it is at times difficult to see where the line between satire and reality is drawn. When the transparently evil and ideologically low-cal political party, Democracia Joven, screens a television ad blatantly designed to attract weak-minded young people with identity problems, specifically gays and lesbians (one is prominently reading *Amor, prozac, curiosidad y dudas*), the ironic intent is clear. But where does the satire stop? When Ramón throws a knife at DJ's precious prefab candidate, Adolfo del Pozo (Adriá Collado), the news is announced, not by an actress playing a newscaster, but by real-life newswoman, Marta Reyero, and later another Canal+ anchorman, Hilario Pino, interviews the candidate. Granted, the line that Reyero and Pino drew between information and infotainment was clearly blurred the moment they licensed their own likenesses to appear daily on the *Noticias del Guigno*.^{xi} But in fact, might not their very cameos in this film be read as one more example of a big company (in this case, Canal +) morphing news into show business? Indeed, the multi-nacional Grupo Octágono has a logo that basically echoes all of real ones, from TV-3 to Tele-Cinco to Canal+ itself. Are they really as different as they pretend? Moreover, Democracia Joven is called "DJ" for short—apt, since both the political party and the movie use the real-life Spanish punk band, Deviot^{xii}, to attract the disaffected youth demographic. This is a perversely appropriate choice, since the band leapt to fame the year before when Spike Lee heard them at the Hard Rock Café in Madrid and invited them to film a spot for Pepsi Cola in New York,

which featured their hit single, "For Sale." The group took its name not from the Tasmanian town, but from some Green Day lyrics, without bothering to find out what it meant, and what is more, though the three young women and one man hail from Ponferrada, Spain, the group always sings in English. When asked why, lead singer, guitarist, and composer, Ana Rubio replied, "simplemente, es que este estilo de música está más familiarizado con el inglés. Por lo menos nosotras lo entendemos así, y los grupos que siempre hemos escuchado son en inglés."

Product placement within product placement inside infotainment positions the film on shifting ethical ground. In what I hope was an obvious slam at Hollywood films like *Back to the Future*—in which Pepsi-Cola was practically a character—or at the stir over Deviot's Pepsi spot, or at all of the above, and probably at his need to grovel in order to finance his ambitious special effects as well, Monzón has his deluded hero believe that the "blue cylinders" contain a marvelous elixir which, if shaken, will magically deter the mechanical lions he must face. The final scene of the Deviot concert in which Adriá Collado's character is killed was actually filmed not at Madrid's Parque de Atracciones, but at the bullring in Móstoles. Deviot threw a free concert there, so that Monzón could film the scene without having to pay extras. This ingenious multiple back-scratching is so complicated that it is difficult to parse, and everyone involved ends up looking sort of guilty. In any case, this intricate plot certainly does add to the film's value as Escherian impossible object of worlds within crass, material worlds.

But this is not all. The television crew seeking to film Ramón's capture includes now-alumni comic reporters from the satirical news television show *Caiga quien caiga*,^{xiii} Tonino Guitián y Arturo Valls. Although the police *Comisario* (played by Adolfo Fernández) tries to see himself like an intrepid American TV cop, a sort of "Madrid PD Blue" character, he is thwarted constantly in his delusion, and not just by his natural enemies, the reporters, but also by his own bumbling subalterns. Now it is both intertextual parody and also a sort of perverted ad for Spike Lee, for Deviot CDs, for *CQC*, for Fernández's

contemporary series, *Policías en el corazón de la calle*, for rival Tito Valverde's *Comisario*, or even for the Pepsi commercials associated with all of the above. The mind begins to be seriously boggled.

I promised in my introduction to show proof that fantasy films worthy of serious discussion can and have been made in Spain, despite the genre trouble such an enterprise generates just as surely as it generates special effects, "baciylmd" films that may very well look like different objects to different spectators. In a small way, though this short look cannot and does not even attempt to pin Monzón's first onto a ^{xiv}neatly classified poster that divides Spanish cinema by clear genus and species names. It does not even address the question of the essential "goodness" or worth of the film, considering that the moth of mediocrity and the brilliant butterfly may be more similar than different. After all, nature makes good use of both, and, why should we not too refuse, as Rick Altman suggested, to "fear logical contradictions but instead to respect the extraordinary energy generated by the play of contradictory forces. . ." (30).

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ⁱDogme 95 was a movement initiated in Denmark more or less seriously by Lars von Trier and Thomas Vinterberg. In order for a film to qualify for the Dogme seal of authenticity, its director was supposed to adhere to a "vow of chastity" that required filming on location using no props or filters, but rather direct sound, natural light, and a hand-held camera. In addition, nothing much should happen plotwise, genre films were particularly to be abhorred, and the director should not be credited. Given that von Trier signs his films, the vow may be taken as at least partially symbolic.

ⁱⁱⁱ Although Monzón was nominated for best new director, he faced stiff competition from *Cesc Gay* (who isn't) for *Krámpack* (which was, and interestingly also starred Fernando Ramallo and Joel Joan)Patricia Ferreira for *Sé quién eres*," and the winner, actor-director Achero Mañas for *El bola*.

^{iv} Miguel Juan Payán. *El cine español actual*. Madrid: JC, 2001.

^v In the 21st century we are too refined to take a Sunday outing to the insane asylum to laugh at the antics of the inmates as did fine ladies and gentlemen in Cervantes' time; we prefer to watch from a safe distance *Jerry Springer, Survivor, Fear Factor, or Big Brother*.

^{vi} Actor Javier Aller, in real life, is a little person and an admired actor with an enviable curriculum, but his character in this film, with all due respect, is posited and interpreted as a dwarf, with the whole assortment of picaresque paraphernalia that entails.

^{vii} This one could probably even work without drugs or hypnotism.

^{viii} Also played by Javier Aller, whom readers may remember from Javier Fesser's 1998's sleeper hit, *El milagro de P. Tinto*.

^{ix} I use "infelicitous, not in reference to Ishtar, "The Lightbringer," and Babylonian High-Mother-Goddes of fertility, love, and war whose cult was the most important one in ancient Babylon. Rather, I allude to the 1987 film, *Ishtar*, directed by Elaine May, and since its premier, a perennial favorite on worst film of all time lists.

^x "Raticulín' sounds like "little rat butt;" 'Ganímedes,' or *Ganymede*, though astrologically respectable as Jupiter's fourth moon, and one of the largest planetary satellites in our solar system, is also the name of the Trojan boy of Greek mythology, a great beauty whom Zeus, in the form of an eagle, carried away to be a "cup-bearer of the Gods" (which, apparently, is Greek Deity speak for "toyboy").

^{xi} The *Noticias del Guñol*, directed by Antonio Martínez, were born on 5 September 1995, on the eve of a second transition, from the Socialist government discredited by the GAL case and other scandals, to the mechanically affected, prop-carrying PP opposition led by José María Aznar (AKA "Centromán"). The program was produced by Canal+, in imitation of a show that had already been running to wild success for 5 years in France, "Les guignols de l' info" and showed a host of public figures represented by large, life-like puppets. "Procuramos colocar un espejo deformado delante del telediario," director Martínez told *Títerenet's* José A. Triguero on 18/03/2001.

^{xiii} *Caiga Quien Caiga* aired in Spain for six years on Sunday afternoons, making the end of the weekend much less depressing with its irreverent interviews and insouciant reporters. CQC was cancelled in 2002 amid rumors of governmental pressure and realities of lowered audience share. RIP, CQC.

For cinema studies, this dissertation on the direct advertising tactics used in transitional era cinema "including slides, trailers, and offscreen materials like advertising clocks" reveals a new breadth of local cinema experiences which were slowly pushed into the margins by the vertically integrating industry. What appears to be simple hesitation in the face of a new technology is revealed to be the legacy of the failure in the cinema. As Kenneth Lipartito has said, in the history of technology and ideas, 5. Are we, like Neo, living in a Matrix-like computer simulation of reality created by more advanced, possibly post-human beings? Almost certainly, at least according to the following evidence "ranging from the plausible, to the semi-plausible, to the maybe-not-so-plausible" under discussion at the endlessly delightful Are We Living in a Simulation? and Glitch in the Matrix sub-Reddits. 1. The Mandela Effect. Photo: Per-Anders Pettersson/Getty Images. Some people claim to remember TV coverage of Nelson Mandela's death in the 1980s even though he actually died in 2013. The "Mandela Effect" is therefore supposedly proof that whoever is in charge of our simulation is changing the past. Cine-Lit V. Essays on Hispanic Film and Fiction. Corvallis OR: Cine-Lit Publications, 2004. 172 pp. Type: Article. ISSN: 0214-1396. Items in the Knowledge Bank are protected by copyright unless otherwise indicated. Libraries Copyright Information. Request an alternate format of this page | Accessibility | Privacy Policy. on Facebook. on Twitter. Screenshots appear to show tweet shared from McAfee's account on June 8 revealing he had '31TB of files on hard drives' near '88th Street and Collins Ave'. McAfee was found dead on Wednesday allegedly from suicide by hanging. The following day, a 12-story Miami apartment building on 8777 Collins Avenue collapsed, with the cause of the disaster still unknown. DailyMail.com was unable to find records for a condo owned under McAfee's name in the Champlain Towers collapsed building. It is also unclear why McAfee would have publicly revealed the location of such allegedly sensitive data. DailyMail.com has identified two versions of the same tweet have been shared in different formats, but both could have been photoshopped by hoaxsters. J2_Reissues_Chain-11_Summer-2004.pdf - Free ebook download as PDF File (.pdf), Text File (.txt) or read book online for free. 1 this polemopoem takes as its subject/object a letter that appeared in the 6 "in almost all latin languages" Chicago Tribune Nov. 24,2003. 7 the reference is to Derrida 2 "there is no pure american, not even the 'savage,' as Tocqueville said" 8 "we call" 3 "while our hell is more beautiful" 9 "you see" 4 "he cast the worst" 10 "too short" 5 "that we have yet" 11 "we do not want to establish for/para". 12 13 3 4. "This is an item glossed over in your articles, but it is some- "It is about time that the government is doing what it should thing with which you should have started each of your have been doing for decades- keeping America's borders paragraphs." secure."