



New SBA President Reports on Deans' Meeting, Previews Upcoming Year

By LANCE POLIVY '13
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

This is a really exciting time for student government at the law school. Spurred by competitive elections, candidates engaged in a meaningful dialogue about what student representation should look like in law school. That discussion led to unprecedented participation in this spring's election and the SBA has been able to build on that energy in the first few weeks of our new term.

The message that the new board heard from the student body was that law school is hard. Students appreciate the student life improvement projects that we accomplished over the past year, but we won't be achieving our goal as effective student representatives if we don't continue to move forward on the bigger issues that the school faces.

At the Deans' Meeting this past week (which is a meeting including the SBA, Dean Revesz, and members of each division of the Administration), we led off the agenda with a discussion of diversity and gender parity. Helping to increase the diversity of the law school will be a top priority for SBA throughout the year. We also had a long discussion about academic advising and will be working closely with Vice Dean Hertz on crafting a new program over the summer to find the most effective ways to help students pick classes. Finally, we spoke about the stresses of law school and considered the pros and cons of alternative grading systems. Since we sent the meeting minutes to the student body, we've been getting tons of responses. Some students are very happy with the current system. Others

think that a pass/high pass model would help to promote a culture of learning over grades. To change our current system, we'll need to come to a greater consensus amongst the student body—but these are the types of big picture conversations that the SBA will be having with the Administration over the next year.

Additionally at the Deans' Meeting, we were able to get a number of school improvements approved. Going forward, the heavy doors to the stairs on the first floor of Furman will be propped open, we are getting new bagel toasters, and we will install hand dryers in the bathrooms (in addition to, not substituting for paper towels). Other student life projects in the works include some simple IT fixes that mean an enormous amount to students like getting Microsoft Word installed on the Furman computers and improving the wireless Internet. We will expand the therapy dog program from a few days before finals, to include days throughout the semester. Also, we're going to continue the process of re-designing the Kushner first floor lounge in Vanderbilt to be more conducive to studying and hanging out.

We're so excited to continue this work over the summer. There are a lot of ways students can get involved. We're looking to fill spots on the Budget Committee and the Student-Faculty Committees. Also, if you have an idea for how we could be working to improve the school, shoot me an email at lance.polivy@law.nyu.edu. Looking forward to a great year together!



Lance Polivy '13 won the Student Bar Association presidential election this spring.

Nearing End, Class of 2012 Says Goodbye to NYU Law

Infra

Truth Bader Ginsberg Writes, Dear John ...

page 3

Staff Writer Farrell Brody Comes Full Circle

page 3

You Should Have Seen the "Miami Vice" with Colin Farrell

page 4



Still Telling You What to Read, Editor-in-Chief Bids Farewell

By LEIGHTON DELLINGER '12
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

It has become tradition here at *The Commentator* for a graduating columnist to explain the significance of his moniker (see only our April 18, 2011 issue ... it's a very short-lived tradition). My moniker, "The Eager Reader," was thought up by my co-editor, best friend and roommate Zach Braff. Just kidding, my co-Editor is Terra Judge (who happens to be face-twins with Kenneth the Page).

"The Eager Reader" was the brain-child of my pun-loving roommate who appreciated that books are the things I love most (sorry, the law). I wish my moniker had a more scandalous back story. I wish that I had approached law school with so much enthusiasm that I was nicknamed the "Eager Reader" by the people in the library who nickname other people. (Shout out to Shorty Shorts LLM – a rotating role that has been faithfully and dutifully filled by different women in each of my three years at NYU. And may

this solemn tradition ever carry on.) Unfortunately for me and my transcript, I have not spent enough time in the library to earn a nickname there.

My dozens of loyal readers will recall the books I've reviewed during my short stint here at *The Commentator*; my friends (who woeefully do not overlap with the first category) will recall every conversation I've started or enjoyed since 2003 when I read John Kennedy Toole's *Confederacy of Dunces*. I fell in love with reading when Ignatius J. Reilly, the morbidly obese windbag protagonist, fell off a stool and an old woman in ill-chosen, slovelly-applied lipstick tried to wrestle him back upright. The image of Ignatius on his back like a cockroach flipped something in my angsty teenage mind that eventually led me to review books in this, our humble law school newspaper.

I thought I would bid farewell to NYU Law with a final review of the books I've recently read. That's boring. If you're dying for a list of must-reads hot off my

shelves, try these: *Let the Great World Spin* by Colum McCann; *Giovanni's Room* by James Baldwin; *The Particular Sadness of Lemon Cake* by Aimee Bender (Whoa. Just, whoa.); *Cutting for Stone* by Abraham Verghese; and *The Devil All The Time* by Donald Ray Pollock. (Caveat emptor – this one is screwed up in a serial-rapist-as-local-sheriff kind of way).

Instead of elaborating on why these books were worth time I could have spent reading for Criminal Procedure this semester, I will leave you instead of with (imaginary) recommendations from the people who made my law school experience so enjoyable – my friends! Each of these people deserves a hug and a thank you for making the last three years happy and light. So in their honor, I will pass along their wisdom that has meant so much for me the last few years.

From my roommate and co-Editor-in-Chief, Terra Judge: *A Walk in the Woods* by Bill Bryson.

Continued on page 2



The Best Goodbye: Editor-in-Chief Invents Book Advice

Editor-in-Chief, cont. from page 1

I love Terra's practicality in life – she's really good at sorting out which fights are worth picking and when I should just chill out. She also unabashedly sports old lady style. In Terra's honor, I recommend a book that should have taught me about the Appalachian Trail but instead made me accidentally snort on an airplane from an errant burst of laughter. It's practical and educational but much more fun than it should be. (Just like our time together in law school. Potluck roomiez 4 lyfe!)

From my best friends, Andrea Ravich and Lauren Pedley: *How to Read the Air* by Dinaw Mengestu and *Game of Thrones* by George RR Martin. I put these two together because each of these girls would die to be listed after the other – and that's what I love about them! For a while, I was positive Lauren was the weirdest person in law school. Then I met Andrea and I wasn't so

sure. As a weirdo myself, I was thrilled to have partners in crime. (Full disclosure: Though we never actually committed a crime together, there was once sketchy behavior in an uptown Gristedes with Ms. Ravich.) So from Andrea, a story full of meta-departures from a narrative as the English teacher-cum-story teller gives different versions of reality – because Andrea can always dream up a good story to perk a girl up. And from Lauren, the only fantasy series I've ever read. Lauren appreciates the subtle differences in science fiction and fantasy – but really she just likes books about magic and princesses. Lauren would probably also suggest reading *Game of Thrones* like she does – in a wig with a glass of wine.

From The Tip, who know who they are: *I Was Told There'd Be Cake* by Sloane Crosley. Because it's a funny and a little raunchy

and we all know that nothing is better medicine for law school than a sushi dinner in the East Village and a lot of gossip. And sometimes all we want is a build-your-own sandwich from The Half Pint and once (!), an order of chicken fingers.

your phone and your iPad so you can read them when you have time. It's a customize-able Best of the Internet collection curated by users entirely in sync with the individualization of technology. For people who love reading and learning as much as Daniel, it's a godsend. And those people are, for me, a god-send themselves.

I have officially run out of space but thank you to all my friends who have made the last three years magical! And to everyone who helps out here at *The Commentator* – **Matt Kelly**, this paper literally would not go to print without you. You have been the most spectacular Managing Editor two Editors-in-Chief could dream of having around.

To my co-Editor-in-Chief, **Terra Judge**, for always being hyper-hyphenated in the most correct manner and for attending that play with me that made fun of acceptance speeches – it was

truly an inspiration for this farewell column.

Thanks also to **Tom Sarff**, **Paul O'Grady** and **David Mora** – you guys took care of this paper even though I messed up my paperwork every single time.

A special thanks to our graduating staff writers – **Michael Posada**, **Farrell Brody** and **Ryan Kairella** – and our staff photographer, **Jerry Gomez**. You guys have filled our pages and dazzled our readers for years – good luck and congratulations!

To **Michael Mix** and **Joe Jerome**, for leaving the paper in the hands of two girls who had no idea what we were doing, thank you!

And finally, thanks to **Tommy Prieto**. You would hate every movie I own (basically just *Baby Mama* and *The Santa Clause*) but you have revitalized our Arts section with your classy films and fancy words. We had a blast this year and we're sad to leave NYU Law but we could not be more thrilled to leave *The Commentator* in your hands!

Comment

The Eager Reader

From my boyfriend, Daniel Bromwich: Instapaper. I realize this breaks the theme because Instapaper is an app and not a book – but it's amazing and Daniel is its biggest proponent. For \$5 you can install a button on your tool bar that says "Read Later." Click it every time you come across an article or essay that you want to read. Instapaper will sync the full text of your saved articles to your computer,

thecommentator

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4 Puts Beyoncé Knowles's "Love on Top"

BY THOMAS PRIETO '13
STAFF EDITOR

What I think is most interesting about the latest Beyoncé album, *4*, is that the best songs on it are so markedly different in tone than those of her other albums. Rather than the overly confident songs – that often lead one to suspect a deeper neurosis – for which she is best known ("Independent Woman, Part 1", "Irreplaceable", "Single Ladies (Put a Ring On It)"), she seems to be much more at ease on this album. I would argue (despite how corny it may sound) that this is largely because she is in love with Jay-Z and (somewhat more importantly) believes that he feels the same way about her. It's no coincidence that Jay-Z was the featured guest on one of Beyoncé's earlier songs that deviated from the norm ("Crazy in Love"). The opening track of *4*, "1+1" is a sign that this won't be your usual Beyoncé album. The emotional intimacy of the track is perhaps best captured by the cell phone video Jay-Z took of Beyoncé performing the song during a backstage rehearsal. Like most great Beyoncé songs, it's her wonderful vocal performance that really makes it work.

The next notable song is the "swagu" dripping summer jam featuring Kanye West and André 3000, "Party". This is ideal poolside music, especially if you like the '80s. The hip-hop nerd in me must mention the great Slick Rick sample from the classic song "La Di Da Di" ("yo peep this" & "we like to party"). "Love On Top" takes as its major influence the much-maligned genre of '80s R&B. Beyoncé appears to feel sufficiently comfortable with herself to reclaim a genre that she loves, but is not looked back

on kindly. The most impressive thing is that she actually makes it work. Next, we get to the best song on the album, the all-over-the-place-in-the-best-way-possible "Countdown". If there is an ideal intersection of pop and experimental music, then this is it.

Nowadays, at least two dance records are mandatory for every pop album. The better of the two here is "End of Time" if only because of its use of brass and percussion instruments. Beyoncé briefly reverts to her old self on "Run the World (Girls)", the other dance record on the album. It's better than your average contemporary pop-dance record because The-Dream and Switch do a couple interesting things with the rhythm and Beyoncé (as usual) sells it quite well.

Unlike most albums, the bonus tracks on *4* are just as important as the album tracks and sometimes considerably better. "Lay Up Under Me" is a pleasant and breezy disco song. It's the kind of thing you could picture people roller-skating to. Think Off the Wall-era Michael Jackson. "Dance for You" is perhaps the clearest example of The-Dream's influence. It borrows heavily from The-Dream's "Ghetto" and "Put It Down". The-Dream is an equally fantastic R&B singer that wrote (and produced) most of the great songs on *4* and pretty much



every contemporary R&B singer's album. Finally, there's the fantastic Prince tribute, "Schoolin' Life". The nods to Prince abound, especially her equating sexuality with youth and shoe sizes, which instantly reminds one of the oft-quoted Prince line "act your age not your shoe size".

*All of the songs with asterisks were written (and sometimes also produced) by The-Dream. He also wrote Beyoncé's "Single Ladies (Put a Ring on It)", Rihanna's "Umbrella", and Justin Bieber's "Baby" (which would be better if it wasn't sung by Justin Bieber). However, few people deliver a The-Dream song as well as The-Dream does. Just check out "Yamaha" (The-Dream's version of "Little Red Corvette"), "Wedding Crasher" (about showing up drunk at your ex's wedding), "Wake Me When It's Over" (about staying in dying relationship simply because of inertia), and "Walking On the Moon" (another Off the Wall-era Michael Jackson tribute). This guy is seriously talented.



Truth knew who she would see at Triona's, but realizes that it's time to move on.

Truth Ends Her Affair with NYU Law

BY TRUTH BADER GINSBERG

Dear Law School,

I really didn't think this moment would come, but here we are. Looks like our torrid 3-year love affair is coming to a close.

I'm scared as hell to leave you. What we have is comfortable and safe. We've ticked off all these milestones together; 1L first semester exams, the writing competition, EIW, the MPRE, SBA scandals. You've taught me law and gotten me laid and spoon-fed me stories I will tell to my grandkids.

You've given me free time like I'll never have again. We're talking 4-day, 6-hour-a-day-tops work weeks. You let me hide from the world, from making

any real decisions about my adult professional and personal life. You allowed me to return to some bizarre high school universe, accountable only to myself and my weekend plans. You've given me hundreds of new and exciting people to meet, kiss, sleep with, love, drink whiskey and argue and think with. You've afforded me job opportunities and networking connections that I won't even know I have until 20 years from now.

I know you so well, baby. Your curves, your whims, your moods. I know when you've gotten a fresh coat of paint or when your lobby chandelier has changed. I know when you're feeling depressed because you're still #6, not #5. I know when it's worth it to go to SBA bar night and when it's not. I know who I'll see at Triona's, who I'll flirt with, which nights I'll go home with him and which nights I'll ditch in favor of a solo cab ride home. I know

what classes I will love and devour and which ones I'm only taking because they're requirements. I know when I need to read and when I don't even have to buy the book.

But I also know my limits with you. And it's time. I've hit them. I realize how good I have it here. But I'm restless and need something new. You wear sweatpants to bed; I want lingerie. I need mystery and seduction, and there you are, peeing with the door open. We've grown predictable to one another. You want new student

in awhile for the occasional CLE lecture or Greenberg panel (but mainly just for the wine and cheese at the reception). I've already started seeing this new dude, BarBri. It's getting hot and heavy, but it's not long-term. Just a rebound, a means to an end to get over you. But baby, it'll never really be over. You can't extinguish chemistry like ours. That one time, after SALSABall, remember? Yeah...that. I'm not forgetting that anytime soon. That nap I took in the 2nd floor Furman lounge? That's real intimacy.

That doesn't just disappear.

To everyone still wrapped up in this relationship: suck the marrow out of this one while you've got it. Talk

to your professors, dance with your friends, ask Harrison Thompson on a one-on-one research date while all of Westlaw is still free. We are so damn lucky. This school gives us the time and resources to live approximately 87 years' worth of experiences and opportunities in three all-too-brief years.

It's been a wild ride, my dears: at times lovely, at times complicated, at times delirious, at times heartbreaking. And every once in a while, perfect. Just like one of those spring days in the Vandy courtyard when the pink-and-green blossoms against the red brick and the blue sky just make you want to freeze time.

Love,
Truth

Oh and P.S.: when we hook up drunkenly at the reunion in a few years, you better believe it'll be mind-blowing.

Comment

Habeas Coitus with Truth Bader Ginsberg

group leaders, and I want some of the what's-up-next that made me want to be a lawyer in the first place.

NYU, you have lifted me up; you have let me down. You've given me fascinating class discussions and disappointing 1L grades. You've made me feel special one minute, mundane the next; smart and accomplished, then stupid and unoriginal; young and old and sexy and ugly and tired and hopeful and forlorn and boring and creative and ambitious. You've taught me to be proud but also vulnerable and gracefully not-the-best. I'm a better, wiser woman for the time we've spent together. You helped me grow up, but now I've grown beyond you.

So I'm moving on. @nyu.edu will become @lawfirm.com. I promise I won't look at your new girlfriends in the 2015 Facebook group; I'll unsubscribe from Coases List; and I swear I'll only come back every once

3L Never Anticipated the Places He'd Go at NYU

BY FARRELL BRODY '12
STAFF WRITER

We met as strangers in a strange land and now we bid each other farewell as bittersweet, former lovers. My lover took three years of my life, hundreds of thousands of dollars out of my pocket and so much of my idealism. My lover wore purple and seduced me with visions of a shared life, full of enrichment and learning. My lover was New York University School of Law and it broke my heart so many more times than it filled my heart with joy, yet still we persevered! In its tight embrace, I occasionally thrived and, more often, I survived.

So much has changed since I last reflected on my experience as a 1L in the Commentator in October 2009. Most of my lawyering group friendships have dissipated into perfunctory head nods, but a few have solidified into lifetime friendships. I once worried about the struggle to learn the new vocabulary of the law. Now, I struggle to not obnoxiously and reflexively fill my mouth with legal shorthand. My only wardrobe debate used to be whether to wear a gray t-shirt or a gray t-shirt, now I suddenly have more neckties than friends.

But this month, we leave it all behind. . . Never again we will be paralyzed with fear in anticipation of being called upon again nor be filled with amazement as we somehow talk eloquently about a case didn't even skim. No more finding refuge in Triona's warm, wet recesses (No, that's not sexual, sorry Triona). No more Fall Balls and Spring Flings! SBA bar review attendance will soon only be a (dim) memory! Saigon Shack, Frescho/Happy Taco, Ben's pizza and that deli on the corner of West 3rd that must have a name will no longer be the only way I fill my belly! No more scouring Coases for free food, cheap furniture and cheaper personal diatribes!

Dr. Seuss was certainly correct; I never anticipated the places I would go during my three years at NYU. From the furthest, beautiful corner of Sierra Leone to the shiny, conscience-less towers of corporate law, I went. I have been taught by and amongst some of the brightest legal minds. My study in human rights took me to the US-Mexico border to see the true heartbreak of migration across the border and to the Internally Displaced Person camps in Port-au-Prince where I witnessed the failings and injustice of the relief efforts that continues today. As I frolic through celebra-

tory graduation dinners and events, I hope I will maintain perspective on my privilege.

It hasn't always been easy: I miss the outside law school world, I miss not living under constant stress, and I miss not analyzing every anecdote from a legal perspective. I acknowledge that my legal education has changed me more than I ever intended. I only hope that I changed the NYU Law institution ever so slightly. A Buddhist monk named Tico instructed me this past summer that true change comes from within. He also told me, "Eat right, exercise. . . die anyway"! Taking these both into account, I hope that I can continue the balancing act of law school during my career to come, that I remember my values and my principles, despite any outside pressures that may appear, and most of all, that I always put love in front of success.

If I could humbly offer any advice to 1Ls and 2Ls reading this I would suggest the following four square thoughts: 1) Don't take school too seriously, find more time for non-academic activities, both fun and meaningful; 2) Don't take on too many different responsibilities, focus on a couple thing and do them very well 3) The true value of this education is outside the classroom, make sure to take advantage of the opportunities you are surrounded by until the day you graduate and beyond, and 4) Go for it, the only way to fail is not to try!

For my fellow graduating classmates, I hope that we are only at the beginning of our journey. Let us take this education and wield it as a sword against injustice. When working in public interest, let us stay ever determined and passionate. When working in the private sector, let us still make time for serving others and remember our values. Let us put family and friends before work whenever we can. Let's find a place for idealism and creativity and never succumb to cynicism. Live well and live with joy!

It has been a pleasure to write in this newspaper and a privilege to be educated within the walls of NYU Law. I wish my fellow graduates the finest fortune in the coming years. Most importantly, I must express my extreme gratitude to all the students, faculty, and staff who warmed me inside the school; as well as the wonderful family and friends that supported me outside of it. Onward with passion, compassion, and success, my NYU Law Class of 2012, the world awaits!

Two Critically Panned Movies Should Be Considered Masterpieces

BY THOMAS PRIETO '13
STAFF EDITOR

Sometimes great films go unappreciated in their initial releases. Critics give them poor reviews and audiences don't see them. The duty of insightful analysis and appreciation falls to future generations of audiences and critics. For instance, it wasn't until the Cahiers du Cinéma generation that great filmmakers like Alfred Hitchcock and Howard Hawks were thought of as such. In this essay, I would like to talk about two star-studded Hollywood movies – one from 1949 and one from 2006 – that were not well received initially, but should be considered masterpieces.

In 1941, director Max Ophüls arrived in the United States after having fled Nazi-occupied France (and after fleeing Germany in 1931 for fear of the ascendant Nazi party). Ophüls was unable to find work in Hollywood – despite having already directed classics like “Leibelei” (1933) and “La Signora di Tutti”

rather well staged, with incredible location settings in Balboa and Los Angeles, it is a feeble and listless drama with a shamelessly callous attitude. The heroine gets away with folly, but we don't think this picture will.”

In “The Reckless Moment” Ophüls brings the style and ideas of film noir to the household. The phenomenal Joan Bennett plays against type as a California housewife, Lucia Harper, who attempts to cover up what she believes to be her daughter's accidental murder of an unwanted suitor. A criminal, Martin Donnelly, played by the equally fantastic James Mason blackmails Joan Bennett by threatening to take correspondence between her daughter and the dead suitor to the police. As the film progresses, Lucia and Martin begin to fall in love, but they are both prevented from pursuing it.

Martin cannot act on his love because of his ties to organized crime, specifically his associate, Nagel. Lucia also cannot act because she is married and has



be a positive ending. However, Ophüls shoots the final scene, a phone call between Lucia and her husband with her surrounded by her family, through the bars of her staircase. As the great critic Dave Kehr once wrote, “it's one of [Ophüls'] most perverse stories of doomed love.”

A doomed love affair plays a central role in Michael Mann's “Miami Vice” (2006). Rex Reed, film critic for New York Observer, wrote, “Miami Vice' is crummy, pointless and brain-dead. No revelation there. But I didn't expect it to be so boring.” American audiences were also not very receptive to the film. It grossed \$63.5 million in the United States, a disappointing number considering that the film was based on an established television show) and had a budget of \$135 million.

Much of the criticism of “Miami Vice” was centered on its action movie genre conventions and purportedly underdeveloped narrative. However, these criticisms fail to take into account one of the foundational ideas of cinema, which legendary director Raul Ruiz stated as “In cinema... it is the type of image produced that determines the narrative, not the reverse.” The narrative of “Miami Vice” seems like it has been stripped down to the mere essentials. It relies on its amazing images to convey themes and story.

Most of the images in “Miami Vice” were created using a high resolution digital camera. The choice of a digital camera rather than a film format is significant because the images that they produce are radically different. Michael Mann, a master of the digital format, understands that digital images always appear much more of the present. While film images often seem eternal, digital images better capture the fleeting moment. For instance, when Rico Tubbs (Jamie Foxx) grabs the hand of his girlfriend, Trudy Joplin (Naomie Harris), after a Neo-Nazi gang has critically injured her there is a brief freeze frame. However, the digital format of the image makes it seem



“Miami Vice” (top) and “The Reckless Moment” were both unfairly unappreciated upon release.

like their relationship will remain fleeting (despite their best efforts) because of their chosen careers, undercover agents.

Digital images also have a wonderful abstracting quality. The effects of this quality are compounded by Michael Mann's striking mise-en-scene, particularly that of the Miami sky at night. The on-location filming for “Miami Vice” took place during hurricane season. The aggressive skies create a dark and ominous atmosphere that undercuts the pastel-colored glory of the television series and documents the changes Miami has undergone in the intervening years.

Mann also relies on his actors' body movements to convey character. Much like the characters in Robert Bresson's films, the characters in “Miami Vice” are defined by their actions and jobs. Everything you need to know about them is encapsulated in movements and physical behavior. Sonny Crockett's emotional state at the end of the movie is conveyed by the way Colin Farrell hunches his back while returning to his partner, Tubbs, after having decided to not elope with the woman he fell in love with while undercover.

Michael Mann's “Miami Vice” more closely resembles an abstract avant-garde film than a big-budget Hollywood action film. This is due to the vision of the incredible Michael Mann. To quote Chicago Reader film critic Ben Sachs, “an artist with an

acute sense of the fleeting moment, the unnatural pace of time in contemporary life, and myriad variations of artificial light (he's likened himself to a photorealist painter), Mann is simply our greatest living image-maker.”

“The Reckless Moment” is yet unavailable on Region 1 DVD. If you have an All Region DVD Player, a Region 2 DVD is available on Amazon. If you don't, there are other, more legally questionable, means of acquiring it. “Miami Vice” is available on Blu-Ray and DVD from Netflix and Instant Video from Amazon.

Goodbye (For Now)

Before we go for the year, I wanted to thank you for reading my column. Our readership isn't very large and law school is rather time-consuming, so I appreciate you taking the time to read my column and perhaps even watch some of the movies I've discussed. I also want to thank Matthew Kelly, who was done a fantastic job with layout and will thankfully be with us again next year. Finally, I want to thank our terrific editors-in-chief, Leighton Dellinger and Terra Judge. Next year, I will be taking the reigns as editor-in-chief and I can only hope to be half as good as they are.

I leave you with a quote, which may explain the quality of my film criticism:

“A film that can be described in words is not really a film.” – Michelangelo Antonioni

Comment

The Man With a Name

(1934) – until fan and fellow director Preston Sturges hired him to direct a film for Howard Hughes called Vendetta (1950). Principal photography began in 1946, but after only one week of shooting, Hughes complained to Sturges about the amount of time Ophüls was taking and the way he handled the film's lead and Hughes' protégée, Faith Domergue. Hughes proceeded to fire Ophüls.

Ophüls went on to complete four features in the United States before returning to Europe – “The Exile” (1947), “Letter from an Unknown Woman” (1948), “Caught” (1949), and “The Reckless Moment” (1949) – all of which were poorly received by American critics. Of the film which we will cover in the present essay, “The Reckless Moment”, New York Times critic Bosley Crowther wrote, “Although it is

two children. This brings us to the main idea of the film: Lucia's family is as much a prison as Martin's criminal life. Ophüls brilliantly conveys this idea visually by shooting the interior of Lucia's house in the style of a film noir. Shadows abound, especially those from the staircase of Lucia's house, which of course resemble the bars from a prison cell. Ophüls' camera treats Lucia's son, daughter, and father as dangers roaming the household that seem to consume all of her time and may at any point discover her deception. She cannot rely on anyone in her family, including her husband who she continues to lie to throughout the film.

After Martin has sacrificed his life to end Nagel's blackmail of Lucia the regular family dynamic is restored. In most Hollywood pictures this would

Review in Brief

“What's Up, Tiger Lily?” (Woody Allen & Senkichi Taniguchi, 1966): Woody Allen's first feature film is a master class in how dialogue can transform visuals. The premise of the movie sets up all of the jokes: Allen and his friends re-edited a Japanese spy movie and dubbed their own dialogue that is completely unrelated to that of the original film. A seemingly traditional spy movie heavily influenced by American cinema is transformed into a film about the attempts of four spies to steal the world's greatest egg salad recipe – a recipe so powerful that it can make a fictional country into a real one. Few of Woody Allen's future features would be anywhere near as funny as this. “What's Up, Tiger Lily?” is available for streaming on Netflix.