

rubber

Revue de presse internationale 2010



Quotidien National
T.M. : N.C.

5 :
L.M. : N.C.

LUNDI 17 MAI 2010

SCREEN AT THE CANNES FILM
FESTIVAL



CRITICS' WEEK

U.S. 2010, 84 mins
Director-screenplay-
cinematography-editor
Quentin Dupieux
Production company
Realitism Films
International sales Elle
Driver, (33) 1 5643 4875
Producers Gregory
Bernard, Julien Berlan
Music Mr Olzo (aka
Quentin Dupieux),
Gaspard Augé
Main cast Stephen
Spinella, Roxane
Mesquida, Jack Plotnick,
Wings Hauser

Rubber

REVIEWED BY ALLAN HUNTER

Who could possibly resist the lure of a movie about a serial-killer tyre with lethal telekinetic powers? It sounds like a dream night out for Stephen King. The sheer novelty value of the concept should provide a degree of commercial traction for *Rubber*, even if the deliciously daft premise seems more suited to an eye-catching short than an over-extended feature.

Quentin Dupieux's second feature after *Sizak* (2007) is an irreverent throwback to the 1970s heyday of terror by inanimate object, as typified by Steven Spielberg's *Duel* (1971) or *The Car* (1977). Festivals in search of offbeat, talking-point fare will jump on *Rubber* and envisaging distributors should be able to exploit its off-the-wall qualities, even if there may be more mileage in ancillary than theatrical.

Dupieux acknowledges and embraces the folly of the film's central idea with an opening monologue from the local sheriff (Spinella) explaining that all great films from *E.T.* to *Love Story* rely on plot elements that have no logical reason for their existence.

An audience is then assembled to observe and comment on events as a tyre emerges from the Californian desert sand and wreaks havoc on the local wildlife (stomping on a scorpion, exploding a rabbit, and so on) before turning its attention to the human populace. We never learn what inspires the subsequent killing spree — a traumatic puncture buried in the past or some fatally unbalanced tread, perhaps? We will never know.

Dupieux shows that B-movies can be beautiful

by capturing and framing desert images that would not seem out of place in Gus Van Sant's *Gerry*. The effects are equally polished, with a collection of exploding human heads to satisfy gore fans but, more importantly, a convincingly independent tyre that books into a motel, showers, settles down to watch television or just keeps rolling inexcusably down the highway.

The humour throughout is knowing and self-aware, with interruptions from the gathering of viewers and the sheriff that break the spell of the narrative to comment on whether it is living up to

expectations or to suggest some alternative plot developments. Stephen Spinella is especially droll as the cynical, vetchy law enforcer who believes the events are all part of some stage-managed spectacle — until the blood and death become very real.

The film starts to fade after the first hour but Dupieux creates an ending that leaves plenty of scope for a more ambitious sequel in the style of Hitchcock's *The Birds*. Even if that does not come to pass, *Rubber*'s originality and winning humour combine to make it one of the guilty pleasures of Cannes 2010.



Quotidien National ☎:
T.M. : N.C. L.M. : N.C.
THE DAILY CANNES
JEUDI 13 MAI 2010

THE HOLLYWOOD REPORTER

Critics Week on laugh track

Trio of French comedies put an auteur spin on the genre

By Rebecca Leffler

What do a killer tire, Isabelle Huppert and France's identity crisis have in common? Nothing, in fact, but all will likely make you laugh. This year's Critics Week sidebar features three very different French comedies out of competition — opening night film Michel Leclerc's "Le Nom des Gens," Marc Fitoussi's "Copacabana" and Quentin Dupieux's "Rubber." From dramedy to political comedy to surrealist absurdity, these films are hoping to show that humor

can be taken seriously and that "auteur" and "comedy" are not mutually exclusive.

The Festival de Cannes is synonymous with drama, emotion and occasionally even horror, but rarely do festgoers expect to walk out of a screening erupting with laughter. This year, Critics Week artistic

director Jean-Christophe Berjon wanted to change that.

"In Cannes, we are often ashamed to laugh, but these films are generous and funny and show different types of humor and style," he said of the uncommon selections.

Fitoussi's "Copacabana," the *continued on page 58*



Critics Week

continued from page 4

director's second film after 2007's "La Vie d'Artiste," stars Huppert and her real-life daughter Lolita Chammah as a mother-daughter duo whose roles are reversed. Fitoussi calls the film a "dramedy," adding that, "Comedy is a more modest form of drama."

While the film does have many lighter moments, it also touches on some very emotional issues. "My goal wasn't to make people laugh out loud in the theater. It's more discreet humor. I want to move people first and foremost; the comedy is secondary," Fitoussi said.

"Copacabana" was produced by Avenue B Prods. and Kinology will handle international sales.

Big-budget French comedies continue to give the territory its biggest boxoffice results — think record-breaker "Welcome to the Sticks" or last year's top titles "Coco," "Neuilly Sa Mere!" and "Safari" — yet smaller indie comedies are having a harder time finding funding and audiences. However, Critics Week organizers are hoping that the "auteur comedies" screening out of competition will find audiences after generating positive buzz in Cannes.

"Comedies tend to please in Cannes because audiences need a breath of fresh air — they're happy to relax a bit," Fitoussi said. However, just because comedies may be less heavy than other festival titles, it doesn't mean they're necessarily light on emotion. "There's a false idea out there regarding comedy," he said. "Just because a film may be a 'feel-good movie,' it doesn't

"France is very segmented. If you want to make an auteur film, you need to come from a certain school. If you want to make a comedy, you need to use certain TV stars."

— producer Gregory Bernard

mean it's simplified."

While big-budget, critic-proof comedies continue to see green at the boxoffice, auteur comedies are fewer and farther between.

"You're not taken seriously in France if you make comedies," Fitoussi says. "In France, to make a comedy, the financial partners usually want an all-star cast."

Aside from the all-star cast, they require a lot of preparation.

"If you want to make a big comedy in France, the typical time frame is three years," "Rubber" producer Gregory Bernard said. "France is very segmented. If you want to make an auteur film, you need to come from a certain school. If you want to make a comedy, you need to use certain TV actors."

All three films are hoping to bridge the gap between the different schools of filmmaking.

"Auteur comedies are generally too small or too provocative for funding from the TV networks and too big for small producers or state funding," director Michel Leclerc said.

Leclerc's second feature, "The Names of Love," marries romantic comedy with political humor. Sara Forestier plays a young, left-wing activist who sleeps with her political

enemies to convert them to her cause, until she meets Jacques Gamblin's character, the Jewish grandson of deportees, and the two radically different characters fall in love.

While the story may sound improbable, it's actually based loosely on Leclerc's own life. The film was written by Leclerc and his real-life wife Baya Kasmi and the story is partly autobiographical.

"I always like to start with what I know and what's close to me, but also find the right distance so that other people can relate. This distance is created by humor," Leclerc said.

Despite the humorous scenes, "Love" also deals with serious subjects like pedophilia, the Holocaust and the Franco-Algerian war. "The most elegant way to talk about serious subjects is comedy," Leclerc said.

Gamblin, an actor known for his dramatic roles, plays a humorless ornithologist who works for the French Bureau of Animal Disease. He's far from the slapstick comedian usually found in films of the





THE RULE OF THREE: French comedies aiming to shake up Critics Week this year include, clockwise from top left, Quentin Dupieux's "Rubber," Michel Leclerc's "Les Norms de Gens" and Marc Fitoussi's "Copacabana."



genre. "The people who make us laugh the most are usually the most serious. Gambelin's character is so serious, so we can make fun of him," Leclerc said.

Despite the film's provocative poster featuring a pants-free Forestier, Leclerc's comedy is more than simple just-for-laughs fare. "It's a comedy inspired by the question of identity in France today. Today in France, different generations have been mixed, so family names have lost their meaning. I like lightness in a film, but I also try to make comedies with a point of view."

The auteur comedy was made for just €3.4 million and produced by Delante Films and Kare Prods., with co-production support from TF1 International, who is handling international sales. UGC will release the film in France.

"I'd be thrilled if comedy found a noble place in Cannes," Leclerc said. "It's important

to me that the film be seen as an auteur film." And then there's that killer tire.

Quentin Dupieux's "Rubber" mixes horror film with indie comedy in the very unique story about a telepathic killer tire as witnessed by a bunch of onlookers in the California desert.

Dupieux's tire takes on human characteristics — it watches TV, stares at a naked girl in the shower — oh, and explodes people's heads with its mind.

"It's very hard to put in a box," Bernard said.

"It's an arty, surrealistic comedy," added Realitism films partner Julien Berlan.

"Quentin Dupieux is like the French son Woody Allen and Luis Buñuel never had."

Dupieux has become a personality among Parisian nightlife circles thanks to his alter ego named Mr. Oizo, a yellow puppet character that Dupieux then made famous as "Flat Eric" in several Levi's ads and a collaboration with the late Jim Henson.

The film was shot in just 18 days in the U.S. last summer. "We wanted to see if we were capable of making a movie in under a year that's a comedy, but still arty," Bernard said. "And the only way to do that was to not care about the cost and not care about the budget." "Rubber" was made for just under \$1 million.

The shoot even finished early, one day before the production team had planned. "It was such a quick and effective shoot," Bernard said. "The actors were never waiting around and everyone changed in the same trailer, not like most shoots. But the actors loved it. There was a great vibe on set." Dupieux wrote, directed, shot and han-

dled all of the music for the film.

The film will screen out of competition because producers and Critics Week organizers wanted to create an event around it. And so far, they have. A teaser trailer for the film has been circulating around the web for weeks.

The star of the film, Robert — ironically, the same pronunciation as the word "Rubber" in a French accent — the tire will be on the Croisette and available for interviews.

Elle Driver is handling international sales for the film that is still looking for a French distributor, among other territories. Producers are planning an untraditional multi-city distribution tour for the film. "We want it to be the next Rocky Horror Picture Show," Berlan said.

The cost-effective, time-saving production model could prove to be an example for "auteur comedy" filmmakers and producers across the globe, but especially in France, if the film is a success. "This is pure freedom. As a producer, freedom is the value we're fighting for so to prove that a film like this is possible is important," Bernard said. "With a simple script, a good idea, the will to do it, new technology and an artist that can work independently, you can create an original film in less than a year and still give the vision of an artist," Bernard said.

"Quentin is definitely in the auteur comedy genre, but it's a difficult genre," Bernard said. However, good buzz from Cannes screenings for all three offbeat titles may just put that difficult auteur comedy genre in the spotlight. **TRB**

10 août 2010

www.letemps.ch

LE TEMPS

Culture

Connu du monde de la musique électronique sous le nom de Mr. Oizo, le cinéaste français a présenté à Locarno le film qui avait fait sensation au Festival de Cannes en mai: «Rubber»

«Vous allez voir un mélange entre Duel de Steven Spielberg et les Monty Python... En mieux!» Après la sensation que son film Rubber a provoquée en mai à Cannes, Quentin Dupieux aurait eu tort de jouer la fausse modestie en se présentant, dimanche soir, sur la Piazza Grande. Depuis ses débuts sur la Croisette, son histoire de pneu psychopathe façon Eugène Ionesco, tournée pour deux francs six sous dans les décors désertiques du nord de Los Angeles, alimente, chez ceux qui demandent encore à le voir, tous les fantasmes. Au moment de sa sortie le 10 novembre prochain, il ne fait aucun doute que cette critique ravageuse de l'industrie du divertissement aura, grâce à Internet, acquis un statut culte. A raison.

La prestation de Quentin Dupieux sur la Piazza Grande a pourtant laissé fuser, parmi les spectateurs, des réflexions sur son «arrogance parisienne». Mais, comme son précédent Steak avec le duo Eric et Ramzy (l'une des plus étonnantes comédies jamais réalisées en France), Rubber échappe tellement aux préjugés qu'il est devenu nécessaire de vérifier qui est l'homme.

Et ça commence mal. Après un rendez-vous déplacé plusieurs fois, l'attachée de presse arrête un instant de s'arracher les cheveux pour nous annoncer que «Quentin préférerait ne pas poser devant le photographe». Vraie gêne ou posture du grand artiste ténébreux? Celui qui, hors cinéma, a vendu, sous l'alias Mr. Oizo, 3 millions d'exemplaires de son titre musical electro «Flat Beat». Souvenez-vous: en 1999, le clip immortalisa Flat Eric, cette marionnette jaune devenue ensuite la mascotte des jeans Levi's, le temps de sept publicités réalisées par M^osieur Dupieux lui-même.

Dès les premiers échanges, le doute est levé pour le meilleur: «Quand je pose, ce n'est jamais bien. Photographiez-moi plutôt pendant l'entretien.» Gêne, donc, ou timidité.

En fait, l'attitude de dandy perçue en 2000, sur la scène des Victoires de la musique quand «Flat Beat» avait été élu meilleur clip de l'année, n'était autre. «Absolument! C'était si embarrassant d'avoir du succès avec un truc fait à la va-vite. «Flat Beat» avait été enregistré en deux heures. Et son succès m'a valu une réputation de calculateur. Alors que c'était très anxigène: on m'a dit que c'était un tube et on l'a lancé. Sauf qu'il ne s'agissait que d'une esquisse, qui s'est retrouvée figée par le système alors que je n'étais même pas allé au bout de mon idée.»

Quentin Dupieux, juste un pneu déjanté

Il faut croire pourtant que la rapidité et l'écriture automatique lui vont bien. En cinéma: Rubber a été écrit et tourné avec un appareil photo haute définition, en quelques semaines et pour un coût dérisoire. Pareil en musique: Quentin Dupieux a enflammé le dernier Paléo de Nyon à l'instinct. En quittant la Suisse le lendemain, il avait twitté: «Paléo fest! Merci! Meilleur gig 2010! Jamais vu une foule aussi folle. Et merci à ceux qui ont jeté des chaussures sur la scène.»

De retour sur le sol helvétique quinze jours plus tard pour sa facette cinéma, Quentin Dupieux twitte intensivement depuis Locarno sous le nom oizo3000. «Je me fais ma petite promo personnelle. C'est plus sain. Twitter, Facebook: ces canaux sont devenus essentiels pour tous ceux qui essaient de garder ou de soutenir une indépendance en marge de l'industrie.»

10 août 2010

www.letemps.ch

Enfant des cassettes VHS plutôt que des cinémathèques, des navets autant que des chefs-d'œuvre – «On est autant influencé par les merdes, même si ça fait toujours bien de dire qu'on n'aime que les grands films» –, Quentin Dupieux a côtoyé une certaine spontanéité artistique dès l'enfance. Son père, Jean-Claude, était en effet le garagiste attitré et surtout l'ami d'un célèbre fondu de grosses cylindrées (et de pneus): Coluche. «J'ai vu que le monde des artistes était chouette.» Ses parents aussi: le jour où il leur a dit que qu'il souhaitait arrêter le lycée pour faire des courts métrages, ils ont répondu: «Vas-y». «A 12 ans déjà, avec la grosse caméra vidéo de mon père, j'essayais d'imiter les films que j'aimais. Pendant très longtemps, j'ai fait des trucs très gênants à montrer. Mais, au bout d'un moment, en insistant un peu, tu développes un sens de l'image et, malgré toi, tu te libères des modèles et ne paniques plus, contrairement à ceux qui commencent tard, quand il s'agit de choisir un cadre ou un axe de caméra.»

Libre par chance. Libre par choix. «J'ai choisi la voie de l'instinct, de la liberté, plutôt que celle du travail où tu fais tes devoirs pour apprendre à contrôler le public et entrer dans le système. J'aurais pu aussi continuer à faire des pubs et gagner des fortunes pour tourner quatre plans en quatre jours. Mais ce n'est qu'un gâchis de pognon et j'ai choisi l'autre voie. Je vais certainement toucher moins de gens et être payé moins cher, mais, le matin quand je me réveille, si j'ai envie d'écrire quelque chose, je l'écris. Pour moi, les gens qui font des films aujourd'hui sont pour la plupart des feignants ou des usurpateurs. Pourquoi? Parce qu'il ne faut pas tant d'argent que ça pour faire un film. Je l'ai vécu avec Steak: sur ces gros tournages, tu te rends compte que très peu de gens travaillent réellement. Quand je vois que le prochain Guillaume Canet, avec dix comédiens, coûte 15 millions d'euros, je trouve ça honteux. En soi, ce n'est pas grave, mais à partir, disons, de 4 millions, il n'y a plus que les chiffres qui comptent. Le jour de sa sortie, ton film devient des chiffres. Ce n'est plus du cinéma, mais une sorte de concours de quéquettes. Avec Rubber, je serai content, si je reçois juste 20 e-mails de fans.»

17-29 December 2010

LA Weekly

TERRENCE MALICK, TINTIN AND A KILLER PSYCHOKINETIC TIRE

THE 10 2011 FILMS WE'RE PSYCHED ABOUT
BY CHUCK WILSON



Since we're a heartbeat away from being sick to death of this month's crop of Oscar-seeking masterpieces, we've decided to cast a quick glance forward to the 10 films we're excited to see in 2011. We've seen some of the below, and make no promises for the others, but, as ever, we're hopeful.

Uncle Boonmee Who Can Recall His Past Lives
Directed by Apichatpong Weerasethakul
Opens March 2

January and February are always the pits. The true movie year begins here, with Thailand's official submission for the upcoming Foreign-Language Oscar, which won the Palme d'Or at the 2010 Cannes International Film Festival. The middle-aged Boonmee has liver disease and is being guided toward death by the ghost of his dead wife and the spirit of their late son, who appears in the form of a very hairy monkey. As with everything this master filmmaker creates, plot specifics are reductive, so worry not about the ghostly specters and the rumors you'll hear about a catfish sex scene — just go.

The Lincoln Lawyer
Directed by Brad Furman
Opens March 18
You probably weren't expecting to find a Mat-

thew McConaughey flick on this list, but this one's based on a truly fabulous 2005 novel by mystery writer Michael Connelly. McConaughey plays an L.A. lawyer who works out of his Lincoln town car while wasting his considerable talents on drunks and drug dealers. Ryan Phillippe co-stars as his new super-rich murder defendant client. Marisa Tomei and William H. Macy also appear, as does John Leguizamo, who gave one of his finest performances in director Furman's little-seen but emotionally harrowing 2007 drama *The Take*.

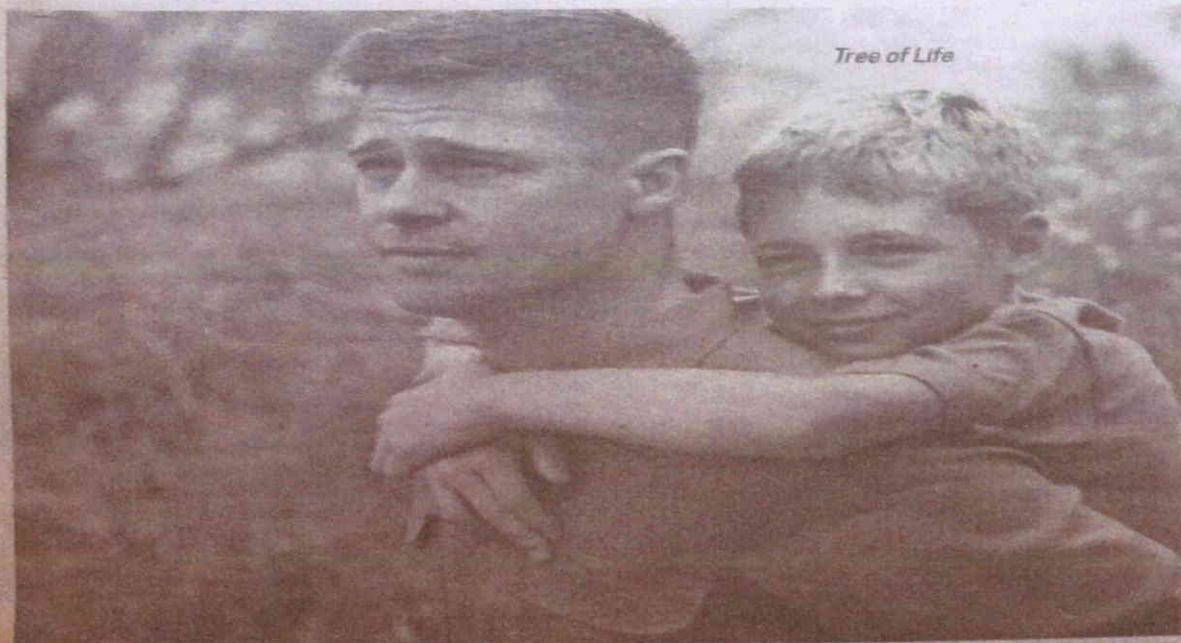
Rubber
Directed by Quentin Dupieux
Opens April 1

Yes, this is a movie about a stray car tire that's rolling along desert backroads killing wayward humans with its psychic powers. Like *Carrie* at the prom, this loveless batch of angry tread ("probably brandless") has some serious issues to work out, a process that's gruesomely funny, thanks to the decidedly off-kilter worldview of French musician-turned-filmmaker Quentin Dupieux. Both loved and hated on the festival circuit, *Rubber*, if nothing else, may discourage grown men from heedlessly kicking their steel-belted radials.

Source Code
Directed by Duncan Jones
Opens April 1
Director Jones' virtuoso debut film, *Moon*,

The Lincoln Lawyer
Directed by Brad Furman
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Source Code
Directed by Duncan Jones
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Director Jones' virtuoso debut film, *Moon*,



Tree of Life

LA film

about an astronaut (Sam Rockwell) adrift in time and space, marked him as a major new talent (which is why we're going to stop mentioning that he's David Bowie's son... soon). In Jones' newest, Jake Gyllenhaal stars as a U.S. soldier who wakes up to find himself inhabiting another man's body aboard a passenger train that's going to blow up in eight minutes unless he can locate and stop the bomber (thereby saving the beautiful woman in the seat opposite — Michelle Monaghan — with whom he's about to fall in love). Hopefully, he's wearing a watch.

Hanna

Directed by Joe Wright
Opens April 8

Saoirse Ronan, the Oscar-nominated young actress from *Atonement*, reunites with director Wright for a film that sounds much less delicate. Ronan plays Hanna, a 14-year-old raised in a remote region of Sweden by her father (Eric Bana), a former CIA agent who's been training his only child to become a great assassin. (Don't judge. Maybe he just wants her to make a good living.) When Hanna heads across Europe on her first mission, she finds that, newbie or not, she already has ruthless enemies. Cate Blanchett co-stars. Music by the Chemical Brothers.

Week's Cutoff

Directed by Kelly Reichardt
Opens April 8

The Oregon Trail, 1845. Three families riding ox-drawn wagons to the new lands of the West are taking a "shortcut" through the Cascade Mountains suggested to them by their guide Bruce Greenwood). Low on food, thirsty and quietly desperate, the group encounters a Native American whose inscrutability tests the pilgrims' patience and belief systems. Reuniting with her *Wendy and Lucy* director, Michelle Williams stars alongside Paul Dano, Shirley Henderson, Zoe Kazan and Will Patton. Will definitely be a highlight of the indie film year.

The Tree of Life

Directed by Terrence Malick
Opens May 27

For cinephiles, the release of a new film by Terrence Malick, the metaphysically minded

director of *Badlands*, *Days of Heaven*, *The Thin Red Line* and 2005's *The New World*, is an event of Kubrickian importance. As ever in Malick land, plot specifics are hard to come by, but we do know (or think we know) that the film tracks the life of a man named Jack (Sean Penn) from his childhood in the 1950s Midwest. Brad Pitt reportedly plays Jack's father in the early years. The rest is rumor, which is fine because the wonder of Malick lies in the mystery.

Hugo Cabret

Directed by Martin Scorsese
Opens Dec. 9

It's the late 1800s. Hugo (Asa Butterfield), a 12-year-old orphan, lives alone inside the Paris train station. When his secret life is discovered, Hugo is launched on an adventure featuring puzzles, lost keys and a robot man with a secret. Beautifully drawn as well as thematically complex, Brian Selznick's 2007 young-adult novel *The Invention of Hugo Cabret* set a new standard for what is possible in children's literature. Presumably aiming just as high, director Martin Scorsese is shooting his live-action version in 3-D, a technique new to the filmmaker, as is the challenge of making a movie his little girl can actually see.

The Adventures of Tintin:

The Secret of the Unicorn

Directed by Steven Spielberg
Opens Dec. 23

Aided by his faithful dog Snowy, Tintin is a young Belgian newspaper reporter who leads a life of mystery and adventure in a series of comic books created in 1929 by the writer and illustrator known as Hergé. Successful in America but truly beloved in Europe, the Tintin stories have long appealed to Steven Spielberg, whose dream of bringing them to the screen comes true with this 3-D motion-capture film. This is the first of a projected trilogy, the second of which will be directed by co-producer Peter Jackson. If all goes well, the two men will co-direct the third installment.

We Bought a Zoo

Directed by Cameron Crowe
Opens Dec. 23

It's a plot worthy of a John Irving novel. In 2006, English newspaper columnist Benjamin Mee decided, in partnership with his aged mother and four siblings, to buy a dilapidated, 30-acre zoo and its 200 animals. Mayhem followed, and then tragedy, as Ben's wife suffered a recurrence of brain cancer. Matt Damon stars in this adaptation of Mee's memoir from Jerry Maguire director Crowe. Scarlett Johansson, Thomas Haden Church, Elle Fanning and Patrick Fugit (the young reporter in Crowe's *Almost Famous*) co-star. There's no word yet on whether Crowe will keep the book's English setting; the Accent Police are on alert. **B**

09 septembre 2010

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REPORTAJE: Estilos

La democratización definitiva del cine

Proliferan las películas de bajo coste rodadas con cámaras de fotos

JORDI MINGUELL - Madrid - 09/09/2010

Aviso a escépticos. Que la cámara de fotos Canon-EOS 5D Mark II sea el futuro del cine no es publicidad encubierta. Es el último eslabón en la democratización filmica o, lo que es lo mismo, la posibilidad en forma de cacharro high-tech para que cualquier amante del cine realice un largometraje con calidad profesional reduciendo costes y facilitando su producción.

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Un neumático cobra vida en el desierto californiano, se enamora de una joven y con sus poderes mentales matará a quien se ponga delante con tal de conquistar su amor. Argumento con el que Quentin Dupieux, anteriormente conocido por su faceta de DJ como Mr. Oizo, se ha paseado por los Festivales de Cannes o Locarno. Y lo ha hecho con un planteamiento en lo narrativo muy a lo Pirandello vía la MTV y que en lo formal destaca, entre otras cosas, por haber sido rodada en 14 días, sin director de fotografía, sin jefe operador y con... una cámara de fotos. "Con una cámara como esta haces lo que quieres. Las otras son tan caras que no las puedes tocar. Parece que sea algo sagrado", dice Dupieux. La cámara con la que rodó Rubber le costó 2.000 euros más el precio de los objetivos para hacer una película "casi solo".

Para neófitos en el tema de la producción, el alquiler de una cámara digital de última generación cuesta unos 2.800 euros por semana. Una máquina delicada, complicada y "sagrada" que requiere de un equipo especial para su manejo y utilización. Reducir el coste de la cámara supone reducir sustancialmente el coste de la producción y facilitar la manejabilidad de la cámara flexibiliza el plan de rodaje. La Canon aplica el mismo sistema utilizado en las cámaras de fotos réflex para la imagen, pero en formato vídeo. Dependiendo del modo, realiza 25 ó 50 fotogramas por segundo

en Full HD y con el valor añadido de poder utilizar en formato vídeo todos los objetivos de la cámara fotográfica. En suma, el rodaje con este aparato da más libertad en las tomas, reduce el coste y, todo ello, con una calidad de imagen semejante a la de los profesionales de Hollywood.

"Teníamos un presupuesto de 6.000 dólares para cuatro días de rodaje. Así que necesitábamos una cámara con la que pudiéramos movernos tranquilamente, que nos permitiera trabajar con muy poca luz, necesitábamos que fuera sensible...". Así habla Gustavo Hernández, director de La casa muda, una ópera prima en forma de terrorífico plano secuencia por una casa abandonada basándose en escabrosos hechos reales. Acto seguido colgó el tráiler en YouTube y meses más tarde le llamaron del Festival de Cannes interesados por la película. En la actualidad ya tiene fechas de estreno en medio mundo. "Con una Red One [la cámara de cine digital más utilizada en la actualidad] nunca habríamos podido llegar a movernos tan libremente. Con esta cámara de fotos íbamos a lugares con los que jamás habríamos llegado con la cámara al uso".

Entonces, después del cine con teléfonos móviles y del cine con cámaras digitales, ¿qué se puede esperar del cine con cámara de fotos? Juan Santa Cruz, fotógrafo profesional y profesor en la EFTI donde a partir de octubre de este año impartirá un curso sobre realización de vídeo con cámara de fotos, desmiente el hype: "Si esto hubiera pasado hace diez años, sí que habría sido pasajero. Pero, hoy todo es híbrido y el hecho de tener una cámara así permitirá a muchos outsiders meterse en la industria de lo audiovisual de una manera multidisciplinar." Una cámara cuyo modo vídeo está siendo clonado por la competencia lo que abaratará en un futuro el coste de estas máquinas aunque no solucione sus dos principales problemas: el sonido y la estabilidad. Mientras, a buen seguro, pondrá en el tablero de la distribución internacional nuevos actores que, como en su día la Nouvelle Vague con las cámaras ligeras de 8mm y 16mm, producen y ruedan cine de otra forma.

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MECA Collectible "Killer Tire" Figure from Quentin Dupieux's RUBBER

In an age where something so trivial as a film about a killer rolling tire can not only garner the attention of thousands upon thousands of horror and film fans, but also tell a compelling story - why not create a figure? Ok, so it's absurd but so is the idea for the film and it turned out to be a success! So lets have some fun like only we can here at HorrorBid. Without further adieu, we have prototype pictures of a figure collectors simply can't live without...

Follow up:

Below is what every fan
It may be a simple 4 inch
based off of Quentin
That means it not only
it's a stone cold killer!
play you kids will have
around on the desk or
anything and everything



wants in their collection.
rubber tire replica but it's
Dupieux's RUBBER.
has a mind of its own but
Imagine the hours of
with this. Rolling it
floor, destroying
in its path!

Don't want to open the package? Who can blame you! This sucker would look great on display. Imagine the conversation. "What kind of tire is that? Is it real rubber? Damn it looks so real, like it was taken straight from the film!" The KILLER TIRE waits below. Retail is \$79.95 but you get what you pay for. Sheer, 100% scale accuracy of a used, balding tire...

NOTE: This is a spoof graphic created by HorrorBid's own Justin Swarens. Tire is not actually for sale. But somewhere, someone right now is scratching their chin and thinking about marketing this. You just know it!

ARE YOU **TIRED** OF THE EXPECTED?



A FILM BY QUENTIN DUPIEUX

RUBBER

ORIGINAL MUSIC BY GASPARD AUGE + MR OIZO

QUENTIN DUPIEUX présente "RUBBER" (coproduction avec le Centre National du Cinéma et de l'Animation Française - CNC) avec GASPARD AUGE et MR OIZO. Musique originale de GASPARD AUGE et MR OIZO. Montage : GASPARD AUGE. Réalisation : QUENTIN DUPIEUX. Distribution : MAGNET. Coproduction : ARTÉ. Production : CINECINEMA.

THIS FILM IS NOT RATED

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19 Janvier 2010

Screenrant

'Rubber' Trailer Is Crazy, Absurd Fun

Jan 19, 2011 by Paul Young

Do you like this story?

The U.S. trailer for Quentin Dupieux's indie horror movie 'Rubber' has been released as the film continues to raise eyebrows with curious audiences.

Robert the killer tire confronts the police in Rubber

Think of the most absurd idea you've ever seen for a movie – was it a demon possessed car killing people, a group of killers being hunted on an alien planet or perhaps it was a rich man in battle armor swooping around the city beating up bad guys?

Regardless of all the absurd movie premise ideas you've encountered, none can compare to the idea behind Quentin Dupieux's upcoming indie horror film, Rubber. The movie has been playing at film festivals overseas since last year and has garnered a lot of praise and attention for its originality and its creative vision of a killer.

Software for Trailer Fees

Covers the MiFiD requirements in the area of Trailer Fee Commissions

www.trailer-fee.de/en/index.html

Ads by Google

Up to now, the teaser trailer and images from the film didn't really help tell the story of Rubber but the trailer below really gives a better look at the tone and humor audiences can expect to see on-screen. Take and look and see what you think:

Just in case it wasn't entirely clear from the trailer, here is the official synopsis for Rubber:

RUBBER is the story of Robert, an inanimate tire that has been abandoned in the desert, and suddenly and inexplicably comes to life. As Robert roams the bleak landscape, he discovers that he possesses terrifying telepathic powers that give him the ability to destroy anything he wishes without having to move. At first content to prey on small desert creatures and various discarded objects, his attention soon turns to humans, especially a beautiful and mysterious woman who crosses his path. Leaving a swath of destruction across the desert landscape, Robert becomes a chaotic force to be reckoned with, and truly a movie villain for the ages.

Dupieux says this film is a tribute to the cinematic concept of "no reason". That is to say, why is there a rimless tire rolling around the desert killing people? Why does the tire have telepathic abilities? Why is the tire named Robert? The answer: no reason, it just is.

Rubber was written and directed by Quentin Dupieux and stars Stephen Spinella, Jack Plotnick, Roxane Mesquida, Ethan Cohn and Charley Koontz. Magnet, a sister studio to Magnolia Pictures, has two other films besides Rubber coming out this year that we are looking forward to – Black Death and Troll Hunter.

I've seen other websites talking badly about this film and how absurd or "stupid" the concept of a killer tire is for a film. But these sites also complain about the lack of original material coming out of Hollywood, in the form of sequels, reboots and merchandise films based on board games, video games and toys.

Look, we can't have it both ways -- I say give Dupieux a chance and let's see what he can do with Rubber. It may very well turn out to be an instant cult-classic.

Rubber rolls out On Demand February 25th, 2011 and in theaters April 1st, 2011.

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<http://screenrant.com/rubber-movie-trailer-paully-97196/>

latimes.com/entertainment/news/la-ca-indie-focus-20110327,0,6106383.story

latimes.com

Indie Focus: Quentin Dupieux knew 'Rubber' needed more than a killer tire

The writer-director wanted more than a 'murder movie,' so he added an onscreen audience. But what does it all mean?

By Mark Olsen, Special to the Los Angeles Times

March 27, 2011

It would have once likely been called a "head" movie, something purposely strange, more than a little puzzling and perhaps more readily appreciated in some altered state of consciousness. Let's face it: "Rubber," written and directed by Frenchman Quentin Dupieux, better known to some as the electronic musician Mr. Oizo, is weird. Delightfully so.

Available on multiple video-on-demand platforms and opening in Los Angeles on April 1, "Rubber" is the story of a rubber tire that inexplicably gains consciousness. Moving about under its own power, it seems to stalk a young woman (Roxane Mesquida) across an existentially barren desert landscape in the American West. When it becomes upset, the tire begins to vibrate angrily and then other objects — including people's heads — explode, as if by a psychic force exerted by the tire.

If that weren't enough to intrigue audiences, the film has an entire other level of storytelling, in which a group of spectators in the desert have paid to watch the exploits of the tire. Much of the onscreen action of the movie — the girl and the tire — is from one angle just a show put on for the onscreen spectators, creating a complicated tension between the action, the onscreen audience and whoever is watching the film itself. Overall, the film plays a bit as though Steven Spielberg's early truck-chase movie "Duel" had been directed by Luis Buñuel.

As Dupieux explained, the film's promotional materials undersell the multi-level experience of watching the audience that is onscreen themselves watching the action, often commenting just as viewers in the theater might themselves be. Instead, selling the film has been focused on the essential hook of a psychic killer tire.

"We tried to explain the different layers, but it's almost impossible," said Dupieux recently in Los Angeles, where he is living. "So we decided to only communicate the basic idea — OK, it's a

advertisement



movie about a killer tire. That's exciting. And from this point, everything is possible.

"It's quite hard to describe what the movie is about," continued the 36-year-old Dupieux, who projects a Gallic combination of enthusiasm and aloofness. "If you say, OK, there are people watching the movie, and it's a movie in the movie, and it's not real, but it is, it's very complicated."

The film has its roots in the failure of Dupieux's 2007 feature, "Steak," an absurdist youth comedy. Frustrated that the film had no life outside of France, he decided to shoot something in English to give it a broader appeal. At first he wrote a script about cubes from space invading Earth.

After some tests with the CGI effects, he decided he didn't like working in the empty studio spaces needed for the green-screen computer effects. Trying to come up with some sort of real object to focus on, he eventually rolled up to the idea of the tire.

"After writing maybe 20 pages of the tire story, I got bored," said Dupieux of how the additional layers of story entered his script. "It just seemed like a murder movie, and instead of a shark or a psychopath, I had this tire. It's a funny twist, nobody had done it before, but it wasn't really enough. It was impossible to make something good with only this idea.

"So I needed to add another layer of reality, and I had the idea of people watching because my first movie was a flop, and I know that some theaters played the movie with nobody in the room. So putting spectators in the movie was a good way to have spectators, and to control them."

Shot in the California desert using the Canon 5D still camera, the production had three tires to play the role of Robert, as the tire came to be called. One was remote controlled for some of the shots of the tire starting and stopping seemingly under its own power. At other times, a puppeteer controlled the tire from offscreen, and sometimes someone simply held onto a portion of the tire that was outside the camera's frame. The low-tech effects are nevertheless remarkably effective for the way in which they keep viewers guessing from shot to shot how the Robert meets the road.

The film had its premiere as part of the prestigious Critics' Week sidebar at last year's Cannes Film Festival. Variety, capturing the befuddled tone of many early reviews, called the film a "cinematic non-sequitur." In subsequent festival appearances at Austin, Texas' Fantastic Fest and L.A.'s AFI Fest, the responses began to change as people started to better figure the film out.

The shifting, uncertain response to "Rubber" is not entirely a surprise, given that even people involved in its making are not entirely sure what it's really about.

"I have no idea," said French-born actress Roxane Mesquida, who plays the woman stalked by the tire, of what she thought the meaning of the movie was. Mesquida, who has appeared in three films for the French provocateur Catherine Breillat, was cast by Dupieux while she was already in California shooting a part in Gregg Araki's "Kaboom."

"To me, I think the tire is alive," she added. "But it's not like what's true, what's not true, what's real and not real. It's just like an experience, this weird feeling and interesting view on things. It doesn't need an explanation."

Though calling him a "visionary director," as the film's U.S. trailer does, feels as though it's pushing it, with "Rubber" Quentin Dupieux has certainly declared himself an idiosyncratic talent capable of making a film genuinely like no other. "Rubber" is both super stupid and crazy smart.

ocus: Quentin Dupieux knew 'Rubber' needed more tha...

<http://www.latimes.com/entertainment/news/la-ca>

"I hate movies that are only stupid, all the time, or only smart," he said "I hate it. I like when everything is mixed together. Life is not only one thing. You can be happy but at the same time have strange feelings. It's exactly what I'm trying to do, and I want to be very smart but very stupid. I want to be everything at the same time."

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book store employee, Libby (Ellen Page), who's sexually charged up by his vigilante ways.

Gunn seeds his movie with some weird, surprising, and/or intense moments, but grossly overestimates the innate charm and hold of certain story strands. He's also a subpar director, even working with obviously limited means. A kind of shrugging, slapdash, just-good-enough ethos — a residual effect of Gunn's Troma days — lingers here, unfortunately. A tighter, even more emotionally inquisitive script and either more florid, over-the-top or entirely deadpan direction would have benefited this material and taken it places its premise seems to augur. As is, however, the movie is half-sketched. Still, Page's gleefully deranged performance — so beautifully unsafe and lacking in preciousness — helps make *Super* a somewhat interesting misfire.

SOURCE CODE

(PG-13, 103 minutes, ★★★★★)

Would Like This: Fans of *Inception*, *Déjà Vu*, *Eagle Eye*



Sent into the body of a commuter and tasked via a secret governmental program with repeatedly living out the same eight minutes leading up to a terrorist-triggered train explosion outside of Chicago, military helicopter pilot Colter Stevens (Jake Gyllenhaal) must balance his mission training with a growing sympathy for fellow traveler Christina (Michelle Monaghan). With the possibility of a second-wave attack looming on the horizon, a wildly disoriented Colter must gather clues and attempt to identify the culprit, while also trying to pry important details out of his remote handlers (Vera Farmiga and Jeffrey Wright) as to his own condition.

Penned by Ben Ripley, *Source Code* slots comfortably within a grand Hollywood tradition of science-fiction-tinged, high-concept techno-thrillers impatient with the nitty-gritty specifics of their own conceits ("Every second explaining things puts more lives at risk!" one character barks). So it requires you make a little leap with it, to suspend disbelief. And yet it's a leap so easy to make, and completely worth taking.

Director Duncan Jones, taking a step up in budget from *Moon*, orchestrates the balance between the movie's considerable effects work and human stakes with assurance and skill. Casting matters hugely in an endeavor like this as well, and *Source Code*'s quartet of main players is more than up to the task of breathing

multidimensionality into the material, enlivening replayed interactions and layering them with subtle but substantive and realistic physical differentiations. The result is a lively thriller that deftly acknowledges its inherent ridiculousness, but still manages to tickle the brain while also quickening an audience's collective pulse.

RUBBER

(Unrated, 82 minutes, ★★★★★)

Would Like This: Fans of *Scanners*, *Child's Play*, *Dogtooth*

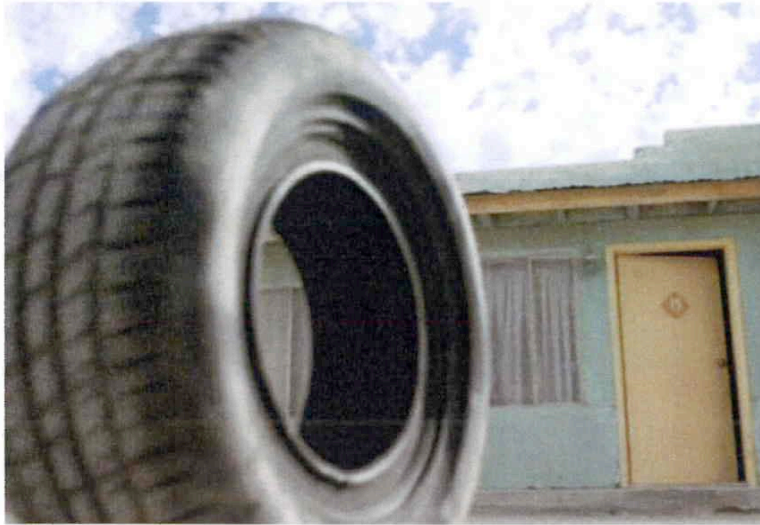


If you see only one film this year about a psychokinetic tire that roams the dusty American southwest exploding the heads of those that get in his way, it should definitely be Quentin Dupieux's *Rubber*. An audacious horror comedy that is at once a wildly recast send-up of trashy B-movie slasher flicks (the killer tire lurks ominously, like a squat, polyisoprene cousin of Jason Voorhees) and a didactic, philosophical commentary on storytelling tropes, the film, love it or loathe it, is a one-of-a-kind must-see for fans of outré filmmaking.

When it starts out, *Rubber* seems at once more comedic and more expressly a cinematic exercise. Dupieux conceives of a framing device whereby a policeman (Stephen Spinella) lectures a collected (surrogate) group of folks on the intrinsic lack of reason in film narratives, and then passes out pairs of binoculars. As this bickering audience (*Rubber*'s own Greek chorus) watches and develops their own opinions on the skulking tire, their analysis magnifies the powers of their subject, and helps lend the movie itself a certain sheen and added pop-academic significance.

The tire, meanwhile (tabbed Robert in the credits), rises from its desert slumber and, like a surly teenager, begins to test the limits of its power, rolling over and crushing a plastic bottle and scorpion before momentarily meeting its match in a glass beer bottle. Soon it's stalking a girl (Roxane Mesquida) and doing worse.

There isn't much doubt that its ending, a pseudo-intellectual sop, sputters out with far less grace and cleverness than its makers imagine. And other amusing tidbits — like the aftermath of a killing spree when Robert witnesses the rubber Holocaust-equivalent of a tire bonfire on television — are sort of half-formed. But *Rubber* is bold and engaging throughout, which is more than one can say about much Hollywood product.



The scene begins as a tableau familiar from a million movies about killers on lonely desert highways. Their khaki-coloured subordinates visible as heat-hazy shapes in the background, two serious-looking men in sheriff uniforms cast their gazes down at something below the edge of the frame. By rights, they should be looking at a map or a plan or maybe a note in the killer's handwriting. Instead, the camera tilts down to reveal a chessboard on the hood of a car.

One lawman moves a piece.

"Can't do that," says his opponent in a voice as flat as the landscape around them.

"Really?"

"Well, you can if you want...but it's against the rules."

"So...what? Can I or can't I?"

The dispute goes unresolved when their conversation is interrupted by the crackle of the police radio and bona-fide news of the killer's whereabouts. They return to the hunt and Quentin Dupieux's *Rubber* returns to the business of being a movie...though not really.

Over the course of the three features and numerous shorts, music videos, and commercials he's made since 1997—as well as the recordings and remixes he's released under his musical handle of Mr. Oizo—the 36-year-old Dupieux has continually provoked questions about what he can and can't do. In fact, many of the works seem to exist just so he can figure out answers for himself. Can he or can't he make a movie in which the murder of the film crew creates chaos and confusion among the characters? The answer is yes, in *Nonfilm*, the anarchic 2001 feature debut starring Dupieux's musician friends Sebastien Tellier and Philippe Petit.

Can he or can't he elicit rich nuances of performance and character out of an expressionless yellow puppet named Flat Eric, his star in a popular array of videos and Levi's ads? (Ending a long hiatus, the character returned last year in a short that demonstrates Pharrell Williams' surprising aptitude for deadpan.)

And finally, can he or can't he create a consistently compelling feature out of the potentially

one-joke premise of a killing spree by a sentient automobile tire that has psychokinetic powers?

In the hands of nearly any other filmmaker, the result probably wouldn't match the standards expected even by the least discerning Troma Studio devotee. Indeed, when news first began to circulate online that someone could possibly make a whole movie about a psychokinetic tire, it generated the sort of bemused-slash-hostile skepticism among seen-it-all fanboys that has typically greeted the likes of Tom Six's *The Human Centipede (First Sequence)* (2010) or Trey Parker's sorely underrated *Cannibal! The Musical* (1993). The notion of actually seeing *Rubber* seemed a little beside the point—surely the idea of the thing was enough, as Six's film demonstrated.

But *Rubber* displays much more resilience. And though its premiere screening in a Critics' Week slot at Cannes last May engendered a largely bewildered response along with a few derisive trade reviews that deployed various deflation-related metaphors, Dupieux's film has gradually found the support it deserves. It has also won its maker some overdue recognition outside of France, where his reputation as burgeoning auteur was previously staked on the France-Canada coproduction *Steak* (2007), a vehicle for the comedy duo Eric and Ramzy. After opening with what may be cinema's only post-Columbine comedy set-piece about a high-school shooting spree, *Steak* hits its real stride as a semi-futuristic, bizarrely ritualistic juvie-delinquent movie about well-coiffed, red-jacketed hoodlums—members in a hand-slapping gang called "Chivers"—who are addicted to facial reconstructive surgeries and chugging milk. Shot in the bland backdrops of rural Québec, the film is so indescribably odd that Eric and Ramzy's French fanbase pretty much rejected it en masse. (Likewise, Dupieux's second album as Mr. Oizo—the frenetic and confounding *Moustache (Half a Scissor)*—was initially deemed "unlistenable" by the company that released it in 2005. It was recently reissued on a label run by one of the disc's staunchest admirers, Los Angeles producer Flying Lotus.)

Dupieux's first feature in English, *Rubber*, is just as audacious as *Steak* or *Nonfilm* and considerably more lovable. It is, however, no easier to explain. For instance, the reasons why this particular tire has acquired its powers remain stubbornly mysterious both to us and to our surrogate "spectators" on screen, who track the tire's progress through binoculars and provide occasional commentary—at least until their desert encampment is itself imperiled. (At one point a pile of tires on fire is glimpsed: is our protagonist wreaking vengeance on humanity?) After graduating from scorpion victims to human ones, the tire essentially becomes a rolling killing machine that leaves a growing mountain of headless corpses in its wake. Really, the only character spared from the tire's wrath is a female traveller upon whom it seems to have a curiously erotic fixation (Roxane Mesquida, perennial favourite of Catherine Breillat).

Through a diverse variety of gambits that play out at a refreshingly leisurely pace, Dupieux continually finds new ways to not just extend the obviously limited mileage of *Rubber*'s premise but invert and ridicule a wide array of narrative and genre conventions. Whereas the stark desert vistas and sinister air of impending auto-geddon in the opening scenes may evoke memories of *Duel* (1971) (albeit with Spielberg's big rig reduced to a single wheel) and the exploding heads are oh so *Scanners* (1981), the manner in which the story is continually disassembled and reassembled owes more to literary antecedents than cinematic ones. In its eagerness to step in and outside its own invented universe, *Rubber* declares its kinship with the most playful works of Sterne, Pirandello, and Calvino.

As you might expect, gestures of self-reflexivity are not hard to find in Dupieux's singular brand of vulcanized absurdism. The chess match described above is destined to be most viewers' second favourite example after an earlier sequence featuring one of the same cops, known as Lieutenant

Chad. (He is played by Stephen Spinella, one of a glorious gallery of American character actors enlisted for this strange mission—others include *Reno 911!* regular Jack Plotnick and the great Wings Hauser.)

Here, Lieutenant Chad makes a direct address to the camera in order to provide a surprisingly handy user's guide for any viewer who may be perplexed by the events portrayed in *Rubber*. He declares that movies much more famous than this one are similarly filled with events that happen for "no reason." After using examples from *E.T.* (1982), *Love Story* (1970), and *JFK* (1991), Lieutenant Chad cites two more prime instances of "no reason," instances that must be shared here as proof of *Rubber*'s genius.

"In the excellent *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* by Tobe Hooper," he asks, "why don't we ever see the characters go to the bathroom or wash their hands like they do in real life? Absolutely no reason. Worse, in *The Pianist* by Polanski, how come this guy has to hide and live like a bum when he plays the piano so well. Once again, the answer is no reason."

Lieutenant Chad's conclusion is this: "All great films, with no exception, contain an important element of no reason." Yet few filmmakers have ever tried to predicate a whole body of work on that same element. In the worlds that Dupieux is dedicated to creating, "no reason" reigns supreme.

* * *

Cinema Scope: When *Rubber* first played at Cannes, it seemed like every viewer had a completely different idea of what the movie was. Why did it seem to take a while for some kind of consensus to emerge?

Quentin Dupieux: That's probably because you're free to think what you want when you watch it. You make it your own experience because obviously there is no meaning. Also, the story is slight so you just have to make your own movie in a way. For example, there are some shots where the tire is not moving at all but because you saw it being alive before, to you it's a living object. There are, like, ten stupid shots like that where the tire is not moving at all—it is just standing there being a tire. But because you think it is alive, you think, "He must be watching something."

Scope: At the same time, the film is surprisingly coherent. It'll obviously throw viewers who come expecting a conventional comedy or horror movie or even a road movie. But it still abides by its own logic so it's hard to see how anyone could be that confused.

Dupieux: I'm pretty sure people are confused because it's too simple. When you watch a movie, you expect so much more—for example, you expect a great evolution in the characters. We are used to watching movies that are much more complicated than *Rubber*. It's really simple and basic, even if it's intelligent, too. I think that's why people are confused.

Scope: Is it fair to interpret Lieutenant Chad's opening "no reason" soliloquy as instructions on how to watch the rest of the movie?

Dupieux: Yeah, that's true. It's like a warning. The monologue was just a good way to invite the audience into my brain in a fun way. It's like I'm saying, "Come on, it's going to be fun. But if you don't feel like it, go away!"

Scope: It sounds like the first audiences for *Steak* could have used a similar warning. Unlike *Rubber*, it was widely marketed as a mainstream comedy in France.

Dupieux: I don't know if you know the two comedians Eric and Ramzy, but they are very big in France. What happened wasn't their fault, but the producer and distributor tried to position it as a big comedy so the audience was confused in a different way. That time it was because they were expecting something really funny from the two comedians, like the stupid comedies they usually make. But my movie was a bit sad, and not just funny, and slow—it was more like *Rubber*. It was a movie for maybe 40 theaters and they put it out in 500 theatres in France, which was huge. So I had the wrong audience. People were expecting something else. I had a really young audience because Eric and Ramzy are popular with the kids. Now the movie is appreciated. People buy it online and enjoy it now but the release was not that fun—I had almost all very bad reviews.

Scope: In retrospect, *Steak* seems very much of a piece with *Rubber*. But again, it's a movie with its own particular set of parameters and if an audience isn't prepared to accept them, things are bound to get hostile.

Dupieux: That's why I decided also to shoot *Rubber* in English. Before we came to Cannes, we were thinking, "Okay, the movie is for ourselves and we might just put it online if nobody wants it." And nobody wanted the movie before we played Cannes. They were like, "Okay, you have talent, your movie is funny, but it's not for the theatres. It's not a real movie so we don't want it." But after Cannes, we sold it to 25 countries. The other thing was that *Steak* was only for France and French-speaking countries and that's not a really big audience. As a musician I have a worldwide audience, even if it's small groups of people everywhere—when I put out a record, I can still reach so many people. With *Steak* it was very frustrating because it was just a French movie and they didn't even try to sell it anywhere else. We never had a subtitled version, for example, so if you saw it, it's probably a pirated version with some subtitles done by a fan.

Scope: Actually, there are subtitles on the Canadian DVD of *Steak* since it was a Canadian co-production and all DVDs released here must have French and English due to the language laws.

Dupieux: Oh, wow! You're lucky. I have so many fans asking for the subtitled version. At one point, a fan did the subtitles himself and put it online so people were able to watch and read the subtitles. I'm gonna tell them to buy the Canadian version. But you understand my point.

Scope: Unfortunately the Canadian DVD is out of print. You've said that the premise for *Rubber* was a fairly random idea but why do you think it had the mileage it did?

Dupieux: The idea does sound dumb but it's also very interesting. To me, that's probably because the object is empty. It has motion because it is a tire and is supposed to roll. People said to me, "Oh, you're doing a movie about a tire—so why not do a movie about a knife or fork?" But that's totally different because a tire is able to roll—it has motion. There's nothing incredible in making a tire roll.

Scope: It's like you're only fulfilling the function of the object in the first place.

Dupieux: Exactly. And I think that's why it works. There's nothing incredible about that. It's like, "Yeah, okay, it's a tire rolling." But the challenge was to make it alive. At one point, you even believe that it has a consciousness. Like when it is in front of the mirror, you realize, "Okay, this thing has a consciousness, he is able to remember stuff." And everything is possible because there

is a lot of emptiness around it. It is empty so we have to fill it. We can imagine what is inside because there is nothing outside, which is not the case in John Carpenter's *Christine* (1983). I love this movie, but I feel that the car is humanized. It behaves like a human being in a way. I don't know how else to say it but in *Rubber* it's very different—it's like there's a ghost in it, something supernatural. But the tire is just a tire. There's nothing special about it.

Scope: I'm thinking it's also a matter of consciousness, like with animals. For instance, an ant has an ant consciousness, not a human consciousness. So maybe *Christine* has a human consciousness while the tire just has a tire consciousness.

Dupieux: Yes, that's right. Thank you for helping. I just woke up so I don't have many English words available in my mind!

Scope: Do you think all this also illustrates that people are happy to imagine things in movies when they're given the encouragement?

Dupieux: Or not happy. Some people react in a very good way. They love that space and they love the fact that the editing is not hysterical—you have some space, you have some time. You can even think about something you saw ten minutes before because you don't have to follow much, basically. The movie is so simple. It's up to you to decide if you want to go for it and think, "Hey I like this guy, this movie is pretty interesting, let's go." And it's also really easy to hate. It's super-easy to not follow me and to think, "The editing is slow, there's no music, there's not enough dialogue." I heard so much stuff like that because people are used to a certain rhythm in movies and if you make a movie too slow, it's disturbing to them or it seems like some strange artistic choice. It's a bit sad because everything is possible—we are not locked into one way of making movies. So I am just trying and the good thing is that usually the smart people are happy! It's like a good filter.

Scope: Do you think the smart people are also picking up on some of the movie's more highbrow influences, too? It taps into a whole tradition of stories about storytelling, not to mention the nods to surrealism.

Dupieux: Yes, and I think you can enjoy this without being aware of what it is exactly. As a musician I have some young fans, between 16 and 25 years old. Some of them watched the movie and love it but they don't know why—to them, it's really new. So maybe now they will discover Buñuel and Dali and more stuff like that. And that's exciting because it's a funky way to give culture. I don't want to be pretentious because I'm like a kid. I'm just having fun and I don't want to be too smart about it. Obviously I made a movie about a living tire so I want to have fun. It's all about fun. But I am glad when a 16-year-old fan or some other kid says he loves the movie and it was so new for him and it was so special. I'm very happy because I know the guy just discovered something. When you're so young and fresh, watching a movie is still an exciting experience. And when you get old, you just get bored—you don't want to be surprised, you want it to be the same old stuff. You expect something and if you don't have it, then you are disappointed. That's how old people react. Young people love to be surprised and it's quite easy to surprise them in a way because the world produces a lot of shitty movies.

Scope: When you set out to make a film like *Rubber*, are you consciously trying to avoid as many familiar conventions as possible?

Dupieux: Yeah, but I'm not even a professional, really. I did this all by myself—the

cinematography, the colour grading, the editing. But I don't really know the rules. I never went to film school. So I hope that *Rubber* will give some ambition to young talent because they can see it and say, "Wow, it's possible." And the movie looks great on a screen—it's not like an amateur movie.

Scope: It's also part of this odd subgenre of movies and videos shot in the Californian desert by young French filmmakers with music connections. I'm thinking of Romain Gavras' video for M.I.A.'s "Born Free" and *Daft Punk's Electroma* (2006). What's with this French fixation on Death Valley?

Dupieux: For me, the desert is the perfect place to create something because it's an empty space. It's like a blank piece of paper. There are no signs of reality so it's probably easier to create a different world or a different dimension in the desert—it's like being on another planet. That's why I like it. Obviously you can imagine this story somewhere else. A lot of journalists in France asked me why I made it in the US and not the suburbs of Paris. I just said that it would be impossible because if this surreal tire is in a town, it has to react to reality. Suddenly it's not the same kind of movie. It's too realistic and you have to deal with real issues and real-life stuff. It's totally different here.

Scope: Was it necessary for *Rubber* to take place in a sort of vacuum?

Dupieux: Of course. That's part of the magic. You believe in it because it's somewhere else. If it was set in your everyday life, it's probably not that funny and not so magical.

Scope: As for the tire itself, it's the latest in a series of animated objects or unlikely creatures you've featured in your films—for instance, it's not so different from Flat Eric or the mud creature in your video for Alex Gopher's "Party People." Why do you think you're so interested in working with puppets or objects like these?

Dupieux: That's something I've asked myself and I don't know. Obviously, it's related to childhood and playing with dolls, or action figures for guys. When I was very young, I was already filming myself doing puppet shows with socks. There is some naïve magic to that and that's quite affecting to me. Flat Eric is probably the best example—it's just a bit of fur with two eyes and yet it has emotions. You just have to make it move quickly and suddenly something is working and it's alive. It can be touching and everybody understands it because it relates to everyone's memories of childhood. The tire was obviously related to that, to Flat Eric. It's the same kind of animation. It's one guy operating the tire to make it live. So yeah, it's about childhood. I'm probably very close to the child inside me as well as my childhood memories. And I don't want to be an adult—people get too boring after a certain age. It might sound pathetic but even if I'm 36, I want to stay like a stupid child and have fun. I don't want to be a professional.

RESTAURANTS



NO RESERVATIONS

PHOTO BY ARI MICHELSON

She wholly escapes into roles that are both tortured and terrifying, but newcomer **Liana Liberato**, who stars in this month's *Trust*, would rather focus on gelato than just deserts.

The most direful scene in David Schwimmer's *Trust* finds 15-year-old actor Liana Liberato, a knot of electric nerves in the role of Annie, waiting for "Charlie," a 40-year-old pedophile who, for months, has adopted the persona of a 16-year-old boy during their online chat sessions. When he greets Annie at her local mall, despite her initial shock, she's eventually seduced by his manipulative charm and agrees to follow him to a restaurant and then a sleazy motel. The rest of the film follows Annie, in the wake of her rape, as she and her parents (played by Clive Owen and Catherine Keener) struggle to make sense of their family's tragedy. "I've never been involved in online dating, but I know people who have, and it's insane," says Liberato, who won the Silver Hugo Award for best actress at last year's Chicago International Film Festival. "Everyone knows you shouldn't talk to strangers on the street, but no one really thinks twice about talking to strangers on the internet. We assume that people can't mess with our heads online, but that's not true." Liberato will next star alongside Nicole Kidman and Nicolas Cage in Joel Schumacher's extortion thriller *Trespass*, but despite the mature subject matter of her films, Liberato isn't in any rush to grow up. Last Halloween, she went door-to-door dressed as one of the Three Stooges with Keener, wearing a costume that the two-time Oscar nominee picked out for her. When she's not tapping into the darker recesses of her psyche—or impersonating slapstick acts—the Los Angeles-based Texan enjoys sitting down over a good meal with her family and friends. "I really like this place called Market City Caffè (mcchgroup.com) in downtown Burbank. It's a really quaint restaurant that serves great pasta," she says. "I also go to Dialog Café (dialog-cafe.com) because the guy who works there is from Italy and he makes the best blood orange gelato I've ever had." —NICK HARAMIS

Ever wonder why we haven't heard much from actors **Chazz Palminteri** and **Phoebe Cates** recently? Us neither, really, but apparently it's because they're getting into the business of food. *The Usual Suspects* star intends to open **Chazz: A Bronx Original** in Baltimore this spring, while the *Fast Times at Ridgemont High* bombshell recently designed the private dining space inside **Sfoglia**, an Italian eatery on New York's Upper East Side.

OPENINGS



DAVID BURKE KITCHEN, SOHO, NEW YORK
212-201-9119, davidburkekitchen.com

Perhaps informed by the death of Tailor, Sam Mason's spectacularly-failed Soho eatery, celebrity chef David Burke arrives in the same neighborhood having toned down some of the more whimsical elements of his culinary empire. Rustic simplicity pervades the space at his new restaurant in the stylish James Hotel, and his American cuisine emphasizes heartiness over haughtiness. Still, this being Burke, don't be shocked to find such wonders as "Firecracker Applesauce" (just like Mom used to make, but with serrano peppers) or "Grub in a Jar" (exactly what it sounds like) on the menu. A 130-seat terrace opens this spring. —KEN SCRUDATO

THE RESTAURANT AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, WEST LONDON
royalacademy.org.uk

Irish restaurateur Oliver Peyton, the host of *Eating Art*, a British television program about the relationship between artists and the food they consume, has gone regal. His new Restaurant at the Royal Academy of Arts certainly doesn't skimp on the pomp. Amid the room's existing frescoes and vaulted ceilings, Shoreditch House designer Tom Dixon employs extravagances such as velvet seating, vitrine-encased sculptures from the museum's collection, and a bar made from Mount Etna lava stone. Naturally, the seasonal British menu changes to reflect the Academy's rotating exhibitions. —KS



TENPENNY, MIDTOWN EAST, NEW YORK
212-490-8300, tenpennynyc.com

Its intriguing moniker refers to the old term for carpenters' nails—but this is not a place for getting hammered. Instead, the stylish Gotham Hotel's new restaurant offers one of New York's most invitingly romantic dining experiences. As opposed to the contrived old-fashionedness that plagues most trendy restaurants, the Tenpenny is understated and chic, with brick walls, reclaimed wood, and a stargazing skylight. The modern American cuisine is Italian inflected, with the Tenpenny Negroni—gin, sweet vermouth, and bitters—as the signature cocktail. Bottoms up! —KS

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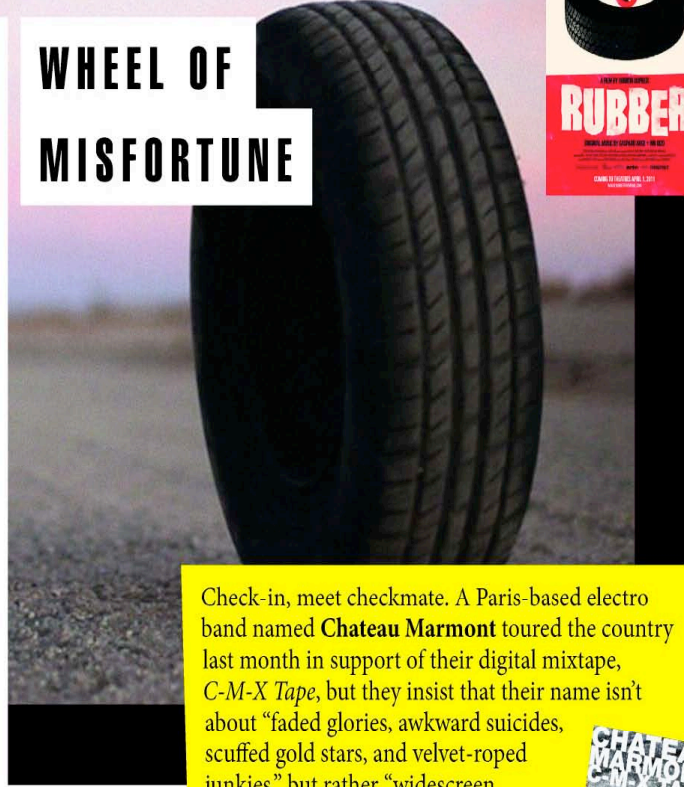
The number of feet that separate guests who dine at Dubai's At.mosphere, the highest restaurant in the world, from the ground.

HOTELS

In his giddily deranged new film, *Rubber*, French director and musician **Quentin Dupieux** gives life to a homicidal tire that's anything but flat.

Rubber, a new horror-comedy from French filmmaker Quentin Dupieux—perhaps better known by his electro-house-musician alias, Mr. Oizo—follows a homicidal tire (yes, as in Goodyear) on a murderous, *Natural Born Killers*-style rampage. In one particularly giddy scene, the tire—he's named Robert—knocks on his victim's seedy hotel room door. Suspense mounts as she opens it, looks to her left, then to her right, before finally realizing that Robert is standing right at her feet. The whole thing is an irreverent nod to earlier, iconic hotel-guests-in-peril films, from Stanley Kubrick's *The Shining* and Alfred Hitchcock's *Psycho* to John Llewellyn Moxey's cult classic, *Horror Hotel*. But was Dupieux actually inspired by any of these movies? "Everything I do is for no reason," he says, demystifying his body of work, which spans four albums and three feature films. "Still, no matter what I create, people will naturally find some kind of connection to it, even if it's just some stupid idea that comes from nowhere." Although many critics have compared the satire to classics of the road-movie genre, Dupieux promises otherwise. Take the opening scene: a white-haired police officer ("I just like uniforms, and they are easy to find on a budget") with a cowboy swagger stands in a nondescript desert ("It's cheaper and easier to film in deserts since there aren't so many cars") and, staring into the camera ("I used a hand-held Canon 5D because it was easier and cheaper"), explains that the film is "an homage to the No Reason Style." Sounds reasonable enough to us. —CAYTE GRIEVE

WHEEL OF MISFORTUNE



Check-in, meet checkmate. A Paris-based electro band named **Chateau Marmont** toured the country last month in support of their digital mixtape, *C-M-X Tape*, but they insist that their name isn't about "faded glories, awkward suicides, scuffed gold stars, and velvet-roped junkies," but rather "widescreen romance, vintage melancholia, and studied postures."

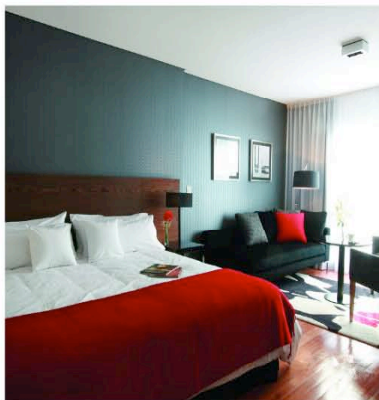


OPENINGS

FIERRO HOTEL, PALERMO HOLLYWOOD BUENOS AIRES, +54-11-3220-6800, fierrohotel.com
This most European of Latin American cities finally gets a boutique hotel with epicurean hauteur to rival the Continent's. Following a stint at the Guggenheim Museum Bilbao, Chef Hernán Gipponi returns to the Argentine capital to helm the Fierro's eponymous restaurant, while star sommelier Andrés Rosberg "curates" weekly *vino* tastings in the cellar. There's also a rooftop pool and rooms done up in sexy red, white, and black color schemes. For shameless extravagance, book the decadent Terrace Suite, with its own Jacuzzi and barbecue grill. —KEN SCRUDATO



TEMPLAR HOTEL, ENTERTAINMENT DISTRICT, TORONTO
1-800-337-4685, thetemplarhotel.com
Although its name refers to a group of crusading medieval knights, rest assured that no references to the 12th century actually made their way into Templar Hotel's design. The first Toronto member of the eminent Design Hotels group is housed in a strikingly modernist glass-and-aluminum frame, while custom-built Poliform furnishings give the lobby a cool, mid-century vibe. The cheekily named Monk Kitchen and Lounge are for those who believe in the, um, spiritual possibilities of food and drink. —KS



THE RITZ-CARLTON, FINANCIAL CENTRE DUBAI, +97-14-372-2222, ritzcarlton.com
Setting itself apart from Dubai's soulless, glacial skyscrapers, the newest Ritz-Carlton is housed in an elegant, 14-story limestone edifice. Inside, the luminary designers at HBA have sidestepped geographical context in favor of lavish aesthetic encomiums to interior-design icon Jean-Michel Frank. Classic Ritz signifiers like Oriental carpets and glittering crystal chandeliers abound, but the real luxury can be found in the stylish in-house No. 5 bar, which boasts a 100-foot wine wall comprised of 3,000 of the world's finest varietals. —KS





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From Nightmares to Interviews

1 Comment 16 February 2011

J'aime

3 personnes aiment ça. Soyez le premier parmi vos amis.

by Ms. Marquise

I went to bed on Wednesday deeply regretting my birthday travel plans for Friday, because I was going to miss the long awaited DJ set of a talented French electro producer [Mr. Oizo](#) AKA director [Quentin Dupieux](#) at Webster Hall. "How trite," I thought as I tried to neglect the sinking feeling of disappointment I felt, at committing myself to a three-way birthday party with my mother and brother. As I woke up in the morning, the knowledge of pushing such feelings too deep dawned on me like the bright gray sun reflecting off the dirty snow below the M train, and through my window. My nightmares that night had come to me in the form of a vivid reality...

I was working on Quentin Dupieux's most recently screened film, "[Rubber](#)," in the desert; upon departure at the airport with the cast and crew, I asked the director for an interview. My request was politely declined, however in its stead, I was asked to accompany him on a bicycle ride. Before I could coordinate said bicycle ride or even make it to my plane, I was kidnapped by a taxi driver who convinced me I was to take his car to the terminal; instead he brought me to a train station, circa 1920. I became confused, and I woke myself up.

Moved by the vividness of the dream, I checked my Twitter feed for updates by [@Oizo3000](#), hoping to discover a correlation. (I lucid-dream often) There was a screening Thursday of "[Rubber](#)," which I had completely forgotten was coming out in Feb/March 2011. I quickly emailed the top three publicity groups he listed. Denied. Unanswered. Available. Win! I quickly fwd to all friends into blood, fake blood, or both [critic for



[Fangoria](#)].

After the screening and Q&A, I had a brief encounter with the director. The publicity crew handed out tiny Rubber condoms, and I jammed my foot in the door leading to a room in which people were asking painfully uncreative questions; a roundtable interview. When I got home, I was so excited about my promised tête-à-tête interview with the director, that I made a few notes about the film on my phone before dozing off at 7 AM.

The voice of Robert, the tire, was heard in the non-action rather than action and violence [i.e. the blowing up of heads] towards those who did not impress on him in either a good or bad way. In a way Robert was doing away with what he saw as useless. It seemed like every one who gave in to their emotions during the film was in some way killed.

With hints of the tire smiting down all who are righteous or wrong in this tiny microcosm, including the 3-day killing spree which is much like a plague of exploding heads, this tire is crucified for becoming more human/irrational/emotional than his hunters (going on a killing spree after witnessing a mass burning of tires, and later being humiliated by his crush), and is resurrected as not only a stronger force, but also given the power to grant life to fellow tires and gather a following, much like a religious leader.

Mr. Dupieux's editing techniques showed his audio-editing background and strengths. Conceptually: he cut up/sampled defining moments of American B-horror cinema, remixed them with an antagonistic tire, set them on repeat, and finally stacked the pattern in order to create a perfect Shakespearean drama.

The film smacks of nihilism, starting with the film's first sentiment, "for no reason," but in a much grander sense of metaphysical comedy. Soon, the viewer witnesses a change from nihilism to an inverse of post-modernist theory while maintaining such simplicity that I can imagine dead philosophers cringing in their pine boxes.

Rubber was poorly received at Cannes; however, several critics outside the director's home country were sufficiently educated to grasp the wink and the nod to classicism as well a progressive modernism. Maybe it was the director's non-deliberate jabs at High Art that really got them steamed, insisting, [insert French accent here] "No really, there was no reason behind it."

Honestly, I can't think of a better way to spend \$1 million.

More on the subject: up soon on [False Aristocracy](#).

J'aime

3 personnes aiment ça. Soyez le premier
parmi vos amis.

2

Author

Marquise

Marquise - who has written 5 posts on [BUSHWICK DAILY](#).

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In an industry obsessed with making movies about friends with benefits, alien invasions and haunted houses, who's got the guts to make a movie about a tire with the power to make people's heads explode? That man is Quentin Dupieux and while he is billed as *Rubber's* director, writer, editor, composer and cinematographer, he much prefers the title, "stupid creator."

Rubber is the story of Robert, an abandoned tire who magically comes to life, explores the land before discovering his ability to make things explode. After rolling into a nearby motel, he takes a liking not only to a pretty lady he meets along the way named Sheila (Roxane Mesquida), but also to blowing up people's heads. Meanwhile, way out in the distance, a group of spectators are watching this "movie" about a tire on a killing spree.

Okay, it certainly sounds a bit strange, but it really does make quite a bit of sense when you watch *Rubber* in its entirety – or does it? While the film oozes with messages and implications about the filmmaking industry, Dupieux insists he just wrote to his liking. After just three weeks of writing, he loaded up his brand new Canon 5D and made his movie in the simplest, quickest and most functional manner possible, which is just the way he likes it. Read all about Dupieux's experience bringing Robert to life in the interview below.



Let's start with the most obvious question. How did you get the tire to move like that?

Quentin Dupieux: Yeah, everybody's asking, which is funny because there are so many movies with incredible special effects and this is just a tire rolling [laughs]. Basically, we had one prototype with shitty electronics; it's like a hamster in it. It's like a small car, a small, very heavy remote control car. It's not a car, but it's something that goes inside and pushes like a hamster. That's it. [Laughs] But that's just for like 20 shots. Everything else, it's just a puppeteer operating the tire with two fingers off frame. That's really easy. But I guess the magic works because you see this wide shot where the tire rolls and then stops and rolls again, so you think, 'Okay! It's working,' and then for every other shot, even if it's close-ups and obviously someone is off frame doing it, you forgot about it – maybe, I don't know.

It's very effective.

Thank you. It was like going back to the 20s. I hate CGI. I can watch movies with CGI; what I mean is I don't want to do that. I don't want to shoot something and then work it on a computer. I like to shoot something real, so we never thought about any digital solutions. We did some tests with wires, for example, and it was not good because a tire, it's heavy, so it was really hard to operate the tire with some strings, so we decided to create this thing. We had like three prototypes [laughs]. I mean, we had two first prototypes and they were not able to work. It was a nightmare. And then, just before the first day of the shoot, we had this very good prototype, which was working and basically, it was just able to roll, make a stop and roll again.

How do you go about shooting a tire? It's one thing to shoot a conversation between two people, but how do you frame a tire in a way that's effective.

That was part of the excitement. I shot with a still camera, the Canon 5D, and it's a small camera and it's so easy to operate. Suddenly, you can go everywhere. You just have to put it on the floor and then you're ready to do a shot. Three months before the real shoot, I just bought the 5D and I was in Corsica in the South of France and I was doing some tests with a tire and I was just by myself in a field. I was throwing the tire and then shooting it and when we watched this on the computer, it was already a movie. It was like, 'Okay. We don't need more. It's a movie,' and then we just transferred this footage onto 35mm and we watched this in a theater and it was a movie. It was incredible. It's just me with a tire and it was incredible on screen. Your question was about how it is to shoot a tire, but I think because this camera is very different from every other camera, it captures light in a special way and because it's so small it was really easy to create the language around the tire because, like I said, it was like, 'Okay, let's go on the floor and do this. Click. Shot. It's done.' That would have been a nightmare with a big camera.

Not to mention, it's less expensive, too.

Yeah, of course. You can find a big camera for nothing. It's not a money thing. It's more like, for my first feature we were shooting on 35mm and I just realized that it's

very slow. You do a shot here and then you say, 'Okay, I want to go here,' and you need an hour because you have to change the lighting, you need three assistants for the camera and you have to change everything around. It's really complicated. With this camera, of course it's cheaper, but the good thing is it's faster. Everybody, the crew and the actors, were amazed by this because they used to wait a lot on a shoot and this was just like we were shooting all day long. It was just like shooting, shooting, shooting and nobody was waiting. So, to me, that's the revolution. I do think Robert looks great. Usually, when I see a shoot in the street, it looks ridiculous. They have like 12 trucks and all this lighting, all these things. It's really heavy to make a movie. Now we can make a movie with almost nothing, which is really exciting I think.

Did anything like, let's say Attack of the Killer Tomatoes, influence your film?

No, the main influence was Duel, Steven Spielberg, the truck. That was the only reference because, I don't know if you watched it recently, it's incredible because it's managed to create fear with nothing. It's just a truck. It does nothing special, but the truck is dirty, it's an old truck, but it's just a truck! It's just a guy driving and there's a truck behind him and you get scared! That's amazing. It's just editing basically because he did tons of shots like car driving, truck driving, interior car, exterior truck and then editing and then there's tension and it's only editing. It's crazy.

Robert's a pretty malicious character, but he's also likeable. What was your inspiration for that?

Honestly, when I wrote it, it was only supposed to be an evil character. In my mind it was like, 'Okay, it's just the bad guy,' but then, when I started to shoot it, I had to deal with a tire and there's nothing evil about a tire. So I had to change my mind a little bit (laughs), and when we did the first tests with the remote controlled tire – I had the camera attached to a stick – and it was just following the remote controlled tire in the field and, at this point, the tire was like a dog. The way it was rolling and behaving in the field, it was like a dog. So I decided, 'Okay, it's like a dog. It has to be like a dog.' That's why there's shots where it drinks water, things like that. Suddenly, it was not just an evil character. It was more like a stupid dog. That was the inspiration.

Shelia is pretty likable, too. She doesn't even have many lines, but between her deliverance and her accent, they're funny. Was that intentional?

No. It's just a technical aspect. Because we did the film with French financing, at some point we needed at least one French character in the cast, so we had to hire Roxane Mesquida for that because she was living in LA and so it was perfect. But no, I was not looking for a French girl trying to speak in English. She had to take a coach and try to work her accent. Even if it's not that important, I think she's doing great.

Well, it worked out pretty well! Some of her moments got some big laughs.

To me it was a bit strange because I was talking in French to her and suddenly, when the camera was rolling, she was speaking in English and also the part was a little bit weak in a way. The only comedy she has, it's the end scene in the truck.

SPOILER ALERT

Can you tell us about that one spectator who isn't quite as naive as the rest? Is there a message there you're trying to get across?

It's just because we need at least one guy in the theater to make the movie exist. I realized that because my first feature, Steak, it was shot in Canada, but it was in French. They did a big release, like 500 theaters in France, so that was huge and nobody really got interested in that movie because the promotion was terrible. They were trying to sell it as a big family comedy and it was not so the movie was running in some theaters, but with no one watching. I was sneaking into screenings sometimes to see people's reaction and one day, I just sneaked into a theater and the movie was alone. It was rolling, but no one was watching and I felt like, 'Wow, this is crazy,' you know? [Laughs] If no one's watching, what's the point? So I think the idea came here; that's why the guy is still alive, he wants to watch the end even if he doesn't really like the movie, but he wants to watch and that's why the movie has to keep on.

Even before the end, he stands out from that group right from the start, so I suspected there was a message there even from the beginning of the film.

We can find messages everywhere. For example, another journalist asked me, 'Okay, why, at some point, do the spectators get poisoned?' I just had the idea because, at one point, I was writing and I thought like, 'Okay, I'm bored with the spectators. I don't want to see them anymore.' That's the magic of writing; you can do whatever you want. 'Okay, so I'm going to poison the spectators because I don't want to see them anymore!' [Laughs] But that's it! You can find a meaning here, but I'm just doing this for fun. The script has been written in three weeks. It was almost writing, writing, writing, "Okay, let's shoot." So, yes, now I know; I watched it like 200 times. I can find, like you, some meanings like, "Oh yeah, this, this makes sense actually!"

END SPOILER ALERT

So then were you even aiming for a direct meaning with the speech in the beginning, the no reason speech? Do you really believe that?

No, it's a joke! It's a joke, but also it was supposed to be like a warning and also a good way to get people's attention. I had the idea of this monologue because when I started to write the story of the tire, I was like, 'Okay, do I have to explain why the tire is alive,' because you cannot start a movie with a living tire; it makes no sense. [Laughs] You have to explain in a way. So I decided I'm going to show his first steps, like the birth. You see him unanimated and then, oh, he comes to life and starts rolling. But that was not enough, still, so I decided I'm going to write a monologue to explain the whole thing basically to sell to the audience the idea because that was the heartbeat. The tire is alive and he's going to kill people by just shaking; that was hard to sell, so I think the monologue is here for that and I think it works because I think the monologue is funny, so it gives you the tone of the movie. It's like, 'This is the tone, this is the set up, so now if you like it, welcome, if you don't, you should leave because this is the movie.'

Why use a cop to sell the idea?

Probably randomly. I just like the uniform because there's something very filmic about a uniform, but also it's ridiculous.

Do you feel the uniform reflects American culture in any way?

No, I don't think like that, but also I was obviously, without knowing it, making references [to] the old 80s. I chose old cop cars, not modern ones. I don't know why, but it's probably because I grew up with these movies.

Yeah, this cop, I don't know if you feel the same, but we saw him so many times. It's already your friend; we know him. It's "the cop." [Laughs] You know? He's the movie cop! I mean, to me, it's like that. It's a generic character, like, oh, movie cop, beige [uniform] like the sheriff, duh! With the desert, it works. [Laughs] But the main reason, I know I'm a little bit obsessed by uniforms. There's something really filmic about it and my first movie, *Steak*, also starts with a military guy. There's something I like about uniforms in movies. I don't know why.

As for Robert, he seems to have a little WALL-E in him.

Yeah, the whole birth scene, when he wakes up and discovers things, that was, to me, I was calling that the WALL-E part. Even if I'm not a big WALL-E fan, but it's a bit the same. You're watching something and you're just watching. Something is doing something and you're watching; there's no story, you know? You just watch something alive doing something that's funny.

Are you willing to go bigger in terms of the scale of your production or do you want to stick with the Canon 5D and something more intimate?

No, I want to stick to this format because I like to do everything by myself and I like to be the only one in charge in a way and when you spend someone else's money, it's different. You have some kind of pressure and no, I don't want to do that job. I don't want to be a director. I'd rather be like a stupid creator because being a director, it's a different job. You have to deal with many other things; you have to deal with the writer, you have to deal with the producers, you have to deal with the DOP (director of photography), you have to deal with some other producers; it's something different. It's

more like being in charge of a lot of money. I'm trying to make funny art and the movie industry is not about funny art.

What's your next project?

I have two. There's one I'm shooting in LA. It's called Wrong. I cannot talk about it. It's hard to describe, but it's still funny and special. And the other one might be shot in France next year.

Is it hard to describe Wrong in the same way it seems hard to describe Rubber? I'm trying to imagine you pitching the story of a head exploding tire to financiers.

[Laughs] Yeah, but this was quite easy to pitch. Even if they were laughing at me like, 'Are you serious? You want to do a movie with a living tire?' It was easy to pitch. This is quite a stronger pitch; it's a killing tire. That's already funny, I guess. The new one, I just wrote it, and I still don't have a good pitch.

Did you write that one in three weeks, too?

No, a little bit more. It's a bit bigger.

Movie Review: Rubber (2010)

Critical Critic: [Colin Harris](#) | Published on: February 28, 2011 |

Filed under: [Comedy](#), [Drama](#), [Horror](#)



Directed By: Quentin Dupieux

MPAA [Rating](#): R

Starring: Stephen Spinella, Jack Plotnick, Wings Hauser, Roxane Mesquida

IMDB Link: [Rubber](#)

[Movie Trailer:](#) [Trailer](#)

Having already killed the trucker who saved the girl from his murderous ways, the psychopath [tire](#) turned its attentions to the girl herself. After watching her in the shower, the tire checks into a motel room, watches keep-fit programs on TV, and takes a shower, only to be discovered by a [maid](#), who he promptly kills with his evil oscillations.

If that sentence interests you in any way, then **Rubber** is most definitely the film for you. Its premise is bizarre, its telling even more so. In 1983, Stephen King and John [Carpenter](#) brought us [Christine](#), a car with killing powers of its own; **Rubber** dispenses with the engine, the bodywork and three-quarters of the tire quota to bring us an equally inanimate killer. Sounds bizarre, doesn't it?

Robert (the tire's called Robert in the [credits](#)) wakes up in the middle of the Arizona desert, dusts itself off, and starts rolling. Along the way it spots a tin can and rolls over it. Robert likes the way this feels. A scorpion is next, squished into the ground. A rabbit soon follows, only by now Robert has remembered how to quiver manically, causing (I presume) some sort of shock waves to pass over to the rabbit, exploding its head. This tire now has a taste for blood.

I mentioned a girl. She just happens to be driving past as Robert hits the highway, and its interest in her is obvious. The vulcanized generic-brand radial chases her down the road and to the motel mentioned above. Is Robert interested in her destruction or is he, perhaps, a little deflated and in need of a blow(up) job? Certainly Robert's mood is foul, having recently witnessed men stoking a massive tire-fire out in the desert.

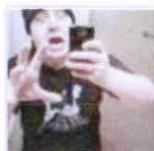
If all of this isn't quite strange enough for you, then I must tell you more. The entire Robert/killing spree proceedings are being watched by a group of twenty or so spectators up on a nearby clearing, all aided by [binoculars](#). These detached citizens comment on the action as it takes place and mirror our own reactions as we watch. When one remarks to another that the action's all a bit slow and he's a smidge bored, it's exactly what we're thinking at the time. When the girl's in the shower, another points out that, although her ass isn't up to much, she's got a nice [rack](#). Fourth walls are bent in ways I've not quite seen before, and the invention is slick.

Rubber was written and directed by Frenchman Quentin Dupieux, who is better known as music producer Mr. Oizo. You may remember his big 1999 hit, 'Flat Beat', that reached number 1 in six countries, despite basically only having one note. Dupieux snagged the public's attention, though, with his lovable sock puppet; the music was incidental, it was all about that darned puppet. He's performed a similar act here, taking what is essentially a silly, one-note premise and created something that holds attention — for a while, anyway. It would have been oh so easy to make a National Lampoon-style silly comedy about a killer tire and this is not a silly comedy. It's not serious, of course, because I defy anyone to make a po-faced movie given this subject matter, but it finds its humor in the bizarre and surreal, rather than punnery and sight gags.

I can't say that I'm in a hurry to watch it again, but Dupieux has a showman's flair and ability to sell. The two stories — the tire and the spectators — wrap around each other in ways that both conform to, and defy, the oeuvre in which this movie takes place, and it has an ending that hits its satirical mark square on the nose. Like it or loathe it, you might not see anything quite as bizarre as **Rubber** for some time.

I [rate](#) this movie:



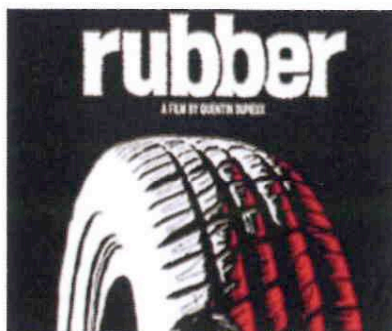
**Scott Wampler**

Review: Quentin Dupieux's 'Rubber' is the weirdest, coolest film of the year

This Examiner Rates Quentin Dupieux's "Rubber":

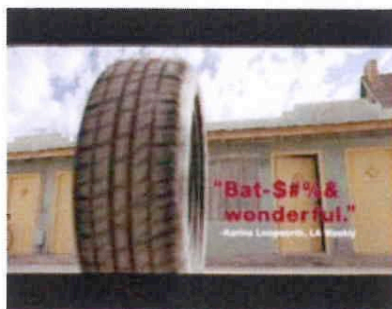
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28 personnes aiment ça. Soyez le premier parmi vos amis.



Quentin Dupieux's "Rubber" is the best movie we've seen so far this year
Photo: movieposterdb.com

Video: Haven't seen the trailer for "Rubber"? Do yourself a favor and click the box below, Slappy



Quentin Dupieux's "Rubber" is probably too weird for you, but click this box and watch the trailer, anyway.

- Mark Bautista on why his romantic pursuit of Sarah Geronimo went nowhere
- 'The Bachelor': one final look at Brad Womack's finale (video)
- Martin Sheen talks 'Spider-Man' & Andrew Garfield
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*...the bad news is, **Rubber**'s the best-weirdest film of 2010: **Rubber** ain't new, and if you live somewhere that's lucky enough to have an indie theater, you've probably already missed your chance to see it with an audience. The good news is, **Rubber**'s just arrived OnDemand, and you'll be free to purchase it soon enough. Before that time comes, however, read on for our review to learn why you should seek out Dupieux's weird-ass film as soon as you can. Carry on, my gentle Examiner readers...*

When you hear that **Rubber** is a horror film about a killer tire (it causes things to explode with its "mind"), you tend to conjure a few specific thoughts: that **Rubber**'s going to be a purposefully-bad movie, that **Rubber**'s a simple satire, that **Rubber**'s probably not going to be as clever as it thinks it is, and so on. Maybe you'd be thrilled by that premise, but the first time I heard about Quentin Dupieux's **Rubber**, I was fairly certain that I could predict the entire film, sight-unseen. A funny idea, sure, but a feature film? Probably gonna be weak.

And so, Dupieux's **Rubber** proves that you should never judge a book by its cover. Or, in this case, you shouldn't pre-judge an independent horror film from a weirdo Frenchman by its premise. **Rubber** is incredibly clever-- wily, even-- impossible to look away from, funny, disturbing, and great in all the ways that David Lynch's films used to be great. Come to think of it, **Rubber** might be the best film that David Lynch never made. One imagines Lynch watching Dupieux's film with a shocked expression stuck on his face, Lynch sputtering in astonishment at what **Rubber** really is.

And what is **Rubber**, really? Is it a satire of cheesy horror films, the kind that turn an innocuous household item into an agent of death? Is it meant to be watched literally, taken as it is? Is it a practical joke that Dupieux's playing on the entire film-geek community, something in the pointed style that Banksy's **Exit Through The Gift Shop** perfected last year? Unfortunately, I've only seen **Rubber** once, so it's hard for me to say. I suspect that-- once I get around to picking up the Blu-ray-- that I'm going to have to spend a few hours rewatching Dupieux's film to decide what I think it's really trying to say: it's that kinda thing.

The film opens along a dusty, desert highway. At first, all we can see is a velvet rope along the shoulder and a handful of cheap, folding chairs propped open in the center of the road. A cop cruiser comes rolling along, plowing right through the chairs and coming to rest right in front of the camera, which pulls back to reveal a crowd of onlookers. They're of every

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The Movieline Interview || by Mike Ryan || 03 17 2011 10:50 AM

Quentin Dupieux Talks About Directing Rubber — Yes, the Movie About the Killer Tire

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Leader image for Quentin Dupieux Talks About Directing Rubber -- Yes, the Movie About the Killer Tire

French filmmaker and DJ Quentin Dupieux directed a movie about a killer tire. I repeat: Quentin Duplex — who also goes by the name Mr. Oizo — created a full-length movie about a tire that kills people. A lot of assumptions could be made about Dupieux's feelings toward the American film audience — who, in the movie, are obnoxious and are eventually poisoned — or Hollywood in general. But! As Dupieux explains, he's just making fun of himself. OK?

Movieline met with Dupieux to... well, there's really no real way to fancy it up: Discuss a movie about a killer tire.

OK, What the f*ck was that?

Maybe... I don't know. The magic of it is related to the simplicity of the movie. Because the movie, if you watch carefully, you'll see that it's really simple. It's like a cartoon. It's very basic: It's one action, one frame. We're so used to movies that are formatted, we watch so much stuff — TV, movies — we are used to some kind of... I don't know how to explain. The fun with Rubber is that it's like it's shot by a nine-year-old kid. It's really simple. It's like I have this idea and I want to do it. A tire rolling on the plastic bottle? It's a good way to keep you interested, in a way. When everything is fast in today's movies, editing is quite fast. There's a lot going on so you never feel bored because it always, "something new, something new" and your rain is following the structure like this. So I think the fun with Rubber is that you have some time to watch. That's probably why you feel like that, you know?

You can make a popcorn movie with this plot. It's just more the way I did it that makes it special.

But if someone goes to see this and just thinks that it's going to be about a tire running over some bottles, it's going to be a lot more complicated than that. There's a fake audience in the movie.

Yes, but that's also part of the magic. Let's say a 9-year-old kid wrote and directed it. So this kid knows nothing about structure and knows nothing about climax or creating some kind of structure that make you feel good when you watch it. So the way it's done, you know, one plus one plus one plus one... I don't know how to explain how I feel about it. I think I'm quite a good technician because I know how movies are made and I did everything by myself. I did the framing, I did all of the camera stuff, I did the editing — but I decided to go back to the '20s, do you know what I mean? So that's why I did all of the special effects without any computers. It's just what you saw has been shot. There are no wires, there's no CGI, we shot it for real. And probably that started the magic and, yes, it's a little bit more complicated than just a tire. But it's more the way I did it that makes it special. Because with this stupid pitch — a living tire killing people — you can make a big Hollywood movie. You can make a popcorn movie with this plot. It's just more the way I did it that makes it special.

You've now said this a few times, so did you approach this movie from the mindset of a 9-year-old?

A little bit, yes. Maybe without knowing it? That was not like a choice. I was looking for pure pleasure, like I was almost doing the movie for me. You know directors, even the big ones, have [to act like] kids, in a way. To make movies, you have to believe — it's like playing with dolls, in a way. "OK, this is the bad character, here's the nice one..." And you create some kind of story. It's the same. Even if you're 50 years old and smart and you make a movie about something political, very serious, you're still kid telling a story. You know what I mean? So there's nothing special about approaching a movie as a kid. I just realized at some point that I was doing it.

There's an opening monologue that states that every decision in every film is based on "no reason." Is that what you believe?

Obviously it's a joke. But, yeah, if you start thinking like this, there's a lot of no reason in the movies. It's like in real life. It's a joke; I turned it into a joke. It's funny, but in a way it says something real. Yeah, movies, there's a lot of no-reason stuff, even in very classic films. So, yeah, that's a half a joke and half the truth. But, obviously, I did this monologue to take people's hand... like, "OK, come in. Come in, it's going to be funny. If you don't like it? Go away now." It was like a warning.

I will say that after that monologue I never gave too much thought to why the tire has powers. When I wrote the story of the living tire, obviously I had to think like, "OK, do I have to explain why the tire is alive? Should I start the movie with the tire or do I have to show like the first moment of life?" And so, yes, I thought that was interesting if it's just a tire and it suddenly comes to life. But why? If you think about that, you think about sh*tty movies where, I don't know, there's a storm and then, suddenly, the tire is alive. But that's bullsh*t. That's why I decided to put this monologue in there. You're going to see something, but there's no reason.

rubber_quentind_300.jpg

There's an audience in the movie watching the proceedings. They're not painted as the most likable group. Do you have contempt for movie audiences?

No, no. To me it was just a good way to make fun of myself. Because the idea of a living tire is a bit dumb. I mean, it's cool; it's exciting. But after writing 20 pages, I realized that, OK, that's not enough. I cannot do what I want on 20 minutes with just this. Basically it's like replacing Jason with a tire. It's like making a slasher movie with a tire. OK, that's funny, but there's nothing really exciting about it.

But in a Friday the 13th movie there's not a scene of an audience watching Jason and then later poisoned.

I know, I know. But that's why. Because I was not interested in putting this story in real life. So that's why I shot it in the desert. Because the desert could be another planet. It's different. It's not like real life. There's no town, there's no nothing. So you feel like you're somewhere else, in a way. Using the audience probably... First, it was to make fun of myself. Like, OK, I'm writing something really stupid that I need to say that I know it's stupid. So I'm going to put some people watching. So that was a writing game: When I was bored by the tire, OK, I'm stuck here, what is it supposed to do now? I don't know. Let's go back to the spectators and say something about the tire. That was like, you know, a writing game.

Was it always a tire?

First was a cube invasion from space. But it was not one character — it was an army of cubes. We did some tests with a friend and we shot in the street and with CGI we inserted some cubes. Then I realized that was not my cup of tea — shooting an empty space, then working on a computer to create the character? I was already super bored about doing this. So instead of this big army in a sci-fi movie, I decided to go back and do something concrete. Not concrete... something organic, that you can touch. And just one character instead of an army. So, yes, it sounds strange, but that's how it happened.

Are you expecting a polarizing reaction? At the screening, it was a pretty mixed opinion. I don't know. Honestly, like I said, I really did it for me, first...

But this is a movie about a killer tire. You either get it or you don't, right?

But I don't know what type of movie it is? For example the first screening only like five people saw the movie and we were like, "OK, we like it, but we will see." And with the screening we had a lot of reactions. So, yes, it feels good to see that some people react and like the spirit of it, but I was not trying to get some kind of reaction. I don't want to be provocative. I just did it like this, like a kid, without thinking about the whole thing. Yesterday I watched the 15 first minutes, I realized there's something really crazy — 200 people are watching a tire rolling. The shot is super long and people are just watching this on the screen. And that's great and that's funny. I like this. But, no, I'm not conscious. I'm not trying to do something to create some kind of reaction. I'm not like that.

There's a scene in the film where the tire sets its sights on the Hollywood sign. Is that saying something about your feelings toward Hollywood?

No. That's just a stupid joke. Because we are so small, we did the movie with nothing, basically. Fourteen days of shooting, we were so small, we had one trailer for everybody. When we arrived on location, people were asking, "So where is the crew?" We are the crew! Because we are so small, that was just a joke. It's not against Hollywood; it was like, again, making fun of myself. You know, the small, low, low budget movie waving at the Hollywood sign. I'm not saying anything about this and I'm not trying to be some kind of pirate — I'm just doing it for fun. And even this, the Hollywood thing, it's more like that I know it's a small movie and I know it's not for everyone. And I know it's slow, I know it's special. I don't know what you feel when you watch it, but I know it has nothing to do with Hollywood.

Rubber Soul
by Donald Levit



Although part of the jokey satire is that it freely calls attention to its satirical jokiness, there is laughing justice in that *Rubber* will be released on April Fools' Day, following five weeks of VOD availability.



Filmed in three months in California, with a digital Canon 5D to be kinescoped to 35mm, this low-budgeter takes off on movies as illusion. For example, there are in-film "Spectators" who observe the central action, in one case camcording it "for my wife" in defiance of copyright law, and who become a parallel action tied to what they observe partly through a nerdy Accountant (Jack Plotnick) and a semi-director stand-in in a wheelchair (Wings Hauser).

Rubbing noses in screen sleight of hand is one way of fostering yet another, different sort of illusion. Writer, director, cinematographer and (as Mr. Oizo) co-music composer Quentin Dupieux also continues fright films' malevolent inanimate objects like a 1958 Plymouth, children's dolls and ventriloquists' dummies, video cassettes and cell phones. *Mad* magazine once posited *Flesh Garden's* worst enemy as, not Ming or mole-men, mushroom-men, fish- or bird-men, but the horrible men-men; just so. *Rubber's* ever more powerful, arbitrarily fatal, natural leader of others of its kind, and reincarnation-able enemy of plastic and glass bottles, tin cans, jackrabbits, crows and human beings, is a nothing-out-of-the-ordinary discarded tire.

One of the links between "reality"-illusion as story and stuff of Dream Factory flicks (indeed, of any story) is County Sheriff's office Lieutenant Chad (Stephen Spinella), who orders a deputy to shoot him, only to realize that he then has three bloody bullet holes in his torso even while he continues to function normally. At the start and at the end, he cites some half-dozen "excellent" movies and their overlooked inconsistencies. Thus, "Ladies and Gentlemen, the film you are about to see pays homage to that most powerful of elements in film and life: 'no reason.'"

Like bird watchers anticipating a rare scrub-desert sighting, a mixed bag strain through field glasses bicycled in by the Accountant. Sleepless in sleeping bags, shivering and starving -- Film Fan Ethan (Ethan Cohn) wonders about cannibalism -- they catch what they are waiting for: the "birth" of the tire from its bed of sand in a sparse dump. The newborn totters unsteadily on its treads but gathers confidence flattening a Poland Spring bottle. Harder tin and glass resist, so the tire vibrates and, shades of Uri Geller and Sissy Spacek, explodes them telekinetically.

SPOILER ALERT

Hence on to blowing up small living creatures, and to the head of a Ford pickup driver (Michael Ross) stopped for gas after ignoring willowy brunette Sheila (Roxane Mesquida), whose convertible lost all power to Rubber's vibration. Arrogantly confident now, the villain tails her red

VW to the dusty Easy Rest Inn, watches her shower -- as apparently the Spectators somehow do, too -- rolls into adjacent room 16 and watches car races and aerobic-exercise ladies on TV. (Music has warbled "I just don't want to be lonely.")

Motel maid Martina (Tara O'Brien) and owner Hugues (David Bowie) similarly lose their heads, the latter's son Zach (Remi Thorne) is spared -- the baddie has a conscience?-- and law and order arrive, a notch above Keystone Kops.

Staying at the motel, too, the Accountant obeys an unseen telephoning non sequitur "Master" in supplying poisoned eats for the Spectators but himself finds the éclairs irresistible. Stripping off his pasted-on lawman's patch, Lieutenant Chad tells his deputies they can go home because the story is fake but, reminded that not all the Spectators have been taken care of, allows them to resume the hunt for the killer. A booby-trapped mannequin wigged and short-skirted as Sheila, with her scripted seductive voice provided by the woman herself from a police surveillance van, is bait for the Rubber tire.

That the ending rolls to a freeway stop near the famed Hollywood sign, as a shoulder crack presages earthquake, points again to something to do with filmdom. This one-shtick movie with ramifications will probably do better on-demand than theatrically. Set up for remote control by a local DIYer, the title tire is rough enough to be effective but not CGI enough for macho and teen audiences. Striking in too many target-directions for sharp focus in any, *Rubber* will not wear out its welcome among viewers who find amusement in filling in dots prompted by suggestions.

(Released by Magnet Releasing and rated "R" for some violent images and language.)



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