

## Film Festivals

By Gail Grenier Sweet ©2006

### (1) “Invasion of the Body Snatchers”

1956, with Kevin McCarthy

1978, with Donald Sutherland

I'll never forget seeing the first version at a slumber party with a bunch of my grade school friends. We screeched with terror. Thereafter, our greatest teasing insult to each other became, “You POD!” You have to see the movie to understand.

Years later, Mike and I had a film festival at home, starting with the original version and progressing to the most recent version that is pure schlock. The schlocky version must not be available anymore because I can't find it listed in my most current edition of *VideoHound's Golden Movie Retriever*. I think it was from the 90s and included (surprise, surprise) nudity and violence not found in the '56 or '78 version. And it wasn't scary, like the first two manage to be, wonderfully.

The Donald Sutherland version is as creepy as, or creepier than, the original. Once you see it, you will never forget the image of a certain actor pointing at you and shrieking.

Seeing the three movies one after the other made me realize how films can go backward in quality in spite of our advanced technology and special effects.

### (2) “Austin Powers” 1997, 1999, 2002.

Our family and our friends the Tierneys had a film festival one day celebrating Mike Meyers's cinematic achievement, complete with costumes. (It was fun being a Fembot.)

### (3) Harvey Keitel Film Festival

Mike and I love Harvey Keitel. He has so much soul. He should have had half the movie roles that were given to Robert de Niro. It's amazing to watch all his films in order. There are tons of them. My favorite roles for Harvey, in order, were his performances in (1) “The Piano” (sexy, mysterious) (2) “Smoke” (the real Harvey, methinks) (3) and strangely, in a schlocky movie I hate, “From Dusk till Dawn” (understated, quiet).

**(4) Jerry Lewis Film Festival**

Try 'em all. In order. The older the movie, the better, I think.

**(5) Marilyn Monroe Film Festival**

I never get sick of looking at her. In Marilyn's case, she gets better as she gets older. But young or old, she's always beautiful to look at. What a woman.