

ACCENT

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THIS WEEKEND'S BEST BETS

'Annie Hall' on the big screen

When: 7:30 p.m. today and Saturday
Where: Artcraft Theatre, 57 N. Main St., Franklin
How to get there: Go south on U.S. 31 or State Road 135. Turn east onto State Road 144/Jefferson Street. Follow it into downtown Franklin, and turn left onto Main Street. Theater is on the right.
Admission: \$5; \$4, seniors; \$3, kids
Information: 736-6823 or www.artcraft.homeunix.org

Wedding vendor fair

When: Noon to 5 p.m. Sunday
Where: Holiday Lane Banquet and Conference Center, 180 Lovers Lane in Franklin

How to get there: From U.S. 31 South, turn east on State Road 44 and follow it almost until Interstate 65.
Admission: Free

Indianapolis Home Show

When: Daily through Feb. 5
This weekend's hours: 11 a.m. to 9:30 p.m. today, 10 a.m. to 9:30 p.m. Saturday, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Sunday
Where: Indiana State Fairgrounds, 1202 E. 38th St., Indianapolis
Admission: \$9; \$4 for children; free for children 6 and younger. Coupons for \$2 off adult tickets available at Marsh Supermarkets.
Information and event schedule: www.indianapolishomeshow.com

Art exhibit with Center Grove roots

What: TOUCH, works by Center Grove grad Jason C. Zeckler
Where: 4 Star Gallery, 653 Massachusetts Ave., Indianapolis
When: Opening reception, 5 to 9 p.m. today; exhibit ends April 1.
Admission: Free

AT THE MOVIES



AP PHOTO

Martin Lawrence rules the roost in "Big Momma's House 2," rated PG-13.

'Big Momma's House 2'

Here's the kindest thing that can be said about this sequel: It's Martin Lawrence's best movie in years.

Probably since the original "Big Momma's House," and that came out back in 2000.

Something about putting on that fat suit, that blond wig and those big, floral-print dresses, though, brings out the qualities that made him a star in the first place.

You won't see anything new here, just more of the same broad physical gags as Lawrence's FBI agent goes undercover as Big Momma to work as a nanny in a suspect's house.

It's a one-joke character in a one-joke movie. But while he's in disguise, he manages to be grotesque and vaguely endearing at the same time.

Rating: PG-13 for some sexual humor and a humorous drug reference
Stars: 1½ out of four

TOP SELLERS

Billboard magazine chart leaders

Compiled from national retail sales/airplay/rental charts

Top pop song: "Check on It," Beyoncé (with Slim Thug)

Top pop album: "Unpredictable" Jamie Foxx

Top R&B/hip-hop song: "Be Without You," Mary J. Blige

Top R&B/hip-hop album: "Unpredictable" Jamie Foxx

Top country song: "Jesus, Take the Wheel," Carrie Underwood

Top country album: "Some Hearts," Carrie Underwood

Top VHS/DVD rental: "Wedding Crashers"

Top VHS sale: "Buns of Steel 4: Advanced"

Top DVD sale: "Transporter 2"

Top music video: "Bullet in a Bible," Green Day



Beyoncé's "Check on It" is the top pop song this week. The track features musician Slim Thug.



Pizza Hut will use Jessica Simpson to hawk the new Cheesy Bites pizza during the Super Bowl. The game airs Feb. 5 on ABC.

Internet tie-ins give more bang for millions of bucks

By SETH SUTEL
THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

NEW YORK

If Miss Piggy is dressing like Jessica Simpson, monkeys are rampaging around office cubicles and networking druids are yammering into cell phones, it can mean only one thing: Super Bowl ads are on the way.

Despite nagging worries about declining TV viewership as more people plug in to their iPods and the Internet, the Super Bowl has proven to be a resilient stronghold of truly mass media.

The game, which airs Feb. 5 on ABC, is expected to draw 90 million viewers, along with advertisers who want to reach them.

Super Bowl ads — estimated at about \$2.5 million for a 30-second spot this year — cost way more than the top price of \$750,000 for a spot on the Olympics, which start on NBC just five days later.

For smaller marketers, that can make up a significant chunk of their annual advertising budget, but there's a certain cachet to being seen on the Super Bowl, which is routinely the most watched broadcast of the year.

To make sure they get their money's worth several advertisers plan to leverage the impact of their spots this year by rolling out online promotions and other tie-ins.

Emerald Nuts, the snack food brand of Diamond Foods, and men's deodorant Degree are both returning to the Super Bowl after successful debuts in last year's broadcast, and both are doing more online.

Degree took a chance last year with an oddball set of ads featuring doll-like figures who never took risks. While they weren't a huge hit with critics, the ads wound up generating a lot of interest online, says Kevin George, the head of marketing at Unilever, Degree's parent company.

This time, Degree will be making its new ad, which depicts daily life in a city populated entirely by stunt men, widely available for viewing and downloading on the Internet, including a director's cut and other variations, George says.

Coming back to the Super Bowl was an easy decision after seeing sales for Degree jump 35 percent last year, which George attributed partly to the impact from the Super Bowl ad.

Tim Spengler, executive vice president of Initiative, an ad-buying agency owned by The Interpublic Group of Companies Inc., says marketers are adapting their campaigns to deal with an increasingly fragmented audience.

"Media is becoming a more personalized experience, but in a communications program there is still going to be a mix of mass awareness with more one-to-one communications," Spengler said. "For the marketer, the



In a Super Bowl ad for Degree, a motorcyclist drives through a window. Advertisers are doing more online promotions with their multimillion-dollar spots this year to rev up interest in their products.



Emerald Nuts is putting 10 percent of its annual ad-buying budget into the Super Bowl. Last year's ad for the company featured a talking unicorn. This year's effort involves machete-wielding businessmen and a fast-talking druid.

art is going to be in the mix of mass and personalized media."

Other notable ads in the Super Bowl this year include a spot from Pizza Hut, with singer Jessica Simpson and Miss Piggy in matching outfits.

Emerald Nuts won attention last year with an ad featuring a talking unicorn. Coming up on Super Bowl Sunday: Eagle-eyed Machete Enthusiasts Recognize A Little Druid Networking Under The Stairs.

This story is all true, except for the most interesting parts

Recent disclosures by James Frey, author of the memoir "A Million Little Pieces" (soon to be subtitled "Some of Which I Made Up"), have forced me to do some soul-searching and fact-checking of my own, mostly because I don't want that Web site, The Smoking Gun (www.thesmokinggun.com), to go rooting around in my backyard they way they did his.

In his book, Frey says he was sentenced to three months in prison for a variety of offenses, including possession of crack, fighting with police and hitting a cop with his car.

The Smoking Gun, however, has documents that say he was arrested for drunken driving, spent a few hours in jail and paid a fine.

Some of us would call this



Mike Redmond

disparity. Not James.

"It's an individual's perception of what happened in their own life," Frey told CNN's Larry King. "This is my recollection of my life. A lot of the events I was writing about took place between 15 and 25 years ago.

"A lot of the events took place while I was under the influence of drugs and alcohol. I still stand by my book. I still stand

by the fact that it's my story. It's a truthful retelling of the story."

I see. Well, to avoid the same sort of mess I've decided to make a clean breast of things:

- It is not true I won the Pulitzer Prize. Any claims I might have made to that effect are probably because I was confusing the Pulitzer Prize with the Pinewood Derby and trying to impress a girl in a bar.

- I didn't win the Pinewood Derby either.

- My parents were not poor but honest folk who came from the old country with the shirts on their backs and a song in their hearts, hoping for a chance to open up their own little business repairing waffle irons.

- In a similar vein, I was not adopted by them after my fabulously wealthy real parents acci-

dentally dropped me from their luxury yacht while on a pleasure cruise of the Pigeon River Fish and Wildlife Area.

- I am not now, nor have I ever been, a star basketball player, despite the entry on my résumé about playing small forward for the Harlem Globetrotters. I have, however, attended several basketball games.

- I didn't kill me a b'ar when I was only 3.

- I did not portray Tevye in "Fiddler On The Roof" on Broadway. Neither was I one of the original seven Mercury astronauts.

- And I don't know how people got the idea that I designed Victory Field, unless of course I told them (see above under "Impressing a girl in a bar").

- I was not married to Sharon

Every used CD has story to tell

But don't even try to get how Styx's *Cornerstone* made it into the sale bin

By PETER HARLAUB
SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE

Used albums are the scorned lovers of the retail universe.

At one point, that copy of Billy Idol's *Rebel Yell* was the most important thing in your life, until you spent less and less time together, and one day it was heartlessly replaced with something in the thinking-man's-metal genre. (This is similar to the plot of "Toy Story," except with a lot less Randy Newman and a lot more System of a Down.)

But make no mistake, someday you're going to take Billy back. Because as much as we fight it, certain music will always be part of our lives.

Used-music stores are merely an expensive vacation spot for our Neil Diamond, Supertramp and Scorpions records before they end up in our collections again.

Have you ever asked yourself why there are at least 25 used copies of R.E.M.'s *New Adventures in Hi-Fi* at every record store, and finding a copy of *Toto IV* or Ratt's *Out of the Cellar* is next to impossible?

Next time you're shopping for music and marvel at your luck after finding a bargain, take a moment to think about where it's been. As excited as you are to find a copy of the "Pretty in Pink" soundtrack for \$6.95, there was someone equally excited to sell it. But at some previous point that person was as thrilled as you were to own the album.

If you could trace the previous owners of every album you own, it would be something like looking at your past lives.

The past five CDs you've bought and sold reveal more information about you than any consumer database or Patriot Act spying tools can gather.

I realized this recently after buying back a half-dozen Bon Jovi and Guns N' Roses albums.

These are all records I sold in 1991 or 1992, mistakenly thinking that Kurt Cobain had made all the 1980s hair bands pointless.

Musical taste is established in your formative years, and attempts to struggle with that is futile.

It's no easier to expel your feelings for Fleetwood Mac than forget your first kiss, which may or may not have occurred while "Never Going Back Again" played in the background.

So throw away your Air Supply CDs at your own peril. You'll be buying it back in a few years.



Music fans seem to find their way back to their favorite CDs. Hair-band followers, you know who you are.

FILE PHOTO

Mike Redmond is the author of "Six of One, Half-Dozen of Another" and "The Night the Wheels Fell Off." Send comments to letters@thejournalnet.com.