

2:15pm. See Thu 9. 2pm: Trey McIntyre Project. 2:15pm: Dance Heginbotham. Andre Megerdichian 1pm. See Fri 10.

## Monday 13

**ANIKAI Dance Theater** 5:30pm. See Sat 11.

**Cobu Inc.** 9:15pm. See Fri 10.

\* **FREE Downtown Dance Festival**  
One New York Plaza, Water St at Whitehall St. Subway: R to Whitehall St—South Ferry. Noon–2pm. See Sat 11.

\* **Smuin Ballet** Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave at 19th St (212-242-0800, joyce.org). Subway: 1 to 18th St. 7:30pm; \$10–\$49. The company returns to the Joyce with Michael Smuin's *Medea*, Trey McIntyre's *Oh, Inverted World* and choreographer-in-residence Amy Seiwerl's *Soon These Two Worlds*.

**Uprock** 7:15pm. See Fri 10.

## Tuesday 14

**ANIKAI Dance Theater** 7:30pm. See Sat 11.

**Cobu Inc.** 3:30pm. See Fri 10.

\* **The Dance Cartel** Ace Hotel, 20 W 29th St at Broadway (212-679-2222, thedancecartel.com). Subway: N, R to 28th St. 10pm; \$10. Ani TajNiemann presents another round of *On the Floor*, an immersive, participatory dance event featuring musicians, video and a DJ.

\* **FREE Downtown Dance Festival**  
One New York Plaza, Water St at Whitehall St. Subway: R to Whitehall St—South Ferry. Noon–2pm. See Sat 11.

**Andre Megerdichian** 2:30pm. See Fri 10.

\* **Smuin Ballet** 7:30pm. See Mon 13.

**Yin Yue Dance Company** 5:45pm. See Fri 10.

## Wednesday 15

**Ajkun Ballet Theatre** City Center Studios, 130 W 56th St between Sixth and Seventh Aves (212-868-4444, ajkumbt.org). Subway: F, N, Q, R to 57th St. 6:30pm; \$20–\$25. The company offers a mixed bill featuring two works by Ellen Sinopoli and excerpts from *Don Quixote*.

**Robin Neveu Brown Dance** 9:15pm. See Sat 11.

\* **FREE Downtown Dance Festival**  
One New York Plaza, Water St at Whitehall St. Subway: R to Whitehall St—South Ferry. Noon–2pm. See Sat 11.

**Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival 2012** 8:15pm. See Thu 9. 8pm: Compagnie Käfig. 8:15pm: Liz Gerring Dance Company.

**FREE Koreah Dance Company + Ballet X + Dancin' Downtown at the Joyce contest winner** Central Park, Rumsey Playfield, Enter park at Fifth Ave at 69th St (212-360-1399, cityparksfoundation.org/summerstage). Subway: 6 to 68th St—Hunter College. 8pm. The companies offer an outdoor performance as part of City Parks Foundation's SummerStage festival.

**Andre Megerdichian** 7:45pm. See Fri 10.

\* **Smuin Ballet** 2, 7:30pm. See Mon 13.

**Uprock** 2pm. See Fri 10.

**Yin Yue Dance Company** 7:30pm. See Fri 10.

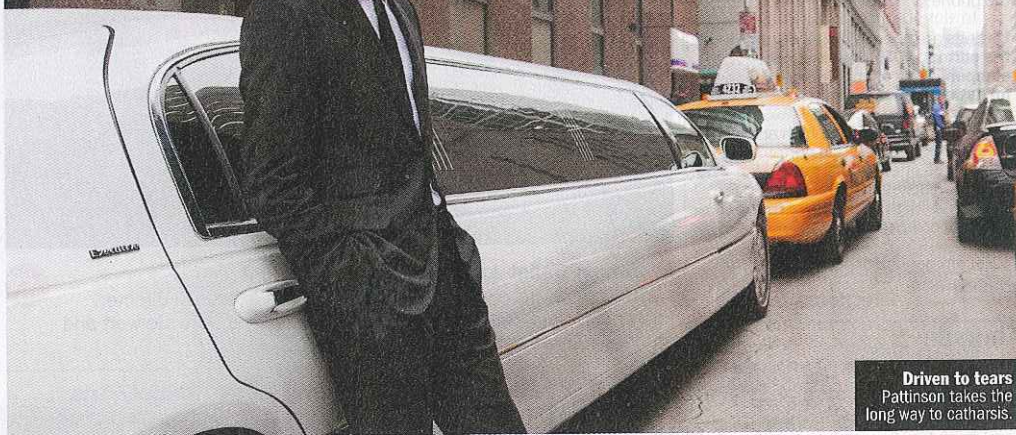
## Events

**FREE Gibney Dance** *Gibney Dance*, 890 Broadway at 19th St, fifth floor (212-677-8560, gibneydance.org). Thu 9 11am. Gibney Dance's *Guess Who's in the Greenroom* series features Eva Yaa Asantewaa, who leads the discussion: "Pitch Your Show to a Dance Writer: Does Your Promotion Work?" R.S.V.P. to allie@gibneydance.org.

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# Film

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**Driven to tears**  
Pattinson takes the long way to catharsis.

# Cosmopolis

Robert Pattinson drops the fangs but gets more vicious. By **Joshua Rothkopf**



**Dir. David Cronenberg.** 2012. R. 108mins. Robert Pattinson, Sarah Gadon, Kevin Durand.

Prophetic though it was, Don DeLillo's 2003 novel—now a whip-smart film about meltdowns global and personal—gets one thing absolutely wrong. (So does the movie.) Consider some of cinema's past greedmongers: Michael Douglas's ravenous Gordon Gekko, his face strained with impure appetites, or Christian Bale in *American Psycho*, plenty active to burn off those extra calories. These beasts fit the rapacious moods of their day, extensions of the market.

*Cosmopolis*, on the other hand, has too-cool Robert Pattinson as its 28-year-old billionaire about to fall (leap?) into the maw of economic collapse and OWS rage. Its hero should look a lot less collected, no? Shouldn't his pulse be irregular, his exuberance more irrational? During a daylong trip across a traffic-jammed Manhattan, hypervigilant Eric (Pattinson) is even visited by a prostate-probing doctor, who does the examination right there in the soundproofed limo—apparently, these checkups occur daily. (Were the housing market as lucky.) Pointing to a mole on his torso, Eric frowns. "Let it express itself," says the doctor.

Director David Cronenberg—who knows a thing or two about bodily expressions—understands, finally, what to do with the *Twilight* star, turning his zombified handsomeness into a stark canvas upon which we can project our own anxieties.

Undervalued as a subverter of the A-list, Cronenberg uses Pattinson's own blankness (let's call it a career performance) as the visage of an unpersuasive godhead, surrounded by computer screens that don't comfort him. Crawling through a city throbbing with unrest, Eric makes time for a dalliance or two—not with his wife, a brittle ice queen (Gadon), but with other women—and still, he doesn't seem at ease. He communicates most with his tight-jawed security aide (Durand, fierce) who warns him of upcoming obstacles and vague messages from the "complex." The pair could be miniaturized travelers in an updated *Fantastic Voyage*, the dying body that of late capitalism.

Where is Eric going? To get a haircut, we hear early on. *Cosmopolis* is close to experimental in its denatured, deceptively banal plot. (Cronenberg probably required his lead actor's name just to get it made.) The movie grows, though, into

something hypnotic and ominous. A parade of temporary companions makes its way through the backseat cabin: a nervous tech wizard (Jay Baruchel), an art-dealing sex partner (Juliette Binoche), a vice president of "theory" (Samantha Morton) and a pie-throwing terrorist (Mathieu Amalric). All of them raise alarms in their own way, pointing to Eric's doom—his inability to understand his own potency, his blithe willingness to buy an entire chapel of Rothko oils just to keep them in his apartment.

DeLillo's comment wasn't exactly profound: These business types have no souls. Frankly, the book reeks of reaching too hard—where do all the limos go at night? Yet Cronenberg, who adapted the script himself (as he did with *Crash* and *Naked Lunch*), flatters the material into a sensual,

propulsive thriller, the apocalypse as viewed from lush interiors and a hermetic remove. It's more than spooky.

Ultimately, *Cosmopolis* is a theory movie, one that's made unusually accessible

by filmmaking chops, rear-entry sex and spiky dialogue. It could have used more humor: When a hulking rap promoter shows up to mourn a dead celebrity—the saintly Brother Fez (K'naan)—Eric's wanksta sympathies provide a rare moment of levity. (Howard Shore's sinuous score, including the K'naan number "Mecca," is tops.) It all comes down to a disgruntled 99 percenter with a gun—again, way too obvious—but until then, the cruise is slick as an oil spill.

*Cosmopolis opens Aug 17.*