



Anne Brodie

On Movies

## Bill Murray fascinates in relaxed, stylish tale

### BROKEN FLOWERS

Starring Bill Murray, Sharon Stone, Jessica Lange, Tilda Swinton and Chloe Sevigny.

Directed by Jim Jarmusch

As *Broken Flowers* opens, the camera passes by a dilapidated house filled with children playing and yelling.

The camera lands on a big stone art house next door and goes inside. That is where Julie Delpy is telling Bill Murray she is leaving.

She's pulling her luggage, telling him that she always felt like a mistress. And poof, he's alone.

Mr. Murray plays Don Johnston, a retired computer millionaire with nothing much to do except stare into the far distance.

He does this a lot in Jim Jarmusch's stylized and unrushed tale.

The house is a gem of 1940s architecture and furnishings, which, while they make wonderful collections, are cold, out of time and dead, in the film's frame.

And he's dead too — mostly lying down or sitting bolt upright, staring into nothingness.

His best friend Winston, a Nigerian who fancies himself a detective, lives next door with the noisy kids and loving wife.

Mr. Johnston is there all the time, living their life instead of his own. They are the yin yang of neighbours.

One day an anonymous, typewritten pink letter arrives, informing Mr. Johnston he has a son who may show up on his doorstep.

The boy is 19. He hopes it's a joke, but Winston sees an adventure for his lonely friend and submits the letter to forensic examination.

Against his better judgment, Mr.

See MURRAY'S, page 15.

# COOL ON WHEELS

TASTES, SOUNDS OF ICE CREAM TRUCKS REVERBERATE THROUGH SUMMER

BY PATRICK MANGION  
Staff Writer

Sidewalks, beaches and parks are clogged with summer revellers.

It's the season to set free pasty body parts after months of hibernation, soak up soothing summer rays and perhaps indulge your sweet tooth with some cool, tasty treats.

The ice cream truck has become a hallmark of the soundtrack of summer as the jingles reverberate through York Region's residential enclaves.

Short bursts of music that can best be described as a marriage of a little girl's music box and a jack-in-the-box crackle from the speakers aboard the ice cream parlour on wheels.

For some, it has all the appeal of a set of fingernails slowly scraping down a chalk board.

While others may be stopped in their tracks as nostalgia transports them back to their youth: a time when the ice cream man's arrival sent children bounding carefree from their homes.

And this season, hot sticky temperatures have conspired to create idyllic conditions for mobile vendors of frozen splendor.

*To shun a trip to the ice cream truck is to deny yourself a summer rite.*

On a steamy evening, a line forms at the tiny side window of the ice cream truck.

Satisfied customers wear expressions of genuine satisfaction as they indulge in their sugar-filled reprieve from the heat.

"I'm tempted whenever I see one," Ali Summers, 17, says of the ice cream vendors dotting York Region.

At anywhere from \$2 to \$4 for walk-up service, it's a bargain, Ali explained, extracting massive gulps from the chocolate and vanilla mix softy — an ice cream truck mainstay.

She figures you have but mere minutes to enjoy a frozen treat before an unstoppable stream of melting ice cream begins descending through fingers, hands and, in the case of small children, even arms.



STAFF PHOTO/SJOERD WITTEVEEN

Gus Tsipas offers a cone to a customer from his truck. Mr. Tsipas puts in 12-hour days during the summer in what he said is a highly competitive, cutthroat industry. But this year's heat wave doesn't necessarily translate into booming business. "When it's too hot, people don't want to come outside," he explained on a day where the mercury soared to more than 35 C.

For 46-year-old David Bartlett, it's what summer is all about.

To shun a trip to the ice cream truck is to deny yourself a summer rite.

"It immediately puts you back to your youth," he said.

"You have some ice cream and you're already in a better

mood," Mr. Bartlett added, as his mouth swipes at any potential drips forming at the cone.

For ice cream operator Gus Tsipas, who goes by the business moniker Mr. Cool, this summer's heat wave has translated into long work days, but not necessarily a boom in business.

"When it's too hot, people don't want to come outside," he said on a day where the mercury soared to more than 35 C.

Twelve-hour days have become the norm for Mr. Tsipas, 32, as he navigates commercial,

See TIME, page 15.

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