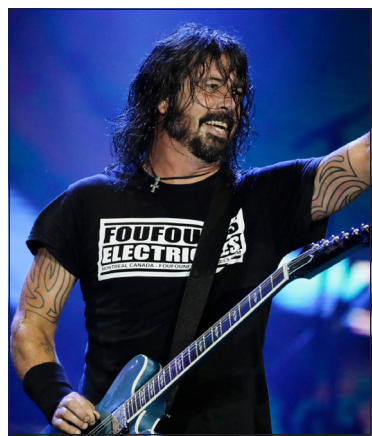


## CONCERTS



LEO CORREA, FILE — ASSOCIATED PRESS

In this Sept. 29, 2019, file photo, Dave Grohl of Foo Fighters performs at the Rock in Rio music festival in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

## Grohl's Foo Fighters to play Denver next year

By John Wenzel  
jwenzel@denverpost.com

Dave Grohl's long-running rock act Foo Fighters will return to headline Empower Field at Mile High as part of the band's new summer 2024 stadium tour dates, promoter AEG Presents said Monday.

Tickets for the Aug. 3 concert, with The Pretenders and the Hives as openers (at least in Denver), are on sale to the public starting at 10 a.m. on Oct. 6. (Some shows will have Pretenders & Mammoth WVH Support; Pretenders & L7 Support; The Hives & Amyl and The Sniffers Support; The Hives & Alex G Support; or Pretenders & Alex G Support. Go online for full list.)

Ticket prices are not yet available, and some existing dates on the tour are already sold out.

The show is part of the newest leg of "Everything or Nothing at All Tour" dates, the band's largest run of shows since releasing their eleventh album, which was also their first since drummer Taylor Hawkins' death in March 2022, according to Rolling Stone.

"They have been playing festivals, and a smattering of arena shows throughout this year, including a surprise appearance at Glastonbury in June," Rolling Stone's Brittany Spanos wrote. "In May, the band announced that Josh Freese would officially join them as their touring drummer."

### Foo Fighters 2024 stadium tour dates

July 17: New York, N.Y.  
July 19: New York, N.Y.  
July 21: Boston  
July 23: Hershey, Penn.  
July 25: Cincinnati, Ohio  
July 28: Minneapolis  
Aug. 3: Denver @ Empower Field at Mile High  
Aug. 7: San Diego  
Aug. 9: Los Angeles  
Aug. 11: Los Angeles  
Aug. 16: Portland, Ore.  
Aug. 18: Seattle

## NIGHTS OUT



PROVIDED BY HARRISON WARTERS PHOTOGRAPHY

Adrift tiki bar in Denver has several spooky specials for Halloween, including the Ectoplasm Punch, a shareable mix of two different rums, Magdala liqueur, sugar and fruit juices.

# DEMONIC drinks

10 Denver haunts serving spooky beverages this Halloween season

By Tiney Ricciardi  
ricciardi@denverpost.com

Spooky season has arrived in Colorado, and so too have pop-up bars dedicated to celebrating the scariest month of the year. So grab your ghoulish pals and creep into one of these local haunts — if you dare.

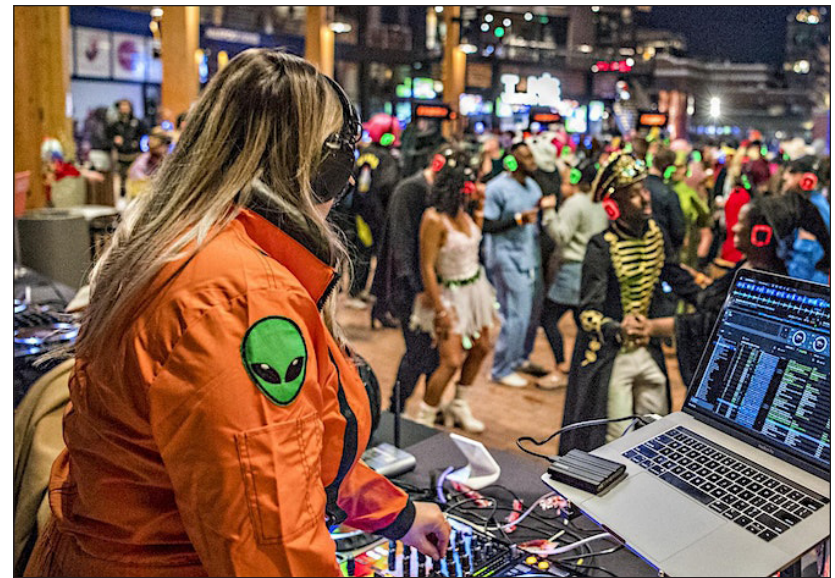
### Adrift

Craving a beach vacation with a sinister twist? Head to Adrift tiki bar, which will be serving ghoulish menu items like the Ectoplasm Punch, a shareable mix of two different rums, Magdala liqueur, sugar and fruit juices. Or stop by on Red Rum Wednesdays throughout the month when the bar offers discounts and plays scary movies to match the devilish decor.

218 S. Broadway, Denver; Tuesday-Thursday from 5 p.m. to 11 p.m., and Friday-Saturday from 4 p.m. to midnight. Find more information at [adriftbar.com](http://adriftbar.com).

### Camp Shiver Creek

Summer camp is all fun and games until there's a serial killer on the loose. That's the storyline behind Camp Shiver Creek, a pop-up taking over Milepost Zero in Denver's McGregor Square. Camp orientation kicks off with a free party on Oct. 16 that includes themed libations, and the venue will host several spooky events through Halloween weekend,



PROVIDED BY MCGREGOR SQUARE

Camp Shiver Creek at McGregor Square hosts several events in October, including a diabolical DJ dance party and silent disco on Oct. 28.

including scary movie screenings, a dog costume contest, Bloody Bingo and more.

1601 19th St., Suite 150, Denver; Oct. 16-31. Most events are free, though some require a reservation or ticket. Find the full event schedule at [milepostzero.com/happenings](http://milepostzero.com/happenings).

### The Devil's Drink

A new addition to Denver's bar scene is an apt fit for spooky season even though it's a year-round

haunt. The Devil's Drink serves libations like Heart of Darkness (tequila, mezcal, lime, charcoal, cocoa bitters, raspberry) and All Black Everything (whiskey, amaro, lemon) alongside a select menu of local beers and small bites.

3330 Mariposa St., Denver; Sunday-Thursday from 5 p.m. to midnight, and Friday-Saturday 5 p.m. to 1 a.m. Entry is free. Find more information at [thedevelopdrinkdenver.com](http://thedevelopdrinkdenver.com).

DRINKS » PAGE 3

## THEATER REVIEW

## Artibus sends in clowns in latest work, "The Pâtisserie"

By Lisa Kennedy  
Special to The Denver Post

The first thing you'll likely notice upon entering the Savoy Denver's performance space is that Theatre Artibus has placed risers and seats lengthwise, so that the audience sits on two sides of its latest work, "The Pâtisserie." In addition to creating an intimate proximity to the patrons, the setup in the one-time ballroom affords this evocative, laugh-out-right, dreamlike show a zany flow.

And flow it does, with its trio of players — Tiffany Ogburn, Buba Basishvili and Meghan Frank — sending laboratory desks and chairs skating across the floor with choreographed flair. Or unfurling a red carpet for a factory boss referred to as "The Founder."

Or fight-chasing in slow motion across the theater's expanse to the audience's hearty guffaws.

"The Pâtisserie" explores memory and its adjacent and achy emotion: nostalgia. If that sounds heady, it is. But the show is also a welcome delight in a Charlie Chaplin, Lucille Ball and Vivian Vance, be-a-clown kind of way.

At the start, the hushed, hopeful chatter of two bakers at the titular factory pricks the quiet of the darkened theater. "Here comes another one," says Gertie (Frank). "Again?" replies Doris (Ogburn).

On the other side of a door, battlefield explosions flash and boom. On the factory side, the pair have placed a chocolate for soldier Fred Whipple (Basishvili) to find and then strewn foil wrappers like bird crumbs for him to

follow.

To reiterate: Fred is not the first soldier the betoqued duo have encountered. After all, his wartime duties make him ripe for bouts of homesickness. But something always goes awry. The word "nostalgia" (from the Greek *nostos* "return home" and *algos* "pain") was coined in 1688 by a Swiss physician treating patients, among them mercenaries pining for the familiar.

A good deal has been written on the ways in which nostalgia can be imprecise, can be a desire for something that did not exist, at least not in the way the pangs would have us believe. (Witness the strange and strained tug for some of "Make America Great Again.")



MICHAEL ENSMINGER — PROVIDED BY THEATRE ARTIBUS

Clowning around, the cast of "The Pâtisserie": from left: Meghan Frank, Buba Basishvili and Tiffany Ogburn.

ARTIBUS » PAGE 4

## FILM HISTORY

# A caped crusader who can wrestle like no woman before

By Nicolas Rapold  
*The New York Times*

Trouble is afoot in sunny Acapulco. Someone is snatching the town's mighty wrestlers, the beloved luchadores. They turn up dead, with a rare gland removed. Nobody knows how, or why, this is happening. But police trust only one person with a case this serious: the Batwoman.

That's the premise of, you guessed it, "The Batwoman," a Mexican caper from 1968 starring Maura Monti as the masked (and swimsuited) heroine. Popular cinema of this sort in Mexico hasn't typically received the same respect as classics of the industry's Golden Age in the 1940s and '50s. But recent critical attention and new restorations have shone a new spotlight on these movies. "The Batwoman" (now in the collection of the Academy Film Archive) stands out as a delightful, warm-hearted entertainment with a handmade quality, featuring a star with effortless charm (and a story of her own).

Luchador films, like those featuring wrestling star El Santo, were a staple of Mexican cinemas, with wrestlers leading double lives as superheroes vanquishing monsters and mad scientists. But "The Batwoman" adds a few twists to the genre. Monti's character, Gloria, has several pursuits: She fights crime as the Batwoman, wrestles in the ring and gives classes at a gym, but ordinarily, she seems to be a wealthy woman with worldly hobbies. She does exactly what she wants, which in this case means fighting a mad scientist obsessed with creating a fish-man hybrid.

"In Mexican cinema you see women playing sumisa" — submissive — "like they don't deserve anything," said Viviana García Besné, who spearheaded the restoration of "The Batwoman" and other Mexican titles through her company Permanencia Voluntaria. "I love the fact that this is a woman who is a hero!"

García Besné hails from a family of (male) producers; her grandfather helped pioneer the luchador movies. But she credits her grandmother for suggesting that they try luchadoras (women wrestlers) as characters. That led to a run of films culminating with the hybrid comic-book hero of "The Batwoman."

Monti cuts a breezy figure as la Mujer Murciélago, arriving to meet police by parachuting onto a beach, then nonchalantly clambering into their car.



PERMANENCIA VOLUNTARIA FILM ARCHIVE VIA THE NEW YORK TIMES

Maura Monti in "The Batwoman," a high-water mark in her 40-plus film career.

That's a huge part of the film's charm: the stylish but matter-of-fact way she goes about her business and the sweet rapport she has with her investigator pals, Mario and Tony. Though the popular American TV series "Batman" of the 1960s was a likely inspiration, there isn't a hint of camp here. The action — underwater fights, kung fu chops and a groaning, floppy-handed fish-man named Pisces — has a likable, casual groove (as does the snazzy score).

There's a glamour to Monti's ease, a sense of independence that feels true to an era of change in the nation.

"The luchadora movies come out at a time in Mexico when you have the transformation of feminist movements and the creation of la chica moderna, the modern young woman," Vinodh Venkatesh, a professor at Virginia Tech who wrote a study of Latin American superheroes, told me. Monti even did her own stunts, except for the brief wrestling match sequences. These she left to actual luchadoras in a gesture of solidarity, because female wrestlers were barred from public arenas at the time.

"The Batwoman" was the high-water mark in Monti's 40-plus-film career, which included movies starring Cantinflas, El Santo and Boris Karloff. She "flew under the radar," according to Olivia Cosentino, a scholar at Tulane who coedited a collection about Mexico's "lost cinema" (productions after the Golden Age but before the industry's renaissance in the 1990s).

"Someone like El Santo has gotten a ton of coverage and become more and more famous over time," she said, "but it seems to me that the women have not really been studied as much as male figures in the industry."

Monti's life could be a biopic in and of itself. Born in Genoa, Italy, Monti went

to Mexico with her mother and, according to García Besné, right away had a cinematic stroke of luck: a winning lottery ticket. She started modeling, then acted in a string of genre films (first role: Maria Magdalena). Handpicked by director René Cardona for "The Batwoman," she revealed in the role, staying in her bikini-and-boots costume to stroll around town.

But despite the star turn, her film career petered out. García Besné attributed the fade-out to her marriage to a producer — "producers from the era did not want their women to be working," she said — while Venkatesh speculated that Monti wasn't interested in the nude-leaning roles that became more popular in the 1970s.

Whatever the case, Monti stepped into a new professional identity — journalist — and didn't look back. She wrote for magazines and co-hosted an arts program for television, with guests like novelists Mario Vargas Llosa and Carlos Fuentes, actress Maria Felix, and directors Emilio Fernández and Roberto Gavaldón. Then, with a boldness worthy of a screen heroine, she took another leap in the early 1990s. She began teaching in San Cristobal, which became a stronghold of the leftist Zapatista movement that seized Mexican territory in 1994, and settled down with her second husband, poet and educator José Antonio Reyes Matamoros.

Or as Monti put it to me: "I radically changed my life from a bourgeois environment to start in a nothingness full of misery to train students." The 81-year-old artist confirmed assorted facts about her film career. But, long retired from acting, she had been devoted to her painting, writing and teaching. "That is the most impressive and core work of my life," she wrote.

## ON DEMAND

## Five horror movies to stream now

By Erik Piepenburg  
*The New York Times*

### "Marry My Dead Body"

There's nothing remotely terrifying in this charming opposites-attract ghost comedy, a box office hit in Taiwan. Give it a shot if your taste in scary movies is the flavor of Horror Lite with a side of screwball romantic (ish) comedy.

When Wu Ming-han (Greg Hsu), a homophobic police officer, picks up a red envelope on the street, he gets roped into the folk ritual of a ghost marriage, a wedding to a dead person. His betrothed is Mao Mao (Austin Lin), a gay man who was killed in a hit-and-run and who still carries a torch for his boyfriend. Despite their differences, the husbands agree to stay married to complete the ritual and solve Mao's death, and in the process they forge a sweet "Odd Couple"-like companionship.

Cheng Wei-hao's film is a comedy of many kinds — horror, queer, romantic, supernatural — that evolves from a gay panic farce into a slapsticky but heartfelt bromance about forgiveness and the singular power of coming out. Hsu and Lin are winsome leading men with a natural rapport that fuels the film's goofy gay spirit, which lives somewhere between the endearing British comedy "Kinky Boots" and the cringey cop comedy "Partners." Stream it on Netflix.

### "Subject"

On his way to prison, Willem (a terrific Stephen Phillips) gets intercepted by a government agent who offers him the chance to be part of a secret mind-monitoring experiment instead of doing time. Willem agrees, and gets placed in cramped quarters lined with cameras.

As the film jumps between Willem's suffocating present and his harrowing past as a drug-addicted father, it also moves between perspectives and camera styles, including surveillance, digital and even early-era video art. When a monstrous, mummy-like entity appears in an adjacent room and menacingly watches Willem through their shared window, this formally audacious film kicks into high gear as it careers toward a despairing finale.

Director Tristan Barr and writer Vincent Befi seamlessly blend science fiction, horror and psychological thriller as they explore the horrors of addiction and the dangers of a



NETFLIX

After finding an odd envelope, a policeman (played by Greg Han, right) life takes a spooky turn: He's now wed to a ghost husband (Austin Lin), and they must solve a crime together.

dystopian state. As shot through a low-fi and intensely claustrophobic lens, Befi's script is both a disorienting cautionary tale and a fever dream. Are Willem's living nightmares real, or are we watching his life as imagined in his increasingly besieged head? I still don't know despite a post-credit coda that tries to explain it all — and that's what makes this one of my favorite under-the-radar horror films of the year. Stream it on Screambox.

### "Good Boy"

Christian (Gard Lokke) leads a privileged life. He's loaded, lives on his dead parents' estate and is blessed with model good looks. And he's got a cute and devoted dog named Frank. I take that back: He doesn't have a dog, because Frank is a guy in a dog costume whom Christian treats as his full-time canine companion — a hardcore manifestation of puppy play, a dom-sub scenario popular in the kink community.

Sigrid (Katrine Lovise Opstad Fredriksen), whom Christian meets on Tinder, at first is weirded out by Frank. But eventually she comes around to the situation, and agrees to go with the two on a weekend getaway, where Christian persuades Sigrid to put away her phone. That's when this Norwegian film takes a sinister twist I didn't see coming.

Writer-director Viljar Boe doesn't go overboard during most of his entertaining and exploitation-like parable about power, privilege and punishment. But that reserve goes out the window as the film's enthusiastically sordid final stretch reaches its climax with a symphony of spanking, heavy metal and primal screams. It's a hoot. Rent or buy on most major platforms.

### "Insidious Inferno"

I lost count of how many conventions — haunted house, demonic possession, supernaturalism, giallo — writer-director Calvin McCarthy packs into his low-

budget meditation on grief and loss. The result is both under and over baked. But it's also unabatingly odd and enthusiastically macabre, with a soft uncanniness akin to what made the recent weirdo thrillers "Superior" and "Outpost" so darkly entertaining.

Monica (Stephanie Leet), reeling from her father's mysterious death, heads to his secluded cottage with her husband, Andre (Neil Green). There, she hears her father's deathly screams, has nightmares in red and vomits up chunky blood. To get away from it all, Andre spends time jogging through the forest, where he keeps encountering a strange white-eyed woman (Chynna Rae Shurts, wonderful), whose dire warnings for Andre and Monica to leave the house he ignores with deadly consequences.

Stylistically, McCarthy's giallo touches — frenzied zoom-ins, gasps, saturated red and purple cinematography — are delicious. Rent or buy on major platforms.

### "Tell Me a Creepy Story"

Two great scares frontload this anthology of four international horror shorts you can stream for free.

The best comes first and from the U.K.: Paul Holbrook and Samuel Dawe's "Hungry Joe." The title character, played by several actors as he ages, won't stop eating, and his appetite tests the patience of his increasingly resentful mother (an excellent Laura Bayston). As Joe grows into a feral man-child, his hunger, and the film, take a gruesome turn that asks a difficult question: What responsibilities does a mother have to her not-so-little monster? The second film is Félix Dobaire's gorgeously shot evil vegetable movie "Myosotis." In French but nearly wordless, it reiterated one of horror's most important housekeeping life lessons: Never leave a knife in the dishwasher blade side up. Stream it on Freevee.



Doris (Tiffany Ogburn, left) and Fred Whipple (Buba Basishvili) in Theatre Artibus' original production "The Pâtisserie."

## Artibus

FROM PAGE 1

With the turning of a cathedral radio dial, memories come in sharp (a Nat King Cole tune) or staticky before landing on another snatch of something that nudges yearning. If the factory founder's assertions about the global reach of the company's delights are to be trusted, nostalgia is an emotion ripe for marketing, for exploiting.

Artibus doesn't hit us over the head with Fred's (or our own) vulnerability to corporate manipulation

### IF YOU GO

"The Pâtisserie": Created by Tiffany Ogburn, Buba Basishvili, Meghan Frank, Nicole Dietze, David Rynhart (music), Sean Mallary and Anna-Marie Monzon. Featuring Ogburn, Basishvili and Franks. At the Savoy Denver, 2700 Arapahoe St. Through Oct. 15. theartibus.com or boxoffice@theartibus.com; 303-476-5902, ext. 2.

(though bonking one on the head would be in keeping with the company's comedic gestures). Artibus co-founder Basishvili trained at Dell'Arte International — one of the world's renowned "clown colleges" — and the



PHOTOS BY MICHAEL ENSMINGER — PROVIDED BY THEATRE ARTIBUS

Gertie (Meghan Frank) and Doris (Tiffany Ogburn) welcome soldier Fred Whipple (Buba Basishvili) to their strange factory in "Pâtisserie."

ensemble makes deft use of the tricks of physical comedy and circus-style performance.

Clever shadow play finds Fred's memories being extracted from his noggin but also his heart. Those mem-

ories will make fresh products that evoke sense memories à la Marcel Proust's madeleine. The show also makes redolent use of projections. The play's connecting of its seemingly game factory workers to its

seemingly amenable consumers in a troubling loop feels timely but hardly overstated.

Still, it is the trio's expert timing that makes "The Pâtisserie" a quietly thrilling and amusing hour

of theater. From the meticulous costumes and scenic design to the actors' precise movements and winning way with dialogue, Theatre Artibus may leave you craving for more — and that's not nostalgia.