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Trendspotting

What set the Sundance mood this year? For **Lisa Schwarzbaum**, piquant stories, homegrown and foreign, spiced up the screen.

Finally, speaking of thin, the skinniest dude to star at Sundance this year—a guy who could use more jalapeño orange cream sauce on his plate—was punky computer whiz Justin Hall, the fascinating, unlikely subject of **Home Page**. Doug Block's provocative documentary, about young people who spend way more time on the Internet than they do offline, is a witty, artfully structured personal exploration calling to mind the work of Ross McElwee (*Sherman's March*). The filmmaker examines issues of privacy, intimacy, and the human urge to spill beans to other humans—and to better un-

derstand Hall's POV, Block nervously establishes his own diaristic website, then ponders how uncomfortable he feels as the observed rather than the observer.

Before the *Home Page* screening I attended, by the way, I watched Roger Ebert snapping a photo of Justin Hall in the aisle of the theater while an excited audience snapped pictures of Ebert snapping Hall, and I wrote a note to myself about the audience snapping pictures of Ebert snapping Hall. All the while, though, I was fantasizing about where I could find a simple turkey sandwich before I hurried off to the next highly garnished Sundance selection. The answer was, Nowhere. But if I wanted feta and sun-dried tomatoes with balsamic vinaigrette on focaccia—or its dramatic equivalent—I had come to the right film festival. ■