



Entertainment Weekly... Remember when thrillers were all about gun-toting private dicks, comely jazz singers, and telecommunications devices with cords? Contraband author Behe may not. Set in a near-future Europe, this noirish graphic novel follows the adventures of Toby, an Internet cafe worker being blackmailed by two soldiers-turned-cell phone video-content providers. They've tasked him with tracking down another ex-vet, the beautiful-but-dangerous Charlotte. Why? Because she's the bodyguard to yet another former colleague, who's campaigning to stop the pair's abuse of mobile phones. That noise, by the way, is the sound of Sam Spade turning in his grave to ask, "What the hell are you talking about?" FOR FANS OF... David Cronenberg's Videodrome. DOES IT DELIVER? Behe's critique of the public's willingness to watch all manner of depravity is a righteous, if not an original, one. But the ludicrous plotting and overly verbose dialogue found in Contraband does not offer a compelling alternative to viewing the awesome footage of something being eaten by a crocodile that someone just sent me.