

Up front

The Truth Is Out There

BY MIKE KERNELS

Local artist Louis Jones sued, basically put everything on the line, to get credit for his work from the makers of the film. *What Dreams May Come*, whose stunning scenes the artist claims came from art he created years ago.

But before the case went to court, Jones settled for an undisclosed sum and more important, agreed never to discuss it again in public.

That was two months ago.

Since then, though, news of Jones' settlement agreement has appeared, to the chagrin of movie executives, in practically every publication in the free world — over 150, actually — such as *The New York Times*, *The Washington Post* and *The London Times*.

And this month, it's hitting newsstands again, on page 42 in the January edition of the international glossy *ARTnews*.

Somewhere Jones is clipping and saving.

"It feels really great," says the 47-year-old free spirit, sounding very much like a man believing that justice, albeit karmic, has finally been served. "You've got to fight for what's right. What I thought was a very unique thing happened all the time. It's just no one had ever taken these guys on."

And won.

But that was the part that folks, at least anyone outside of Hampton

Roads, weren't supposed to know.

Only two media outlets were given permission by movie executives to receive news of the settlement — *The Virginian-Pilot* and *Port Folio Weekly* — in effect, smothering the story.

And once both published their accounts, that was it. Jones was allowed to pitch it to anybody else.

The story, then, would live and die here and quickly fade into obscurity.

The Pilot, which broke the story of Jones' lawsuit, almost killed what was left of it with their follow-up. Where their first story had been an 800-word front-page piece, the follow-up, strangely, was a 102-word brief easily missed inside its "Hampton Roads" section.

That same day, a slightly longer version debuted in *Port Folio* — and was seen by an Associated Press writer who didn't realize until later the same story was also in the *Pilot*.

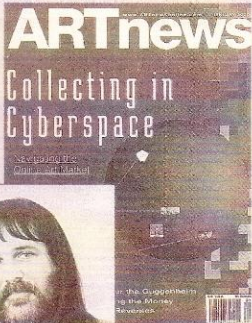
kale and beguiling wines handpicked by Hoggard on frequent jaunts to France and California, generations had their first dates there. Got engaged. Split up. Reunited. Hoggard was revered by all for his unflinching customer service and feared by some as a demanding boss. He steered many of this area's best chefs through his kitchen including Bobby Huber, Susan Painter, Terry Marriott and Chuck Sass. As recent

food restaurant on one side and a raw bar on the other." We'll keep you posted on what he rigs up next.

—Alma Cianelli

Light rail: D.O.A.?

When Virginia Beach residents overwhelmingly killed light rail, they may have stopped it from happening in the resort city,



The current issue of *ARTnews* takes a look at Louis Jones' legal settlement.

When the AP issued its own story, it became fair game for other newspapers to pick up.

Lately, a Los Angeles-based art leasing company whose credits include *Austin Powers* *The Spy That Shagged Me* and the Levi's commercial of the couple throwing paint at each other, has been negotiating with Jones to use his work for future projects.

He may get a screen credit yet. ■

Ships Cabin Sails Off Into Sunset

Bye-Bye Oysters Bingo...For Now

After 34 years of charting course after course, restaurateur Joe Hoggard has shuttered Ships Cabin. The Ocean View seafood mainstay that launched a thousand proms, anniversaries and birthdays, a raft

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