

Day-Lewis' film keeps promise

BY FRANKLIN K.R. CLINE
Reviewer

As its title suggests, "There Will Be Blood" is a foreboding film, one that makes a promise to us right out of the gate, a deceptively simple one that underlies its many complexities — but boy, does it make good on that promise. "There Will Be Blood" solidifies Paul Thomas Anderson's place as one of the great directors of our time, exhibiting a maturity and pacing rarely seen in modern mainstream cinema.

"Blood" is a slow movie that, like its primary subject matter of oil, gurgles under the surface waiting to be struck so that it may gush freely (and violently) from the earth. There isn't even dialogue until a solid 15 minutes in. During that time, we are introduced to most of Anderson's tricks that permeate the film: achingly slow pans that take us down into the earth and back up again, beautiful wide-lens cinematography that gloriously captures the feel of an America still growing in the midst of the post-Industrial Revolution frenzy, scenes so dark that it is sometimes hard to see one's hand in front of one's face while in the theater and perhaps most importantly, Daniel Day-Lewis' incredible, heartbreaking actor's feat as Daniel Plainview, a self-professed oil man and family man. At its heart, this film is a character study of a very flawed man, and rarely can one tell when his actions are born out of a genuine concern for his workers or his son and when they are purely selfish. In fact, by the end of the film, one questions whether or not Plainview himself even knows.

You've probably heard enough about how great Day-Lewis is in this film and how it's reminiscent of his earlier role in "Gangs of New York." Both of these statements are true, but don't feel oversaturated: Day-Lewis is just that good, very deserving of his Oscar for Best Actor. Few actors could carry this film as well as Day-Lewis, considering the scope of the character. After all, it's a movie that clocks in at just less than three hours, and he's in every scene but one. And he really gives it his all, running the gamut of emotion from angry-but-loving father to cold-



"There Will Be Blood" keeps its promise and excites audiences. Don't fret about its slow pace, because exquisite performances by all actors make up for it and has helped bring in about \$35 million at the box office.

blooded worker to snarky businessman and winding up — where? — as an unforgiving, unhappy old man with everything and nothing to show for his lifetime of swindling and needling.

Day-Lewis' near-brilliant turn as Plainview is almost overshadowed, however, by Paul Dano's incredible turn as twin brothers Eli and Paul Sunday. Many of you will recognize Dano from his role as the troubled, "Zarathustra"-influenced teen in "Little Miss Sunshine," a character who was heavily underwritten and overdramatized by directors Valerie Faris and Jonathan Dayton but handled with the skill of an actor far beyond Dano's 23 years. Eli Sunday, Dano's main character, is the preacher for the Church of the Third Revelation, the primary church of the town of Little Boston that is taken over by Plainview because of the massive quantity of black gold underneath. Eli

is fraught with self-loathing, something which might just come with the territory of being spiritual, but he soon finds a direction for that anger: Daniel Plainview, the man who not only took over his town, but also bullied him and promised his church money that probably will never surface. Like Plainview, by the end of the film Eli has run through a veritable laundry list of emotions and Dano has played them all like a champ — convincingly and without restraint.

Finally, Paul Thomas Anderson deserves much recognition for his masterful control of a film that could get out of hand at any point. Three hours is a long time for a movie, especially one so full of methodically paced scenes and camerawork, but Anderson makes the time fly. Anderson knows he's walking a thin line of good versus evil and never bothers to step one way or the other, leaving the audience to figure out for

themselves who's good and who's bad (my vote: No one's good). Anderson has been one of my favorite filmmakers for years now, and he already has two modern masterpieces, "Boogie Nights" and "Magnolia," under his belt. Consider "There Will Be Blood" his third.

There are many important things I had to leave out for space constraints: the genius of Plainview's son, H.W., the beauty of the alternating dissonance and harmony of Jonny Greenwood's score (yes, the Jonny Greenwood from Radiohead), and the film's only flaw, the character of Henry Brands, who exists only to provide a silly plot twist and whose exclusion would have chopped a solid half-hour off the film with little to no change in its overall pace and tone. Despite the unnecessary character, "Blood" remains an exquisite film — one of the best of 2007.

All-American cooking serves La Plata

BY DYLAN HERX
Reviewer

Boiled DOWN

RED ROOSTER

Atmosphere:

low-lighted, rustic log cabin

Food:

great sides, American favorites

Price:

Variety ranges from \$6-\$22

Overall:

a good showing with a vast selection of country fare

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Red Rooster has an identity crisis. I hesitate to use the word crisis, though, because its multiple personalities do not count against it.

If you haven't heard of the Red Rooster restaurant, it might be because you never have left Kirksville, or at least never traveled south. The restaurant is in La Plata, Mo., right off U.S. Highway 63 south of town, next to a Casey's General Store and two doors down from the Depot Inn. Erected in the fashion of a classic log cabin, the Red Rooster fits the relatively nonexistent scenery of La Plata from the highway.

The style of food served at Red Rooster was what I expected based on the impression from the cedar construction: All-American. The restaurant serves steaks, fried okra and fried chicken. I should note that this isn't your mom's fried chicken, battered and thrown in a deep fryer. Instead Red Rooster, like the Manhattan Café, has opted for pressure-cooking. I harbor no ill-will toward this method or anyone who enjoys it, but I found the skin to be less juicy and ready to fall off the meat. In addition, the chicken seemed devoid of any seasoning. This normally wouldn't



La Plata resident Norma Miller (left) sits at Red Rooster with friends Carol and Eddie Green of Macon mid Wednesday morning.

bother me, as I understand it is probably better to have no seasoning than one disliked by patrons, but at \$11 for a three-piece meal, I had higher expectations.

Red Rooster is by no means a flop, however. Although I didn't enjoy the pressure-fried chicken as much as I thought I would, the barbecued rotisserie chicken sandwich made up for it, and it was \$4 cheaper. The 1/3-pound burgers, nicely grilled, fall into a similar category, and overall, sandwiches sell for about half the price of entrées. The restaurant also offers up a bevy of sides. Entrées come with two sides and sandwiches are furnished with one. All the

sides I tried were appreciable, but if I had to pick just one, it undoubtedly would be the red-skinned mashed potatoes with gravy. High-quality mashed potatoes are a dying art form, and it's one thing Red Rooster does really well. Each chunky portion eats like it was just made for you.

Red Rooster is one of the few restaurants in the area that serves alcohol, including a decent wine list. Add some low evening lighting and an overlay of smooth piano music sinking down from the rafters, and if you close your eyes, you might imagine for a second that you are dining at a classy, romantic spot far from Kirksville. Open them again,

and it's still a log cabin in La Plata.

The checkerboard-fringed uniforms quickly whisk away any resemblance to an establishment that calls for a necktie. But at least Red Rooster makes the attempt and values the details. The only other disappointments were the stationary dessert showcase and rotisserie spits that once revolved near the kitchen. Rotisserie spits always add to a place's character.

Red Rooster is a popular spot, especially for La Plata residents. It's a decent place for a relaxing dinner, and it provides an excuse to travel beyond the city limits of Kirksville for a meal.

music review

album: **Lust, Lust, Lust**

artist: **The Raveonettes**

release date: **★★★★☆**
Feb. 19 2008

Raveonettes return for a fourth score

BY HARRY BURSON
Reviewer

"Who needed the promise of college and career? Lou Reed was my Woody Guthrie, and with enough amphetamine I would be the new Lou Reed!"

Rock critic Lester Bangs quoted early punk rocker Peter Laughner in a 1977 obituary, explaining the force that dictated Laughner's life and led to his early death.

Who better to die emulating than Lou Reed?

As the leather-clad leader of the Velvet Underground, he reduced rock 'n' roll to its most basic elements: unthinkable feedback, noisy, dissonant guitars and crude, propulsive drums beneath his trademark deadpan vocal delivery.

Wearing dark shades and black leather jackets, Reed made his street-wise songs of junkies and prostitutes believable. He was James Dean trading a motorcycle for a guitar, and "White Light/White Heat" was his "Rebel Without a Cause."

Lou Reed wasn't a punk, but it's impossible to imagine the New York punk scene without his immeasurable influence. As Laughner attests, Reed's mystique captivated and inspired a generation of blissfully unskilled musicians to start a cultural revolution.

His legend only has grown, as subsequent generations of rockers who successfully marry abrasive guitars with accessible melodies burn incense at the altar of Reed.

Hailing from Copenhagen, the Raveonettes entered the music scene at the tail end of the garage rock boom of the early '00s. Never really fitting in with the classicist rock of the Strokes or the Hives, the Raveonettes offered a stylized noir alternative.

Guitarist Sune Rose Wagner and bassist Sharin Foo released their debut EP "Whip It On" in 2002. Taking the title from a line of a Lou Reed song, the disc was a sonic assault of close harmonies reminiscent of the Everly Brothers above electric guitars devolving into white noise like My Bloody Valentine.

The group's first proper album, "The Chain Gang of Love," thrust it into the mainstream with the minor hit "That Great Love Sound," which was used in a K-Mart advertisement. The album's title and sound was a knowing homage to fellow Reed disciples and '80s college rock heroes, The Jesus and Mary Chain.

The group's follow-up "Pretty in Black" stripped back the noise in favor of straight surf pop with disappointing results.

Luckily, the Raveonettes' third album, their first on the independent label Vice, brings the noise back in full force.

The opening track, "Aly Walk with Me," begins with a sexy groove and Wagner and Foo's close harmonies before an onslaught of guitars rip the track apart. The piercing climax of the song is an early pinnacle for the album.

From there, the Raveonettes explore material similar to that of the band's first album. Songs like "Hallucinations" and "Dead Sound" could be lost Phil Spector 45's spruced up with Wagner's demon surf guitar.

Wagner has found his voice as a songwriter, writing songs that reference his heroes instead of simply ripping them off. The title track "Lust" is a spare, yearning ballad that transcends the obvious Jesus and Mary Chain and Lou Reed influences with a sound that is, for the first time, unmistakably Raveonettes.

"Lust Lust Lust" is the Raveonettes' best album yet, a solid disc for anyone who enjoys straight up noise or conventional pop. It's definitive proof that even three-times removed, Lou Reed still is vital.

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