

Stallone fires up screen in sequel



Photo courtesy of Lionsgate Entertainment

Sylvester Stallone explodes back onto the big screen in the fourth installment of the Rambo series. The movie had an 80-minute running time and raked in \$18 million at the box office.

BY FRANKLIN CLINE
Reviewer

You've already decided whether or not Sly's latest artistic venture, the fourth film in the Rambo series, aptly and succinctly titled "Rambo," is worth your time and money.

"Rambo" is a film that harbors no pretensions about why it exists and

doesn't strive to do anything other than offer a series of cathartic explosions and a valiant, simple, good-conquers-evil message. In this respect, "Rambo" is a very successful film — I was genuinely surprised when the credits began to roll, in part because of the incredibly short running time (about 80 minutes), but also because the film was just so damn enjoyable.

Don't get me wrong: It's a stupid, stupid movie, with an unsettlingly condescending, racist overtone — essentially, a white guy taps into the remnants of his Vietnam War-inspired aggression and decides to take out what seems to be the driving force behind Myanmar's junta government, something that recalls the title of the Mr. Show episode, "A White Man Set

Them Free" — and although I found the film's implicit white arrogance impossible to overlook or reconcile, it's ultimately harmless and too subtle to seriously reinforce the ignorant concept of a white savior that the film seems to perpetuate. Of course, one also could read the whole thing as a sort of ultimate feeling of white guilt.

But all of this is beside the point, which is that lots and lots of stuff gets blown up, including boats, heads and a tank. (I'm not being ironic or coy here, or anywhere in this review.) There are several awesome fight scenes, and as a director, Stallone makes a number of weird stylistic choices that work surprisingly well, such as his choice to speed up nearly all large-scale fight scenes. You'd think that watching a boat blow up would be unequivocally awesome regardless of the speed at which it's shown, but something about seeing it happen faster than usual makes it more momentarily enjoyable. I suppose it makes us treasure the moment that much more.

But Stallone isn't satisfied with just speeding up sweet explosions. He also takes the time to slow down a number of brutal deaths, turning them into gorgeous choreography

replete with spurting blood and flying limbs. It's hard to explain exactly how "Rambo" manages to make awful deaths so pretty, but it has something to do with the fact that you just don't expect to see Burmese soldiers pirouetting through the air at what feels like 10 frames per second when you go to see a film like "Rambo" — the blood, death, gore and lack of plot all are expected, but there is a bizarre beauty in Stallone's approach to death that I did not anticipate.

"Rambo" exceeded my expectations in just about every way, but then again, I had very, very low expectations — sort of like ordering a regular cheeseburger at Burger King but accidentally receiving a Rodeo Cheeseburger. Ultimately, if you like watching stuff blow up and are vaguely aware of the genocide in Myanmar, you will enjoy "Rambo."



Rosie's Cafe serves quality

BY DYLAN HERX
Reviewer

Breakfast is the most important meal of the day, — unless someone lied to me — and Rosie's Northtown Café delivers a culinary feast to back up that sentiment. Located north on Baltimore St. a little way past Walmart on the left, Rosie's isn't the new kid on the block, but some Truman students have never heard of it.

Rosie's used to be located across the street, catty-corner to its current location, in a small, flat-roofed shack that since has been torn down. It was tightly packed then, containing roughly 12 tables (six smoking, six non-smoking) with no barrier to split the difference. A friend of mine pointed out the shanty on the way to Iowa one Saturday morning. "That's the best place for breakfast in town," he said. I didn't even catch a glimpse of Rosie's before we'd passed it, but I remembered his bold claim. I doubted such a restaurant could fulfill the holy trinity of breakfast requisites: quality, quantity and home cookin'. Rosie's Northtown Café proved me wrong and did so at low prices compared to novelty chains like International House of Pancakes or Denny's.

I know I might step on some toes when I say this, but in my humble opinion, Northtown's breakfast is unparalleled in Kirksville. Let's start with the No. 1 seller: Rosie's Special. The restaurant has served this special for as long as I've been a patron. It consists of two eggs, hash browns, a half-order of biscuits and gravy and bacon, sausage or ham. It's a heap of food, and at just \$4.75, it's perfect for a college student on a budget. If the special isn't your style and you'd rather order off the menu, go with the French toast. I kid you not, it is the best I've had in my life.

By my best estimation, Rosie's French toast is constructed as follows: Three pieces of French bread are cut and then covered in pancake batter and cinnamon and sugar before being pan-fried to a golden brown end that can only be described as delightful. Rosie's rarely gets breakfast wrong, and its breakfast menu is chock-full of other favorites like the Denver omelet and pancakes.

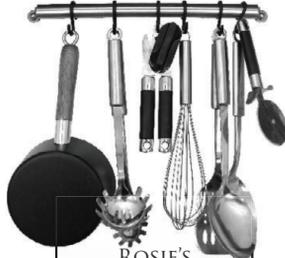
For dinner, Rosie's Northtown Café retains its low prices and big portions. The handwritten daily specials offer a worthy main course accompanied by a choice of three sides. The choices, however, extend beyond the typical decision-making process of fries versus salad. Some days, the list might include spiced apples, collard greens or pasta salad and other days might yield macaroni and cheese or country-style mashed potatoes and gravy. The only problem with ordering the daily special is that the food is not as fresh as items ordered from the menu. It does save time, however: The daily specials are ready within 10 minutes, but menu items may take a bit longer. Breakfast is served all day, too, so unless you are a stickler about keeping meal-specific foods separate, add an order of eggs to that T-bone steak for dinner.

The move to a newly constructed building added a large amount of seating and undoubtedly boosted business, but it is not without its downsides. The restaurant has lost a bit of character in the transition. I no longer feel as if I'm one of the regulars, dining with local patrons drinking coffee just a few feet away. Moreover, the fluorescent bulbs, although a welcomed move toward helping the environment, sadly make for an atmosphere that resembles stadium lighting. In addition, the servers' uniforms are akin to nursing scrubs, and the semi-gloss white walls at every turn lack creativity.

Frankly, these choices succeed in representing the restaurant as a clean dining facility, but also result in an ambience that feels, at times, like a hospital. That being said, the decor choices lighten up the mood and the incorporation of a fireplace in the center of the restaurant supplements the aforementioned home-style comfort. The smoking ban, for better or worse business-wise, protects the smell of sizzling bacon or hash browns that now wafts unhampered from the kitchen.

Rosie's Northtown Café is a bit out of the way for a Truman student whose northward journey typically ends at Wally World, but I cannot think of a better place to go on a Sat-

Boiled DOWN



ROSIE'S
NORTHTOWN
CAFÉ

Atmosphere:
bright lights and server attire robs a bit from the otherwise homey feel

Food:
home cookin', excellent breakfast

Price:
\$4 to \$8 for most selections

Overall:
Rosie's Northtown is a Kirksville classic. Bring your friends

Address:
Highway 63 North Kirksville, Missouri

Phone:
(660) 665-8881

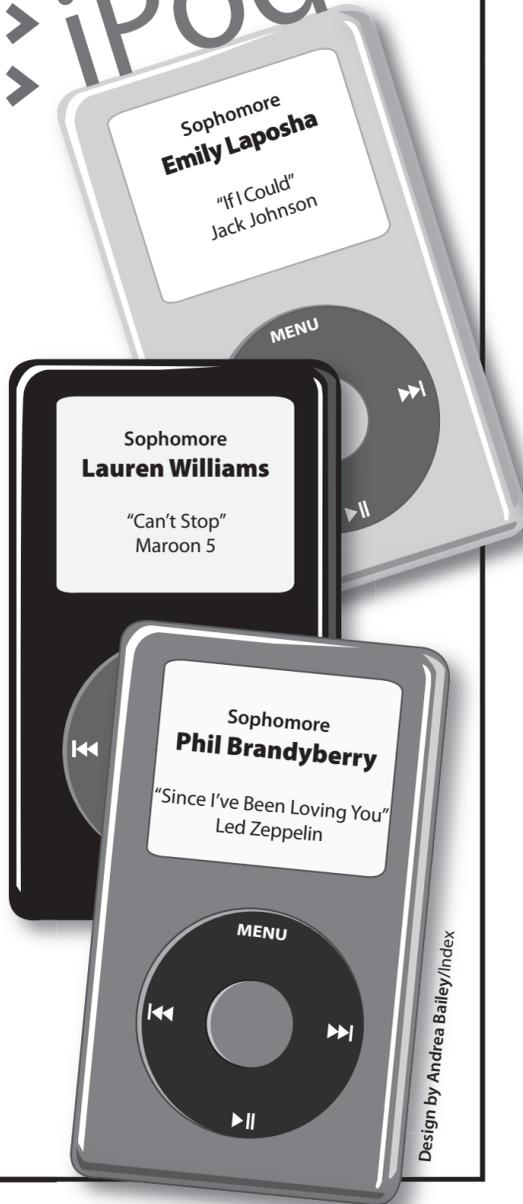
Accepts cash, checks and major credit cards

urday morning with a gang of friends. The servers always are willing to make small talk and cater to substitution requests or custom orders, which lends to an easy-going vibe that soaks through the café. And although they are not open 24 hours a day, their 5 a.m. opening time should appease any early birds.

It's now a mandatory dining experience when my parents come to visit, and in all honesty, I worry that I will never find a comparable place for home cookin' once I graduate.

What's on your

iPod?



Beck album packages old hits for new crowd

BY RYAN DALTON
Reviewer

Critics and music writers have assigned various titles to Beck, and each one becomes less characteristic of the artist they write about.

The only appropriate way to label him is to use words that are his own: He is the "enchanted wizard of rhythm." With that said, Beck's "Odelay" is pure, musical wizardry. It has all the strangely but cohesively arranged musical styles and elements it had 12 years ago upon its original release. What should be of primary interest, however, are the supplements to the original album with this deluxe edition.

First, the new release has a busy cover. The original "Odelay" artwork is showered with mysterious stains, shiny, blue doodles, smiley faces and half-torn, worm stickers. The album booklet features the lyrics to disc one's tracks as well as some Dave Eggers interviews with high school students.

Some of the questions the remotely

hip music writer Eggers poses include, "Sally, what has 'Odelay' meant to you," "If you had to guess which guy had a mullet, Beck or Jeff Beck, who would you choose?" and even better, "Jordan? Ugh. Don't you think Jordan's kind of a phony?" This should spell Eggers' self-indulgence out for you, but in order to clarify, he interviews a group of kids about the importance of an album that came out when these interview subjects were between the ages of two and five.

The music really is where it's at in this edition. The original album appears on the first disc, in the order every Beck fan is familiar with. The last track of this first disc is the real treat for the listener. The closing track of the original album leads into Beck's "Deadweight," a song that is featured in the movie "A Life Less Ordinary." Aside from this track's appearance in an unimportant romantic comedy, it rocks hard for five minutes and closes

music review	
album	"Odelay" Deluxe Edition
artist	Beck
label	Geffen Records
release date	Jan. 29, 2008
rating	★★★★★

with a minute and a half of bizarre ambient noises. Following "Deadweight" are two previously unreleased tracks, "Inferno" and "Gold Chains." "Gold Chains" would have flour frt best as a "Midnite Vultures" B-side, however, "Inferno" very well could have replaced "High 5 (Rock the Catskills)." "Inferno" has the creative overload of music genres you find in "High 5," but it is also more abrasive, more abrupt in transition and hence more Beck. In fact, it is a whole three minutes more

of Beck — it rounds off at seven minutes with ease.

Although disc one undoubtedly is a five-star arrangement of Beck tunes, disc two is a little broken. With the exception of the "Gameboy Variations" EP, there never has been an impressive collection of Beck remixes. The U.N.K.L.E. remix of "Where It's At" found on disc two is unbearably horrible. The remix makes it seem like U.N.K.L.E.'s connection to music is more dead

than alive, so to speak. The Mickey P. remix of "Devil's Haircut" utilizes the song's chorus in an interesting fashion, but it is not enough to save the trio of derelict remixes. Although the three remixes found on disc two are an unflattering blemish to the album, the subsequent B-sides are a mixture of forgettable to strikingly catchy Beck songs. "Electric Music and the Summer People" is one of the featured B-sides, and it happens to be a different cut from its original release on the "Cold Brains" EP. "Devil Got My Woman" is a tip of the hat to Robert Johnson's song of the same name. "Strange Invitation" is an odd "Sea Change"-like cut of "Jack-Ass," while "Burro" is simply a mariachi band version of "Jack-Ass," in Spanish.

All in all, the two-disc collection comes in a neat package that is more than worthwhile for the average Beck fanatic. In fact, one might say that not having this deluxe edition in your possession is antithetical to the rock music fan ideal.