It’s hard to escape from Hsing-Hsing


While on diet for food in deepest darkest Central Square, I took shelter from the scorching sun by entering what seemed to be a dim oriental café. I could not have been more wrong. When my eyes adjusted, I and my captain, Faithful Lie, were confronted by a tall dark gentleman of oriental origin. We were promptly greeted, and made to feel like honored guests as we were escorted to our table.

At the table, our guide spoke to us in English with a thick accent, Indian, I thought it was, but Good Lee being wise in the ways of natives pointed out that it was Chinese. Instantly menus were made to appear, it was then that I became aware that I was in Hsing-Hsing Restaurant. Immediately, he brought forth glasses and filled them to the brim with ice water—then the the drink vanished. We turned our attention to the red folders before us and found our quest to be easy. Equal indication that this was a literal treasure of orienter delights. Mandarin and Szechuan dishes prepared from seafood, beef, pork, poultry, and vegetables were described for our hungry dancing eyes. All we needed to do was ask.

At the appropriate time, the guide silently disappeared; I and my gunnery Faithful Lee, were escorted to our table. The most attractive and delicious dish I had fortune to sample was the beef with broccoli: magnificent beef cooked to its tender perfection, with broccoli playing a brilliant supporting role, adding a dynamic contrast in both color and texture. True to form, the broccoli was firm, fresh, and toothsome.

We had heard of his wits about him to see that I was getting carried away. Was it not for his cleverness and good judgment, I would not have enjoyed the table and would still be enjoying its bounty. Given time to pause and reflect on my adventures, I find the restaurant Hsing-Hsing worthy of the following scored on a scale of 1-5:

Food: 5
Atmosphere: 4
Service: 5

-Food: "Sam Wo would be proud!" —The best Chinese food I have had outside of Chinatown in New York City.

Price: A filling meal for two can easily be had for about $100, Luncheon specials bring the prices down to about half if you arrive before 3 pm.

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Jonathan Cohen

Movie breaks away from issue

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as we become attached to the gang and their collective yearnings, Yates shifts gears and concentrates on Dennis Christopher's character. The obsessed biciclist dreams of racing with the champion Italian "Cinzano" team when they come to Bloomington and trains extensively. However, Christopher is too well prepared, and the "Cinzano" team wanting to avoid embarrassment forcefully knocks him out of the race. His dreams and ideals are shattered. Christopher: resigns himself to succeeding his father as a car salesman.

Christopher’s family and pals come through with emotional support and encouragement to him to enter the university’s Little 500 Bicycle Race. Competing against a score of college teams, including those outside frats, the stage is set for a personal as well as a class vindication.

The race is exciting and ultimately provides the happy ending. The victory gives Christopher the confidence to move on to bigger goals, specifically college. What about his three buddies? What does the future hold for them? Nothing. Writer Michael Trench and director Peter Yates took a potentially marvelous plot line and theme away and left it far from complete. The lot of Christopher’s three friends is no different than at the film’s beginning. The impact on them is inauspicious and ephemeral & their fate is unremarked.

Breaking Away is first and foremost a “romper”. Using fresh talent, Yates has produced an entertaining, well-filmed movie, touching in spots, but missing its mark.

-Leigh J. Pasman