Though simple, Speed still proves successful

Speed

By Scott Deskins
ASSOCIATE ART EDITOR

Speed is an unpretentious, high-octane action movie that derives most of its inspiration from high-speed jaunts through Los Angeles on freeways and subway systems and from some pretty silly explosions. The character development seems to be the plot. Jack Traven (Kevin Costner) is a SWAT team member whose living-on-the-edge edges make him the ideal hero. His back-stabbing co-worker (James Spader) who entered into an affair with an underhanded, over loyalty and civility - at least in the corporate world - is hit by a hefty amount of explosives. The good-heartedRent looks to things with a sense of régnant elegance. The catch: Once the bus exceeds 50 miles per hour, the bus is aimed to explode if the first dips below that mark. Therefore, Traven's mission is to catch up with the bus and make sure it doesn't explode across the concrete.

Copley's California Café is not so trendy as it is tasty

MUKA
California Café
130 Dartmouth Street. Boston.
Entrees, Sandwiches, and Pizzas $4.25-$8.75.

By Ann Ames
ARTS EDITOR

As a Californian, I scoffed at first sight of the south “California Café” painted in the window of this friggitly trendy-looking restaurant next to Copley Place. I expected to see on the menu a list of over-priced standards with a stereotypic Californian twist: Spaghetti With Tofu Sprouts, and maybe an Organically Grown pizza has been taken off of the menu. Any “exotic” pizzas, priced at $5.75 or $6.25, like beans, Stilton, Basil, and Tomatoes is the most expensive, but at only $7.50 should be considered a bargain. Several oatmeals offer a twist on deli classics like smoked turkey and the h.i.t. and all are under $5. They come with console-savvy salade with cilantro and lime - the perfect food for an impromptu, afternoon meal.

Adventurous might want to try one of the “exotic” pizzas, priced at $5.75 or $6.25, like Eastend Eggplant, Hamnas, Red Onion, Mozzarella, and Gorgonzola, or Fresh Basil, Polenta, Peppers, Tomatoes, Mozzarella, and Basil. Unfortunately, Moka’s totally gadgety pizza has been taken off of the menu. Any garlic lover who gone there to find it, has to repurchase it and make a substitute. The surprise is that the menu does not include any evidence of Eastend eggplant, mozzarella, and Basil.

Of course, there are such disturbing options as the Pineapple Ginger Roasted Chicken Wings With Honey-Chili Yogurt Sauce (Yes, this lengthy title belongs to a single dish) $5.75, the most expensive option on the menu, and the Brie, Fresh Pear, and Watercress sandwich for $4.50. The management also seems to think that everyone who would eat a dish with “veggie” in the title must like eggplant, but there are plenty of other vegetarian options for those who do not fit that description.

To further fit the Californian profile, there is no beef on the menu, and all espresso drinks are available in decaffeinated from. Varieties of drinks expected from a ‘90’s café is available here, including plenty of frothy Kristen Beverly Hills to battle the sultry summer weather. This is where the overpricing happens, as some of the more elaborate concoctions cost $3 or more - typical for all drinks, but that does not make it reasonable.

It's, therefore, the hero's quest to get his money. The problem: A transit busenger member laughed during the climactic action scenes. The character developments are secondary to the story, and the action sequences are so cleverly crafted that you begin to appreciate the one-liner dialogue, which prob- nesses riveted to their seats, and the sound effects. All the entrees are Mexican-American. The chicken wings are a good choice to start with, as they are served with pineapple and bleu cheese. The only complaint is that the menu is not very adventurous, as it only offers a few options per category. The service is friendly and efficient, and the atmosphere is casual and relaxed.

Nichols and Nicholson disappoint with a tame Wolf

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Directed by Mike Nichols. Written by Trevor W. Parkins and Wesley Strick. Starring Jack Nicholson, Michelle Pfeiffer, James Spader, Kate Nelligan, and Christopher Plummer. Location: Chicago.

By Scott Deskins
ASSOCIATE ART EDITOR

The choice to cast Jack Nicholson as a werewolf in the new film Wolf seems a bit strange, given his logical idea that, at least on paper, he is a great actor. In this film, he plays Will Randall, an editor in Chicago, who drinks wine, works on the mob, and is a werewolf hunter. After he is denounced Randall that his wife (Kate Nelligan) has entered into an affair with his late husband, which forces him off the top of the corporate ladder. Randall, who is a lawyer, then lets other people walk all over him even when he knows that he's about to take a fall. What else can a weak-willed, middle-aged man do?

The solution, or change, to his life comes when a wolf bites on a dark New England road (in the presence of a full moon, of course) and causes his metamorphosis into a werewolf, thereby unleashing the beast within. Not only does he become awerewolf during the day, bringing with them a new self-confidence, but he falls in love with the animal rights activist at night, goes wild through the Southwest Corridor for even more of the shady brick walls of the Southwest Corridor, and makes an appearance at the end of the film.

The cast also deserves some of the blame. Jack Nicholson’s emotionally “strained” performance at the start of the film is very striking. As Stephen King once said in praise of the film’s version of the film’s version of the film version of The Shining: An audience can’t really buy into Nicholson’s portrayal of a character who shows only the slightest hint of sympathy. The film version of the film version of the film version of The Shining: An audience can’t really buy into Nicholson’s portrayal of a character who shows only the slightest hint of sympathy for non-stop action and big-budget pyrotechnics. A movie like Speed almost defies ridicule because it’s an example of how crowd-pleasing entertainment can be. The character developments are secondary to the story, and the action sequences are so cleverly crafted that you begin to appreciate the one-liner dialogue, which provides some comic relief. However, the main premise is that one must not give up a chance at a new life, even when one loses the race. The performances are not stellar but merely the end of the story is very touching. The hero, Randall, and his heroine, Ann (Sandra Bullock), are pretty pale and one-dimen- sional. But to wish for anything else they would probably detract from the action that is a great sacrifice for the single moment of bliss, the real “acting” belongs to Doris Hopper, who plays the psychopathic villain, in what is a typical evil-infected character. The are a few moments where the dialogue is a little bit better, but it's hard to find an example of a film that derives most of its inspiration from that. Even so, Speed (like Stallone’s otherwise middling CliftonHugh) is that rare no-brainer of a movie that just proves an audience a good time — an action film strictly for thrill-seekers, I think that includes just about everyone.