

# Movie Review

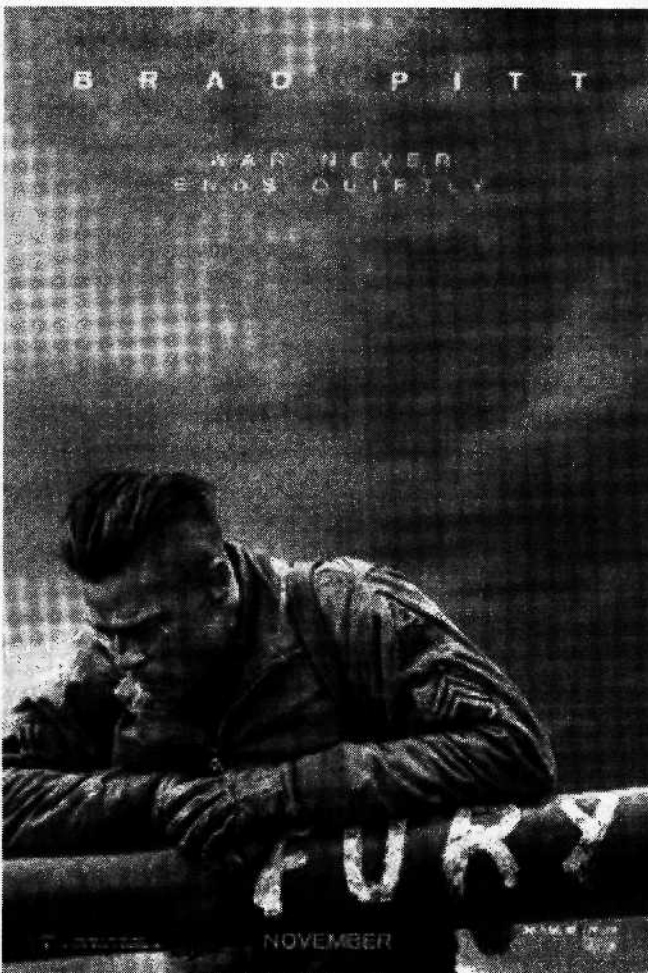
## *Fury*

By Karina Schlecht

War movies are well worn territory in Hollywood, but that hasn't ceased America's fascination with the stories of our men and women in combat. The Visceral War Drama has solidified itself as a genre in our cultural landscape, and as long as humanity continues to wage against itself, these stories will continue being told. In particular, World War II continues to captivate with its display of unfathomable destruction, savagery, and our capacity for evil, coupled with moments of great courage, honor, and mercy. Writer and director David Ayer has joined the ranks with his latest film, *Fury*.

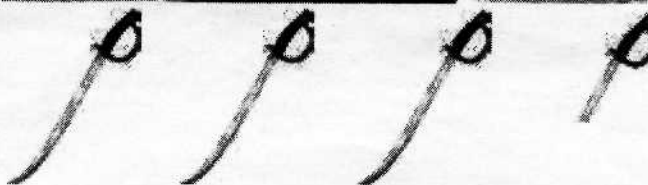
The film looks at the final days of the Allied Operation in Europe as American forces are pushing deeper into the heart of Germany with the armored divisions experiencing high casualties against the Wehrmacht's technologically superior Panzerdivision. Added to that, this is still Hitler's Germany, the Führer having declared Total War, conscripting all citizens to defend Deutschland to the death, with his most loyal (fanatical) SS fighting to the last man.

The final month of the European Theater is told through eyes of a Sherman Tank Crew in the 2nd Armored Division, led by Sgt. Don "Wardaddy" Collier, played by Brad Pitt. Having lost their assistant driver in combat, the now four-man crew is assigned a freshly enlisted and woefully under-qualified typist, Logan Lerman. The tight-knit crew, rounded out by Shia LeBeouf,



Michael Pena, and Jon Bernthal, are understandably hostile towards the newcomer. *Fury* wastes little time moving forward towards one of the film's most harrowing sequences, a column of tanks and soldiers advancing on a Nazi encampment, the haunting sounds of artillery fire and its destructive power on full display.

Much of the film's tension exists with new recruit, Ellison, with his idealistic sense of peace and the brutal, unforgiving realities of war. As their tank continues to advance across the battlefield, the crew yells at Ellison to spray the recently fallen enemy with bullets. In this moment it is clear that he cannot comprehend the primal rules of battle, to kill or be killed. He sees it as a desecration, but the crew have seen too much and know it is better to be sure than to be shot in the back moments later. Lerman does an excellent job portraying a young man at war with his own soul, the war demanding too much of him, robbing his innocence and pushing him to embrace the fury that will keep him alive. LeBeouf's Boyd "Bible" Swan is another standout role, serving as the film's fulcrum and spiritual point as the outspoken Christian, allowing the characters to ponder the age-old problem of evil. Though *Fury* does become somewhat heavy-handed, it will earn its place in the war-film canon and is definitely worth a watch. 4 out of 5 Swords. *Rated R for strong sequences of war violence, some grisly images, and language.*



# Food Review: Hardee's on Hamline

## Haute Cuisine at Cool Prices

By Trenton Burns

It's 2:26 AM. You look terrible. You haven't showered since the State Fair. Your eyes are fried from the glow of your computer screen. They have been bathing in the unholy light of your high-end (overpriced) laptop for 9 hours. The capillaries in your eyes have burst wide open in brilliant red, begging that you shut your computer for the night. But sleep just isn't in the cards for you. This is the dangerous line one walks when you order energy drinks in bulk over the Internet. At the very least, you will simply have enough synthetic energy to finish another season of *The Walking Dead* on Netflix before your 10 AM class. You are not going to sleep tonight. You know it, your stomach knows it. What better time for second dinner?

You don't have a car anymore. Without a vehicle, your options for late-night dining are limited. You open your mini fridge. It's empty, unless you count that dead centipede in the corner. Your roommate has a car, but he went home for the weekend so that his mom could do his laundry and wash his big boy clothes. You stare out your window in despair while your stomach bellows. In the

distance, you see a bright and shining star. It's the sign for Hardee's, conveniently located within walking distance on Hamline Ave N.

You don't even have to wonder, it says its open 24 hours a day. Wait...the drive-thru is open 24 hours a day. The dark cloud of despair again begins to form over your head. "No! Why must I live in a country where convenience only goes so far?!" Suddenly, there is a knock on your door. You answer. It's your chum from across the hallway. He has the same look of desperation all over his face, the twitch in his eyes highlighting the tell-tale sign of a serious addiction to Mountain Dew. You just stare at each other. Then, you both say in unison, "Hardee's." Your pal has a car, and within minutes you are pulling up to the drive-thru window.

You're still young and reckless, and throwing caution to the wind by ordering a half pound Monster Burger combo meal, upsized — because this is still America last time you checked — is about the coolest thing a person can do. Close to campus with 24 hour service, what more can you ask for?