

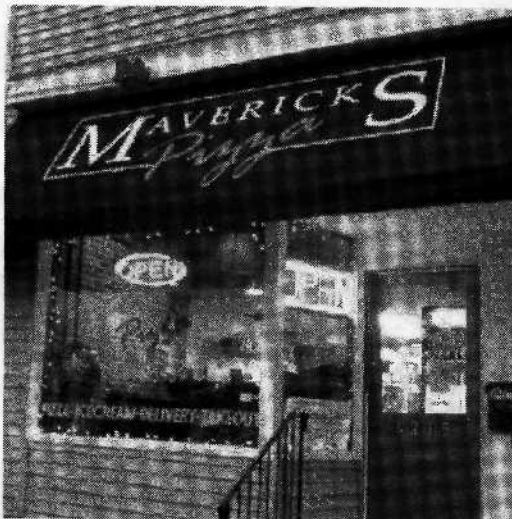
Food Review

Mavericks Pizza

By Adam Svien

Pizza to college students is the equivalent of a Powerpoint to a professor. But finding a good pizza place can be difficult if you don't know the area. Luckily, Mavericks Pizza is located on Randolph Avenue only two miles from campus, and they make some very good pizza.

What makes Mavericks so good? They are family owned and operated by Mitchell, a buddy of mine, and his wife, Debra. Because Mavericks is a local "mom and pop shop," they care about their customers. As for the pizzas, they are in a traditional New York style, made with the freshest ingredients. Mavericks offers a multitude of different toppings and specialty pizzas. Not in the mood for pizza? Mavericks still has something for you. They also offer hoagies,



salads, ribs, chicken wings, desserts and appetizers. The ice cream is incredible. They make malts and shakes, root beer floats, and even butterscotch root beer floats. As another bonus, they deliver any of the above items to the Concordia campus. Don't just take my word for it! Out of 56 Facebook reviews, 49 gave Mavericks a full 5-star rating.

If you want to see a menu, visit mavericks.pizza.com. To place an order with the friendly staff, call 651-698-3439. Tell them I sent you and get \$3 off any order that is \$20 or more. Search Facebook for Mavericks Pizza, and give them a 'like' to get their news and deals. Help support this small business and enjoy some of the best pizza in St. Paul.

Movie Review

Nightcrawler

By Trenton Burns

Americans are in bed with tragedy and violence. As media consumers, this is our private shame, but that doesn't keep us from our morbid curiosities. The behemoth that is the 24-hour news cycle sells us a steady stream of the darker parts of our nature at all hours of the day; tales driven by death and carnage, chaos and corruption. There is, perhaps, a small pang of guilt inside each of us that still remains — a tiny twinge that grows the more intimate the breaking news might be. To feel that guilt, it would need to break through the adrenaline and

dopamine rushing through our bloodstream as we watch humanity come undone on our TVs, computers, and smartphones. This dark world is where the American media lives and thrives. This is the world that Jake Gyllenhaal and Rene Russo inhabit in Dan Gilroy's latest film, *Nightcrawler*.

Gyllenhaal plays the part of Lou Bloom, a gung-ho autodidact looking to go places in the world. He has the smarts and the drive to hustle his way through life, but his aspirations reach much higher than stealing and

selling chain-link fences and manhole covers to a Los Angeles scrap yard. Lou wants steady and legitimate work — the kind of job where a man can climb the ladder and garner prestige. It is through luck or fate that he happens upon the world of the nightcrawlers, freelance video jockeys that prowl the streets looking to record house fires, head-on collisions, and crime scenes, to later sell that footage to whichever local news affiliate is willing to pay the most money. Lou comes across a car wreck on the freeway, the still bleeding driver being pulled from the burning vehicle by two police officers. It is then that Joe Loder, played by Bill Paxton, rolls up in his van with his video team to

record the action. Lou and Joe exchange words, and Lou is hooked.

Lou steals an expensive racing bike off of Venice Beach and pawns it for a video camera. He is a quick learner, never shaken by his missteps, slowly building his credibility and ability to capture the best grisly footage, doing whatever it takes. He builds a rapport with a local news producer, Nina, played by Russo. She is desperate to stay afloat in a competitive media market, and has to have the footage that sells. "The bloodier the better," she says. The relationship between them radi-

ates tension and an imbalance of power — with Lou's sheer will to succeed, his intimidating intelligence, and his sickly-sweet sociopathy slowly revealing itself throughout the course of the film. Gyllenhaal performs this latter trait to a terrifying effect in perhaps the greatest performance of his career. He plays Lou like some energized ghoul. His skinny frame and sunken, unblinking eyes never take their gaze off the prize, just as the audience can't take their eyes off of him, and

as consumers, off of whatever the media sells.

Nightcrawler is an exceptional film. It is edited with the same frenetic pace of the profession it portrays. Capturing the film digitally adds a hot and humid electricity to the L.A. of the Night, the darkness buzzing like belligerent bugs. *Nightcrawler* will leave a residue on your skin, both from Gyllenhaal's icy stare and the film's greater implications about what it takes to entertain a bored and cynical America.

Rated R for violence including graphic images, and for language.

••Correction from November's Issue: Trenton reviewed November's review of *Fury*

