

FREE BIRTHDAY DINNER IN PARIS? ALMOST...



Dine free at the Pettygrove House on your birthday when accompanied by 5 or more guests. Relax outside on Portland's most glorious patio or dine inside in air conditioned comfort.

Open for lunch and dinner Tues.-Sat., Sunday and Monday private parties only. Full Course Dinners priced between \$5.95 & \$12.95

221-4254

The PETTYGROVE HOUSE, corner of NW 23rd and Pettygrove.

THE RESTAURANT DESIGNED
WITH DESERT HEARTS IN MIND!

RUBYFRUIT CAFE

1616 N.W. MARSHALL
222-7067

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 5 PM ON
LIGHT MEALS TO COMPLETE DINNERS • DESSERTS • FULL BAR

RELAXING • INTIMATE
SLOW DANCING ALL EVENING

NEW IN PORTLAND

Cascades

333 N.W. 23rd at Flanders, Portland, 274-2305

Atmosphere: Attractive and pleasant. On the cutting edge of restaurant design. Service: Staff is friendly and cheerful and seems unusually well scrubbed. Recommended Dishes: Hardwood smoked salmon, pepper and onion shortcake, spinach mushroom tart, rockfish in parchment, gnocchi in fresh tomato sauce, duck breast in blueberry sauce, creamy orange cheese cake, fudgy chocolate torte.

Price Range: Refreshingly inexpensive. Entrees: \$6.75-\$13.50

Hours: Breakfast: 7-11 A.M.; Lunch: 11:30-2:30 P.M.;

Brunch-Sat and Sun: 7 A.M.-3 P.M.; Dinner: 5:30-10:30 P.M.; Open Daily
Reservations: Appreciated

Oregonian: May 1987



"Cascades... is one of the... tastiest new places in the city. ...Presentations are striking. Squash enchiladas, ...the city doesn't possess a better Mexican dish. ...a succulent roast chicken with 40 garlic cloves; a lasagna stuffed with duck and wild mushrooms is a rich new treatment of an old favorite. The scallops in orange sauce and duck breast in blueberry sauce speak for themselves. ...A small, carefully selected dessert tray keeps the quality high throughout..."

Pacific Northwest Magazine: June 1987

Cascades

333 N.W. 23rd, Portland • 274-2305
Daily • breakfast • lunch • dinner

A montage of summer comedies

This summer's comedies include something for every taste, quality workmanship, good humor, and, dare we say it, some intelligent thoughts.

BY ELEANOR MALIN

ROBOCOP

Take a very high-toned film director like Paul Verhoeven. Cast Peter Weller as the 10-year police veteran who's shot beyond saving and is put back together with all the most expensive computer parts and titanium armor you can manufacture. Add a well-written story line and you can even get by with Nancy Allen as the female cop who helps Robocop (formerly "Murphy"), in his search for justice against those who messed him up so badly, and one who would profit shamelessly from it.

Cinema

The action is fabulous. In a future Detroit even meaner than the present one, a massive conglomerate buys out the police department. They experiment with expensive and stupid technological nightmares to do the dangerous work. A hilarious scene, widely shown in ads and reviews, shows ED-II, a massive chicken-like structure, go berserk and shoot an executive. There's so much irony at times it's almost like a "Rocky and Bullwinkle" cartoon, with silly stuff for the kids and super silly stuff for the even more appreciative adults. In one of the funniest comic asides, inanely cheerful TV news readers inform us the new satellite station test run has killed 138 people in Santa Barbara — including two ex-presidents who had retired there. Star Wars eats its maker.

As for Weller, he is perfect as Robocop. After reconstruction only two inches of face remains visible, and it's not the eyes, but the mouth. I'm here to tell you Weller did more with that two inches than you would dream possible. His facial planes are so constructed as to resemble the sculpted, high-set Teutonic hero cheeks and taut but sensuous lips (the only flesh that usually shows in those plastic man toys). He moves well in the armor and his voice sounds wistfully heroic and resonantly lonely through the electronic reverberation.

In one very funny scene, Robocop Mirandizes the head thug. A take off on old cop shows, it was supreme spoof in a stylish vein.

Verhoeven is one of my favorite directors, and he's done a wonderful job with this material. It's funny, it's fast, it's disarming. Most of all, it's intelligent.

One can whiff a sequel in the offing. With Weller and Allen resplendent in titanium as the Ken and Barbie of law enforcement, and Verhoeven as chief of the comic book mayhem, I'd say I can't wait.

ROXANNE

A faithful modern adaptation of *Cyrano de Bergerac*, this film is funny with decidedly literary, but strangely relevant, overtones. Steve Martin plays "Charlie" or "C.D." The film opens with a modern swordfighting scene wherein Martin vanquishes two ski-pole brandishing fellows with an aluminum tennis racket. Cyrano's "company" of men becomes the Nelson fire department, wherein all the members know enough not to mention C.D.'s nose. When the verbal repartee of the original play is called for, Martin substitutes 20 "better than" jokes for a simple "big nose" comment. One example, "Keep that man away from my cocaine." Then he surgically punches out his antagonist. Darryl Hannah is good, or at least fair, as the fair Roxanne, the astronomer who falls for C.D.'s rhetoric and another guy's body.

As this silliness proceeds apace, Martin displays both his excellent skill with physical humor, and an ear for a well-turned phrase.

Both extremely romantic and funny, but tender, *Roxanne* isn't a spoof at all, but a loving and literate modernization of a durable and engaging comedy, even funnier this time around.

THE WITCHES OF EASTWICK

Jack Nicholson is already being touted for Best Actor for his role in this pretty well-made fantasy comedy. He plays Darrall Van Horn, thought by some filmgoers to be The Devil. He refers to himself as the "average horny little devil," and I think that's what he is supposed to be. He shows up at the unknowing behest of three single Eastwick women. They meet every Thursday night to drink martinis and fantasize about what they would really like out of life. One such Thursday night, their thoughts run on so closely attuned, and their collective *angst* is so stimulated that they cause to happen that Van Horn rushes to their town, rents the local haunted mansion, and seduces them summarily. The women are Michelle Pfeiffer, Cher, and Susan Sarandon — a blonde, a brunette, and a redhead. Cher plays a bad pornographic sculptress; Sarandon plays a mediocre cellist. Pfeiffer plays a good breeder. (Or, put them all together, you spell w-o-m-a-n.) The town suspects the scandalous goings-on at the mansion, and there is channeling through Veronica Cartwright, as a hilariously disapproving environmentalist and upholder of the public decency, in a gem of a small part.

During a later power play between the women and Van Horn, the ladies consult his book and use his occult knowledge against him. At one point he is humiliated in front of a hypnotically shocked church congregation.

The subject matter is played strictly for laughs, and succeeds. No one, truly no one, can communicate the idea of lust gone nuts like Jack Nicholson. I loved his enthusiasm and effusive abandon. All in all, this best selling novel makes it to the screen as a charming, lightweight, successful comedy.

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE
LATELY TO STOP THE
SPREAD OF AIDS?