Features

Monday, January 30, 1989

THE GAMECOCK

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Random Patterns

"Sun's coming up. Like a big bald head. Poking up over the grocery " - Laurie Anderson store .

HISTORY: This week in the past, Mahatma Gandhi was shot in '46; U.K. army troops shot 13 civilian marchers in Northern Ireland on "Bloody Sunday;" the Grateful Dead were arrested in New Orleans in 1970 for possession of LSD, barbiturates and narcotics. Drummer Phil Collins and author/filmmaker Norman Mailer have birthdays on Tuesday, Elvis' legitimate daughter Lisa Marie Presley on Wednesday, singers Graham Nash and Roberta Flack share a Thursday birthdate with author James Dickey, and finally, one of my favorite singers in the world, Melanie, was born in Long Island, N.Y., back in 1947.

A STREET: What a way to start a week - senseless violence, a drug bust and births! . . . and the weather! It's the soiree time of the year. It's a time when people walk the campus wearing shorts and Tshirts in the dead of winter. Defying the weather. You can witness such power with a simple walk down the hippest street in town - Greene Street. You'll see cool, skinny pale radicals breaking out the hacky sack and lounge chairs. Like robins, they're harbingers of spring. Maybe a little premature, but you can do those things when you live on Greene Street.

A JUNGLE: A long, long time ago, back in '84, I lived on Greene Street, and I was skinny. Recently I went back to my roots, but I kept my shirt on. I visited a friend, Crazy Rob, who lives on the end of Greene Street. I was recovering from a night of straying, so all the day, stinky, dirty and loud, me and Crazy Rob stood on his front porch and shook like worms and snakes. We sang "Welcome to the Jungle" to all the Greene Street cruisers, because we consider The USC to be one giant, ferocious jungle that will eat you if you don't eat it first.

HOGS: Speaking of jungles, Thursday is Ground Hog Day, one of

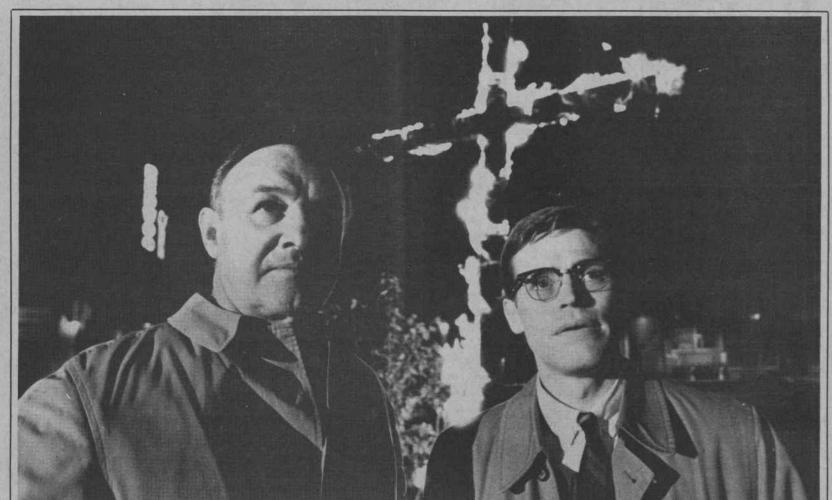
the most anticipated, respected and spiritual holidays in the South. I know that the bookstore has a good selection of Ground Hog cards and candies that you can send home to your ma or sweetheart. To be truthful, Ground Hog Day has never done anything but depress me. The idea of good weather resting on the shoulders of some insipid little ornery rodent, one that has a deeprooted hang up about his shadow, really frightens me. His diet probably consists of bugs, and he predicts the weather. It sounds like an agent of the devil.

RITUALS: Do people go to Bell Camp? Not me - I hope they sell the place. I don't have anything but disappointing memories of that godawful camp. During my freshman year, I went off to some mixer there where every human being was funneling beer and puking. It was a fated evening, and I didn't have fun. At any given time, someone would bounce up to you saying, "HI! My name is Courtney . . . " and then spray you with venemous bile. It was like some animalistic, primative mating ritual that I didn't want any part of

DIRE PAIN: At this same mixer from Hell, a cubby dance-queen of a girl threw her back out doing some routine to AC/DC's "Back In Black." People just stood back and watched her go mad on the dance floor, like someone had put bees down her back. From the looks of her sloppy, drunken gyrations, I thought this wasn't her song; when she hit the floor screaming, I knew it wasn't her song. Everyone was so sloshed that it took a few crucial seconds for them to realize she wasn't showing off with a fancy floor step and that actually she was in dire pain. This girl was dirty dancing before dirty dancing was cool.

KARLA AT GROUP: Speaking of dance queens, I heard that Karla's sold-out performance at the Koger was pretty cool. I'd like for Karla to scurry down to Group Therapy one Friday night when it's so packed that you feel everyone's heat. I'd like for her to see the place go mad when the management spins "Paradise By The Dashboard Light." As you know, the whole place freaks out to this song. Even the most restrained person joins in on this psychotic release an unofficial lament to Meatloaf,

Ellen Folley and yes . . . to Karla. ENDING: That's it. Enjoy your week. I've appreciated the past comments and gripes, which can always be sent to me, here at The Gamecock, Drawer A, Russell House.



Gene Hackman and Willem Dafoe play two FBI agents working on a missing persons case in Jessup County, Miss., in the early 1960s in Mississippi Burning.

Film is hot topic 'Mississippi' has timely message

By ANDY BECHTEL Editor in chief

Message movies always face the of society, but Mississippi Burning films of the past year.

South of the early 1960s. It tells the a product of John F. Kennedy's story of the FBI investigation into the Camelot. The two men have their tivists in Jessup County, Miss.

Director Alan Parker uses tougher methods prevail. Mississipi as a figurative and literal scape providing the canvas for this

punches in his portrayal of the times.

At the center of Mississippi Burning is the relationship between the trap of turning into shrill indictments two FBI agents sent to investigate the disappearance. Rupert Anderson gracefully avoids this pitfall to (Gene Hackman) is the older, jaded become one of the most important agent, a native of Mississippi who grew up with racism, but refused to Inspired by true events, Mississippi accept it. His counterpart is the Burning graphically depicts the idealistic Alan Ward (Willem Dafoe), disappearance of three civil rights ac- own ways of getting to the bottom of the case; ultimately, Anderson's

Parker, whose previous films invortex for racial hatred, the flat land- clude Midnight Express, Pink Floyd - The Wall, Birdy and Angel Heart, well-crafted film. Rural Mississippi deftly handles the development of in the steamy summer of 1964 these two characters. He never allows becomes the epitome of an era of Mississippi Burning to degenerate in-

racial tension, and Parker pulls no to the all too familiar buddy film that is so prevalent nowadays. Instead, blatant symbolism of The Wall and Parker keeps the focus on the investigation, gradually peeling away the mystery layer by layer.

Hackman and Dafoe give excellent performances as the two FBI agents. Hackman is especially convincing as the cynical, unscrupulous Anderson; he should receive an Academy Award nomination for what amounts to the performance of his long career.

The superb gospel music provides a subtle underpinning for the film's violent scenes. The juxtaposition produces a chilling, moving effect without being manipulative.

Parker has never been one for subtlety, but Mississippi Burning finds him relying less on cinematographic effects and more on doing. Instead, it's a vital, rich work plot development. He discards the that cannot be forgotten.

Angel Heart for subtle nuances. Still, like any Parker film, Mississippi Burning pays attention to details and features outstanding camera work. He has tempered the flair of his earlier films, but retained his keen eye. Mississippi Burning may be his best film, a remarkable accomplishment considering the impressive list of movies to his credit.

The movie doesn't chronicle facts, and it doesn't intend to. Instead, it reflects and encapsulates the tone of an era.

Without Parker's discipline, Mississippi Burning could have been a kneejerk exercise in white guilt as so many films about racism end up

