

Panic sends Township into frenzy

By MELISSA TENNEN
Encore Editor

Widespread Panic knows its audience.

Saturday at Columbia's Township Auditorium, which shook itself with frenetic hippies, cigarette smoke and the lazy smell of hemp, Widespread Panic produced a two-and-a-half hour set with a three-song encore.

The group's voluminous playing of the material from its latest album, "Everyday," didn't make it seem like the band was just trying to sell records.

Under the changing multicolored spotlights, the band didn't prove to be outlandish frontmen. The members played their instruments without a wild show or theatrics. No high-tech video screens, no jumping into the audience and no bare chests. Instead, the band behaved like it was practicing in its living room on a Monday night.

The sounds the six-man band emitted from its instruments were phenomenal, making the crowd move like it was heaving, breathing and alive.

The band didn't speak to the audience in between sets except to say that it was taking a break, which lasted a half hour.

The band's set list included material from its first album, "Space Wrangler," up until the self-titled release from a few years ago.

The Panic played the material with zest and power, especially on songs such as "Pigeon," "Barstools and Dreamers" and "Send Your Mind."

The college-aged audience was relaxed, milling in between the aisles and changing seats frequently. The auditorium occasionally sparked with lights from cigarette lighters but otherwise remained dark except for the glowing red spotlights on the stage. The Panic expects to play about 250 places in a non-stop cross country tour.



David Mandrell/The Gamecock

Sandy Wright and Marie White enjoy an appetizer at Annabelle's in Columbia Mall. The restaurant offers a wide variety of food, including Mexican and Italian.

Annabelle's offers great food, low price

By TARA DIGIROLMAO
Staff Writer

Annabelle's Restaurant and Pub is an excellent place to eat if you like good food at a reasonable price. Even though it is located in Columbia Mall, the restaurant could definitely stand on its own. With its pleasant atmosphere and good service, I would eat there anytime I had the chance.

After my roommate and I were seated by an inviting host, we quickly decided on our appetizers. Michelle decided on chicken fingers, while I ordered the fried cheese. As we waited for our appetizers, we noticed the clean-cut appearance and dress of the wait staff, who all seemed to be in their 20s. However, the customers varied in age.

With the quick arrival of our appetizers, we found them to be hot, tasty and pleasing.

Soon after, our main meal

Annabelle's	value	fork	fork	fork
	atmosphere	fork	fork	fork
	selection	fork	fork	fork
	service	fork	fork	fork
	speed	fork	fork	fork
	food quality	fork	fork	fork

arrived. The menu offered a large variety with everything from seafood to pasta and chicken to sandwiches. I decided on the lasagna, and Michelle wanted to try the chicken fajitas.

My lasagna came with a Grecian roll, and it was prepared perfectly. I normally don't eat anyone's Italian food except for my parents', but since they are home in New Jersey, I'll let Annabelle's take their place anytime. The sauce was great, and

everything was seasoned just how I like it.

Michelle's fajitas were brought out on a sizzling blackened skillet along with a plate full of varied toppings such as cheese, lettuce, tomatoes and sour cream. Although Annabelle's is not a Mexican restaurant, Michelle said her fajitas tasted better than many specialty Mexican restaurants she has been to. Each of our meals cost less than \$10.

After our main dish, we couldn't resist trying the hot fudge chocolate brownie dessert. It was a large portion for less than \$3, so Michelle and I decided to share the fat. We both agreed it was delicious.

With its value, service and selection, Annabelle's is a great place for anyone to eat. My roommate and I found the restaurant to be capable of preparing Mexican and Italian food. I recommend Annabelle's to anyone wanting an enjoyable meal at a great price.

Welch presents fantastic vision of Indian life

By ERIC JAMES STAMEY
Staff Writer

"Fools Crow," by James Welch ("Winter In The Blood"), is a novel about growing up and the subsequent decisions that need to be made. The reader follows the book's protagonist White Man's Dog/Fools Crow through several stages of maturity, growing and learning with him along the way.

The book takes place in Montana in 1870 on the Two Medicine Territory. A group of Blackfoot Indians called the Lone Eaters live in this area, and in this group lives a young warrior named Fools Crow. The Lone Eaters' livelihood is beginning to be infected by the approaching white men (Napikwans), and Fools Crow sees his Indian culture dying.

To fight would be useless, and to surrender would mean a total loss of self. Fools Crow finds himself faced with the pressures of growing

up and the pressures from the white men that are destroying his way of life.

The book comments on the benefits of virtuous encounters. Through the eyes of Fools Crow, the reader sees the effects of virtue as compared to fear and egoism.

James Welch uses winter, just as he did in "Winter in the Blood," to symbolize death. Fools Crow grows through this "death" and through virtue and lives as an Indian in spring at the end of the book. Fools Crow also has a son that spring, and the Lone Eaters continue to hold their Indian culture, hoping to pass it down to each generation.



In his vision of the other Indians fenced in on the Napikwan encampments, Fools Crow sees the white children playing, "but a small group of children stood on the edge...they were dark-skinned, and they watched the other children." In the Lone Eaters tribe that spring, he sees the opposite of his virtuous people: "Outside, the children played in the rain, chasing each other, slipping and skidding in the mud."

Fools Crow grows into a well-respected warrior. His virtue shields him from winter, awarding him the contentment of spring and a continued culture.

Welch uses spectacular visions of the Native American mind in conflict. He is able to project the fear and spirituality of the characters with ease and places the reader in the midst of all this chaos and pain. You become a part of the Pikunis and can feel their impending doom.

"True Romance" bleeds in the wrong places

Who do they think we are? Quite frankly, I find it insulting that they market products such as "True

Romance" to me and my fellow twentysomething members of the so-called Generation X, expecting us to follow blindly what marketers describe as a hip, dark comedy with quirky young leads. Add some sex and violence, a cast of renegade actors and an artsy script by Quentin Tarantino ("Reservoir Dogs"), and you have an instant smash.

Perhaps symbolic as a tribute to film as a medium, "True Romance" is slick and different but hardly important.

The film revolves around a young man named Clarence, played by Christian Slater, and his new-found girlfriend, Alabama, brought to life by Patricia Arquette. Both are charming leads who retain their appeal among the trash in which they wallow.

Clarence kills Alabama's slimy pimp, the dreadlocked Gary Oldman steals Clarence's cocaine and spends the rest of the time trying to sell it so he and his girlfriend can leave the country.

"True Romance" is a film of gratuitous violence. I perfectly understand we live in a violent society. What I can't respect, however, is a film that presents violence as a subject and remains indifferent to it. "True Romance" presents breathtaking violence and doesn't have the guts to explain what message it's sending.

In one scene, Arquette is brutalized to the extent of disgust. In another, the film makers seem to be trying to make the audience chuckle at the extent to which they show off their violent display.

The film does present some interesting characters. Brad Pitt is funny in a small part as a drugged-out roommate. Oldman and Christopher Walken are splendid villains.

Dennis Hopper is great as Slater's dim-witted ex-cop father. His classic squint and deadpan delivery reminded me of his early renegade films that actually had something meaningful to say about the state of the world.

It's just too bad that director Tony Scott and his talented cast haven't realized that a true romance with today's movie audience must start with respect for humanity and the decency to draw us into the story rather than callously distancing us from it.

