

# Reviews

**"Mississippi Burning"**  
Starring Gene Hackman and Willem Dafoe  
Directed by Alan Parker  
Rated R  
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"Mississippi Burning," a film full of gripping intensity and compelling performances, is one of the greatest films of the 1980s.

Director Alan Parker has taken a turbulent period in American history and

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SHANE HALL

crafted a remarkable film that has raised widespread controversy.

With a career that includes such films as "Angel Heart" and "Midnight Express," it's a good bet that Parker is not one to shy away from the controversial.

"Mississippi Burning," like his previous efforts, is a movie filled with startling visual images and graphic violence.

The film is based on the 1964 slaying of three civil rights workers in Mississippi and the investigation that followed.

The opening sequence is a depiction of the murders. After the workers are reported missing, an FBI investigation begins.

Gene Hackman and Willem Dafoe star as two agents from different backgrounds who are in charge of the investigation.

Dafoe plays agent Ward, a by-the-book liberal. A native Northeasterner, Ward is an outsider in a region where outsiders are less than welcome.

Hackman, as agent Anderson, turns in his greatest performance in several years, possibly of all time. Anderson is a Southern good ol' boy and a former Mississippi lawman who doesn't mind using methods that are not standard procedure.

While Ward is questioning people who won't talk and bringing in hundreds of agents to drag swamps for bodies, Anderson becomes friendly with the wife of the sheriff's deputy involved in the murder and begins finding facts to speed up the investigation.

"Mississippi Burning" is neither a documentary nor the story of the civil rights movement. It is a film that shows why the movement was necessary. Parker packs the film with difficult-to-watch scenes of churches burning and blacks being terrorized in their homes and beaten in the streets by redneck Klansmen.

These scenes, as well as the rest of the movie, are brilliantly photographed throughout.

Dafoe and Hackman both are superb in their roles and the conflict between their characters makes for some fine dramatic moments.

Although the story is set 25 years ago, "Mississippi Burning" is a contemporary film.

With today's increasingly common reports of racial conflict and white supremacist groups, this film serves as a reminder of the repugnance of racial hatred.

# Rush's live album a hit, Floyd's a miss

## REVIEW

KEITH SPERA

**Reason.** Since that album was boring and bland compared with past Floyd masterpieces, and the

live versions of these songs sound just like the studio version, the first half of *Delicate* is a waste of time if you've heard *Momentary*.

The second half is a bit more interesting. It provides a greatest-hits retrospective of Pink Floyd classics. Each of these songs, however, were originally recorded as a part of a whole; they were tied in, both musically and lyrically, with the rest of the songs on the albums on which they first appeared. Recording these songs out of context on a live album denies them the full meaning and

impact they were meant to have. In concert, this can be overlooked, since the songs are not all that is happening — there are the legendary special effects to contend with. However, with the album, you don't get the 30-foot inflatable pig, the surround-sound, the footage of jumbo German shepherds with glowing eyes, or the light and laser show that made the Pink Floyd concert something special.

You also don't get founding member Roger Waters, who was the band's bassist and main lyricist until conflicting egos in the band caused him to quit after *The Final Cut* was released in 1983. It was he who wrote many of Floyd's darker songs. Now, a fresh faced fellow named Guy Pratt plays the

bass notes once covered by Waters. He does an adequate job of playing, but the attitude just isn't there.

The album is musically average, with the weak rendition of "Another Brick in the Wall Part II" being offset by killer performances of "Comfortably Numb" and "Run Like Hell." David Gilmour does a fine job on guitar, but his voice is obviously strained on several songs (perhaps because the album was recorded in August of 1988, after Gilmour had performed almost a year of concerts.) For those who attended a Pink Floyd concert but don't remember it due to overindulgence of some sort or another, *Delicate* can provide a partial example of what was missed at the show. Other than that stick to Pink Floyd's past releases.

The Rush album is another story. It does not pretend to be a documentation of their most recent show-indeed, the songs contained on *A Show of Hands* were recorded on two different tours. Like the two live albums Rush has released in the past, this album serves a different purpose: to mark the end of another chapter

in Rush's musical history. The album sums up the music Rush has created since their last live album, *Exit... Stage Left* (only two of *A Show of Hands* 14 songs pre-date *Exit*), and provides an opportunity for the band to set off in a new musical direction, as they have done after their last two live albums.

With its latest release, Rush has produced a perfect example of how a live album should sound.

Each instrument is clearly audible, and Geddy Lee's distinctive vocals shimmer above the music. Neil Peart's extraordinary drumming ability is showcased in the four minute drum solo entitled "The Rhythm Method." A Peart drum solo is not a display of what unusual pieces of kit he can play, or an exhibition of what unusual pieces of kit he can beat on, but a demonstration of his technique. The drumming is not a display of what unusual pieces of kit he can play, or an exhibition of what unusual pieces of kit he can beat on, but a demonstration of his technique. The drumming is not a display of what unusual pieces of kit he can play, or an exhibition of what unusual pieces of kit he can beat on, but a demonstration of his technique.

The band switches moods and styles throughout the album. The songs are sweeping and majestic. "Marathon," and dark, ominous and powerful on "Witch Hunt." Throughout the album, they present their newer songs a bit more power by letting Alex Lifeson's guitar stand out a bit more prominently than it did on the studio versions of the songs. "Close to the Heart" closes out the album with Rush cutting loose a bit, deviating from the song's sound and giving the audience something to clap along to.

These two live albums do not resent something very different to the two bands that produce them. For Pink Floyd, it is a sign that they are not what they were. Without Roger Waters' guidance, they have forgotten what they are all about, music should be the end. For Rush, the closing in a chapter of a book that hopefully has many more chapters to come.

**"Talk Radio"**  
Starring Eric Bogosian  
Directed by Oliver Stone  
Rated R  
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Rather than making feel-good-type movies, director Oliver Stone has built himself a reputation for hard-hitting, sometimes violent films that take on many social and political topics.

He showed us the Vietnam War through the foot soldier's eyes in "Platoon" and the urban war fought with computers and stocks in "Wall Street."

"Talk Radio," Stone's latest effort, is a gutsy film focused on a controversial talk show host on the radio.

The screenplay, written by Stone and star Eric Bogosian, is based on

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Bogosian's one-man play and on the story of Alan Berg, the Denver radio personality murdered by a white supremacist.

Bogosian stars as Barry Champlain, the abusive, irreverent host of a talk show on a Dallas radio station.

His message is that people don't talk about what's happening in the world anymore.

Every night, Barry fields calls from an audience of rednecks and bigots.

Shooting off stinging one-liners and verbal jabs, Barry Champlain is a man full of fury, unafraid to say what he thinks no matter whom it offends.

Even when he begins receiving death threats from neo-Nazi lunatics, he doesn't stop.

Robert Richardson's photography of "Talk Radio" is excellent, using a wide variety of camera angles.

Filed in Dallas last spring, most of the movie is set in the radio station studio.

Stone's direction of the film is superb and sometimes brimming with intensity and moments of suspense.

In one such moment, Barry receives a call on the show from a man claiming to have sent him a bomb through the mail.

All the while, Barry eyes a package sitting atop a stack of mail next to him. The scene's intensity is heightened by Richardson's camera technique and Stewart Copeland's soundtrack.

Filled with elements of anger, intensity, and even a little humor, "Talk Radio" is an impressive work from one of America's most daring filmmakers.

# Author's life leads to book detailing her childhood abuse

(AP) — The story of child abuse that Sylvia Fraser tells in "My Father's House" would be chilling on any terms.

But, even more so, the story is the writer's own.

Fraser created a separate identity, another self, to exist when her father sexually abused her during childhood. The other self remained hidden and unknown to her for 40 years until she realized she had been an abused child and summoned back the memories.

In an interview in her nearly all-white living room, the author said she started to write a novel about what had happened but was "offended" by the idea that she was putting into fiction something that was fact. She decided to go ahead with the book despite the self-exposure it necessarily would bring.

The response has been positive, she said, including many letters from people who tell her, "You've written my story."

"My Father's House" was first published last year by Doubleday Canada and, now in paperback, has been high on the Canadian best-seller lists. It recently was published in hardcover in the United States.

While the story has been told before in such books as "Sybil," Fraser's is the first book by a professional writer about her own abuse and multiple personalities.

Unlike Sybil, whose case has been documented by psychologists, Fraser did not seek psychiatric help. She completely blocked out all conscious memory of her abuse and maintained that the child victim was a completely separate personality.

Fraser believes that neighbors may have suspected something was wrong in her household but were re-

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luctant to say anything in a time when divorce was not even discussed.

Through personal awareness and woman consciousness-raising sessions in the 1970s, she slowly came to terms with who she was. The actual memory came spontaneously one day in 1983 while she was socializing with friends.

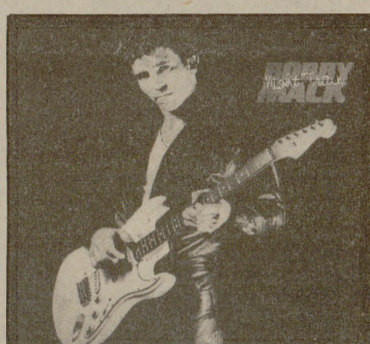
Fraser has written four novels since her first novel, "Pandora," was published in 1972 — all of them included themes or incidents of sexual violence.

"Of course, now I understand that it was my other self," she said. "My whole writing impulse had really come from my abused self."

"My Father's House" is a sort of detective story in which Fraser searches for the unknown portions of her own past. Yet it also is a remarkably vivid memoir of growing up in Hamilton, a city about an hour's drive southwest of Toronto, in the 1940s and '50s.

Fraser attributes the crucial decisions made in her life, from walking out on a good marriage to an affair with the father of a childhood friend, to the confusion underlying an always outwardly strong front.

"The whole emotional drive of my life was to reunite my two selves," she said.



Night Train Bobby Mack

Bobby Mack and his band, Night Train, play a driving brand of Texas rock in the vein of Texas rockers such as Omar and the Howlers and the Fabulous Thunderbirds. The al-

The End of The Day The Reivers

The Reivers recently released album, *End of the Day* is a nice album, but that's about it — all the songs sound basically the same. None of the songs are particularly awful, so it's not a bad listening experience, but the songs aren't particularly great either.

The first song is encouraging. "It's About Time" has a good beat, and lead singer John Croslin's voice is impressive, but the precedent it sets for the rest of the songs to follow is not upheld.

Although the lyrics are not award-winning, they'll do for this mediocre album.

"Star Telegram" sounds like it could be a sentimental advertisement for the *Fort Worth Star-Telegram*, with lyrics like, "In those golden Mustang days backyard sulfur and croquet with the Star Telegram, Orange Crushes in my hand with the Star Telegram."

One can just picture the ad on TV with children playing in slow motion

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bum *Night Train*," on SJM Records, is a six-song EP that features Mack

and his band (drummer Jimmy Pate, bassist Larry Eisenberg and guitarist Chris Duarte), as well as an impressive lineup of guest musicians, including rock guitar pioneer Lonnie Mack (no relation to Bobby).

The record includes soulful rock 'n' roll complete with back-up vocals and horns ("Change My Mind") and "Treat Her Like a Lady") and power trio rock on "Change It," which was a top 10 hit for Stevie Ray Vaughan. Mack's version is not as heavy on flashy guitar stunts as Vaughan's, but is sure to find favor with fans of Vaughan's music.

Mack's instrumental, "Take It Home," is recommended for guitar enthusiasts. Mack, Duarte and Lonnie

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S. HOECHSTETTER

the background as the sun sets behind them.

"Lazy Afternoon" has a slightly different sound because it is vocalist Kim Longacre's only solo on the album. The song also has a slight jazz flavor to it. This jazziness, combined with her clear, vibrant voice makes it an interesting song.

Among the other tracks are "He Will Settle It," yet another ambiguous, repetitive song. With this album, if you've heard one song, you've heard them all.

However, "Cut Above" has some interesting lyrics. The song is about the mental torments of a man who has made it to the top in the business world and the problems he faces within himself.

Another track with interesting lyrics is "Discontent of Winter" has lyrics that conjure up images of restlessness, but that same basic Reivers beat and melody are still present.

Many of the songs have a strong country and western influence. "Al-

most Home," is a good example of this. The second side of the album is much more enjoyable to listen than the first side.

"Truth to Tell" is the best song on the album. It's a good song to listen to if you need an outlet for frustration.

However, the next song, "Out," is a letdown after such a good song. It just drags on and on without saying or doing anything.

"Dude Man Hey," an instrumental, gives the listener good examples of all of the band members skills including Andy Metcalfe and McCord on keyboards and Lamb on guitar.

"Your Secrets are not Safe" is the same old thing — words and words that have no substance.

Maybe these words do have substance but they're just presented such a boring manner that they don't encourage anyone to listen.

Although the album isn't too listen to for a deep meaning, it wouldn't be bad as background music. Still, I wouldn't give up on Reivers — they do show some potential, but they need to vary their

# Book advises women to avoid consuming desire for perfection

(AP) — Karen makes \$250,000 a year working for E.F. Hutton and prides herself on being a "shark." Anita runs miles every day but has been bulimic for eight years. Marjorie has made straight A's all her life but panics and overprepares for every test.

What all these women have in common, says Colette Dowling, is an overwhelming desire to achieve perfection.

In her book "Perfect Women" (Summit, \$18.95), Dowling argues that this striving for ever-higher goals — hours of aerobics every day, 60-hour work weeks, making every meal from scratch — is not a healthy exercise to fulfill one's potential but a desperate scramble to fill an inner void.

"An artistic drive is satisfying," Dowling says. "A drive to perform is... a kind of rigid, compulsive symptom, as compared to something that's really joyful and self-express-

ive and gives back to us."

Dowling, best known for her 1981 best seller "The Cinderella Complex," says, "The whole drive to be perfect comes out of a feeling of inferiority. We wouldn't even be interested in the idea of perfection if there wasn't something that we psychologically were compensating for."

The premise of the "Cinderella Complex" was that women had a deep-seated belief that they could not take care of themselves, that despite the gains of the women's movement they were still waiting for a Prince Charming to whisk them off to "live happily ever after."

Dowling, 50, said the book was based on her own experience.

"Perfect Women," similarly, is based on Dowling's own experiences.

The author found that despite the success of "The Cinderella Complex," which spent 26 weeks on the

best-seller list, she still felt dissatisfied about her work and at a loss for her next project.

At the same time, her 11-year-old daughter, Gabrielle, a star athlete and beauty, dropped out of Harvard University and returned home that she had been bulimic for years.

Dowling realized that her own relentless drive for success had been passed on to her daughter.

In "Perfect Women," Dowling cites psychological studies that show the mother-daughter relationship.

"They (mothers) are not over-involved with us (daughters) as we rate persons; they're overly involved with us as extensions of themselves," she said.

The way for a woman to get off the perfection treadmill, she says, is to psychologically separate herself from her mother, which can be done through therapy, self-exploration and perhaps confrontation.

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