

ARTS WEEK

January 28 - February 3

Not
so
funny
pages ... 5A

Sex
gets a
bad
rap ... 6A

This Week's Bets

today

•SHAWN COLVIN
(see review,
page 2A) will
perform a solo
set at the
Ventura
Theatre; 8 p.m.

friday

•ADVENTURES OF
SUPERMAN #500
will hit the
stands. Will
Superman come
back? This could
be the issue
you've all been
waiting for.

saturday

•GRACEFUL PUNKS
and Ras David
will shake their
bodies at the
Annex, 9 p.m.

sunday

•RAISE THE RED
LANTERN is a
film about a
young Chinese
woman who is
sold into
marriage to a
man with three
other wives
(directed by
Zhang Yimou);
UCSB Campbell
Hall, 7 p.m.

monday

•FIN, GREG AND
DAVE will
perform at the
Calypso Bar and
Grill downtown

tuesday

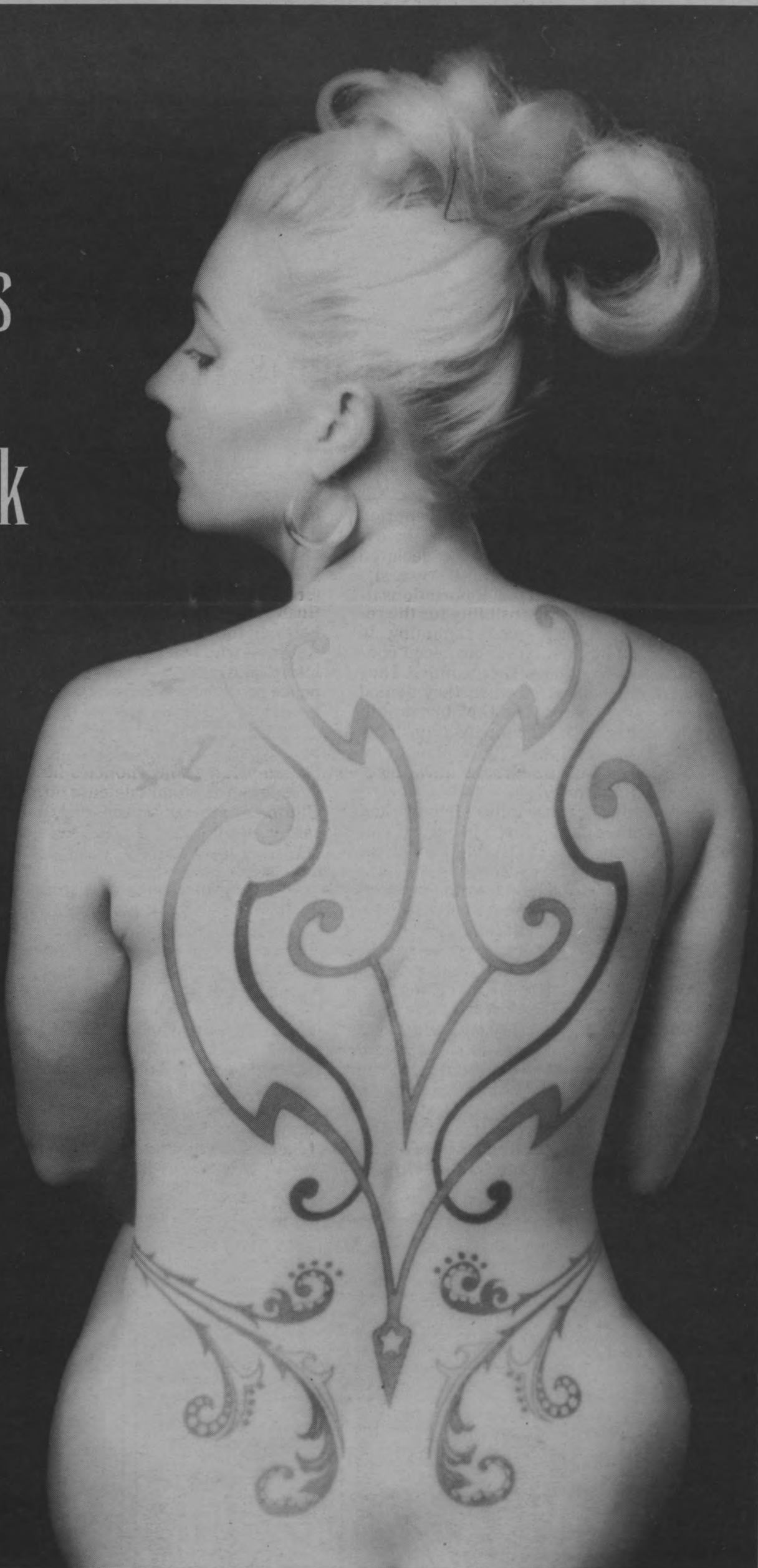
•GROUNDHOG DAY!
Will that little
buck-toothed
creature poke
his head out of
his burrow, spy
his shadow and
fearfully scurry
right back into
the ground,
signalling six
more weeks of
winter weather?
Or will he hang
out for awhile,
a sure sign that
spring is on the
way?

wednesday

•BALLET
FOLKLORICO
'QUETZALLI' DE
VERACRUZ will
bring Mexican
courtship
dances to
Campbell Hall,
8 p.m.

Tats Are Back

page 4a



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Friday Jan 29

TEARAWAYS

Saturday Jan 30

PONTIAX

Sunday Jan 31

MARK ORLANDO & THE OUT/A/TOWNERS

Monday Feb 1

FIN, GREG & DAVE

Tuesday Feb 2

BABY HUEY

Wednesday Feb 3

RAW SILK

Thursday Feb 4

MR. SLATE

Friday Feb 5

PONTIAX

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4:30-7:00 Daily
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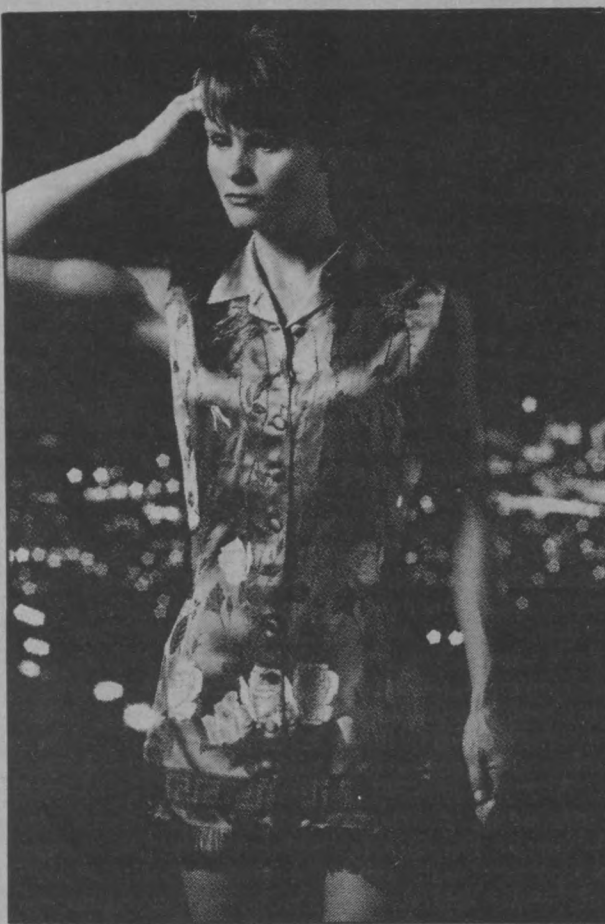


DAILY NEXUS Classifieds
Storke Tower
Room 1041
8-5pm
Open 4 Lunch



music reviews

'Fat City' an Album Worth Keeping



Singer Shawn Colvin shows her muscle when she refuses to play the corporate music business game.

Shawn Colvin
Fat City
Columbia Records
☆☆☆☆

Shawn Colvin's second album, *Fat City*, is a lucky find. I had never heard of her before until my older sister gave me the disc for Christmas. I was thankful for the gift, but wary. This was the same sister who once thought Supertramp's *Breakfast in America* was the finest album ever made. But then I remembered that this was the same sibling who exposed me to Rickie Lee Jones, The Talking Heads, and most importantly, Joni Mitchell. She played *Court and Spark* so often that she practically wore out her copy (along with my turntable). So, based on our mutual admiration for Joni and her recommendation, I gave Shawn Colvin a try, dashing my chances of returning the unopened CD for the new King Missile.

I'm glad I kept Shawn Colvin's *Fat City*. Each track alone is worth the price of the CD. No filler. There are no sappy love songs *a la* Whitney nor are there any unnecessary vocal trills *a la* Mariah. This lady has style. She doesn't even need a gimmick. She hasn't made a steamy S&M video/book or shaved her head and torn up pictures of the pope because she doesn't have to. Shawn Colvin relies on her music to attract listeners.

And the music is good. In a way it sounds very much like Joni Mitchell's last album, *Night Ride Home*. This is par-

tially because Colvin's and Mitchell's voices sound similar (even though Mitchell's is more damaged from years of cigarettes). Also, they use many of the same musicians on their respective albums. But the biggest similarity is that Larry Klein produced both albums.

The Larry Klein influence is quite prominent, and is distinguishable by an almost omnipresent bass line. (This is what happens when the album's producer also happens to be the album's bass player.) But Klein is not solely responsible for the success of this album; Shawn Colvin is.

Colvin wrote or co-wrote every song on the album with the exception of "Tenderness on the Block" which was an old Jackson Browne/Warren Zevon composition. Some of the songs that stand out are "Round of Blues," "Orion in the Sky" and "Object of my Affection." As a songwriter, Colvin demonstrates an ability to craft songs full of lyrical hooks without resorting to writing pop music pap.

But *Fat City* has more than just well-crafted songs. It features a Who's Who of guest musicians, including David Linley, Richard Thompson, Bela Fleck, Booker T. Jones (of Booker T. and the MGs), Bruce Hornsby, Mary-Chapin Carpenter, and Joni Mitchell.

All in all, Shawn Colvin's *Fat City* is a musical treat that is not just another piece of ear candy.

—Dana Staggs

Classic on the Rocks

Elvis Costello
The Juliet Letters
Warner Brothers Records
☆☆☆☆

It seems that every year an album is released that proves once again that rock music and classical music should not mix, like Paul McCartney's white bread and sugar *Liverpool Oratorio*, or Freddie Mercury's bombastic 1988 excursion into opera. Fortunately, Elvis Costello's *The Juliet Letters*, performed and composed with the Brodsky Quartet, is something completely different, an intelligent "song cycle" with no pretension.

The Brodsky Quartet is a young ensemble that grabbed Costello's attention after their Shostako-

vich cycle earned them notoriety in Britain. Their collaboration with the songwriter has yielded an album that is an amalgamation of classical song structures, soul music, Irish folk song, modern music and Kurt Weill.

As the title loosely indicates, each song is meant to be a letter or message of some kind: a love letter, a suicide note, graffiti, a chain letter, etc. In a true collaborative move, all five musicians composed and wrote lyrics, resulting in 20 songs of varying textures and moods.

Surprisingly, Costello's compositions are the least "rock"-like of the cycle, while violinist Michael Thomas' "Jacksons, Monk and Rowe" is downright

soulful. Another Thomas composition, the standout track, "I Almost Had a Weakness," incorporates jazz progressions, a tango bridge and a quote from the Loony Tunes theme.

Costello makes no attempt to beautify his vocals, which remain as vitriolic as ever, and the music often takes a discordant turn to reflect the unsettling emotions of some of the lyrics.

Though not completely accessible on first listening, the sparse arrangements and witty lyrics soon grow on you, making *The Juliet Letters* one of Costello's most challenging and adventurous recordings since 1982's *Imperial Bedroom*.

—Ted Mills



King Missile

Sweet Satire

King Missile
Happy Hour
Atlantic Records
☆☆☆☆

Once again, King Missile has aimed its cutting satire and savage wit at the corporate music industry, and this time they've scored a direct hit. On their latest release, *Happy Hour*, fans are treated to some beautifully composed pieces as well as the type of humor so innate in previous King Missile albums. However, they are a band that has not gone the way of so many other groups who prostitute their art to the mass media.

Their music itself is fairly alternative, although King Missile can't be squeezed into any musical category or genre. Oddly enough, one of the most offbeat numbers from this album, "Detachable Penis," has become extremely popular and can be regularly heard on some of L.A.'s most mainstream radio stations.

Most of the songs on *Happy Hour* are spoken word done by dead-pan extraordinaire John Hall, with some back-up vocals by the rest of the band. The album is largely reminiscent of their all-time classic "Double-Fucked By Two Black Studs." Even though their music is tighter on this album than in the past, the band has not relinquished its bizarre sense of parody. This is a good thing, perhaps most evident in a violent tribute to director Martin Scorsese in a song of the same name.

For the most part, the album is mellow and highly enjoyable for just about anyone. Except maybe your mom.

—Austin Sincock

Hip Hop's Next Step

The Pharcyde
Bizarre Ride To The Pharcyde
Delicious Vinyl
☆☆☆☆

For the last two years, a Hip Hop renaissance of sorts has been going on in Los Angeles. A slew of crews and artists have emerged from the L.A. Underground scene, many of whom have developed an entirely new style that is soon to be the next *cool thing* in Hip Hop. Big Al, Urban Props, O Cockney Dire, Freestyle Fellowship and The Pharcyde will prove in '93 that L.A. is much, much more than gangsta rhymes and jheri curls.

If you own the most recent Brand New Heavies' *Heavy Rhyme Experience*, then you're familiar with The Pharcyde and the fact that these are four very talented brothers. Not only is *Bizarre Ride* chock full of fresh lyrical styles and rhymes, but these kids can sing, too! And I'm not talking about that wack-ass, Hip Hop thiev-

ing, Mary J. Blige R&B shit, either. I'm talking about flippin' the script while simultaneously harmonizing with the music. And speaking of music, much of this album features live drums and piano, courtesy of the Earthquake Brothers. In a time when many people deride Hip Hop as unoriginal because of sampling, it's becoming increasingly apparent that those critics need to step off and listen to records like this one.

Quite frankly, this record has got more flavor than a Lifesaver factory. Tracks like "I'm That Type Of Nigga," "Ya Mama" and "Pack The Pipe" are three of the best tracks off of this excellent effort from The Pharcyde. (Not to mention the funny skits interspersed throughout this double LP.) If "Passing Me By" isn't the next single, and doesn't proceed to blow up, it'll be a crying shame. This is an impressive debut effort from a very talented group that has nowhere to go but up.

—P.E.A.C.E.

Recycle This Nexus, Please

local music review

Funky Fresh

Munkafust
Munkafust
☆☆☆

The self-titled debut release from local band Munkafust is exemplary of Isla Vista's indigenous brand of innovative and slightly grungy musical taste, although this album is broadened by an assertive lick of worldliness. The seven-cut recording is arranged as precisely as any syllabus you can find on our sandy campus, starting with some groovy acoustic-oriented tracks and tightening into the downtown, funk-ed-up stuff.

Songs like "Make It Last" demonstrate an almost folksy element, compounding harmonic vocals and a smoothly drawn acoustic guitar melody, compliments of the band's longhaired honcho Evan Brau. Underneath, clean and varied drums and bass *a la* Steve Gelfand and Krystyan Ransonnet, fortify the tune into a coherent and solid introduction.

The catchword for this collection is transition, as the style rockets towards the funkified as the songs progress. "She Wants



Munkafust

Love" opens with a slappy bassline, punctuated by some really quick percussive work, and highlighted by the soulful rhythm guitars of Rob Colby. *Munkafust* ends with some viscous blues guitar underscored by the frenzied and driving funk-adelistic style in "Open

Your Door." Munkafust's first release is contagious and listenable. Tricky shifting in and out of distinct musical gears, hometown rocker status and the low price of 590 cents make *Munkafust* a funky must. —David Rittenhouse

comic review

This Smoker's a Joker

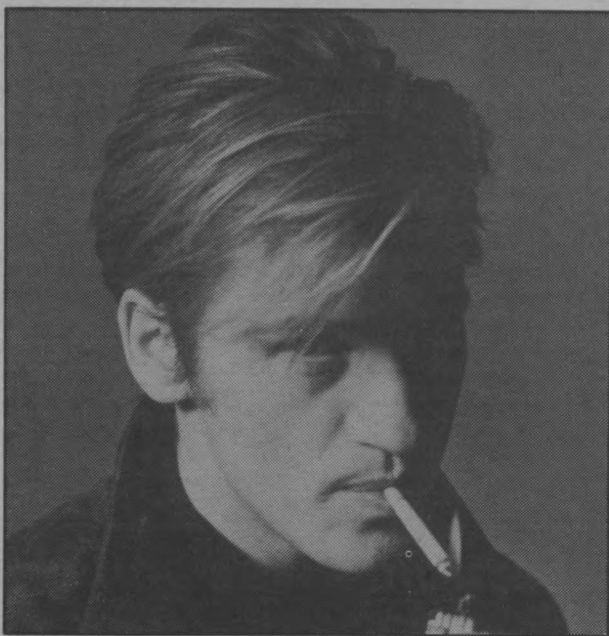
Dennis Leary of MTV I-think-you-hear-me-knocking notoriety has a new comedy album out titled *No Cure For Cancer*. Now he gives more than *two words* to us at his relaxed Speedy Gonzales pace.

The first track, "Asshole," is aptly titled considering Leary lauds socially inappropriate behavior throughout the album. He proudly declares, "I use public toilets and piss on the seat, I walk around in the summertime saying, 'how 'bout this heat?'" and, "Sometimes I park in handicapped spaces while handicapped people make handicapped faces."

We have all seen swatches of him on television swiftly chatting about Rodney King or Cindy Crawford on MTV or with Bo Jackson for Nike advertisements. But on this album we get to hear an hour's worth of comedy with the same speed and delivery.

If you like him on the ads, you'll like the album. Then again, if you don't, you won't.

He bashes cigarette warnings, voice boxes, stairmasters, the Bee Gees, '60s nostalgia, nonsmokers and the dysfunctional family excuse. He seems to like little beside the bomb,



Dennis Leary

John Wayne and smoking cigarettes. In fact, he likes smoking so much that he dedicates several tracks to the habit and only pauses his in-your-face humor when he takes a quick toke.

While some see him as a cross between Eric Bogosian's on-the-edge monologues and Spalding Gray's finely detailed reminiscences, a comparison to Pauly Shore is most appropriate. Simply put, the jokes only work if you buy the act; if these punch lines were performed by a straight-faced comic they

just wouldn't be funny. Hearing Billy Crystal saying, "The Bee Gees, one down, three to go," just wouldn't be the same.

Some of the funnier lines include:

"John Lennon takes six bullets, Yoko Ono stands next to him, not one bullet! Explain it to me, God."

"I never do a drug named after part of my own ass."

"Ted Kennedy: good senator, bad date."

I guess you have to be there.

—Martin Boer

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an irresponsible movie by gregg araki
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OCTOBER

TUESDAY, FEB. 9

8

&

10:30

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... it'll do you right



by Aaron Santell

One of Santa Barbara's first photography shows of tattoo artwork, "Body of Art: The Permanent Collection," is an exclusive exhibition of contemporary tattoos featuring works by some of today's top photographers.

Only now beginning to surface within the main-streams of American and Western pop culture, the tattoo is one of the world's most ancient art forms — dating as far back as the first great civilizations of Egypt and Mesopotamia.

Over the past few centuries the Japanese and other island cultures of the Pacific have served as the cradle of tattooing. The movements seen within the American countercultures during the second half of the 20th century have been largely inspired by late 19th century Japanese tattooing.

For many, the appeal of the tattoo can be found in the paradoxical nature of its relationship to society. It satisfies two opposing primal tendencies of our species; supplying a commonality by way of individualization.

When attempting to define the tattoo it is difficult to generalize because each is as unique in purpose as its wearer — and we see further paradox. For some, it is a response to the enigma of the human condition — an expression of permanence in an impermanent reality. Perhaps its strong resurgence can be explained as a reaction against the increasing rate of change we are experiencing in this age of new information, racing technology and the flux of the MTV image. It is an attempt to stop time in its tracks ... and express oneself.

This may be too extrapolated. It's decoration. It just looks killer. UCSB student Morgan Snyder was confident about his decision to get a large circular "tat" on his left shoulder. "I wanted to make a statement. It was of my own creation ... a way for me to express myself; to express my art."

Like many who are now choosing to be inked up, Snyder came up with his own design and then went to Freddy Negrete, a cutting-edge tattoo artist who specializes in custom work.

In the '70s Negrete was a pioneer of the fine-line style — a type of monochromatic photorealist tattooing which emphasized portraiture and fantasy themes. His personal style has been influenced by his life in East L.A. and experiences within a California correctional institution. Currently, Negrete commutes from Los Angeles to work out of Isla Vista's own tattoo parlor, Ink Slingers.

The show in Santa Barbara features photography by Michelle Schwartz, Timothy Hearsom, Cat Gwynn, Vicki Berndt, and includes tattoo work by Jill Jordan, Leo Zulueta, Kevin Quin, Alex Binnie and others.

Charles Downs, who works at The Frameworks and De La Guerra Gallery, hopes the show has an effect on other galleries in the area. "No other places in town have done this. I think Santa Barbara needs something like this because this town is a bit conservative."

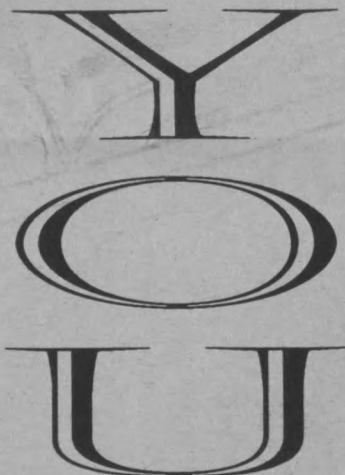
Works from the show cover a wide range of photographic and tattoo styles. Heroic figures with penetrating eyes gaze from beneath thin layers of pale skin as mythological creatures pose and prance around the smooth curves of hips. Snakes swirl around thick biceps, angels soar across fannies, cryptic designs hover between pierced nipples and shaved genitals. The fine lines of Keltic and tribal designs grow up a woman's curved back and traverse limbs like elegant vines of black ink.

Some might argue that certain elements of the tattoo's artistic merit are compromised when they are captured on film. Most of the works show the contrast and detail of the tattoos but some of the depth and motion is lost as the subject is frozen in time — like the tattoo itself.

Tattoo artist Leo Zulueta has no complaints when his work is captured on film. "This kind of artistic exposure is long overdue. I don't find it compromising at all because it would be too difficult to have live subjects posing in a gallery," he said.

Curated by UCSB art history graduate Corey Weiss of Encina, the show serves as the second half of his senior thesis. Before tattoo photography, Weiss did a show of L.A.-based graffiti artists. Weiss's aim has been to expose the public to forms of art found mainly on the periphery of the movement. "I'm interested in art which has been neglected by the mainstream institutions. Tattoos still hold some negative connotations, but shows like this can increase their level of acceptance.

The exhibition will run through Feb. 27 at The Frameworks and De La Guerra Gallery at 131 East De La Guerra Street in Downtown Santa Barbara, Tuesday through Friday, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. and Saturdays 11 a.m. to 3 p.m.



The "Body of Art" photo exhibition offers a unique insight into a fringe art: the tattoo. Photographs in the exhibit include a pair of marked hands (above) and a remarkably tattooed woman (below). On the cover is a woman "baring" art. The exhibit is showing at The Frameworks and the De La Guerra Gallery, Tuesdays through Fridays, until Feb. 27.





Poor Plot, Promising Artwork

by William Toren

In the late 1980s, UCSB student Scott Easley came out with "Fresh-Man," a comic strip about college life. With its quirky humor and good-time feel, "Fresh-Man" gained enough popularity to make someone out there feel it warranted its own limited-release paperback collection, copies of which occasionally turn up in the campus Bookstore. It was pretty funny — funnier than, say, "Suzy Snacktime" could dream to be. But that's not saying much.

Anyway, Easley has returned to the comic medium with an obscure company called Cult Press, one of those "underground" publishers claiming to be on the forefront of a new wave of graphic storytelling, or whatever the serious term for comics is these days. Easley's work is appearing in *Windows*, an erratic series featuring a different full-length story every issue with new characters each time.

The format seems to be modeled after the legendary EC horror comics of the '50s, which were anthologies of bizarre and gross illustrated tales designed to scare and arouse teenagers and other hormonally imbalanced subliterate.

The execution of *Windows*, however, more closely resembles the watered-down '70s version of the horror comic put out by intermittently schlocky DC. While the artwork in the DC series was often surprisingly first-rate — Bernie Wrightson and Robert Corben were regular contributors — the storylines relied upon the final-page-zinger-ending too much for the product to be truly engaging.

"Rendering the hereafter can be a daunting task for an artist, and Easley's spare visuals serve just fine, but there's no reason to read the captions."

The same is true of the latest offering of *Windows*. While Easley's artwork shows promise — it's certainly different from the understandably cartoony "Fresh-Man" and its Doonesbury-square noses — but the plotting is restrictive. A good command of human expressiveness is evident, in fact, it's among the few standouts, but it

reads like an illustrated joke. The story is of a liar before St. Peter trying to talk his way into heaven. Rendering the hereafter can be a daunting task for an artist, and Easley's spare visuals serve just fine, but there's no reason to read the captions.

Sure, creating suspense in the comic medium is not easy, but the writer, who seems to want to be known simply as "Leon," doesn't appear to be working that hard. The story rambles like the bud of some shabby flower opening just in time to wilt — it's difficult to care.


As this is an anthology title, quality will vary from issue to issue, and this flexibility could make for some surprisingly poignant stuff. But since this Leon guy is also the editor, *Windows* could easily become browse fodder, somewhere on the racks between *Visceral Vixens* and the next X-spinoff. Despite the lack of ads, it's difficult to justify the \$2.50 cover price, even in a world where they'll charge you \$5 for a copy of *Destroyer Duck*, a significantly more entertaining line.

However, if you disagree, you can show your support for the folks over at Cult Press when they come to town Jan. 29 for a book signing from 3-7 p.m. at Metro Comics on Anapamu downtown. Or not.

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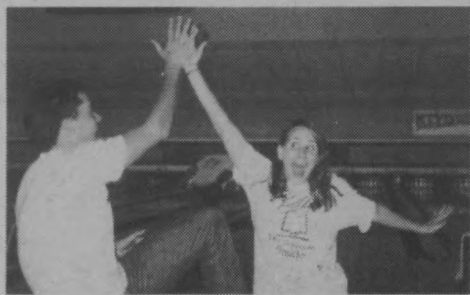
Spike's Party Schedule

- Thursday, Jan. 28 Juke Box
- Friday, Jan. 29 Zoo Story 9-12pm
- Saturday, Jan. 30 Bill Fernberg 9-12pm
- Sunday, Jan. 31 Late Night Happy Hour
- Monday, Feb. 1 Regular Stuff
- Tuesday, Feb. 2 Jeff Pine 9-12pm
- Wednesday, Feb. 3 Marv Green 9-12pm

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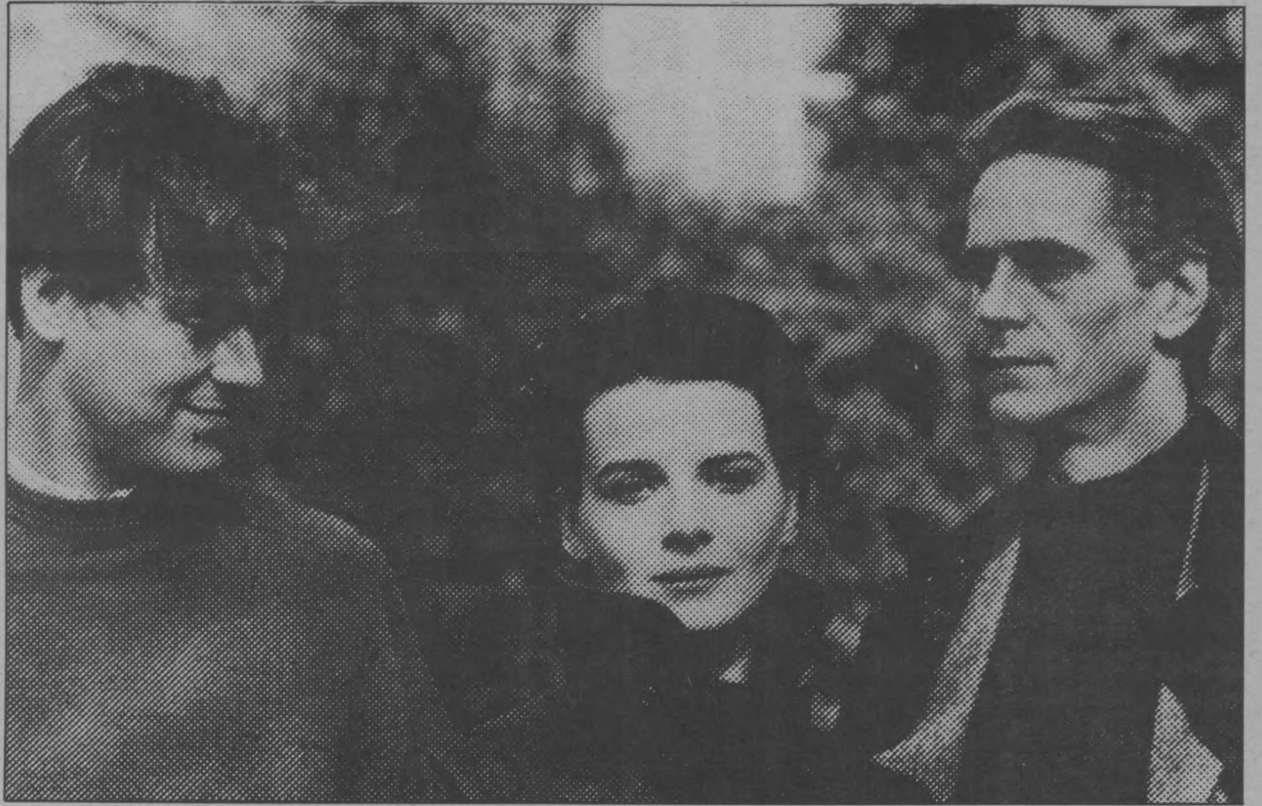
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film review



Sex thrills Martyn Fleming (Rupert Graves), Anna Barton (Juliette Binoche) and Stephen Fleming (Jeremy Irons).

Likes Father, Likes Son

Sex is getting a bad rap.

Just within the last month, three movies have been released that all suggest sex is maybe not so innocent or pure after all.

First, *The Lover* told us a story about the power of sex — the power to perpetuate class distinction and, paradoxically, the power to instill participants with a sense of shame. Next, Madonna's *Body Of Evidence* suggested that sex is a weapon. Now, Louis Malle's new picture, *Damage*, explores just how much destruction can be wreaked by two damaged persons when they start to have sex.

The film begins with Stephen Fleming (Jeremy Irons) joining the prime minister for tea at the English parliament. Stephen, a former doctor, seems to be in a most enviable position. Besides having a ministry position, he is also married to Ingrid (Miranda Richardson) who is beautiful, charming and comes from a "superior" family. They share an idyllic home and frequent London's society circles. Stephen is a predictable follower of routine who seems perfectly at home within England's repressive social climate.

But something is amiss.

When this "perfect" couple's successful journalist son Martyn (Rupert Graves) mentions he is dating a certain Anna Barton (Juliette Binoche), neither Stephen or Ingrid are excited about this new involvement with yet another woman. The plot thickens when Stephen meets Anna at a dull cocktail party and becomes entirely infatuated with her. Within a few hours Martyn's girlfriend is in the sheets with daddy.

Anna enters the relationship with plenty of emotional baggage that allows her to view this sexual play as fun and "innocent." But Stephen begins to self-destruct rapidly, unable to heed his mistresses' warning: "Damaged people are dangerous because they know how to survive."

What's happening here is that Anna is trying to deny certain emotions about a dead brother and Stephen is

sheltered life he has lived for so long. Because their playing is done outside of the traditional marriage-dating rink and because they are both cheating, a psychologically fragile and dangerous relationship is created.

Stephen's ends-justify-the-means rationale is believable because Anna is beautiful and Stephen's life isn't. But it is not Anna that Stephen is after. He is after the image — her young and wild spirit — which makes him do silly things like take a train to Paris for a *quickie* along the Seine. It is lust, and lust only, as revealed when he demands of her, "Who are you? Who are you?" in the middle of a lovemaking session. Stephen spends the remainder of the movie trying to figure out how to deal with his obsession, all the while losing everything he ever had his hands on.

Anna loses a great deal as well, but her general state of denial makes the eventual destruction more bearable. While the victims Martyn and Ingrid are amiable characters, we are drawn to Stephen and Anna because of the tragedy surrounding their lives. We do not want to judge or condemn, because normative ethics do not always apply.

The film is paced fairly well and an obvious improvement on the initial version. Most of the action takes place within decadent offices, hotels and homes in London, Brussels and Paris to produce a both dreary and chic backdrop to the mysterious profiles of Irons and Binoche. While the cast and locations are excellent, the soundtrack is a bit too obvious. Unless a soundtrack is unbelievable, serving as a film's carrying force (read: *Chariots Of Fire*), we simply should not notice the music, but in *Damage* we do.

Despite the score, *Damage* is a fine tragedy that allows the audience to really root for the bad guys even though we cannot justify their behavior.

Moviegoers should be aware that spring, not winter, is the season for love. This month's movies reflect this all too well.

—Martin Boer

Eighth Santa Barbara International Film Festival

is seeking **volunteers** to work in a variety of areas, including headquarters desk and office, theatre ushering, canvassing, transportation and hospitality. The festival will feature over 100 films, seminars and panel discussions and is scheduled to take place March 5-14, 1993.

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NECKA 28

One-Woman Show

Humdinger of a Poet

What do Archbishop Desmond M. Tutu, former UN secretary Javier Perez de Cuellar, Nobel laureate Elie Wiesel and actress Schyleen Qualls have in common? They're all recipients of the Harvard Foundation Medallion Award for "outstanding contributions to American performing arts and to race and intercultural relations." But while Tutu, de Cuellar and Wiesel are almost household names, most people haven't heard of Qualls, outside of a minor following at colleges and universities around the country.

Actually, students around the country who have witnessed *The Last Word*, Qualls' solo performance of African-American poetry and prose, aren't the only ones who have been wowed. Jesse Jackson recruited her to perform in his presidential campaign and as a representative to the Rainbow Coalition's 11-member peace delegation to Germany. And after Ken Kesey saw *The Last Word*, he was prompted to describe the young dancer and actress as "a treasure, a flower, a trump, a humdinger of a word slinger, a



Schyleen Qualls

corker of a talker, a heller of a storyteller, dawn's first light and a downright delight." Now that's a compliment.

The ovations *The Last Word* has garnered from people like Kesey and from students across the country are positive proof that Qualls' act is a nerve-tweaker. The show's appeal lies not only in the diversity of topics — which range from Black women's literature to the environment and economic issues

— but in Qualls' ability to charm and captivate. Drawn from a wide variety of poets and authors — including Maya Angelou, June Jordan, Nikki Giovanni, Langston Hughes, Ruby Dee — the one-woman show will come to UCSB. This is one last word you don't want to miss.

Schyleen Qualls will perform *The Last Word* at UCSB's Main Theatre on Jan. 30 at 8 p.m.
—Bonnie Bills



Sing it

Mel Foster and Janet Thibodeau (pictured above) will portray George Germont and Violetta in the UCSB Opera Theatre's production of Verdi's 'La Traviata.' The poignantly beautiful opera will be staged in Lotte Lehmann Concert Hall on Jan. 29, 30, Feb. 5 and 6 at 8 p.m., and Jan. 31 and Feb. 7 at 2 p.m. Tickets are available at the Arts and Lectures Box Office.

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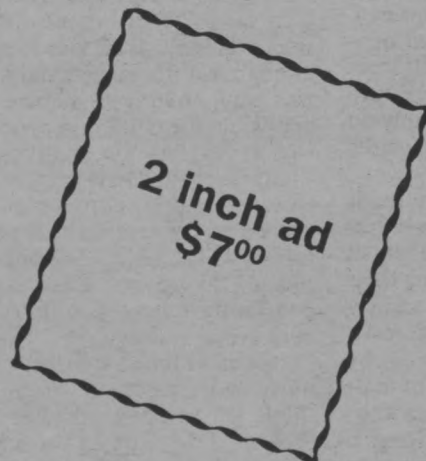
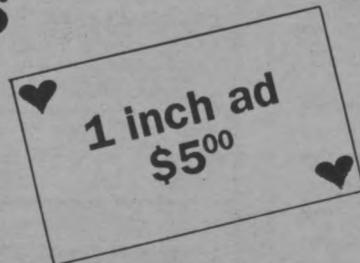
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