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Alarming Strength



The Alarm — Strength

Wow. Talk about being worth the two-year wait. Sure, there were a few EPs in between to curb the cravings, but no LP news. I'll admit I was more than a little worried. A lot of harm — internal changes, the big move for commercial success — can happen in a band's two year absence. But rest assured. The Alarm is back and as strong as ever.

Strength is precisely that: strong. The band has changed some, but only for the better. They have far from sold out and far from commercialized their sound. The Alarm has put to rest the myth that they are only another U2 prototype; they have proven they have the strength to stand alone and make their stand.

The quartet stepped out on a limb with this second album, and the move proved more than successful. Spin the B-side and listen for The

Day the Raven left the Tower and Walk Forever By My Side — they are the epitome of a refined Alarm. The tunes are ballads — slow, comforting, oozing with sincerity. The acoustic guitar blues coupled with tender lyrics and Mike Peters' hometown whining, pleading voice create a pair of lullaby tunes surely to charm the heart. It's quite a change from the banner-waving, revolution-seeking rebels who sounded-off so desperately in *The Declaration*.

But don't worry. There has not been a loss of Alarm energy. It's there and is as honest and tough as ever. The other eight tunes ring of Dave Sharp's boot-stomping guitar and Peters' boyish, rebellious vocals. But instead of proclaiming bandwagon cries for societal change, so characteristic of *Declaration* era albums, The Alarm has tightened the focus of their message. Protests of injustice and the squalor of wartime are still underlying concerns, but issues of Strength are closer to home — Britain's treacherous economy, the resulting unemployment, and the pain of class-distinctions that separate families and lovers. The lyrics are simple, honest, clear, and to the point.

But in exposing such sincerity, The Alarm also reveals their confusion and unrest with so much of their surroundings. Peters cries out

for a future, "someone to believe in," for "love ... hope ... strength ... someone to live for." He sings of being "a lonely man walking lonely streets" and of the unease he feels when he steps out into the world. His concerns are not too off-base — in fact, he is right on target. Peters has the strength to sing of weakness — a hard song to sing — especially in such upwardly mobile times when men and women are cast as superpeople and society has no patience for the confused or the weak. He rejects the plastic heroes and the "cruel world that kicks a man when he's down." And he confesses the unthinkable in our day of independence: "For I alone can't face the future/I need your strength/ To help me make it through." In our cool, fast-paced world of synthesized bands that gloss over the absolute realities, The Alarm's honest tunes have again shined through. And it's a refreshing sound after a two-year wait.

The bottom line is that Strength rings of hope. In the end, despite the confusion, the protest, and the pain of dealing with an infected society, The Alarm won't leave listeners stranded. The LP echoes of hope and the strength of the individual to bring about change. "We are all the cause, the solution to reality."

The album sleeve brags some great action shots of The Alarm, but if you can sacrifice some study hours during Dead Week, the band will be in action downtown. The Alarm and guests The Cruzados will play Santa Barbara's Arlington Theatre Sunday Dec. 1. The show starts at 7:30 p.m. — Lisa Mascaro

You're In For A Shock

The Motels — Shock

What's happened? What used to be one of the leading new wave bands to emerge from the L.A. basin has now become a monster of pop radio. Headed by the sultry Martha Davis, mother of two teen-age children, the Motels appear to be drowned by a case of over-production brought to you by disco-king Ritchie Zito.

Shock, the latest effort by the sextet, is weak in every sense of the word. No longer can one hear such rockin' songs, like "Mission of Mercy" and "People, Places, and Things," but rather we have to sit through nine or ten songs that were written in the hope of pop success. They weren't even really geared towards the pop crowd but rather the easy-listening on the verge of the Ben-Gay crowd. This wouldn't be all that bad either if it weren't for the need to have every Motel play a designated instrument. For some reason I found the Motels' sound to be more complete when they were a quintet and I think "All Four One" is living proof that the Motels can exist, or should exist, as a quintet. Ever since the first spin of "Little

Robbers," I knew that the Motels had made a wrong move by making Scott Thurston the so-called Motel 6.

Properly entitled Shock, the new



album will come as a shock to those who enjoyed the versatility of the previous Motels' records. It's one pop lullaby after another from the Duranish title track to "Annie Told Me" to "My Love Stops Here." Boy, I wish these humdrum ballads, drowned by synthesizers would stop coming. Also, they list three Motels as playing the guitar. You could have fooled me, because I only heard two songs that had anything

remotely close to a guitar. Maybe they just forgot how to play the guitar. Either way the only two songs that hold any merit are the hit single "Shame" and "New York Times." Both of these victims of Motel boredom seem to emerge with the playfulness that Martha Davis can sometimes produce, one of her better qualities.

Aside from this wimpy mediocre effort, the Motels are dynamic live. Martha Davis demands full attention on stage and the rest of the band just seems to fall into the backdrop once this sexpot hits the stage. So beware — the Motels, or rather Martha Davis, is definitely worth seeing live.

But for those people who beg to differ with me (on the album that is) you can catch the Motels this Sunday, the 24th with the Del Fuegos at the Arlington Theatre. Definitely not one of my favorites, the Del Fuegos return to Santa Barbara to bring their version of Boston rockabilly pop. Best know for their beer commercial, the Fuegos have just released their second album which everyone seems to be talking about. Who knows, I might just be in for a shock.

— Cesar Padilla

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Husker Du — American Visionaries



Husker Du Flip Your Wig

Accessibility of sound and style does not impose the dreaded "selling out" epitaph for an artist. *Flip Your Wig*, Husker Du's latest release, will surely garner voices citing their abandonment of principles and demise. The band need not offer any defense nor excuses. Placing the needle on the vinyl in itself constitutes an unrefutable verdict. This band has integrity. This record crackles. The album offers a plethora of diverse songs. The songs burst with intense vitality and engaging melodies.

Husker Du have re-evaluated and refined the raw, limiting sound of their first album *Land Speed Record* and with *Flip Your Wig*, they offer a

mature, powerful voice that stands out from the morass of hard-edged American bands. Who else could pen such lyrics as,

*"Only angels have wings girl
And poets have all the words
The earth is made for the two of us
The sky is made for the birds
You've given me so much happiness
That I'll wrap it up and give you this song
You gotta grab it with both of your hands
You gotta keep hangin' on..."*

and believe in such simplistic imagery? Sounds similar to Bernie Taupin and Elton John's sentimental syrup from the seventies, yet Grant Hart's conviction and utter despair in such idealism truly convinces me. Familiar themes of young love sure, but they play it in such an extraordinary manner.

The album chronicles both the rigors of maintaining a personal identity while in the music business, and the rigors of establishing and maintaining personal relationships. The single "Makes No Sense At All" combines elements of early Stiff Little Fingers and current Social Distortion. Yet it imparts a strongly definable essence all their own. Repeated choruses, chord changes, progression of structure and even

effective harmonizing all pervade throughout the album, lending a pop presence to the overall production. For example, "Hate Paper Dolls" with its jostling rhythms rumbling at a rockabilly pace, meshes a distorted guitar riff perfectly within an otherwise clean production mix.

Initially the song "Divide and Conquer", a song of overt political commentary, seems repetitive. Yet repeated listenings illustrate that the repetition actually entices and entrances the listener, ultimately emerging as one of the stronger songs. Side two varies from the absolutely irreverent "The Baby Song" to the driving "Private Plane." The strongest song of the year is definitely "Keep Hangin On." Exploding at intervals, then subtly descending into psychedelic swirls, Grant Hart's voice strains to merely hang on. The listener feels him grovelling with the microphone stand as the only object upholding his sanity. We too feel on edge, with the grating pain of attempting to maintain a relationship.

In *Flip Your Wig*, Husker Du have produced an album for those who desire to devour musical emotions, and neither the past nor the present should lessen the impact of the artifact. The urgency of their message and music has created a brilliant musical vision.

— Craig Knizek

Caught In The Grip

The Smiths

The Boy With a Thorn in His Side

I was talking to someone the other day about some new music that was out, and the conversation came around to Morrissey, The Smiths songwriter and singer. Well, this person was of the opinion that Morrissey is no more than some screwed up neurotic wimp in serious need of some counseling. Being the Smiths fan that I am, I disagreed, and left it at that.

But thinking about it later, I realized that she had really missed the whole point of The Smiths music. True, Morrissey's disposition is anything but happy-go-lucky. This, however, is not a result of some deficiency in his character, but rather of his ability to see things as they are. His songs are a documentation of reality, an attempt to make tangible and clear hidden human fears and dilemmas. And the reason that The Smiths have developed a slightly fanatical following is Morrissey's success in expressing the most basic human difficulties in simply trying to get through life. Someone once told me that art transmutes the terror of living by providing a clear look at that terror, and Smiths music is a prime example of this.

And these three new songs only further the group's position as one of the relatively few groups providing an alternative to the junk pop

musicians have created in their quest for big bucks. Morrissey's singing is exemplary as always, the music is excellent, and the lyrics aim deep. The title song has the full sound from their last album *Meat Is Murder*, and some great lyrics.



*"The boy with a thorn in his side
behind the hatred there lies
A murderer's desire (for love)
How can they look into my eyes
and still they don't believe me?
how can hear me say those words
and still they don't believe me?
And if they don't believe me now
will they ever believe me?"*

The tunes on the flip side are very different from one another. I'm really not too crazy about "Rubber Ring." It's slightly sentimental,

which is rare for The Smiths, but does have something to say about the importance of music.

*"The passing of time and all of its
sickening crimes
is making me sad again
But don't forget the songs that made
you cry
and the songs that saved your life
Yes you're older now
and you're a clever swine
But they were the only ones that
ever stood by you."*

"Asleep" is THE TUNE on this piece of vinyl. It's a slow, dark song about the weariness of living and the seduction of going to sleep and not having to get up. Ever. The only accompaniment to Morrissey's voice is Johnny Marr's sad, languorous piano work.

*Sing me to sleep, sing me to sleep
I don't want to wake up on my own
anymore
... Don't feel bad for me, I want you
to know
Deep in the cell of my heart I really
want to go
There is another world, there is a
better world
There must be."*

This is one of those songs that really captures you in its grip.

Five bucks is a lot to pay for a three song single, but with The Smiths it's a small price to pay for excellence.

— Laurence Iliff

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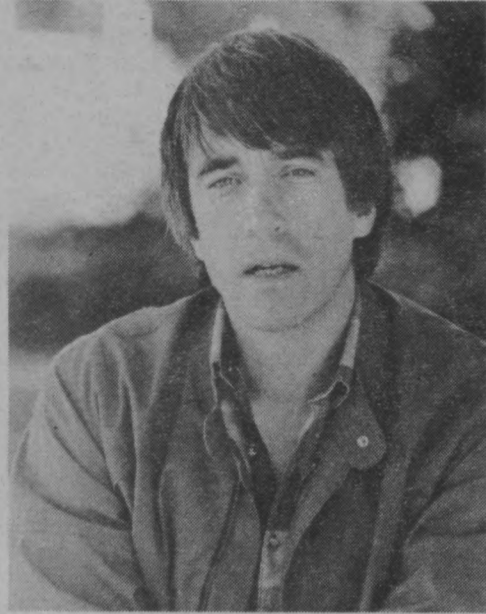
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An Interview With Sasha Sokolov

The Writer As Free Spirit



SCOTT SEDLIK

His critics obviously can't do without superlatives when they try to place his work in the history of literature: he has been called the most important young Russian emigre writer and his novel *Between Dog and Wolf* has been named a Russian *Finnegan's Wake*. He himself claims to be waiting for the Nobel Prize. Sasha Sokolov is very conscious of his own publicity, because he knows what he and his work are worth. In Sasha Sokolov all distinctions between the empirical person and the work produced disappear. The interviewer finds himself in a paradoxical situation: how are you going to interview a man who gives zero value to the spoken word, who will admit only to that which is written as valid? But since that point — the invalidity of the spoken word — was expressed in a conversation, one already knows that, at least for the length of the interview, one is in the presence of pure irony. In Sasha Sokolov's speech all oppositions — that between the East and the West, that between life and death, that between rational and irrational — are made to disappear or, at least, go (surrealistically) soft. His view of life and the world — if ever there was such a general thing — can be summed up as: 'Where I am, the world is; where I am, the work is written.'

Who are you? A Russian living in America? A Russian becoming an American? An American who was once a Russian?

It's an interesting question, though I never ask this question myself. I'm a citizen of the world. I feel less and less belonging to Russia, to that culture, a little bit more involved in American culture, although I exclusively write in Russian.

What's America's role in this process?

I would be the same everywhere, whether in London, Paris or Berlin. But America helps this feeling of not belonging to anything, because this is really a free country, there are no rules how to behave, there are no frames, you can be and feel whatever you want here. That sounds as if you thought America had the monopoly on freedom. In what way are people free in Russia?

I was free even there, but people in Russia are afraid of the KGB, of the Militia, the power, they are not sure of themselves, that's true at least for common people; I'm not talking about the elite. People don't know their own rights, though there are civil rights written into the constitution; people don't even believe in these rights and don't know how to use their rights. People are not educated politically. They don't know how to use those small freedoms they maybe have. They prefer not to be involved politically, they don't dare to show. It's a hiding style of life, that's what's happening.

In America, I think, people care about their freedom, they are brave enough, because from their childhood they are taught to be free; and I think they do enough to keep their freedom alive, because there are many diverse forces alive in this society. In the Soviet Union,

there is only one way, it's a given way. There, the state owns everything. The state feeds those artists who accept the system and consequently owns books, ideas and people.

How does your work circulate in the Soviet Union?

On tape, in the underground; that's where forbidden books and records are handed around, under the table. But it's a surface underground, there is no real underground. The most underground thing is the Black Market, and people get together in known places where the Militia may appear in plain clothes. Often, the authorities close their eyes to it, I don't know why. In that way, everything depends totally on their will and their decision.

Do you feel accepted here, as a writer and a person?

You know, from the beginning when I just came here, I felt that I came back home, right in New York at the airport I felt it was my home, although there was no reason to feel this way. I felt accepted. On the other hand, I had known so much about America, before I came, so that nothing was actually new to me. The only thing new were smells, like the smell of gasoline. I remember the tastes of many kinds of food, like Coca Cola and ham, the typical American tastes. Colors were different, colors known from my childhood, colors of the leaves are different from those in Europe. They are more bright; the green of the leaves is more bright, as well as the grass, the shade is deeper here. The light is different, brighter, it doesn't matter where.... It's like an old dream. It's a *deja vu*, because I imagined it to myself exactly as it came out. All my life I was sure that finally I would be living somewhere in the West, preferably in the United States or Canada.

"To write is to remember ... you have to be ecstatic. You have to jump out of your skin, you have to be mad."

— Sasha Sokolov

At this point during our conversation we were interrupted for a few moments by a Nexus photographer. Do you like having your photograph taken? Do you own photographs?

No, I actually never liked it, from my childhood, I never felt ready or good looking enough to be pictured. But there is also a different reason. All photographs taken of me are not good enough. I don't like them, but people do; I'm not photogenic enough. Also, I don't own photographs of my family. I even don't remember what they look like, because so many years have passed. I can remember my friends only as young people. From Moscow I have taken some photos with me, but most of them are lost now, or given away to friends or the press. Nobody sends me new ones from Moscow. My friends there, my family, Moscow, have become fictitious, I would even say fairy tale texts.

Seriously, I sometimes think that part of my life never happened. That was my previous life, another life in another dimension. One of the proofs that that life is going on in another dimension: you send a person to meet your friends or relatives in order to find out what is happening there. When the person is back here you don't know anything, all the information he comes with means nothing. There is no information (about Russia). You get nothing, nothing.... That life is untranslatable into this one. At the same time, I feel that it used to be this way all the time, from the beginning. It doesn't matter whether you're talking about Russia or the United States, I have been an outsider all the time. I've always looked at people's lives as a foreigner. I never felt myself a part of society; I was an emigre, an outsider by nature, by spirit (See SOKOLOV, p.6A)



ROBERT AUCI

Ellen Goodman: A Matter Of Values

When Ellen Goodman spoke to a capacity crowd at Campbell Hall Tuesday evening, she gave the people what they wanted. She discussed issues, not fluff, but she spoke in terms of sentiment rather than statistics. She spoke as an observer of American society rather than as a political analyst, although her columns have earned her a great deal of respect as a political analyst. As her columns always are, Goodman's address was thoughtful, incisive, and demanding of its audience.

Goodman knows who her readership is — her columns reflect the demographics from which she and her readers spring. Tuesday night's largely Anglo and middle-class audience illustrated this. So did her speech.

Calling herself an "observer of change," she described her perceptions of the influence the women's movement has had on our society and the conservative political mood of the country. "I tend to think of the women's movement as the movement of women, physically, from one lifestyle to another," Goodman said.

The "supermom" of the '50s and '60s has been replaced in America's collective consciousness by a "superwoman," who accomplishes everything supermom did, but holds down a full-time job as well. "Women are supposed to be guilty if they are not working and guilty if they are not also supermom. Men are supposed to be guilty if they are not feeling and achieving and attentive to their children.... We are guilty not only if we are not fulfilling the old roles, but also if we are not fulfilling the new roles."

"I think we have attempted to make change without loss by adding one set of expectations on top of another." A double set of expectations translates to a doubled workload for women, Goodman said. But there have been no allowances made by men or society for a woman with effectively two careers,

"Superwoman is the woman who has changed without upsetting ... society and without upsetting men. Superwoman is the socially useful myth that women can have it all only if they can do it all, and do it all by themselves."

— Ellen Goodman

and it is no longer popular to choose one career over the other. Goodman cited a recent survey of college women in their early 20s who said they envisioned themselves establishing a career, then leaving work to have children, and reentering the work force some years later.

"Superwoman is the woman who has changed without upsetting ... society, and without upsetting men. Superwoman is the socially useful myth that women can have it all only if they can do it all, and do it all by themselves."

Goodman focused on the problems of juggling motherhood and a career, but the supermother career-woman wife she described lives only in one economic stratus. She called the change which has occurred over the last decade "lopsided," saying that "women have gotten more equal responsibilities than equal rights," meaning that women have done the struggling and negotiating and adapting to new circumstances, while men have been observing and resisting and finally capitulating, up to a point. What men have not done is contribute to the construction of a new way of sharing lives and responsibilities. The men in our lives, she said, should help us decide what direction our lives will take, and help us to continue to change. Entering the male workplace is easier than bringing women's values to the corporation, she said.

The changes wrought by the most recent incarnation of the U.S. women's movement have also been lopsided racially and economically, but Goodman chose not to address the internal problems of the movement Tuesday night. The woman who does not have help choosing both family and a career because there is no man who will help her decide or help her support her children was not discussed. The woman who has not had enough education to choose a "career" was left out.

Goodman's criticism of corporate discrimination against women who choose both a family and a job was accurate and necessary. She talked about the paucity of reliable daycare and the lack of support for working mothers in the form of maternity leave or flexible hours, but she seems to have a blind spot where those women for whom law school is not only not the answer, but not even a possibility are concerned.

In an interview before the lecture, Goodman said that the issues of the women's movement, although perhaps pursued with less energy than 10 years ago, are still resonant for women today. They are somewhat less "resonant," she said, partly because of the success women have had in making a place for themselves in a male-dominated world. "Women's issues," however, resonate very faintly within women for whom survival for themselves and their children equals success.

— Becky Freed

New Arts Trio — Arts & Lectures' Fall Finale

The New Arts Trio has announced the program for their UCSB Campbell Hall concert on Thursday, Nov. 21 at 8 pm, presented by UCSB Arts & Lectures. The New Arts Trio — pianist Rebecca Penneys, violinist Piotr Janowski and cellist Steven Doane — have received increasingly wide attention. They will perform three traditional favorites plus a contemporary work that opened to high praise in New York last year.

The concert will begin with Mozart's Trio in E Major, K. 542. The product of a transition period in musical history, this trio still recognizes the piano as the dominant instrument. But the violin and cello are by no means neglected: the cello has abandoned its bass function and participates in the melody with the violin and there is

substantial answering back and forth between the two string instruments.

Following the Mozart on the program will be Beethoven's Piano Trio in D Major, Op. 70, No. 1, called the "Ghost" Trio. The sadness of the second movement, combined with a spine-shivering descending chromatic scale, lends an otherworldly aura to this piece.

John Eaton's Piano Trio: In Memoriam Mario Cristini provides the contemporary music for the evening. The New Arts Trio concert will conclude with Ravel's Piano Trio in A minor, written in 1915. An excellent example of Ravel's "dual musical personality" — one foot in the past and one foot in the future — this trio combines the economy of Faure (Ravel's teacher) and the rich sonorities of Debussy's early

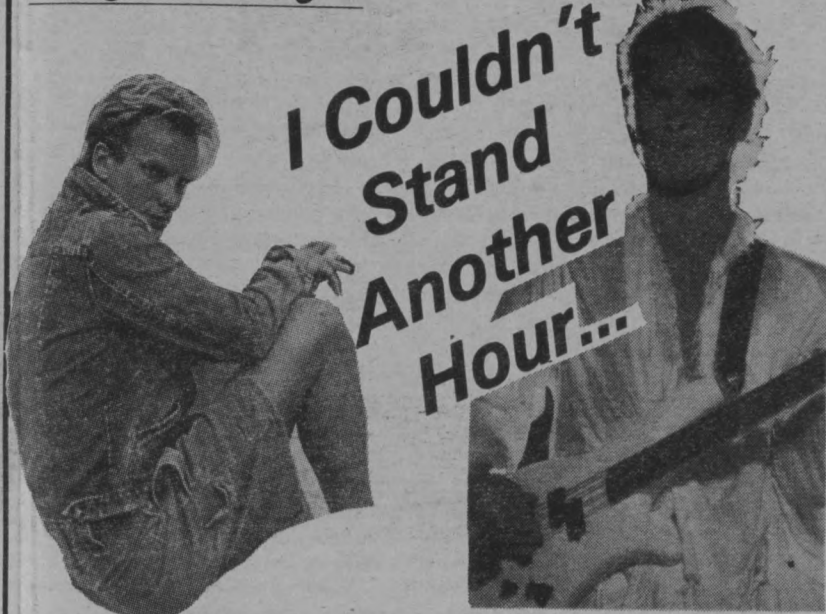


The New Arts Trio — pianist Rebecca Penneys, violinist Piotr Janowski, and cellist Steven Doane.

works with the modernist tendencies of the new generation.

For more information about the New Arts Trio, or to charge tickets by phone, call the Arts & Lectures Ticket Office at 961-3535.

'Bring On The Night'



Home movies at best are somewhat entertaining and interesting to only those who have participated in them. To those of us who have no real interest in watching home movies they become trite and boring. Sting has decided to let the general public in on the makings of his new band by transforming his home movie into a major motion picture, *Bring on the Night*. And it failed miserably.

Directed by Michael Apter, the film tries to focus on the personalities of the band, but falls short. Instead of in-depth interviews with the talented musicians who comprise the company, there is too much concert and rehearsal footage. In between Sting singing every song off his new album, there is 30 seconds of a band member explaining what he thinks is wrong with pop music. Questions about the forming of the group, their influences, background and future are left to naught. The recent and extensive media coverage of the band has given the public an overview of these musicians' experience, yet the film nearly fails to recognize any member save the almighty Sting.

Saxophone player Branford Marsalis has had extensive experience with jazz music and is an established artist. In the brief interview with him, he displays a strong sense of self-accomplishment and awareness of his new collaboration. He is neither impressed nor tainted by Sting's omnipotent status and candidly tells us "I just want to barf" when Sting's celebrity friends appear at rehearsals.

Bassist Darryl Jones, who performed with Miles Davis, is perhaps the closest to stealing the spotlight from Sting. He, however, is kept to a minimum; his talent barely noticeable during the rehearsal scenes. Drummer Omar Hakim and keyboardist Kenny Kirkland are forgotten, tucked away in a corner of the 17th century chateau where the documentary was shot.

The interviews with Sting are short and dispersed throughout the film. He talks more than any other member of his band, which is rather annoying since he speaks about trivial matters. Sting fails to comment on the formation of the band, about what inspired him to stray from The Police, or what difficulties he encountered. Instead he rambles about himself, a topic which has been well exhausted.

Why produce a documentary if there is nothing told? Apter and Sting have undermined the very idea of the rock-documentary. Perhaps what is most disturbing about *Bring On The Night* is the blatantly selfish, ego-laden attitude which permeates the film, tainting it with notes of insolence and conceit. Sting expends so much energy blowing his own horn that after a while the audience is forced to say "so what." This band may be brilliant but the audience needs an opportunity to appraise them, examine their talents, and then form opinions. Instead, we are shown only a carefully selected slice of hard-working musicians and their pseudo-god vocalist.

The band does however get some revenge. They cajole Sting about his accent, his descent and his ego. After reading an article about Sting in the *Mirror* to the entire band, Darryl Jones calls him "the George Jefferson of Great Britain," as the band proceeds to play the *Jeffersons'* theme. They even go so far as to get Sting to sing the theme from *The Flintstones*. If more scenes with this sort of honesty and undisciplined sentiment were included, then the film may have worked.

— Valerie De Lapp

Student Directors Offer One-Act Plays

Two *About Teachers*, an evening of two student directed one-act plays will be presented Nov. 21-23 at 8 p.m. by the UCSB Department of Dramatic Art in the University's Old Little Theatre.

The *Browning Version* by Terence Rattigan, and *Sister Mary Ignatius Explains It All For You* by Christopher Durang make up the double bill that examines the teaching profession and how it effects the professional and personal lives of those involved, and the influence they have on those they teach.

The *Browning Version* directed by Anne Laskey, is a play about the shattering and ultimate regeneration of an elderly classics professor at an English boys' school. The play examines emotions, understanding, and values through the compromises that people make.

Steve Ormond will direct *Sister Mary Ignatius Explains It All For You*, a humorous and sometimes controversial look at parochial school education and pre-Vatican II Catholicism. The action is centered around a nun who has twisted various elements of Catholicism for her own teaching purposes and how this has affected the lives of four former students.

UCSB dramatic art students Daniel Davy, Shawn Kimsey, John Maurer,

Ivan Pelley, Cherie Rice, Erica Schmitzler, and Dan Robert Wentzel have been cast in *The Browning Version* while Brian Bookbinder, Todd Drewry, Jo McElroy, Dana Marley, Adrienne Perry and David Vining have been chosen by director Ormond to be in *Sister Mary*.

Assisting senior directing students Laskey and Ormond are Paul Shank, scenic and lighting designer and Cheryl Harris, costume coordinator.

Tickets for *Two About Teachers* will be available at 7 p.m. at the door each night of performance. For further information call the Arts and Lectures box office at 961-3535.



A Kiss So Sweet

Hector Babenco's *Kiss of the Spider Woman* recently spun its way into the new Goleta Theatre, drawing in the local crowd thirsty for a dose of sophisticated cinema. Filmed in Brazil, *Spider Woman* brings to the surface such issues as gender, machismo, alienation and the nature of human love and affection.

It is a slow and deliberate tale of two men who are imprisoned not only by the prison walls which surround them, but by a society impervious to compassion and conviction. William Hurt (*The Big Chill*, *Altered States*) is Luis Morina, a flamboyant homosexual who delights in retelling his favorite films in remarkable detail. Hurt's feminine finesse is perfect and polished as his body glides with ease into this new and trying role. Morina has been convicted of corrupting a minor and is sentenced to eight years in prison. He is the classic example of the persecution that such a man receives in an oppressive society.

Complementing Hurt's queenish Morina is Raul Julia's effective personification of the tortured revolutionary, Valentin. Unlike Morina whose passion is love, Valentin is a man of passionate political conviction. He embodies the macho-martyr, willing to sacrifice his all for the cause. He is the revolutionary, able to fear only the loss of conviction rather than loss of life. As the two meet one wonders if they will ever be able to bridge the monstrous gap that separates their respective ideologies and lifestyles. What follows is an intensely personal and accurately paced documentation of the breaking down of barriers that can occur when an individual is removed from the daily pressures and judgements of mainstream society.

The film opens with a sweeping pan through Morina's cell. We see walls covered with pin-ups cushioned in billowy chalk clouds, brightly colored scarves, a hand-painted shirt and an assortment of make-up. We hear Hurt's voice, appropriately softened by his character, linger on the description of a beautiful, enchanting woman. The camera tilts to reveal the protagonist dressed in a brightly colored robe, unraveling the plot of

a Nazi war propaganda love story. Here director Babenco uses the scenes of the ever lovely and enticing Sonia Braga. We are suddenly in occupied France complete with dark shadows and hand-colored film.

Babenco continues to juxtapose these parallel narratives throughout the film creating uncompromising statements concerning the lack of tolerance that permeates society. He compares the suffering of love to political persecution; each one similarly affecting the human psyche, each capable of inflicting tremendous torture. He weaves this web of psychological complexities and we are caught in the intensity of contradiction and irony.

Sonia Braga portrays a trio of passionate women, each a reflection of male fantasy or idealism. The closest to reality is Marta, an upper-class woman who was Valentin's lover and to whom he escapes to during interludes of torture. She is strong and beautiful, as uncompromising as Valentin. Braga is also the passionate and gullible heroine of Nazi propaganda, willing to sacrifice herself for love. It is this character that Morina clings to longingly during his meticulous theatrical narrative renditions. She is sumptuous and seductive as well as gullible to a deadly fault, much as Morina may be. Braga plays as adeptly the briefly pictured Spider Woman whose silver tear reflects the sadness each kiss of death brings to her lonely and desolate life.

Aside from the tremendously developed and skilled acting, Babenco's direction is superb. He never sacrifices his tone nor pace for the sake of commercialism. The result is a film that ebbs over its viewers in slow and unpredictable waves as the characters' relationships evolve amongst numerous narrative complications as well as daring social queries.

In the end what we have is a film that explores the notion of gender: what is it that makes a man a man, or more importantly, a human being. Babenco dares to suggest that love and compassion crosses all boundaries — be they sexual, political or ideological.

— Susanne Van Cleave

'Twenty Years Later'

One Woman's Strength, Courage, and Conviction



Elizabeth Teixeira; hopeful idealism.

Twenty Years Later is the documentation of human courage of every sort. In 1962, Joao Pedro Teixeira (a famous peasant labor organizer) was assassinated, and in 1964, Eduardo Coutinho's production of a film based on his life story (*A Man Listed to Die*) was halted by a government coup. Teixeira's widow, Elizabeth, who had taken her husband's place as willful spokesperson for the peasants, was portraying herself in the film. At the time of the coup, she was arrested, along with other crew members, and imprisoned as politically dangerous.

The film itself and all the production equipment were confiscated; director Eduardo Coutinho was able to save only the film negatives. After her imprisonment, Elizabeth necessarily went into exile under an assumed name. She took with her only the youngest of her nine children and dispersed the rest among family and friends. Coutinho went on to direct a number of other films of a less political nature. In 1981, after considerable liberalization of the government, he retrieved the lost film and was determined to complete it.

The result is *Twenty Years Later*, a film of striking impact that attests to director Coutinho's patience, perseverance, and dedication.

Coutinho organized a reunion of all the crew members he could find and, at the sugar mill where the filming had been done, showed them the salvaged footage. Scenes from the

original film are juxtaposed with interviews with those who worked on it — most of whom are old, leathery and hard working. Even two decades after Teixeira's murder for speaking out on their behalf, these men and their families are still oppressed peasants. They delight in reminiscing about their youth and about the idealism that spawned the film which they are seeing after so much time has passed.

The true star of this film and clearly a real life heroine, is Elizabeth Teixeira. Coutinho seeks her out and finds her in the small village where she has been living as a teacher and taking in laundry for the last sixteen years. Marta is the name she chose to live under because it sounds so much like martyr. Elizabeth speaks of her

protested the marriage in the first place and still won't mention his son-in-law's name. The tragedy of the family's separation is far more evident in the reactions of the Teixeira's children than in any others. The older ones can be proud of their family's history because they remember it, but the rest exhibit fears, anger, alienation and loneliness.

The sophistication with which this complex film is realized and Eduardo Escorel's sharp editing prove sensitively (but without mushy sentimentality) that reality tells this tale far better than any fictional narrative could possibly do. The final clip of Elizabeth shows her speaking with the conviction and even the gestures of her protest speeches of years gone by. She says very plainly that all the strife caused by the fight to improve people's lives hasn't made a difference, that twenty years later, "not a thing has changed." This is a film so complex in its own history and in the history of its characters, its players' and its director's struggle to see it materialize that it must be seen to be truly appreciated.

Twenty Years Later will be shown on Tuesday, November 26 at 7:30 p.m. in Campbell Hall and is the last film in the Latin America On Film Series.

— Judith Smith-Meyer

The beauty of her living spirit still pervades her person ... despite what twenty years have done to her body.

husband, their beliefs, her exile, and without regrets about how she has missed her children and wants to get to know them again. From the recent interview footage, her scenes in *Listed to Die*, and from films of Elizabeth speaking to crowds of protesting peasants filmed shortly after her husband was murdered, this woman's strength, bravery, and conviction to her cause are clear. Brief interviews with her neighbors of the past years attest to her refusal to be bitter about the tragedies she has seen. The beauty of her living spirit still pervades her person despite what twenty years have done to her body.

Coutinho and his faithful cameraman, Edgar Moura, spend over a year working to find and interview Elizabeth's parents and some of her children. Her father



20 years later...


still inspired.

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Sokolov...

(Continued from p.4A)

even when I was still in Russia. It's a typical state of mind for a person who was born to be a writer. And it's not my decision, I've tried to participate many times, I was born to be this way.

For a writer it's much more interesting to be outside, more convenient. You're watching the situation from your shelf. You see more and you have more time to create, to write.

How do you now, in general, view life in Russia today?

On the one hand, it is as if a spell had been cast over the country. It is an unfortunate experience to be born and live in such a country. On the other hand, the life one can lead there is very intense, the relationships between people are quite different from here. The people, I would say, are in a tough situation, very tough. They have to fight for their everyday existence. Life is physically and psychologically difficult there. Still, when one comes to a land of such prosperity as the U.S., you feel suddenly that you lost something. That is a very strange experience. You feel very comfortable, very convenient here, but you lose something, when you exchange that type of life for this one.

Would you consider yourself a political person?

No, not at all. I'm just a writer.

Are politics and the art of writing compatible?

Good books can make politics; for some time. But then such books usually disappear from the sight of a wide public. Politics spoil art because, ideally, art should be an internal thing. Politics are geared towards the external and they are made to exist only a short time. So if you put much politics into your art, then you consciously make your art vulnerable in terms of time. It will just disappear when that political idea is gone. You can either be a good writer, or a good politician. Politics have a lot to do with the spoken word and life in general. It's not so important, actually, what I say. The important thing is what I write in my books, only in my books. What I write in my letters, already, doesn't mean to me anything, mostly because I don't care much about everyday life, about the actuality of life. I don't believe in life, real life. That's why usual people's activities, laws, rules — that kind of stuff I don't believe in. And if I say something now, that doesn't mean I would repeat it tomorrow. But books, that's where I express my real opinions, about life, about art, about the world.

It has been said about your novel Between Dog and Wolf that it is set up in oppositions: dog/wolf, day/night, life/death. Do you believe in life and death as opposites?

They are not, just different forms of existence. I believe, of course, in the theory of reincarnation. It need not be proved. Everybody knows. The previous life manifests itself in dreams. But I know that this world was very much familiar to me when I was born.

What, for you, is the relationship between writing and death?

With every page you write, you give away your energy; that energy is your life's strength. A good writer, an honest writer puts it all into his books. It doesn't disappear in vain, either, it stays there. Every word written by a good writer consists of not only ink or print on paper, it consists of energy. When today the director of the Special Collections department of the library here showed me an old bible, handwritten, published in the 13th century, I could feel some strange vibes coming up from the text, penetrating me. By the way, this is my way to check out whether a book is well written, whether it's worth the time you need to read it. I can put my hands on the text and I can feel. In the case of a good book, something like warmth coming through hands into my body. That's because of the energy put into this text, and if I don't feel this energy, I won't read the book. That's my personal tool for distinguishing the quality of a text...

In order to write, you have to be mad. Estrangement from society is a form of madness. You have to dispossess yourself completely. You have to lose everything, including yourself. It's like breaking through a wall. Writing is difficult, it is pain and labor. And the most difficult moment is when you start, because you have to produce a spark. After that, it's easier.

To write is to remember, you have to be out of your nowadays skin, you have to be ecstatic. You have to jump out of your skin, you have to be mad. That's where death comes in, when you write you're partly dead. You can't live while you write, you have to choose. I live between books.

Do you need a library, in order to write? Are there writers you idolize?

No, I never had many books. Reading other writers' texts is bad for concentration. Again you have to choose — either you live and read, or you write. People are always surprised to hear this. They think a writer should read a lot. It's not true. Writers should write. The whole world is split into writers and readers. Nothing should occupy a writer's mind besides his own writing. Therefore, I don't hero-worship other writers. There are no heroes in my life. I've never dreamt, like my friends, of becoming such and such people. I don't have idols. Nobody is so important to me that I could dream of becoming that person. Again, it's very logical, isn't it? I've always been watching the world from outside. For me the ultimate achievement is the work. For it, the writer has to give up everything. I have sacrificed so many things in my life, even people and myself, too. There is nothing that I wouldn't sacrifice. When you decide to take writing as a profession you are ready for suffering. It reminds me of marathon running; a life-long marathon.

Sasha Sokolov is currently in residence at UCSB. He will speak about "The Key Word in Writing: How?" today at 3:30 in Girvetz 1004. On Tuesday, Nov. 26 he will read selections from his various novels also in Girvetz 1004 at 3:30.

Interview by Matthias Rosenthal

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John Waite Is Coming!

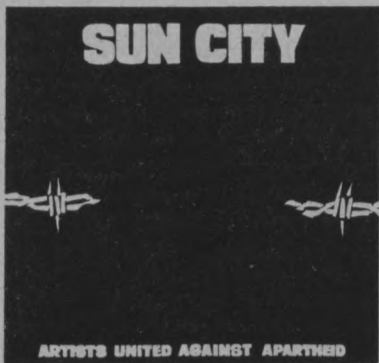
Attn: All you Baby's fans because John Waite is coming. Okay, so he's gone a little mainstream, but that's all right because this guy still knows how to rock. Speaking of knowing how to rock, the opening band is none other than everyone's favorite junior high band, Cheap Trick. So if you're in for an evening of nostalgia as well as new songs, I suggest you head over to the Arlington Theatre on Tuesday Nov. 26 for an evening of pure fun.

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- Cesar Padilla
- Matthias Rosenthal
- Judith Smith-Meyer
- Arts cover photo by Jeff Sedlik

Rocking Botha's Government



Artists United Against Apartheid
Sun City

Yeah, I know what you're all saying — All aided out, eh? Well get that silly idea out of your heads, because yet another just cause has banded musicians together with yet another sing-along. But Sun City's different. Not sticking with the awful tameness of its predecessors, this song has a heavy driving beat that provides the perfect base for the strong statement the artists are making. When you get tired of hearing it on top 40 radio (if they're daring enough to play it that much), just play it as loud as you can bear once or twice and you'll get swept up

in it again.

Written by Little Steven (no wonder he's in the video so much), it attacks apartheid in South Africa and the lies that the Las Vegas-like resort Sun City is based on. Located in Bophuthatswana, one of the 'bantustans' (homelands) that the blacks are forced to live on, Sun City claims to be integrated. Yet there are few blacks who can afford the high cost to get in. The song also openly attacks the current U.S. policy toward South Africa:

"Our government tells us we're doing all we can
Constructive engagement is Ronald Reagan's plan
Meanwhile people are dying and giving up hope
This quiet diplomacy ain't nothing but a joke"

Although it includes a wide range of musicians — from rappers like Run DMC & Grandmaster Melle Mel to golden oldies like Bob Dylan & Pete Townsend — the high percentage of fine talent is successful in holding the song together in a finely knit synthesis. The presence of certain interesting characters in rock music adds to the charm — to me, hearing Lou Reed sing a line

justifies buying the album on its own. We even get a goateed Bono trying to sound like Roger Daltrey. I'm willing to overlook the inclusion of Pat Benatar and Hall & Oates ...

The accompanying songs on the album are also noteworthy. "No More Apartheid" is a well-produced classic example of Peter Gabriel's works. "Revolutionary Situation" is like a spin-off of Paul Hardcastle's "19" — a mixing of radio reports and speeches including Ronnie saying (a statement he retracted later, as always), "They have eliminated the same segregation that we had in our own country." Side 2 starts off on a bad note, so to speak. The second version of "Sun City" is, not to be harsh or anything, a big rip-off. With

the guitars providing the main backbeat, it's essentially the same song, minus the two rap stanzas. Sort of in compensation, it's followed by a great round-robin rap against the South African regime. "The Struggle Continues" is a nice jazz-fusion piece — I'm ready to pull out my Kerouac books for that one. What follows is a veritable gem. With no mention of it on the album package (it was written at the last minute in two days), this is a real bonus. A Bono bonus. The famed U2 leader came up with an early R&Bish song on oppression and made it all the more moving with his whisper-like singing and guitar backup by Keith Richards and Ron Wood.

Rather than seeming like the potpourri that it is, the songs seem to complement one another giving a real impression of a group effort. Together it's a powerful stand on politics with talent written all over it, and proceeds go to The Africa Fund. So if you've been standing around thinking you couldn't help, go buy this album, chum. Amanda Ngaweto.

— Karl Irving



MOVIE SCHEDULE FOR FRIDAY, NOV. 15-THURSDAY, NOV. 21st

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the movies

SANTA BARBARA

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11/24-Motels
12/1-Alarm
12/8-Legends Live
12/9-Johnny Winter

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966-9382

TO LIVE AND DIE IN L.A. R
upstairs 5:15, 7:40, 10:00

GRANADA
1216 State Street
983-1671
5:00, 7:10, 9:20

Agnes of God
JANE FONDA
PG-13

THAT WAS THEN THIS IS NOW R
4:50, 7:00, 9:10 downstairs

MISSION THEATRE
618 State Street
962-8616

Spanish Speaking Films
Miercoles Dos Por Uno!
DE MIERCOLES 11/20 EL DIA DE LOS ALBANILES 2
A DOMINGO 11/24 EL BRONCO

TRANSYLVANIA
6-5000
For a good time...
PG
5:30, 7:30, 9:30

The Journey Of Natty Gann
PG
5:00, 7:00, 9:00

GOLETA
5:00, 7:10, 9:20

CINEMA
6050 Hollister Ave.
967-9447
#1 TO LIVE AND DIE IN L.A. A killer is loose.
#2 GLENN CLOSE
JAGGED EDGE

5:30, 7:45, 10:00

FIESTA 4
916 State Street
963-0781
#1 Glenn Close
#2 Jeff Bridges
JAGGED EDGE

7:15
SWEET DREAMS
PG-13

5:30, 9:45
After Hours R

5:30, 7:30, 9:35

FAIRVIEW
251 N. Fairview
967-0744
#1 Lauren Hutton
ONCE BITTEN
A TASTY COMEDY.
#2 6:00, 9:15
DEATH WISH 3
CHARLES BRONSON
Arnold Schwarzenegger
Someone's going to pay.
7:40
COMMANDO R

965-6188
RIVIERA
2044 Alameda Padre Serra
Near Santa Barbara Mission
7:00, 9:00

Vanessa Redgrave
WETHERBY R

DRIVE-INS
8:45

THE KILLING FIELDS R

SANTA BARBARA #2
907 S. Kellogg Ave.
Goleta 964-9400
8:45
TWIN DRIVE-IN
STALLONE is back as...
RAMBO First Blood Part II R

6:45
GENE HACKMAN
MATT DILLON
TARGET R

7:05
STUNG
BRING ON THE NIGHT
PG-13

7:00, 9:30

PLAZA #1
DE ORO
349 S. Hitchcock Way
682-4936
26th BIG WEEK!
GENE HACKMAN
MATT DILLON
TARGET R

7:00, 9:20
THE GODS MUST BE CRAZY PG

DRIVE-IN AIRPORT
Hollister and Fairview
964-8377
SCAR FACE (R) 8:30

5:30, 7:50, 10:00
GOLETA THEATRE
320 S. Kellogg Ave.
Goleta 683-2265
DEATH WISH 3 6:50
CHARLES BRONSON
R
KISS OF THE SPIDER WOMAN

THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW R
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FRIDAY MIDNIGHT CINEMA THEATRE

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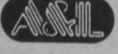
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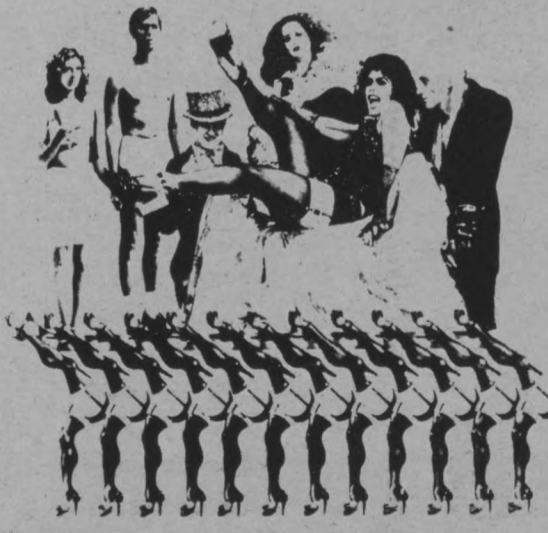


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THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW



To Live and Die... For NACA

ASPB Members Go to L.A. for Conference

Remember the Coconut Grove, where stars like Greta Garbo and Cary Grant used to hang out? The Coconut Grove still exists in Los Angeles but the atmosphere has changed since the days of Hollywood glamour and stardom. Instead the Ambassador Inn (home of the Grove) provided the setting for the Regional NACA (National Association for Campus Activities) Conference, which some members of A.S. Program Board attended. The conference was four days long and designed to educate the different programmers through educational sessions, showcases, exhibitions, unit meetings and specific programs.

Besides being a great learning experience the conference enabled our board to network with other schools, exchange ideas, pros and cons of programming, events that have worked well and events that have bombed. All of the talking and meeting of new people help in allowing ASPB to bring the best quality entertainment that we can to UCSB. Our region encompasses all of the schools in California, Arizona, Nevada and Utah. That is a lot of ideas for entertainment!

This is where you come in. At each showcase a variety of acts were performed. Each group or person was given about 20 minutes to do their thing, then later on at the exhibits we were able to meet and negotiate with the agents of the performers.

The showcases were very similar to a talent show.

Some talent was just fantastic, entertaining and original while others were too trendy, weak and unimpressive. One of the main benefits of the showcases was exposure to a wide range of entertainment that can be brought to our campus; anything from mimes to comedians, to psychics to bands. Needless to say, a lot of ideas were generated, especially with the number of bands we heard. As students of UCSB, do you want to hear more reggae with the Babylon Warriors, or a trendy Boy George-ish group like Leo Swift? How about a dixieland combo or a musical impersonator playing Beatles, Elton John and Rolling Stones tunes? Other possible entertainment ideas are to bring solo artists such as the America Tourister Gorilla (a great mime), Amanda Mi Broom the writer of Bette Midler's 'The Rose,' or comedians that juggle and ride unicycles or a fire-eating psychic that can bend keys and nails. (Just think bend)

As programmers for UCSB activities and events, we want to continue to bring great entertainment at affordable prices. The conference gave us the opportunity to observe new acts and more importantly, talk with other students doing the same thing we are in an educational setting. Let us know what you would like to see here at UCSB in all areas of entertainment. Tell us what interests you have and we will try our best to keep you dancing, laughing and entertained.

National College Television

Uncensored and Audiophilia

Films ranging from *Elvis Presley* and *Muddy Waters to Marathon: The Ultimate Challenge* and *In the Name of Democracy* can be seen and heard on your campus television channel. What, you did not know you had such a channel? Does Campus Network ring a bell? Most campus' provide uncensored television in their TV lounges. Here at UCSB we show videos and movies in the Pub on their big screen TV and in the TV area on the second floor of the UCen. Our campus television channel is a part of National College Television which is brought to us by Campus Network.

Currently, two series are in progress. Both entertaining, one thought provoking and the other pleasure provoking. *Uncensored* is a series of six controversial and engaging films featuring independently produced documentaries. As the title suggests these films explore hard-hitting issues with very real footage and dialogue. Issues addressed include a penetrating documentary that details the controversial 1982 U.S. sponsored elections in El Salvador. Was it a victory for democracy or

simply an attempt to legitimize the military dictatorship? Also showing is an environmental documentary about the return of the elephant seal. Nearly extinct in the 1800s, these land-breeding marine mammals now pose an ironic threat to California beaches as a result of over-breeding.

On the lighter side, National College Television presents *Audiophilia* (do you love music?). Every week, the hottest acts in rock, jazz, country, and blues are captured in concert. Such artists as Phil Collins at Perkins Palace will perform some of his greatest hits including "In the Air", and *Utopia: A Retrospective* has Todd Rundgren trace the history of his band Utopia in surreal videos from 1977 to 1984. You can also look forward to hearing *Joan Armatrading, Elvis Presley - Rock n Roll: The Early Days* and *Muddy Waters in Messin' With the Blues* before fall quarter comes to a close.

Besides bringing great television to campus, Campus Network promotes new and coming attractions to schools across the nation. Many times colleges are first

WATCH

for the

White Night Sneak Preview

Nov. 25 7:30 pm
Campbell Hall

TICKET
GIVEAWAY
Monday at noon
in front of
the UCen

to hear about an event, program or video such as *Mhing*, the new game by the makers of *Trivial Pursuit*. Last week we gave away 40 games to students who came down to the Pub. Next time you hear about Campus Network you can be sure something good is happening.

Monster at the UCSB Lagoon

Friday Concert Series, sponsored by Miller and ASPB, brings Zebo's Cousin to the UCen Lagoon this Friday at 4 p.m.

The Medflies, a popular Bay Area band from Santa Cruz played last week at the second concert of the quarter. Six or seven concerts are expected for Spring Quarter — ideally one a week considering the possibilities of getting promising groups. ASPB UCen Activities Chair Bill McDonald wants the concert series to be more than just a weekly band, with food services, on-campus organizations and other groups present for sign-ups, fund-raising and getting to know each other.

Friday afternoons were chosen because it is a time before people have other commitments at night, and a time after classes when they want to relax before starting the weekend — Bill has hopes of turning the series into a consistent tradition, like Thursday nights at the Pub. Bands are booked from past files, through connections, references, and by contacting Bill. He

plans on maintaining a balance between giving local talent opportunity to play, and attracting larger bands from Los Angeles, San Francisco, and elsewhere. The concerts are modeled on the idea of a mini-Extravaganza, the annual ASPB free concert, outdoor event and dance where students, clubs and organizations get together for a day of entertainment and enjoyment.

Program Board plans on spending much of its time Winter Quarter working on the concert series and welcomes any suggestions from the students. Those who are interested in getting involved, helping out and contributing ideas should contact Bill in the ASPB office on the third floor of the UCen.

Possible future bands include the Medflies again, True Confessions, Lodgic, and the Beat Farmers. "There could be bigger talent than in the Pub — we just don't know yet — maybe even a lucky date with Fishbone," Bill says.

Oingo Boingo Revisited

Think back to the end of last month.

Yes, that's right, the one with Halloween in it. If you happened to miss the Oingo Boingo concert but wish you hadn't, you're in luck. Westwood One, a radio broadcasting network recorded the concert live.

Westwood One may sound familiar to you, they have recorded many concerts throughout the nation as well as internationally. If you are asking yourself why they came to UCSB to record Oingo Boingo, the answer lies in *Weird Science*. Westwood One records concerts for two reasons. One, agents may want to get their band recorded live for promotion purposes or two, Westwood One would like to get in touch with agents because of a new hit and a band's increasing popularity. In the case of Oingo Boingo, Barry Freeman, of Westwood One, recognized the upward movement of *Weird Science* on the charts and contacted Oingo Boingo's agent to see if they would be interested in a live recording. Of course they were.

How does all of this work? The crew from Westwood One runs a split of the main wire from the lead singer's mike to a trailer out back. In this trailer is a complete recording studio. A master and a mixer is set up to record the concert on two inch tape reels, the same tapes used to make actual record recordings. Each instrument in the band is put on a separate track, afterwards the tracks are mixed to make a final copy of the concert. Sometimes a concert is recorded as is and other times the band will get together with Westwood One to remix the songs for a more perfect recording. This is done in the trailer too. The band can back up to the trailer, instruments and all and play in this portable studio. The trailer is completely equipped, sound proof and airtight.

Westwood One has operations in just about every state as well as in London and Paris. Some of the bands they have recorded in the past are Supertramp, INXS, Foreigner and Joe Walsh. Not only does Westwood One provide rock concerts for the airways, but they also produce 40 different shows for a variety of station formats. Oingo Boingo will most likely be a part of the Rock Concert Series that can be heard on KTYD every Sunday night. Look for them or should I say listen for them sometime in December, brought to you live from Westwood One — a radio broadcasting network.

ASPB Events Calendar

PUB

NOV. 21

LAST PUB NIGHT w/JAH-B-ONE: Raging Reggae. Reggae at its finest. Tonight in the Pub Jah-B-One is back for another skank session. The sounds of this high-class reggae combination is brought back to UCSB this year by popular demand. Last year when they played in the Pub the general concession was 'thumbs up.' Their true to form reggae rhythm is complete with full percussion sound. This is our last Pub night of the quarter so come hang out and enjoy.

NOV. 22

FRIDAY CONCERT SERIES: Brings Zebo's Cousin to the UCen Lagoon this Friday at 4 p.m. Sponsored by Miller/ASPB

FILM/VIDEO

NOV. 21
thru 24

NATIONAL COLLEGE TELEVISION: Return of the Elephant Seal
AUDIOPHILIA: Joan Armatrading: Track Record

NOV. 25

SNEAK PREVIEW: White Night, 7:30 p.m., Campbell Hall

LECTURE/CULTURAL

NOV. 25

ELIZABETH SIBEKO Lecture, Girvetz 1004, 7 pm

UCen GALLERY

NOV. 25

METAPHORS OF TIME AND SPACE Student Show begins.

Elizabeth Sibeko of Pan-Africanist Congress Speaks Monday Nov. 25

Elizabeth Sibeko, a representative of the Pan Africanist Congress, will speak on Monday, November 25, 7 p.m. in Girvetz 1004. She will speak on the current situation in South Africa and the movement which is growing there against the apartheid system. This is one of the last stops on Ms. Sibeko's U.S. speaking tour. She will soon return to Tanzania, where many South African activists live in exile.

THANK YOU USHERS from Warren Miller Ski Film and Cat Women Film — Video Chair's You



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