Betsy Harris: American hero

f you go to a lot of shows around here, you've probably seen her.

thursday, january 31, 2008

She's always right up front, furiously taking pictures with more than one camera and enjoying the music, no matter how many times she's seen the band.

She's Betsy Harris. And she's awesome

A resident of Chapel Hill since her undergraduate years, Betsy never knew about the abundance of music in the area until 2004 when she went to Shakori Hills with a friend.

She saw a band there and was so blown away by the members' young ages and huge talent that she was surprised to learn they were playing original material.

That band was The Never, and ever since then Betsy has made it her goal to go to as many shows in the area as possible.

She's friends with most bands in the Triangle and sometimes has trouble juggling shows so as not to offend any of the bands. When I followed her around



BY RACHAEL OEHRING

Saturday, she had a busy night ahead of her — and lots of jug-

gling. We started out at the Nightlight to see Jon Mackey of Sweater Weather play his first solo set under the name Bells

During our conversation before his performance, just about everyone in the place came up to say hi. She knows everyone, and she was more than happy to introduce me.

She also outlined the rest of her night for me: Local 506 next, then The Cave, and Jack Sprat and East End Martini Bar after that to catch "the dregs of the night."

After Mackey's performance, we headed for the Local 506 to catch Megafaun, I Was Totally

Destroying It and Red Collar.

Though she was going to skip the last band to go to The Cave, the Red Collar set was so stellar that she didn't dare leave.

Though I don't go to as many shows as one would expect a Diversions staffer to attend (I cover movies, after all), I'm totally in awe of all the work Betsy does.

She goes to more than one show most nights and says she's even gone out nine nights in a row She's not paid by any publica-

tion, and she doesn't make any money for putting her pictures and videos on the Internet. She does it for the love of the music in the area and the bands

and artists she calls friends. And that's what's so amazing about Chapel Hill and the music in the area.

There's much great music to be heard and great people every-where to enjoy it with. And that's what it's all about

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BY DAVID BERNGARTT

One could say that a strong message of togetherness exudes from

"Rambo." While things like race, religion

or social status might divide us on the surface, we all look the same when we're being pointlessly blown to pieces.

Of course, that might be giving "Rambo" a little too much credit. Sylvester Stallone reprises his

iconic role as John Rambo, the all-American ass-kickin' Vietnam vet who won his way into the hearts of American audiences by perfecting the time-honored national tradition of killing anything that

Here, the audience finds Rambo living a life of solitude and glistening muscles in the jungle of Thailand.

After a naive group of American missionaries goes missing in war-torn "Burma" (appar-ently, Hollywood isn't aware of Myanmar), Rambo must single-handedly defeat every man between the ages of 17 and 60 in Southeast

Asia - and all with his bow and MOVIEREVIEW

'Rambo' blows stuff up — that's all

arrows.

OK, that's probably giving Rambo a bit too much credit

gain. There are a few mercenaries on his side, and perhaps he uses one or two (or 70) other weapons in the

But that's just to keep his ene-

mies guessing I mean, Rambo outruns an

atomic bomb. Seriously. There's really not much more to

Stallone - obviously hard-up for cash - recently added to the

"Rocky" series with a gritty and successful performance.

"Rambo," on the other hand, fails to follow suit.

The film tries to add depth and emotional tug by highlighting pointless slaughter for the entirety of the film.

An attempt to bring to light humanitarian crises is a noble cause, but there are ways to achieve this without incessant

A decent plot, for example.

But when Stallone himself cowrote the story, is anyone really

surprised? And while John Rambo could probably make Chuck Norris cry (thereby curing cancer), don't expect much character development out of Stallone.

You can't blame the support-ing cast — actually, come to think of it, do blame them. They were bad.

However, those who enjoyed the high body count of the first three "Rambo" movies probably will enjoy this hyper-violent action flick too.

The excitement will send blood pumping through their veins almost as fast as it pumps it out of the bodies of the film's seemingly disposable extras.

> Contact the Diversions Editor at dive@unc.edu









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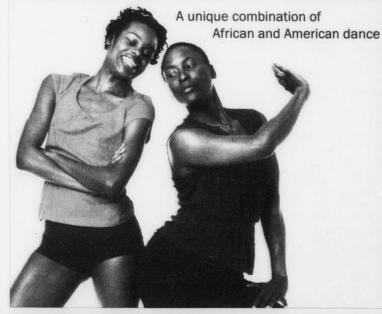
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