

Is A&M ready for Spyro Gyra?

By Renee Vermaelen

Battalion Reporter

Uh huh. I knew it. I can hear the adamant objections already — "But, I don't like that kind of music," or "Say man, I can't suffer that jive ... like, I only groove on certain styles," or "Sorry. I'm a die-hard country and western fan. Period."

Listen, you gave Devo, m-m-Mel, Frank Zappa, and many other "talents" with qualities other than the accepted norms a chance; Spyro Gyra deserves an unbiased ear also. Spyro Gyra, composed of six main musicians and twenty some-odd back-up players, employs instruments ranging from the flute to the drums, from the saxophone to the keyboards. They have succeeded in creating a combination of classical and contemporary jazz that is capable of inflicting any innocent listener with the well publicized Steve Martin Syndrome — Happy Feet!

The truth is, when I was asked to review the album "Carnaval" by a group named Spyro Gyra, I feigned leprosy,

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pleaded for mercy, immediately contracted a burning desire to read my Statistics book from cover to cover ... alas, 'twas all in vain.

That evening, I placed the album gingerly onto my beloved turntable, turned the volume up loud enough for the neighbors to hear (we get along splendidly), and jumped into the shower. (Warning: If you decide to try this highly effective method of record reviewing, be aware that the surgeon general has declared that leaping whole-heartedly into

the shower can be hazardous to your health.)

The next thing I knew, I was gyrating through the jungle of Africa, looking for exotic birds (Can I help it if this is the imagery "Carnaval" injects into my mind?), and, in general, finding this music more exhilarating than my new bar of Coast soap. While rinsing the shampoo from my hair, it dawned on me that this album would provide the perfect music for a party; the atypical b-bop beat tends to magically drain your anxieties away and replace them with a sort of motivated, relaxed state. Besides, if nothing else, it would be a definite conversation starter. (Sample conversation that you are likely to overhear, "What the *!#!* has gotten into her?")

Obviously, this is not the album for everyone. But, if you are a jazz lover, appreciator of fine music, social dancer, or a daring, adventurous record reviewer

— "Carnaval" provides a nice change of pace. If you are any of the above, or if you are just plain curious, this is Spyro Gyra's third release on the MCA label and can be found at most of the local record shops. Containing eight original tunes, some written by co-producer Jay Beckenstein, local record shops say "Carnaval" doesn't seem to be selling as well locally as "Catching the Sun" and "Morning Dance", their first and second releases. Spyro Gyra seems to have caught on better in areas like Fort Worth and Houston, but perhaps this is due to the diversity of the people and their musical preferences in these locations. It is a possibility, if they change their name to Spyro Cowboys or Aggie Gyra, that they would catch on in College Station. Or, perhaps, if everyone put the album gingerly onto their beloved turntable, turned the volume up exceedingly loud, hopped (carefully) into the shower, and....

Script is cumbersome

Newman film realistic

By Kate McElroy

Battalion Staff

Ugliness, both physical and spiritual, abounds in "Fort Apache, The Bronx," which is almost a docu-drama about police life in destitute South Bronx, New York. Buildings are crumbling skeletons bathed in garbage; their inhabitants look like they belong there.

The film successfully shows the degradation of the New York borough. Unfortunately, the script insists on repeating what the camera already tells us and on trying to make real characters into caricatures.

The actors in "Fort Apache, The Bronx" overcome the cumbersome script and make the film extremely realistic. Paul Newman is Murphy, the third-generation Irish cop who has contributed 18 tough years to the force. His partner Corelli, a Puerto Rican rookie who has a future, is played by Ken Wahl. Murphy says life is "no big

ting," has "three goils," and drinks beer. Corelli is "a cop with style," reads "Dress for Success," and has a "good

Street crime is tolerated until two policeman are shot in the head at point blank range. The day of the murders, a new captain takes over the precinct. Ed Asner, as Connolly, is no congenial "Barney Miller," and becomes obvious antagonist to Murphy.

The rest of the movie follows this external conflict between the two, and Murphy's realization about some fellow policemen not as honest as himself.

The dialogue is weakest when it gives a sermon about the Bronx. The retiring captain keeps telling Connolly that the South Bronx is the hell hole of New York, that his policemen are the worst of the force, that life in the fast lane sho' nuff make you lose your mind ...

But the dialogue is at its best when writer Heywood Gould uses comedy. Funniest in "Fort Apache" are the desk sergeants who are like Shakespeare's comedy pair Rosencrantz and Guildenstern in this tragic story.

And there's some beauty in this film — Rachel Ticotin, a nurse who becomes Murphy's lover. While Ticotin is indeed lovely, she can't naturally recite lines of dialogue and apparently has no voice variation to show emotion. Her performance is the worst in the movie, while Pam Greer as a junkie prostitute is disgustingly realistic.

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Catholic fiancée." Fortunately, Corelli and especially Newman succeed in not portraying the police versions of Vinnie Barbarino and Archie Bunker.

The two work from Fort Apache, the 41st precinct house, one of the few safe locations in the entire district. The job of these policemen is not so much to stop crime, but just keep criminal activity under control and off the open streets. For example, Murphy doesn't tell a pimp publicly beating a prostitute to stop — he merely tells him to go inside and finish.



These four men will bring the Beatles to life on the stage of Rudder Auditorium Monday night in the musical "Beatlemania," sponsored by MSC Town Hall. See the story about Beatlemania in Friday's Battalion.

Romeros replace Parkening tonight

Classical guitarists Celin and Pepe Romero will perform tonight at 8 p.m. in Rudder Auditorium in a show sponsored by the Memorial Student Center Opera and Performing Arts Society.

As half of the Romero Quartet, the brothers replace guitarist Christopher Parkening, who cancelled a scheduled concert at the last minute because of illness. According to Bart Block, OPAS staff advisor, the situation worked out for the better. "We were thinking about

booking the Romeros for next year anyway," he said.

Originally from Spain, where they began guitar lessons as youngsters, Celin and Pepe arrived in the United States in 1958 and began performing in 1961. They have performed with every major symphony orchestra in the United States in multiple return engagements, including the Los Angeles Philharmonic, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and the Chicago Symphony.

Both artists have recorded as soloists and along with their brother Angel, and father Celedonio as a quartet. Their broad repertoire includes Spanish, baroque, and classical music.

They have received critical acclaim across the country for their unique style. *The Washington Evening Star* said of Pepe that watching his fingers is "like trying to watch the wing beats of a hummingbird."

Tickets are available at Rudder Box Office for tonight's performance. Ticket purchased for Parkening will be honored.

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