

Entertainment

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effects on the part of Burdon. However, the song comes across as good for some reason or another. Maybe it's just that old animal magnetism that captivates the listener. "Colored Rain" is fittingly the final sound on the first record of this two-record set. It's nine minutes and forty seconds of bestial catharsis in the final animalistic tradition. The primitive urges are far from purged while listening to this hymnal to the rain gods ("Bring it on down, baby" - now is that any way to talk to a god?) The guitar solo in this song is about the best that the Animals have shown yet, and that's p-r-e-t-y good. The introduction to "to Love Somebody" is a fine experiment in musical zoology, but the chorus sounds like something I once heard in a Rotary Connection album - hmmm.

"As the Years Go Passing By" is a talking blues' history of Burdon's own brute carnality, at least that's how it sounds. The guitar comes on strong as it bemoans the fate of all we inept creatures of the kingdom of fauna. The echoes of Madman/Gemini counterpoint the reverberations of the vocal scheme in a quite pleasing manner. Burdon exists after this near-twenty-minute finale with the same flair that he exhibits in person. "Isn't that the madman running through the fields? Isn't that the madman? Wonder how he feels."

Silence Is Golden

GREETINGS! ... WE'RE THE MONITORS should be retitled THE FIRST AND LAST ALBUM OF SOUL JUNK. It just doesn't come off well at all. These two guys and a gal from Detroit should be set back years in their "climb to stardom" when this album hits the market. There's too much shouting and not enough singing. Soul Records has surely made a tragic mistake in sponsoring this conglomeration of lacklustre junk. The Monitors sound like just another small-time soul group. Their voices are not too bad, as exemplified in "Since I Lost You Girl," but their material and their treatment of it leave a lot to be desired (although certainly not the album). The group fails to make their "own sweet music" in such an outstanding manner that one hesitates to turn the record over. It opens with "Greetings (This Is Uncle Sam)". It's a song about a boy who has just gone into the army (to escape the music of The Monitors?). Not too good! The record gets better with the silence between songs (the silences get longer out of respect to the art of music that The Monitors have killed.) It's over. Want my copy?

Marvin Stramen Brings Back Flute Thing

"How do you pronounce 'machinations'?"
 "I don't know. Just listen. Pronunciations are not really necessary here."

And so the opening of a discussion about Marvin Stramm's new Verve release MACHINATIONS might run. It may be a type of jazz. It probably is. The music comes from the most unlikely sources, but it fits together pretty doggone well. The arrangements of Johnny Carsi bring about a harmony that seeks some sort of sensational recognition. (Would you believe a tune from a Richard Rodgers' musical in juxtaposition to a bossa nova melody and just on the flip side of a wedding dance?)

What's important to the world of jazz on this album? Just the way that the flutes, clarinets, and trumpets interact to form a balanced concept, modified by saxophones, a rhythm section and that nouveau riche of the jazz world, the fluegelhorn. The hungry listener can expect to see this type of avant garde jazz to raise the mother art from her present complacency and join the trend - electric improvisation.

The sound of the title tune leaps at the lethargic listener and moans, "modern metropolis morning music." Hence, the implications contained in the album title. "Saodades" is bossa nova. Jobim it ain't, but it gets across the intended mood, with ease. Marvin himself shines through here as an artist, adapt and articulate armed with a fantastic horn of fluegel. "Wedding Dance" invokes the muse in her Middle Eastern masque. And what a sax solo! Side uno closes out with "Bleaker Street", which is anything but bleak. The record jacket calls it Armenian. I call it good.

Side two is more than just the backside. It is enough of a record to make money without the sister side's presence. The first selection is entitled "Eruza." That must mean something like "fine flute and precious piano combine consciously for erotic ending" (a very loose translation, of course). The best cut on the album is the next treat. Of this arrangement Morgan Ames says, "Flute Thing" was written by Al Kooper and first recorded by The Blues Project (before Kooper started "Blood, Sweat, and Tears"). And this "Flute Thing", with Dick Spencer and Mortie Lewis on the title instrument, is one of the best flute things to be heard in years. It's all incense, pagodas, and silver filigree, with one final organ run by Dick Hyman. "I doubt that this is a better flute thing than the Project's original version, but it comes mighty close. It may be AS good, and that is superb. "Jes' Plain Bread" is good, but not really anything about which to rave. Nuff said. Trumpets dominate the Carisi arrangement of Rodgers' "March of the Siamese Children." And the flowerchild motif is prevalent. This tune may march the album right into fame. The Stramm treatment of "Sunny" may cause a few of the pop fans to shake their fists in anger - and jealousy. It's not what one expects to get with "Sunny," and, so as not to reveal the mysterious ending, I won't tell just what the innovation is.

"Summerise."
 "Not a chance."
 "Ah, come on. Just a short synopsis."
 "Well, all right. If you insist..."
 "No that's ok."

A Review

Hark, What Was That? Romeo and Juliet?

By W.L.T.

A cast of obscure European actors and actresses played ROMEO AND JULIET last night at the Village Theater, and William Shakespeare was the loser. The outcome was never in doubt after the movie began with a bloody battle scene. That inadequate production of the tragedy of Verona would be enough to frighten a reader and prevent him from ever reading a single word by the Bard of Avon.

The expressed intent of the producers was to type cast the roles of the title characters. They wanted the actor who played Romeo to BE an infatuated young boy of seventeen. The "boy" they selected had a moderate beard and was presented as a master swordsman and provocative thinker. The English voice dubbed in over the Italian script was the voice of a thirty-year-old "youth." The young girl who portrayed Juliet was over five and a half feet tall. She towered over many of the adults in the screenplay, hardly a characteristic of the average thirteen-year-old child. She wore too much make-up and she never seemed to involve herself deeply with Romeo. She never even approached the potential of the role, never even hinted at the subtle maturity and dead-pan wisdom of Miss Capulet. The two of them never really seemed like they were caught up in the presentation of the roles. Montague and Lady Montague were not old enough to exemplify the generation gap that the playwright originally implied. Nor did Friar Lawrence seem to be a man of the cloth. He resembled a general store philosopher or scheming plotter more than a Franciscan monk.

The adapters took a great deal of license with Shakespeare's original lines and side plots, but failed to edit in places where the rhyming dialogues appeared obviously out of place.

(The character of Mercutio was excellently played, in as much as he was allowed to say anything.) His persistent chiding of Romeo for being a foolish boy is missing

in the film adaptation. This is another omission that lessens the distinction between the mature-for-her-age Juliet and the fickle Romeo of the play. Many of the comic lines of Mercutio and Juliet's nurse (who is portrayed quite ably by -----) are omitted. The well-versed reader of Shakespeare will see this as an attempt to darken the tone of the play and intensify the tragedy, but this is totally inconsistent with the moving of the riot between the Capulets and

the Montagues into a bawdy tavern. Peter, Juliet's nurse's servant, is the most comic character in the movie, and one begins to expect his bumbling comedy to be based in some evil design on the House of Montague.

Tybalt and Paris are presented as absolute villains; Tybalt as a vengeful plotter and coward, and Paris as a lecherous old man. Shakespeare loses another fall. Shakespeare does not present stage directions to implicate Romeo as the one responsible for

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"Son of Bitch-In"

(Continued from Page 5) faculty decision. Some of these classes are set up so that the people of the community could participate, and others are set up at the discretion of the instructors giving the course.

Larry Miller asked about allocation of funds to different organizations on campus, and about the only thing that was resolved is that everybody is still learning...and open to suggestions.

Someone mentioned the game room, I think it was Larry again, and asked if there would be any new equipment in the near future. Mr. Batchelor referred Larry to Dean MacKay who was in the audience and Dean MacKay said only that there wasn't enough room down there now-and that they've not been able to make any plans yet. An interesting point was brought out in the discussion: all profits from the game room, cafeteria, and bookstore are funneled back into the Union, which is presently operating at a substantial loss. Maybe that's why books are so darned expensive. That's another question that should've been asked, but wasn't.

Chancellor Colvard said that the administration has to keep the school within it budget...and growth is a very costly process.

There are many tough questions and no simple answers. Does UNC-C plan for the future and expand now, so that we have to pay for unused facilities with our limited funds, or do we wait until we need it, when it may be

too late? Money is a terrible inconvenience.

Why loaded weapons for the Campus Security Force? The same answer that we've heard before: thefts, part of the uniform, and that the practice is not inconsistent with that of other campuses throughout the state.

Earl Baucom asked about the allocation of special fees. Why should a humanities student, for example, have to contribute lab fees when that money might be better spent in an area where he could take advantage of it? Dr. McEniry said quite simply that the problem was more than just distribution of the funds--there just isn't enough to go around, and efforts are made to see that they go where they'll be the most useful.

"How are faculty members chosen?", asked Daryle Robinson. "By their credentials alone?" Dr. McEniry replied that they are interviewed on campus, that their records are closely checked. This immediately brought up the question of instructor evaluation, and how the department checks on its instructors. Dr. McEniry said that there is probably not a student on campus who doesn't know who the good and bad instructors are, and that scuttlebutt gets to the professors too. (A student rating of the faculty is probably not too far in the future for UNC-C, for everyone, including the Administration seems to think its necessary.)

Those were the questions, except perhaps for one or two short ones that I couldn't copy down fast enough. Were they worthwhile? Probably so, but not for the more obvious reasons.

Students are given to complaining about the depersonalization of University life, and how they dislike being treated as ciphers in the mass. It may just be, however, that we, the students, do the same thing to our faculty and administration--think of them as "things" rather than as people. As it turned out, some students spoke to the Administration, while others spoke to people just like you and (me?) people who could squirm a little if the questions were difficult or unfair, people who could be serious or humorous depending upon their mood, or people who cared about the students. I find that very reassuring.

Due to the fact that there are over 500 million Christians in the world, UNC-C will adjourn for the Christmas holidays. The last day of classes will be the eighteenth of this month. The classes will resume on the sixth of next year.

UNC-C To Dedicate Sheldon P. Smith Engineering Building

Reprinted from the Charlotte Observer

The man who led the drive to get engineering courses in Charlotte will be memorialized in the dedication of the two-year-old engineering building at the University of North Carolina at Charlotte.

The building will be named for the late Sheldon P. Smith, long-time general manager and vice-president of the now closed Charlotte plant of Douglas Aircraft.

For 10 years Smith stressed the importance of engineering education to industry in Charlotte. As early as 1956, he proposed bringing extension courses from N.C. State College here.

Smith was a trustee for Charlotte College for 10 years before it became part of the consolidated university.

The dedication ceremonies will take place on Sunday, Dec. 15 at the University Union. UNC-C Chancellor D. W. Colvard will preside.

Tribute to Smith will be paid by Brodie S. Griffith, associate publisher of the Charlotte Observer and the Charlotte News, and John Paul Lucas, vice president of Duke Power Co. and member of the N.C. Board of Higher Education.

The Smith family will present a portrait to hang in the engineering building.