Galway pens memories

By LAURA ELLIOTT

James Galway

James Galway: an autobiography

F aith and begora, if wee Jimmy Galway, hasn't gone and written himself a book about his flute playing, now. And a lovely book 'tis at that.

James Galway is a musician who has played as principal flautist with the London Symphony Orchestra, The Royal Philharmonic and the Berlin Philharmonic—in short, some of the finest orchestras of this century. He is a good Protestant from the ghettos of Belfast who has been introduced to the Queen of England. His book tells the tale of his exodus from Carnalea Street to the concert halls of Europe.

James Galway: an autobiography is not written in a particularly literary style. Galway is a musician, not a writer. But his memories are penned in a manner reflecting his personality—in a roguish blustery way reminiscent of the man who informed the auditioners at the Berlin Philharmonic that he didn't like their manners and would think about accepting the prestigious position of principal flute.

His anecdotes about his childhood, the neighborhood bullies and the street bands he used to play with are the most colorful and humorous of the book. Galway's comments and judgments about the musical personalities of the orchestras he has played with are flavored with his own prejudices, but make for interesting reading, especially if you like gossip about

the seemingly austere artists dedicated to performing Beethoven and Wagner. Oh yes, it is also very encouraging to know that even Galway, one of the most respected musicians of this decade, will sleep through a Wagner opera—even while performing it.

While proudly assessing his talent as superior—an attitude which is charming in its natural boasting as well as accurate—Galway attributes much of his success to the will of God. He is a deeply religious man, especially after being in an accident which hospitalized him for months with three broken limbs, and unabashedly

commits himself to trying to bring his audience closer to religion and a communal feeling through his concerts.

Books

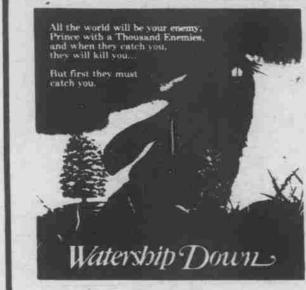
Although his tone often borders on being priggish, it is worthwhile to read about his beliefs, for as he says, "Any atheist or agnostic reading all this may consider it a bit irrelevant. But what goes on in my head, I submit, is far from being irrelevant to my flute-playing."

Those who read the book for further insight into the mechanics of flute playing will be disappointed. His writing has a more universal appeal by avoiding the

technical. He does incorporate many stories about his teachers, however, and those to whom he owes the most gratitude for their financial support and moral encouragement.

It was a giant step for Galway from his first tin whistle to the golden flute he now sports and a hard road from the first contest he won in a smoke-clogged pub to the critical acclaim he has received for his six records. His autobiography is a reallife success story—the kind we all like to read about. And it's not even the luck o' the Irish. Galway worked for his fame and tells you about it in this short and delightful work.

Laura Elliott is arts editor for The Daily Tar Heel.



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