

ARTS

Smurfbusters, unite!

By Dale McElrath
Guest Columnist

Don't get me wrong, I don't really watch Saturday morning cartoons. But I have accidentally caught a few of them...on my way out to do very important things.

But those I have seen are stupid.

I mean, what is this "Shirttales" stuff? The adventures of Pammy Panda and her little friends just aren't very exciting. On top of that, *Har-dee's* sold caricatures of them. Enough said.

And what have Alvin, Theodore and Simon done—apart from singing at 78 rpms—to deserve their own show? Not a whole lot. The other day, Alvin broke a lamp. That was the plot. Wow.

Sounds a little bit like *The Brady Bunch*, doesn't it?

Smurfs are blue. To me, that takes a little reality out of the situation. Not that the names Smurfette and Papa Smurf... Wait a second, what does the word "smurf" mean anyway?

There's another problem with the Smurfs. They're teaching children to speak wrongly. If you can't think of a proper word, just say it's "smurfy" or "smurfilicious."

I can just hear the conversations that'll take place in about 10 years:

Guy: "Well darling, I think you're...very.. smurfy."

Girl: "You don't know how long I've waited to hear someone say those words to me. You're smurfilicious."

This is serious stuff.

I mean, what's happened to the old classics: Bugs Bunny, Daffy Duck, Yosemite Sam, Foghorn Leghorn...? The list is endless. Now those were some cartoons with guts.

Of course, I guess they did have some peculiar qualities.

Okay, Daffy Duck is certifiably insane. But that doesn't stop him from being a heckuva' good role model for our kids. Children should realize if you point a shotgun at your head and pull the trigger...you run the risk of getting your beak blown off.

And Bugs Bunny might get a little carried away now and then. But again, children should know if you stand on top of 500 tons of dynamite, you could be blown all the way to the moon.

Yosemite Sam... Well, I like to think of Yosemite as the personification of the worst mood the child could ever experience, with a red mustache on it.

And Foghorn Leghorn teaches kids if you take some nitroglycerin, call it "sodie pop" and watch

it fizz—you'll get blown up.

So let's go back to the good old days of realistic cartoons; days when characters could get blown up or fall from great heights without personal injury; days when it was okay to be totally insane.

Besides, there's nothing wrong with a little insanity.

Th-th-th-that's all folks!

Hungarian chamber music

The KODALY QUARTET will perform an evening of chamber music on Fri., Nov. 30, at 8 p.m. in Lipinsky Auditorium.

The Quartet consists of: Mihaly Barta, first violin; Tamas Szabo, second violin; Gabor Fias, viola; and Janos Devich, violin-cello.

All four of them obtained their diplomas at the Budapest "Ferenc Liszt" Academy of Music.

As members of the former Sebestyen Quartet, Szabo, Fias, and Devich won the jury's special diploma at the Geneva International Competition for String Quartet Ensembles in 1966.

They also scored a signal success by clinching first prize at the Budapest International "Leo Weiner" Competition for String Quartets in 1968.

In recognition of their outstanding artistic merits, they were decorated with the "Ferenc Liszt" Award by the Hungarian State in 1970.

Also in 1970, the quartet adopted the style "Kodaly" Quartet, with the concurrence of the Hungarian Ministry of Culture and Education.

Besides giving a string of performances in Hungary's concert halls, the quartet regularly goes on the air and appears on the Hungarian TV network, too.

Admission: Free to UNCA students. \$7 for all others.



Staff Photo by Sylvia Hawkins

VIBRAPHONIST GARY BURTON proves that two hands sound better than one during a jazz concert by the Gary Burton Quartet Friday night in Lipinsky Auditorium.

All that jazz!

By Alana Jones

Normally, jazz isn't one of my favorite kinds of music.

But when the Gary Burton Quartet performed in Lipinsky Auditorium Friday night, their powerful and magnetic style proved to me that jazz isn't just what our parents used to listen to.

The group features Gary Burton on vibraphones; Markoto Ozone on the keyboard; Steve Swallow on bass; and Mike Hyman on drums.

These guys were terrific. When they played, I felt like I was at the Waldorf, and the year was 1940.

Gary Burton is certainly no new face to the world of jazz. In 1968, *Downbeat Magazine* gave him the title of "Jazzman of the Year," as well as "Best Vibist" from 1969-1984.

Burton is presently a member of the music faculty at Berklee College in Boston.

Although all the songs the Quartet played were good, my favorite was *Ladies in Mercedes*, one of


the group's original compositions. Lively and jolting, this piece reminded me of the Roaring Twenties and "The Great Gatsby."

In Your Quiet Place, by Keith Jarrod, was another piece I particularly enjoyed. More mellow than the other songs, this classic was soft and soothing.

I Need You Here, another original composition, was a contemporary love song, and was quiet, relaxing and much less frenzied than most of the group's other numbers.

I think I had as much fun watching the performers as I did listening to their music. I could easily tell by their enthusiasm and excitement that Burton, Ozone, Swallow, and Hyman were enjoying every moment of the show.

Syndrome, *Tangleswood 63*, and *Careful* rounded out the one-and-a-half hour program. These snazzy tunes gave the audience a show to remember. The Gary Burton Quartet made the great jazz hits of the '30's and '40's come alive again.




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