



BY AMY FRIBUSH
AND ARLENE FURMAN

It was opening night for the Greensboro Symphony's 1977-1978 season. The musicians were warming up as we reached our seats. The War Memorial Auditorium of the Greensboro Coliseum appeared to be packed to the brim with all sorts of people. David Moskovitz, the first violinist, walked out on stage with the conductor following shortly. The orchestra opened with the playing of the Star Spangled Banner to a risec and singing audience.

The overture of Beethoven's only opera, *Fidelio* (which took him eleven years to complete), began the program. This number would rise and swell to peaks, varying in harmonious climaxes. Intent looks of concentration on the musicians' faces were apparent from our third row

seat. The ages of the musicians ranged greatly from sixteen to sixty.

The second piece is known as *Leonore #2*. This was a shorter and less dramatic piece but seemed to fit the initial mood of the evening. Its emotional scale was comparatively limited yet we found we could appreciate the soothing and relaxing sounds making it easy to forget all tensions and pressures.

For the third number, Schubert's *Symphony #8* in B-minor made us feel like queens being serenaded by the highest quality available. This symphony is known as the "Unfinished" consisting of only two movements rather than four. The first movement was a turbulent Allegro and the second contrasted with a peaceful Adante. The different sections of instruments created a perfect blend and balance of musical techniques. The conductor, Dr. Peter Paul Fuchs, showed absolute control and power over his musicians. The timing, unity, and coherence made this a pleasurable piece.

Next Karen Armstrong,

Guilfordian

young and pretty, appeared to sing "Come Scoglio" in Italian, meaning "firm as a rock." Her voice had a wide range going from high vibrant notes to low, deep rich tones. It was not that powerful and seemed to be flat at times, breathy and screechy at others. The orchestra was complimentary in accentuating pauses. Miss Armstrong's second aria from Puccini's *Madame Butterfly* was called "Un Bel Dia" ("One fine day") where she reassures herself of the return of her husband from the Navy. This was more captivating but left you unsure as to exactly what mood was intended to be created. Her voice sounded young and not fully ripened yet to complete maturity. At the end of this effective, short, brief piece she pompously carried the conductor off stage with unrighteous overconfidence.

During the break in the program, we found most people to be enjoying the show. One music major at UNC-G, studying advanced conducting under Dr. Fuchs, said as a teacher "he knows every-

thing." Because of his precise direction, the musicians are really responsive to him giving an overall audible appeal.

At the start of the second half of the program there was a mesh partition separating the orchestra, through which Dr. Fuchs talked to the audience explaining the story of the opera "Salome" by Richard Strauss as it comes from the Bible. Salome is the young princess of Judea, step-daughter of Herod, who was the ruler appointed by the Romans. He has seen the prophet John the Baptist spend his life in solitude in an underground well. Salome falls immediately in love with the prophet; however Herod disapproves and curses her. He pleads with her to do a dance for him and she finally consents, dancing the Dance of the Seven Veils, taking off one veil at a time. Karen Armstrong portrayed this character convincingly, dancing seductively to the music which was mellow, yet intense. Herod became more and more aroused until Miss Armstrong was left naked to the audience. She finishes her

dance and starts singing in German with Herod. He has been completely overwhelmed and swears he will give her any reward she asks for. Without hesitation she asks for the head of John the Baptist. Her request is granted. She lifts the lid of the well and does a macabre dance with the chopped off head. There was a bit too much concentration on the dramatization of the scene and less emphasis on her voice quality. Herod is disgusted throughout and eventually orders to have Salome killed. This ends the production. Cries of "Bravo!" are heard from the audience after this finely executed display of talent. Everyone rose in appreciation of a true classical form of art.

After the performance we spoke backstage with Karen Armstrong and Dr. Fuchs. Karen is originally from Montana and started studying piano in a college in Minnesota. She then switched to voice in 1966. Someone dared her to audition for the Met which she did and won. For the past three years she has been singing around the United States and Europe with many different companies.

Dr. Fuchs first came to this area as a guest, was offered a contract, and accepted it. He is currently working on an English opera based on a play by Morris West. He said it was marvelous working with Karen Armstrong, thus ending our experience with the Greensboro symphony. It was a delight to be exposed to such expertise for one evening.

Wealth is Power?

G. William Domhoff, Professor of Sociology and Psychology at the University of California, Santa Cruz, will present a lecture on Thursday night, October 13, at 8 p.m., titled "How The Ruling Class Dominates Government." The lecture will take place at the Gallery in Founders Hall on the Guilford College campus.

Domhoff is the author of numerous books, including *Who Rules America?*, *The Higher Circle*, *C. Wright Mills and the Power Elite* (edited with Hoyt Ballard), *Fat Cats and Democrats*, and *Bohemian Grove and Other Retreats*; his latest book, *Who Really Rules?*, a power elite response to Dahl's pluralist classic *Who Rules?*, is due to be published in November.

The lecture is co-sponsored by the Political Science, Psychology and Sociology departments.

Letters from London

Dear Guilfordians,

Are you bored? Are you tired of looking at the same faces on campus? Do you have a desire to live somewhere in which the opportunities for new and exciting things to do are boundless? If so, we know what you are missing.

This week's letter from the London Semester is coming from room 11 located high atop the Hotel Vienna on Sutherland Avenue in London. No, not London, Georgia nor London, South Carolina, but . . . London, England. (It's the big one.)

We've been getting acquainted with London and its people and enjoying brisk, sunny days all week. Many of us find the best place to accomplish this is in the local neighborhood pub, the Warrington. Others in the group might pass their courses this semester.

Speaking of courses, our first classes did meet this week and we managed to attend all four of them. In all seriousness, they seem to provide a challenging and stimulating way to learn about British culture. Many thanks to Dick Coe in his selection of the faculty.

Out first class, with Elwood Parker, met Monday afternoon in the Friends House at Euston Square. We'll be doing an in-depth study of the origins of Quakerism

and at the same time learning about life in seventeenth-century Britain.

Tuesday morning we met our first British professor, Dr. David Eastman who teaches at the Polytechnic Institute of the South Bank. Though a native of Canada, his twenty-five years in London have given him a droll sense of humor and a unique way of presenting contemporary Britain.

The history class
Wednesday morning was dominated by Negley-Boyd Harte, a professor of history at the University College of London. Possessing a degree in history from Oxford University and with very demanding academic standards, we shall not only learn about the Industrial revolution, but, of necessity, how to read, write, and speak articulately.

Wednesday afternoon is taken up by a course in Elizabethan Literature, taught by Dr. David Daniell, a professor at the University College of London. Having earned three degrees from Oxford University he brings animation and vitality into the classroom.

Consequently we are covering four centuries of British social, economic, and political history. To say the least it will be a good basis for intellectual cocktail party conversation.

This Sunday afternoon will be devoted to reading, clipping newspapers and generally preparing for the week ahead. Undoubtedly we will also find time to write letters to loved ones, break at 4:00 for "high tea" and later in the evening make a social visit to our local pub.

We hope all is as well at Guilford College as it is here on Sutherland Avenue.

Pip-Pip and cheerio old chaps —

Kathy King, Maggie Weiss,
and Judy Pevey

Dear Guilfordian:

Upon arriving in England, one soon finds that there are many differences between English-English and American English.

While waiting in the queue for a taxi, I heard a voice say: "Can you spare a fag?" After I obliged him, a vehicle resembling a hearse pulled up. The driver said: "Where to, Bud?" He threw my luggage in the boot and soon after we were speeding down the carriage-way. Being low on gas, the cabbie asked if I'd mind if we stopped at a garage for some petrol. While there, the attendant cleaned the windscreen and checked under the bonnet. To make

conversation, the hack driver piped up: "I'm mad about my flat!" Knowing we did not have a punctured tire, I kept my mouth shut. Munching on a biscuit, I muttered about spilling crumbs on my pants. The cabbie laughed and said: "Ey mate, did your braces and your trousers fall down?" We reached my destination and the driver said: "that will be a quid five." Seeing my confusion, he helped me out by saying more slowly, "That's one-naught-five."

Rather than use the subway, I decided to cross on the zebra and nearly paid dearly as a lorry whizzed by only inches away. I found my English friend waiting by the restaurant entrance. We sat down and ordered two bitters, prawns, chips, and steak and kidney pie. For pudding, we had apple pie and white coffee. Having foolishly cut my finger, we had to leave in a hurry, but did have time to stop at the loo. We rushed to a dispensing chemist where I bought some plasters.

Having decided to go our separate ways, we said "ta, cheerio," and planned to meet again in a fortnight. I rode the lift down to the underground and caught the Bakerloo tube to Warwick Avenue. Once there, I hurried off to lessons.

Dave Ambler & Bill Brady