

Students Become Critics At Concert

Everybody considers herself an amateur critic. Campus plays, up-town movies, the latest issue of *Time*—all of these become objects and subjects for criticism and discussion. Music is harder to pin down. It is heard and not seen. A listener hears a concert and that's it. She cannot go back and check to see what they missed the first time, or what the second impression might be.

A phase of Miss Samson's music

appreciation course is practice in the difficult task of criticizing musical programs. Last Monday night's Collegium Musicum concert in Memorial Hall was besieged by amateur critics. The following comments were selected from their reactions.

(Chorale Preludes for Organ with Trumpet)

... sounded like the typical Moravian hymn. This is probably because I always associate a hymn played by brass instruments with

the Moravians . . . I felt several times the music was not in the traditional church dignity but I did not feel the music was inappropriate for church use . . . Mr. Mueller did an excellent job. The choral ensemble were very weak and added little.

There is not really too much I can say about this type of music because I do not enjoy it very much, and I really don't know enough about it to really appreciate its worth. I am sure it is very hard for two trumpets and an organ to sound as good together as they did, and it must have taken a great deal of practice, but I did not enjoy it very much . . . I do not like trumpets with organ music . . . I do not like organ music. (Solo Cantata for Soprano, Violin and Continuo)

I heard a dreadful squeak from the string section . . . I found it difficult to hear the harpsicord, but this did not particularly upset me . . . This was better than the "Chorale Preludes" but I still did not appreciate it as much as I should . . . One could definitely feel the change of mood of the music in this piece . . . I did not care for the harpsichord—it is too "whiney" and "bingy". It sounded sort of like a banjo in high register.

This was rather boring to me, although I appreciated the quality of Lynne Hamrick's voice . . . I enjoyed the cantata very much. I thought it interesting and different.

General comment ran like this:

I did not enjoy this as much as the symphony. I simply didn't understand it . . . The diversity of the program held my interest . . . I left after the first half because I was not enjoying the music. Maybe I made a mistake and should have given the last half a chance.

Beverly Wolter, arts critic for the *Winston-Salem Journal* reviewed the concert thus:

"Collegium Musicum Salem sounds so long-hair. It isn't really, if the reaction of the some 450 persons who attended last night's joint Collegium-Salem College faculty recital presentation is a proper gauge. Their response was one of spontaneous pleasure and enjoyment. There was no forced appreciation."

—Marcia Stanley

Beyond

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masterpiece of superb acting and good taste. Wish we could see more of the same.

Important facts: Did you know that you were seeing 112,538 different characters in *War and Peace* and that it cost between 7 and 9 million dollars to produce? 68,894 people were photographed in the six million dollar *Around the World in Eighty Days* and the rest of mankind starred in *The Ten Commandments* which cost a million dollars per commandment. Well, you never know when they might ask you that on a quiz show.

I guess you've read about the rumors of a royal rift between *Queen Elizabeth* and the *Duke of Edinburgh*. Optimistically speaking, the stories were proved untrue when the Queen flew down to Portugal last week to welcome the Duke upon his return from a four month tour of the Commonwealth. It was quite dramatic as Philip strode up the plane's carpeted stairway when it arrived at the Montijo Military Airport in Lisbon and quickly emerged with atiny smear of lipstick on his handsome tanned face. Elizabeth, they said, was nothing but smiles. "Of course they kissed," said a Portuguese official, "Why on earth shouldn't they?" So who's objecting? . . .

Two movies that prove you don't necessarily have to be earnest and horrid to be realistic are Hollywood's *Full of Life* starring *Judy Holliday* and Italy's *Gold of Naples*. They say Judy's never been funnier and as for *Gold of Naples*, it puts our sensational-type actors to shame by showing the results of long and careful study in acting produced by the actors of many foreign films . . . The funniest thing in Hi Fi recordings is the LP disk entitled *Magoo in Hi Fi* and the flip side, *Mother Magoo Suite*. If you've ever seen this little man in a UPA cartoon, you'll know what I mean . . . *Speaking of Books*, is the title of an article in the *New York Times Book Review* section and is rather thought-provoking. It is written by an angry young man by the name of *Colin Wilson*, the author of one of the most controversial inquiries into the philosophical predicament of mid-twentieth century man to date—*The Outsider*.

Mr. Wilson quotes a passage

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Records

(Continued from page three)

"No Other One"

Tab Hunter: "Young Love", "Red Sails in the Sunset"

Perry Como: "Moonlight Love", "Chincherinchee"

Fats Domino: "Blue Monday", "What's the Reason I'm Not Pleasing You", "Blueberry Hill", "Honey Chile"

Tommy Dorsey: "There Are Such Things", "Daybreak"

from Shaw's *Man and Superman* which goes like this: "the artist's work to show us ourselves as we really are. Our minds are nothing but this knowledge of ourselves; and he who adds a jot to such knowledge creates new mind as surely as any woman creates new men." This, says Wilson, summarizes the whole purpose of art—and especially of writing.

He goes on to say, "This conception of art—of all human cultural activity—as an extension of consciousness, is the existentialist concept; it treats the human mind as an unexplored area, and the purpose of philosophy and art as its exploration—one might almost say its creation."

The American novel has tended to become a carefully documented examination of the lives of ordinary people; its symbol is the microscope. You learn about people, but you don't know any more about yourself.

Continuing his discussion of microscopic and telescopic (bird's-eye view) writing of the past thirty years, he says that "the most terrible sign of corruption and stupidity of our age is the complete loss of the conception of self-analysis as an element in the making of a culture." If this attitude continues in the future, our literature is doomed.

"There will, of course, be the usual microscopic social documentation, with its debts to Dos Passos, Faulkner, Tennessee Williams and Arthur Miller. But it will not be literature."

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WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

Students Bored In Assembly; Susie Writes Of 'Real' Teaching

To the Editor concerning the Faculty-Panel Assembly Programs:

We wish Dr. Africa and those who worked with him to know that we appreciate their efforts in planning this series. We sincerely believe that their purpose was good. Whether it was in our response or in the presentation of the material, we feel that the end result fell short of the original intent. Perhaps this was due to the atmosphere of formality that prevailed throughout the series.

Although the same question was asked to each department representative, none was absorbed enough in his field to answer the question without referring to a previously-prepared "statement."

We think that the grouping of the major departments was excellent and liked the attempts made in relating one area of study to another. However, these relationships were shown only among the subjects discussed in a single hour—each program seemed isolated, separate from the one preceding it.

Since the programs were not confined to freshmen, but included upperclassmen and those who are already well into their major fields of study, it appears that the programs were not inclusive enough, or enlightening enough, to merit the time spent both by the faculty and the students—for the freshmen, a repetition of seminar; for the upperclassmen, a rehashed catalogue.

Sincerely,

Mary Archer Blount
and Cookie Kolmer

(Editor's note: The following paragraphs are excerpts from a letter written by Susan Glaser Fisher, class of 1956, to Miss White of the education department.)

"I just can't tell you all how much I love teaching. I have exactly the job I had hoped for. You are quite right—in a supervisory job you can't get around the paper work. I fought it but did it and I don't mind it like I used to. I have five schools—grades kindergarten through sixth grade and I wouldn't venture to say which I prefer. The little ones are still dear to my heart and refreshing but it is extremely relaxing to go into the upper grades too.

"They left me completely on my own, which was quite a shock at first. I was given my five schools and told to go to it without so much as a music curriculum to fol-

low. For the first month I was knocking my head against a wall trying to stay ahead of all those teachers but now I have fallen into a pattern and have somewhat of a repertoire so it is much easier.

"I am in charge of over 100 teachers. At Thanksgiving I put on 10 assemblies. At Christmas I put on ten more.

"You should see the theory we are expected to cover. We Do Re Mi them to death starting in the first grade.

"You will probably not consider me very unethical but I wear sneakers to teach in. (Not plain ones—blue ones.) I teach fourteen classes a day and never have a second to sit down. Also, I am on such a split second schedule that I have to have running shoes.

"My friend and I made up two new songs. "Susie the Gnu" is probably a little sophisticated but I am going to try it anyway. I am going to have a Gnu contest. Since the song describes a Gnu I am going to give a bunch of lollypops to the best picture of Gnu. I guess I'll run this in about the second grade due to the minor key.

"You should see our apartment. It is two rooms plus kitchen and bath but very small rooms. We have our piano and we are so packed in that I can lean out of bed and play a C-major chord. For awhile a little mouse named Willie lived in it but we caught him. I told some of my first graders and they branded me as a heel. They took Willie's side . . ."

Eckstine Basie Jazz

"Birdland Stars of '57" will be at the Memorial Coliseum on Wednesday, February 27, for one show at 8:00 p.m. This program is billed as the greatest attraction to come to Winston-Salem this year. Stars headlining the show will be Billy Eckstine, Count Basie and orchestra, Sarah Vaughn, Jeri Southern, the Bud Powell Trio, and a dozen other jazz stars.

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