

**SUNDAY MADE MUSIC FESTIVAL
BY VESPER SERVICE AND SACRED
CONCERTS; AUDIENCES ARE LARGE**

**Cantata, "Seven Last Words of Christ," Directed by
John Stark Evans, Wins Appreciation; Phi Mu Alpha
and Mu Phi Epsilon Give Recitals in Churches**

Although there was no definite idea of having a music festival in Eugene last Sunday, a more truly festival day could not have been accomplished had it been intended. The sacred cantata given by the University Vesper choir at the Methodist church in the afternoon; in the evening the Palm Sunday concert given by Mu Phi Epsilon, national honorary music sorority, at the Presbyterian church; and the musical at the Christian church by Mu Phi Epsilon and Phi Mu Alpha, national honorary music fraternities, combined to give one of the greatest musical days that the University has ever had.

There seems to be nothing in the range of art that could make Dubois' "Seven Last Words of Christ" a more perfect whole than it was as presented Sunday afternoon by soloists and the University Vesper choir, under the direction of John Stark Evans.

The cantata is built about the most poignantly pathetic scene in all history—the crucifixion of Christ,—a scene so apart from human experience that few have had the audacity to attempt its portrayal.

The infinite sweetness of the appeal "Father forgive them"; the pathos of the iterated "I am athirst"; the resignation of "Into thy hands I commend my spirit" left it far above criticism of any sort. The mob choruses are violent and unrestrained enough to approach actuality; it becomes the wild, unthinking cry of a people obsessed by a single idea—"Crucify him." "Vah!"

It would be impossible to act such a scene; it has never been attempted except at Oberammergau under the most extraordinary conditions, but no acting is needed with the peculiarly suggestive and imaginative music. The voice of Madame Rose McGrew in all its dramatic intensity, that of Erwyn Mutch, vibrant and rich in color, and that of John B. Siefert, so clear, so sweet, were entirely adequate to the emotional demands made upon them.

The beauty and power of Madame McGrew's voice as she sang the introductory solo seemed to create just the desired atmosphere for the whole cantata. Later when the dramatic intensity increased, her work became more and more effective. Not many within the great range of experience in operatic work could have achieved the artistic effect that was attained by the beautiful voice of Madame McGrew.

Mr. Siefert has a beauty and sweetness of tone that is rarely achieved and has never been heard to better advantage than on Sunday. His pathetic rendition of "Father into Thy Hands I Commend My Soul" was indeed perfect.

Mr. Mutch has never appeared to better advantage in Eugene. His solo, "God, my Father, why hast thou forsaken me?" was a masterpiece of musical art and his entire performance was one of dramatic and musical excellence.

Everyone realizes that the perfection of this production is largely due to the work of John Stark Evans. The cantata could have been entirely spoiled by any lack of coordination, for there is nothing with which to give the effect except the organ and the voices,—no acting, no color, no stage setting, none of the artifice employed by grand opera (and the "Seven Last Words" is neither more nor less than sacred opera in its dramatic content). Mr. Evans with his perfect control of both organ and chorus accomplished the effect of intense dramatic action. His control was no better exemplified than in the rapid but perfectly enunciated "Crucify him" of the first chorus; the word "Vah" and the sharp cutting of the note in the second.

Mr. Evans handles the organ as a director handles a great symphony orchestra. The interpretation of the storm and earthquake was masterly.

That there was a tremendous appreciation of the whole was shown by the size of the audience, the absolute silence during the performance, and the murmurs of approval amounting almost to ecstasy as they passed out of the church.

Members of Mu Phi Epsilon in their retts, Eloise McPherson, Arthur Johnson, gowns of white made a lovely picture against a background of palms and

white fruit blossoms when they appeared in their annual Palm Sunday concert at the Presbyterian church on Sunday evening. Musical excellence is naturally expected from members of a national honorary musical sorority, and the manner in which the following program was given entirely satisfied expectations:

Organ prelude—"Andante" (Tschalkowsky) Annabelle Denn.
Chorus—"Close of Day" (Parks).
Violin solo—"Prize Song" (Wagner), Alberta Potter.

Vocal solo—"Now" (Bartlett), Beulah McGrew. Flute solo by Beulah Clark.

Violin Trio—"Ballade" (Patini), Alberta Potter, Helen Harper, Margaret Phelps.

Quartet—"There Is a Green Hill" (Wilson), Misses Smith, Gregory, Mesdames Powell, Case. Obligato solo, Bernice Altstock.

Offertory—"The Swan" (Gounod), Annabelle Denn.

Solo—"Oh Divine Redeemer" (Gounod), Madame Rose McGrew. Violin obligato, Helen Harper.

Flute Solo—"Souvenir" (Boehm), Beulah Clark.

Trio—"Twilight" (Aht), Mme. McGrew, Mrs. Whitton, Mrs. Case.

Postlude—"Marche Pontificale" (Lemmens).

Miss Lucile Murton, accompanist.

The half hour of music that is a part of the regular evening service at the Christian church was given by members of Mu Phi Epsilon and Phi Mu Alpha. A quartet composed of Florence Garson and Aubrey Furry, sang two numbers. A cello solo by Ralph Hoehner,

vocal solos by Arthur Johnson and Eloise McPherson, a piano solo by Ronald Reid, and a duet by Florence Garrett and Aubrey Furry completed the program.

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