

Art Drama Music

Edited by

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(The following weekly features are printed in the Emerald as indicated: Tuesday, Lewny's Ghost, Society; Wednesday, Art, Drama, Music; Thursday, Poetry; Friday, World of Sports; Saturday, Library Browsable. Contributions for any of these columns may be left in the Emerald Box at the circulation desk in the University Library, or at the Editor's office.)

Art? Why ask me? Listen to Baudelaire:

What do you like best? say, enigmatical man—thy father, thy mother, thy sister or thy brother?

"I have neither father, nor mother, nor sister, nor brother."

Thy friends?

"There you use an expression, the meaning of which till now remains unknown to me."

Thy country?

"I know not in what latitude it is situated."

Beauty?

"I would gladly love her, goddess and immortal."

Gold?

"I hate it, as you hate God."

Then what do you love, extraordinary stranger?

"I love the clouds. . . there. . . the marvelous clouds!"

And so it is with Art. . . personal.

THE CAMPUS "POT POURRI"

There is really little need for the architecture majors to wander far from the campus to find a multitude of examples to study. In fact, like the bluebird, they may be found right here "at home." Have you ever put aside your utilitarian impression of a building and "looked" at it with a sense of appreciation or condemnation, artistically speaking, instead of having your usual impression of the place? No doubt, too many people never see the beautiful side of things, their minds are too prosaic, they never pass a building without thinking of it as the place where they keep the horrid lizards and dead cats or the place where it smells so funny.

The campus is surely furnished with a pot pourri of architecture.

Have you ever thought of Deady and Villard, "grandpa and grandma" of the campus, as being of French Renaissance type? There is a tale connected with the queer little roofs of the towers, which are called Mansard after the man who originated them. Both halls are of the style that was so popular 50 years ago. The library I can compliment no further other than to call it "just building" or pure American box type—"it ain't got no style." But just the same, I have seen it through the trees at times when I might have been more complimentary. The Administration building is of the classical, or Grecian type. Susan Campbell, Hendrick's hall and the Woman's building are a combination of Georgian and colonial type. This style would be much more individual were the surroundings of the kind that would carry out the Georgian-colonial idea. The Oregon and Commerce buildings are modern Romanesque, as the new science structure will be. Uniformity is being obtained on the southwestern corner of the campus through the furthering of this type. McClure hall is rather hard to classify, especially with the "Journalism box" grafted onto its east side. I cannot say much more about it, except that it looks outside just like it smells inside—rather awful. The Art building seems quite unexpected up in the northeast corner of the campus, its creamy-white stucco, red tiled roofs, and patio following the Spanish style, being rather a coy contrast to the grey sedateness of the nearby halls. It is the greatest departure in architecture on the campus, but one remembers that the purpose of the building calls for "something different."

So you see—an ensemble of this and that. And because of the irregularity of architectural style, one finds odds and ends of interest. Of course, even though regularity of construction does denote greater efficiency there is more attraction of interest in the irregular. Something like the boy who said that good things weren't interesting— isn't it?

I can't help contrasting the campus buildings which were thrown up in half the time because of the pressing need of room and with about half the amount of money needed, with the great Liverpool cathedral which is being built now. Three and a half millions have been spent so far, in completing only one unit of the structure. There will be many more millions spent before the cathedral is finished, the completion of which will take many years.

What an ideal contrast?

TOLSTOY—"WHAT IS ART?"

The librarian gave me a large book the other day after I asked for something interesting on art. It was a volume about the size of an Encyclopedia Britannica and my in-

stant reaction held about as much enthusiasm as if the book had been the Encyclopedia itself. I have a dislike for big books—they usually begin to bore one after the first half, for not many authors who write "big books" put much more in them than is put in smaller books. But I was polite and took it. Now after reading it, I shall say it did not bore me, and it didn't deal with something that died after the first half. The book was "Tolstoy on Art," a translation of the Russian critic's work by Aylmer Maude, the English author. The translation is handled with clearness and lucidity.

It is not a book of lines, curves and colors—not done in a textbook style that is intended to give the reader an education, but a collection of Tolstoy's essays on art, which are woven around some colorful incidents of his life, and a discussion of the work of De Maupassant, Shakespeare and some French, Russian and a few German writers. The greater part of the book is given over to the answering of the question, "What is art?" a part of which has been previously published as a separate book.

I like the normality of Tolstoy. He dislikes anomalous examples of any kind, claiming that only the natural can portray the highest form. When his work "What is Art?" first came out, it was not easily taken by the public whose ideas are often hard to change—even when they are wrong. It was new—startling, caustic; it denounced the critics, artists and art schools that had been regarded as "god" in their own world.

Tolstoy is not one of the drove of "novice intelligent (?)s" that try to put themselves above what they might call the unwashed multitude—he is easy to read, agreeable, natural, unaffected and interesting.

SAINT JOAN AND THE FLAPPER

Shaw's "Saint Joan" will be a most disappointing play for the individual whose introduction to Mediaeval life and spirit was made via Cabell. To a great class of readers the Jurgen pargon transports them more completely to the Middle Ages than would a more deeply intellectualized treatment of Mediaevalism; in other words, they like their apple pie with whipped cream on top of it. Those, however, who prefer it plain will get more of the real spirit of the Middle Ages out of one page of Shaw's play than from a complete, annotated edition of Cabell. In modern and well written English the spirit which underlies the church and the feudal state is most convincingly presented. Shaw, unlike Cabell, does not need to depend upon somewhat doubtful Mediaeval phraseology or still more doubtful poetry to create an atmosphere.

Another disappointment awaits the romance lover for Shaw has given us a rationalized Maid of Orleans. As always happens when a traditional and conventionalized conception of an historical character is tampered with—and Shaw does tamper—the lover of the stereotype ideal shouts in dismay. Some of our moderns who retain inviolate in their mental processes the image of a pale, fervent and somewhat emaciated Joan, and who need the persiflage of so called Mediaeval diction to complete their stained glass window of the martyr, accuse Shaw of making her too modern—the epithet of flapper has even been applied. Shaw's Joan is just a daughter of a well-to-do farmer who breaks away from her home in order to more completely live her own life—to express herself if you will. But her imagination and vision are far ahead of the woman who does the same thing today, because her desire for "self expression" is awakened in her by voices, voices which whisper great thoughts into her ear, while the girl of today is only actuated by a mild unrest. Perhaps that is one reason why the latter becomes a stenographer and the Maid of Orleans a martyr.

The person that condemns Shaw's creation with the term "flapper" is only irritated because a long cherished picture of Joan has been smeared and forgets that what they proudly term the "modern woman" might be more applicable—that is, if they also stopped to realize that the modern woman was essentially the same in fifteenth century as she is in the twentieth. The type is only more numerous today. Another difference lies in the fact that Joan was a natural born leader, or boss, as Shaw puts it. She not only had the desire but the ability as well. In short, Joan was a genius who had a right to leave the

paternal domicile in order to give the world the benefit of this somewhat rare type of spirit.

The reader who is familiar with Shaw will read the preface. To those who are not—if such there be—and who ordinarily skip prefaces, take warning. In some respects it is much better than the play.—Darrell Larsen.

OUR "OPERA" SEASON

Harry and Robert Smith's operetta, "The Spring Maid," was the second performance given by the Brandon Opera company during its short stay in Eugene. "The Spring Maid" is the vehicle in which the charming Mitzi sang herself to one of her greatest successes.

Ed Andrews, as Roland, the great English tragedian, did the best comedy work of the opera, with the able assistance of George Oleson and Chester Bright. One of his cleverest lines, "You cannot give a show without actors, though 'tis often done," seemed in a way applicable to many of the lesser members of the company.

Theo Pennington's singing voice is excellent, but both she and Harry Pfeil play to the gallery in true vaudeville style. "The Spring Maid" was very enjoyable to those who had never seen it before and was very much appreciated by the rather large audience.—C. Z.

The first part of the first act of Reginald DeKoven's famous comic opera took on the nature of a chorus-guy rehearsal at some mediocre variety theatre. The succeeding acts, however, quickly gathered the spirit of "America's Best Loved Opera" and carried it through to a successful end. Two of the best solos, the "Nut Brown Ale" and the "Whittling Song," although spoiled somewhat by the volume of the chorus, were very pleasing and gave Chester Bright and Carl Bundschu opportunity to use their fine voices.

Geo. Oleson, as Sir Guy of Gisborne, ably assisted Ed Andrews, as the Sheriff of Nottingham, in his nefarious designs on the purse and persons of Maid Marian and Robin Hood.

The Brandon Opera company's four performances were well attended by both college and townspeople and furnished a welcome diversion from the usual run of movie shows.—C. Z.

"KEMPY" IDEALLY CHOSEN

J. C. and Elliott Nugent's sparkling little three act comedy to be presented at the Heilig theatre tomorrow night by Mask and Buskin, is in many ways a most ideally chosen play. For several years past, the local chapter of the Associated University Players have presented their one play a season with marked success. Last year the A. A. M. comedy, "The Dover Road," gave opportunity to graduating members of the senior company to do some of the best work of their University careers. Darrell Larsen, Kate

Pinneo, and Dave Swanson took the leads.

"Kempy" is a play in which there are no bits. Five of the eight characters can easily be called leads, and the other three are of the choice character parts which a true actor loves to play. Its vaudeville lines, suspense, surprise, and humor, all combine to make a comedy which should appeal to everyone.

FOUR OPERA STORIES

After hearing the operas presented by the Brandon Opera company here during the past few days, one is naturally interested in their history, the composers, and in the history of opera. The four operas presented were from the work of different periods and were of different types.

"The Bohemian Girl," by Michael William Balfe, was taken from a romance by Cervantes. The words, by Bunn, were adapted from St. George's ballet "The Gypsy." The first presentation was in 1858 as "La Zingara," the Italian version of the opera. Later he added several pieces and recast the work making it into "La Bohemienne," the French version. It was produced then in Paris in 1869, for which Balfe was made Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur by the French Emperor of the French and Commander of the Order of Carlos 3 by the Regent of Spain.

The opera is a love story of Arline who is stolen by gypsies and grows up with them. She is later restored to her father, Count Arheim when he recognizes her by a scar while she is being tried for stealing. The songs, probably too well known to mention include "The Heart Bowed Down," "Come With the Gypsy Bride," "I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls," "When Other Lips and Other Hearts," "In the Gypsy's Life You May Read," and others.

"The Mikado," or "The Town of Titipu," was written by Arthur Seymour Sullivan with libretto by W. S. Gilbert who worked with Sullivan on the greater part of his many operas. "The Mikado" appeared in March, 1885, in London, and in August of the same year in New York. It has been the most popular work of the two men unless "H. M. S. Pinafore" be made an exception. The entire opera is delightfully humorous from Ko-Ko the Lord High Executioner who is a "retailer of state secrets at a low figure," and Katisha, whom he terms "that old back number" to Nanki-Poo the Mikado's son who is to be executed one month after his marriage to Yum-Yum, and Yum-Yum herself whose affection is considerably cooled after she learns that the wife of one who is executed must be buried alive. The songs include only one of Japanese color, the march chorus in the second act, "Miya Sama, Miya Sama." Others are "You May Put 'Em on the List

and They Never Will be Missed," sung by the Lord High Executioner; the "Three Little Maids From School Are We," by Yum-Yum, Peep-Bo and Pitti-Sing; "A More Humane Mikado Never," which the Mikado sings when he forgives Ko-Ko for beheading his son Nanki-Poo though Ko-Ko still must be boiled in oil because it is the law. Then there are the old favorites, "On a Tree by a River a Little Tomtit," and "The Flowers That Bloom in the Spring, Tra-La." "Robin Hood," though employing a purely English theme, was written by Americans and is classed by critics as the representative American opera. The music was composed by Reginald DeKoven and the libretto was supplied by Harry B. Smith. The first production, in 1890 in Chicago, proved the opera a success and it has since proved one of the most popular of all light operas.

"Of 'The Spring Maid' one finds little written. It was translated from the German "Die Sprudelfee," and produced here in 1912. The opera was written by Wilhelm and Willner but translated by Reinhardt and Smith and Smith.

BACK TO THE GREEK

For the history of opera one must turn first to the old Greek tragedies which were always produced with choruses and even the dialogue given with musical inflection. Between ancient and modern times no traces of the opera can be found except one or two comic ballad operettas. In the sixteenth century an effort was made to revive the old style musical declamation with the result that opera as it exists today was originated. Beside the grand operas by well known composers the Opera Buffa or comic opera was developed. It has grown in popularity until in America it has been more popular than the heavier operas. American compositions have been in light opera and in lighter style still, running down into operettas and musical comedies.

A FEW CLIPPINGS

Emily Bently Dow, 13-year-old violinist and pianist has been engaged two weeks with the Coliseum theatre in Seattle. She plays Sarasate's "Zigeunerweisen" and Saint-Saen's "Rondo Capriccioso" with the violin and movements from Beethoven and Raff Sonatas on the piano.

Oregon and Washington high schools will have a music tournament by radio, the second annual tournament, on April 17 and 18. The meeting will be held at Forest Grove under the auspices of the school of music at Pacific university. Competition will include glee clubs, vocal solos, duets, trios, quartets, and instrumental solos and ensemble combinations.

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