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WORKS OF

SCRIABINE

TOLD

**OREGON DAILY EMERALD** 

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# The Emerald Reader's Page

## Jane Thacher Tells Of Ambitions of Russian Composer And His 'Mystery'

'An illuminating glimpse behind the veils and mysteries which hover around the name of the Russian composer, Alexander Scriabine, was given Thursday afternoon by Jane Thacher, professor of piano, when discussing the compositions she will play in her spring concert next Tuesday evening in the music auditorium.

"Scriabine is one of the two or three great innovators or experimenters of our time," the pianist said, "and had his career not been cut short by a lamentable, early death, he would have, without doubt, produced works of immortal beauty."

produced works of immortal beauty."

The composer's music is not well known yet, to the average concertgoer, Mrs. Thacher said. It is extraordinarily difficult to play, and difficult to interpret. With Debussy alone he appears to be the most refined and exquisite; and to understand and enjoy it, one must be able to feel its subtlety and understand something of his insane philosophy, the pianist revealed.

**Insane** Genius

"That insanity, however, fed his genius until he arrived at the conviction of his Messianic mission.' she went on. "His thinking was controlled by a very shifting and impermanent philosophy, which was partly his imagining of his own Deification, by which he felt destined to save humanity through the erotic fusion of a material creation with a spiritual."

It became very involved, fanatical incomprehensible — but explains his peculiar musical language, Mrs. Thacher declared. Some think that his philosophical reasoning is frail to support the enormous responsibility of music, and that it was doomed from the beginning. Some think that after sufficient time has passed, and with the return of the cycle which produced his genius, he will be understood and made immortal in

# Tressler Now Dissects The American

Irving Tressler, author of the Scribner Quiz and that travesty of "How to Win Friends and Influence People," has written another work to poke fun at a bestselling book.

Published Thursday was Irving Tressler's "With Malice Toward All." In it the author, with his humor functioning on

all eight cylinders, takes a leisurely trip through the South and East, and observes the oddities, vagaries, and customs of that hardy creature, the American. The laughter in it will probably last as long as that over "How to Lose Friends and Alienate People," which is still echoing.

Needless to say, the book it makes fun of is Margaret Hal- He has a spark in his eye, too. Not sey's "With Malice Toward Some," which "rode down" the English.

memory. Bach's music did not Bank Nite stuff. He signs his name come to full light until 150 years and address in the register book. after his death.

**Died Early** 

tempted the completion of his 'mystery,' which would have em-

religion would be fused, by means of music, speech, gesture, color, scent-and the audience would par-

hoped to bear humanity upward, that is the prize tonight. and out, over the borders of this fettered earth-life," Mrs. Thacher

said And whether or not Scriabine's He is smoking his old pipe. That name ever is included on the scroll pipe smells like hell, even to me, of the immortals, Mrs. Thacher and I like pipes. He has on his will do what she can to make mu- dirty work pants, a grey shirt sic lovers recognize and appre- which is buttoned at the neck with-

Leaf," "Fantastic Poem," two old black coat. preludes, a scherzo, an etude. "Son- He is standing outside the theaata in F Sharp," and music by oth- ter a little apart from the crowd er composers will be played by because he doesn't want to bother

Mrs. Thacher in her Tuesday pro- the people with the smell of his gram. The public invited.

YW Group Plans YWCA is planning to entertain the



A Short Story by Carl Newcomb

ACCORDING to Fred, the barkeep, the whole thing is very funny. A big, sly grin comes over his face as he puts a glass of beer in front of me and starts to tell me about it.

It is about Joe. I guess I'd better tell you that Joe is not a very lucky guy. He has very little, Joe has.

He had been gassed in the war; so he hasn't any health. His poor health-keep him from working; so he hasn't any job. He hasn't any money; so he hasn't any home, or any wife, or any kids. He does have ulcers; so he don't drink.

a serious expression on his face, a a fool again.

love for listening to the bar radio, I gets up from my stool and says, "Yeah, that's a helluva funny and part of the 30 dollars the govstory. You big ham." ernment gives him each month in

Bailey ?"

Why?'

the door.

the time to eat."

He don't have a thing to say."

of cops who walk into the place.

ONE OF THEM says to Fred,

'Do you know a guy named Joe

"Sure," says Fred, "Sure, I know

"Do you know if he has any rel-

can't find anyone who knows of of the past, he said.

atives anywhere," asks the cop.

Joe Bailey. He comes in here all

return for the life he gave Consolidated Munitions during the war. a twinkle; a spark.

Well, Fred is telling me about he is to laugh at a poor fella like Joe at the theater. Like all the Joe. Joe can use that dough. rest of us, Joe goes in for this the place to have a beer.

Then he waits. And every Thursday night he hopes like hell . .

"Scriabine died before he had at- like all of us hope. Fred interrupts himself to get me another glass of beer. Then, bodied all his mystic ideas in which still smiling, he goes on telling the correlation of life and art and me about Joe. It is all very funny.

TONIGHT JOE comes into the ticipate, by being projected into a place for his supper-which is a state of mind in which they would bowl of soup and a few crackers. have 'a vision of a higher state of He listens to the bar radio until consciousness which he hope to about nine o'clock. Then he goes call our own.' He did not live to up to the theater to see which spread his great wing on which he lucky guy is going to win the \$450

As Fred talks I can see how Joe looks as he trudges up the main street to the front of the theater.

"Does he have any relatives in this state?" asks the cop. "I dunno," says Fred again. Why ?" "We found him dead in his shack ciate his work. Scriabine's "Album out a tie, his sloppy hat, and his he says, "The hell va' did!"

ing for the elegantly dressed usher guess.

to come outside and call the name The freshman commission of the of the winner for tonight. I can see the crowd as it quiets senior girls of the University, Eugene, St. Mary's, and Springfield high schools at a tea in the near with that little spark in his eye. I Hate the Flea

By JACK GIESY Ah, woe is me; I hate the flea. I cannot see Attaineth he From biting me.

What joy and glee

O'Duilearga Homesick, Very Enthusiastic Over About all Joe has is an old pipe, serious expression on his face, a fool again. Not the starts laughing like Oregon Fishing, He Says By B. J. THOMPSON was the greatest story of the year,'

Having opened his eyes Thurs- he said.

gaelic language, Mr. O'Duilearga

first started taking down the Irish

fairy tales for a linguistic exercise,

Now In Danger

the project.

I am mad. And the more I think day morning on an emerald green And because of Douglas Corriabout poor old Joe getting chiseled world, Mr. Seamus O'Duilearga, gan a train waited three minutes out of that money and the way director of the Irish folklore com- for him to make a phone call in Fred thinks it is so funny, I get mission, admitted that it was the Las Vegas, Nevada, he said. When madder than ever. Helluva fine guy for his Emerald Isle since he left it. the man at the desk found out that "The best trout and salmon fish- he was Irish he begged the confirst time he had become homesick ductor to give a break to the man The next morning I go back into ing in Ireland, is in the province from the country which had treatof Connaught, the most beautiful ed "our Douglas Corrigan" so well. "You should'a seen Joe last night part of th ecountry-just as the The train waited, Mr. ODuilearga when he comes in after this busi- best fishing is in the most beauti- said.

Interested in studying the old Law Students

ness up to the theater," Fred says ful part of your country here," he to me. "We kids the life out'a him. said. He was looking forward with a great deal of enthusiasm to a 100 Braille Books I am about to blow up again trip up the McKenzie with Veltie when I am interrupted by a couple Pruitt and George Godfrey Thurs- Given Blind UW

# By MIRIAM HALE

Law students who continually he said. Then he became interested make good grades are tough-they in the material itself. The idea of have to be tough to keep it up. But collecting all the tales in the diswhen you see a blind law student trict came to him; then he thought making B grades (as a few are "why not all Ireland?" The Rocke-"Hell, I dunno," says Fred. feller foundation and finally the doing), you know he is plenty tough. government became interested in

Up to now these handicapped students at the University of Washington have had to hire per-

Asked why he considered it so sons to read their intricate textimportant to collect the stories books and pamphlets to them, but by the tracks at 4 o'clock this that have lasted for so many thous- at last they will get a break, ac-Fred's mouth drops open, and they are now in danger of being law librarian.

lost. Young people do not take so "Yeah," says the copper. "We much interested in them as people sent 100 law volumes in Braille to young wife who tries to adjust herthe Washington law school. A page

pipe. Like all the rest, he is wait- the body over to the county, I United States, Mr. O'Duilearga said of rows of raised dots and depreshe was going to suggest that his sions, and the volumes are very Children" was good fun. It had

Fred is leaning over the bar with | people who are inetrested. "Every- Daily. far-away look in his eye. He says, where I go," said he, "I find that

# More About Mr. Anderson The Dramatist Who Writes, Propaganda in Verse

The Co-Writer of 'What Price Glory?' Vents His Indigation at Social Injustice by Writing Poetic Problem Dramas

### By GLENN HASSELROOTH

Jim Tully's "Beggars of Life" furnished the plot for Maxwell Anderson's next play, and if frank and ribald dialogue alone brought in the customers to "What Price Glory?" "Outside Looking In" should have had them lined up in the streets. It appealed to the sociologists as a documentation of the lives of those from the other side of the tracks, but the public felt that Anderson's dramatic abilities had been wasted in this realistic plea for fairness to hoboes. Financially, "Outside Looking In" was unsuccessful.

The third play turned out by the combination of Anderson and Stallings was based on the amours,

of Sir Henry Morgan. "The Buc- revelatory piece of poetic drama, caneer" contained fair characteri- Previously, Anderson had been zation, no small dose of wit, and stumbling, turning what he wantenough humor to make most plays ed to write into flops (with the successful. But the critics recog- exception of "What Price Glory?"), nized shades of Sheridan and eighteenth century comedy, decided it ful. "Gods of The Lightning," will, It closed soon after its premiere.

Lucky Seven

Of Anderson's first six plays, only one, the powerful "What veloped lasting philosophy regard-Price Glory?" was a hit, and it ing the life he knew to be both had been written in collaboration. treacherous and fair. He had long But it was to be a "lucky seven" realized that no people go about for him, because his next, written declaiming poetry, but he was now, alone, was an instantaneous suc- beginning to catch on to the syscess. He had seen, via the road of tem of making even the poetic experience, that his old-time ro- speeches of gangsters and Indians, mances or his studies of life of the

the box office; so for his next, An- not props of the histronic art. derson chose a down-to-earth situation of the American scene. For

ly average and truthful, who were thought its sexy leading characadage about two living as cheaply trite and unbelievably melodramatas one was true. Ruth Gordon did ic. Ellen, the girl nicknamed "Gypmorning," answers the flatfoot. ands of years, he responded that cording to Arthur S. Beardsley, not have a difficult role to master, sy," began to loathe her own char-

self to living the way she has to--any relatives. We'll have to turn As a result of his visit to the of Braille type printing is made up if she is to keep her husband.

As entertainment, "Saturday's Day after day, bright palaces of, "Well, c'mon, Harry," he says to government establish a commission large and light. It takes 14 vol- homely dialogue; some critics even and even Joseph Wood Krutch. the other copper, and he starts out to make translated copies of Irish umes of Braille to equal one aver- went so far as to call it a "minor was not fooled with its artificialfolklore and history available to age-sized law book. - U. of W. classic." But it was only a hold- ity. Of it he said: "The psychology. over along the road toward the belongs to cheaply moral fiction."

sound real. He was starting to lowly-trodden would not click at make his characters red-blooded, All for a Poem During the season when "Gods "Saturday's Children" he delved of The Lightning" opened on into the outwardly uneventful lives Broadway, "Gypsy" was produced of middle classes, and told a story by Richard Herndon at the Klaw of two young married people, fair- theater in New York. The critics living on the hope that the old ter sound, but found its ending,

but she carried much of the play acter and was driven to turning on The Library of Congress has with her poignant part of the the suicidal gas because she read a poem that began, "Your love is like a quicksand,

where men build.

years,' goal Anderson had set for himself. Today it is remembered as a play Its subject was not of the deep- of character and "wrong fate."

was really not much more than a not be remembered as a great play, commingling of broad and bustle but as the turning place in Ancomedy, and called it unoriginal. derson's career. With the appearance of "God's of Ligtning," he was no longer the homeless neophyte of the theater. He had de-

and seeing his pap become success-

Page Three

