

And the Lord Said, 'Let There Be Firmament' - Green Pastures

The return to McArthur court of spectacle plays produced by the University theater is a welcome addition to the theater season. The April 19 performance of Marc Connelly's "The Green Pastures," under the direction of Horace W. Robinson, was a good experience for both the audience, which appeared to appreciate the play, and the players, who benefited immeasurably by having the opportunity of working in a play of such mammoth proportions.

Much credit for a successful evening goes to the Eugene high school a cappella choir under the direction of Glenn Griffith. Spirituals were sung with the precision of a small group. The choir was especially useful in bridging the darkness between the 18 scenes.

The attention to subtleties by the director was noticeable in several places, as the meeting of Adam and Eve. Other fine scenes were the Pharaoh's court, "de Lawd's" renunciation of Israel, the ascension of Moses, Hezrel's defense of the temple, and "de Lawd's" debate with himself about going back to visit the earth after renouncing the chosen people.

The production was burdened with a slow pace, which would have been avoided to some extent if the actors had picked up their cues quicker. Dramatic pauses sometimes were unduly long.

The play lost some of its identity with the Negro and seemed almost to be a story of poor Southern whites. This was due to several reasons. Makeup appeared so pale in many cases that faces looked white. Lights drained much of the color from the performers.

These shortcomings detracted but little from the total production, however, which was excellent. The fact that such an ambitious presentation was given at all is a tribute to Horace W. Robinson and his staff and students of the University theater. It is a very healthy sign when a group of this type is not content to be bound by the many handicaps under which they work daily.

Additional praise is due the technical staff under Edwin L. Clark who constructed sets several blocks from the stage and had to finish their work in a short space of time due to the need to use the court for other purposes previous to the performance.—LeJeune W. Griffith.



Children of Cain . . .
Norman Weekly as Cain the Sixth and Marie Di Loreto as Zeba from "The Green Pastures."

A Study in Lightface...

Howdy, Stranger

Bill Hemingbeck has just written a book which is destined to be the great American novel. It concerns the life of honest, trusting country folk. Its title is "Howdy Stranger," and the plot goes something like this:

One lovely September evening, Jud Thizzle stood looking at the sunset over an acre of alfalfa, when a stranger came walking up the dusty road. "Howdy, stranger," said Jud.

"Howdy," said the stranger.
"Anything I can do fer ya stranger?"
"Yew could put me up for the night."

The stranger stayed for a month. At the end of that time, Jud's girl was forced to leave town, for personal reasons. Jud asked the stranger if he knew anything about it. The stranger said no. Jud noticed he was wearing a lock of his girl's hair.

The stranger stayed another month. At the end of that time, Jud found his father dead in the stable, with a pitchfork stuck through his heart. Jud asked the stranger if he knew anything about it. The stranger said no. Jud noticed he was wearing his father's Elk tooth.

The stranger stayed another month. At the end of that time, Jud and the stranger were eating supper alone. (Jud's mother had died mysteriously). Someone slurped their soup. Jud asked the stranger if he knew anything about it. The stranger said no.

"I know you are lying," said Jud. "I must ask you to leave."

The stranger left, taking the silverware with him.

One cold January evening, a month later, Jud Thizzle stood looking at the sunset, over a field of wilted alfalfa, when a stranger came walking up the dusty road. "Howdy, stranger," said Jud.

"Howdy," said the stranger.
"Anything I can do fer ya?"
"Yew could put me up fer the night."

"Yew bet," said Jud. "Strangers are always welcome here."—Warren Collier.

come to this country and contributed to its culture, are rightfully represented in a festival like this.

The festival has many extremely interesting aspects. One is the manner in which the music to be performed was chosen: the committee wrote to composers and publishers, asking them to submit works and manuscripts. From the music submitted, that to be presented in the festival was chosen. The result of the choices is that quite an accurate cross-section of American music is represented; both young composers like Bernstein, Fine, Kubic, and Barber are programmed, as well as older men such as Piston, Thompson, and Copland. Included are several works that are yet unpublished, and which will be performed from the manuscripts.

—Mary Margaret Dundore.

HEIR APPARENT

(Continued from page three)
it had been last night, resplendent in its coat of varnish. He pictured it chalky, lustreless, filmed with a coating of



Essay on Essay

I am the part of you that thinks . . .
I am your voice . . .
Though dressed with a villainous name
I am the music melted
From waxen dreams
That weaves the magic of words.
Don't try to define me for
Myriads of men have tried and failed . . .
And tried again, . . . only to fail again.
Critics fix on me a false form
By telling you what I am not:
"It is not poetry," they say . . .
(And yet, I call with a cadence that sings.)
"This thing cannot be biography,"
(But in me burn the souls of the masters.)
"And who would link this with narration?"
(Why then are my tales on the tongues
Of all peoples?)
America, I am like you:
Explorable in freedom.
Free as the stars . . . perhaps freer,
For they must burn out their
Light years in orbits . . .
While I trip along trails
Lost in sands of the mind.
I am the "open sesame"
For your treasure-house of thought . . .
With you, hand in hand,
We plod through quagmires of
Philosophy and abstract meditation . . .
Then again, without signal or sign
We may hitch-hike with clouds
Along vast, transparent highways of dreams.
Call me Abracadabra . . .
Or Will-o'-the-wisp . . .
Or anything meaningfully meaningless,
But I will not hear you;
I will be dancing at the tip of your pencil . . .
Or pushing from your typewriter ribbon . . .
Oh perhaps, sleeping in chapters
Of old books.
Am I singing a song without sense?
Have I failed to cross your threshold
With a light in my hand?
Then listen:
Do you keep a diary?
(I am what you have written there . . .)
Do you thrill with reading the "Gettysburg Address?"
(I sit couched with the heart of Lincoln in those words.)
Do you marvel at the wisdom of Solomon?
(My wings have brought you his song . . .)
Do you believe in your own immortality?
(I have told you all you will know of it.)
Search no more for me
Because you will be wasting precious moments . . .
But use me as often as you like
For I will always be waiting
Somewhere in the palm of your hand.

A. Vance Beckwith

fine dust—and with the window behind it standing wide open.

"The window," Old August moaned, "How could I forget the window!"

The traffic light flipped to green and the old cabinet-maker lurched across the street onto the opposite sidewalk. His trot became an erratic gallop. He was still wheezing to himself.

"You've got to be there first. If Roscoe sees that table you lose everything you gained, August. How can the boy have faith in . . . old fool who makes . . . same mistakes he does?"

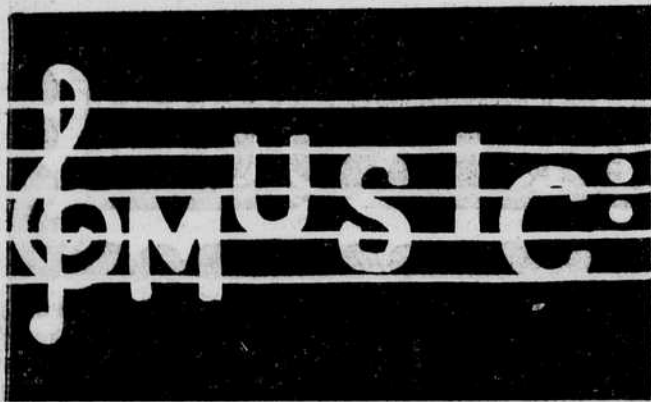
The door of the shop was locked. As Old August fumbled with the key, rattling his lunchbox in agitation, he felt a great burden of worry disintegrate and fall from him. He was in time. He could re-sand the table, tell Roscoe that he had decided they should use a different varnish, and they could still finish it in time for Anna.

He flung the door open and furrowed anxiously through the shavings, still breathing heavily. Then, in the center of the floor, he stopped so quickly he dropped his lunchbox with a clatter. The table stood, just as it had last night, shiny and unmarred as new glass. Old August's unbelieving eyes slid to the window behind the table. It was closed, tight.

"That boy," the old man breathed, "that pojke . . ."

He was remembering how Roscoe had wandered back by the window in the dark last night, just before they had left the shop.

Then Old August walked over to the workbench, and leaning against it he began to laugh. He was still laughing when Roscoe arrived, ten minutes late.



Adhering to the generally accepted theory that the arts reflect the times in which they appear and flourish, many regard contemporary music as a vivid expression of the ugly and chaotic elements in our lives today. This is necessarily true, in part. But these people are ignoring an equally, if not more important fact: this music is expressive of man's desire and seeking for a nobler, richer life.

The Festival of Contemporary Music which will take place at the University of Oregon in May is the first event of its kind ever to be presented on this campus. Modern music of the calibre of that which comprises this festival is not heard often. It is to some extent in the East, but then it is done chiefly in those universities that are willing to meet the challenge of presenting this music which as yet boasts very little popular enthusiasm. Commercial sponsors will not run the risk of using it for their programs because the great majority of people do not have sufficient understanding to appreciate modern music. So the task—and the opportunity of performing contemporary music falls to the schools and universities.

Dr. Theodore Kratt, dean of the music school, has been considering a festival such as this for several years. Last summer it was decided that it would take place this spring; a committee was formed, headed by Dr. Arnold Elston, to plan for it. The purpose in having the festival was to achieve three ends, mainly.

The first was to present lesser known contemporary music that is deserving of attention but that has not been given sufficient hearings to establish its recognition in the world of music.

The second purpose was to have the program represent an over-all picture of modern music in its versatility as shown by the contrasting styles of the compositions included, and the various media of presentation, such as choral works, songs, small ensemble works, band and orchestra numbers.

The third purpose was to benefit the students, and through them to further the development and continuation of modern music and its study.

It had been the original plan to present only American music, but wise consideration on the part of the committee led to the conclusion that that would make the festival nationalistic in tone, whereas cultural affairs, to be most beneficial, should be international in scope. Such composers as Bartok, Hindemith, and Stravinsky who have