

What a Weekend

It was a big weekend.

Men got to go above the first floor of Carson Hall, which got the once over, as did the University Theater and the School of Music addition. Sidewalk surveyors slushed through the mud to glance at their Student Union, at the physical plant, and at the Library addition.

Some may even have looked at the clearing where the Science building will materialize.

Oregon beat Oregon State in basketball, making most students (and especially sports editor and Trax columnist, John Barton who knew it all along) quite happy.

The Governor of the state, and members of the state board, and administrative officials of the University, and civic officials, and broadcasters, and students had a steak luncheon Saturday in the Carson Hall dining room before the official building dedication ceremonies.

There was even asparagus with Hollandaise sauce.

And apple pie with cheese.

Northwest drama conferees (over 400 strong) had a whirling good time talking shop, trying to attend all group meetings, and catch performances of "Thunder Rock," "Winter-set," "Yes, My Darling Daughter," and "Portrait of a Madonna." Broadcasters took over the third floor of Villard for their meetings, the dramatists took over the first floor of Villard and the theaters for their meetings, and speech department secretary Frances Hemm (caught on the second floor) probably wished she was back in Friendly Hall.

Kwamas scurried here and there in their white uniforms guiding tours around the buildings; Kwama Gretchen Gron-dahl spilled hot coffee on the governor instead of shaking his hand; and Carson Hall president Cherry Taylor received a key to the hall with a heart where the working parts usually are.

Yes, the weekend went off quite nicely. Everyone seemed pleasant and contented (except Lyle Nelson, director of information, who was always one step ahead of everybody to see that things ran smoothly); and the people who came down to Oregon went home with a favorable impression.

And, generally, the weather was good. Nice, wet, sweet, fresh, Oregon rain, interspersed with periods of no precipitation.

On The Air

Some Thoughts That Remain

by Marty Weitzner

The annual meeting of the Oregon Broadcasters is now history, and while it did not give our quiet campus a hot-foot, it did leave us with several things to think about. Several of the people we managed to get to speak to were not hesitant about letting us know how they felt about the topics we discussed. From all of this we gained a little more conviction for several ideas we have been carrying around for some time.

We now feel more than ever that the University needs a radio station. AM, FM, or any M, just something to change the situation from playing radio to actually participating in it.

We need closer ties between the radio industry in Oregon and the University.

We need more conferences like this, to get people who may employ our graduates, to come to Eugene and tell us frankly how they feel concerning our University and their needs.

Saturday hour, but too few It must have been the early people got to hear that student forum the Broadcasters put on. It proved interesting and informative to the handful that showed up, but the

turnout must have seemed embarrassing to the radio division and to the forum's participants.

One of Oregon's Cotton Bowl football stars will talk about his first season with the "big boys" of the Nation-



al Professional Football League over Webfoot Huddle Time. Time is 5:45 on Friday over KOAC.

Radio Workshop is still looking for new talent. If you want to be discovered and get a chance to prove that you are the only thing that radio is missing, come up to Studio A in Villard Hall on Friday at 4.

The Theatrical

Intimately or Picture Frame it is Powerful

by George Spelvin

Comparison of intimate and regular handling of the same stage production was offered delegates of the Northwest Drama Conference last Friday afternoon.

The play, Tennessee Williams' "Portrait of a Madonna," was presented in the morning in the new laboratory theater as a regular "picture frame" production by the Very Little Theater group.

The Portland Civic Theater players gave the one-act drama the same afternoon in the small intimate theater, room 104 Villard.

An intimate style production is one in which the audience sits on all four sides of the playing area, compared to the regular stage productions in which the audience is looking at the action through an imaginary side of the set.

Williams' plays are better performed in the regular manner, where every possible chance of illusion can be taken advantage of. The arena style is too limited in the stage effects to give all the beauty to "Madonna" that it could have.

The play is the tragedy of an old-maid, Miss Collins, who has delusions the man she loved and lost in her youth comes to her apartment and "indulges in his senses." She briefly sketches her love for the man to a sympathetic old janitor and an unsympathetic young elevator boy, who spends a few moments with her to keep her calm until the Doctor arrives to take her to an asylum.

Miss Collins was a shy, bashful Southern girl in her youth. She left her small Mississippi town for a Northern City when she could no longer bear to see the man she had loved living happily with his wife and children. Once away from her town, she shut herself up and lived with her dreams until they became delusions.

The Very Little Theater production was considerably more effective than the Portland Civic presentation. The play rests predominantly on the ability of the actress who plays Miss Collins to interpret the author's words. Mary Krenk, of VLT, was a superb Miss Collins. Her performance was an exciting, vital characterization that drew sympathy and pity. It was possible to imagine such a woman when Mary Krenk performed the role with the aid of dimly-lit set and effective staging.

The characterization of

Miss Collins by the Portland Civic Player was somewhat different than that given it by Mrs. Krenk. The performance in the afternoon was a softer, quieter sort of madness, but yet was not one that could provoke as deep sympathy.

The afternoon production was at a disadvantage in being played intimate style—the setting could not be as effective, the lighting possibilities and sound effects were limited. The burden of the play, even more so than usual, was thrown upon the abilities of the cast to paint the picture and lead the imagination.

The supporting cast of the Portland Civic production was shaky in its lines and stage business; something that cannot happen in an intimate production since any mistakes or faking can immediately be noticed by at least a portion of the audience because of the close contact with the performers.

Both productions, however, were powerful dramatizations of Williams' play, and were enthusiastically applauded by the audiences. While the drama was most effective when produced on the regular stage, it could be effectively done in the intimate style, though it does not seem the play was written to be played in that manner.

Sophomore Wisdom

Doing Something Is Doing Something

by Bob Funk

We look forward to the coming WAA carnival with a certain degree of forboding. Reason: we are probably going to be expected, by the social chairman or whatever ghoul harbors these expectations, to Do Something. Doing Something, is, for us, out of the question.

In the first place, the social chairman, in planning our carnival booth, has arranged to herd some of our compatriots together in a male can-can line. We are not opposed to carnivals, social chairmen, or can-can lines, but as for the latter—why should we make durn fools of ourselves when women have been kicking higher and fancier for a long time?

Besides, we don't have the figure for it.

Some alternate suggestions offered (by us) for carnival entertainment include hanging by our withered gums from a rope suspended from the ceiling. At a designated moment we would drop down into the crowd, maiming somebody for life, prob-

ably. Rather sadistic, perhaps.

Are we bitter? Heck no. We're going to get in the spirit of the WAA carnival and really pitch. We're for standing on a stool, blase look on our face, while the populace tosses buckets of rancid whipping cream on us. We're for those little games whose object is to find which pod the pea is under. But, Mr. Social Chairman, no male can-can line. Sex would

never survive the blow.

All in all, in spite of the fact that we may have to Do Something, we will probably enjoy the carnival. It's tons of fun to look for dropped nickles in the sawdust floor of that charming PE school salon known (in a burst of underestimation) as the "unfinished area." We enjoy peering into those little booths which are, although gaudily bedecked, emblazon-

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