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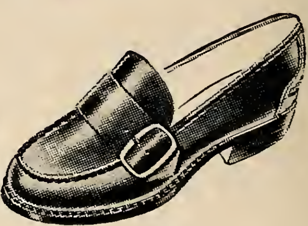

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Farmville, Virginia

Vol. XVI | March, 1954 | No. 2

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Catherine Dessaix

"How About A Berati Pistol?"

The Bargain

H. K. MAGNUSSON

"GABBY" Gillis, Chief Torpedoman, U. S. Navy, was faced with the prospect of a Mediterranean cruise in the late summer of 1951. But, strange to say, he was quite lacking in enthusiasm at such a prospect.

He had visions only of rough seas, unpleasant weather, long sleepless nights on duty. Gillis was getting along in years; moreover, somehow, somewhere along the way, he had acquired a wife and four children. And so to him the cruise upon which he was to embark meant anything but a pleasure trip; it meant six months away from home, "playing" at war aboard a vessel of the U. S. Navy.

Being aboard a naval vessel in itself did not embitter "Gabby", but the fact that he had spent considerable time in the Mediterranean area at an earlier date did much to dampen his enthusiasm.

As the U. S. S. Triston doggedly plowed her way eastward through the slow rolling Atlantic swells, "Gabby" had plenty of time to make an appraisal of his situation. If he was too old to enjoy gay parties, too worried to enjoy pretty girls, too self-centered to enjoy quaint customs and strange people, there was surely one facet of this cruise on which he could concentrate his efforts: Bargains! Wonderful foreign bargains! So bargains it would have to be. He was proud of his ability to spot a bargain. Yes, he would go all out to acquire as much exotic merchandise as he could afford.

He found bargains in Cannes and Nice much to his liking. Perfumes, face powders, French dolls of fragile loveliness, rare handmade laces, all eventually found their way into his commodious locker aboard the ship.

The Triston would go to sea for periods of about fifteen days between each port of call, but always her periods at sea were interspersed with an equal period of time in port.

At Piereaus, "Gabby" gathered a touch of Greek antiquity in the form of engraved pottery and chinaware that displayed scenes from the rivers of the Parthenon. At Istanbul the Turkish odor was added by the acquisition of goat-skin hassocks.

And so, from port to port, throughout the length and breadth of the Mediterranean Sea, wherever the Triston anchored, "Gabby" added new items to his collection until one might surmise that he intended to open a bazaar upon his return to the States.

The last port of call for the Triston before setting sail for home was Augusta, Sicily. As the ship moved down from Naples past the fuming and grumbling Strombolis and entered the Straits of Messina, "Gabby's" thoughts were far from the dangers of Charybdis and Scylla. They were centered on one item highly prized among military men stationed in the Mediterranean area—a Berati pistol.

The Berati is a fine example of that craftsmanship for which the Italian people are noted. The fact that the purchase of firearms of any description by members of the U. S. Armed Forces was strictly prohibited did not worry "Gabby" greatly. He knew from past experience that dealers in contraband goods were easy to find in any European city and that a small article such as an automatic pistol was equally easy to smuggle back to the States.

So it was with high hopes of securing another bargain that "Gabby" went ashore at Augusta. He knew this small city lying within the shadow of that majestic splendor called Etna was the ideal place to attempt to buy a Berati. The streets there abounded with walking merchants who were selling articles of every description. If they, personally, did not have the article desired, they always knew someone who did have it.

"Gabby's" immediate objective as he slowly walked along the narrow alley that passed for the main street of Augusta, was

(*Continued on page* 18)

BEHIND THE SCENES
with ROMEO AND JULIET

ELLEN PORTER

SHAKESPEARE'S first unquestionable dramatic success is a lyric tragedy called **Romeo and Juliet.** Residents and visitors in Farmville on March 25, 26, or 27, will have the privilege of attending this Shakespearian production at Jarman Auditorium.

Although written by an Englishman, the play is about Italians; the time is the Renaissance when every Englishman thought of Italy as a land of beauty, luxury, and romance, and also of violent passions and desperate deeds. When young noblemen and sons of wealthy English families had completed studies at Oxford or Cambridge, they set out to see for themselves Rome and Florence, Venice and Verona. It is in Verona that the characters of **Romeo and Juliet** move and live.

The text used by the Longwood Players in their production will be that edited by George Lyman Kittredge, famous Harvard professor. In the cutting of lines, the script used in the latest production of the Old Vic was followed. The usual five acts were telescoped into three acts in order to bring the playing time under two and a half hours. The first act is completed with the death of Tybalt, and the second act with the scene in which Juliet swallows the sleeping potion.

The prologue speaker first warns of the things to come and promises a mournful love story of the "star-crossed lovers." The beginning scene introduces us to the conflict that is centuries old between the House of Capulet, of which Juliet is a member, and the House of Montague, of which Romeo is a member. Near the end of this same act comes the most familiar yet beautiful scene in the play. Juliet asks only:

> "Three words, dear Romeo, and goodnight, indeed.
> If that thy bent of love be honourable, thy purpose marriage, send me word tomorrow."

After this love duet is spoken from balcony to garden, one sees theirs as a love that cannot be taken as mere infatuation. Both have heard their fate and are preparing to face it. Juliet's words show complete acceptance of this fact:

"My only love sprung from my only hate."

The play gathers tragic momentum after the secret marriage of the two lovers. Mercutio, friend of the Prince of Verona and Tybalt, cousin of Juliet, are slain, and Romeo is banished. This leads, of course, to Juliet's taking the sleeping potion and Romeo's death by his own hand when he finds her supposedly dead. Further tragedy occurs when she awakens, and sees her only happiness in joining her lover. Their death is in a sense a triumph, because it is a victory over the forces which have striven to separate them. The last scene depicts reconciliation of the two houses as a kind of compensation for the deaths of the two lovers.

The real theme and purpose of the play runs much deeper than this sketch of the plot. The theme of the play is love and violence and their interactions, the meeting of the two mightiest of mighty opposites.

There is yet another underlying theme, which is best stated in a paragraph from **The Meaning of Shakespeare**, by Harold C. Goddard:

> "Fear is a pestilence that pervades the play. It is fear of the code of honor, not fate, that drives Romeo to seek vengeance on Tybalt. It is fear of the plague, no accident, that leads to the miscarriage of Friar Laurence's message to Romeo. It is fear of poverty, not the chance of his being on hand at the mo-

ment, then lets the apothecary sell the poison. It is fear of the part he is playing, not age, that makes Friar Laurence's old feet stumble and brings him to the tomb just a few seconds too late to prevent Romeo's death. It is fear of being found at such a spot at such a time, not coincidence, that lets him desert Juliet at last just when he does."

The actual production of a play can only be understood by those who can take the time to go backstage and watch the manual labor being applied. Three big departments require attention: staging, costumes, and music.

Staging involves putting up a set that will not only allow a suitable acting area, but will depict the period, set a mood and allow for quick changes of scenery. This truly takes manual labor—it means hammering, lifting, sawing, painting, hanging, glueing, and many other active verbs such as these. A special problem will be building a platform that can be raised to represent a second street level and also building the balcony from which Juliet speaks. Beginning early in the year, research was begun to decide exactly how this should be done; also to discover how shields, banners, swords and other props should look.

Staging includes lighting. Special lighting effects will be achieved by the use of ambers and light blues, to give impression of the warmth and passion of the Italian sunshine and the coolness of the moonlight. Also the troupe will experiment with a new method of lighting their show. The lighting crew plan to present the production without foots or borderlights; but will achieve their effects by spots, olivettes, and shaded borders.

The first act contains eleven scenes. The division of each scene will be achieved by dropping a curtain to move the audience's attention from one part of the stage to another, or by the use of a "dim-out" in order to denote the passage of time and to allow for exits and entrances of new characters.

For a cast of sixty persons costuming becomes a production in itself. The very basic costumes of close-fitting tights were purchased from a theatrical company, but all others will be created by a play production class. A diagram of period costumes for each character was obtained and each one enlarged to be used as a pattern. The materials include many satins and velvets, which are expensive to purchase, but which have lasting qualities. Photographs and sketches of past productions of **Romeo and Juliet** were studied to decide on such accessories as hats and jewelry.

A tremendous addition to any play is music. It is needed in **Romeo and Juliet** to accompany dancing at the Capulet's Ball, to set the mood for the wedding, which soon turns into a funeral chant, and to serve as a bridge between scenes. The text usually suggests the type to be used. Our sources have been Josquin des Pres's **Renaissance Music,** Brahms' **Symphony No. 3 in F Major, Elizabethan Love Songs for Harpsichord,** William Byrd's **Mass for Four Voices,** excerpts from Korsakoff's **Le Coq d'Or,** Wagner's **Tristan and Isolde, Parsifal,** and **Lohengrin.** Passages were also taken from Berlioz's **Romeo and Juliet,** Tschaikovsky's **Romeo and Juliet Overture,** and the music written for the coronation of Elizabeth II. All of this music has been put on a tape recording.

The actors have the major task of memorizing and delivering the blank verse so that the audience does not hear merely a jumble of words, but instead a revelation of the characters and information as to why certain actions have taken place. The cast has studied carefully the recordings of the play by England's newest Romeo and Juliet—Alan Badel and Claire Bloom of the Old Vic—and the recording by John Gielgud and Pamela Brown. Outside research is also being done by cast members to help with their character interpretation.

Three duelling contests have required long hours of training in fancy techniques in order to avoid fatal accidents.

The purpose of rehearsals is to decide where each line is to be spoken as well as how it is to be spoken. This means memorization of stage directions as well as speeches. After four weeks, spending approximately one week on each act, and the last week on the combined three and dress rehearsals, the players will be ready for the opening curtain.

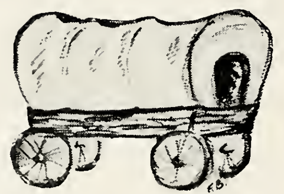
This is theatre behind and before the scenes. Once again the Longwood Players are demonstrating their ability to work together as a "group cast" in bringing the theatre to the campus.

City Rain

Rain
Softly covers the city.
The harsh outlines are blurred
And become mysterious;
The faces of people lose their worn look
And become childlike.
Neon lights flash on and off
Like fireflies in a forest of huge buildings,
And their myriad sparks glitter on the wet
    streets—
Rain
Softly covers the city
And all is soft, grey unreality.

Nan Picinich

Carriers of Life



Wheels—
Ever rolling
Symbolize the transience
Of life;
Wheels—
Covered wagon wheels
And Conestoga carriers
Leaving in their ruts
The stain of human tears
And blood
And death.
Wheels—
Moving through the ages
Carry God's children;
On and on they roll
Never ceasing.

Barbara Assaid

Moton, A Man With a Purpose

JACKIE MARSHALL

THROUGH their courage and determination, American Negro educators have made their vision of better schools for their race. become a reality. By spoken and written words they have shown the need for such institutions. They have raised money and applied their wisdom toward developing and improving these schools. However, only in recent years have even a few of these pioneers risen to the eminence that their work deserves.

Robert Russa Moton devoted his life to the problems of the Negro in a constant quest for brotherhood, charity, and the betterment of his race. Moton was a descendent of a courageous, warlike tribe in West Africa known as the Mandingos. His grandmother's great-grandfather, the son of the chief of this tribe, was sent to the coast to be in charge of captives from the hostile tribes to be sold to American slave traders. Having been invited aboard ship by the captain, the son was lavishly fed, after which he fell asleep. Upon awakening, he found himself far out at sea on the ship's return voyage to Norfolk. Once back in America, the captain sold the son of the Mandingo chief into slavery. He was taken to Amelia County where he was treated well and was allowed to marry a girl of his own choice.

In the days of slavery, the slave usually took the name of his master in the event of his liberation. The name of the Moton line was taken from the American name Morton. In the Negro dialect the "r" in Morton was eventually dropped and Moton became the accepted name of the ancestors of Robert Russa Moton.

ROBERT RUSSA MOTON

In expressing his thankfulness at being an American, Moton once said, "It was most fortunate for me that my ancestor was brought to America, because I was able to go to Hampton Institute to gain the kind of education which enables me to serve as a useful American citizen and to help give others of my race the same opportunity."

Robert Russa Moton was born in Amelia County, Virginia, August 26, 1867, the son of Booker and Emily Moton. When he was three years old, his parents took the family to the Vaughn Plantation in Prince Edward County. There he attended school and later worked in a lumber camp.

At the age of eighteen, he was already recognized for his gift of public speaking and was encouraged by his friends to take advantage of the opportunities then offered to Negroes to run for the state legislature. However, out of respect for his mother's wish that he first acquire an education, he gave up his plan in order to attend Hampton Institute. As his early education proved to be inadequate to meet the entrance requirements of that school, the school officials gave him work in a saw mill and the privilege of attending night school until he was better prepared. Within twelve months he was qualified to attend day school.

Four years later in 1890, when he graduated, he had achieved reputation for wisdom and judgment among his teachers at Hampton. By this time Moton had also developed into a magnificently built man of gracious and manly carriage.

He had dreams of studying law, perhaps to teach the subject, but his services

were in demand at Hampton, where he was made commandant in charge of the battalion and maintainer of discipline among the Hampton students. At this time, the post was truly a test of strength and character because the institution was then a meeting place of races. Negroes, Indians, Hawaiians, Chinese, and whites assembled together on one campus.

With the passage of years the value of Moton's labors was widely recognized. He was given positions of honor and trust. He was asked to address public meetings both in the North and in the South. He organized groups and their thoughts; he advised, and he gave help to those with personal probelms. He worked quietly and conscientiously to help his own race meet its problems. The South began to notice this mild-mannered man, and soon he became one of the best known advocates of the Negro cause in this country.

When Booker T. Washington, the president of Tuskegee Institute, died in 1915, Moton was elected to succeed him. Though Booker T. Washington was the "founder" of Tuskegee, Robert Moton was the "builder."

While Moton was at Tuskegee, the Veteran's Administration of the United States erected a hospital in the town of Tuskegee. Moton was asked if be believed it was advisable to staff the new hospital with Negro physicians. At that time it was customary in the South not to allow Negro doctors to attend patients in hospitals. Moton recognized this as an ideal opportunity for those Negroes who desired to practice medicine. He urged the employment of a Negro hospital staff in an effort to establish equality for his race.

When the white people of Alabama heard of this proposal, they protested because an army hospital staff ordinarily holds considerable social prestige in a Southern community. The plan of a Negro staff sparked the racial prejudice which accurses our country. The situation became tense. The Ku Klux Klan threatened Moton's attempt to better his race, but this courageous man steadfastly kept his stand. "I shall remain here and take the consequences," he said.

A man with a purpose who holds fervently to that purpose does not fall easily before the threatening words of others. The Ku Klux Klan, with all their mysterious and demanding methods, made one last demonstration of their disapproval and backed down. A parade of cars carrying white-hooded figures moved slowly down a street of Tuskegee in full view of all, including Moton. When one of the last cars unexpectedly broke down, people observed that they had never seen one car so anxious to get rolling again.

Today, Robert Russa Moton's name is still alive in the works he successfully completed for his race. His book, **What The Negro Thinks,** is an excellent source of information and good reading on his entire life. The Negro school in Farmville is named in his honor.

In 1932, Robert Moton received the Spingarn Medal for courage as an educational leader. When he died in 1940, he left behind him an inspiring record which will not soon be forgotten. His life has truly been an inspiration to all those people who seek happiness and justice for their race.

Decision

As time moves on
One but needs to grasp
A fleeting second
And make it last
Long enough
To prove his worth.

Mary Anne King

THE WIZARD

DOT ARMSTRONG

I CAN'T actually expect you to believe all this because I don't even know whether I believe it or not. But I must tell someone—I can't live alone with it much longer. Won't you sit down and have a cup of coffee? I hope you won't be bored. It could have been my imagination. It could have been the setting, the atmosphere; or maybe it was something else—some quirk in time and space that's too frightening to think about. I suppose I'll never be sure, but I can't help wondering . . .

You see, I had a rather odd experience last summer. I had accepted a job at a small, exclusive resort hotel known as the Creighton Springs, nestled in the hills just outside of Danvers, Massachusetts. It was a lovely place; the work was pleasant and not too hard, and I was meeting all sorts of interesting people.

One day, early in July, a stranger entered the dining room and asked for a cup of coffee. As there happened to be no one else around at that time, we struck up a conversation, and I learned that he was a minister in Danvers. Jordan Burgess was his name, and he was one of the most fascinating people I had ever met. He was very tall with black hair, a lean, sensitive face, flashing white teeth, and fathomless eyes. He would have been quite handsome, had it not been for a long, jagged scar across his left cheek. There was something about this man that bothered me at times. I had a vague feeling that he could perceive things that other people could not. There was a strange psychic quality about his eyes especially, that sometimes gave me an eerie sensation that I couldn't quite overcome. But he was such an interesting, likeable person that I soon decided that my imagination must be working overtime.

After that, Dr. Burgess came in every day for coffee, promptly at three o'clock, and it was not long before we were well-acquainted. In his low, compelling, hypnotic voice, he told me many things. One subject, though, seemed

to interest him above all others, and that was witchcraft. He related all sorts of folklore that he must have picked up from the historic countryside.

Oh, you didn't know? Why, until recent years, the town of Danvers was known as Salem. Salem, Massachusetts, remember? Salem was the scene of the witch-hunt of 1692 when so many innocent people suffered from mob panic and cruelty.

From Jordan Burgess I learned about the people who were hanged as witches, and he pictured their personalities as vividly as if he had actually known them. One aspect of the matter interested him in particular. It seemed that at the beginning, the witches formed a very select group. Only those who had unusually sensitive souls and the power to lose their earthly selves and enter the realm of the spiritual world were considered worthy to become members. However, some-

(Please turn page)

times, the few individuals who qualified were unwilling to relinquish their souls to Satan, even for the unholy delights with which the witches tempted them. So a form of persuasion had to be devised. At length, a potion was brewed from a rare herb known as "trillium", which served to break down the will. It was tasteless and could be slipped into any sort of beverage without being detected.

You understand, of course, that I realized what sheer nonsense all of this was. But, when I listened to Jordan Burgess's low, compelling voice and looked into his fathomless black eyes, it seemed in some way vitally important.

One cloudy Monday morning I decided to wander down to the library in Danvers and browse around among the records of the witchcraft trials. Row upon row of musty, dust-covered volumes lined the shelves of the dank basement of the library, and I pounced upon them eagerly. The first book I opened contained etchings of some of the convicted "witches." I peered intently at the faces. It was surprising how many men were among them.

Suddenly, I gave a start. There, staring out at me from the yellowed pages was a familiar face—that of the Reverend Jordan Burgess, even to the large, jagged scar across his left cheek. I could feel my scalp begin to tingle uncomfortably and the chills race up and down my spine as I read the words beneath the picture:

"The Reverend George Burroughs; convicted of being Grand Wizard of all of the Salem witch-cult; conductor of the famous "witch sabbaths" held outside the town on dark windy nights; hanged on Gallows Hill, January 13, 1693."

It was only a coincidence of course—a mere chance resemblance. I repeated this to myself all the way back to the hotel, but a tiny shadow of a doubt kept tickling the back of my mind.

Although I knew it was ridiculous, I couldn't resist mentioning the incident to Dr. Burgess the next day when he came in for his coffee. Somewhat to my surprise and discomfort, he laughed heartily. "Oh yes," he chuckled, "I suppose that must have given you quite a start. You see, the Reverend Burroughs was a relative of mine. Except for the peculiar fact that all the men in the family have always looked a great deal alike, I can't explain the resemblance."

However, I forgot the matter until a few weeks later. It was early August then, and the weather had been unbearably sultry. Johnny, the life-guard, and I were walking back to the hotel after an afternoon at the swimming pool. We had stopped to rest for a few moments under a tree when we became aware of a conversation between a man and a woman who were walking some distance away. The wind was blowing in the right direction, however, and the words reached us clearly.

"Tonight," the woman's voice whined, "it must be tonight."

"No," the man replied firmly. "Tonight is too soon. I haven't completely gained her confidence yet. Give me a little more time."

"But everything is ready," the other rejoined insistently. "The meeting is tonight—the potion is prepared. And if we wait any longer it may be too late. She saw the etching—she suspects!" Her voice had reached a shrill, hysterical pitch.

Somehow I reached the hotel, my mind seething. I had been so stupid—I should have fitted the pieces of the puzzle together long ago. The etchings — trillium — coffee — a meeting—

You must have guessed by now—Jordan Burgess was the man and the woman was Martha Corey -- an old hag who wandered aimlessly about the countryside. She was considered harmless, but quite insane. Now I knew.

"Witch!" my mind screamed, recoiling with horror at the word and all its implications.

Well, you know my story now. Of course you think it's incredible; you probably think I'm losing my mind. But I had to tell someone—I can't live alone with it much longer. Do you know what it's like to come within a hair's breadth of losing your soul?

Why, what's the matter, my dear? You're looking at me so strangely. What did you say your name was? You look so very familiar, but I've never seen you before, have I? But wait—now I know—the book in the library—the etchings—you were in that book—you—you're one of them . . .

Of Faith Alone

NANCY LENZ

THEY came pouring out in an almost never-ending stream. Three o'clock, and school was out! I watched her leave the building. A little girl with long, brown pigtails and a winsome smile, she didn't laugh and she didn't sing like the other children. But her eyes were alight with a glow of warm contentment, of secret anticipation. She was one of the first to come down the steps, eagerly talking to the other children, but I noticed that she kept looking toward the street. She carried a large piece of drawing paper before her, careful that it not be crushed. I watched her walk, her little blue tennis shoes scarcely touching the pavement, the hem of her fluffy dress billowing up to show her ruffled britches. And she smiled shyly as she held her picture high.

"Goodbye," she called as her friends disappeared around the corner. She stood for a moment, then knelt on the sidewalk and spread her picture on the ground. Lovingly, she traced the lines with her finger; patiently, she brushed away an imaginary dust speck, and I could hear her singing softly to herself. Occasionally she would glance up as a car would pass. Then not recognizing it, she would sigh, and once more her thoughts were focused on the picture before her. She looked a minute longer; then carefully, very carefully, she rolled up her picture, slipped the rubber band in place, and sat down on the curb. She was a little girl, only a very little girl — so small, so young, so very much alive. She sat quite still, her treasure clasped tightly in her hands.

Suddenly the atmosphere changed. A black sedan came speeding up the avenue. My little girl jumped to her feet and ran toward the car. I heard the horn blow, and the wheels rolled to a stop.

"Mama, mama, look at my picture!" she cried.

For a moment there was silence. I wanted to shout—"Tell her it's beautiful, tell her you understand, that you are proud of her." Instead the woman said only, "Yes, dear. Come get in the car."

I watched as the little girl glanced unbelievingly at her mother. The little shoulders slumped, and she bowed her head momentarily to hide the slight but unmistakable quiver of her chin. She walked slowly to the car door, her feet dragging in the dust. Then she straightened and said, "Okay, mother, let's go."

She climbed into the car and closed the door. The motor started, the gears shifted, and car, mother, and child disappeared down the street. I watched them out of sight, and then I looked in the dust at my feet. There lay the picture—torn, crumpled, a car track over its face.

Stars In (

The Man Who Came to Dinner

Eas

Thunderbirds

Come Back,
Little Sheba

From H

ur Crown

High Noon

ve

Retreat,
Hell!

ternity

Little Boy Lost?

REVIEWS AN

Mary Cowles

PORGY AND BESS

AS they settled back in their seats, the large audience at the Mosque apparently held this thought uppermost in mind: would this production actually be as good as its reputation? Then the music of the late George Gershwin flowed over them; sets attracted their eyes; dancing and songs confronted them. Captivated, these people had to admit that it surpassed description by mere words.

One of the most remarkable impressions gained from the production was the harmony between action, dialogue, and music. Robert Breen, the director, had blended these so skillfully that the total action and movement of the play was never broken by solos or choral numbers. Another important factor was the total commitment of the entire cast to the feeling of the opera. Their intensity made every movement vibrant and real to the audience. Especially in the picnic scene when Sportin' Life was challenging their simple religion, nothing appeared incongrous. The whole scene was one of wild, released emotions.

Heading the gifted cast, the principals gave outstanding performances. LeVern Hutcherson, so convincing in his tenderness toward Bess, did justice to the musical score, but the true quality of his solos was lost in the Mosque. One expected Porgy's voice to resound when he sang such songs as "I Got Plenty O' Nuthin' ", but the Mosque is so huge that Hutcherson couldn't quite make it.

Bess was played with great sensitivity of interpretation by Leontyne Price. With Crown she seemed to slink and represent evil; with Porgy she appeared straightforward and good, and with Sportin' Life she seemed confused and afraid. Her lovely voice sparkled and sighed with versotility in a superb performance.

Cab Calloway, radiating enthusiasm and vitality as Sportin' Life, became the symbol of worldly pleasures as he danced gaily about the inhabitants of Catfish Row. His characterization completely fascinated and at the same time repelled the audience.

The role of Crown was well acted by John McCurry, but not so well sung as the other principal roles. Helen Thigpen, singing such songs as the heart-breaking dirge, "My Man's Gon Now", and "Overflow", completely won the audience with her pure, lovely voice.

The production was enhanced throughout by a fine supporting cast. Much of the best music in the entire opera was that written for the large chorus, and some solos by minor characters.

Wolfgang Roth, well-known in theatrical circles for such sets as those in Margaret Webster's productions of **Hamlet** and **Macbeth,** created an amazingly realistic and at the same time completely artistic background for **Porgy and Bess.** These houses, originally the homes of aristocracy, are now the deteriorated dwellings of the Negro and represent the very personality of the people of Catfish Row. The tumbledown state of this versatile set belies its strength as witnessed in the beating it took during the terrific hurricane scene. Mr. Roth designed it to provide action on three levels. Part of the scene revolved to make the inside scene during the hurricane possible.

The sun came up; the sun went down, and each time the audience caught its breath. The persons in charge of the lighting of **Porgy and Bess** did an extraordinary job. The effect was marvelous as sun dispelled the shadows of night, and the fishermen were perceived mending their nets in a fresh dawn.

DuBose Heyward, author of the novel **Porgy** from which the opera is taken, gained much of his insight and sensitive understanding of the Negro during his work as a cotton checker on the wharves of Charleston, South Carolina. There he came in constant contact with them, and it was one of these Negroes who gave him the idea for Porgy. Mr. Heyward's wife, Dorothy, formulated the plan for the stage version and with his help created the play **Porgy.**

Pat Jones

) PREVIEWS

view Editor

THE ARTMOBILE

LATE Sunday evening, February 23, the Artmobile, coming from the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts and sponsored by the Woman's Club of Farmville, arrived in Farmville and prepared to spend a week on our campus. Overnight the huge, streamlined trailer was converted into an attractive bungalow-sized art gallery.

The driver-curator, Mr. Wm. R. Gaines, proved to be patient, alert, enthusiastic and as interesting as the tour he conducted. He, incidentally, is probably the only curator having completed a truck-driving course.

The Walter P. Chrysler, Jr. collection of "Little Masters" was hung in an authentic museum-like atmosphere with subtle attractive wall covering and excellent lighting. A flavor of the period was introduced by charming seventeenth centry harpsichord music. The viewers, too, had the rare opportunity of having his exhibition, not explained, but made significant by a recorded voice.

The two oldest and perhaps best known pictures in the show were "The Kermess" by Pieter Brueghel the Younger and "Temptation of Saint Anthony" by Jerome Bosch. Terborch and Ruysdael, too, are familiar to the art lover's ear for their respective paintings, "Portrait of a Scholar" and "Landscape with Cattle". Certainly every painting is coveted by any Dutch or Flemish art enthusiast.

There were other fine pictures by Bakhuyzen, Aelbert and Benjamin Cuyp, Gerard Dou, and Jan van Goyen. Carrying these and others by Thomas de Keyser, Frans van Mieris, Adriaen van Ostade, Willem va de Velde, and Philips Wouwerman, the Artmobile travelling throughout the State undoubtedly will do greater missionary work than the museumlent exhibitions of former days. The only one of its kind, this Artmobile will certainly inspire replicas in other states.

Florence Blake

ROY JESSON, PIANIST

ON Friday evening, December 4, Roy Jesson presented a piano recital in Jarman Auditorium, the third event of five Artist Series programs. The selections were varied and well-chosen, with compositions ranging from the seventeenth century French composer, Chambonnieres, to a twentieth century **Divertimento** by Mr. Jesson.

Opening the program with the Haydn **Variations in F minor,** Mr. Jesson immediately established promise of an evening of fine music, performed with an abundance of musicanship and understanding as well as technical proficiency. Containing a double theme in major and minor keys, the **Variations** were played with a warmth of interpretation which may have surprised those who consider this a characteristic of less stylized music of later years.

The Beethoven **Sonata No. 30** was truly a high point in the program. This late work has unusual variety of mood ranging from the opening Vivace and vigorous Prestissimo to the very moving Variations, actually the heart of the composition. It is not often that we find music of such expressiveness and sheer beauty of melody line as in the last movement of the **E Major Sonata.**

Three short pictorial pieces from **L'Almanach aux Images** by Gabriel Grovlez followed. These led to Mr. Jesson's own composition, **Divertimento in the Form of Variations.** This work consisted of short movements of varying moods and styles—a dynamic work in the modern idiom. Mr. Jesson mentioned later that it was somewhat in the style of the comtemporary Russian composer Prokofieff.

The very lovely **Chaconne** by Chambonnieres was to me a most rewarding piece. Mr. Jesson employed full benefit of the pianoforte in bringing forth the superb richness of tone and dignity of the composition.

The last section of the program consisted of three Chopin works, performed with brilliance in the unsurpassed pianistic style of the composer. The last encore, an invigorating Chopin **Etude**, with its mighty crescendo passages and climax, brought to a close a most enjoyable evening.

Sally Wilson

LA BELLE ET LA BETE

ANNUALLY the French Club of Longwood College brings to the school an outstanding French film. This year, on January 8, **La Belle et La Bete** was shown in Jarman Auditorium.

The film, written, produced, and directed by Jean Cocteau, was based on the well-known fairy tale, **Beauty and the Beast.** In this presentation Jean Cocteau proved once again to the world of movie-goers that both an awareness of life's great moral truths and the finest entertainment can be derived from such art.

The original score by George Auris established the mood and provided the background for the dramatic events of the tale. The atmosphere of this world of dreams and magic was created by deep, gloomy forests and elements of the supernatural. The photography was outstanding and unusual. As picture faded into picture, continuity of thought and action was preserved. Human beings floating through the air, the transformation of beast into man and man into beast, and magic mirrors were all devices to create and emphasize the unreal quality of the story. The settings, costumes, and lighting were also carefully selected to produce fairy-tale effects.

The talented Jean Maurais, as the Beast, portrayed his role with such intense feeling that his audience was at once horrified, sympathetic, and apprenhensive.

For each person this production was indeed a release from the sameness of daily life. Longwood should make a greater effort to obtain more fine pictures such as this one.

Pat McLemore

Watch for These Events

LONGWOOD COLLEGE

Dolly Horne, Soprano, March 19
Romeo and Juliet, Longwood Players, March 25-27
Spring Choir Concert, April 9
Maria Candelaria, Spanish Movie, April 23
Group Voice Recital, April 25
Musical Americana, April 26
Piano Recital, Sue McNeil, Sally Wilson, and Nancy Jones, May 8
Lu Beavers, Pianist, May 9
One-Act Plays, Student directed, May 20

LYNCHBURG COLLEGE

Henri Aubert, French Violinist, March 31
It Happened One Night, Movie, April 3
Marion and Margo Junkin, Musical Program, April 25

RANDOLPH-MACON WOMAN'S COLLEGE

Greek Festival, May 15-18

RICHMOND

Philadelphia Orchestra, March 22 (Mosque)
Amahl and the Night Visitors and **Trouble in Tahiti,** Operas
RPI School of Music and Mary Munford School, March 23-24 (RPI)

CHRISTMAS CONCERT

EACH year at Christmas, the excitement and spirit of festivity on our campus are heightened by the joint concert of the Longwood Choir and the Hampden-Sydney Glee Club. On December 13, when the curtain opened in Jarman Hall, we were greeted by the charming picture of the handsomely arrayed performers, set off to perfection by the twin Christmas trees and elaborate candelabra at either end of the stage.

The first offering, Jennings' **Springs in the Desert**, was a beautiful number, but the rendition was something less than perfect owing to the obvious lack of male voices. This condition was to make itself known and to detract from the choir's performance throughout the program. George Pillow began his solo exceedingly well, and although he did not continue in the same fine voice with which he began, he was probably the best of the male soloists. **The Lame Shepherd**, with Thomas Thorne as soloist, was strongly supported by the Longwood Choir. This section closed with a mild execution of Thompson's **Alleluia**, which, again, was saved mainly by the efforts of the Longwood Choir.

The next section of the program, featuring the Longwood Choir, consisted of several unfamiliar selections, including Reger's **The Virgin's Slumber Song** and **Assumpta Est Maria** by Aichinger. For most of the audience, this was the first hearing of many of these numbers. Included in this group was the lovely **Christmas Snows of Sweden,** which was sung well enough to satisfy even the most discerning listener. Betty Zoe Bailey as voice soloist and Betsy Welbon as violinist provided welcome variety. Betsy's brief but beautifully delivered obligato accentuated the beauty of the voices and stirred the audience with its poignancy.

The next four selections by the Hampden-Sydney Glee Club were a great improvement over their earlier contributions to the program, particularly the well-loved **Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming**. Thomas Thorne returned as soloist, more sure of himself this time, and, with the Glee Club, gave a delightful rendition of the spirtual, **Mary Had a Baby**. Thorne continued in good voice during the next number, **Susanni**, a 14th Century English carol, but the Glee Club failed completely toward the ending as the voices dwindled to a mere nothing. This was a beautiful song, definitely deserving better treatment than it received. **Wassail**, featuring Joe White, was delivered with greater enthusiasm, owing to its spirited nature.

The fourth and final section of the concert featured parts of the traditional **Messiah** of George Frederick Handel—always familiar and always beloved. This section was introduced by **The Glory of the Lord**, which was probably the best presented of this group, the choirs exhibiting volume, clarity, and—most important—enthusiasm. The soprano section in particular showed itself to great advantage. The difficult chorus, **For Unto Us a Child is Born**, filled with its many tortuous, wavering passages, was well-timed and well-delivered, and to their credit, the singers came out with gusto on the words, "Wonderful . . . Counsellor". **His Yoke is Easy** is also worthy of praise for much the same reason. This was the first time the choir had attempted this chorus, and the results were very good.

Dorothy Morris then gave an excellent rendition of one of the most beautiful arias in this oratorio, **O Thou That Tellest Good Tidings to Zion**. With clarity and delicacy, and yet with authority, she turned out an exceptional performance. Dolly Horne is likewise to be commended for her interpretation of the recitative, **There Were Shepherds Abiding In the Fields**, which, while remaining subtle, exhibited deep feeling.

The breath-taking **Hallelujah Chorus,** while owing much of its power to Mr. Roy Jesson's effects on the organ, was, as is often the case, the high point of the concert. Indeed, the skillful integration throughout this section of voices, organ, and piano was responsible for the tremendous effect that was created.

The two carols which concluded the program, **A Merry Christmas** and **Joy to the World**, were probably uncalled for after the brilliant and majestic **Messiah,** but they ended the concert on a joyous note, full of the Yuletide spirit.

Barbara Southern

THE COLUMBUS BOYCHOIR

FROM the opening strains of **Repleti Sunt Onmes** by Jacob Handel to the last refrain of the **Lord's Prayer,** the audience listening to the Columbus Boychoir experienced mixed emotions of unbelief, joy, and sadness. The young boys were the product of the extensive training they had received under the capable and exacting direction of Mr. Herbert Huffman. Although Mr. Huffman was ill for this performance, the boys showed no signs of uneasiness or nervousness under the direction of their accompanist, Mr. Donald Bryant. The intonation and the sweet, clear tones of the choir were to be envied by any adult choir organization.

These qualities were noted particularly in the **Stabat Mater**—an outstanding selection sung with a passion and fervor which was almost miraculous considering the age of these boys. The poise and stage presence of the choir and of the young Oliver as he sang Brahms' **Lullaby** were hard to believe. The quality of his singing did not compare with the other soloists, but his personality captivated the audience.

The most outstanding work of their excellent program was **"The Apothecary"**, an opera in one act, by Joseph Haydn. One would seldom find anywhere better part singing, more beautiful solo work, finer dynamic shadings, clearer phrasing, or nicer feeling than was displayed during this opera. The boys sang like little angels but had all the qualities of veteran performers. America can be proud that there are such institutions that give opportunities to gifted children.

Betsy Welbon

THE BARGAIN

(Continued from page 3)

to contact one of these dealers in contraband goods. He had not proceeded far when he was able to make some contact in the person of a furtive-acting Sicilian youth who sidled up to him and, in surprisingly fluent English, asked him if he were looking for anything special.

"Yes," "Gabby" said. "How about a Berati pistol?"

The Sicilian shrugged his shoulders and threw up his hands expressively before replying. "Maybe. You wait here one minute. Yes?"

"Gabby" gave him a quick "okay", and with that the youth scurried away. In about five minutes he returned and deftly pulled from his coat pocket a flat cardboard box and drew out a new Berati pistol. This he displayed to "Gabby's" eager gaze.

Playing safe against Sicilian deception, "Gabby" took the gun from him and examined it carefully. It was exactly what he wanted.

"How much?" he asked, trying not to appear too eager.

"Thirty dollars," was the cryptic reply.

The Berati sells for about $45 in the States. Gillis knew it was no great bargain at that price, so he countered with, "I'll give you fifteen."

The Sicilian's protest was most vehement. "You fool with me, signor. I pay more than that. I cannot live and sell so cheaply."

"Gabby", thinking to himself that very likely the rascal had stolen the gun in the first place and would probably be glad to sell at any price, raised his offer. "I might give you sixteen."

"Twenty-five signor, twenty-five, and I rob myself."

"No", "Gabby" replied, "I can get it almost that cheap in the States. Why take a chance on getting caught and pay you that price, too?"

With another expressive shrug of his shoulders as if to show his resignation, the youth said: "Okay, signor. For you, twenty dollars! But I make no profit."

"Gabby" now knew the Sicilian was weakening and that he was going to get a real bargain. So he upped his offer to eighteen dollars.

The Sicilian protested loud and long, but "Gabby" was adamant. "Eighteen!" He would go no higher.

"Gabby" pulled eighteen dollars in American money from his billfold and let the

(Continued on page 20)

Faulkner and the Racial Problem

NAN PICINICH

ONE of the most vital problems of our day is that of racial intolerance and, in the South, of segregation. Although many novelists have approached this problem, William Faulkner has probably treated it in the most realistic manner. The tension in Faulkner's stories is greatest when he is treating the Negro problem. Although most of Faulkner's attitudes and opinions develop slowly during the course of his works, there is one theme which occurs again and again.

The memory of close childhood white-Negro friendships is the one theme sustained throughout Faulkner's novels. In **The Unvanquished,** which is set in the Civil War period, the white boy Bayard Sartoris and his Negro friend Ringo live and play together like brothers. In the Old South, this was possible. In Bayard's own words, "We were almost the same age, and Father always said that Ringo was a little smarter than I was, but that didn't count with us, any more than the difference in the color of our skins counted. What counted was, what one of us had done or seen that the other had not, and ever since that Christmas I had been ahead because I had seen a railroad." Here is a man's memory of his boyhood friendship unaffected by social scale or intolerance.

In **The Sound and the Fury** this theme is repeated. The only happy memories of the poor-white Compson family are recollections of Negro playmates. Much the same is the tie between Chick Mallison, the white boy, and Lucas Beauchamp, the Negro man, in **Intruder in the Dust.**

The simplicity and naturalness of these white-Negro friendships is lost, however, with the freeing of the slaves, and Faulkner feels this is the failure of our society. From this stems the white man's feeling of guilt; the knowledge that he has denied the Negro his right to equality and the fear that he will regain it is the curse of the South. Beginning with this realization, Faulkner changes and develops his attitude toward the Negro considerably. His development is reflected in his work. In his early novels, Faulkner treats the Negro only as a social necessity. He presents no serious problem. Evident is the assumption that the Negro is easily understood and controlled, particularly by the Southerner experienced in handling him. This is especially true in **Soldier's Pay.** Faulkner stresses the free and easy manner between white and Negro—a relationship in which the one is sure of his command and the other has no desire to challenge it.

Faulkner's later expression, however, may be broken into three distinct stages of maturity, each symbolized by a major Negro character: Dilsey, Joe Christmas, and Lucas Beauchamp.

The first stage of this growth is portrayed by Dilsey, the Compson's colored cook in **The Sound and the Fury.** She is remarkable for retaining her sense of individuality despite her treatment as just another Negro cook among hundreds of identical Negro cooks. Toward the end of the book, Dilsey becomes more than just an old darky in the kitchen; she becomes concerned with life and the problems of justice and is thus able to respect the human being as such—rather than as white or Negro.

The second stage is portrayed by Joe Christmas in **Light in August.** If Dilsey has a sense of belonging to a world she knows is falling apart, Joe feels that he has no home, has never had one, and will never have one. In this novel Faulkner discovers the Negro **as** Negro. Faulkner says that to the whites a Negro is often not an individual but merely one of thousands of identical beings.

Realizing that in spite of the Negro's physical nearness a great gulf separates him from white society and that he must exist within himself, Faulkner says in the person of Quenton Compson that the Negro may be, " . . . not a person so much as a form of behavior." He is also becoming a human being that the whites can seldom know. A barrier is slowly being erected which isolates

(Please turn page)

the Negro from society. There is, then, much significance in the scene in which the sheriff, preparing to sweat some information out of a Negro, says, "Get me a nigger". It makes no difference which one; they are all the same.

It is not an accident that most of the Negroes pictured as victims in Faulkner's novels are mulattoes. Upon these hangs the curse of being neither black nor white. Such is the plight of Joe Christmas. The fact that he is despised by both races when it is not known whether or not he actually has Negro blood makes the entire racial situation ironical.

The mulatto is a living symbol of miscegenation. This is the one thing which disturbs Faulkner when he is most sympathetic toward the Negro. When all other prejudices against the Negro have crumbled, there is left in the whites still an instinctive fear of blood mixture. This is the major theme in two of Faulkner's novels, **Light in August** and **Absalom, Absalom!**

With the third stage, and the appearance of Lucas Beauchamp in **Intruder in the Dust**, most of Faulkner's previous attitudes change. Lucas is neither at home in the South like Dilsey nor is he homeless like Joe Christmas; he exists entirely within himself. The barrier has been completed which shuts the Negro out of our minds. Lucas has such contempt for those who have falsely accused him that he will allow himself to be lynched before he will ask for pity. While the gain in pride is high, so is the price: Lucas is friendless. The white man hates and fears him, and the Negroes are afraid that this hatred will revert to them if they evidence friendship.

Lucas was probably meant as a tribute to the strength of the Negro race. Another of Faulkner's recurrent attitudes toward the Negroes in his admiration for their patience and endurance. At the end of **The Sound and the Fury,** Dilsey and her family are honored with the sentence, "They endured."

In more than twenty years of writing, Faulkner has taken a long and at times rather uncomfortable journey of self-education. He began with a complacent acceptance of Southern prejudices and has attained a great deal of respect and sympathy for the Negro. The change in Faulkner's attitude is a record of growth in moral awareness through his works. He cannot be said to have evolved an actual stand or solution to the racial problem, but has approached it in a realistic and thought-provoking manner as an artist rather than a propagandist. This has, I believe, helped to make his novels intense and timely as well as works of art.

THE BARGAIN

(Continued from page **18**)

Sicilian see the color of American bills. It was good psychology.

The Sicilian almost sobbed. "Okay, signor, but you rob me! You rob my children! I am a poor man!"

At that moment the Sicilian noticed a policeman approaching. The youth grabbed the gun from "Gabby's" hand, slipped it into its box, and dropped the box into his pocket. At the same time he grabbed "Gabby" by the arm and pulled him into a dark hallway, explaining as he did so, that he was liable to be arrested for selling the pistol. Inside the hallway, he handed the box to "Gabby", admonished him to keep it hidden until he returned aboard ship, grabbed the bills from "Gabby's" hand, and hurried off.

His mission accomplished, "Gabby" nonchalantly dropped the box into his uniform coat pocket, sauntered down to the dock, and caught the first boat back to the Triston.

Upon entering the C. P. O. quarters, he took the box from his pocket, calling out as he did so, "Boy, what a bargain I got! Did that Guinea take a beating! Here, let me show you."

The men in the quarters looked up from their various occupations to see "Gabby" open his box and slide the weapon out. Their loud guffaws resounded through the quarters.

A weapon it was, but hardly a Berati pistol. It belonged to a much earlier age in history. In his hand Gillis foolishly displayed his wonderful bargain, a flat rock.

World Literature In a Nutshell

The classics are taxing my brain.
My eyes are beginning to strain.
Though I know I should read,
I no longer take heed,
And my reasons these poems will explain.

Electra's short life was a tragedy.
It would have been terribly sad to see.
While we may not admire
The girl's love for her sire,
We at least can respect her audacity.

An Italian once wrote a great story.
It is also a cool allegory.
But I'd like, if I dared,
To ask Dante who cared
What it's like to cross through Purgatory.

Young Hamlet could never decide.
If a problem came up, he just sighed.
It was Ham's tragic trait
Not to act, but debate.
At the end of the story, he died.

Herman Melville once wrote a long tale.
It's all about chasing a whale.
With details so meticulous,
"Moby Dick" gets ridiculous.
And the action moves slow as a snail.

So I think I will read "True Confessions",
Though I won't have the faculty's blessings,
For although they have banned them,
I at least understand them,
And they weigh less than books that teach
lessons.

Barbara Southern

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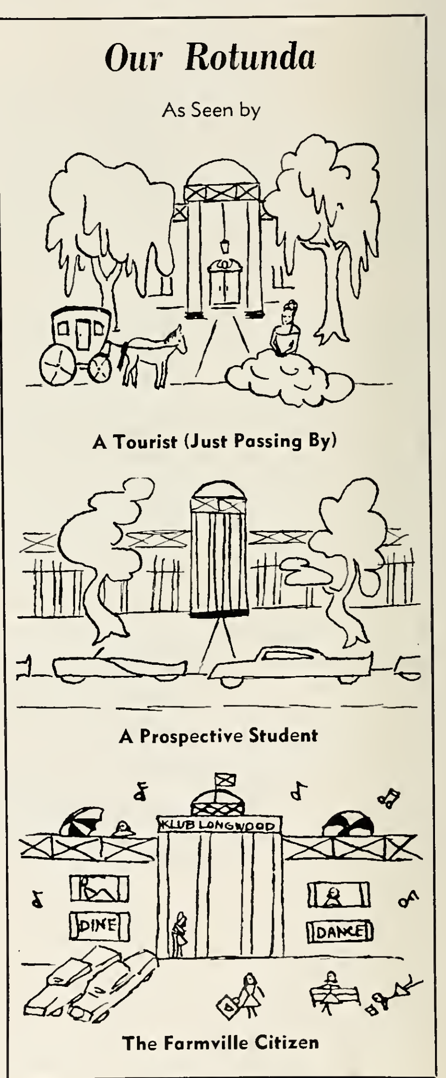

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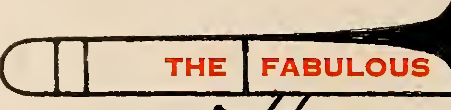

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