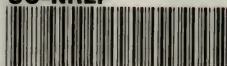


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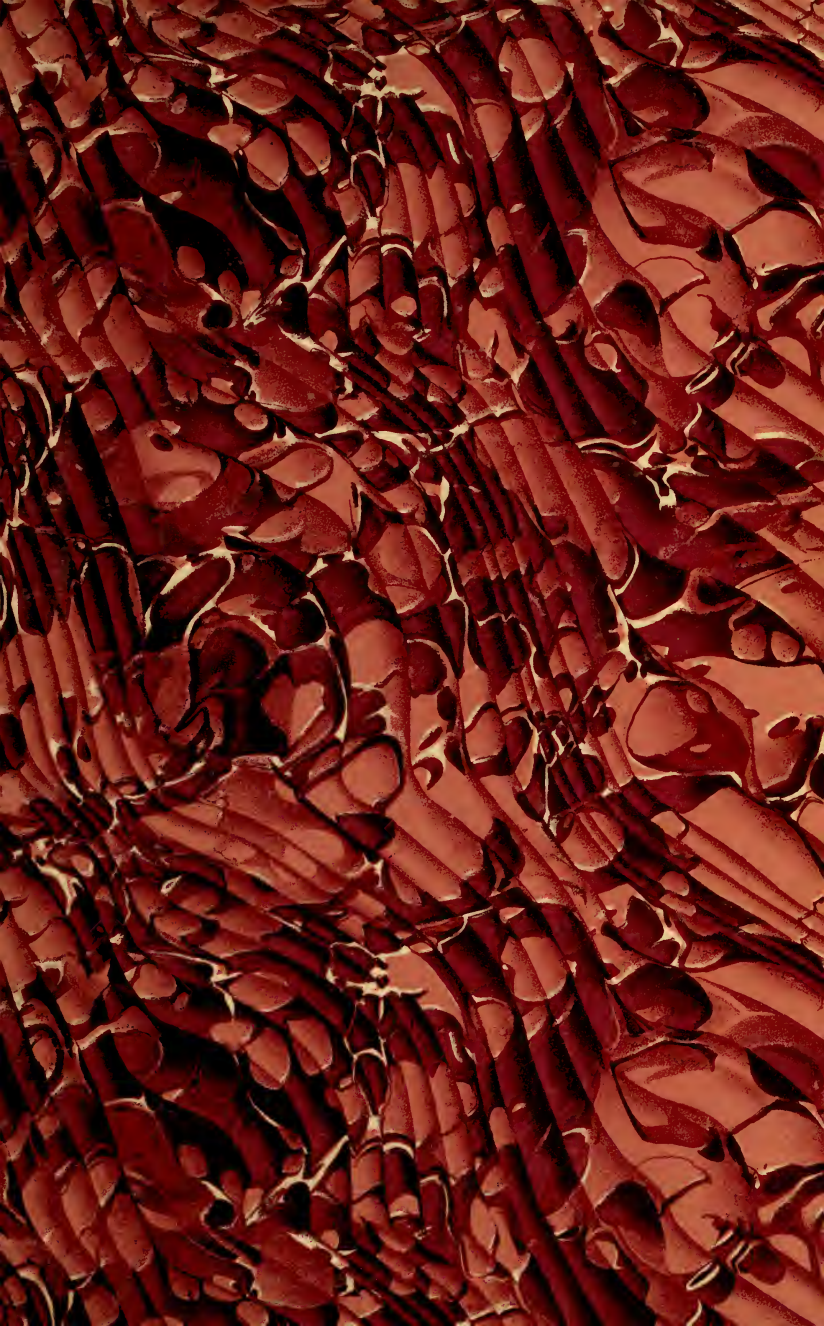
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Nec-Natama

The Grove Play

BOHEMIAN CLUB

1914

Univ. of
California



NEC-NATAMA

(COMRADESHIP)

A FOREST PLAY

Text by J. WILSON SHIELS

Music by UDA WALDROP



Being the Thirty-seventh Annual Midsummer High Jinks
of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco and the Twelfth
Grove Play, as enacted by Members of the Club at
the Bohemian Grove in Sonoma County, California, the
Eighth Night of August, Nineteen Hundred & Fourteen

1547
Pam. Wheeler

TO THE
AMERICAN

Press of
The Blair-Murdock Company

PS 3537
H832
N4
1914
MAID

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

PROLOGUE

| | |
|---------------------|----------------------------------|
| Priest | Fred Herr |
| White Man | A. Joullin |
| Love-Woman | Harris Allen |
| Hate-Woman | Geo. de Long |
| Torturers..... | Harry Bates, Capt. Jack Fletcher |
| Fire Lighters..... | A. F. Lawton, C. Bundschu |
| Spear Thrower | J. Landfield |
| Arrow Aimer | Stewart Rawlings |
| Knife Man..... | G. S. Pomeroy |

War-dancers:

| | |
|----------------|----------------|
| D. G. Volkmann | M. B. Bowman |
| W. G. Volkmann | A. C. Nahl |
| Gurney Newlin | R. Schilling |
| H. A. Schmidt | D. S. Clinton |
| Frank Owen | F. G. Noyes |
| Dean Witter | T. C. Van Ness |
| Challen Parker | Roy Somers |
| A. C. Parsons | Ralston White |
| L. T. Ryone | C. A. Gilbert |

Other Hate Braves:

| | |
|-----------------|-------------------|
| C. H. Lamberton | S. Haskins |
| Irving Lundborg | Lt. Com. Woodward |
| Geo. Stoddard | F. Findley |
| Capt. Brees | |

PLAY-PROPER

LOVE-LONGING INDIANS:

They who long for the return of the Love-Woman. They are delicate in type and contrast the Hate-Indians, who follow the Great-Hate Chief and live in Strife.

Great High Priest, Ralph L. Phelps.

Aged Priest, H. McD. Spencer.

First Priest, E. T. Houghton.

Second Priest, Francis Bruguere.

Third Priest, H. B. Blatchly.

Fourth Priest, W. Robinson.

Priest with Song, C. Bulotti.

First Guard of the Sacred Rock, Scott Hendricks.

Second Guard of the Sacred Rock, E. L. Taylor.

The Neophyte, A. W. Sperry.

Chorus:

C. E. Anderson

A. A. Arbogast

R. M. Battison

C. Bundschu

C. W. Burks

P. S. Carlton

R. L. Countryman

W. W. Davis

T. G. Elliott

C. E. Engvick

C. J. Evans

G. Farley

R. E. Fisher

Oscar Frank

P. D. Gaskill

W. E. Hague

A. F. Lawton

E. C. Little

R. I. Lynas

E. H. McCandlish

H. McCurrie

M. McCurrie

John McEwing

W. A. Mitchell

P. J. Mohr

W. P. Nielson

Wm. Olney

C. D. Pinkham

G. Purlenky

G. D. Reynolds

J. J. Rhea

E. W. Roland

J. R. Harry
 R. B. Heath
 A. G. Heunisch
 Wm. Hooke
 R. E. G. Keene
 W. R. Kneiss
 M. O. Williams
 R. L. Oliver

Benj. Romaine
 J. D. Ruggles
 C. A. Smith
 B. M. Stitch
 Mark White
 F. E. Wilkins
 A. Y. Wood
 H. Perry

HATE-INDIANS:

They follow Hate and Strife and show no fellowship.

Great-Hate Chief.....Wm. P. Horn
 Second Chief.....R. M. Hotaling
 The Silent One.....Frank Corbusier
 The Runner.....J. B. Brady
 Guard of the River Trail.....Ben Stich
 Guard of the Trail of the Setting Sun.....
C. H. Lamberton

War-dancers:

D. G. Volkmann
 W. G. Volkmann
 Gurney Newlin
 H. A. Schmidt
 Frank Owen
 Dean Witter
 Challen Parker
 A. C. Parsons
 L. T. Ryone

M. B. Bowman
 A. C. Nahl
 R. Schilling
 D. S. Clinton
 F. G. Noyes
 T. C. Van Ness
 Roy Somers
 Ralston White
 C. A. Gilbert

Other Hate-Braves:

Harry Bates
 Capt. Brees
 F. Findley
 Harris Allen
 Capt. Harry Howland
 Geo. Stoddard
 S. Haskins

Stewart Rawlings
 E. B. Pomeroy
 Jack Fletcher
 Lt. Com. Woodward
 J. Landfield
 Irving Lundborg

Indian Boys—Philip Beckeart, Jr., Willie Shiels.

HIDDEN SINGERS:

"The Song of the Grove," Mackenzie Gordon.

"The Song of the Stake," Mackenzie Gordon.

"Tree-Top Song," selected members of chorus.

THE WATER-SPIRITS:

"Dance of the Pool"

(Produced by Geo. B. de Long.)

| | |
|------------------|-----------------------|
| Geo. B. de Long | A. J. Hayes |
| Geo. Hammersmith | A. W. Hamilton |
| Geo. C. Leib | Russell L. Countryman |
| Tracy Cummings | Geo. L. Bell |
| T. W. Humphreys | J. G. Melvin |
| Chas. F. Manness | J. C. Carlyon |
| S. P. Hamilton | Louis Mooser |
| Wm. F. Leib | Harold Brayton |
| Curtis Tuttle | E. Howard Baxter |
| A. T. Gibson | J. R. Davis |
| A. S. Humphreys | R. C. Melvin |
| Shelby Cummings | W. C. Hammon |

WHITE MEN:

The Dreamer.....Marshall Darrach

First Woodsman.....Bush Finnell

Second Woodsman.....Jos. Thompson

Third Woodsman.....Ralph Sloan

MAIDEN-OF-THE-GENTLE-PEOPLE:

Harold Baxter.

THE LOVE-WOMAN:

Harris Allen.

Stage Director.....Frank L. Mathieu
Masters of Lighting and Illumination.....
.....Edward J. Duffey, Vincent Duffey
Designer of Costumes.....Amedee Joullin
Stage Setting..George Lyon, William Bryant, Courtney Ford
Director of Water Spirit Dance.....George B. DeLong
Properties.....Harry P. Carlton, Harry Stonda
Conductor.....Uda Waldrop
Concert Master.....A. Hoffmann
Chorus Master.....E. D. Crandall

PROLOGUE

THE VICTORY OF HATE AND STRIFE



TIME

Long ago.

PLACE

A redwood forest.

A waterfall flows down the wooded hillside, over a huge rock and ends splashing in a pool. When the world was created, so runs the Indian faith, Great-Hand fashioned his features upon the rock, and it was made sacred; then the pool mirrored his face and was made holy. Once, in the dead past, a mighty wind laid low a tree. It fell to the hillside, over the Sacred Rock.

From the hill-top to the glade below flowers bloom in radiant beauty and faintly fill the air with sweet scent. The birds sing and all is bathed in summer light.

ACTION

Suddenly this fair place is flooded with Indians. They start an irregular torture dance and are frenzied with the desire to impart, to the faggots, their hate. A white man is dragged before them. He is noble and, mindless of all this intense throbbing hate, gazes in adoration at the trees and the beauty of the summer scene. By gesture he shows his love of nature and gives his fellowship and forgiveness. The Indian priest, seated upon the rock-throne, will have none of it and commands the impatient Indians to proceed with the torture. They take him, with hate-haste, to the blackened torture stake and there they lash him; some blaze the fire; others leap into the dance and carry the faggots back to the flames; others fill rude cups at the waterfall and either hold them just outside their victim's reach, or dash the water to the ground; others try to spear him, but the spear-heads blunt and fall at every thrust; others endeavor to shoot arrows at the martyr, but the bow-strings break. They stand amazed and try again. The squaws gloat and incite further deviltry.

Great is the wrong they do this man, this lover of all things beautiful, and lo! the spiritual Love-Woman of the tribe (fragile in form, delicate of feature, clothed in simple white, a white eagle's feather in her hair) comes out of the waters, over the fallen tree and gives her love to him. She stands motionless, with arms out-stretched as if holding a cup filled to overflowing with her love. The eyes of the man at the stake lights with understanding and by expression tells her that he takes the full measure of her love. The Indian priest, following the eye of the white man, sees this goddess of tribe-love and with a wild fling of his arms commands the Indians to cease the dance and to put out the fire; for love has entered the victim. They, for a moment, go on with the torture and the priest again commands, pointing the while at the Love-Woman; at last it is given to them to see her and they obey. They are panic-stricken with wild terror and in their hurry burn themselves, showing this by blowing on their hands, running to the waterfall, plunging their arms into it, covering their eyes and showing pains, while they beat down the fire. The flames are out. The Love-Woman stands entranced and with joy seems about to return to the waters to live again, unseen, among her people. The Indians cut free the man from the stake and lead him (in white light, untouched by the fire) to the rock-throne and proclaim him chief, for a god has come to woo him. They gaze in superstitious awe while he lifts his arms to Heaven. The Indians bend down before him. All seems well, but the Hate-Woman enters. She is all sinuous movement, strong, coarsely beautiful and boldly ornamented with clanging jewelry. She leaps at the Love-Woman, who, fearing, flies up the trail, her black hair flowing in the wind, and with a despairing gesture from her outspread arms vanishes from the grove. The Hate-Woman stands supreme. The white chief turns to bless Love upon the trail when lo! the Hate-Woman meets his eye. She dances and holds out her permissive arms. He is fascinated, he hesitates, control is yet within him. But at last, throwing away his reverent mien and dashing aside the worshipping Indians, who seek to stay him, he strides roughly towards her while she waits for him, confident with the pride

of victory. When he reaches her and just as he is about to take her in his arms, the grove is thrown into complete darkness.

Love has left the grove and the doom has come.
He has thrown away Conscience and Hate is triumphant.
The waterfall no longer flows.
The flowers fade.
The birds are still.
All is gloom within the glade.

FINIS

RESUMÉ OF PROLOGUE

1. There is no curtain and the overture is played in full view of the audience. This is quite consistent; for the prologue is a moving picture without the camera, and it is therefore proper to show the field of action for some time before the act begins.
2. Torture theme.
3. Entrance of torture Indians. Dance of torture.
4. Leaping for the faggots.
5. Entrance of the white man and the Indian priest; followed by others.
6. The white man's declaration of fellowship. Fellowship theme.
7. The refusal of the Indian priest. Torture theme.
8. The torture of the white man:
 - a. The miracle of the spear-heads.
 - b. The miracle of the bow-strings.
 - c. The miracle of the flames.Torture theme.
9. The entrance of the Love-Woman. The love theme.
10. The giving and receiving of love between the Love-Woman and the white man. Love theme.
11. The Indian priest's knowledge of the Love-Woman's presence. Love theme.
12. The torture Indians' knowledge of the Love-Woman's presence. Love theme.
13. General adoration of the Love-Woman.
14. Sudden action of subduing the flames.

15. Liberation of the white man. His descent from the stake.
The allegiance of the Indians. Fellowship theme.
16. Entrance of the Hate-Woman. Hate theme.
17. The flight of the LoveWoman. Her exit. Music.
18. The dance of the Hate-Woman. Music.
19. The fascination of the white man.
20. The lowering of all lights. The fading of flowers. The
cessation of the waterfall over the Sacred Rock.
21. The flight of Conscience from the white man.
22. The white man's dash up the hill to the Hate-Woman.
23. Darkness.

FINIS

THE PLAY

THE VICTORY OF LOVE AND FELLOWSHIP

TIME

Mid-day, long ago.

SCENE

As in the prologue, but without sunlight. All is gloom within the glade. Unkind time has been at work. All is sullen. The black stake stands in the ashes of past tortures. The hill-side is peopled with busy Hate-Indians. They make bows, arrows and spears. A squaw is seen weaving a war head-dress; another is dipping arrow-heads into a poison-brew. Each has his own little fire of dried willows. The thin smoke of the fires, to say nothing of the characteristic odor of the willow-smoke, will add to the quality of the scene.

On the lower stage, near the Sacred Pool, are two Love-Longing Indians; one, an aged priest, the other a neophyte. They crouch near the water's edge and are in deep sadness. Nearby, to the left of them, are two guards of the Sacred Pool; they are less devout.

THE GROVE SONG.

(Sung off stage.)

To-night the tree-tops listen tense.
The forest deep, in reverence,
The moon-beams shine with constant glow.
The Grove Song is so sad and low.
The birds are still. The flowers yearn.
Ah! Love. They wait for your return.

The drooping flowers fall and fade.
And all is gloom within the glade.
They long to live in love again.
Yet all is whisp'ring hate and pain.
Birds listen sadly in the leaves.
Ah! Love. Fly back upon the breeze.

(Pause.)

(This is followed by incidental music, during which two Indian boys bound forth upon an upper trail, running here and there in vicious play. They separate and chase each other until they spy the Love-Longing Indians at the Sacred Pool. They pause and plot in whispers; then with cunning and under cover, they sneak to within throwing distance and cast a stone into the Holy Pool. Incidental music ceases. They run off laughing through the woods. This action startles the Love-Longing Indians.)

First Guard *(Lifts his spear to aim and slay.)*

Aged Priest:

Kill not!

First Guard *(Still aiming):*

They foul the Holy Pool.

Second Guard:

Fast they run. Try no more. If they come again *(drawing an arrow)* they will not grow to follow the Great-Hate Chief.

(Walks down stage, right center.)

Neophyte:

Let all things live. So orders the High Priest.

First Guard *(Pointing to the workers on the hill):*

See. They live to kill.

Aged Priest:

Hot is their war-blood.

Second Guard:

They hunt well. To trail elk and deer is better than to gather acorns.

Neophyte:

We hunt far to gather nuts. Here nothing grows.

(Pointing to the Holy Pool.)

See. No lilies live. Why is this?

Aged Priest:

The Great Spirit is angry.

Neophyte:

Tell of this.

Aged Priest:

Many moons ago. Not within the time of three tribes. A great spirit, the Love-Woman, dwelt with the lilies in this Holy Pool. No brave had sight of her. Unseen she created Love and gave it to our people. Unseen, called the sun to grow the flowers. Unseen, made flowers give up heavy scent to twilight air. Unseen, called love-light to the moon. So, by love alone, our people were made ready for the Mighty One. All praised her. All was peace, power and just vengeance. When, lo! she fled.

(Pause.)

All was changed.

(Pause.)

We watch for her return.

Neophyte: (*With reverence*):

I watch!

(*Crouches at the pool.*)

Second Guard (*Pointing with his spear to Hate-Indians*):

They do not watch.

Aged Priest:

They have no faith. They are Hate-braves.
They follow the Great-Hate Chief.

First Guard:

I followed once.

Second Guard:

And I. Big war-man. Good chief for us.

Aged Priest:

No. He runs wild.

Neophyte:

He is like the panther, all strength and fight.
He hastes for blood.

First Guard (*Excusingly*):

No one finds food, or foe, if keen he seeks not.
Does the hound kill the deer, if he scent like the village dog?

Second Guard:

If they fight he fights back. It is good for the tribe that he hates keen.

Aged Priest:

Hate is good to guard life. Hate is bad to make fight, without cause. The Great-Hate Chief travels far to make fight. So the Great Spirit is angry and the Love-Woman has fled. Heard you the Grove Song?

Second Guard:

No. When? I hear not the Spirits. I am no priest.

Aged Priest:

Yet you hear and see nature.

(Pause.)

Is this summer?

Second Guard:

Yes.

Aged Priest:

Comes the same sun-god to all lands?

Second Guard:

True.

Aged Priest:

The seasons are the same?

Second Guard:

Good.

Aged Priest:

Then look and know. Grey light fills this forest; sunlight floods the Love-land. Here no flowers grow; they bloom full, in Love-land. Listen! Hear you the Bird-song?

(Pause.)

It is singing strong, in Love-land.

(Picking up some dry grass.)

Lo! the grass dies; the God-of-cloud-and-rain grows waving grain, in Love-land. Look! the waters flow weak and shallow, they fall with little splash.

(Suddenly with arms out-stretched he prays.)

Oh God-of-sudden-dawn! Where are the waters?

(Pauses as if hearing an answer.)

Gone, by secret ways to charm the Love-land.
We feel the shadows' gloom, they breed
fellowship, in Love-land. The Great Spirit
is angry. I have spoken.

Second Guard *(Somewhat impressed)*:

Will the Love-Woman fly back?

Aged Priest:

It is so told.

First Guard:

When, O priest?

Aged Priest:

When human love comes victor to a Great-Hate Chief.

First Guard:

All fear this chief. Fear makes a poor fight.
How then may pure love come to him?

Aged Priest:

Great is the Mighty One. Pray that He send
a gentle maiden, brave with the power
of love.

Neophyte:

Tell. Why did the Love-Woman fly?

Aged Priest:

She gave love to a pale face, making him a
chief. The Evil-One sent the Hate-Woman
to fight her. The Hate-Woman won.
The Love-Woman fled. Then did the
white chief throw away Control and breed
with Hate, and Strife was born.

Neophyte:

If love comes to this our chief, how will the
Love-Woman know?

Aged Priest:

Love will call Conscience to its home. For
love is the home of Conscience. And Con-
science will call the Spirit-Woman back.
She will hear. Then will the grove grant
fellowship to all.

Neophyte:

How will Conscience come?

Aged Priest:

I know not. Now is the moon-time-of-falling-
leaf. The High Priest comes to seek a
sapling at this torture-stake. For it is
told:

“When, from a hidden trunk, a tender
sapling grows;

All the living world will know, what
Strength to Weakness owes.”

Then shall we know Control.

Second Guard (*Running up to the stake*):

No sapling here.

First Guard (*Sneers and turns away*):

Aged Priest. (*To the guard*):

Sneer not. He who seeks and shows his teeth
never finds.

Second Guard (*Looking off, right*):

The High Priest comes!

(*Enter a goodly number of Love-Longing Indians, for the most
part pipe-players and converts from the Hate-Indians. They
cross left and:*)

Omnes:

Hail! O Medicine-man.

Reader of moon and sun.

Hail! O patient priest.

Slave of the Mighty-One.

(*The High Priest enters. He takes his place upon the throne.
He returns the acclaim with a sign.*)

Neophyte: (*At the stake, excited*):

O High Priest! No sign of sapling here.

High Priest (*With some annoyance*):

Approach.

(*Neophyte jumps from the stake and kneels.*)

Break not the coming ceremony. Your
tongue is young. Listen, learn, have faith.

(*The Neophyte is properly subdued. Yet he is very reverent
and kneels, taking this as just censure.*)

Aged Priest:

Master-of-mystery, we have watched the
Sacred Throne.

(*Turning to the others.*)

All hail! The High Priest! The Priest of
Love is great and he alone!

Omnes (*Verly solemnly*):

Hail!

High Priest:

Comes now the moon-time-of-falling-leaf. The
mist rests on the river. Hear the story-of-
the-stake.

(CEREMONY OF THE STAKE.)

(*The pipe-players gather round the Holy Pool. The Assistant
Priests squat down and form a semi-circle, from the High
Priest to about the center of the stage. Others stand behind
them, facing the High Priest, with their backs to the left
lower entrance. The Neophyte stands at the foot of the
rock throne. The Hate-Indians, on the hill, cease their work.
Some leave the stage, having no interest in the ceremony.
Others remain and listen, listlessly.*)

(*The Pipe refrain is started; weird and low. The High Priest
gives a sign. The First Assistant Priest leaves the semi-
circle and goes to the stake. He starts a slow religious dance
around it. After he has gone once round, the Second Assist-
ant Priest does likewise; then the Third Assistant Priest; then
the Fourth Assistant Priest, until all four are slowly dancing.*)

(*The flutes continue low.*)

First Assistant Priest (*Stepping out of the dance*):

Oh! High Priest of all the Love-tribe.

Hearing message from the Great-One.

Knowing all the past traditions.

Solving them to all the people.

(*Pause.*)

Speak!

(Steps back into the dance.)

Second Assistant Priest *(Stepping out of dance)* :

Mouthpiece of the birds, and fishes,
Knowing all the roots, and berries.
Favored by the Wonder Worker.
Servant of the gods that serve Him.

(Pause.)

Speak!

(Steps back into the dance.)

Third Assistant Priest *(Stepping out of the dance)* :

Reader of the sudden starlight,
Flashing fast across the heavens,
To the resting place of spirits,
To the home of souls departed!

(Pause.)

Speak!

(Steps back into the dance.)

Fourth Assistant Priest *(Stepping out of the dance)* :

Lo! The bridge of little star-light!
Lo! The distant summer star-light!
Lo! The Moon-time of traditions,
Orders thee to straight-way tell us,
Of the Love-maid, and the White Chief,
Of the time she lived among us,
All unseen beside the lilies,
Giving love to all our people.
How the Hate-Maid—Child of Evil—
Came and won the White Chief from her.

(Pause.)

Speak! Oh Speak!

Omnes *(Pause. All stand)* :

Speak! Oh Speak!

High Priest *(Leaves the rock-throne, followed by two who carry the medicine-pouch, and strides to the torture-stake; then, with solemn ritualistic attitude, throws the contents of the pouch upon the stake.) (From the upper stage near the stake)* :

After long and weary watching,
To this blackened stake of torture,
Came a storm of awful thunder,
Crashing redwoods all about me,

Bending tree-tops low, in anguish.
Flying ashes of the victims,
Whirled around the stake in circles,
Forming ghosts of those who suffered,
From the flames of long ago.

(Pause. Indians murmur.)

Yet the rain-god, he was silent,
Strange and awful was the night-time,
When the voice of one departed,
Came and told to me this story.

*(Pause.) (Indians again murmur.) (He strides to lower stage
and takes his place on the Rock-Throne.)*

Through the grove, all gay with summer,
Went the hunting braves, at day-light,
To the rushing winding river,
Winding wildly to the ocean.
Then the clear air of the morning,
Showed no river-haze obscuring.
And the keen eye of a hunter
Saw the thick smoke of the stranger
Curling heavy, from the tree-tops,
Showing plainly where he rested,
Showing he had little wisdom.

First Assistant Priest:

You are sage, O Wonder-reader.
For the thin smoke of our people,
Shows the cunning of the hunter.

First Guard:

Good. The smoke of little willows,
Made from willows that are sun-dried,
Rises like the summer vapors
That are blue within the canyon.
So the hawk is oft mistaken.

Second Guard:

And the eye of foolish white men
Sees but blue within the canyon.

Second Assistant Priest:

Speak, O Priest!

• High Priest:

Then the hunters started circling,
Coming closer, ever closer,
Like the eagle when he's flying,
Till at noon they came upon him.
Then they paused, and looked, and wondered,
For the picture that they saw there,
They had never seen aforetime.

(Music theme of Fellowship.)

He was manly, strong and gentle;
And he rested there in sunlight,
With no spoils of war beside him.
Lo! the white birds, from the tree-tops,
Flew with fellowship about him.
They were flying with the secrets,
All the secrets of the tree-tops.
And the timid ones of wood-land,
They were fearless in their playing,
As they gamboled all about him.

(Pause.)

Only strife of little insects
Hurt the stillness of the noon-time.

(Music theme of Fellowship ceases.)

All of this they saw and wondered,
And they feared to fall upon him.
They were faint with thought of slaying,
For he seemed a god of nature.
Yet they came a little nearer,
With the cunning of the hunter.
And the birds flew wild with warning.
And the timid ones of wood-land,
Ran with fear into the forest.
But he took no heed of danger.
And bewildered, he was captured.

(Music theme of Torture.)

Then they drove, and dragged him footsore,
To this grove, and there they lashed him,
To this stake of many tortures.
And in fury flamed the faggots.

(Music theme of Torture ceases.)

Lo! The faggots would not burn him!
Lo! The knife and sharpened spear-heads,
Broke and blunted when they hurled them!

(Music theme of the Love-Woman.)

Then in all this hate and fury,
Came the Love-Maid of our people,
From the waters that were splashing,
Splashing strongly in the pool.

She the Love-Maid of our people,
Who had lived with water lilies,
In the Holy Pool for ages,
Granting love to all our people,
Came, in human form, to love him,
For the wrong that they had done him.

(Music theme ceases.)

Then they knew that they had blundered
And in haste, put out the fire.
Love had entered strong the white man,
For her light was all about him,
As they called him to the rock-throne
And they claimed him as their Chieftain,
For a god had come to woo him.

(Music theme of Hate.)

But alas! The Evil-Spirit
Sent a hating, lustful woman
To the grove, to fight the Love-Maid,
And to win the white man from her.

Hate did win and Love confounded,
Fled with fright, across the bridges.
Up the trail, her black hair flowing
Far behind her, with her speeding.
Then, with out-spread arms, she vanished.

(Pause.)

Then, with wicked spell, the Hate-one
Danced, and lured the newborn chieftain,
From his worship of the Love-Maid,
From his Conscience—from Control.

Then the Great-One doomed the chieftain,
Doomed the woman who had won him.
Doomed their sons to come thereafter,
Doomed them all to Hate and Strife.

(Pause—profound silence, broken only by the falling water.)
(Very reverently.)

This the story of the Love-maid,
From the voice of awful thunder,
From the voice long since departed.

(END OF CEREMONY OF THE STAKE.)

First Guard:

Our chief is great.

Third Assistant Priest:

Great in strife. He is the child of the doomed.

Second Assistant Priest:

Yet, he is better than his kind.
I have seen him ill at ease after wrong.
The fault lies not with him, but with his fathers.

High Priest:

You speak true. Pray that love come to him.

Second Guard *(With pride.)*

Great strength. Eye of eagle. Ear of deer.
Nose like bear. Cunning as fox. Great
war-man. Our chief IS great!

Neophyte:

Aye. Great lust!

Second Assistant Priest:

Alas, the seed of evil holds high place!

Neophyte:

We are doomed. No flowers grow. I grieve.

High Priest:

Have faith. Hear me.

*(He bends over the Holy Pool, making a few mysterious signs,
and then in a voice of prophesy:)*

A maid will come with power of pure love.
She will fight a Great-Hate Chief. She
will win and Hate will fly from him. Then

will the Mighty-One be kind and send back the White Chief's Conscience. Then will the Love-Woman come to live again, with the lilies and unseen breed love among our people. Have hope, O youth. I have spoken.

Neophyte:

How will Conscience come?

High Priest:

I know not how. By man, beast or bird.
Therefore kill no living thing.

Neophyte:

Will there be a sign?

High Priest:

When sapling springs from blackened stump!
Keep watch.

Neophyte (*Leaping to the stake and keenly looking*):

Alas, there is no sapling here.

(*Despondently.*)

We are doomed!

First Assistant Priest (*With religious fervor and uplifted arms*):

Lift the gloom, O Spirit of Light!

Second Assistant Priest (*With religious fervor and uplifted arms*):

We sorrow for Love, O Gentle-One!

Third Assistant Priest:

All is strife. The spear, the arrow, the war-axe conquer. Bring peace, O Mighty-One!
Bring peace!

High Priest (*With solemn reverence*):

This the moon-time, O Mighty-Spirit!
When long ago a wrong was done.
See how the redwoods grieve in silence.
Lift now the doom, O Mighty-One!

(*He strides over to the Holy Pool. The Love-Longing Indians follow and all arrange themselves for the Prayer and Lament. In this the pipes play a major part.*)

(THE PRAYER AND LAMENT.)

Fifth Priest:

Pause in Thy wonder-work, O Mighty Spirit!
Listen, with grace, to our prayer and our woe.
Call back the Love-Maid who fled from the
forest;
Affrighted by Hate in the long, long ago.

CHORUS CHANT.

Spring up O Sun-god!
Bounteous Giver.
Lord-of-the-love-tribe.
Hear our prayer.
Now Mighty Spirit!
Out of the waters,
Call back the Love-Maid.
Stay our despair.

Fifth Priest:

Welcome the swift things we send with the
message.
The wood-rat, the deer, the snake and the bird.
O God of all gods, with love and compassion,
Give to the White-Wing Thy wonderful word.

CHORUS CHANT.

O great River-god!
O most Mighty One!
Wild in the winter,
Tame in the Spring.

High Priest (*Exalted*):

Foam fast the waters
Into the Holy Pool;
Over the Sacred Rock
Loud thundering!

(*Ensemble*):

O God-of-sudden-dawn!
Doomer of shadows,
Maker-of-flaming-light,
Lifting the gloom.

O God-of-cloud-and-rain!
Fall on the tired leaf!
Sink to the striving root
Make flowers bloom!

(The pipes continue to play low and the Love-Longing Indians are silent.)

(A memory of the Hate theme is played.)

(The SECOND CHIEF enters.)

Second Chief *(Unnoticed by the Love-Longing Indians. They are in prayer. He smiles, calls his retinue of braves upon the stage, about six. He commands them to silence and points to the religious group. He looks about him for a stone, finds one, and points to it. One of his braves hands it to him. He lobes it over the heads of the devoted Indians. It falls with a splash into the Holy Pool. This is a great sacrilege.)*

(The pipes cease. The High Priest and his followers start to their feet.)

(With false concern he points dramatically:)

Look! Look! Beware the ripples!
If they touch a sickness comes upon you!

(Those at the pool's edge jump back. He smiles at the success of this trick. Sarcastically:)

Prayer seems to blunt your bravery.

(Some look ashamed.)

Is it not time to gather acorns?

First Guard *(Angry and striding up to him):*

Squaw work!

Second Chief *(Innocently):*

Is it?

High Priest *(In anger but touched with fear):*

You mock. You dare to splash the waters!

Second Chief *(Walking over to the pool and looking down at it and pointing):*

You looked too long at yourself. I saved you
from the sin of pride. Thank me,

(Sarcastically.)

O Mighty Priest!

High Priest:

The pool is holy and—

Second Chief:

Holy? Is it known?

(*Sarcastically.*)

O wise one!

(*Looking again at the pool.*)

Are you sure it is holy? It looks evil.

First Assistant Priest:

All things look evil to you.

Second Chief:

Do they?

(*He measured the depth of the pool with his spear. This is even a greater sacrilege and the Love-Longing Indians murmur. He takes no notice of them, but looks at the mark upon the spear and then, with feigned surprise:*)

It is almost dry! A shallow home for the Love-Woman, if she return.

(*Innocently.*)

Is she not a Water Spirit?

High Priest (*In alarm*):

Heed him not. He is bad. Love will return.

Second Chief (*Ingratiatingly*):

How long, O reader-of-the-stars, since the Love-Woman fled?

High Priest (*Sorrowfully*):

Alas! Three tribes ago!

Second Chief (*As if in deep thought.*)

Hm! Three tribes ago?

Hm! A long time—

A long flight—

(*With surprise and some admiration.*)

She has flown to the end of the world—

If she fly back, it will not be in our time.

A pity. I am sad.

(*Some of the Love-Longing Indians, especially the two Guards, look up suddenly. This is a new idea to them. They speak together and nod their heads.*)

(Seeing this out of the corner of his eye and noting its effect, he continues, slyly:)

But it is foolish to long for her!
It is not good to be sad!
Sadness makes the blood thick.

(Several more of the Love-Longing Indians show interest in this logic.)

High Priest *(Calls in fear and excitement.)*

Hear him not, he is of the evil spirit!

Second Chief *(Ignoring this.)*

We, who follow the Great-Hate Chief, do not
long for her.

We live well. We hunt. We do not pick
berries.

You know, O High Priest, our Chief is great!

(The High Priest does not answer. The Indians murmur.)

No? Good, I will tell him. It will please him.
He is so calm. You know, O reader-of-the-
stars, our Great Chief guards our sleep?

(He waits for an answer. The Priests and Indians are silent.)

He is victorious, O wise one?

(Silence.)

Even now, he fights to bring the spoils of war
—the cattle and women of our foes. Does
he not?

(Silence.)

O Priest. They tell me you are the Lord-of-
the-love-tribe. Will you take this pleasure
from our chief?

(Silence.)

(Failing to trap them into a statement against the Great-Hate Chief, he suddenly changes his tone.)

Come! We are rich! Leave this old man.
He is too proud of himself.
Hate well that you may live well.
If we want peace, for he talks of nothing but
peace, we need not fight.

(Two or three of the Love-Longing Indians, including the Guards, cross over to his side. Others from the upper stage do likewise. He smiles.)

Now, you show sense.

High Priest *(With great concern and entreaty.)*

Oh, foolish ones! No peace comes from
Strife,

While the peace of love is everlasting!

Second Chief *(Imitating him.)*

Oh, foolish one! You say love is not here.
Where then is your peace? Heed him not.

High Priest:

That we may live well, we long for love.

Second Chief:

That we may live well, we slay. To slay well,
we hate. From the eye to the edge of the
world all things slay to live. It is na-
ture's law.

(Imitating him.)

Be natural, O my people!

High Priest *(In anger):*

With you, evil one, all nature dies before its
time.

Second Chief:

O wise Priest! To know the dying time of
nature.

(Commandingly.)

Come, waverers! Leave these thin prattlers.
Stain not your fingers berry-picking, but
stain them in foe's blood.

(Others cross over.)

Welcome!

(Confidentially.)

Is he not a silly old man?

High Priest *(In anxious alarm):*

Return! Oh return! He leads you to ruin!
Oh my people, come back!

(In anger to the Second Chief.)

Beware, O evil-one-who-brings-out-the-bad,
You play with your death. The Great One
is angry!

Second Chief:

Heat not your blood, old man. You play
with your death. Be careful. You may
not live to see the Love-Woman.

High Priest:

Hear me! Without love, this tribe will pass.
The trees, our gentle gods for ages, demand
fellowship! We little heed the lesson of
the grove and all is gloom and grey.
Roots grow weak and tree-tops moan with
thirst made greater by the little mist
drinks. The leaves tire, and no flowers
bloom. Love has fled, and thou, slave of
evil, art watching to slay the good within
us. I pray your death that love return!

Second Chief:

Bah! You wield no weapon but your tongue!
Be silent, like a squaw.

Neophyte *(Exalted by the High Priest's lesson and wild with
anger at this insult, he draws a knife, rushing at the Second
Chief):*

At last I hate! I hate!
Die, Evil One! Die!

(He stabs.)

Second Chief *(Wards off the blow with great cease and with
a smile seizes the knife. Then, still smiling:)*

Love-longing makes thee weak.

(Starts to stab the helpless Neophyte.)

Runner *(Appears on upper trail):*

Hail!

*(He leaps down, over the bridges and stops, rigid, on the upper
stage.)*

Comes the Hate Chief! Swift as panther!
From the land of war-like people!

Bringing spoils of bloody-battle
After long and heavy fighting!

(Pause.)

Comes the Hate Chief! Swift as eagle!
From the land of gentle people.
Bringing maiden who is captive
To his craft and to his cunning.

(He runs off.)

(THE COMING OF THE GREAT-HATE CHIEF)

(The Indians gather from all sides and arrange themselves on the lower and upper stage. A band of about ten war-men appears on the upper trail. They are followed by the captive maiden, "Maiden-of-the-Gentle-People." Her hands are bound behind her back. From her neck a rope leads loose to the neck of a mustang ridden by the Great-Hate Chief. The maiden shows no fear, but walks with pride, indicating that she is the maiden of the tradition. When the Great-Hate Chief appears, followed by the rest of his retinue, the Indians on the stage break into the chorus—"Acclaim and March.")

(FIRST PART)

Hail! Great-Hate Chief!!

He-who-fights-well.

Fierce foes to quell.

Hear our war-yell.

GREAT CHIEF!!

Hail! Great-Hate Chief!!

Who-lives-to-fight,

Who-longs-to-smite,

Brave foes to flight.

HATE CHIEF!!

(SECOND PART)

Skilled in craft of war

Wonder warrior,

Keen, with eagle-eye.

Seeing far away,

Foes who come to fight,

Meet his arrow shot. ♡ GREAT CHIEF!!

Swift as deer in flight,
Ear like doe with fawn,
Hearing falling-leaf,
Strong as redwood tree.
Fighting with his might.
Bringing victory. **HATE CHIEF!!**

(THIRD PART)

Hail! Great-Hate Chief!!
He-who-hates straight.
His axe will sate.
War man!! **GREAT HATE CHIEF!!**

(The Chief arrives on the stage. He gives a sign. A brave—the Silent One—steps out. He points to the Maiden. The brave takes the rope from off her neck and cuts the thongs upon her wrists.)

(The Second Chief, most obsequiously, holds the pony. The Chief dismounts. The mustang is led off the stage. The Chief goes to the throne. He beckons the maid to follow. She obeys slowly, and stands, in no submissive way, at his side.)

Great-Hate Chief:

Great fight! Well won! Dance!!

(THE WAR DANCE.)

(Same theme as the Acclaim, but in dance form.)

(EXIT the dancers in mad fury.)

(On the stage remain:

THE GREAT-HATE CHIEF.

THE CAPTIVE MAIDEN.

THE GUARD OF THE GREAT-HATE CHIEF.

THE SECOND CHIEF.

THE HIGH PRIEST AND HIS ASSISTANTS.)

Great-Hate Chief *(On the throne. Calls a brave):*

Guard river trail. Watch well.

(EXIT Brave. He calls another brave.)

Guard trail of setting sun. Watch well.

(EXIT Brave. He turns to High Priest.)

Priest, watch well this maiden. Be kind.

(In this order the Priests see awakening a good sign. They speak together. The Second Chief is perturbed.)

(Then, to the remaining retinue:)

Come! Follow me!

(EXIT, followed by braves.)

Second Chief *(Touching the last brave—"Silent One"—detaining him; pointing to the maiden):*

Whence comes this woman?

The Brave:

From Gentle People.

Land of rising sun.

Second Chief:

Two days' journey. You take four. You travel slow. Why?

Silent One:

Great-Hate Chief's command. She young. . .
trail rough. . . She foot-tired. Ask no
more.

(Proudly.)

I follow Great Chief. I have spoken.

(EXIT.)

Second Chief:

The maiden bringing love! It is not good.

(EXIT in deep thought.)

High Priest *(To Assistant Priests):*

Go!

(EXEUNT Priests.)

(Maiden crosses left to pool. Goes slowly to stake. Makes a few medicine signs.)

High Priest:

O Judge of Vengeance! Give sign. Behold the
maiden. Is she the virgin bringing love
to the Great-Hate Chief, that he may know
Control? Is she the soft cloud before the
sun? Will the Great-Hate Chief take her?
Will the sun shine with love upon us?

(Silence.) (Lookingly keenly at base of tree-trunk.)

No sign! No sapling grows!

Then speak, O soul departed!!

(He lifts his arms. A glow takes place at the foot of the tree stump. Music.)

A Voice:

When virgin love shall enter him,
Passion then begets no sin.
Then in hollow of his heart
Conscience comes to ne'er depart.

High Priest

(Walking slowly down to the stage center with continuation of musical theme. Lifts his arms in prayer.)

O God-of-the-tree-tops, give Love to my
people.

(Sings):

I.

Are you the maiden of old tradition,
Bringing the grove a love-lighted dawn?
Sing that the tree-tops may know of thy
presence;
Sing that a Fellowship love may be born.

II.

Soft gentle maid, like a deer in the autumn,
Be fearless and brave in this hate-shadowed
place.
Make captive our Chief by your wondrous
beauty;
Hold him a slave by your God-given grace.

III.

Sing to the heavens a full-throated song,
A song that the birds will echo to thee.
Bring all the sorrowing life of the forest
Back to its joy with a love melody.

The Maiden of the Gentle People

(Sings):

I.

By a shady tree, and a running brook,
A love woman gave me birth.

And I drank strong love from her full rich
breasts,
As brown as the breasts of earth.

A Tree-Top From the Left Side

(Sings) :

I.

The wind blows soft through our spreading
leaves.

Sing on, sweet maid, "The Song of the Trees."
For the song we sing to the stars above,
Is the song of a perfect fellowship love.

The Maiden of the Gentle People .

(Sings) :

II.

And great is the power of virgin love,
To bring a brave to his mate.
So I will fight this Great-Hate Chief,
And win him from his hate.

A Tree-Top From the Right Side

(Sings) :

II.

Soft is the tread of your foot on the leaves.
Sing on, sweet maid, "The Song of the Trees."
Bring fellowship love that the flowers may
bloom,
For without love they grieve in the gloom.

The Maiden of the Gentle People

(Sings) :

III.

And he shall have my power of love,
And all my weakness too.
And he will worship wonder things,
As all true lovers do.
Then love will breed sweet fellowship,
And the trees will sing their song.

And the Grove will worship at your feet,
From evenfall till dawn.

The Tree-Tops of the "Three Graces"

(Sing) :

III.

Sweet is your song of love to our leaves.
Sing on, sweet maid, "The Song of the Trees."
Sing that the Grove by the sun-god be kissed;
Sing that the weary leaves sleep in the mist.

(Ensemble of Tree Tops.)

(After this trio, the High Priest, in a fatherly and reverent manner, leads the Maiden-of-the-Gentle-People from the stage, right.)

(The Great-Hate Chief and the Second Chief ENTER, left. They watch the EXIT of the Maiden-of-the-Gentle-People, with very different sensations; the Great-Hate Chief, with awakening love; the Second Chief, with hate and resentment.)

Second Chief (With the utmost consideration) :

What fights you, great Chief, greater than all others?

Great-Hate Chief (With deep concern) :

I know not where I go. I rush on like winter river. I rest not my mind.

Second Chief (With affectionate anxiety) :

Rest your body. You traveled too fast upon the trail.

(Sneeringly.)

O swift one!

Great-Hate Chief:

No. The maiden wearied. I went slow.

Second Chief (With solicitation) :

Then you fight too long, and are weary. Sunrise will see you again the Great-Hate Chief.

(Watching him narrowly.)

Great-Hate Chief (*Ashamed*):

"Hate Chief." I like not the name. It sounds evil to me.

Second Chief (*With great pride of him*):

It is evil, to others. All fear you, O mighty warman!

Great-Hate Chief

(*Pauses. Then starts up and strides the stage*):

This maiden. Her land but a swift two days' journey. All peace, rushing water and rising sun. Her people do not fight. They do not hate. There is no strife. Their seasons are the same. See! This grove is in gloom. No flowers grow. Why is this?

Second Chief (*With solicitude*):

We are a tree-tribe. The sun is little in the trees. Rest now. Think later.

Great-Hate Chief:

The Great One is angry with my people.

(*He continues his restless stride. Pauses. Then suddenly*):

Or, is it I?

Second Chief (*Interrupting him quickly*):

No! Not you, mighty Chief! Command me and I will lay waste this maiden's land. Then think no more of it.

(*Lights lower.*)

Great-Hate Chief:

See, the forest gloom deepens!

Second Chief (*Soothingly*):

A cloud passes. Oh rest, eagle, rest. Think no more of this.

Great-Hate Chief (*Still harping on the maiden. He sits on the side of the throne*):

She has sorrow for her people. She has spoken.

Second Chief (*Off his guard for a moment and somewhat impatiently*):

She will soon forget. It is their way.

Great-Hate Chief (*In sudden anger*):

Speak no evil of her.

Second Chief (*Recovering himself. Combination of fawning and reproach*):

I speak no evil. To forget is the gift of the gods. The wound remains not open.

Great-Hate Chief (*In deep melancholy*):

She is like the sun. When I look at her, I pray in my mind. Is the Great One calling me to the things he makes beautiful? I conquer. The pride of war is mine, yet I sorrow. Why? I am punished.

"O Mighty Spirit, lift now this burden."

What burden? I know not. . . .Something fights me. I have spoken.

(*He sits again and gazes into the pool with deep despondency.*)

(*The Second Chief is at a loss. He gazes at the Great-Hate Chief with most villainous hate. He is about to give the matter up as hopeless, when "Silent One" crosses the stage from left to right and EXIT. This gives Second Chief a new idea. He smiles.*)

Second Chief (*With great conviction*):

The maid is beautiful.

Great-Hate Chief:

She has star-light beauty! She is fawn-eyed!

Second Chief:

Good. She is your war-prize. Take her, O Chief.

(*Looking off stage, right. Innocently:*)

Where goes "Silent One"?

Great-Hate Chief:

I know not. I care not.

Second Chief (*Watching him very keenly*):

Great-Hate Chief (*Looks quickly up, but saying no word.*)

It was he who told me she was beautiful.

Second Chief (*Pretending not to notice this and quite casually*):
He spoke long of her. Like you, O Chief,
but not so well. He did not think of—

(*Pause. Watching him.*)

“Star-light beauty,” but he spoke long and well.
Strange. He is called “Silent One.”

(*Looking off.*)

Where goes he, I wonder?

Great-Hate Chief (*Looking at Second Chief, his face hard set*):
I know not.

(*Pause. Growing anger.*)

You say he spoke of her?

Second Chief (*Casually*):

A long time. He told me he was happy, for she
smiled upon him.

Great-Hate Chief

Go on!

(*Hand on knife*):

Second Chief:

I told him she was your war-prize, but he
smiled.

Great-Hate Chief (*Drawing his knife and with sudden,
panther-like spring*):

Bring him! Bring him to me!

Second Chief (*At once changing his tone to hate*):

No! Not him, but her. Take her now.
She is not for a brave. Be quick. Be not
blind. Kill him at sunrise. Take her now.

Great-Hate Chief (*Calling off, in wild rage*):

Ho!

(*A brave comes running.*)

Bring the maiden!

(*The brave runs off.*)

Second Chief (*Exultant*):

O panther! Kill him at sunrise. Take her now!

(The maiden is brought on by the brave, followed by the High Priest and his retinue. The Indians crowd the stage. "Silent One" ENTERS with them.)

Great-Hate Chief *(Pointing to "Silent One"):*

Guard him. Go kill him at sunrise.

(The braves take "Silent One" off the stage. He is amazed.)

Second Chief *(Roughly brings The Maiden-of-the-Gentle-People to the Great-Hate Chief):*

War-Prize. O Mighty Chief.

High Priest *(With understanding):*

Thou plotter of mischief!

(The Maiden stands fearless. The High Priest steps forward to protect her. All seems lost. It is a villainous moment. The trees moan. The musical theme of Hate is heard. The Maiden lifts her arms in prayer.)

Great-Hate Chief *(With scorn and anger):*

Bind her.

(This is done.)

Two-faced squaw, I—

(The call of the river-guard is heard afar off. It is repeated by the guard of the rising-sun trail. All the stage is suddenly tense with listening. The Great-Hate Chief makes a sign. A young brave steps out and gives the answering call. All listen. It is answered.)

Great-Hate Chief:

Pale face!

(The whole tribe scurry to cover. They ambush to the right, to the left, up the trail and behind trees. The Great-Hate Chief takes the Maiden with him. The scene is alone.)

(The orchestra plays the theme of "Throbbing Hate." A light falls upon the blackened stake. Above the theme "Of Throbbing Hate" comes the theme of the Water Spirits. Out from the waters the spirits come. Some from the high waterfall, others from the middle waters, others from the Holy Pool. They tumble down and dance a gladsome beckoning dance. They beckon "The Dreamer." They—the Water Spirits—fade away, at the end of their dance, into the waters. During this dance, a sapling grows from the blackened trunk of torture.)

(On the stage comes "The Dreamer" and the three companion Woodmen.)

(The Dreamer gazes, in rapt adoration, at the Grove, the Sacred Rock, the water-fall and the great trees. The Woodmen stand, in a group, right. It is easily seen that they are in anger.)

("The Dreamer" stands (left) as if in a trance.)

First Woodsman *(To the others)*:

I'll go no further. I'm tired of this aimless march.

Second Woodsman *(To the others)*:

And I! Do we seek gold?

Third Woodsman *(To the others)*:

I know not, but it's time to ask.

Second Woodsman *(To the others)*:

If it be gold, is it a certain find?

Third Woodsman *(Impatiently)*:

I know not!

(Pointing to the Dreamer.)

He has been silent too long.

Second Woodsman:

We have crossed fast-growing lands, where all
was sunlight and rest.

He took no heed of them.

Now he waits in this forest gloom.

What is he after?

(To the Dreamer.)

Hear us. Where go we? What do you seek?
We will go no further unless we know.

The Dreamer:

Take heart. Hear my dream. My wonder
dream. I saw within a grove of silent
trees, a man. Great was his glory, for he
was Self-denial. It was night, and the
moonlight sheen gave light to guard the
sleep of Nature. The smoke of his fire
filled the air with phantoms, and the sparks
were as little stars flying to their brothers
in the sky.

Suddenly all went evil. The man laughed and cried aloud, "I care not, I have yet my senses to satisfy."

Then the voice of a Presence said, "Let evil own thee. Let thy unbridled senses sway thee. Let beauty shun thee. Hear not the song of the birds. Thou and thy race shall live in gloom and they shall hate and be hated, until one, made perfect by a virgin love, shall cry aloud, 'O Mighty Spirit, lift now this burden.' Then will I make a dream and give the dreamer thy Conscience, that thou hast thrown away, and he will arise and go forth, seeking this one made pure by love."

Such was my dream. I am the Dreamer. I am the bearer of the Conscience. My journey is nearly over; my duty nearly ended. I seek the son, making him a god!

(The Woodsmen straightway fall into great anger.)

First Woodsman: *(In raging amazement):*

A dream!

Second Woodsman:

Footsore, and half-starved for a dream!

Parched on the plains, for a dream!

Third Woodsman:

Mountain, flood and danger for a dream.

We have been fooled.

First Woodsman

(Suddenly struck with great fear and looking back.)

Shall we suffer the same for a dream? No!

(With murderous look, grasps at his hunting knife.)

The Dreamer *(Without fear):*

I have answered.

Second Woodsman:

We will go no further.

The Dreamer:

Then leave me.

First Woodsman:

Aye! We WILL leave you, and may you die in
a dream! Come.

(They start to go, right. Immediately after their exit, a flight of arrows flies from every thicket on the hill. A cry (off stage) proclaims their death.)

The Indians flood the stage from all sides and lay hands upon the Dreamer.

STAGE PICTURE.

Well down left a group of Indians (Chorus). Well down right another group of Indians of the Love-Longing type (Chorus).

The Great-Hate Chief stands near the approach to the Rock Throne; the Maiden by his side—she is bound at her wrists. The Second Chief to the left of the Great-Hate Chief—or at least near him. The Dreamer is in the center of the stage, some way back, and Indians are on either side of him. Somewhat higher than he, and on the incline to the second stage, the High Priest stands; and above him, and to the right of the Dreamer stands the Neophyte. On the second stage, but well right, the Indians are bringing faggots to the torture stump. In other words, the prologue seems about to be re-enacted.

THE ACTION

The Indians start to drag the Dreamer towards the torture stake.

High Priest *(Lifting his hand):*

Hold! This man lives! Some power held the
fatal arrow.

(Pointing right.)

Yet swift sped death to the Redman's foe.
It is the moon-time of the soul departed.
Beware!

(The Indians hesitate and turn to the Great-Hate Chief. He also hesitates with superstitious fear.)

Second Chief *(He almost whispers to the Great-Hate Chief):*
Slay him. This is foolish talk.

(The Indians show impatience at this delay. Aloud:)

See how your people rage.

Great-Hate Chief *(Gives a hopeless, uncertain fling of his arms toward the stake.)*

(The Indians again start to drag the Dreamer toward the stake.)

The Dreamer *(With fearless dignity. In a calm voice):*

You know I come here for your good.

(The Neophyte, hearing this, runs up to the second stage and looks astonished. The sapling is there.)

Second Chief *(Beside himself):*

Hear him not. This tribe will be lost.

(Turning to the Indians and taking command.)

Light the faggots.

(The Indians rush to the Dreamer and the Indians on the second stage move towards the stake with the faggots. The Neophyte makes a move to guard the stake. Second Chief crosses left.)

Great-Hate Chief: No!

(Pause.)

Wait.

(Throwing the Second Chief to the ground. Turning to the Dreamer.)

High Priest *(Pointing to the Maiden-of-the-Gentle-People):*

Behold the maiden, in the grove.

**Love has entered your heart and made a home
for Conscience. Now, art thou the Great-
Love Chief.**

Neophyte *(Calls aloud):*

See! See! A sapling grows.

(All gaze in awe. He runs down to the Dreamer and bends low in reverence.)

Second Chief *(Seeing all is lost, draws his dagger and rushes at the Dreamer.)*

Neophyte *(Wards off the blow and kills the Second Chief, who falls at the feet of the Dreamer):*

Evil is dead!

High Priest (*Looking up the hill. The Love-Woman appears*):
Behold the Love-Woman!
Praise her, O my People!

(*The Love-Woman enters. She descends the trail. The waters of the water-fall burst out in volume. The flowers spring up at her feet. All is radiant light around her. The Water-Women leap from the stream and make her train. With every step she dispels the forest gloom. The Great Chief starts up the hill to meet her, by his side the Maiden-of-the-Gentle-People. They are in a trance of love, and the flowers grow and make a way for them. The waters flow freely over the rocks. The Indians look on in amazement, while they sing their acclaim. When the Chief and the Maiden come to the Love-Woman, she vanishes. She has gone to live again in the Holy Pool and grant love to the Grove.*)

The Chief, now the Great-Love Chief, turns to the Maiden-of-the-Gentle-People, takes her in his arms and gives her the pure kiss of love. Then do the waters rush over the Sacred Rock and splash, in torrent, into the Holy Pool. Then is the forest far more brilliant in its light than before the coming of Hate. Then dawn appears and the forest is illumined.)

SYNOPSIS OF THE MUSIC

The prelude to the Forest Play "Nec-Natama" introduces several of the motifs of the Prologue. Commencing with four bars of the Torture Theme, given out by the wood wind, in chromatic triplets and accompanied by strident chords on the strings; it lifts directly into the Fellowship motif into which the Love Theme is interwoven later.

The first number in the Prologue is the Torture Dance. The principal melody of this is played by oboes and clarinets, to which the trumpets, muted, add effect.

Torture Dance



The second theme, the Fellowship Theme, is the principal motif of the play. The first ten measures is given to the flutes and oboes and the theme is afterwards taken up by the violins and cellos and finally worked up into a grand crescendo by the full orchestra.

Fellowship Theme

Andante moderato
legato

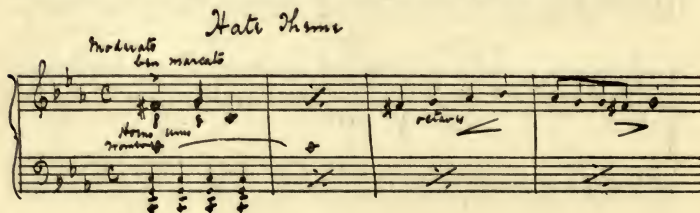
The Fellowship Theme is interrupted by the Torture Theme, played as in the prelude.



The Torture Dance is heard again, this time played in a more forceful manner by the cornets and trombones, muted, and then almost directly begins the Love Theme which, with the Fellowship Theme, is predominant throughout the play. This theme is played at first by the violins and cellos and later made broader by the addition of the wood wind choir and brass. The harp is also prominent in the rendition of this theme.



Just when the Love Theme appears to be nearing a triumphant climax it is interrupted by the Hate Theme, played first by the French horns in unison and later by the full brass contingent, punctuated by an occasional crash on the cymbal.



The play proper commences with twenty-two bars of the Love Theme played by the full orchestra. As this theme diminuendoes it is taken up by the violins and becomes the introduction to the Grove Song. In this Grove Song the Fellowship Theme is used as a counter-melody.

Grove Song

Viol

And. Mod. To night the tree tops lie - low, these, the

mf violin

The Prayer and Lament is written for tenor and chorus, part of which is sung "a capello" and later accompanied by a full orchestra.

Prayer of the High Priest

Viol

Andante mf Pause in thy tron-des Werts! Oh high-ty Spir-it!

mf

The Ceremony of the Stake is an Indian melody, rendered by the English horn, clarionets and bassoons with an accompaniment of cellos and basses pizzicato, tympanis and drums.

Ceremony of the Stake

mf

Dance of chr water Sprites

58

The Great Hate Chief's march scored f.f. for full orchestra.



The play concludes with the Love Theme, this time uninterrupted by the Hate Theme. It is brought to a triumphant end by full orchestra with triumphant chords.

musical score for "Love Theme". The score is written for piano (p) and features a forte (ff) dynamic marking. The tempo is marked "Allegro". The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor). The time signature is 4/4. The score consists of two staves, with the upper staff containing the melody and the lower staff containing the accompaniment. The melody begins with a series of eighth notes, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a series of chords and single notes in the left hand. The score concludes with a series of triumphant chords.







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