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THE CALL

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Work of Art Evolved From "Jinks" of Bohemian Club

PLAY STAGED 'MID NATURAL SETTING

Members Show Rare Talent In Presentation of "The Atonement of Pan"

CHARACTERS REPRESENTED

PAN—Arcadian Deity of Pastoral Life.....David Bispham
ZEPHYRUS—(as a child)—Youngest son of Astraeus and his wife, Eos.....Master Francis Nielson
ZEPHYRUS—(as a youth grown, 10 years later)....Harold Baxter
ASTRAEUS—Father of the Winds and of Destruction..Myron Wolf
ORION—A demigod and mighty hunter.....J. Wilson Shiels
SILENUS—Companion and Cupbearer to Orion...Henry A. Melvin
NICOTHOE—Leader of the Harpies.....Randal Borough
ACHOLOE—Another Harpy.....Harris Allen
EOS—Wife of Astraeus and mother of Zephyrus (afterward Aurora, Daughter of the Dawn).....Richard M. Hotaling
CHLORIS—An Arcadian Nymphia (afterward Flora)..J. C. Dornin
HARPIES—The retainers of Astraeus.
NYMPHS OF DIANA—In the train of Flora.
HUNTERS of Orion.
FAUNS—Companions of Pan.

PAN walked and romped and served last night in Bohemia.

Pan has not, heretofore, been considered a real Bohemian, but Joseph D. Redding posted him for membership in the club, Henry Hadley stood as sponsor and more than 200 Bohemians, in lofty music, seconded the nomination; so Pan, the great god of rural life, the wanton half goat, half man, of Arcadia, was accepted as a man of Bohemia. Arcadia and all its denizens were transported by the magic of Redding's verse and Hadley's harmonies to Bohemian grove on the Russian river, near Guerneville, and there Pan made his atonement for his wanton, prankish life, and appeared at last, as a perfect man.

All this was in the music drama, the midsummer jinks play, presented by the Bohemian club last evening at its theater in the redwoods, "The Atonement of Pan," written by Joseph D. Redding, author of "Natoma," an American grand opera, but better known as a San Francisco clubman and lawyer. The music was composed by Henry Hadley, leader of the San Francisco symphony orchestra and a musician of national reputation. The part of Pan was taken by David Bispham, the great American barytone concert and opera singer. Other parts were taken by prominent members of the Bohemian club.

In personnel the performance last evening brought forth the most distinguished grouping of writer, composer and star that ever graced a Bohemian jinks since the night in 1902 when the jinks first rose to the dignity of play or drama.

Bispham, Hadley and Redding brought to the grove that dexterity which is associated with professional work. "The taint of professionalism" is not a blight, but a precious tincture when introduced on the stage and when the professional contributes his highly specialized service to a labor of love, then is the rarest result in all art attained. The excellence of mediaeval art is ascribed to the passionate interest which the artist had in the work he performed; and in that splendid spirit of service the leaders and their supporters in last evening's performance under the redwoods and beneath the stars, gave themselves to the artistic work at hand. That, the Bohemian declare, is the spirit of their club and particularly of their grove.

In form the music drama of last evening was more elaborate, more ambitious than any performance heretofore given by the club. There were three acts set in the redwood grove, each setting being suitable to the native beauties of the stage, which were "set" by the hand of nature, probably 1,000 years before the oldest of the Bohemians, who gathered there last night, was born. This setting of the stage was the group of noble redwoods, the semperrens of the coast range, the "palo colorado" of the Spanish missionary nomenclature, the redwood.

There, under a proscenium arch 1,000 years old and 200 feet high, was enacted last evening "The Atonement of Pan."

HADLEY AT HIS BEST

It is a music drama of idealism. The theme, the story is noble. The plot is superior to the diction as read in the printed book of the drama, but all opera takes on a superior value when its language is wedded with the singing voice and the swaying instruments of the orchestra. Last evening the San Francisco symphony orchestra of 65 pieces interpreted Hadley's music and the splendid voices of the Bohemian club singers presented Redding's drama with a deep effect.

In his musical score to "The Atonement of Pan," Henry Hadley has done the most original work of his career, surpassing in freedom from convention "The Four Seasons," which until now has generally been considered his best work. He has evidently been inspired by the unique opportunities afforded in the presentation of this midsummer festival of Bohemia and determined to justify his selection as composer of the "jinks."

Hadley has attached to the various persons and episodes of the work highly characteristic tone pictures in which he has caught with admirable sympathy and spirit the poetic content of the words. Indeed the verses sometimes lag behind the music. Hadley's well known scholarship has found scope in the big orchestra provided for the occasion and his score is rich in its instrumentation. The variety of his touch is exhibited in the tumultuous music of the "Father of the Winds," which involves the entire orchestra in a storm of tone, and in the tender beauty of the oboe melody over plaintive harmonies. The "Song of Ambition" and the consonant harmonies of Pan's paean of praise are two exhibitions of Hadley's music in its simpler, more direct and energetic aspects.

The drama is divided into three scenes and a prologue.

The first shows the cave of Astraeus, father of the Winds and Destruction, situated on the side of a mountain in the midst of the forest.

The second represents the shrine of Diana in Arcadia—in a distant part of the same forest. Ten years are supposed to elapse between scene I and scene II.

The third scene is as the first, but the scope of vision is wider.

On the program the epoch is stated to be: "Yesterday, or today, or tomorrow."

STORY OF THE PLAY

The best condensed story of the play is contained in the argument printed in the program.

It reads:

Pan, Arcadian deity of pastoral life, born a perfect child, misused his trust, causing the flocks and herds under his charge to fight with one another, with the result that he discovers that he himself has become deformed. He would do penance; he would bring harmony out of discord. Little Zphyrus, youngest son of Astraeus, father of the Winds, and of Eos, has been held by his mother in innocence and purity. He and Pan become fast friends, and upon Eos disclosing to Pan her intention to leave her home with the boy in order that he may not know the cruelty of life, Pan agrees to conduct them to Arcadia.

Astraeus, discovering their flight, in rage calls upon his harpies and sends them forth in the height of the storm to recover his wife and son.

Ten years elapse and the scene is transferred to the shrine of Diana in Arcadia. The quiet of the vale is rudely broken into by Orion and a party of his hunters. They discover Pan asleep at the base of a statue of Diana. Awakened, he rails at the intruders, invokes the magic of Diana's charmed well, induces them to drink, intoxicates them and drives them from the sacred spot, reeling and turning to the mad music of his pipes. Night falls and nymphs timidly appear in the moonlight. They gather courage and, after a series of dances and floral figures, bring in Chloris, whom they crown as Flora, goddess bountiful.

Pan returns with Zephyrus, now grown to manhood, and discloses to him the beauty of the scene. The youth is enchanted with Flora and discloses his passion to her, while the nymphs daintily retreat into the bowers. Their love scene is interrupted by the return of Orion, in a brutal mood. He would capture Flora for himself. Zephyrus shields her. Orion makes upon him with uplifted knife. There is a crash of thunder; the arrow flies from Diana's bow and strikes Orion through the heart. He falls dead at the foot of the statue. The hunters, their chorus turned to a dirge, place the body of Orion upon their shoulders and disappear into the forest. To the music of their dance the nymphs return and form a tableau of adoration as Zephyrus leads Flora from the scene.

Pan enters, alone in the moonlight, and, after a short soliloquy, falls asleep at the base of the statue, the theme of Diana floating out upon the evening air.

The last scene returns to the home of Astraeus, who is discovered in dejected mood in front of his case. His mighty prowess and his harpies' efforts have been without avail. Some higher power has held them at bay. Eos is discovered far from the mountain, holding by either hand Flora and Zephyrus. Pan completing the picture. Eos explains her absence and that she has pledged the union of the twain. She will return to Astraeus if he also will give consent to this great union. The father of Destruction confesses that his love is greater than his hate; he longs for his wife's return; he gives the pledge; the processional down the mountain ensues. Astraeus completes the union between Flora and Zephyrus and leads his wife back to their home. All eyes are turned to Pan. He thanks the gods that his prayer has been answered. Before them all his deformities disappear, and amid a great flood of light which illuminates the forest he stands before the world once more "the perfect child created at birth."

SCIENCE AND NATURE COMBINE

The first scene, as it appeared last evening in the quiet wood at Bohemian grove, was an early morning in the forest. The ingenious lighting devices showed the soft light of day breaking through the tall redwoods, and on the hillside before the vision of the enchanted Bohemians appeared Pan (David Bispham), the Pan of the statues and the prints, a creature half man and half goat, with horns on his head, a sneer on his wanton face, his limbs hairy and shaggy as a goat's, his feet cloven hoofs. He played his pipes as he came down the redwood lined path, and the orchestra wove into its opening theme the music of the woodland pipes.

At last Pan stood before the woodland curtain and recited the prologue, in which he told of his birth, the son of Ulysses, that much traveled general, and Penelope, the faithful wife. Bispham's noble voice recited the iambic pentameter verses to the soft accompaniment of the orchestra.

Despite the nobility of the theme of Redding's drama, the lines were more successful, more forceful, more spirited and more able to attract than the picture he would make was harsh or unbeautiful. Pan tells of his plight, of his appearance, which is the penalty for his pranks:

Had I obeyed the trust to me conveyed,
These gnarled limbs you see and twisted horns,
This gargoyle snout, my all the very scraps
From out a butcher's heap, would ne'er have been.
Beauteous Apollo, jealous of my form,
And all the lesser gods, but sought the chance
Some punishment upon me to inflict.
Fool that I was, I reckoned not the cost
Of every knavish prank I sought to play.
With petty cruelties and tortures fine;
Using for my sport the unanswering kine,
The herd, the velvet deer with trusting eyes;
When, lo! upon my vicious brain there broke
A fearful truth: I saw the very tree—
'Neath which with locked horns two noble stags,
Egged on by me had fought unto the death—
This very tree in protest groaned and hung
Its stricken head; its limbs began to shrink;
Its rugged bark before my eyes fell off,
Exposed its bleeding heart, which with one sigh
Gave way. The noble tree had died from grief!
I fled the scene and bathed my startled brain
In cooling stream, when mirrored to me there
Was shown the shattered being you behold.
This is my punishment and this the fate
Of all who others hurt by thought or deed
In fair Arcadia.

STRIKING CLOSE TO PROLOGUE

Then Pan continued, closing the prologue with a song in which he declared what he might do to atone for his transgressions.

As the prologue ended the orchestra continued playing the theme of Pan and he resumed his notes on the pipe. Then he turned and faced the woodland curtain, and it parted and disappeared, disclosing the main stage.

The morning sun discovered Zephyrus, a fair haired boy, personated then by Francis Nielson, a lad with sweet voice who, in the company of experienced clubmen, distinguished himself by the simplicity of his acting and the charm of his young voice. Zephyrus was chasing a butterfly in the sunlight, and the gay butterfly music came from the orchestra below, fascinating, dainty notes flitting through the instruments.

Pan was fascinated by the purity and trustfulness of the child. Not used apparently, to being so amiably received in these Bohemian groves, he asked of the lad, pointedly:

"And thou dost not fear me?"
To which the boy replied, singing:
"I know no fear;
"I have been taught to love the world."

That pleased Pan, and he and the boy quickly became friends. When Eos came, like a good mother, she did not at first take kindly to the ripening friendship between her son and this wanton creature, this reckless god Pan. But Pan convinced her that he would be tender to the boy, singing:

Thou knowest the wizardry at my command.
How on these pipes I play and bid mankind
And deities themselves to do my will,
Or turn their steps from war to revelry,
Or lead them nimble footed in the dance,
Or call them back again to clash of arms;
Puppets, all, to the music of my reeds.

Eos agreed that Pan had great power, and then she told her troubles.

The part of Eos was taken by that distinguished actor of the Bohemian club and Ye Liberty theater, Oakland, Richard M. Hotaling. No Bohemian jinks would be a jinks without Hotaling somewhere among the "headliners." He was the prima donna of the production last evening. And Eos said:

Pan, I have vowed no longer will I brook
The horrors of yon pestilential cave.
Within, the feeble shadows of the day
Inscribe their epitaphs upon the walls.
Corrosion thrives and feeds upon itself
In cancerous gluttony. The fungus eaves
With mildew drip and stain the cavern's mouth.
From thence my eldest sons, armed head and foot,
In death and devastation roam the world.

She declared that she would fly the cave. Pan was ready to assist her in the flight. Sang he:

Come, let me be thy guide; I know the way.
Together we will lead the boy through vale
And dell; the verdant turf beneath his feet.
The spreading oak to shield him from the sun;
The echo of his laughter he will hear
Playing hide and seek in the ripping stream,
Amid the scented ferns and mossy banks.
The years will fly like swallows in the wind
And we will bring him to Arcadia,
To there invoke the blessings of Diana,
Chaste Artemis, protectress of the young.

Naturally, the flight of his wife and youngest and most promising son, whom he wished to name Tornado, instead of Zephyrus, did not please Astraeus, Father of the Winds and Destruction. Myron Wolf, whose ample frame and deep voice gave character to the part, was this Father of Destruction. He called his harpies to his aid to check the flight of Pan and Eos and the lad.

The harpies, 12 in number, were led by Nicothoe. Randal Borough, the artist, impersonated the forelady of the harpies, who were guant, birdlike figures, with spreading wings. The music for the dance of the harpies, in keeping with the obscene creatures, was dissonant and nerve splitting, but with a marked regular rhythem. As the harpies appeared they danced and fluttered and then settled about Astraeus.

Nicothoe sang of their foul vocation in one of the strongest lyrics of the drama. It was:

Where the blotches of Uranus
Smirch the sky;
Where the stench of Pluto rises,
There we fly.

Where the severed head of Hydra
Blood distils,
In the maggots of his carcass
Plunge our bills.

From our perches in the tree tops
Saw we Pan,
With him Eos and Zephyrus;
Swift they ran.

Sneering Pan is our Nemesis;
Him we hate.
Give us our commands, Astraeus,
We await.

Astraeus ordered them forth to find the runaways as the scene ended, with a great storm, which proved the capacity of the Grove theater for scenic effects. The flashes of lightning tore through the giant redwoods, lighting their tops to the stars; the crash of the thunder stirred the depth of the forest; the orchestra stormed with string, reed, basses and vibrant drum.

When the light came on the stage again the scene was transformed. Now it was the vale of Arcadia at the shrine of Diana.

As the scene is described in the program and visualized by the genius of the Bohemian craftsmen:

It is the full harvest time of the year, and the tone of the stage is thrown into high afternoon light with yellow predominating. At the upper center of the stage is a statue of Diana, above lifesize. She is represented in classic pose, holding a drawn bow with an arrow poised as if to be let loose in flight. Back of the statue and on an elevation is a six columned peristyle. The scene is decorated with full blown flowers, hanging vines, etc. To the left of the statue, at the lower part of the stage, is the well of Diana with cups and flagons on the rim. Extending down left and right are pergolas and bowers covered with richly colored trellis and vines, indicating retreating pathways into the forest.

The music for the prelude to this scene is a vigorous hunting call of the horns, first heard in the distance and gradually lifting in volume. As the curtain draws aside, Pan is discovered asleep at the base of and partly hidden behind the statue.

A few words about the setting for this scene.

STATUE CREDIT TO CLUB

The statue of Diana is a real contribution to the fine arts of the Bohemian club. It was modeled by Haig Patigian and represents a graceful, nude figure of Diana kneeling, holding her bow as if poised for use. The figure was modeled in clay, but in the lights in which is was bathed it appeared white as ivory.

The peristyle is of six Ionic columns. Placed as they were by the side of the straight sempervirens, the genesis of the column in architecture is plain. The classic architects adopted the lines of the straight cedars, presumably, and created the column.

The Greek shrines were out of doors. The great temples were places before which the worshipers gathered, not in which the devout offered their homage. There was every historical precedent for the stage setting of last night's beautiful second scene in the Bohemian grove.

Into this scene came the hunters, led by Orion, impersonated by J. Wilson Shiels. Theirs is a vigorous chorus, with a strenuous lilt. The concluding stanza, which gives some idea of the vim of the verse, is:

So here's to the strife of a hunter's life
From the plains to the mountain sheen;
And here's to the thrill of a good day's kill,
With a toast to Dian', our Queen!
With a toast to Dian', our Queen!

Then Orion, in melodious iambics, spoke to them:

Now have I kept my word and brought you here
Into the secret vale of Artemis;
This is the very paradise of Nympha.
Surfeit your eyes and sip the honeyed blooms
Before they part their lips to the amorous sun.
Behold this rose with petals carnadine—
Some passionate Naiad hath brushed it with her cheek.
The entwined arms of yonder vinery
Do haply imitate those trysting lovers
Who melt their souls in unison.
The air is plethoric in witchery.
Alone I once made conquest in this dell
Of one who Aphrodite's charms surpassed.
That was wooing fit for Mars himself.
And would have won applause from Hercules!

MELVIN IMPERSONATES SILENUS

Then in came Silenus, impersonated by Henry A. Melvin. The ribald god's entrance was upon a donkey. Still astride the patient beast, he sang:

I once knew a fool who went to school,
And he lived on moods and tenses;
His only drink was a bottle of ink,
And he very soon lost his senses.

The older we grow the less we know
Of life and all its uses.
It's only the drone who lives on a bone
And the flowing bowl refuses.

Why pickle your hide when you have died
In spiced and good liquor?
Do the pickling now, is my daily vow;
It's surer and much quicker.

So, bumpers up, fill every cup,
Have a drink with old Silenus;
We'll spend our nights in wild delights,
And devil a care between us.

Pan awoke and discovered the hunters and gave them to drink of Diana's charmed well. That intoxicated them and he piped them off the stage.

Then came the pretty dance of the nymphs, 16 of them, clad in the draperies of the classic Greek period. These nymphs were all young clubmen, but the feminine illusion was maintained prettily.

Zephyrus, grown to pleasing youth, appeared, impersonated now by Harold Baxter. He fell in love with Flora, who had been crowned Goddess Bountiful, and, under the urging of Pan, made known his love.

Flora, a part delightfully done by J.

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"THE ATONEMENT OF PAN" THAT WAS PRODUCED BY THE BOHEMIAN CLUB IN ITS REDWOOD GROVE LAST NIGHT.
The illustration includes the author and composer of the play, the stage setting, the statue of Diana, bars of the music by Henry Hadley, and some of the members of the club who were active in the production of the annual grove play of 1912.