

Summer 1961

A Production Thesis of Stephen Vincent Benet's John Brown's Body

Thomas B. Samples
Fort Hays Kansas State College

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholars.fhsu.edu/theses>



Part of the [Communication Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Samples, Thomas B., "A Production Thesis of Stephen Vincent Benet's John Brown's Body" (1961).
Master's Theses. 722.
<https://scholars.fhsu.edu/theses/722>

This Thesis is brought to you for free and open access by the Graduate School at FHSU Scholars Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in Master's Theses by an authorized administrator of FHSU Scholars Repository.

A PRODUCTION THESIS OF STEPHEN VINCENT
BENET'S JOHN BROWN'S BODY

being

A thesis presented to the Graduate Faculty
of the Fort Hays Kansas State College in
partial fulfillment of the requirements for
the Degree of Master of Science

by

B. Thomas Samples, A. B.
Fort Hays Kansas State College

Date Aug. 10, 1961

Approved Albert A. Dunaway
Major Professor

Ralph V. Coder
Chairman Graduate Council

You Are Cordially Invited
to attend a Dramatic Performance
of

"John Brown's Body"

by Stephen Vincent Benet

Fort Hays Kansas State College's

contribution to the

Kansas Centennial

8 p.m. July 19 and 20, 1961

Hays High School Auditorium

\$1.00

TABLE OF CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. THE INTRODUCTION	1
II. THE AUTHOR AND THE WORK	4
The Poem	4
The Play	8
III. PROCEDURES	11
Conception of the Play	11
Conception of the Characters	11
Conception of the Style	12
Selecting the Cast	13
Rehearsal Schedule	14
Special Effects	14
Philosophy of Production	15
Staging the Play	15
Lighting the Set	16
Costuming the Play	18
Make-Up	19
House Management	19
Advertising	19
IV. EVALUATION AND RECOMMENDATIONS	21
Critique of <u>John Brown's Body</u>	24
Critique of <u>John Brown's Body</u>	26
V. DIRECTOR SCRIPT	28
BIBLIOGRAPHY	102
APPENDIX	104

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

STATEMENT OF ACKNOWLEDGEMENT. I would like to express my appreciation to Mrs. Martha Dirks and Mr. James Childers of the cast; Miss Jan Smith and Mr. Clell Harrison, the dancers; Miss Karen Beeb, bookholder; Miss Mary Maude Moore, choir director; and Miss Harriet Ketchum, production supervisor; all of whom made this production a reality by hours of their energy and time.

I would also like to thank Dr. Geneva Herndon for moral support, and Mr. Albert Dunavan for his advice in the preparation of this thesis.

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

The year 1961 marked the celebration of the 100th anniversary of the statehood of Kansas and of the beginning of the United States Civil War. Throughout the country, writers of fiction and non-fiction, poets, playwrights and musicians unearthed or wrote anew accounts of the Civil War. Patriotic Kansans staged a variety of pageants to commemorate the birth of their state. Coincidence in the times of the beginning of the Civil War and the statehood of Kansas often allowed coincidental celebrations—pageants depicting events common to both. Apropos to the celebration of these two anniversaries, the writer chose to produce and direct a dramatization of Stephen Vincent Benet's epic poem, John Brown's Body, as a partial fulfillment of the requirements for a master's degree in Speech at Fort Hays Kansas State College.

The creative production thesis in Speech has precedent at Fort Hays State.¹ The purpose of this type of thesis is to test the understanding and knowledge of the graduate student specializing in theater. It subsumes skills in research and analysis of dramatic literature and the ability to produce and direct a play for public presentation. In accordance with the purpose and scope of the thesis production, the writer has included in Chapter II of this study an account of the author's writing of John Brown's Body, the adaptation of the poem as a play, stage history and critical

¹Thesis productions were submitted and accepted at Fort Hays State in 1952 and 1960.

comment. Chapter III includes the writer's philosophy of directing and producing the play, a description of rehearsal and production activities, and an explanation of problems encountered. In Chapter IV, the writer has presented his evaluation of the production from the standpoint of an actor-director, critical evaluations of the production by two of his professors, and recommendations for future productions of John Brown's Body.

Preparatory to forming a philosophy of direction and production, the writer examined the only available printed adaptation of the poem-play. The script, written by Curtis Canfield, was made available for reading and production by Dramatists Play Service, Inc. Prior to publication of the Canfield script, no dramatized version of John Brown's Body was available for public consumption, although the poem had been adapted for dramatic presentation and performed publicly in 1952 under the direction of Charles Laughton. A comparison of the Laughton and Canfield adaptations was possible, however, because Laughton's production, starring Judith Anderson, Raymond Massey, and Tyrone Power, was recorded by Columbia Records. In addition to available manuscript and recorded versions of the poem-play, the writer witnessed a production of the Canfield adaptation in Salina, Kansas, in June of 1961. No attempt was made to trace previous thesis productions of John Brown's Body for two reasons. Primarily, the writer believed that the availability of the Laughton version recording, together with critiques of that production when staged in New York, plus the witnessing of the Salina production had equipped him with a standard by which to measure his own ideas. Secondly, the somewhat irksome discovery was made by the writer that the Forsythe Library at Fort Hays did not have among its holdings Speech Monograph, the professional journal which indexes theses and dissertations in Speech.

Information concerning Benet, the poem, and criticism of both the play and the poem were found, principally, in Charles Fenton's biography Stephen Vincent Benet, Pearl Peterie's master's thesis on Benet (Fort Hays State, 1959) and newspapers published at the time of the Laughton production in New York. Sources for format and documentation included production theses previously accepted by the graduate division of Fort Hays Kansas State College and William Giles Campbell's Form and Style in Thesis Writing.

CHAPTER II

THE AUTHOR AND THE WORK

A consideration of the poem, John Brown's Body, necessitates inclusion of Benet's inception of the idea, his working method, and the external influences on his ability to develop and conclude the work. A consideration of the play, John Brown's Body, however, necessitates a departure from Benet and the inclusion of various conceptions of adaptation, interpretation, presentation, and reception. This chapter, therefore, is divided into two comprehensive parts: the poem and the play.

I. THE POEM

Pearl Peterie, in her master's thesis on Benet observed of Stephen Vincent Benet that "it has been evident that no one ever wanted more to tell his country's history through verse."² She referred, in this particular instance, to Benet's treatment of the Civil War through his epic poem, John Brown's Body.

Benet's inception of the idea for this epic apparently dates to early in 1925, at which time he wrote in a note to his wife, "I have a swell idea for a long poem. The only trouble is, it would take about 7 years to write & I'd have to read an entire library first."³ Actual opportunity to research the historical background of his subject did not come to Benet until he was awarded a Guggenheim fellowship, in 1926, on the basis of a plan to "do a long poem on some American subject."⁴

²Pearl Peterie, "Stephen Vincent Benet: The Spirit of Patriotism in His Poetry" (unpublished Master's thesis, Fort Hays State College, 1959), p. 40.

³Charles A. Fenton, Stephen Vincent Benet (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1958), p. 158.

⁴Ibid., p. 167.

The development of this American epic occurred far from its geographical setting, for Benet preferred to work in Paris. Fenton, Benet's principal biographer tells of his working plan.

His conception of the organization was in part a reflection of the long talks he's had with the composer Douglas Moore about the use of American material. He deliberately maintained a loose form, he said later, seeking the structural fluidity of a musical composition. For the moment his working title was Horses of Anger. His mood was one of careful and luxurious exploration. For the first time in six years he was free of deadlines; the Guggenheim check would arrive each quarter. "I don't know how or when it will ever get finished," he said in November 1926. "However, I am glad to have the chance to experiment with certain things I have always wanted to try."⁵

Benet finished the Invocation to his work in June, 1927, and sent it for publication, promising to finish the epic by August of that year. He had originally planned to do twelve units, but visualized the final structure clearly after he completed the fourth unit. As a result, he rewrote the Invocation and retitled the work, John Brown's Body. The final version contained eight, rather than twelve, books.

When the epic was completed in late August and sent off to his publisher and parents, he wrote his brother, William:

I am very anxious to see what you think of the whole bloody thing. I am still too close to the damn thing to see the wood, if any, for the interminable array of trees. The bulk of it looks fairly impressing, as bulk, but I don't know how it will strike an evening's reading.⁶

⁵Ibid., p. 181.

⁶Ibid., p. 194.

John Brown's Body was chosen Book-of-the-Month for August, 1927. The book had sold 52,000 copies in eight days after publication, which pleasantly surprised Benet. He enjoyed the reviews, but discouraged its presentation as an epic, as reviewers had referred to it. From the beginning he himself had used instead the word cyclorama.⁷ Benet had no illusions that the poem was the artistic perfection which so many of its reviewers had maintained. With time his own judgments on the poem became the most responsible ones, according to Fenton.⁸ Benet had predicted rightly that the poem would survive on the basis of notable individual passages in each book and the cumulative effect of the whole.

Fenton further reports that relatives of Benet's historical figures in the masterpiece wrote him in appreciation of his description and verified facts he had mentioned. Southern people expressed gratitude for the fairness of his presentation of the portraits of southerners and the southern values. The poet received notes of praise from such poets and critics as Edward Bliss Reed, Edna Millay, Harriet Monroe, Start Young, T. E. Lawrence, and Monty Woolley. Dudley Fitts pronounced the descriptions of Bull Run and Gettysburg as comparable to parts of the Aeneid.⁹ The poem became a popular piece to excerpt for public recitation, and to immortalize it, graduate students began to grind their axes on it.

John Brown's Body was a truly succinct history of the Civil War days told through fellow spokesmen who were carefully chosen to represent both sides at various social levels.¹⁰ The poem is romantic, containing

⁷Ibid., p. 213.

⁸Ibid.

⁹Ibid., pp. 216-217.

¹⁰Peterie, op. cit., p. 45.

pathos, excitement, and sentiment, as well as an intellectual analysis of the total situation; however, because the poem represents good history, it remains realistic.

Benet tries to remain detached from partisanship; however, the poem seems spiritually northern. The commercialism of the North, and the brittle romance of the South are mingled by a master in a brilliant array of sweet and sour, rough and tumble. The theme is civil strife, and John Brown is the symbol. The poem glorifies no hero, as do traditional epics. Action progresses through swiftly shifting episodes. Benet's episodic device allows a mingling of historical and fictional characters. Word pictures of Abraham Lincoln and John Brown are vivid and verisimilar. Equal vigor is applied in describing and portraying fictional characters. This looseness of the episodic structure allows for change in meter and mood; for interchange of prose and verse.

Benet wrote John Brown's Body to show America that history is not just a recitation of names and dates, but of the struggles of millions of people through war and peace, of their failures and successes, of their desires to build a nation together. He presents a montage of events; he presents actions and reactions. For example, John Brown performs an act of violence in Maryland which provokes Jack Ellyat to react one way in Connecticut and Clay Wingate to react another way in Georgia. One action sets off a chain of reactions which unifies the episodic structure into a meaningful whole.

The progress of the war is seen through the eyes of many characters, both real and fictional. The preparation for war by the leaders of the Confederacy and the Union are accurate representations. Jack Ellyat and

Clay Wingate are fictional characters, but their depicted responses to the call of duty in the northern and southern causes, respectively, are as realistic as the actual historical event which provoked their reaction. The poet displayed the struggle, the flash of hope, despair, victory and defeat through the eyes of Lincoln. Preservation of the Union is the end and all of his being. Conversely, Melora Villas, Mary Lou Wingate, and Sally Dupre see the war only as an obstruction to their personal well-being. Benet presents the Civil War as a struggle based on high principles, long standing beliefs, and bitter resentment, but he does not fail to involve people who interpret the war egoistically.

II. THE PLAY

In 1952, Charles Laughton adapted John Brown's Body for theatrical presentation. This was the first completed attempt at the task. To condense the eight books into a working theatrical vehicle was a tremendous task. Characters had to be dropped, minor ideas deleted, and long passages cut down in words but not in ideas. All of this was accomplished by the "keen eye and keener ear" of Charles Laughton.¹¹ The epic poem, turned play, opened in New York on February 16, 1953, at the Century Theater, after slowly moving from the West Coast in a cross-country tour. The New York run of the play extended to sixty-five performances. Members of the cast were Judith Anderson, Raymond Massey and Tyrone Power.

Vogue magazine hailed the production as "swinging, knock-out theatre".¹

¹¹Eric Bentley, "On the Sublime," The New Republic, Vol. 128 (March 2, 1953), p. 23.

¹²Vogue, Vol. 121 (February, 1953), pp. 185-186.

A Saturday Review of Literature critic reported that "as a director his [Laughton's] instinct is as unerring as the taste and wisdom he has shown in cutting and arranging Benet's long epic poem to suit the theatre's needs."¹³ Mr. Laughton had added to Benet's spoken words a choir "to sing the battle songs and love songs, to speak in unison and to make assorted noises."¹⁴ Original words of the songs contained in the poem were set to music by Walter Schumann, who also directed the choir. Newsweek lauded the producer, Paul Gregory, "who made theatre history two seasons ago [1951] when he launched the First Drama Quartette--Shaw's Don Juan in Hell--demonstrating that the American theatre had found a new dimension and a new purpose."¹⁵

The method of presentation was new but no longer novel, as it was preceded by the Drama Quartette with which it was to be constantly compared. "Presented as a kind of elegant Chautauqua reading, the stage version dispenses with the usual paraphernalia of the theater."¹⁶ Many called it a reading; some called it acting; but in either case it was presented without scenery or period costume on a stage furnished with only a balustrade and chairs behind three microphones.

The opening night New York Critics were unanimous in their praise of the show, although some praise was qualified. Walter Kerr said, "They have gone beyond simple illustration into exciting antiphonal clash."¹⁷ The New York World-Telegram and Sun's William Hawkins said, "This work is staged so

¹³Saturday Review of Literature, Vol. 36 (March 14, 1953) pp. 34-35.

¹⁴Stephen Vincent Benet, John Brown's Body (New York: Dramatists Play Service, 1961), p. 5.

¹⁵Newsweek, Vol. 40 (November 24, 1952), p. 88.

¹⁶Brooks Atkinson, "At the Theatre," New York Times (February 16, 1953) as reproduced in New York Theatre Critics' Reviews, Vol. 14 (1953), p. 359.

¹⁷Walter Kerr, "John Brown's Body," Herald Tribune (February 16, 1953), as reproduced ibid., p. 358.

nothing interferes with the poet's phrases, in their primary function of inciting you, the listener, to create image after image of your own."¹⁸ Brooks Atkinson's review contained the statement, "John Brown's Body is a work of art, not only in print, but in the theatre."¹⁹

However, not all reviews agreed with the opening night critics in New York. The Nation reporter, Harold Clurman, stated, "It is highly respectable literary gloss on traditional memories and ready made reactions. It has no real story and no true characters. Its pathos depends on its associations, not on what it creates itself."²⁰ Time agreed in stating, "...what is missing is artistic distinction. There is not Don Juan's fine welding of style and showmanship: all the concealed dramatic art that lay behind an ostensible mere reading. Thus far John Brown's Body has not forged a unified style at all."²¹ A New Yorker critic said, "...it is not a piece of quite sufficient stature to merit such stately and even almost worshipful treatment. The verse is forced and too predictable. The images are literary and complex instead of sharp and evocative. The chanted songs are added to give a more pretentious air."²²

As the reviews died away, lines to the ticket windows formed. The world of make-believe seems to be dependent somewhat on the realism of the box office. John Brown's Body was an immediate box office success, indicating that the American public, perhaps bored with too much movie and stage realism, was delighted to accept a theatre that relies heavily on imagination.

¹⁸William Hawkins, "John Brown Grips Imagination," New York World Telegram and The Sun (February 16, 1953) as reproduced ibid., p. 358

¹⁹Atkinson, loc. cit.

²⁰The Nation, Vol. 176, (February 28, 1953), p. 193.

²¹Time, Vol. 60 (December 22, 1953), p. 55.

²²New Yorker, Vol. 29 (February 21, 1953), pp. 55-56.

CHAPTER III

PROCEDURES

Conception of the Play. When the writer first examined the script of John Brown's Body, he found that it offered a unique challenge. Although set during the Civil War, the play did not call for the employment of the usual scenery or period costume. With nine major characters involved, parts were written for only three persons, two men and a woman. A feeling of dramatic struggle—not between individual characters but between two groups of people against a common background—came with the writer's repeated readings of the play. From the initial and repeated reading of the play, a desire to interpret the struggle, with all its implications, was generated in the writer.

In place of scenery and costumes, Curtis Canfield, who had adapted the play from Benet's poem, had added intense characterization and moving music. This writer could visualize an almost bare stage with actors of contrasting voice and appearance moving about on stage with magnificence and authority, aided by a choir, whose function would be to establish the feeling and mood of the quickly shifting scenes.

Conception of Characters. The writer first considered the characters in terms of voices. Usually, one of the first characteristics sought in cast selection is that of physical appearance. It is important that young people look like young people in physical appearance, and that old people have the stereotyped appearance of old people. However, in preconceiving the cast of John Brown's Body, the writer thought first of voice. The voices wanted were not of a particular type, but voices with melodious tones, deep quality

and a sure flexibility. The latter was considered very important because of the demands of character changes placed upon the actor by the script.

This is not to imply that appearance is not important. Ideally, the characters of Clay Wingate and Jack Ellyat would require an actor whose appearance personifies strength and integrity. The women characters offer such diversification of types that it is highly improbable one actress could be capable physically, without the aid of make-up, to meet the demands that range from a sixteen year old girl to a mature woman in her fifties. Therefore, it would appear understandable that voice quality be paramount in character selection.

Conception of Style. The most unconventional part of John Brown's Body is the style of acting demanded by the script. The writer noted that in reading, listening, and viewing the play (as mentioned in Chapter I), the presentations were consistently objective. The term objective, as it applies here, means that the actors view the characters and the events as apart from self-consciousness. It is a method that conveys a distant and impersonal feeling to the audience, helping to point up a particular style, as in a reading.

The subjective method is the reverse. It provides the actor with an emotional approach, giving the events and the characters involved in those events a reality. This style conveys a feeling of involvement on the part of the audience. The writer believed a more subjective approach would enhance the audience's appreciation and understanding of the play. It was, therefore, the intention of the writer to direct the play to bring out the emotional content and character involvement by employing the subjective approach.

Selecting the Cast. The first step in the process of selecting a cast was taken before the writer arrived on campus for the 1961 summer session. Letters were sent to six individuals whose names were suggested by Professor H. V. Ketchum of the speech department. These persons were requested to indicate by return mail their willingness to participate in the production of John Brown's Body. The writer received only one reply. These letters were not sent in an attempt to eliminate open try-outs, but to generate interest in them.

Open reading dates were posted June 14, 1961, on the various appropriate bulletin boards of the campus. On the first day of readings, six women and one man appeared. On the second day of open readings, a total of four persons appeared—three women and one man. The three roles of the play were cast, using the two men who had read and one of the women. The play then went into rehearsal.

The rehearsal proceeded without incident until the fourth day when one of the men, because of personal problems, asked to be released from the play. This action placed the show, then twenty-three days from production date, in jeopardy. Rehearsals continued, however, with the director reading one of the men's roles. The director asked several students to read. Some accepted, but none seemed to fill the director's requirements for an actor who could offer contrast to the other actors already selected and working on their roles.

Twenty-one days away from production, the director decided to take the open role, and Professor Ketchum consented to participate more actively as production supervisor. In fairness to the requirements of this type of thesis, it should be understood that the original blocking completed by the director was left intact, and that he continued to handle all

staging, lighting, costuming, and publicity. These activities were also under the supervision of Professor Ketchum.

Rehearsal Schedule. A rehearsal schedule was established before readings were held. The incident of the recasting of the male role caused a necessary revision in the schedule. Copies of both the original and revised schedules are to be found in the Appendix.

Scenes and acts of the play were analyzed with regard to continuity and ease of thought before the original schedule was divided into four parts, corresponding with the number of weeks available for rehearsal. The first section of twenty-six pages was to be committed to memory by June 26th. The completed first act was to be memorized by June 29th. Memorization of the third section, through page sixty-two, was set for July 3rd, and the complete play was to be memorized by July 6th. This schedule allowed the actors one full week to polish their performances. The revised schedule called for ten pages to be memorized every third day. This still allowed enough time for smoothing out of lines and interpretations.

Special Effects. There were two inclusions in the script that may be referred to as special effects. The first was the use of a choir. This production would have been less effective without the choral contribution in the area of mood and dynamics. The music was so composed by Fenno Heath that it served to establish mood in some places and helped gain the dramatic climax in others.

In addition to singing, the choir chanted in unison, utilizing the style of the Greek chorus in their use of stichomythic delivery, in which the chorus and cast alternate in the delivery of consecutive lines within

the play. Choral comments about the characters and events, together with provision of vocal sound effects--drums, bugles, marching feet--added immensely to the over-all mood of the show. Since the writer has a limited knowledge of choral directing, Miss Mary Maude Moore, of the college Music Department, consented to direct the choir.

The second special effect was the use of a dancing couple to bring visual image to verbal exposition. The dancers appeared three times in the production--twice in the first scene and at the beginning of act two.

Philosophy of Production. As previously stated, the Canfield adaptation of John Brown's Body required a departure from the conventional theatrical production. Realism in the usual theatre appointments--scenery, period costume, made-up--were impracticable because of the stringent requirements placed by Laughton and then Canfield on the virtuosity of the actor. It is impossible for three actors to enact the Civil War realistically using the confining paraphernalia of the realistic stage. Consequently, a style of presentation had to be used that allowed the actor to change from one character to another without changing his physical appearance. A reading style was established by Laughton, and followed by Canfield, as the most effective method of presenting this episodic dramatization. Here again, the writer believed, in accordance with his philosophy of directing, that a subjective approach was imperative, although in direct conflict with all other experiences with the script known by the writer. Since the conventional forms were not appropriate for this production, some form of staging had to be devised.

Staging the Play. The staging used for this adaptation of John Brown's Body can best be described as a reading presentation; however, it departs

from that style by the concentration on the characters and their involvements instead of concentration on the method of presentation. To focus attention on the actors and the spoken word, instead of the grandeur of a set, only three areas of an almost empty stage were employed. The first area, in upper left stage, was set with three large highbacked chairs which were used by the actors when not engaged in a scene or contributing to a specific stage picture. At center stage, in the second area, was a bench, from which most of the interior action within the play was blocked. The third area was upper right stage, where a large three-step riser was placed, allowing the director to use different levels in creating his stage pictures.

Another departure in the staging was the placement of the choir, which had originally been placed on the stage in full view of the audience. However, the director and supervisor agreed that a rewarding variation would result in placing the choir in the balcony of the auditorium. Too, this arrangement allowed the volunteer choir to use a score during performance and eliminated the necessity of costuming the choir members.

By freeing the area of the stage originally assigned to the choir, the director was able to incorporate more area for the blocking of dramatic action. The director, in keeping with the philosophy of directing previously stated, incorporated into the play both movement of a sweeping, elevating nature, and strong, masculine crosses of direct action. The additional area also allowed the director to use specific pools of light instead of less effective general light.

Lighting the Set. The lighting of the almost bare stage deserves considerable attention. First, it must be stated that the auditorium at Hays, Kansas, is not equipped to handle a much more elaborate light plot than

is necessary for most comedies. The reference of this statement is that all subtle light comes from directly above the stage and is limited to the area behind the proscenium. This eliminated spotlighting. Any specific soft lighting for a downstage position is almost impossible. In effect, then, the effective stage area is limited in both a lighting and blocking sense.

The director's interpretation of the Canfield adaptation required that lighting be used to establish mood, because of his use of a subjective approach without benefit of contributing scenery and costuming. Thus, the lighting was an essential feature in this production, subservient, of course, to the actor.

The general lighting consisted of only overhead borders. Whites, blues, and reds hung in three rows parallel with the proscenium. These were used at an intensity of five (using a scale of ten on the dimmer) in the first two rows and four in the back row. Balcony spots were not used for either general or specific lighting because of the intense shadows created.

The specific lighting consisted of Fresnel lights hung on a pipe batten immediately behind the proscenium opening and running parallel to it. Five light areas were selected and each was lighted from either side of the area, using amber gelatins. As two of the pools were located in downstage positions, the light source was almost directly overhead, it was impossible to remove all of the facial shadows. This writer found the effect interesting; however, his opinion was not shared by all who viewed the performance. The five light areas were all controlled from the master dimmer located on stage right. These were used at varying intensities through the play.

The light cues were exhaustive. All lights, both general and specific, were on a master dimmer; but were not set on the board in a proper relationship for this show. Such a physical problem could not be remedied. Several hands were needed to establish one effect. Chris Cunningham and Ken Ruder, the light crew, did a commendable job in handling and timing the numerous cues.

Costuming the Play. In most productions costuming is a major source of concern, and one which offers many challenges. In John Brown's Body costume concerns were held to a minimum. The cast was costumed in formal attire.

Actress "C", Mrs. Dirks, wore a brilliant turquoise gown of embossed, textured rayon. It was cut in long lines of elegance. The sleeves were long, accenting a scooped neck and a flowing skirt cut in biased gores. The gown was complemented by a matching chiffon stole about the shoulders. Miss Smith, the dancer who appeared briefly, wore a ball gown of chartreuse trimmed in moss green that framed the shoulders in a low decolletage. Actor "A", Mr. Samples; Actor "B", Mr. Childers; and the dancer, Mr. Harrison, were all attired in black formal dress. The women's gowns were designed and made by Reta Samples. The men's attire was rented from the Quality Cleaners, Hays, Kansas.

Formal dress was selected for this production in an effort to make the visual aspect as objective as possible. It would be difficult for the actors to find a costume suitable for each of the many characters which they portrayed. Each actor was thus presented in a conventional form of dress not associated with any particular type or person. This mode of dress did, however, lend a certain brilliance and air of excitement.

Make-up. Another phase of the production that is usually given a great deal of time and planning is make-up. If the director does not do this, the actor usually does.

In harmonizing with the objective style of the physical part of the production, make-up was used only as an enhancing factor for the actor. That is to say, it was applied in a slightly heavier-than-usual look. This, of course, eliminated base, liner for character, and other efforts at character style. Eye-liner was the only make-up used by the men, while line, light rouge and lipstick were used by the women. The desired effect of a complement to the individual was achieved.

House Management. This function in most educational theatres is a matter of routine; it was for John Brown's Body. A staff member from the college business office handled the selling of tickets. None of the seats were reserved. The theatre was opened at 7:15 p.m. for general admission.

Programs of an original design were distributed by four young girls in Centennial dress. The girls, Janett Zechmeister, Glenda Morris, Peggy Breitenbach, and Ruth Spencer added to the desired pre-curtain mood of the play.

Advertising. Advertising is the principle means of informing the public of a performance. Advertising for John Brown's Body was started early in the life of the production.

The most unique and individual advertising was sent out in the form of four hundred formally printed invitations. These were prepared by the college print shop and sent by the director to persons thought to be interested in theatre and persons especially interested in theatre on the centennial theme.

The other usual forms of advertising were employed. Articles appeared in the State College Leader and the Hays Daily News. Releases were sent by the publications department of the college to area newspapers and television stations. Posters were placed in appropriate locations, both on the campus and downtown. The posters were of two kinds, printed and free hand originals.

CHAPTER IV

EVALUATION AND RECOMMENDATIONS

The testing of the hypotheses put forth in Chapter III of this paper took place on July 19 and 20, at the Hays High School Auditorium when John Brown's Body was publicly presented. First, a deviation from the original problem must be explained. As stated in Chapter III, the director, turned actor, was not in a position to observe the production objectively. As an actor it was impossible to view the stage in any other role; therefore, the writer will rely on the critical observations made by Professors Ketchum and Herndon, which appear at the end of this chapter.

The writer's first evaluation is in the area of casting, as it is here that the first problems were encountered. After the play had been cast with three competent actors, it was necessary to replace one of them. A search was started for another actor to carry the available heavy role; none could be found that could easily fit into the production. It was necessary to use a mature actor, because the two people already cast were both physically and vocally mature. This proved an impossible task. The recasting of Actress "C" with a younger actress was considered, but the idea was abandoned as impractical and the role of Actor "A" was assumed by the director.

This writer believes that one of the most frustrating problems encountered in directing a summer production is in casting. The academic climate during the summer session is such that obtaining a cast is very difficult. The writer believes this condition should be a governing one in play selection for a summer production.

Because the writer appeared as an actor, the evaluations that follow refer to the two other actors in the production. It was fortunate that two such capable actors were secured, especially since the number trying out was small. Both actors have had considerable experience on the amateur stage and brought a freshness to the production.

Even with a competence of acting, memorizing the script was found to be difficult. It was believed at the outset of the production that a script of poetry would be easy to memorize because of the rhyme. This was false. The lines were written with an ear for poetry, certainly not an ease of thought. A rhythm had to be maintained, yet not accented into a vocal pattern. A purity of diction had to be adhered to, so as not to spoil any of the verbal images necessary for an enhanced appreciation of the play. In memorizing a script, actors unconsciously take liberties with the diction by substituting or inverting the word order. It is most important that with this type of script this practice be kept at a minimum. Although the cast made a noble effort to remain true to the script, several discrepancies found their way into the mouths of the actors.

It is also important that actors remember blocking. It is this pre-arranged movement that creates effective stage pictures. For the most part, this was adequately handled; however, specifically, Actor "B" had a difficult time with the actor centered problem. He would, at times, move in completely undirected moves. The other actors on stage would have to move also to maintain stage balance. Here again, limitation was felt by the writer who had to be on stage for the entire production. It should be pointed out that in Canfield's John Brown's Body, all three actors remain on the stage for the entire production. This is both an unconventional and tiring device. By being on stage the entire production, the director

could not gain the proper perspective. Observations on this point are made by Dr. Herndon in her criticism found at the end of this chapter.

As a result of the experience of this writer in function as actor-director in John Brown's Body, he would like to submit the recommendation that no graduate student be permitted, under any circumstances, to act in his own thesis play. The task surpasses the limitations of time and distorts his ability to evaluate the production.

The third area of evaluation is in the staging of the production. It is to be remembered that the choir was placed in the balcony. The audience reaction to this, as judged through comments to the cast and director, was favorable. It was observed by the writer that by placing the choir off the stage, there was nothing lost from the choral effect, while much was gained in the area of blocking. One of the adverse effects was a loss of sharp cue pick-up on the part of the choir in their spoken lines. The distance between the choir and the stage was the major contributing factor for this weakness. The choir was at its best while singing. The spoken lines from the chorus suffered from lack of force and variety in the men's voices.

One of the easier elements of the staging was the costuming, which was executed as planned. The gowns were made by Reta Samples and were striking in their color and simplicity. The somber tones of the men's formal attire helped to establish the proper emotional tone. The limited use of make-up was in keeping with the pre-designed total picture. It was unobtrusive, yet effective.

In summary, this writer would like to state that many new concepts were formed and experiences gained during the rehearsal and production of John Brown's Body which will be useful to him throughout his directing career.

CRITIQUE OF JOHN BROWN'S BODY

Stephen Vincent Benet's epic poem, John Brown's Body, is brought vividly to life by three Fort Hays State students and an a capella choir directed by Mary Maude Moore. Each student is required to play many roles. This, in itself, poses a difficult problem. All characters portrayed must be different, and there are no costume nor make-up changes to help the actors. It must be done with body positions and with vocal variety. This task is well-accomplished by all of the actors.

Martha Dirks brings brilliance to her roles of Melora Vilas, a young girl; Mary Lou Wingate, a Southern aristocrat; and Lucy Wetherby, a callous, young Southern coquette. Mrs. Dirks' voice is expressive and flexible, and she is completely believable in all the roles. She captures her audience with her first words and holds them until her final line.

James Childers is to be commended for his characterizations of Cudjo, the Negro slave, and for his extremely sensitive portrayal of Lincoln. Childers captures the rhythm that Cudjo has in his speech and the passage in which Lincoln asks God to reveal His will to him in the emotional high spot of the whole drama. He does this second character with beautiful restraint and with deep feeling.

Bill Samples, who serves as actor, part-director and technical director, reveals his acting talent in his descriptive passages and in the characterization Bailey, a not too-gentle Northern soldier.

The choir adds much to the total effect of the drama. The singing serves as beautiful sound support to some of the lyrical passages of the drama; the sounds of the bugle, the marching feet, the calling back and

forth of the soldiers add much richness to the production. The solos sung by Margaret Willson and Dale Patterson also contribute to its excellence.

A bit of dancing done by Janet Smith and Clell Harrison adds a note of grace and movement to a presentation which, by its very nature, is rather static.

The sometimes effective but often distracting lighting and the excessive heat in the auditorium are the only elements which prevent John Brown's Body from being one of the best productions to be presented by the students of Fort Hays State. However, the play has such exciting moments, and, as it does depict the most "anguishing hour" of our country's existence, it is this reviewer's opinion that all those who are interested in capturing the spirit of a hundred years ago see this production. It is to be presented tonight and tomorrow evening in the Hays High School Auditorium.*

H. V. Ketchum (signed)

*As appeared in The Hays Daily News, (July 18, 1961) p 2.

CRITIQUE OF JOHN BROWN'S BODY

The production thesis has been a fruitful experience among other graduates; this one was equally successful. Innovations introduced by the director were basically to give life to the mellifluous lines of poetry by building an interpretation with voice and body of living characters from the past. Each actor created several believable persons. The first male actor effectively portrayed the young mate, uncomfortable in the presence of African kings, nonplused at the Captain's fanaticism. The same actor's Gudjo, loyal Negro servant, a blend of dependability, gaiety, and cunning evaluation of his "white folks" was a delightful character. In contrast to these were his historic John Brown and President Lincoln, each a vignette as true to character as an 1861 daguerreotype. His Lincoln was a masterly creation--the ungainly walk, the high pitched voice, the very human responses toward himself, the great determination to save the nation. The second male actor was equally successful with the Northern soldiers, Ellyat and Bailey. His Southern youth was a shadowy soldier compared to the others. The woman created believable and beautifully contrasted characterizations. Her Southern women were each clear cut and clearly recognized in the swift interchange of parts. Thus, the director brought to life in an electric performance a rather static play.

The stage pictures were effective, the blocking unobtrusive, the lighting adequate. Had the director not had to play a role in the play, I believe the movement would have been smoother with fewer long poses upstage. Having seen the original New York cast and a civic theatre

production of this before, I can say that I think this quite as good theatre as they and far more dynamic and exciting. The other support from music and dancing was adequate and not distracting.

This was a creditable production worthy of Mr. Sample's talents and reflected the influence of capable instructors in directing and acting.

Geneva Herndon

JOHN BROWN'S BORN

(Note: All directions in this text are from the point of view of the actors facing the audience. L. means Stage Left, R. means Stage Right.)

The three Principals enter from L. "A" crosses below front of stage. "B" and "C" sit in chairs U. L. C.

ACTOR A.

Good evening ladies and gentlemen

You shall see and hear tonight a somewhat unusual production. JOHN BROWN'S BORN, as you know, is not a play in the conventional sense, but an epic poem. We'll simply take the poet's words and give them the benefit of period costumes or realistic scenery as'll suit you. We'll let the nature of the personalities that move through the work. The poetry and music alone will **DIRECTOR'S SCRIPT** come to the aid of your imagination of the vast tragic vision which Stephen Vincent Benét laid out for us at the most exciting moment in its history.

This epic, like others of its type, is a series of scenes dealing with some aspects of life against a single historical background. In this case the Civil War. The stories of its two sides, North and South, are the North and his counterpart, they struggle for the same things which hold the work together. Many people, both men and women, will crowd our stage. It may help you keep things straight to remember that the heroines emerge, Malvina Wilkes and Sally Dugan, and each is eventually bound up in the lives of the two heroes.

(Chorus enter from R. and stand behind the principals.)

Now we have a Chorus, to sing the entire work, to give us a sense of the whole, to speak in unison and to raise unobtrusive voices.

Introduction.)

JOHN BROWN'S BODY

(Note: All directions in this text are from the point of view of the actors facing the audience. L. means Stage Left. R. means Stage Right.)

The three Principals enter from L. "A" crosses below bench to Center stage. "B" and "C" sit in chairs U. L. C.

ACTOR A.

Good evening ladies and gentlemen:

You shall see and hear tonight a somewhat unusual production. For JOHN BROWN'S BODY, as you know, is not a play in the conventional sense, but an epic poem. We'll simply take the poet's words and without the benefit of period costumes or realistic scenery we'll try to disclose the nature of the personalities that move through the work. By speech and music alone we shall endeavor to bring home to you at least a part of the vast tragic vision which Stephen Vincent Benet had of our country at the most agonizing moment in its history.

This epic, like others of its type, is a series of poems dealing with many aspects of life against a single historical background, in this case the Civil War. The stories of its two heroes, Jack Ellyat from the North and his counterpart, Clay Wingate from the south, are the threads which hold the work together. Many people, both real and imaginary, will crowd our stage. It may help you keep things straight to remember that two heroines emerge, Melora Vilas and Sally Dupre--and their lives are eventually bound up in the lives of the two heroes.

(Chorus enter from R. and stand before their seats.)

Now we have a Chorus, to sing the battle-songs and love-songs, to speak in unision and to make assorted noises. (Principals rise when introduced.)

(Chorus sits. Actor "A" steps forward.)

Just one more thing, a word or two about the author. Stephen Vincent Benet lived at one time or another in many parts of the United States. Yet he wrote this, his greatest work, abroad. It seems that when a writer leaves his homeland, his nostalgia grows, and he is moved to write about his own country. Stephen Vincent Benet wrote JOHN BROWN'S BODY in Paris. This is what he says about himself and his intentions--

ACTOR A.

(MUSIC CUE # 1.)

This flesh was seeded from no foreign grain
But Pennsylvania and Kentucky wheat,
And it has soaked in California rain
And five years tempered in New England sleet,

To strive at last, against an alien proof
And by the changes of an alien moon,
To build again that blue, American roof
Over a half-forgotten battle-tune

And call unsurely, from a haunted ground,
Armies of shadows and the shadow-sound.

(He crosses up to Right of Right chair.)

(SEGUE TO MUSIC CUE #2.)

Chorus. (Sung.)

Captain Ball was a Yankee slaver
Blow, blow, blow the man down
He traded in niggers and loved his Savior
Give me some time to blow the man down.

ACTRESS C. (Cross to below L. of bench.)

The Captain closed the Bible carefully, putting it down as if his fingers loved it.

Then he turned.

"Mr. Mate."

ACTOR B. (Cross to below R. of bench.)

"Yes, sir."

ACTRESS C.

"I think, while this weather lasts
We'd better get them on deck as much as we can.
They keep better that way. Besides, he added, unsmiling,
"She's begun to stink already. Well. The trade he said,
"The trade's no damn perfume-shop."

ACTOR B.

"I'm afraid we'll lose some more of the women, said the mate.

ACTRESS C.

"Well, they're a scratch lot," said the skipper,
"Any sickness?"

ACTOR B.

"Just the usual, sir."

ACTRESS C.

"The Lord is merciful," said the skipper. (Faces front.)
His voice was wholly sincere--an old ship's bell
Hung in the steeple of a meeting-house. (Turns right.)
"Well, you'd better take another look-see. Mr. Mate."

ACTOR B.

(MUSIC CUE #3.)

Lantern in hand, the mate went down to the hold.

(Cross D. R. 3 steps.)

Each time he went he had a trick of trying
To shut the pores of his body against the stench,
By force of will, by thinking of salt and flowers,
But it was always useless.

He kept thinking:

When I get home, when I get a bath and clean food,
When I get my shore-clothes on, and one of those shirts
Out of the linen-closet that smells of lavender,
Will my skin smell black even then, will my skin smell black?

The mate made himself stare till the eyes dropped.
Then he turned back to the companionway. (Turn left.)

(END MUSIC CUE #3.)

His forehead was hot and sweaty. He wiped it off,
But then the rough cloth of his sleeve smelt black.

ACTRESS C.

The captain shut the Bible as he came in.
"Well, Mister Mate?"

ACTOR B. (Cross back to below R. of bench.)

(MUSIC CUE #4.)

"All quiet, sir."

ACTRESS C.

The captain
Looked at him sharply. "Sit down," he said in a bark,
(~~Actor B sits R. side of bench.~~) *Sit on D.L. corner*
You're young for this trade, Mister, and that's a fact.
I get my sailing-orders from the Lord."
He touched the Bible. "And it's down there, Mister,
Down there in black and white--the sons of Ham--
Bondservants--sweat of their brows." His voice
trailed off into texts. "I tell you, Mister," he said fiercely,
"The pay's good pay, but it's the Lord's work, too.
"We're spreading the Lord's seed--spreading his seed--"
His hand made the outflung motion of a sower

(Cross to D. L. of bench.)

And the mate, staring, seemed to hear the slight
Patter of fallen seeds on fertile ground,
Black, shining seeds, robbed from a black kings' storehouse,
Falling and falling on American earth. (~~Sits L. side of bench.~~) X 2 *Stairs*

(MUSIC CUE #5.)

CHORUS. (Soloist rises.)

Oh Lordy Je-sus
Won't you come and find me?
They put me in jail, Lord,
Way down in the jail.
Won't you send me a pro-phet
Just one of your prophets
Like Moses and Aaron,
To get me some bail? (Soloist sits.)

CHORUS. (Spoken.)

Horses of anger trampling, horses of anger,
Trampling beyond the sky in ominous cadence,
Beat of the heavy hooves like metal on metal,
Trampling something down. . . .

ACTOR A. (~~Crossing to U. C. of bench.~~) X 2 Bench, sit C

Jack Ellyat had been out all day, alone
Except for his new gun and Ned, the setter,
The old wise dog with Autumn in his eyes,
Who stepped the fallen leaves so delicately
They barely rustled.

He'd meant to hunt,
But let the gun rest on his shoulder.

It was
enough to feel the cool air of the last of Indian summer
Blowing continually across his cheek.

(Sits on bench, twisting around to face front.)
Jack Ellyat felt the turning of the year
Stir in his blood like drowsy fiddle-music,--
And knew that he was glad to be Connecticut-born.

(Puts left foot on bench.)
So, with his back against a tree, he stared
At the pure, golden feathers in the West
Until the sunset flowed into his heart.
There was a fairy hush.

Then something broke the peace.

(CHORUS--WIND EFFECT.)

ACTRESS C. (Attentive, listening.)

Like wind it was, the flutter of rising wind,
But then it grew until it was the rushing
Of winged stallions, distant and terrible.
Trampling beyond the sky.

ACTOR B. (~~Rising to R. of bench.~~) X 2 L

Meanwhile, in Concord, Emerson and Thoreau
Talked of an ideal state, so purely framed
It could never exist.

Meanwhile in Boston
Minister Higginson and Dr. Howe
Waited for news about a certain project
That had to do with pikes and Harper's Ferry.

Meanwhile, in Georgia Clay Wingate dreamed.

(Crosses up to U. R. of Actor A.) X behind bench
Clay was happy and young, he was strong and stout,
His body was hard to weary out.
When he thought of life, he thought of a shout.

ACTRESS C. (Rises. Backs L. to L. of bench.)

Settled more than a hundred year
By the river and county of St. Xavier,
The Wingates held their ancestry
As high as Taliaferro or Huger,
Maryland Carroll, and Virginia Lee.

ACTOR B.

Clay Wingate's face looked lucky enough
To anyone that had seen him then,
Riding back through the Georgia Fall
To the white-pillared porch of Wingate Hall.
(Crosses up to R. of R. chair.)

(MUSIC CUE #6.)

ACTOR A.

Fall of the 'possum, fall of the 'coon
And the lop-eared hound-dog baying the moon.
Fall that is neither bitter no swift
But a brown girl bearing an idle gift,
(Rising, crosses above bench to R. of it.)

A smokiness so vague in the air
You feel it rather than see it there,
A brief, white rime on the red clay road
(Crosses to below ~~of~~ of bench.)

And slow mules creaking a lazy load
(BEGIN "PLINKA-PLINK" OF CUE #6.)

Through endless acres of afternoon,
A pine-cone fire and a banjo-tune,
And a julep mixed with a silver spoon.
(END "PLINKA-PLINK" AND RESUME HUMMING.)

This was his Georgia, this his share
Of pine and river and sleepy air,
Of summer thunder and winter rain
For, wherever the winds of Georgia run,
It smells of peaches long in the sun.
And the white wolf-winter, hungry and froze,
(Crossing to D. L. of bench.)

Can prowl the North by a frozen door. (Faces front.)
But here we have fed him on bacon-fat,
And he sleeps by the stove like a lazy cat.
(Crosses to L. twomore steps.)

Here Christmas stops at everyone's house
With a job of molasses and green, young boughs,
And the little New Year, the weaklin' one,
Can lie outdoors in the noonday sun,
Blowin' the fluff from a turkey-wing
At skies already haunted with Spring--
Oh, Georgia . . . Georgia--! *X to chair, sit*

I hear her sighing corn again,
 I smell her prairie-sky,
 And I remember five dead men
 By Pottawattomie. (Rising.)
 And if we live, we free the slave,
 And if we die, we die.
 But God has digged His saints a grave
 Beyond the western sky.

ACTOR B. (Backing two steps.)

Get up, get up, my hardy sons,
 From this time forth we are
 No longer men, but pikes and guns
 In God's advancing war.

ACTRESS C.

Brown's raiders reached the Maryland bridge of Harper's Ferry X *D. L.*
 That Sunday night. There were twenty-two in all.
 Nineteen were under thirty, three not twenty-one.
 They tied up the watchmen and took the rifleworks.
 The John Brown sent a raiding party away
 To fetch in Colonel Washington from his farm.
 The Colonel was George Washington's great-great grandnephew--
 They captured him and brought him along
 Processionally.
 On the way, they told the Washington slaves they were free.
 A few came back with the band and were given pikes,
 And, when John Brown was watching, pretended to mount
 A slipshod guard over the prisoner.
 But, when he had walked away, they put down their pikes.
 It didn't seem right to play at guarding the Colonel.

ACTOR A. (Crossing in to D. L. end of bench.) X *D. C. Bench*

It was Patrick Higgins' turn. He was the night-watchman
 Of the Maryland bridge, a tough little Irishman.
 He came humming his way to his job.

"Halt!" ordered a voice.

He got away with a bullet-crease in his scalp
 And watched the incoming train. It was half-past one.

ACTRESS C.

A moment later, a man named Shepherd Heyward,
 Free negro, baggage-master of the station,
 Came looking for Higgins.

ACTOR A.

"Halt!" called the voice again,
But he kept on, not hearing or understanding,
A rifle cracked.
He fell by the station platform, gripping his belly.

ACTOR B. (Cross one step down.)

Brown didn't know at first that the first man dead
By the sword he had thought of so often as Gideon's sword,
Was one of the race he had drawn that sword to free.

ACTOR A.

So the night wore away, indecisive and strange.
The raiders stuck by the arsenal.
Meanwhile, there was casual firing.

ACTRESS C.

Meanwhile, the train *X. V. C. Bench*
Passed over the bridge to carry its wild news
Of abolition-devils sprung from the ground
To pillage Harper's Ferry with fire and sword.
The alarm-bell in Charlestown clangled.

ACTOR A.

In a dozen,
A score of sleepy, neighboring towns *X. S. L.*
The small bell clangled.

CHORUS.

The Jefferson guards fell in.
The militia assembled.

ACTOR B.

God knows why John Brown lingered!

ACTOR A.

The firing was now constant.

ACTOR B.

Twice Brown sent
Asking a truce.

ACTOR A.

The second time there went X. U. C.
 Stevens and Watson Brown, two of his men,
 With a white flag. There was a shot from a window.
 Stevens fell in the gutter horribly wounded.
 Watson Brown crawled back to the engine house
 That was the final fort.

ACTRESS C. (Crossing one step down.)

A Mr. Brua, one of Brown's prisoners,
 Strolled out from the unguarded prison-room
 Into the bullets, lifted Stevens up.
 Carried him over to the old hotel
 Called the Wager House, got a doctor for him,--

Lifting up the dirty, bloody body of the man
 Who stood for everything he most detested,--
 And slowly carrying him through casual wasps
 Of death to the flyspecked but sunny room
 In the old hotel. And then, incredibly,
 Going back to jail.

ACTOR B.

Fontaine Beckham, major of the town,
 Went to look at Heyward's body.

ACTRESS C.

He had been major of the town for a dozen years, Sit
 And now they were killing people, here in his town.

ACTOR B.

Suddenly, the air struck him
 A stiff, breath-taking blow. "Oh," he said, astonished.
 Took a step and fell on his face, shot through the heart.

ACTRESS C. (Cross to D. R. of bench.)

Cut
 The bars had been open all day, never to better business.
 When news of Beckham's death spread from bar to bar,
 It was like putting loco-weed in the whiskey.

ACTOR A.

The armory yard
 Was taken by a band of Beckham's avengers,
 The most of Brown's prisoners freed,
 And his last escape cut off.

ACTRESS C. (Sitting R. side of bench.)

When the drunken day reeled into night,
There were left in the engine-house
Five men, alive and unwounded, of all the raiders.

ACTOR A.

Then the blackened East
Began to tarnish with a faint, grey stain,--
That caught on the fixed bayonets of the marines.
Lee of Virginia, Light Horse Harry's son,
Observed it broaden,
Wanting to get his business done.

The whooping crowd fell silent
And scattered, as a single man walked out
Toward the engine-house, a letter in his hand.
Lee watched him musingly. A good man, Stuart.
Now he was by the door and calling out.

ACTOR B. (Putting his foot up on the bench.)

The door opened a crack.

Brown's eyes were there,
Over the cold muzzle of a cocked carbine.

ACTOR A.

The parleying began, went on and on
While the crowd shivered.
The parleying was done.

The door slammed shut.
The little figure of Stuart jumped aside
Waving its cap.

And the marines came on.
(Crosses to L. end of bench.)

ACTOR B. (Hand on knee as if cradling a rifle.)

Brown watched them come. His hand was on his carbine.
"Sell your lives dear," he said.

Brown fired and missed.
A shadow with a sword leaped through the sun.
The shadow lunged.

Brown fell to his knees.

ACTOR A.

Now two marines were down.
The rest rushed in over their comrades bodies,
Pinning one man of Brown's against the wall
With bayonets, another to the floor.

ACTOR B. (Crossing to R. of bench, above it.)

Lee, on his rise of ground, shut up his watch. X U.C
 It had been just a quarter of an hour,
 Since Stuart gave the signal for the storm.
 And now it was over.

ACTRESS C. (Slowly.)

All but the long dying.

(MUSIC CUE #7.)

ACTOR A. (Sitting on ^R~~L~~ side of bench.)

Cudjo, the Negro, watched from the pantry
 The smooth glissades of the dancing gentry,
 His splay-feet tapping in time to the tune.
 (Couple enter, dancing in background.)

ACTRESS C.

While his broad face beamed like a drunken moon
 At candles weeping in crystal sconces,

ACTOR B. (As Cudjo.)

Waxed floors glowing like polished bronzes,

ACTRESS C.

Sparkles glinting on Royal Worcester
 And all the stir and color and luster.

ACTOR B. (Pointing.)

And Miss Louisa and Miss Amanda,

ACTRESS C.

With hoopshirts wide as the front veranda.

ACTOR B.

And there were the gentlemen, one and all,
 Friends and neighbors of Wingate Hall--

(END MUSIC CUE #7.)

CHORUS. (4 men.)

Hawky arrogant sons of anger
 Who rode like devils and fought like cocks,--

ACTRESS C.

And watched, with an ineffable languor
Their spoilt youth tarnish a dicing-box. (Dancers exit.)

(MUSIC OUT.)

Cudjo watched and measured and knew them,
Seeing behind and around and through them
With the shrewd, dispassionate, smiling eye
Of the old-time servant in days gone by.
He couldn't read and he couldn't write,
But he knew Quality, black or white,

CHORUS. (Men)

Yet even his master could not find
The secret place in the back of his mind.

CHORUS. (Women.)

Where witch-bones talked to a scarlet rag
And a child's voice spoke from a conjur-bag.

ACTOR B. (As Cudjo.)

Major-domo of Wingate Hall
Proud of his white folks, proud of it all.

(REPEAT MUSIC CUE #7 AND SEGUE TO MUSIC CUE #8. REPEAT A AND B CUE #8
UNTIL "DEY'S SIXTEEN THINGS I OUGHT TO BE DOIN'!")

ACTRESS C.

He looked for Clay in the dancing whirl,
There he was, coming down the line, (Indicating front.)

ACTOR B. (Crossing above bench to between A and C.)
(As Cudjo.)

Hand in hand with a dark, slim girl
Whose dress was the color of light in wine,--
Sally Dupré from Appleton.

(Dance resumed in background.)

ACTOR A.

She had the Appleton mouth, it seemed,
And the Appleton way of riding,
She could sew all day on an Appleton hem
And look like a saint in plaster,
But when the fiddles began to play
And her feet beat fast but her heart beat faster,

An alien grace inhabited them
 And she looked like her father, the dancing-master
 The scapegrace elegant, "French" Dupre,
 Come to the South on a luckless day,

ACTOR B. (Crossing to L. end of bench.)
 (As Cudjo.)

With bright paste buckles sewn on his pumps,
 And a habit of holding the ace of trumps.

ACTRESS C. (As though observing Sally on the dance-floor.)

The Appleton clan is a worthy clan
 But we remember the dancing-man.
 The girl is pretty, the girl seems wise,
 But the girl was born with her father's eyes.

ACTOR A.

A girl to be kind to, a girl we're lucky in,
 A girl to marry some nice Kentuckian,
 Some Alabaman, some Carolinian--
 In fact,

ACTRESS C. (Putting a hand on his shoulder.)

--if you ask me for my opinion,
 There are lots of boys in the Northern sections
 And some of them have quite good connections--
 She looks charmin' this evening, doesn't she?
 If she danced just a little less dashingly!

ACTOR A. (Rises. Crosses her to R. end of bench.)

She was just Sally Dupre from Appleton.

ACTRESS C.

Only she was not.

ACTOR A. (Paternaly.)

But you are Wingate of Wingate Hall.

ACTRESS C. (Faintly scornful.)

You are not caught
 Like a bee drunk with the smell of honey.

ACTOR B. (Cross to above L. of bench.)

You must talk easily on elegant subjects
 Suitable for young ladies--

ACTOR A. (Slowly. As though to himself.)

Why will she not answer the aching?

O God, to lie at her side through the darkness!

(After slight pause, he crosses up four or five steps.)

ACTRESS C. (To front.)

Cudjo watched Sally as she went by,

ACTOR B. (As Cudjo polishing an imaginary glass.) *x from C*

"She's got a light foot," thought Cudjo, "Hi!"

A light, swif' foot and a talkin' eye!

(Crosses down to below left of bench.)

But You'll need more'n dat, Miss Sally Dupre

Before you proposals with young Marse Clay.

And as soon as de fiddles finish slewin'

Dey's sixteen things I ought to be doin'.

(END MUSIC CUE #8.)

Dat trashy high-yaller, Rap Parker's Guinea,

Was sayin' some Yankee name Old John Brown

Has raised de debil, back in Virginny

And freed de niggers all over town,

How come he want to kick up such a dizziness!

Nigger-business ain't white-folks' business.

(REPEAT MUSIC CUE #1 AND END AT 8TH BAR.)

(As new music theme begins, Actor B sits L. side of bench.)

ACTOR A. (Crosses to R. end of bench.)

The nickeled lamp threw a wide yellow disk

On the red tablecloth with the tasseled fringes.

Jack Ellyat put his book down with a slight

Impatient gesture.

There was Mother knitting

The same grey end of scarf. While Father read

His same unaltered paper through the same

Old-fashioned spectacles with the worn bows.

His father turned a creaking page of paper.

ACTOR B.

"The TRIBUNE calls Brown's raid the work of a madman.

Well, they're right, But--"

ACTRESS C.

"Are they going to hang him, Will?"

ACTOR B.

"It looks that way."

ACTOR A. (Crossing down a step.)

"But, Father, when--"

ACTOR B.

"They have the right, my son,
He broke the law."

ACTRESS C. (Hand on husband's knee.)

"But, Will! You don't believe--"

ACTOR B.

"I didn't say I thought that he was wrong.
I said they had the right to hang the man, (Weightily.)
But they'll hang slavery with him."

ACTOR A.

Now it was Mother talking in a strange
Iron-bound voice he'd never heard before.

ACTRESS C. (Tensely, facing front, her eyes shut.)

"I prayed for him in church last Sunday, Will.
I pray for him at home here every night.
I don't know--I don't care--what laws he broke.
I know that he was right. I pray to God
To show the world somehow that he was right.
And break these Southern people into knowing!
And I know this--in every house and church,
All through the North--women are praying for him,
Praying for him. And God will hear those prayers."

ACTOR B. (Quietly.)

"He will, my dear,"
"But what will be His answer?"

ACTOR A. (Crossing up to ^D~~X~~ R. edge bench.)

In the cupolaed Courthouse there in Charlestown,
The jail-guards had carried in the cot
Where Brown lay, like a hawk with a broken back.
(Crosses up to chair to get book.)

ACTOR B. (Rising and crossing to ~~X~~^B. L. of bench.)

Discredited farmer, dubiously involved
In lawsuit after lawsuit,
Sincere of course, as all fanatics are,
And with a certain minor-prophet air,
That fooled the world to thinking him half-great.

(Crossing U. R. of bench.) But there is this.

Sometimes there comes a crack in Time itself.
Sometimes the earth is torn by something blind,
Call it the mores, call it God or Fate,
That force exists and moves.

(Crossing to R. end of bench.) And when it moves

It will employ a hard and actual stone
To batter into bits an actual wall
And change the actual scheme of things.

Actor "A" John Brown

Was such a stone--unreasoning as the stone,
He had no gift for life, no gift to bring
Life but his body and a cutting edge. (Pause.)
But he knew how to die.

(Indicating Actor A who crosses down to U. L. bench.)

Listen now,
Listen, the bearded lips are speaking now,
Here is the voice already fixed with night.

ACTOR ~~X~~^B. (Reading from book. As John Brown.)

In the first place I deny everything but what I
have all along admitted: of a design on my part to free slaves . . .
Had I so interfered in behalf of the rich, the
powerful, the intelligent, or the so-called great,--
it would have been all right.

I see a book kissed which I suppose to be the
Bible, which teaches me to remember them that are in
bonds as bound with them. I endeavored to
act up to that instruction. I believe that to have interfered
as I have done, in behalf of His
despised poor, I did no wrong, but right.
Now, if it is deemed necessary that I should forfeit my
life and mingle my blood with the blood of millions in
this slave country, whose rights are disregarded by
wicked, cruel and unjust enactments, I say,
let it be done.

ACTOR ~~X~~^A.

The voice ceased. There was a deep, brief pause.
The judge pronounced the formal words of death.
There was a noise of chairs scraped back in the courtroom.

ACTRESS C.

A month between the sentence and the hanging.
 A month of endless visitors, endless letters.
 A Mrs. Russell came to clean his coat.
 A sculptor sketched him.

ACTOR A.

In Charlestown meanwhile, there were whispers of rescue.
 Brown told them:

ACTOR B.

"I am worth no infinitely more to die than to live."

ACTOR A.

He left one last written message:

ACTOR B (Reading from book as John Brown.)

"I, John Brown, am now quite certain that the
 crimes of this guilty land: will never be
 purged away: but with blood.

ACTOR ^A / (After a pause.)

The gallows-stairs were climbed, the death-cap fitted.
 The hatchet cut the cord. The greased trap fell.

(~~Actor A~~ replaces book on chair H. H.) *A sit in chair*

CHORUS. (Quietly.)

John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave.

ACTRESS C. (Rises.)

He will not come again with foolish pikes
 And a pack of desperate boys to shadow the sun.

CHORUS. (Actor B crosses up 3 steps and then faces front.)
 (Spoken.)

John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave.
 John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave.

ACTRESS C.

Slaves will be slaves next year, in spite of the bones.
 (Facing Actor B.)
 Nothing is changed, John Brown, nothing is changed.

ACTOR B.

"There is a song in my bones. There is a song
In my white bones."

ACTRESS C.

I hear no song. I hear
Only the blunt seed growing secretly
In the dark entrails of the preparate earth.

X D R

ACTOR B.

"Bind my white bones together--hollow them
To skeleton pipes of music. When the wind
Blows from the budded Spring, the song will blow."

CHORUS. (Forte.)

No, John Brown's body lies a-mouldering,
A-mouldering.

ACTOR B.

"My bones have been washed clean
And God blows through them with a hollow sound."

(MUSIC CUE #9.)

ACTRESS C.

I hear it now,
Faint, faint as the first droning flies of March,
Faint as the multitudinous, tiny sigh
Of grasses underneath a windy scythe.

ACTOR B.

"It will grow stronger."

ACTRESS C.

It has grown stronger. (Crossing down one step.) It is marching on.

CHORUS. (Sung.)

"Glory, Glory, Hallelujah,
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah,
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!"

"B" X to STAIRS

(MUSIC CUE #9 ENDS.)

ACTRESS C.

The phantom drum diminishes--the year
Rolls back. It is only winter still, not spring,--
Nothing is changed, John Brown, nothing is changed
John . . . Brown . . .

sit in chair

(Drum grows stronger.)

ACTOR A. (Crosses R. to R. of bench.)
(Drums through this.)

A smoke-stained Stars-and-Stripes droops from
a broken toothpick and ninety tired men march out of
fallen Sumter to their ships, drums rattling and colors flying.
(Cross R. below Actor B to L. of front row of Chorus.)

General Beauregard, beau sabreur, hussar sword
with the gilded hilt, the gilded metal of the guard
twisted into lovelocks and roses. Pierre Gustave Toutant
Beauregard is a pose of conquering courtesy.
(Drums stop.)

ACTOR B. (R. end of bench.)

Lincoln, six feet four in his stocking feet,
The land man, knotty and tough as a hickory rail,
Whose hands were always too big for white-kid gloves,
Whose wit was a coonskin sack of dry tall tales,
Whose weathered face was homely as a plowed field--
Abraham Lincoln, who padded up and down X D
The sacred White House in nightshirt and carpet-slippers,
The low clown out of the prairies, the ape-buffoon,
The small-town lawyer, the crude small-time politician.
Lincoln shambled in to the Cabinet meeting
And sat ungainly and awkward.
Then that mind turned to business.
It was the calling of seventy-five thousand volunteers.
(CHORUS STAMPS FEET IN MARCH TIME.)

CHORUS. (Spoken.)

North and South they assembled, one cry and the other cry,

ACTRESS A. (Below L. of bench.)

And both are ghosts to us now, old drums hung up on a wall,
But they were the first hot wave of youth too ready to die.

CHORUS.

And they went to war with an air, as if they went to a ball. ^{A'X Bench C.}
 Georgia, New York, Virginia, Rhode Island, Florida, Maine. ^{CXUT Bench}
 (Tramping feet stop.)

ACTOR A.

cut

Piney-woods squirrel-hunter, and clerk with the brand-new gun,
 Thus they were marshalled and drilled, while Spring turned
 summer again,

CHORUS.

Until they could stumble toward death at gartersnake-
 crooked Bull Run.

(Actor B crosses up and sits in middle chair.)

ACTRESS C. (Standing D. L. of bench. Actor A crosses to R. of bench,
puts his foot up on it.)

Wingate ^{SAT} ~~and~~ in his room at night
 Between the moon and the candle-light
 He stood there a moment, wondering.

ACTOR A.

North Star, wasp with the silver sting,
 Blue-nosed star on the Yankee banners,
 We're comin' against you to teach you manners! (Foot down.)
 To pull you down like a torn bandana,
 And drown you deeper than the Savannah.

ACTRESS C. (Backing to L. of bench.)

And still while his arrogance made its cry,
 He shivered a little, wondering why. (MUSIC CUE #10.)

(Actor A sits R. side of Bench.)

(BUGLE. She crosses around bench to U. L. of him.)

There was his uniform, grey as ash,
 The boots that shone like a well-rubbed table.
 The tassels of silk on the colored sash
 And sleek Black Whistle down in the stable,
 The housewife, stitched from a beauty's fan,
 The pocket-Bible with Mother's writing,
 The sabre never yet fleshed in man,

(REPEAT MUSIC CUE #10.)

(BUGLE.)

And all the crisp new toys of fighting.
 And yet--what happened to men in war?
 Why were they all going out to war?

(Drifts upstage a step or two out of his light.)

ACTOR A. (Leaning back. Both hands gripping bench.)

Sally Dupre, Sally Dupre

Eyes that are neither black nor grey,

Why do you haunt me, night and day?

Why have you taken my heart from me?

I am not justice nor loyalty.

The little women are easier,

The easy women make lighter love,

(BUGLE) (With new resolution.) (REPEAT MUSIC CUE #10.)

I will not take your face to the war,

I will not carry your cast-off glove.

(Feelingly.)

Sally Dupre, Sally Dupre,

Heart and body like sea-blown spray,--

I cannot forget you, night or day.

X D R

ACTRESS C. (Pause. Cross down a step.)

So Wingate pondered in Wingate Hall,

And hated and loved in a single breath,

As he tried to unriddle the doubtful scrawl

Of war and courage and love and death.

(MUSIC CUE #11. DIALOGUE FOLLOW AFTER 2 BARS.)

(After slight pause crosses up to chair R. and sits.)

ACTOR A. (Rising, crosses down 2 or 3 steps.)

It was noon when the blue-clad company marched to the
railroad station.

The little New England town was ready for them. The streets
were packed.

There were flags and streamers and pictures of Lincoln and Hamlin.

The bad little boys climbed up on the trees and yelled,

The good little boys had clean paper-collars on,

Wanting to yell, and feeling like Fourth of July--

(Crossing R. to L. of Chorus.)

Somebody fastened a tin can full of firecrackers

To a yellow dog's tail and sent him howling and racketing

The length of the street.

(END MUSIC CUE #11.)

"There goes Jeff Davis!" said somebody,

(Chorus laughs and jeers, then sings.)

CHORUS.

(REPEAT MUSIC CUE #11. AFTER 2 BARS RESUME CORNET EFFECT.)

"We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour-apple tree."

ACTOR A. (~~Cross down a step.~~) X 2 S L

The color-guard with the stiff, new flapping flag,
And the ranks and the ranks and the ranks, the amateur
Blue, wavering ranks, in their ill-fitting tight coats,
Shoulders galled already by their new guns,
--They were the three-months' men, they had drilled in civilian
clothes

Till a week ago.--"Three cheers for Abe Lincoln!

(Chorus responds.)

Three groans for old Jeff Davis and the dirty Rebs!
On to Richmond!"

(Cheers and groans.)

CHORUS.

(REPEAT MUSIC CUE #11 AND RESUME CORNET EFFECT.)

We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour-apple tree!

ACTOR A. (~~Cross D. L. a step.~~) X 2 S R

Jack Ellyat, marching, saw between blue shoulders
A blur of faces. They all were faces he knew--
There were Mother and Father and the house.
He called to them. The station--"halt"--
The engineer wore a flag in his coat lapel.
The engine had "On to Richmond!" chalked all over it.
There--close up, men!--Oh my God, they've let
Ned out! (Backing up 2 or 3 steps.)
Maybe he got out by himself--No, down, Ned!
Down, good dog!"

(MUSIC OUT.)

X chair sit

CHORUS. (Singing and shouting.)

(REPEAT MUSIC CUE #11 AND FINISH WITH CORNET EFFECT FLOURISH.)

"Good-bye, boys! Good-bye!

We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour-apple tree!"

(Actor B crosses down to above C. of bench. Returns C., stands U. L. of him.)

ACTOR B. (Visualizing map on bench before him.)

If you take a flat map
And move wooden blocks upon it strategically,
The thing looks well, the blocks behave as they should,
The science of war is moving live men like blocks.
And getting the blocks into place at a fixed moment.
But it takes time to mold your men into blocks,

And flat maps turn into country, where creeks and gullies
Hamper your wooden squares. They stick in the brush,
They are tired,--and rest, they straggle after ripe blackberries,
And you cannot lift them up in your hands and move them.
It is all clear on the maps, so clear in the mind,
But the orders are slow, the men in the blocks are slow.--
The General loses his stars and the block-men die,
In unstrategic defiance of Martial law.

ACTRESS C. (Crossing around L. of bench to below L. C. of it.)

At Bull Run,
The day broke, hot and calm, before the Stone Bridge,
A Union gun opened fire. (Sits C. of bench.)
(Actor A crosses to U. L. of her.)

ACTOR A. (Crossing down a step.)
(As though carrying his rifle at the ready.) X DL

Jack Ellyat heard the guns with a knock at his heart.
They were goin' to be in it soon,
And how would it feel?--He'd never killed anything much,
Ducks and rabbits.--
But ducks and rabbits weren't men.
Then they were down on the ground and--they were firing.
And that was all right--just fire as you fired at drill
But was anyone firing at them?

(Looks R.) A man down the line
Fell and rolled flat with a minor coughing sound
And then was quiet. Jack Ellyat felt the cough
In the pit of stomach a minute.
After a while they all got up and marched on.
The only funny thing was, leaving the man.
They hardly knew him, but it felt funny to leave him
Just lying there.

ACTOR B. (Crossing to D. L. of bench.)

It is fight and run away--fight and run away, all day.
The block-plan is lost--there is no plan any
more--only bloodstained and blackened men.
The South gathers for a final charge.
The charge sweeps the plateau.
For a moment, the Union line is a solid crescent
again--a crescent with porcupine-pricks of steel--and
then a crescent of sand--then split sand, streaming away.
There is no panic at first. There is merely a
moment when men have borne enough and begin to go home.

(Sits L. side of bench.)

X 2 chair sit

ACTOR A. (Cross 2 steps R.)

Wingate felt a frog in his throat
As he patted Black Whistle's reeking coat.
The road and bushes all about
Were cluttered with relics of Yankee rout,
Haversacks spilling their shirts and socks,
A burst canteen and a cartridge-box.

(Cross down to R. edge bench.)

Rifles and cups trampled underfoot,
A woman's locket, a slashed black boot,
Stained and oozing along the slash,
And a ripe pear crushed to a yellow mash.
Who had carried the locket and munched the pear,
And why was a dead cat lying there,
Stark and grinning, a furry sack,
With a red flannel tongue and a broken back?
You don't fight wars with a tabby-cat! . . .
He found he was telling the Yankees that.

(MUSIC CUE #12.)

(Bugle.)

Back in the pinewoods, clear and far,
A bugle sang like a falling star.

(After pause, he sits R. end of bench.) X 2 chair sit

ACTRESS C.

cut

Walt Whitman reads of the Union defeat in a Brooklyn room
The scene rises before him. He sees the defeated Union Army
pouring along Pennsylvania Avenue in the drizzling rain,
a few regiments in good order. Marching in silence, with
lowering faces--the rest a drenched, hungry mob that plods
along on blistered feet and falls asleep on the stoops of
houses, in vacant lots, too tired to remember battle or be
ashamed of flight.

ACTOR B.

Horace Greeley has written Lincoln an hysterical letter from
New York:

"on every brow sits sullen, scorching, black despair."
He pleads for an armistice--a national
convention--anything on almost any terms to end this war.

(Rises in place.)

Only Lincoln, awkwardly enduring, confused by a
thousand counsels, is neither overwhelmed nor touched to folly.
Defeat is a fact and victory can be a fact.
His huge, patient, laborious hands start kneading
the stuff of the Union together again.
The dough didn't rise that time--maybe it will the
next time. "God must have tried and discarded a
lot of experiment-worlds before he got one even
good enough to whirl for a minute." (Cross to L. of bench.)

Down in the South another man, most unlike him,
but as steadfast, the man they call "Evacuation"
Lee begins to grow taller and to cast a longer shadow.

(MUSIC CUE #13. HUM THROUGH TWICE.)

(After pause, crosses up and sits in chair.)

(VOICE FROM CHORUS.)

This is Ellyat's tune, this is no tune but his.

ACTOR A.

(Rising and crossing around bench to U. L. of Actress A.)

By Pittsburgh Landing, the turbid Tennessee
Sucks black, soaked piles with soil-colored water.
That country is huge and disorderly, even now.
In sixty-two it was shaggy with wilderness still.
Stretches and stretches where roughly-chinked log cabins,
Stood in a wisp of open.

(Actor A sits L. C. of bench, feet upstage.)

ACTRESS C.

The forest, hewn away from the painful clearing
But waiting to come back, to crush the crude house
With a chant of green, with tiny green tendrils curling.

ACTOR A.

This is Ellyat's tune, this is no tune but his.

(END MUSIC CUE #13. HOLD FINAL CHORD IF NECESSARY.)

ACTRESS C. (Rises, crossing a step to R.)

Melora Vilas, rising by candlelight,
Looked at herself in the bottom of the tin basin
And wished that she had a mirror.

X D 2 C

Now Spring was here, (Kneeling.)
She could kneel above the well of a forest pool.
She looked at the eyes, the eyes looked at her,
But just when it seemed they could start to talk to each
other--

"What are you like? Who are you?"--

A ripple flawed
the deep glass and the shadow trembled away.

(Rising, crosses a step D. R.)

If she only had a mirror, maybe she'd know
Something, she didn't know what, but something important,
They'd never get a mirror while they were hidlers.

They were bound to be hidiers as long as the war kept on.
 Moving from State to State behind tired scuffed horses,
 Because the land was always better elsewhere.
 She was seventeen, she had seen a lot of places.
 A lot of roads, Pop was always moving along.

(Cross to U. R. edge bench.)

She mustn't call him Pop--That
 Was movers' talk.

She must call him father, father used to read Latin.
 They weren't white trash, she knew how to read and figure.

(Sits R. edge bench, feet pointed U. R. with face to front.)

But she liked it this way--she even liked being hidiers.
 It was exciting, especially when the guns
 Coughed in the sky as they had all yesterday.
 When you knew there were armies stumbling all around you.
 An army must be fine to look at.

(REPEAT MUSIC CUE #13. HUM THROUGH ONCE.)

But pop

Would never let her do it or understand.

An army or a mirror. She didn't know

Which she'd rather find, but whenever she thought of it

The mirror generally won. You could keep a mirror yourself. X 2 chair sit

CHORUS. (Single voice.)

This is Ellyat's tune, this is no tune but his.

(END MUSIC CUE #13.)

ACTOR A.

(Swings both feet up on bench, leaning back on his elbows.)

Jack Ellyat, least of any, expected attack. X 2 c bench sit
 He woke about five. (Stretches and yawns.)

This morning was Sunday morning.

The bells would be jangling back home for church
 pretty soon,

The girls would be going to church in white Sunday dresses,

He wanted to see a girl who washed her hair,

Not one of the girls in the dirty blue silk wrappers

With flags on their garters. He wanted to see a girl.

(Swings feet off bench, downstage-side.) RISE

He had to get up. He couldn't lie here and listen

To Bailey and the rest of them, snoring away.

He started to put on his boots, looking over at Bailey.

Bailey was bearded, Bailey was thirty-two,

The waking Bailey looked like a stupid horse,

The sleeping Bailey looked like a dirty sack,

Bailey called him "Colonel" and didn't mean it,

Bailey had had him tossed in a blanket once.
He managed to leave the tent without waking Bailey.

(Strong rise to D. L. of bench.)

(Chorus effect. Subdued shouts and cries.)

Somebody nearby, in the woods, took a heap of dry sticks,
And began to break them quickly, first one by one,
Then a dozen together,
Ellyat was running. His mouth felt stiff with loud words . . .
The officers were yelling the usual things that officers yelled.
It was a surprise. (Chorus effect stops on last word.)

(Crossing to U. T. C. of bench.) X S L

The prisoner's column straggled along the road.
It was night now, the column still marched. But
Bailey and Ellyat.

Had dropped to the rear of the column, planning escape.
The next bend--no, the guard was coming along,
The next bend after--no, there was light for a moment.
Rain began to fall, a drizzle at first, then faster.
Then Bailey touched him--his feet stopped walking--
(Cross to L. end bench.)

They moved slyly toward the woods, they were foxes escaped.
And then that awful molasses-taffy voice
Behind them yelled "Halt!" and "Halt!"--and then Bailey's
voice--

"Run like hell, Jack, they'll never catch you!"

He ran like hell.

(After music begins, he sits on L. side of bench.)

(REPEAT MUSIC CUE #13. HUM ONCE, THEN REPEAT FIRST 4 BARS, HOLDING
B MINOR CHORD.)

ACTOR A. (Cont'd.)

X 2 Bench sit

Ellyat woke from a nightmare, and he heard
The gorged, sweet pouring of water through infinite boughs,
The hiss of the big split drop on the beaten leaf,
The bird-voiced and innumerable rain,
A wet quail piping, a thousand soaked black flutes
Building a lonely castle of sliding tears.

(MUSIC CUE #13 ENDS.)

Ellyat huddled closer under the tree.

ACTRESS C. (Rising to R. of bench.)

(Except piggy calls done by singer.)

X 2 STAIRS

Melora had to call the hogs that afternoon.
You had to call them once or twice a month
And give them food or else they ran too wild.

"piggy, piggy. Here, piggy, piggy, piggy!"
 It wasn't the proper call but the hogs knew.
 "Here, piggy, piggy, piggy, piggy, piggy!"
 Here, piggy, piggy!" There was a scrambling noise
 At the edge of the woods. "Here, piggy!"

The gleaming call **Step down**
 Floated the air like a bright glassy bubble,
 And Ellyat, lost and desperate in the wood,
 Heard it.
 He stumbled toward its music.

"Piggy, piggy,
 Here piggy, piggy!" The swine grunted and jostled,
 Melora watched them, trying to count them up
 They were all there, she thought--she must be sure.
 She called again. No, something moved in the woods.

(HUM MUSIC CUE #13 ONCE.)

She stared past the clearing, puzzled. So Ellyat saw her
 Beyond the swine, head lifted like a dark foal
 That listens softly for strangeness.

X 2 BENCH R sit

(SEGUE TO MUSIC CUE #14.)

(At start of song, she sits on R. side of bench.)

CHORUS.

cut

This is no hidiers' house.
 This is the ark of pine-and-willow boughs.
 This is the quiet place.
 You may call now, but let your call be sweet
 Call once, and call again,
 You may perceive, if you have lucky eyes,
 Something that ran away from being wise.
 Some lightness, moving toward you on light feet
 Some girl with indolent passion in her face.

(Actor B rises.)

ACTOR A. (Speaking over last 4 bars of Music Cue #14.)

So Ellyat swam back to life, swam back to warmth
 And the smell of cooking food--six days later
 The world had come back to its shape.
 He was well and strong.

(END CUE #14.)

"You didn't say who you were," she said. "You just fell.
 You better tell who you are, Pop'll want to know."

ACTOR B. (Crossing to U. L. of Actor A.) X D R

Melora's father watched them go off through the wood
 To get water from the other spring,
 The big pail clanking between them.

His hard mouth
Was wry with an old nursery-rhyme, but his eyes
Looked somewhere beyond hardness.

I know this girl.
We are no bargainers, my daughter and I.
We give what pleases us and when we choose,
It is a habit of living.

(Returns to chair and sits in background.)

ACTOR A.

The filled pail stood on a stone by the lip of the spring,
But they had forgotten the pail.

Melora turned.

"We ought to go back," she said in a commonplace voice.
"Not yet, Melora."

"You'll be going," she said.

He could smell her hair. It smelt of leaves and the wind.
He could smell the untaken whiteness of her clean flesh.
He touched her shoulder, but still she gazed at the spring.
Then, after a while, she turned.

The mirrored mouths

Fused into one mouth that trembled with the slow waters.

ACTRESS C.

Melora, in the room she had to herself
Because they weren't white-trash and used to be Eastern,

(Rises and crosses to D. R. of bench.)

Let the rain of her hair fall down,
In a stream, in a flood, on the white birch
of her body. (Facing D. R.)

She was changed then. She was not a girl any more.
Her sharp clear breasts

Were two young victories in the hollow darkness
And when she stretched her hands above her head
And let the spun fleece ripple to her loins,
Her body glowed like deep springs under the sun.

(Crossing a step D. R.)

Nothing could change her now. She thought to herself.
"I don't know. I can't think. I ought to be scared.
I ought to have lots of maybes. I can't find them.
It's funny. It's different. It's a big pair of hands
Pushing you somewhere--and you've got to go.
Maybe you're crazy but you've got to go.
It's rhymes, it's hurting, it's feeling a bird's heart
Beat in your hand, it's children growing up,

(Turns head slowly to L. looking up.)

It's being cut to death with bits of light,
It's wanting silver bullets in your heart
I've got to go."

She passed her narrow hands
Over her body once, half wonderingly.

Then she slipped her dress back on and stole downstairs.
The bare feet, whispering, made little sound.

(Turns to face D. L.)

She knew the dark grass cool beneath her feet.
She knew the opening of the stable door.
It shut behind her. She was in darkness now.

ACTOR A. (Facing R. puts feet up on bench.)

Jack Ellyat, lying in a warm nest of hay,
Stared at the sweet-smelling darkness with troubled eyes.
He was going tomorrow. He couldn't skulk any more.

If he were Bailey

He would keep Melora a night from the foggy dew
And then go off with the sunrise to tell the tale
Sometimes for a campfire yarn. But he wasn't Bailey.

(Alertly puts feet down on upstage side of bench.)

He heard something move and rustle in the close darkness.

(Facing her.)

"What's that?" he said. He got no answering voice,--
But he knew what it was.

"Melora," he said.

(MUSIC CUE #15.)

(Actress C sits on R. of bench.)

ACTOR A. (Rising behind bench.)

He wasn't going away when he went to the wood.
He told himself that. They had broken the dime together.
They had cut the heart on the tree.

There ought to be

A preacher and a gold ring and a wedding-dress,
Only how could there be?

He told himself, "I'm all right.

I'm not like Bailey. I wouldn't sleep with a girl
Who never slept with anybody before
And then just go off and leave her."

(Crossing R. a step or 2.)

All he knew was--

He was sick for a room
And a red tablecloth with tasseled fringes,
Where a wife knitted on an end of scarf,
A father read his paper through the same
Old-fashioned spectacles with the worn bows.

He started awake. He had been walking through dreams.

(~~Crossing B. to L. end bench.~~) X 2 L S

He saw the highroad below him.

He wiped his face.

He looked down toward a bridge. There were men on horses.

(Cross down 2 steps.)

And a round stick jabbed in his back.

A slow voice said

"Reach for the sky, Yank, or I'll nachully drill yuh."

His hands flew up.

"Yuh're the hell of a scout," said the voice.

"I could have picked yuh off ten minutes ago."

ACTOR B.

(Crossing down to below L. of bench as Actor A goes up to chair in B. G.)

This was Ellyat's tune.

(MUSIC CUE #16.)

CHORUS.

(During song Actor B cross to below R. of bench and Actor C cross to U. R. of him.)

Strike up, strike up for Wingate's tune,

Strike up for Sally Dupre!

Strike up, strike up for the April moon,

And the rain on the lilac spray!

(REPEAT MUSIC CUE #16 WITH BANJO EFFECT.)

ACTRESS C. (Cross D. ^L 2 steps.)

For Wingate Hall in its pride once more,

For the branch of myrtle over the door,

The men are back, for a time, from the war.

ACTOR B.

The slaves in the quarters are buzzing and talking

--All through the winter the ha'nts went walking,

But now the winter's over and broken,

And the sun shines out like a lovin' token,

There's goin' to be mixin's and mighty doin's,

Chicken-fixin's and barbecuin's.

ACTRESS C.

Their voices are rich with the ancient laughter,

The Negro laughter, the blue-black rose,

The laughter that doesn't end with the lips

But shakes the belly and curls the toes

And prickles the end of the fingertips.

(END MUSIC CUE #16.)

ACTOR B. (Laughter under.)

It spills like a wave in the crowded kitchen
Where the last good sugar of Wingate Hall
Is frosting a cake like a Polar Highland.
And fat Aunt Bess, in her ice-wool shawl
Spends the hoarded knowledge her heart is rich in,
On oceans of Trifle and Floating-island.

(Laughter ends.)

Fat Aunt Bess is older than Time
But her eyes still shine like a bright, new dime,
Though two generations have gone to rest
On the sleepy mountain of her breast.

CHORUS.

They made her a shrine and a humorous fable,
But they kept her a slave while they were able.

ACTOR B.

And yet, there was something between the two
That shared with them and they shared with you,
Graciousness founded on hopeless wrong,
But queerly loving and queerly strong . . .

(Sits R. C. of bench.)

There were three stout pillars that held up all
The weight and tradition of Wingate Hall.
One was Cudjo and one was you,
And the third was the mistress, Mary Lou.

ACTRESS C. (Crossing ~~to~~ to U. R. of bench.) **CENTER**

Mary Lou Wingate, as slightly made
And as hard to break as a rapier-blade.
Let us look at her now, let us see her plain--
She loved her hands and they made her vain,
The tiny huds of her generation
That gathered the reins of the whole plantation;
Guiding the cooking, and watching the baking,
The sewing, the soap-and-candle-making,
The brewing, the darning, the lady-daughters,
The births and deaths in the Negro quarters .
To take the burden and have the power
Yet seem like a well-protected flower.
To hate the sin and love the sinner,
And see that the gentlemen got their dinner . . .

(Cross to R. end bench.)

And always, always to have the charm
 That makes the gentlemen take your arm.
 But never the bright, unseemly spell
 That makes strange gentlemen love too well,
 Once you were married and settled down
 With a suitable gentleman of your own.
 She knew her Bible--and how to flirt
 With a swansdown fan and a brocade skirt.
 For she trusted in God but she liked formalities,
 And the world and Heaven were both realities.
 --In Heaven, of course, we should all be equal,
 But, until we came to that golden sequel,
 Gentility must keep to gentility
 Where God and breeding had made things stable,
 While the rest of the cosmos deserved civility
 But dined in its boots at the second table.
 This helped Mary Lou to stand up straight,
 For she was gentle, but she could hate.
 The Yankees were devils, and she could pray,
 For devils, no doubt, upon Judgment Day,
 But now in the world, she would hate them still
 And send the gentlemen out to kill.

(Cross D. R. 2 steps.)

Let us look at her now, let us see her plain,
 She will never be quite like this again.
 Her house is rocking under the blast
 And she hears it tremble, and still stands fast.

CHORUS. (Whispered.)

But this is the last, this is the last.

ACTRESS C.

The last of the wine and the white corn meal, X R

CHORUS.

The last high fiddle singing the reel,

ACTRESS C.

The last of the silk with the Paris label, X BACK L

CHORUS.

The last blood-thoroughbred safe in the stable--

ACTRESS C.

Death has been near, and Death has passed,

CHORUS.

But this is the last, this is the last. (Dying away.)

ACTOR B. (Rising to D. L. of bench.)
(Under laughter of Chorus.)

But the house is busy, the cups are filling
To welcome the gentlemen back from killing.
Everyone talking, everyone scurrying,
Upstairs and downstairs, laughing and hurrying.

ACTRESS C.

War is a place but it is not here,
The peace and the victory are too near.

(REPEAT MUSIC CUE #7.)

ACTOR A. (Crossing down to U. C. of bench.)

So Wingate found it, riding at ease,
The cloud-edge lifting over the trees,
Saw it completely, and saw it gleam,

The full-rigged vessel, the sailing dream,
No longer a house but a conjur-stone
That could hate and sorrow and hold its own.
But there was a Whisper in his ear
That said what he did not wish to hear.

(MUSIC CUE #7 FADES.)

(Sally and Wingate from chorus dance in background.)

ACTOR A. (Above C. of bench.)

"This is the last, this is the last,

ACTRESS C. (D. R. of bench.)
(With intensity.)

Hurry, hurry, this is the last.
Drink the wine before yours is spilled,
Kiss the sweetheart before you're killed.
It does not matter that you once knew
Future and past and a different you,
That went by when the wind first blew.
There is no future, there is no past,
There is only this hour and it goes fast,
Hurry, hurry, this is the last,

A--B--C. (In unison.)

This is the last,
This is the last."

(MUSIC CUE #17.)

I N T E R M I S S I O N

ACT II

(MUSIC CUE #7 STARTS BEFORE CURTAIN.)

At rise, Actor B sits in L. chair in background. Actress C stands above R. of bench facing D. R. listening to the music. Actor A stands behind and slightly to her L., his hands on her shoulders. Couple dances in background.

ACTOR A. (To front.)

Sally Dupre and Wingate talk with the music . . .
The dance. Such a lovely dance.

(To her. Withdrawing from her a step.)

(If I see you across a room, I will go to you,
If you see me across a room, you will come to me,
And yet we hate each other.)

ACTRESS C. (Half-turn toward him.)

You dance so lightly. (Turning head slightly away from him.) X D R
(I do not hate you. I love you. But you must take me.
I must break you first for a while and you must break me.
So we hate each other.) (Again faces toward him.)

ACTOR A.

That's good music. It beats in the head.

X BACK 2 BENCH

(Crosses down a step, facing front.)

It ties the heart with a scarlet thread,
This is the last,
This is the last,
Hurry, hurry, this is the last.

(Backing slightly upstage, facing her.) X 2 "C"

I do not care. I am Wingate still.
And I am yours while the fiddles spill.
My will has a knife to cut your will.
You are my foe and my only friend,
You are the steel I cannot bend.
But Wingate Hall must tumble down,
Tumble down, tumble down.
Oh! Wingate Hall must lie in the dust,
And the wood rot and iron rust
And the vines grow over the broken bust
Before we meet without hate or pride,
Before we talk as lover and bride.)

X D R

ACTRESS C. (Facing him.)

Yes, it's good music, hear it lift.

~~(He sits L. C. of bench, feet upstage, facing out.)~~

(It is too mellow, it is too swift,
I am dancing alone in my naked shift,
You are my lover and you my life,
My peace and my unending strife,
And the edge of the knife against my knife.

~~(Behind him, facing him.)~~ X 2 BENCH

We are linked together for good and all,
But you are married to Wingate Hall,
And Wingate Hall must tumble down,
Before the knives of our enmity
Are buried under the same green tree.
Wingate Hall must tumble down,
And idol broken apart,
Before I sew on a wedding gown
And stitch my name in your heart.)

(MUSIC CUE #7 ENDS.)

ACTOR A. (Indicating out R. in auditorium.)

That's a pretty girl over there. Beautiful hair. X 2 BENCH R

ACTRESS C.

(Crosses R. to below R. C. of bench and sits next to him.)

Yes, isn't she. Her name is Lucy Weatherby.
(I hate her hair.)

ACTOR A.

She can't be from the county or I'd remember her.
(I know that kind of mouth. Your mouth is not like that.
If I kissed your mouth, I would have to be yours forever.
Her mouth is pretty. You could kiss it awhile.)

ACTRESS C.

(Slight movement to break from freeze.)

No, they're kin to the Shepleys. Lucy comes from Virginia.
(I know that kind of mouth. I know that hair.
I know the dolls you liked to take in your hands,
I will not fight with a doll for you or anyone.)

(REPEAT MUSIC CUE #7.)

ACTOR A.

(Rising and crossing to U. R. of bench.) X S R

"They are calling for partners again."
(Lucy Weatherby. I will dance with her.)

ACTRESS C.

I want to watch for a minute.

A X 2 STAIRS

(Lucy Weatherby.

I will make an image of you, a doll in wax.

(Rises, crosses down a step.)I will pierce the little wax palms with silver bodkins. (Pause.)

No, I will not.)

(MUSIC CUE #7 ENDS.)

ACTOR B.

(Crossing to below bench, L of it.)Lucy Weatherby, cuddled up in her bed,
Drifted along toward sleep with a smile on her mouth.ACTRESS C. (Sitting center of bench.)

"I was pretty tonight, she thought,

"I was pretty tonight.

Blue's my color--blue that matches my eyes.

I always ought to wear blue. I'm sorry for girls

Who can't wear that sort of blue. Her name is Sally

But she's too dark to wear the colors I can."

ACTOR B.

She thought to herself with a pleasant little awe,--

ACTRESS C. (Flirtatiously.)

"You were a flame for the Cause. You sang songs about it.

You sent white feathers to boys who didn't enlist

And bunches of flowers to boys who were suitably wounded.

You wouldn't dream of making peace with the North

While a single boy was left to fight for the Cause

and they called you the "Dixie Angel." She cuddled closer,

"Pillow, tell me I'm lovely,

Tell me I'm nicer than anybody you know,

Tell me that nice new boy is thinking about me,

Tell me that Sally girl couldn't wear my blue,

Tell me the war won't end till we've whipped the Yankees,

Tell me I'll never get wrinkles and always have beaus."

ACTOR A. (Crossing to U. E. of bench.)Now the scene expands, let us look at the scene as a whole. X D L
How are the gameboards chalked and the pieces set?

ACTOR B. (Crossing to L. of bench.)

General McClellan has moved his men from their camps at
last
In a great sally.

There are many gates he can try.
The valley gate and the old Manassas way,
But he has chosen to ferry his men by sea,
To the ragged half-island between the York and the James;
And thrust up a long, slant arm from Fortress Monroe
Northwest toward Richmond. But the roads are sticky and
soft.

ACTOR A.

Army of the Potomac, advancing Army,
Confused, huge weapon, forged from such different metals.

ACTOR B.

Black months of war, hard-featured, defeated months,--
What is your tale for this army?

ACTRESS C. (Crossing D. R. 3 or 4 steps.)

Let us read the old letters awhile,
Let us try to hear
The thin forgotten voices of men forgotten
Crying out of torn scraps of paper.

ACTOR A. (Softly, as though from a long way off.)

"It is cold."

ACTOR B. (The same)

"It is wet."

ACTOR A.

"We marched till we couldn't stand up."

ACTOR B.

"We hope this general's good.
We hope he can make us win. We'll do all we can."

ACTOR A.

"I felt sick last night. I thought I was going to die,
But Jim rubbed me and I feel better."

ACTRESS C.

Voices of boys and men,
Homesick, stubborn, talking of little things.

ACTOR A.

"We get better food. I'm getting to be a good cook."
"The food's bad."

ACTOR B. (Sanctimoniously.)

"There are only three professed Christians in my whole
regiment.
I feel sad about that."

CHORUS. (Men only.)

"It's muddy."
"It's cold."
"We lost the battle."

CHORUS. (Single voice.)

"The general was drunk."

ACTRESS C. (Backing upstage a step or 2.)

And, over and over, in stiff, patriotic phrases,--

ACTOR B.

"I am resigned to die for the Union, Mother."

ACTOR A.

"If we die in this battle, we will have died for the right."
"There's just one thing.
I hope I die quick. I hope I don't have to die
In the hospital."

ACTOR B.

"There is one thought that to me is worse than death.

ACTRESS C.

This, they say over and over.

ACTOR B.

"It is the thought of being buried as they bury us here
After a battle. Sometimes they barely cover us."

ACTRESS C.

And, through it all, the deep diapason swelling,--

CHORUS. (Men only.)

"It is cold."

"We are hungry."

"We marched all day in the mud."

"We could barely stand when we got back to camp."

ACTRESS C.

There are times of good food and times of campfire jokes,
In those two years.

ACTOR A. (Brightly.)

"The mail came."

ACTOR B. (Happily.)

"Thanks for the papers."

ACTOR A. (Proudly.)

"We put on a show last night.

You ought to have seen Jim Wheeler in "Box and Cox."

X 2 bench sit

ACTOR B.

"Our little band of Christians meets often now
And the spirit moves in us strongly, praise be to God."

ACTOR A.

The president reviewed us two days ago.
You should have seen it, father, it was majestic.

ACTOR B.

We got the tobacco.

ACTOR A.

The socks came.

ACTRESS C. (Up.)

All that--but still the deep diapason throbs
Under the rest,--

CHORUS. (Men only.)

The cold. The mud.
We were beaten again in spite of all we could do.

SINGLE VOICE.

When will we find a man who can really lead us?

ACTOR A. (~~Cross down close to U. C. of bench.~~)--

Army of the Potomac, army of brave men.
Beaten, again and again, but never quite broken,
You are to have the victory in the end,
But these bleak months are your anguish.

Rise, X down L

ACTRESS C.

Your voice dies out.
Let us hear the voice of your steadfast enemy.

(Crossing down 2 or 3 steps, center stage.)

Army of Northern Virginia, fabulous army,
Strange army of ragged individualists,
The lazy scorers,
Army of planters' sons,--

Where a scholar turned the leaves of an Arabic grammar
By the camp-fire glow, and a drawling mountaineer
Told dirty stories old as the bawdy world.

Sentimental army,
Touched by all lace paper-valentines of sentiment,
Touched by women and your tradition-idea of them.
Starving army--
What do your dim voices say?

CHORUS. (Men only. Very quietly.)

"Will we ever get home?"
"Will we ever lick them for good?"

ACTOR B. (Pugnaciously.)

"We've got to go on and fight till we do lick them for good."

ACTOR A.

"They've got the guns and the money and lots more men."

ACTOR B.

"Most of us never owned slaves and never expect to,
But we won't lie down and let the North walk over us
About slaves or anything else."

CHORUS. (Men only.)

"It is cold.
We are hungry.
We marched all day in the mud."

ACTOR A.

"We don't know how it started
But they've invaded us now and we're bound to fight."

CHORUS.

"Till every last damn Yankee goes home and quits."

ACTOR A.

"We haven't got guns that shoot as well as their guns." X 2 bench

ACTOR B.

"We can't get clothes that wear as well as their clothes."

ACTOR A. (To Chorus.)

"But we've got to keep on untill they're licked and we're
independent."

CHORUS.

"It's the only thing we can do."

(Single Voice.)

"We've got the right man to lead us!"

ACTRESS C. (Backs 2 steps.)

cut

Army of Northern Virginia, army of legend,
Who was your captain that you could trust him so surely?
Call the dead man out of the mist and watch him ride.
(She crosses up and sits in right chair upstage.)

ACTOR B.

(Crossing R. to R. edge of bench facing D. R.)

Comes Traveller and his master. Look at them well.
The horse is an iron-grey, sixteen hands high,
The rider too, is iron-grey,
But the thick hair and thick, blunt-pointed beard
Have frost in them.

(Sits R. edge bench.) Broad-forehead, deep-eyed,
Straight-nose, sweet-mouth, firm lip, head cleanly set,
He and his horse are matches for the strong
Grace of proportion that inhabits both.
--And so we get the marble man again,
The head on the Greek coin, idol-image,
Worshipped, uncomprehended and aloof,
A figure lost to flesh,--How to humanize
That solitary gentleness and strength,
Hidden behind the deadly oratory
Of twenty thousand Lee Memoria days.

The man was loved, the man was idolized,
The man had every just and noble gift.
He took great burdens and he bore them well,
Believed and followed duty first and last,
Was a great victor, in defeat as great,
Did not seek fame, did not protest against it.
A Greek proportion--and a riddle unread.
He kept his heart a secret to the end
From all the picklocks of biographers.
He was the prop and pillar of a state.
The incarnation of a national dream,
And when the State fell and the dream dissolved
He must have lived with bitterness itself--
He will not tell us. (Rising, crosses D. R. a step.)

He remains

Beyond our stage craft, reticent as ice.
This man who murmured "It is well that war
Should be so terrible, if it were not
We might become too fond of it--" And again he said
A curious thing to life.
"I'm always wanting something."

The brief phrase slides past us
But for a second there, the marble cracked
And a strange man we never saw before
Showed us the face he never showed the world,
and wanted something--
(Crossing down 2 steps.) Picklock biographers,
What could he want that he had never had?

It was not God or love or mortal fame.
 It was not anything he left undone.
 --What does Proportion want that it can lack?
 He only said it once--the marble closed--
 There was a man enclosed within that image.
 He wanted something. That must be enough.

Now he rides Traveller back into the mist.
 (Makes wide curved cross to R., going U. C.)

ACTOR A.

(Sits on L. side of bench, feet upstage, body turned to front.)

Jack Ellyat in prison deep in the South,
 Lay on his back and stared at the flies on the wall
 And tried to remember, through an indifferent mist,
 A green place lost in the woods and a herd of black swine.

(Throws feet over bench to D. S. side.)

He heard a footstep near him and turned his head.

"Hello, Charley," he said, "Where you been?"

Bailey's face looked strange,

The red, hot face of a hurt and angry boy,

"Out hearing the Rebs," he said. He spat on the floor.

"Hell," Bailey said. "They cheered. They've licked us again.

The news just come. It happened back at Bull Run." (Rises.)

"You're crazy," said Ellyat. "That was the start of the war.

I was in that one." "Oh, don't be a fool" said Bailey,

"They licked us again, I tell you, the same old place."

(Sits L. end of bench.)

X 2 CHAIR SIT

ACTRESS C. (Crossing to ^D C. of bench.)

John Brown lies dead in his grave and does not stir,
 The South goes ever forward, the slave is not free,

CHORUS. (Spoken.)

John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave.

ACTRESS C.

Soon the fight will be over, the slaves will be slaves forever.

CHORUS. (Spoken.)

John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave.

ACTRESS C.

Arise, John Brown,
All up the clumsy country boys you armed
With pikes and a fantastic mind.
This is the dark hour.
This is the ebb-tide.
Find your heart, John Brown,

CHORUS. (Spoken.)

A-mouldering in the grave.

ACTRESS C.

Call your sons and get your pikes,

CHORUS. (Spoken.)

A-mouldering in the grave.

ACTRESS C. (Backing a step.)

Your song goes on, but the slave is still a slave,
Rise up, John Brown!

CHORUS

(MUSIC CUE #18.)

Go down, John Brown
Go down, John Brown
Go down, John Brown
Go down, John Brown, and set that people free!

ACTRESS C.

It was still hot in Washington, that September,
Hot in the city, hot in the White House rooms,
Women in houses take their corsets off
And stifle in loose gowns.
Sometimes they pause, and push a window up
To feel the blunt, dry buffet of the heat
Strike the face and hear the locust-cry
of shrilling newsboy-voices down the street,

CHORUS. (Single voices.)

"News from the army--extra--ter-ble battle--
Terr-r-ble vic'try--ter-r-ble defeat--
(Actress C sits R. of Actor A, facing upstage.)

ACTOR B.

(Crossing down to L. of front row of chorus.)

It was a little cooler, three miles out,
Where the tall trees shaded the Soldier's Home.
The lank man, Abraham Lincoln, found it so,
Glad for it, doubtless, though his cavernous eyes
Had stared all day into a distant fog,
Trying to pierce it.

(As Lincoln.) "General McClellan
Is now in touch with Lee in front of Sharpsburg
And will attack as soon as the fog clears."

I wish we'd get some news.

(Cross D. R. a step.) Bull Run--the Seven Days--
Bull Run again--and eighteen months of war--
And still no end to it.

What is God's will?

They come to me and talk about God's will
In righteous deputations and platoons,
Day after day, laymen and ministers .
God's will is General This and Senator That,
God's will is those poor colored fellows' will,
It is the will of the Chicago churches,
And all of them are sure they know God's will.
I am the only man who does not know it.
And, yet, if God should state His will
To others, on a point of my own duty,
It might be thought He would reveal it to me
Directly, more especially as I
So earnestly desire to know His will.
I mean to save the Union if I can,
And by whatever means my hands can find
Under the Constitution.

If God reads

The hearts of men as clearly as He must,
Then He can read in mine that old scarred wish
That the last slave should be forever free
Here, in this country.

I do not go back

From that scarred wish and have not.

(Crossing down slightly.) But I put
The Union, first and last, before the Slave.
If freeing slaves will bring the Union back
Then I will free them; if by freeing some
and leaving some enslaved I help my cause,
I will do that--but should such freedom mean
The wreckage of the Union that I serve,--
I would not free a slave.

cut (Taking off imaginary hat.) O Will of God,

I am a patient man, and I can wait.
That is my only virtue as I see it,
Ability to wait, and hold my own
And keep my own resolves once they are made,
In spite of what the smarter people say,
I can't be smart the way that they are smart.
I've known that since I was an ugly child.
It teaches you--to be an ugly child.

(Slow cross to R. end bench, addressing hat.)

We've come a good long way, my hat and I.
Years of law-business, years of cracking jokes,
Years of trying how to learn to handle men,
And how to deal with women or a woman,
And that's about the hardest task I know.

(Puts imaginary hat on bench.)

She'll run like mercury between your hands.
I understand the uses of the earth,
And I have burnt my hands at certain fires
Often enough to know a use for fire,
But when the genius of the water moves,
And that's the woman genius, I'm at sea,
With nothing but old patience for my chart,
And patience doesn't always please a woman.

(Crossing R. a step or two.)

Earth, fire, and water. I have passed through them all.
Three elements. I have not sought the fourth
Deeply, till now--the element of air,
The everlasting element of God,
I've never found a church that I could join
Although I've prayed in churches in my time.
The thing behind the words--it's hard to find.
I used to think it wasn't there at all
Couldn't be there. I cannot say that, now.
And now I pray to You and You alone.
Teach me to know Your will.

(Crossing R. toward Chorus. Puts a foot up on Chorus platform.)

There was a man I knew near Pigeon Creek
Who kept a kennel full of huntin' dogs,
He'd sell the young ones every now and then,
But the one dog he'd never sell or lend
Was an old half-deaf foolish lookin' hound
You wouldn't think had sense to scratch a flea
Unless the flea were old and sickly too.
Folks used to plague that man about the dog
And he'd agree to everything they'd say.
"No--he ain't much on looks--or much on speed--"

(Crossing down 1 step.)

But, mister, that dog's hell on a cold scent."
I am that deaf, old hunting-dog, O Lord. (Looking up.)

cut

I will keep on because I must keep on,
 Until you utterly reveal yourself,
 And sink my teeth in justice soon or late.
 I should have run the course with younger legs,
 This hunting-ground is stiff enough to pull
 the metal heart out of a dog of steel;
 You could have made a better-looking dog
 With the same raw materials, no doubt,
 But, since You didn't this'll have to do. (Kneels, facing D. L.)
 Therefore I utterly lift up my hands
 to YOU, and here and now beseech Your aid.
 For now, I stand and tremble on the last
 Edge of the last blue cliff, a hound beat out,
 I can't go on. (Rises.) And yet, I must go on.
 (Crosses up and turns down.)

I will say this. Two months ago I read
 My proclamation setting these men free
 To Seward and the rest. Then Seward said
 Something I hadn't thought of, "I approve
 The proclamation--but, if issued now
 With our defeats in everybody's mouth
 It might be viewed as a last shriek for help,
 From a beaten and exhausted government.
 Put it aside until a victory comes,
 The issue it with victory."

He was right.

I put the thing aside--and ever since
 There has been nothing for us but defeat, (Indicating off R.)
 Until this battle now--and still no news.

~~But~~ I make

A promise now to You and to myself.
 If this last battle is a victory
 My proclamation shall go out at last
 To set those other prisoners and slaves
 From this next year, then and forever free.
 So much for my will. Show me what is Yours!

Footsteps in the hall, (Cross R. a step or two.)
 Good news, or else they wouldn't come so fast.
 What is it, now? Yes, yes, I'm glad of that.
 I'm very glad. There's no mistake this time?
 We have the best of them? They're in retreat?
 This is a great day, Stanton . . .

If McClellan

Can only follow up the victory now!
 Lord, I will keep my promise and go on,
 Your will, in much, still being dark to me.
 I cannot read it but I will go on. (Crossing to U. L. C.)

Almighty God,

At best we never seem
To know You wholly, but there's something left,
A strange, last courage.

We can fail and fail,
But deep against the failure, something wars,
Something goes forward, something lights a match,
Something gets up from Sangamon County ground,
Armed with a bitten and a blunted axe.
And after twenty thousand wasted strokes,
Brings the tall hemlock crashing to the ground.

(After slight pause, Actor B crosses to chair R. and sits. The
Chorus then rises.)

CHORUS

(MUSIC CUE #19.)

Autumn is filling her harvest-bins
With red and yellow grain,
Fire begins and frost begins
And the floors are cold again.

It is time to walk to the cider-mill
Through air like apple wine
And watch the moon rise over the hill,
Stinging and hard and fine.

(Chorus remains standing.)

ACTRESS C.

(Crosses to U. R. end of bench.)

(HUM MUSIC CUE #19 UNDER END ON G MAJOR CHORD.)

Melora Vilas walked in the woods that autumn
And heard the dry leaves crackle under her feet,
Feeling below the leaves, the blunt heavy earth.

(Cross to D. R. of bench and kneel.)

She walked on further and came to the lip of the spring,
The brown leaves drifted the water. She watched them drift.
"I am satisfied," she thought, "I am satisfied.
In spite of Pop Looking fierce when he sees me walk
So heavy and knows I'll have to walk heavier still
Before my time comes. (Rises, crosses to right of bench.)

I'm sorry to make him sad,
I'm sorry I did a bad thing, if it was a bad thing;
But I'm satisfied." (Sits R. of bench.)

SINGER.

(MUSIC CUE #20.)

Love came by from the riversmoke,
When the leaves were fresh on the tree,
But I cut my heart on the blackjack oak
Before they fell on me.

The leaves are green in the early Spring,
They are brown as linsey now,
I did not ask for a wedding ring
From the wind in the bending bough.

Fall lightly, lightly, leaves of the wild,
Fall lightly on my care,
I am not the first to go with child
Because of the blowing air.

The good girls sleep in their modesty,
The bad girls sleep in their shame,
But I must sleep in the hollow tree
Till my child can have a name.

Cold and cold and cold again,
Cold in the blackjack limb
The winds of the sky for his sponsor-men
And a bird to christen him.

He's going to act like a hound let loose
When he comes from the blackjack tree,
And he's going to walk in proud proud shoes
All over Tennessee.
All over Tennessee.

(Chorus sits.)

X 2 chair sit

ACTOR A. (Rises. Cross to D. L. bench.)

The slow carts hitched along toward the place of exchange
Through a bleak wind.

It was not a long wagon train,
Wagons, and horses were too important to waste
On prisoners for exchange, if the men could march.
Many did march and some few died on the way,
But more died up in the wagons, which was not odd.
If a man was too sick to walk, he was pretty sick.
They'd been two days on the road

Jack Ellyat lay

Between a perishing giant from Illinois
Out by the Lakes, and slight, tubercular Jew.
Bailey marched. He was still able to march.
They got to the river at last.

Jack Ellyat saw

A yellow stream and slow boats crossing the stream.
Bailey had helped him out. He was walking now
His arm around Bailey's neck. Their course was a crab's
The wind blew.

They stared across the river and saw the flag,
And the tall, blue soldiers walking in thick, warm coats,
Like strong, big men who fed well. And then they cheered,
A dry thin cheer, pumped up from exhausted lungs. (Cheer.)
And then they heard the echo of their own cheer (Cheer.)
But it didn't end like an echo, it gathered and rose,
It was the Confederate sick on the other side,
Cheering their own.

The two weak crowd-voices met
In one piping, gull-like cry.

In the midst of the stream
They passed a boat with Confederate prisoners,
So near they could yell at each other.

CHORUS. (Single voices--very faint.)

(First voice.) (Second voice.) (First Voice.)

"Hello, there, Yank." "Hello, Reb." "You look pretty sick--
don't we feed you good?"

(Second voice.)

"You don't look so damn pretty, yourself"

(First voice.)

"My isn't that a shame!" "Well, good-bye, Yank."

(Second voice.) (First voice.)

"Good-bye, Reb." "Get fat if you kin."

ACTOR A.

(Crossing around to U. L. of bench.)

Bailey watched the boat move away. "They look pretty bad,"
he said.

"They look glad to get back. They ain't such bad Rebs at that."

The boat's nose touched the wharf. It swung and was held.

"All right, you men," said an officer. "Come along."

Jack Ellyat's heart made a sudden lump in his chest.

It was a blue officer. They were back in their lines,

Back out of prison. "Hell," said Bailey

And burst into horrible tears. Jack Ellyat held him.

(MUSIC CUE #21 REPEATED P.P. 4 TIMES, THEN ON TO LAST ENDING.)

ACTOR B. **X 2 STAIR Sit**
 (Rising, crosses to center line between Chorus and bench.)

Cudjo breathed on the silver urn
 And rubbed till his hand began to burn,
 With his hoarded scrap of chamois-skin.
 The metal glittered like bright new tin
 And yet, as he labored, his mouth was sad--
 "Times is gettin' almighty bad.
 Christmas a-comin', sure and swif,
 But no use hollerin' 'Christmas Gif'!
 No use keepin' the silver fittin'
 No use doin' nothin' but sittin'
 Grey hairs in Miss Mary's brush,
 And a-wooin' wind in de berry-bush,
 Day young red setter done eat her pups,
 We was washin' de tea set and bust two cups,
 Just come apart in Liza's han'--
 Christmas, where has you gwine to, man?

Dey's token de carpets and window-weights **Rise X D R**
 To go and shoot at de Yankee States,
 Dey's token Nelly, de cross-eye mule,
 Whoever took her was one big fool;
 Dey's token dis and dey's token dat,
 Till I kain't make out what dey's drivin' at."
 (END MUSIC CUE #21.)

The hand stopped rubbing. The spoons were shined.
 He put them back in the flannel bag
 And stared at his scrap of chamois-rag.

ACTRESS C. **CENTER**

Sally Dupre watched over her dyeing-pots
 As evening was setting in with a light slow rain.
 She thought to herself:

I have stained my arms with new colors, doing this work,
 The red is pokeberry juice, the grey is green-myrtle,
 The deep black is Queen's Delight.

If he saw me now

With my hands so parti-colored he would not know them.
 He likes girl's hands that nothing has stained but lotions,
 This is too fast a dye.

I will dye my heart

In a pot of queen's delight, in the pokeberry sap,
 I will dye it red and black in the fool's old colors,
 And send it to him wrapped in a calico rag,
 To keep him warm through the rain.

What fools we are
To give our parti-colored hearts to the rain.

(Rises and crosses to L. end bench.)

I am tired of the slogans now and tired of the saving,
I want to dance all night in a brand-new dress
And forget about wars and love and the South and courage.

(Cross to R. C. of bench.)

The South is an old high house full of charming ladies,
But I am tired of talking to charming ladies
And the smell of the white camelia, I will dye
My hands twice as black as ink in the working waters.

And wait like a fool for bitter love to come home.
Clay was wounded this year. They hurt him. They hurt you
darling.

(Cross to D. L. C. close to edge of stage. Face front.)

House, house, house, it is not that my friend was wounded,
But that you kept him from me while he had freedom.

Comely house, high-courteous house of the gentle,
You must win your war, for my friend is mixed in your
quarrel.

But then you must fall, you must fall, for your walls divide us.
Your worn stones keep us apart.

(Crossing down to D. R. C. of bench.)

They hurt you, darling, they hurt you, and I not with you,
(Cross to below C. of bench.)

If I had been there--oh, how surely I would have found you,
How surely killed your foe--and sat by your bedside

(Sits center of bench.)

All night long, like a mouse, like a stone unstirring,
Only to hear your slow breath moving the darkness,
Only to hear, more precious than childish beauty,
The slow tired beat of your heart.

ACTOR A. (Crossing to above L. C. of bench.)

In broad-streeted Richmond, the trees in the streets are old trees,
Family trees that remember your grandfather's name.
The ladies go to parties in last year's dresses,
They have had to cut the green and white chintz curtains
That shade their long drawing-rooms from the lazy sun
To bandage the stricken wounded of Seven Pines.

(MUSIC CUE #20. ONE STANZA ONLY.)

ACTRESS C.

Melora was tired out,
She saw only a lamp, and hands.

The pains came hard now,

A fist that hardly opened before it shut,
A red stair mounting into an ultimate

Flurry of misty conflict, when it seemed
 As if she fought against the earth itself
 For mere breath, and something other than mere breath.
 She heard the roar of the tunnel, drowned in earth.
 Earth and its expulsive waters tearing her, (Rises.) being born.
 Then it was yellow silence, and a weak crying.

(HUM CUE #20 ONCE.)

After the child was washed, they showed her the child,
 Breakable, crumpled, breathing, swathed and indignant,
 With all its nails, and hands that moved of themselves . . .

(Sits L. side bench.)

She looked at the child as if she wanted to tell it,
 "You aren't respectable, What are you doing here?"
 But the child began wailing. She rocked it mechanically.

(MUSIC CUE #20 ENDS.)

ACTOR A.

(Cross R. well above bench to R. of it.)

cut

By the swollen flood
 Of the Mississippi, stumpy Grant is a mole
 Gnawing at Vicksburg. He has been blocked four times
 But he will carry that beaver-dam at last

Sherman is there.

And Sherman loves him and finds him hard to make out--
 They made a good pair of hunting dogs, Grant and Sherman.
 But remember this. In their time they were famous men.
 And yet they were not jealous, one of the other.

When the gold has peeled from the man on the gilded horse,
 When the big round tomb gapes empty under the sky,
 When nobody reads the books, when the flags are moth-dust,--
 Write up that. You won't have to write it so often
 It will do as well as the railway-station tombs.

ACTOR B. (One step D. R.)

At Gettysburg the beaten Union brigades
 Recoil from the cross-roads town that they tried to hold.
 And so recoiling rest on a destined ground--
 Who chose that ground?

ACTRESS C.

(Crosses to below L. C. of bench.)

You took a carriage to the battlefield.
 Now, I suppose, you take a motor-bus.

The carriage smelt of axle-grease and leather,
 And the old horse nodded a sleepy head
 Adorned with a straw hat. His ears stuck through it.
 It was the middle of hay-fever summer,
 And it was hot. And you could stand and look
 All the way down from Cemetery Ridge,--
 Much as it was, except for monuments,
 And startling groups of monumental men . . .

So peaceable it was, so calm and hot,
 Where the bronze, open book can still be read
 By visitors and sparrows and the wind:
 And the wind came, the wind moved in the grass,
 Saying . . . while the long light . . . and all so calm . . .

(Sits L. edge of bench.)

(MUSIC CUE #22.)

CHORUS.

"The South came
 And the end came,
 And the grass comes
 And the wind blows
 On the bronze book
 On the bronze men
 On the grown grass
 And the wind says:
 'Long ago
 Long
 Ago."

(CHORUS:--MARCHING EFFECT.)

ACTOR B.

cut

Tall Lincoln reviews

Endless columns crunching across new snow.
 They pass uncheering at the marching-salute.
 Lincoln sits on a horse with his farmer's seat,
 Watching the eyes go by and the eyes come on.
 The gaunt, long body is dressed in its Sunday black,
 The gaunt face, strange as an omen, sad and foreboding.
 The eyes look at him, he looks back at the eyes.

(EFFECT ENDS.)

ACTOR A. (Cross to R. end bench.)

"So that was him," they say. "So that's the old man.
 I'm glad we saw him. He isn't much on looks
 But he looks like people you know. He looks sad all right,
 I never saw anybody look quite as sad as that.
 He makes you feel--I dunno--I'm glad we could see him.

He was glad to see us, but you could tell all the same
 This war's plumb killin' him. You can tell by his face.
 I guess it's tough for him. Well, we saw him, for once."

(MUSIC CUE #20. ONE STANZA.)

ACTRESS C.

(Rising and crossing to U. C. of bench.)

Lucy Weatherby spread out gowns on a bed
 And wondered which she could wear to the next levee.
 In the Winter-camps, it doesn't matter so much,
 Any old rag will do for that sort of thing.
 But here in Richmond . . .

She pondered, mentally stitching,
 Cutting and shaping, lost in a pleasant dream.
 She thought of last month and the boys and the Black Horse Troop.
 She was just as glad they were fighting now, after all.

(Backs a step.)

She stepped from her hoops to try on the rose brocade,
 But let it lie for a moment, while she stood up
 To look at the bright ghost-girl in the long dark mirror,
 Adoringly.

"Oh, you honey," she thought, "You honey!
 You look so pretty--and nobody knows but me.
 Nobody knows."

She kissed her little white shoulders,
 Her eyes were veiled. She swayed in front of the mirror.
 Honey, I love you," she whispered, "I love you, honey.
 Nobody loves you like I do, do they, sugar?
 Nobody knows but Lucy how sweet you are.
 We'll be pretty and sweet to all of them, won't we honey?
 But you mustn't leave me, honey, I couldn't bear it.
 You mustn't ever leave me for any man."

(Rises.)

Now see instead
 Three miles of living men--three long double miles
 Of men and guns and horses and fires and wagons,
 Three double miles of live men. A hundred and sixty thousand
 Breathing men, at night, on two hostile ridges set down.

(Sits L. end bench.)

ACTOR B.

(Crossing to below R. C. of bench.)

The firing began that morning at nine o'clock,
 But it was three before the attacks were launched.
 They say the bluecoats, marching through the ripe wheat,
 Made a blue-and-yellow picture, that men remembered
 Even in their age, in their crack-voiced age.

They say the noise was incessant as the sound
 Of all wolves howling, when the attack came on
 They say, when the guns all spoke, the solid ground
 Of the rocky ridges trembled like a sick child.
 And so the storm came on. The men who fought there
 Were the tired fighters, the hammered, the weather-beaten,
 The very hard-dying men.

They came and died.

They came again and died. They stood there and died.
 The crest is three times taken, and retaken
 In fierce wolf-flurries of combat, in gasping Iliads
 Too obscure to freeze in a song. (Cross and sit R. edge bench.)
 But at last, when the round sun dropped, and that last attack
 Came, with its cry, Jack Ellyat saw it come on.

ACTOR A.

They'd been waiting for hours on that hard hill,
 Sometimes under fire, sometimes untroubled by shells,
 A man chewed a stalk of grass and hummed to himself.
 Another played mumbledeypeg with a worn black knife.
 Two men were talking girls till they got too mad
 And the sergeant stopped them.

Then they waited again.

Jack Ellyat waited, hearing that other roar
 Rise and fall, be distant and then approach.
 Now and then he turned on his side and looked at the sky
 As if to build a house of peace from that blue,
 But he could find no house of peace there.
 Only the roar, and the slow sun sinking . . .
 He was lying behind a tree.
 The shelling burst out from the Southern guns again.
 Their own batteries answered. The man with the old black
 knife

Shut up the knife and began to baby his rifle.
 They're coming, Jack thought. This is it. This is it. He felt
 The old familiar tightness around his chest.
 The man with the grass chewed his stalk a little too hard
 Then suddenly spat it out. (Crossing to above C. of bench.)

Jack Ellyat saw

Through the falling night, that slight, grey fringe that was war
 Coming against them, not as it came in pictures
 With a ruler-edge, but a crinkled and smudgy line
 Like a child's vague scrawl in soft crayon, but moving on,
 With little red handkerchiefs of flags
 Sagging up and down, here and there.

It was still quite far,

It was still like a toy attack--it was swallowed now
 By a wood and came out larger with larger flags.
 Their own guns on the crest were trying to break it up
 But it still kept on--one fringe and another fringe
 (Puts knee on bench.)

And another and--

He lost them all for a moment

In a dip of ground.

This is it, he thought with a parched
Mind. It's a big one. They must be yelling all right
Though you can't hear them. They're goin to do it this time,
Do it or bust . . . you can tell by the way they come--
When they get out of that dip.

"Hell, they've lost 'em now,

And they're still coming.

He heard a thin, gnat-shrieking

"Hold your fire till they're close enough men!"

The new lieutenant.

The new lieutenant looked thin. "Aw, go home," Ellyat
muttered.

(Rebel yell.) "We're no militia--what do you think we are?"

(Rebel yell.)

He was yelling now. He saw a red battle flag
Push through smoke like a prow and be blotted out
By smoke and flash.

His heart knocked hard in his chest.

"Do it or bust," he mumbled, holding his fire
While the rags of smoke blew off.

He heard a thick chunk

Beside him, he turned his head for a flicker of time.

The man who had chewed on the grass was injuredly trying
To rise on his knees, his face annoyed by a smile.
Then blood poured over the smile and he crumpled up.

Ellyat stretched out a hand to touch him and felt the hand
Rasped by a file. (Bucks a step.)

He jerked back the hand and sucked it.

"Bastard," he said. (Rebel yell.)

All this had occurred, it seemed, in no time at all,
But when he looked back, the smoky slope of the hill
Was grey--and a staggering red advancing flag--

(Rebel yell.)

And those same shouting strangers he knew so well,
No longer ants--but there--and stumblingly running--
And that high, shrill, hated keen piercing all the flat thunder.

(Rebel yells.)

His lips went back. He felt something swell in his chest
Like a huge, indocile bubble.

(Knee up on bench again.) "By God," he said,
Loading and firing, "You're not going to get this hill,
You're not going to get this hill. By God, but you're not."
He saw one grey man spin like a crazy dancer
And another fall at his heels--but the hill kept growing them.

Something made him look to his left.

A yellow-fanged face
Was aiming a pistol over a chunk of rock.
He fired and the face went down like a broken pipe,--
While something hit him sharply and took his breath.

(Stepping back.)

"Get back, you suckers," he croaked, "Get back there,
you suckers!"

He wouldn't have time to load now--they were too near
(Rebel yell.)

He was up and screaming. He swung his gun like a club
Through a twilight full of bright stabbings, and felt it crash
On a thing that broke. (Kneels above bench.) He had no
breath any more.

He had no thoughts. He was down,--in the grass . . . D ON BENCH

ACTOR B.

For an instant that wheel of combat--and for an instant X D R
A brief, hard-breathing hush.

Then the hard sound
Of columns tramping--blue reinforcements at last,
A doomsday sound for the grey.

(Rise to R. end bench.)

Lee, a mile away, in the shade of a little wood,
Stared, with his mouth shut down, and saw them go and be
slain,

And then saw for a single moment, the blue Virginia flag
Planted atop the crest, beside that other flag that he knew.
The two flags planted together, one instant, like hostile
flowers. (Step up one step.)

Then the smoke wrapped both in a mantle--and when it had
blown away,
The valley was grey with the fallen, and the wreck of the
broken wave.

ACTOR A. (Crossing to ^LE. end bench.)

Wingate waked from a bloodshot dream.
They were touching his leg and he heard his scream.
Then a blue-chinned man said a word or two.
"Well, now, Johnny, you ought to do
Till the sawbones comes with this movin'-van,
And you're lucky you're livin', little man.
But why the hell did you act so strict, (Step L.)
Fightin' like that when you know you're licked,
And where's the rest of your damn brigade?"
The voice died out as the ripples fade.

ACTRESS C. (Rises and crosses to L. C. of bench.)

Army of Northern Virginia, haggard and tattered,
Tramping back on the pikes, through the dust-white summer,
With your wounds still fresh, your burden of prisoners,
Your burden of sick and wounded,
"One long groan of human anguish six miles long."

ACTOR B. (At R. end of bench.)

cut
Grant has come East to take up his last command
And the general command of the armies
It is five years
Since he sat, with a glass, by the stove in a country store.
A stumpy mute man in a faded Army overcoat.
The eldest born of the Grants, but the family-failure.
Now, for a week, He shines in full array
Of god cord and black-feather hat and superb blue coat,
As he talks with the trim well-tailored Eastern men.
It is his only moment of such parade.
When the fighting starts, he is chewing a dead cigar
With only the battered stars to show the rank,
On the shoulder straps of the private's uniform.

CHORUS.

It is over now, but they will not let it be over.

ACTRESS C.

The grey night had fallen and the narrow tent.
The army was asleep as armies sleep.
War lying on a casual sheaf of peace
For a brief moment, and yet with armor on.

ACTOR A.

(Crossing a few steps down to below L. of bench.)

The aide-de-camp knew certain lines of Greek
And other such unnecessary things.
As birds and music, that are good for peace
But are not deemed so serviceable for war.
He saw, imprinted on the yellow light
That made the tent a hollow jack-o-lantern,
The sharp, black shadow of a seated man,
The profile like the profile on a bust.
Lee in his tent, alone. (Step R.)

"I'd know that face among a million faces,"
Thought the still watcher, "And yet, the hair and beard
Have quite turned white, white as the dog-wood bloom.

Ah saw him in the Wilderness that day
When he began to lead the charge himself
And the men wouldn't let him.

Gordon spoke
And then the men themselves began to yell
'Lee to the rear--General Lee to the rear!'
I'll hear that all my life. I'll see those paws
Grabbing at Traveller and the bridle-rein
And forcing the calm image back from death.

Ah reckon that's what we think of you, Marse Robert.
It doesn't seem as if a cause could lose
When it's believed in by a man like that.
And yet we're losing.

And he knows it all.
No, he won't ever say it. But he knows.

What keeps us going on? I wish I knew.
Perhaps you see a man like that go on
And then you have to follow."

MUSIC CUE #20, HUMMED.)

ACTOR B. (Slight move to R.)

Melora's father clucked to the scurvy rack of bones
Between the shafts. The rickety cart moved on.
The time had bred odd voyagers enough;
Disbanded soldiers, tramping toward the West;
Queer, rootless families, plucked up by war
To blow along the roads like tumbleweed,
And of them were these three,

(REPEAT MUSIC CUE #20.)

John Vilas and his daughter and her child,
The heart-faced girl with the enormous eyes,
Roving from little town to little town,
Still looking for her soldier.

X 2 STAIRS
(END MUSIC CUE #20.)

ACTRESS C.

(Crosses around R. of bench to U. C. of it.)

Lucy Weatherby smoothed out clothes in a trunk
With a stab at her heart. (Kneels above the bench.)
The trunk was packed to the lid.
Pack as she would--but the blue dress wouldn't go in.
"If only Henry wasn't so selfish, at times!
But Henry was like all brothers, and like all men,
Expecting a lady to travel to Canada
With just one trunk and the boxes."

It was too bad.

The green could come out, of course, and the blue go in,
But she couldn't bear the idea of leaving the green.

"Only, one must not be selfish. One must be brave.
One must think about Henry's health and be sensible,
And Henry actually thinks we can get away . . ." (Rises.)

(MUSIC CUE #23, REPEATED AD LIB.)

But she would see if she couldn't help Henry pack,
And if she did, the blue could go with his shirts.
It hardly mattered, leaving some shirts behind.

(SEGUE TO MUSIC CUE #24.)

(Crosses up to R. chair in background. Actor A sits L. side bench.)

CHORUS.

Sherman's buzzin' along to de sea,
Jubili, Jubilo!
Sherman's buzzin' along to de sea,
Like Moses ridin' on a bumblebee,
Settin' de prisoned and de humble free!
Hit'd de year of Jubilo!

ACTOR B.

(Cross down 2 or 3 steps to below R. of bench.)

So Sherman goes from Atlanta to the sea
Through the red-earth heart of the land, through the
pine-smoke haze.

Strange march, half-war, half trooping picnic-parade

(MUSIC CUE #24 FADES.)

Cutting a ruinous swath through the red-earth land;
March of the hardy bummers and the coffee coolers
Who, having been told to forage, loot as they can,
And leave a wound that rankles for sixty years.
And everywhere,

A black earth stirs, a wind blows over black earth,

(REPEAT MUSIC CUE #23 AD LIB.)

A wind blows into black faces, into old hands
Knotted with long rheumatics, cramped on the hoe,
Into old backs bent double over the cotton,
The wind of freedom, the wind of the jubilo.

(SEGUE TO MUSIC CUE #24.)

CHORUS.

Oh, hit don't matter if you's black or tan,
Jubili, Jubilo!
Hit don't matter if you's black or tan,
When you hear de noise of de freedom ban'
You's snatched baldheaded to de Promise' Lan',
Hit's de year of Jubilo!

ACTOR B. (Cross down 2 or 3 steps R. of bench.)

They stray from the lost plantations like children strayed,
Grinning and singing, following the blue soldiers,

(MUSIC CUE #24 FADES.)

Looking for some vague place they've heard about,
Where Linkum sits at a desk in his gold silk hat
With a bag of silver dollars in either hand.

Some faithful beyond the bond that they never signed,

(REPEAT MUSIC CUE #23 AD LIB.)

Hold to that bond in ruin as in the sun,
Steal food for a hungry mistress, keep her alive.

(Crosses to L. of Chorus.)

(SEGUE TO MUSIC CUE #24.)

CHORUS.

Every nigger's gwine to own a mule,
Jubili, Jubilo!

Every nigger's gwine to own a mule,
An' live like Adam in de Golden Rule,
An' send his chillun to de white-folks' school!
In de year of Jubilo!

(END ON C MAJOR CHORD. DO NOT CONTINUE RANJO EFFECT.)

ACTRESS C. (Rises and crosses to U. R. bench.)

Cudjo buried the silverware,
On a graveyard night of sultry air
While the turned sods smelled of the winter damp
And Mary Lou Wingate held the lamp.

(Cross close to Actor B.)

They worked with a will, They did not speak.
A tomb-light casting a last, brief flame
Over the grave of Wingate fame.

There was a spook in Cudjo's eyes
As he lowered the chests where they must lie
And patted the earth back cunningly.
He knew each chest and its diverse freight
As a blind man knows his own front gate
And, decade by decade and piece by piece,
With paste and shammy and elbow-grease,
He had made them his, by his pursed-up lips
And the tireless, polishing fingertips,
Till now as he buried them each and all,
What he buried was Wingate Hall.
He was finished at length. He shook his head.

ACTOR B.

"Mistis, reckon we's done," he said.

ACTRESS C.

They looked at each other, black and white,
 For a slow-paced moment across the light.
 Then he took the lamp and she smoothed her shawl
 (Cross to U. C. above bench.)

And he lit her back to the plundered Hall.
 To Pray, with her old serene observance
 For the mercy of God upon faithful servants,
 And a justice striking all Yankees dead.
 On her cold, worn knees by the great carved bed,
 Where she had lain by a gentleman's side,
 Wife and mother and new-come bride.

She struck her hand on the bedstead head,
 (REPEAT MUSIC CUE #23 AD LIB.)
 "They won't drive me from my house," she said,
 As the wood rang under her wedding-ring.
 Then she stood for a moment, listening.

(SEGUE TO MUSIC CUE #24.)

 CHORUS.

Shout thanksgivin' and shout it loud!
 Jubili, Jubilo!
 Shout thanksgivin' and shout it loud,
 We was dead and buried in de Lazrus-shroud,
 But de Lord came down in a glory-cloud,
 And He gave us Jubilo!

ACTOR A. (Rises and crosses to below L. bench.)

Bailey, tramping along with Sherman's bummers,
 Grumbled and found life pleasant and hummed his tune.
 (FADE MUSIC CUE #24.)

This was pretty soft--This was war like it ought to be
 And he was a sergeant now.

And up in his pack
 Were souvenirs for the red-haired widow in Cairo
 Some of 'em bought and some just sort of picked up
 But not a damn one stolen, to call it stealin'.
 He mused a moment, thinking of Ellyat now.
 There was another kid and a crazy kid,
 Hope he finds that girl he was talkin' about,
 Sounds like a pretty good piece for a storm-and-strife.

His heart was overflowing with charity,
 But his throat was dry as the bottom of his canteen.
 And there was a big, white house, some way from the road . . .

He found his captain, saluted and put his question.
 "All right, Sergeant, take your detail and forage."

So Bailey came to the door of Wingate Hall,
 With high wind blowing against him and gave his orders
 "Clark, you and Ellis stay right here by the door,"

He knocked and called. There was a long, heavy silence.
 (Cross down.)

"House!" The silence made him feel queer.
 He cursed impatiently and pushed at the door.
 It swung wide open.

They watched him with mocking eyes.
 "Wish to hell they'd made me a sergeant, Clark,
 A three-stripe souvenir sergeant."

Bailey, meanwhile,
 Was roving like a lost soul through great, empty rooms
 And staring at various objects that caught his eye.
 Funny old boy in a wig, hung up on the wall,
 Queer sort of chairs, made your hands feel dirty just to touch
 'em;
 Though they were faded.

Huh! Old workbasket there.
 (Business.)

He opened it idly--most of the things were gone
 But there was a pair of little, gold-mounted scissors
 Made like a bird, with the blades the beak of the bird.
 He picked up the scissors and opened and shut the blades.
 Huh!--sort of handsome and queer--
 Bessie would certainly like it--

He held it a minute.
 Wouldn't take up any room . . . Then he frowned at the
 thing.

"Aw hell," he said, "I got enough souvenirs.
 I ain't no damn coffee-cooler."

(Turning in.)

He started to put the scissors back in the case
 And turned to face a slight grey-haired old woman

ACTRESS C. (U. R. of bench.)

Dressed in black with eyes that burned through his skin
 And a voice that cut his mind like a rawhide whip,
 Calling him fifty different kinds of a thief
 and Yankee devil and liar and God knows what,
 Tearing at the throat of her dress with her thin old hands
 And telling him "he could shoot her down like a dog
 But he'd steal her children's things over her dead body."

ACTOR A. (Crossing to her L.)

My God, as if you went around shootin' old women
For fun, my God!

He couldn't even explain
She was like all of 'em, made him sick in his lunch.
"Oh, hell," he yelled. "Shut up about your damn scissors,
This is a war, old lady!"

ACTRESS C.

"That's right," she said,
"Curse a helpless female, you big, brave soldier."

ACTOR A.

Well, what was a man to do?
(Crosses around L. of bench to D. C. of it.)
He got out of the house,
Sore and angry, mean as a man could feel
(Crossing R. to L. of Actor B.)
Where in hell's that detail?

ACTOR B.

He saw them now, X D R
All except Clark and Ellis, gathered around
A white-poll'd nigger wringing his hands and weeping.
(Speaking D. R.)
"Hey, uncle, where's the well? You folks got a well?"
But the nigger just kept on crying like an old fool.
"He thinks we're goin' to scalp him," said one of the men,
(Cross to B. of Actor A.)
"I told him twice that he's free but the shine won't listen.
I give him some money, too, but he let it drop."

ACTOR A.

Well, tell him he's afe and make him rustle some water, X 2 S R
My throat's as dry as a preacher's tongue. Where's Clark and
Ellis? (Cross to U. S. of bench.)
He found Clark solemnly prodding the hard dirt floor
Of a negro cabin, while Ellis lighted the task
With a splinter of burning pine.

His rage exploded
In boiling lava. They listened respectfully.
"Well, Sergeant," said Ellis, humbly, "I allus heard
They buried stuff, sometimes, under these here cabins.
Well, I thought we could take a look--well--"

"Huh?" said Bailey.

He seized the torch and looked at the trodden floor
 For an instant. Then his pride and his rage returned.
 "Hell's fire!" he said, and threw the splinter aside,
 "Come out of there on the double! Yes, I said you!"
 They were half way down the driveway when Ellis spoke:
 "Sergeant," he said. "There's somethin' on fire back there."

(MUSIC CUE #25.)

ACTRESS C. (Crossing to D. L. of bench.)

Bailey stopped--looked back--a smoke-puff climbed in the
 sky.
 And the wind was high.

ACTOR A.

He hesitated a moment.
 The cabin must have caught from the burning splinter.
 Then he set his jaws. Well, suppose the cabin had caught?
 --Damned old woman in black who called him a thief.

ACTRESS C.

They hurried along. The smoke rose higher behind them.
 (Crossing down 2 steps.)
 The wind blew the burning flakes on Wingate Hall.

ACTRESS C. (Cont'd.)

Sally Dupre stared out of her bedroom window
 As she had stared many times at that clump of trees.
 And saw the smoke rise out of it, thick and dark.
 She felt the fire
 Run on her flesh. "It's Wingate Hall and it's burning!"

(Exultantly.)

House that married my lover before he saw me,
 You are burning, burning away in a little smoke,
 Burning down." Then she caught her breath.
 "We'll have to get the slaves if the slaves will go.
 (Runs up toward chairs in background, then cross down to D. L. of bench.)

Hurry, Sally!"

She ran downstairs like the wind.

They worked at the Hall that night till the dawn came up,
 But when the dawn had risen, the Hall was gone.

(END MUSIC CUE #25.)

(Sits L. end bench.)

ACTOR B.

Richmond is fallen--the letters are written, X O R
 The orders given, while stray fighting goes on,
 And grey men and blue men die in odd clumps of ground
 Before the orders can reach them.

An aide-de-camp
 Seeks a suitable house for the council from a chance farmer.
 The first one found is too dirty to please his mind,
 He picks another.

The chiefs and the captains meet,
 Lee, erect in his best dress uniform,
 His dress-sword hung at his side and his eyes unaltered.
 Chunky Grant in his mudsplashed private's gear,
 With the battered stars on his shoulders.

They talk a while
 Of Mexico and old days.

Then the terms are stated.
 Lee finds them generous, says so, makes a request.
 His men will need their horses for the spring ploughing.
 Grant assents at once. Lee walks from the little room.
 His face is unchanged, it will not change when he dies.
 The blue men stare at each other
 For a space of heartbeats, silent.

(MUSIC CUE #26.)

(Bugle.)

--It is over . . .

The room explodes like a bomb, they are laughing and
 shouting,

Bearded generals waltzing with one another
 Everyone talking at once and nobody listening,
 "It's over--it's done--it's finished!"

(REPEAT MUSIC CUE #26 WITH CHORUS MARCHING EFFECT.)

(Bugle.)

The grey ghost army falls in for the last time,
 There are no cheers or words from blue lines or grey.
 Only the sound of feet . . .
 It is over, now . . .

X O L

(CHORUS HUMS ONE VERSE "JOHN BROWN'S BODY" IN B FLAT.)

ACTOR A. (Crossing to below R. end bench.)
(Marching feet continue diminishing.)

Jack Ellyat, an old cudgel in his fist,
 Walked from the town, one day of melting ice,
 Behind him, in the town, the spangled flags
 Still fluttered or hung limp for fallen Richmond.

"It's over now. (Sits R. side bench.)

Finished for good. Well, I was part of it.
Well, it is over." He flipped a stone.

(REPEAT MUSIC CUE #20. HUM 2 STANZAS.)

(Marching feet out.)

He had a picture of Melora's face,
Dim with long looking-at, a carried image,
He tried to see it now, but it was faint.

"I will forget, I'll wear my riddled coat
Fourth of Julys, and have boys gape at me.
I'll drink and eat and sleep, marry a girl;
Be a good lawyer, wear the hunger out.
I hardly knew her. It was years ago.
It was such years ago. She must have changed.
I know that I have changed.

We find such things

And lose them, and must live in spite of it.
Only a fool goes looking for the wind
That blew across his heartstrings yesterday."

(MUSIC CUE #20 OUT.)

(Rises and crosses L. of bench.)

And here he was, out walking on this road
For no more reason than a crazy yarn
Just heard, about some gipsy travellers
Going through towns and looking for a soldier.
The wind burned at his flesh. He let it burn,
Staring at a lost year.

So he perceived--

A slow cart creaking up a slope of hill,
Drawn by a horse as gaunt as poverty,
And driven by Melora, with the child.

(REPEAT MUSIC CUE #7.)

ACTRESS C.

(Rises and crosses to D. R. of bench.) X AROUND BENCH

Sally, waiting at Appleton,
On an autumn day of clear, bright sun,
Felt her heart and body begin to burn
As she hummed the lesson she had to learn.

Mend the broken and patch the frayed
And carry your sorrow undismayed
When your lover limps in the falling rain,
Never quite to be whole again.
Clear the nettle and plant the corn
And keep your body a hunting-horn.
And break your hands on the hard-moved wheel

Till they are tougher than hands of steel,
Till the new grass grows on the barren plain
And the house is built from the dust again.

(MUSIC CUE #7 FADES.)

She smiled a little and turned to see
A weed-grown path and a scarlet tree
And Wingate coming there, painfully.

CHORUS. (Rises.)

(SUNG IN OCTAVES. KEY B FLAT. AFTER LINE HUM
REST OF SONG UNDER DIALOGUE. REPEATING AD LIB.)

John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave.

ACTOR A. (Crossing in to D. L. of bench.)

John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave.

ACTOR B.

John Brown is dead he will not come again.

ACTOR A.

Bury the South together with this man, X D C

ACTRESS C. (Crossing to below C. of bench.)

Bury the bygone South.
Bury the minstrel with the honey-mouth,
Bury the broadsword virtues of the clan,
The courtesy and the bitter arrogance,

ACTOR B. (Crossing to below R. of Bench.)

Bury the whip, bury the branding-bars,
Bury the unjust thing
That some tamed into mercy, being wise,
But could not starve the tiger from its eyes.

ACTRESS C.

Bury the fiddle music and the dance
The sick magnolias of the false romance.

ACTOR B.

And with these things, bury the purple dream
Of the America we have not been,

The tropic empire, seeking the warm sea,
 The last foray of aristocracy,
 The great, slave-driven bark,
 Full-oared upon the dark,
 With fetters for the crew
 And spices for the few,
 The pomp we never knew.
 Bury this, too.

(HUMMING STOPS.)

Bury this destiny unmanifest
 This system broken underneath the test,
 Bury it all
 Beside John Brown.

(QUARTET -SATB- SINGS "GLORY, GLORY, HALLELUJAH
 AS HARMONIZED IN MUSIC CUES #9 AND #11, WHILE
 THE REST OF THE CHORUS MAKES SOUND EFFECTS IN
 RHYTHM OF MACHINES, TRAINS, ETC.)

ACTOR A. (Principals make triangle below bench.)

Out of his body grows revolving steel,

ACTRESS C.

Out of his body grows the spinning wheel
 Made up of wheels,

ACTOR B.

The new, mechanic birth,
 No longer bound by toil
 To the unsparing soil
 Or the old furrow-line,

ACTOR A.

The great, metallic beast
 Expanding West and East,
 His heart a spinning coil,
 His juices burning oil,
 His body serpentine.

ACTRESS C.

Out of John Brown's strong sinews the tall skyscrapers grow,
 Out of his heart the chanting buildings rise,

ACTOR A.

Rivet and girder, motor and dynamo,

ACTOR B.

Pillar of smoke by day and fire by night,

ACTRESS C.

The steel-faced cities reaching at the skies. (CHORUS OUT.)

ACTOR B.

(Steps down slightly.)

The genie we have raised to rule the earth,
Obsequious to our will
But servant-master still--

ACTOR A.

Now, when the crowd gives tongue
And prophets, old or young,
Bawl out their strange despair
Or fall in worship there,
Let them applaud the image or condemn,
But keep your distance and your soul from them.
And while the prophets shudder or adore
Before the flame, hoping it may give ear,
If you at last must have a word to say,
Say neither, in their way,
"It is a deadly magic and accursed,"
Nor "It is blest," but only "It is here."

ACTOR B.

"It is here."

ACTRESS C.

"It is here."

CHORUS.

(MUSIC CUE #27.)

It is here.

THE END

SELECTED BIBLIOGRAPHY

A. BOOKS

Reuel, Stephen Vincent. John Brown's Body. New York: Doubleday and Company, 1962.

_____. John Brown's Body. (Editing original) New York: Brookline Play Services, Inc., 1961.

Reuter, Charles A. Stephen Harold Reade. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1957.

B. ARTICLES

Beasley, Eric. "The Last Soldier," The New Republic, Vol. 128:23, March 3, 1953.

Brown, John Mason. Harvard Review, Vol. 25:34-5, March 14, 1953.

SELECTED BIBLIOGRAPHY

Clayton, Harold. The Nation, Vol. 127:10, February 25, 1953.

Commonwealth, Vol. 40:48, November 24, 1953.

NY Times, Vol. 29:15-6, February 21, 1953.

Time, Vol. 66:35, December 22, 1952.

Esquire, Vol. 12:183-4, February, 1953.

C. REVIEWS

Anderson, Brooks. "At the Revere," The New York Times, February 16, 1953.

Bradley, William. "John Brown Grips Investigation," The New York Times and The Sun, February 16, 1953.

Kerr, Walter. "John Brown's Body," Harvard Review, February 16, 1953.

SELECTED BIBLIOGRAPHY

A. BOOKS

Benet, Stephen Vincent. John Brown's Body. New York: Rinehart and Company, 1941.

_____. John Brown's Body. (Acting edition) New York: Dramatists Play Service, Inc., 1961.

Fenton, Charles A. Stephen Vincent Benet. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1957.

B. PERIODICALS

Bentley, Eric. "On the Sublime," The New Republic, Vol. 128:23, March 2, 1953.

Brown, John Mason. Saturday Review, Vol. 36:34-5, March 14, 1953.

Clurman, Harold. The Nation, Vol. 176:193, February 25, 1953.

Newsweek, Vol. 40:88, November 28, 1952.

New Yorker, Vol. 29:55-6, February 21, 1953.

Time, Vol. 60:55, December 22, 1952.

Vogue, Vol. 121:185-6, February, 1953.

C. NEWSPAPERS

Atkinson, Brooks. "At the Theatre," New York Times, February 16, 1953.

Hawkins, William. "John Brown Grips Imagination," New York World-Telegram and The Sun, February 16, 1953.

Kerr, Walter. "John Brown's Body," Herald-Tribune, February 16, 1953.

ORIGINAL MEMORANDUM SCHEDULE

JUNE

19	20	21	22	23
Read all	Act I Block	Act 2	Act II Block	Act I
25	27	28	29	30
Memorize p. 26	31	1	2	3
			All memorized	

JULY

3	4	5	6	7
	Vacation	11	12	13
11 Memorized p. 52				

APPENDIX

10	11	12	13	14
All	All	All	All	All
16	17	18	19	20
First tech	Each dress	Final Dress	"It's here"	"It's here"

ORIGINAL REHEARSAL SCHEDULE

JUNE

19	20	21	22	23
Read all	Act I Block	Act I	Act II Block	Act I
26	27	28	29	30
Memorize to p. 26	II	I	I All memorized	II

JULY

3	4	5	6	7
I II Memorized p. 62	Vacation	II	All	All
10	11	12	13	14
All	All	All	All	All
16	17	18	19	20
First tech	Tech dress	Final Dress	"It's here"	"It's here"

REVISIED REHEARSAL SCHEDULE

ACTUAL

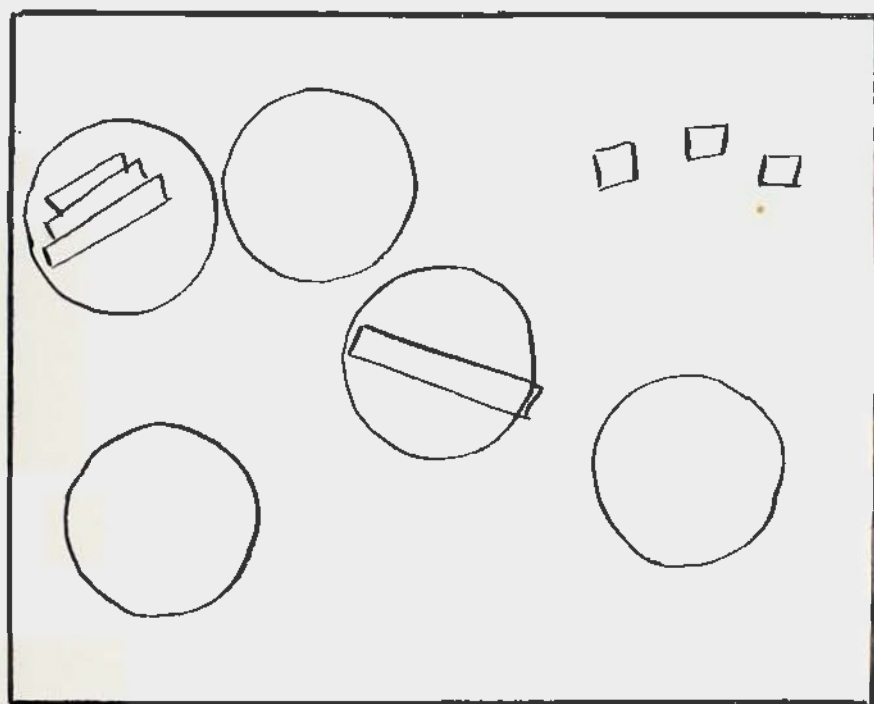
JUNE

19	20	21	22	23
Read all	Act I Block	Act I	Act I	Act I
26	27	28	29	30
Act II	Act I	Act I	Act II	Act II

JULY

3	4	5	6	7
Short rehearsal	Vacation	Act I Memory	Act II	Act II
10	11	12	13	14
Act I Act II p. 63 memorized Choir	Act II	All Memorized	All Choir	All
16	17	18	19	20
Tech Choir	Tech Choir	Final Dress Choir	"It's here"	"It's here"

LIGHT PLOT for John Brown's Body



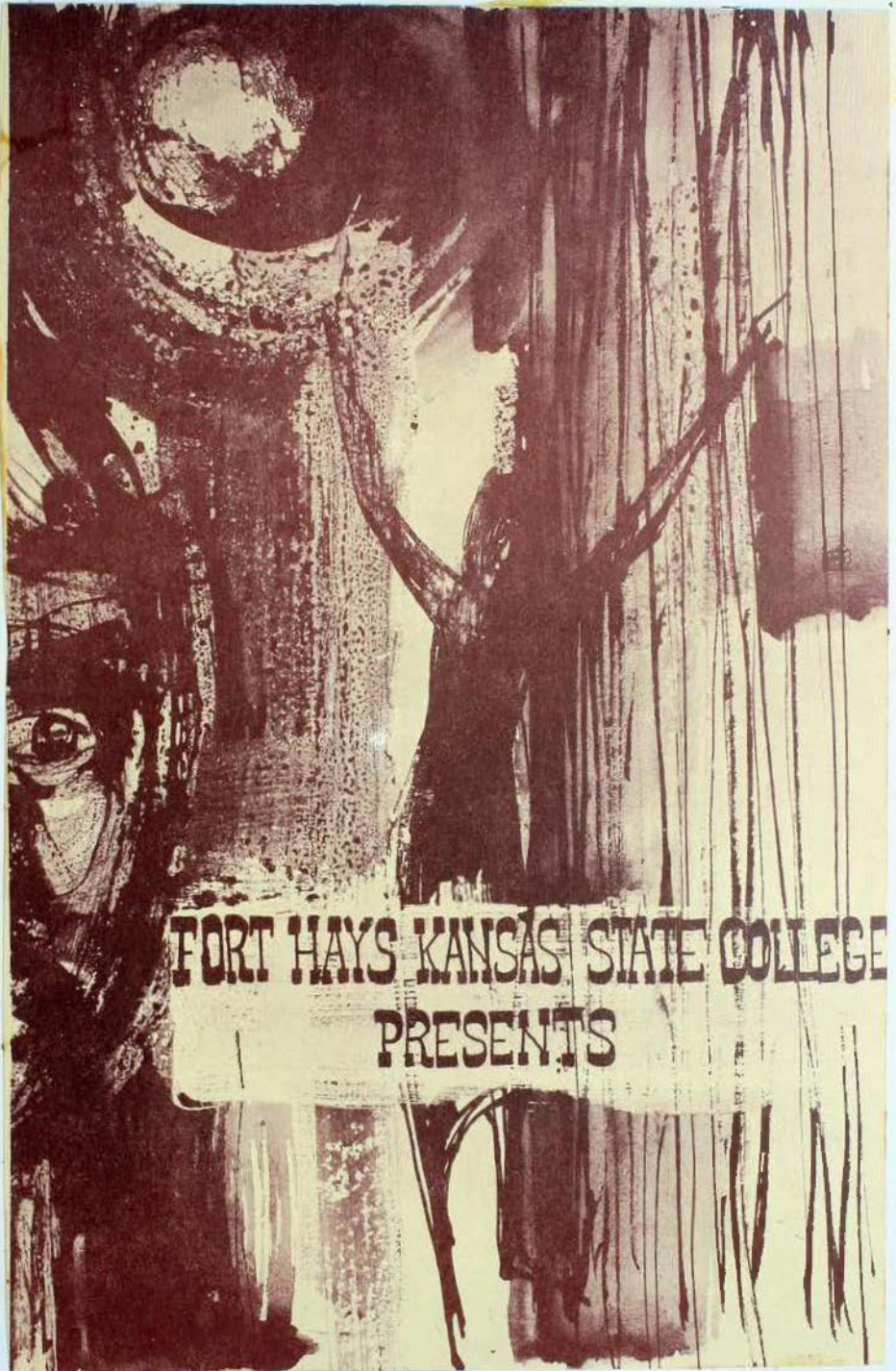
Source	Intensity	Color
Spot Battens	Varied from 3 to 10	Amber
First Border	4	Red, white, Blue
Second Border	4	Red, white, Blue
Third Border	4	Red, white, Blue



ACTRESS "C"



DANCER



The Program Cover

The play

John Brown's Body, written by Stephen Vincent Benet, is a large and yet profoundly intimate narrative of the Civil War. It was recognized as a classic almost immediately upon publication over a quarter of a century ago, and in years to come may well be judged our greatest epic poem. Pulitzer Prize winner for poetry in 1929, *John Brown's Body* is one of the treasures of American literature.

In the dramatization, it receives a realization that is stirring and brilliant. There is no attempt at period costumes or at scenery. The story is told and the characters infused with life through the vivid imagination of three actors. Adding to the enthralling drama of the production is an acappella chorus which sometimes chants phrases rhythmically, sometimes sings songs that conjure up, as only music can, the mood of the 1860's.

Acknowledgements

Mr. Samples wishes to thank Miss Harriet V. Ketchum, director of college productions, for her assistance in the interpretation and direction of the play. Without her help this Centennial contribution would not have been possible.

There will be a 10 minute intermission between parts one and two.

Notes of Interest

While members of the cast were working on this play, we discovered that certain words in the script had little meaning for us because they were not in common usage today. After a bit of research, these are the definitions we came up with:

Melora calls herself a "hider" and a "mover," meaning that she and her father were not sympathetic to either side during the war, but were constantly fleeing from both sides Sally Dupre's father is thought of as "the scapegrace, elegant 'French' Dupre" because the Dupre family was looked down on, especially by the Wingates, since the Dupres were tradespeople and not landed gentry The "pikes" with which John Brown arms his troops were short, wooden shafts mounted with sharp, steel tips, and were the forerunner of our present bayonet The "bummers" were part of the low life that followed after the army, foraging and looting. The same definition applies to the "coffey-coolers." This term is of Anglo-Indian origin and went out of use in 1865. It refers to the color of the skin and was originally spelled coffee-couleur It should be kept in mind while viewing this production that there were two battles at Bull Run The "cudgel" that Jack Ellyat carries is a blunt, round stick used in fighting Most of the music used in the play arose out of strong feeling for events of the Civil War. However, "Jubilo" is the only authentic Civil War song in the production.

Furniture used in the production courtesy of the Lamer Hotel.

This play produced by special permission of Dramatists' Play Service, Inc., New York, N. Y.



Actor "B"

Actress "C"

Actor "A"



Actor "A"



Actor "B"



Actress "C"



The Dancers