

The Giddings News

November 2, 1923

Il Travatore

The editor, Mrs. Bishop and Asa Nesbit motored to Austin Tuesday to attend the grand opera performance of Il Travatore. The trip was devoid of any dust or overheating of the engine because it was raining and a cold norther was blowing when we left Giddings. But neither rain nor a Texas norther can stop some folks from going to grand operas. Everything went gloriously through Lee and Bastrop Counties.

As soon as the Travis County line was crossed near Manor where the black mud was bogging cars up we could see no encouragement to proceed, but since we were headed for the grand opera, we could see nothing but grand opera in the mud, so into it we plunged. The editor had provided himself with a pair of boots and with Asa at the wheel and the madam to give signals to other cars not to bump into us we proceeded to push a while.

Everything went well until we met some autos and it was our time to give the road, so there was nothing to do but to leave the long and narrow path and plunge into the eternal "blackness of mud". With the help of some Mexicans and Negroes who were passing and who did not wait to be asked but gave us a lift by main strength and awkwardness we made the detour. Beyond Manor there was another bad place through a field, but we were opera bound so a little thing like a mud hole could not stop us. We would advise our friends not to try the mud up that way unless their determination to reach their destination is greater than the tenacity of black mud supplemented by the lack of adhesion between auto tires and knee-deep slush.

The Opera.

We were just seated as the curtain went up, so the change from muddy scenes to grand opera, was highly acceptable as well as restful. Il Travatore according to music critics, contains some of the best music ever written, and the singing and dramatics, accompanied by an orchestra of many artists was grand. It seems that the human voice can reach such a state of perfection that the world is a loser when an artist dies. And when dramatics vary from the bitter to the sweets of life, portraying the selfish and the sordid as well as the beautiful and the true, a panorama of life moves before you—a lifetime in a few hours.

Yes, the opera was in a foreign language and we did not understand every phrase of it, but music is the universal language and character needs no language. Candidly, the rendition of the "Anvil Chorus" and "The Lark" as sung in Giddings last winter by the lyceum troupe, with the exception of the musical accompaniments, was enjoyed as much by the editor as were those same pieces rendered by the grand opera troupe.

Music and mud, troubadour and traveler, grand opera and Giddings gravel, home again, and almost a perfect day, considering extremes!