

EMERALD PRESENTS CURRENT EDITION PENNY REVIEW

BOOKS

Lectures in America

By Gertrude Stein

A 250-page book which has a little punctuation in it as this one should be eagerly welcomed by those students who do not relish the task of delving into the mysteries of English grammar. By actual count there are on the average of five commas per printed page, only a few more periods, and never a punctuation mark of another description. The author's idea on the general subject is that a comma only lets you stop and take a breath, and if you want to take a breath, you should know you want to take a breath without having to see a comma in the sentence.

This book is in part really a serious attempt on the author's side at a justification of her peculiar ideas and her still more peculiar mode of expression, and in part a discourse on what English literature is, on what the function of poetry is, and what makes our paintings! Perhaps most valuable is her intimate, subjective account of the concealing of her two famous works, "The Making of Americans" and her famous opera, "Four Saints in Three Acts."

Of the Time and The River

By Thomas Woolfe

This volume contains eight subordinate books or chapters, each a separate story, and each, in spite of Woolfe's vivid and penetrating style, strikes the reader as a case of psychopathic hallucinations. Characters seem like paranoid dream-fabrications, warped from normality.

The stream of consciousness is the author's favorite tool. He uses it effectively, woven with bits of his own personality. "Who owns the Earth? Did we want the Earth that we should wander on it? Whoever needs the Earth shall have the Earth; he shall be still upon it, he shall rest within a little place, he shall dwell in one small room forever." Thus Woolfe characterizes his restless style and subjects.

Facts of Life in Popular Song

By Sigmund Spaeth

What was that lyric you just sang? Best give it another thought. You may not realize what's concealed in those apparently innocent and probably stupid words. Or maybe you do. It some-

times isn't so hard. "Facts of Life in Popular Song" is one of the better guides to double entendre that has come our way. Ruthlessly Mr. Spaeth strips familiar lyrics of the past five years or so of their various pleasant tunes and sets them before us in all their banal, vulgar, or mawkish glory. He has a lot of fun in the process, and his inimitable debunking tongue-in-cheek style should provide a lot of fun for his readers.

The Dark Island

By V. Sackville-West

Like "the summer sea, dancing, sparkling on the surface, with dark depths beneath" is Shirin le Briton, the fascinating girl-woman whose life is understandingly dealt with in V. Sackville-West's "The Dark Island." Mysterious, lovely, still loved but never loving, her one passion is the Island of Storm, the wild, barbaric, beautiful island on which she lives and which is a fitting background for her haunting charm.

The author has a modern slant on the fictional psychology of mind and emotions, and succeeds in introducing you to an unusual character in an unusual way. A unique treatment of "thoughts" and the maintenance of a single powerful mood combine to make "The Dark Island" an interesting book.

Make It Now

By Ezra Pound

If you understand French, English, German and Greek, it might be possible to get the significance of this conglomeration of criticism and poetry. Essays—so it is titled, but it is either way over our heads, or our heads are way over it.

Queen Victoria

By E. F. Benson

Here is another book about the model queen. So much has been written of this royal housewife that it is a real surprise to have a new book present amusingly a tale which is decidedly interesting per se. The characterization and general handling are in the manner of a novel, rapid and well-dramatized—a good book for those who enjoy virtue triumphant.

Jorkens Remembers Africa

By Lord Dunsany

To most of us story-telling seems a business, or a pastime, or possibly an art. But this volume of short stories by Lord Dunsany reveals that it may be nothing short of sheer magic. The fantastic yet familiar places of the adventurous imagination are the settings of these tales, although they all

begin tamely enough in a London club where Jorkens, an old traveler, may, by judicious use of whiskey-and-soda, be persuaded to remember his experiences. With a quiet style and a cool logic Dunsany relates them; there is no fanfare of obvious color nor adjectival splendor. Yet I defy any ordinarily imaginative soul to read the book without feeling that he is plunged into the midst of the most wonderful and satisfying Arabian Night adventure, and is at last realizing the dreams of strange and far and mysterious things that always hover behind the flat familiar face of reality.

Pylon

By William Faulkner

Zoom of a racing plane rounding the field pylon in a headlong burst of mad speed! Crash of a plane into the lake, with the pilot lost forever! Such events strike the tone of William Faulkner's novel of aeromaniacs. He does something new in describing his breathless impressionistic style these strange beings, the pilots, the parachute jumpers, whom the air has made into soulless mechanisms, its slaves. As the friendly reporter says of them, "They ain't human like us . . . crash one and ain't even blood when you haul him out; it's cylinder oil the same as in the crankcase."

A strange book about strange personalities, strangely written.

DRAMA

Just around the corner! Romeo and Juliet, to be given by the Guild hall players beginning May 29 for a six day run, which somehow gives rise to the same feeling, as if some eighth grade were to present Noel Coward's, "Dinner at Eight!"

One consolation, however, Milton Pilette, as Romeo—looks so very nice in tights, to say nothing of Ted Karafotias.

Ah, well—it was M. Shakespeare himself who said, "All the world's a stage!"

The biggest, big miracle of "Small Miracle," recent technique of acting class production was George Root's role of the hard boiled detective; but then—it isn't George's fault that he has the face of a gentleman!

Penny Review awards one star each, to Portia Booth, Bill Cottrell; two stars to Alice Hult, and Les Miller; and five to Horace Robinson for the excellent set.

MUSIC

The University Symphony orchestra, under the direction of Rex Underwood, will be presented Sunday with the winners of the state music teachers' contest as soloists. Lucille Beall, pianist, has a large mature tone and technique for such a young artist. James Niblock, who played last year as a winner of the same contest, has shown a great improvement, according to Mr. Underwood. Irene Moore, talented University pianist, and Gladys Berg, contralto, will also be soloists.

Mendelssohn's great Elijah, which the Polyphonic choir presented after a long period of rehearsal, was marred by the difficulty which the orchestra had in following Paul Petri's chorus director's beat, caused by insufficient practice with the choir. The splendid baritone voice of Eugene Pearson, formerly of the University, saved the performance from disaster.

PLAYS

Jayhawker

By Sinclair Lewis and Lloyd Lewis

Wondering why in thunder this play was ever written, the reader lays it down with the longing to shout, "Hell, what is this? Satire, historical tragedy, or a darn good character sketch?" The setting is Civil War. One whole scene is played in a "glory hole" which ought to be "gory," as all but the main characters are bloody and horribly killed.

"Jayhawker" is so named from the principal role, Jayhawker Burdette, clever Free-Soiler politician who promotes the war for his own ends. But it gets beyond him, and the stark brutality and bloodiness nearly drives him mad. The piece is a timely commentary on politics today, as well as an introduction to Sinclair Lewis as a playwright.

EDITORIALS

Lauding Lawyers

Hats off to the lawyers for a swell show. Ringside seats at the courthouse—preferably in the jury box, where one may loiter in upholstery of a sort and footstools—are good for laughs as well as copious legal education. Last week's exposure of Bill Palmer's digestive eccentricities was the high point of the season. We hope for more such inside dope.

Then there was the B.A.-Law School ball game . . . most entertaining from an eye-and-ear standpoint. Jack Vaughn, complete with Bavarian costume, roller skates, and "plumber's friend," led the band for a time, then the musicians chose to wander their own sweet ways, harmonically speaking, and the legal bench was the scene of plaintive oriental improvisations during the rest of the game. Color . . . that's what we appreciate about the outfit!

The Emerald

This business about Men's and Women's Emeralds is to what good point? Competition? Variety? Tradition?

The battle of the sexes never seemed of particular moment to us; as for variety—one gets rather fond of the Emerald's familiar face as it is. Tradition we shall leave to the Committee.

But perhaps it is a salutary thing to experiment occasionally, if only to show us how fortunate we are that it isn't done more often. The Men's Emerald was crisply written, spicily made up—half tabloid, half high-school humor. Will the women do better?

Dime Savers

Our faith in the younger generation has been vindicated. For years we have apologized whenever they were mentioned. We used to laugh in a deprecatory manner and say, "Oh well, they'll grow out of it," and be quite aloof over the whole thing.

Never again. After this, at the very mention of the subject, we shall throw out our editorial chest and proudly proclaim our membership in the "legion of youth."

Here's why: When all the local Babbits and Babbitesses were breaking the postman's back with chain letters, Joe Colleg and his gal went on with their business of acquiring learning painlessly without getting the least bit "tetched in the haid" with the get-rich-quick fever. At any rate, we didn't see anyone writing chain letters. Maybe our friends are in the more erudite circles, but we do get around.

The World Pauses

Lawrence of Arabia—Jane Addams of Hull house are dead. The world pauses a moment to mourn life's end of two of its famed personalities; Lawrence, a hero of

war, Jane Addams, a crusader of peace.

In a way, both fought for the same objectives—peace and good will among men, but while Lawrence fought with the sword—Jane Addams used the weapons of sociological principles; satisfied hunger, adjusted lives, made homes out of tenements. Soldiers they were, both—and both their lives move rapidly with romance, danger, service; and while their battlefields were so far apart—for generations to come the world will remember them as "uncrowned kings" of their respective realms.

SHORT STORIES

By Bill Barker

The Big Dipper

"A chocolate shake," he said. It was the good-looking young man again. Tillie's hands shook as she put in the extra dipper of ice-cream. Chris would give her an awful bawling out and maybe even fire her if he caught her doing it again. Nevertheless Tillie just couldn't resist doing it for this young man. Every afternoon he came in and as a result once a day Tillie's heart just about jumped out of her mouth. He was so handsome, and she loved every action that he made. She dreamed about him at night . . . he would talk to her and she loved him passionately.

He seldom spoke to her and she had no way of speaking to him. Her only means of expression was in the milk-shakes. She could show her love only in another language . . . with that extra dipper of ice-cream . . . that extra squirt of milk. Sometimes she wondered if he understood . . . if he knew that she was doing it for him. The machine buzzed and Tillie carefully twisted the container and peered inside. It was a useless thing to do, but she could look at him while she did it . . . besides she didn't want any lumps in it. Was Chris noticing, she wondered? Gosh, it would be awful to lose her job . . . but love was important.

The good-looking young man drank all his water while waiting. Tillie literally pounced upon the glass and filled it again. "You seem sorta thirsty, today," she ventured. Her heart pounded. He was going to speak.

"Yea, I guess I am," he said. "Oh, isn't he wonderful," said Tillie to herself as she poured the foamy milkshake into the glass for him. Love was in every drop of it. She sighed as she poured. "Is it all right?" asked Tillie after his first taste.

"Very good," he said. How she loved to hear him talk! He was so romantic. He made her so happy she wondered if he really knew about the extra dipper. He slid a quarter across the counter. Now was her chance . . . something she had been trying to

get up nerve enough to do for days. Cautiously she rang the till and put his change back in front of him. No, not ten cents this time . . . fifteen! She had done it . . . Would he notice? She bit her lip. But he got up and left without a word. Love has so many tragic moments . . . so many calls for sacrifice.

"Hm.m.m.m. must have gone down in price," said the good-looking young man as he went out the door.

An Elegy To Dianne

Spring does something to you. It makes you a fool about things which ordinarily you wouldn't see. Kurt sat down in the twilight to his piano. The room was a darkened cave facing the evening through French windows. Lace hung clinging to an end table, stuck there by a dart in the form of a vase. It was blue . . . the vase . . . and full of spring flowers. It seemed like a carelessly dropped corsage from the hands of some lovely vision who had left him here with his piano in this room. Kurt's fingers reached for the keyboard and paused. Soft colors and the spell of the evening led him to Dianne . . . led him to another spring.

The scent of fragrant flowers and the feeling of beauty always took him to these memories of her. She came as a gorgeous vision, first her lusciously lovely smile, and then the rest of her. But Dianne really belonged to another spring. Kurt's fingers fell again to the keyboard as if to draw forth an elegy . . . something beautifully sacred to her memory. He gracefully caressed the keys of the piano as softly as the fingers which soothe the strings of a dreaming violin.

His enthusiasm came and whirled to a waltz from his soul. Kurt's mounting emotions carried him away from it all . . . carried him once again too far. A resonant, discorded clash of tones filled the room. "God," said Kurt, "if I only knew how to play this damn thing."

lot tougher!—drink it like a man, you pansy whoolie boyoboyohboy — radiator fluid!!! how about some po'try? wrote a pome th' other day shut up! shut UP! 'll read it to yuh if we have to clout yuh over the skull—siddown!!

INNOCENT BYSTANDER

By Barney Clark

Hello—damn you!

That's the way to begin. That's the way we feel. We feel like Gertrude Stein writes.

How do you feel. Not so well, eh? Spots before the eyes, a touch of vertigo, and your breakfast tastes like pre-digested brick. That's too bad!

No it isn't—we take it all back. We don't like your pasty faces, and we'd delight in jumping on the stomach of every movie-magazine sophisticate in the crowd.

Now that that's all cleaned up, how about a gin fizz—we can be buddies, see!

Now we'll tell you what it's all about, just like Hemingway or don't you read Esquire? However we've never fished for tarpon, so we're faded on the first roll. Back to Eddie Guest for us! (Look out, he's got that crazy look in his eyes again!)

How about kicking all this punctuation in the seat of the pants? no paragraphs no periods no capitals especially

down with CAPITALISM! our mind feels like a wrung-out sponge, but the polly old royal has the bit in its teeth and—hold your caps, kids, here we go! (another round won't hurt you—stuff's antiseptic, see—kills microbes on sight whadda ya worrin about? sure you're tougher'n a microbe!

"While one whose love is double-faced Leads a life that's gay—but chaste. "But those who please with lips and torso Lead a life that's gay and more so!"

looka th' big slob—flat on his back! 'feminate, tha's all, 'feminate!

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looka th' big slob—flat on his back! 'feminate, tha's all, 'feminate!

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Saturday's paper will be published by the women workers of the Emerald.

It will be a paper chuck full of news and advertising especially dedicated to women.

The ads will serve as capable guides to women buyers and will assure them where they can find the smartest mid-spring styles in merchandise.

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