

THE EMERALD MAGAZINE

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Edison Marshall Presents A Home-made Utopia In 'Dian of the Lost Land'

DIAN OF THE LOST LAND, by Edison Marshall. H. C. Kinsey & Co. 1935.

Edison Marshall's "Dian of the Lost Land" is a story of a section of the antarctic where a group of blond Cro-Magnons live in a home-made Utopia.

The author has conveniently arranged for a Japanese current to come through this particular section in order to furnish vegetables and other food for the race's preservation.

Story of Doctor
The tale is of a doctor and his love for the tribal queen. He, very opportunely, has the build and coloring necessary to fill the require-

ments for membership in the society.
The Neanderthal man is still extant in this south pole haven, too. Neanderthals gave the heroine's tribe some worry when they came lumbering along on the warpath, but the German hero saves the day with his bravery.

Attack Feared
This attack was the only thing feared by the Cro-Magnons. Other shortcomings of a well-rounded political state, such as insanity, old age, and prolonged illness, were eliminated by the use of a cave filled with carbon monoxide.

The characters play a simple part in this novel, and the setting reminds one of a course in sociology at the University.

Short and Sweet Simplicity

THE WHERE-TO-GO MAN, Marion Lay. Collier's, November 16.

A good story to read during house meeting is Marion Lay's "The Where-to-Go Man" in last week's Collier's. It is so simple that it satisfies a corresponding simplicity within us.

Miss Lay is a graduate of the University, and the wife of H. L. Davis whose "Honey in the Horn" has caused so much comment. She doesn't offer her husband any competition in the literary field but perhaps that is a result of "wifely tact."

Sea-Going

For once they put Clark Gable in a picture where he might really have a chance to show his talents if he has them. And then in the same movie they put Charles Laughton. Result Laughton outshines Gable, Tone, and anybody else that you care to cast with him. It would be interesting to see Garbo or George Arliss cast with Laughton.

"Mutiny on the Bounty" this week at the McDonald is sea-going and bloody, and though it makes you hate and fear it also makes you laugh and love.

But why doesn't someone tell Clark Gable to do something about that waist line?

Psychology

DEATH'S SADDLEMATES, by Walt Coburn, December Star Western.

Man horse gun cow little cow girl another man.

Why is this story? The western story is the Utopian classic of the ninety-five per cent of us who eat to live. The Western Story achieves complete reality for us by its simplicity of motivation and complexity of action.

For the same reason a Sibelius symphony is more popular than a Mendelssohn concerto; a Ravel Bolero than a Bach Gavotte.

Only a scholar, college professor or dilettante can afford the luxury of possessing motives other than the primal forces—fear, hunger, love, and hate—more refined motives such as sex and greed.

The western story writer is the symbolic interpreter of the ninety-five per cent of us who live our petty, stupid, rather splendid little lives on the four cylinders of fear, hunger, love and hate.

The powerful, raging thrusts of Sibelius or Ravel are more comprehensible to us than the platonic thematic development of a Hadyn Aria con Variazioni. We ask for statement without explanation and amplification. The louder and more primitive the statement, the better we like it. Thus we prefer the savage, graceless bass passages of Sibelius to the subtle and intellectual nuances of the Mozart woodwinds.

So, in the western story, we ask for statement, action, quick, powerful changes without the impediment of character delineation and complex motivation. We want to know what's done, not why.

The motivation in the western is and must be the same as that in our own lives. We demand the stereotype of action without other than the primal motives because live that way. Sex is a luxury and angers us if inserted in the west-

Unique!—the '36 Oregana.

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RECENT BOOK REVIEWS

FULLY DRESSED AND IN HIS RIGHT MIND, by Michael Fessler. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. 1935. \$2.00.

Johnny Price's mother sure should have taught him not to talk to strangers, because when he grew up it got him into a helluva mess. Of course, there was a murder at his very feet and the scene of the crime was broad San Francisco street. But the man was little and innocent and old and green eyes. But still he should've known better.

Haunts Him
The man haunted him, the man plagued him. The man went around committing murders. In fact, the man was the murderer, and there lay the fat man in the street, with blood on his head.

Then again Johnny's mother should have told him about nude women who go swimming in the middle of lakes in Golden Gate park. Certainly the lady was beautiful and resembled a water-nymph. Johnny should have known. But Johnny fell in love.

Not Fit Reading
Reviewers call the book fantastic allegory and not fit to be read though so much had been expected of the first novel of Michael Fessler, partly because of his excellent work in literary features of Esquire.

Style With Kick
The blurbs say, "how can you describe such a story? There is so much in it—so incredibly much in such a little space." When blurbers can't blurb, then the book must be jaw dropping. At any rate from the pages of this portrayal of good (the nude woman) and evil, (the green-eyed) man comes a tale that excites and satisfies.

Then comes the matter of style of writing, which by any stretch of imagination could not possibly be better. It looks like what it ain't, so ordinary and simple. But the wallop! It's a kick.

MAN'S FATE, by Andre Malraux. Translated by H. M. Chevallier. H. Smith & R. Haas, New York. 1934. 360 pages, \$2.50.

Gruesomeness, terrorism, stench of decaying bodies, and sex are paraded before the reader with a delicacy which makes the usual tale of "murder and sudden death" seem raw and unfinished.

"Man's Fate" has a background of truth—the attempt to establish Shanghai as a Chinese base for Soviet activities. Andre Malraux lived in Shanghai during these activities and while he was a keen observer, he displays not a little Soviet sympathy.

Characters Live
The characters live. They are clean-cut, keen and hard. The reader is permitted to view their innermost thoughts. These characters who work and strive and kill for the supposed salvation of humanity are sacrificed by the Soviet central committee because the failure of the revolution seemed certain. As the characters are executed or tortured, one by one, we see cowardice, heroism and exaltation. But they leave behind them an undying passion for, and unquestioning belief in, Sovietism.

P. L. Brainard.

TOBACCO ROAD by John Kirkland. New York. Viking Press. 1934. 175 pages, \$2.50.

Despite the fact that the play has run nearly two years on Broadway and has just wound up a successful season on the road, "Tobacco Road" was closed for moral reasons in Chicago early last week.

"Obscene," said the mayor of that city after seeing one performance, and swept a serious attempt at portraying southern decay into the same dust-bin that received Sally Rand's fan dance. The action was an echo of the controversy that raged among the reviewers when the play first opened in New York.

Adaptation of a Novel
As it stands, "Tobacco Road" is an excellent adaptation of Erskine Caldwell's novel of the same name. And the play had the same difficulty in being accepted by a producer that the novel had in finding a publisher. Theater-goers

in New York soon recognized that the story of Jetter Lester is a profoundly dramatic presentation of the moral, mental, and physical degeneracy that can overtake the sturdiest of racial stocks. The resulting hue and cry caused an investigation in Georgia that revealed conditions actually worse than those in the play.

Convincing Picture
Kirkland has taken the essence of the novel and reproduced a convincing picture; his attitude never stoops to cheap pornography, nor falls into morbid obscenity. If it is indecent, then the decay of any living matter is immoral, and dead flowers become a problem for the censors. Whether the reader chooses the novel or the fine condensation offered by the play, he will have had an experience in one of the universal tragedies—the decay of qualities.

R. W. PRAY.

Release ---

By Charles A. Reed

And so he was a Beast again, a beast as he was born, a beast such as the germ-plasm of his long-dead ancestors had intended him to be. And all the dark places of the universes he had ever known bore down with weight upon the soul of this beast self. Adventuring in the cosmos for countless universes, and now to this. His beast body writhed with terror of the unknown.

Then there came to him that which he had feared, the first faint sense of pursuing Power. And he, the beast, was afraid to die, as his former consciousness infinitely more feared to live. To die—there was nothing else he had not done, no vibration he had not probed, no place or time, if such existed, that he had not known—and now he was afraid to die.

The sense of the Power came nearer—and that it should trace him down to this!—and the Power was not a sentence; the Power was only a servant, a Law, of the Beings. And he would be a Power, if he did not die, and his Life consciousness shrank from that that nameless Law, even as his new beast's soul shrank from death.

Somewhere there was a vibration, that he remembered as light when first he was born, but now he knew as sound. He changed density—and another beast went through. The Power came closer, seeking; and he knew that he had sunk to the ultimate level—he had fled through all the forms he had ever known, and come back at last to Beast. He, that had been Essence, must die.

Mayhap this very Beast of his now was kindred to the Essence of his former self, for oft he had left parts of himself on spheres faltering through their last dying days, spheres so cold that they were as his first home, where

Beast could survive. He had left parts of Essence, to spawn if possible, or die, as some Essence had once left part of itself on his first long-gone orb.

He must die—if he lived, even as Essence, his Essence would be a Power of the Beings of Space, such as that Power which now his beast-self sensed approaching even to the galaxy where hung the dust-mote upon which he existed. He must die—die as the beast that he was born, though he could no longer remember the form of that beast, so much had passed between.

It would not be so difficult, if only he knew where he had transgressed. But the Laws of the Beings of Space were their own, and into some cosmos his Essence had ventured that was marked as unknown sanctuary, and so he had been doomed, and now some Power that had not escaped as he had vowed he would escape was sifting into the outer fringes of this galaxy to which it had traced hm. Of

what use to seek another place—to remain hidden, even as Essence, for the life of a universe, as already he had hidden for the lives of three since he had known he had transgressed. Curiously, he wondered what had happened to the God of the planet where he had been born, and what would happen to him now when he died.

In a sudden agony of effort, he would himself to die, but the beast was too weak, and he lived yet for a space, thinking of the things he had known, and the changes that were always the same. Universe on universe, dropping into cataclysmic oblivion, only the cosmos was eternal. Then there came to him, and poignantly, he who had forgotten sentiment until a beast again, the memory of his last love. He had been Essence, of course, and she? He had never known her, but her positive thoughts, unimaginably beautiful, had loved his positive Essence, and he had loved her thoughts. But she? She was negative, unless he was negative—he had never known which he was. She was opposite. She was as far beyond nothing one way as he was the other; she was vacuumosity beyond the nothingness of space. And now he must die; had she died. It was suddenly important.

And then the Power was there, and all the wrought up revulsion of his being poured forth, his disintegrated molecules went streaming into space in wild escape. Thus suddenly he knew; a disrupted Beast was Death; and joy was terribly his, that had not known joy before.

Books on Germany Arrive at Libe

Reliable pictures of present-day Germany are portrayed in "Germany Today and Tomorrow," by Henry Albert Phillips. It is one of the new books at the University library.

In this same category is "Fascist Germany Explains," by Celia Strachey and John Gustav Werner, showing the contrast between Hitler's promise and performance.

To crash the roto gravure sections, a man has to have six figures; a woman, one good one.

Distinctive!—the '36 Oregana.

Chit-Chat

By Henriette Horak

When critics criticize it's all in a day's work, but when critics criticize critics—the fun begins! Highbrow Saturday Review of Literature takes an editorial biff at Margaret Marshall and Mary McCarthy, and their "Our Critics, Right or Wrong" bombshells in The Nation, advertised as "scintillating gossip" not to be missed.

Mary and Margaret seem to be having so much fun dealing out their hisses to critics who, perhaps out of habit, have long perched in the penthouses of literary criticism, but the Saturday Review wags its venerable head and says, "read more carefully ladies! Be more tolerant of enthusiasm, less sure that you know just who is good, who has succeeded, who failed. Do not be too sure that the public is wrong when they send books into fifteen or sixteen editions; or that you are right when you complain about your talents which are at least much riper than your own!"

That's sending them back to the kennel all right, but personally, we shy from most of the "best sellers" for scores of them, in spite of rabble clamor, go down to the cellar eventually.

And too, there might be something to the famed saying of an old-time New York millionaire—"the public be damned!"

Have you a "mint" copy of Tom Sawyer in your home? Leo Weitz, a New York rare book dealer, who was handed a \$49,000 check last week, as third winner in the Irish Sweepstakes will pay a pretty penny for one. That, and more books, is how the "lucky number" plans to spend his winnings.

For Men Only!
"The Bedroom Companion" or a cold night's entertainment will make a perfect Christmas gift for father, grandfather, great grandfather, and someone else's daughter. Farrar & Rinehart, publishers warn: "women must not read this book, unless prescribed by a registered physician or a psychia-

trist! The literary tantalizer will make its debut December 5, and promises to be a cure for man's neuroses, a SOP for his FRUSTRATIONS, a nightcap of forbidden ballads, full of discerning pictures, scurrilous essays, and all in all a hot toddy for the forgotten male! Sounds like a patent medicine to us, but titles like, "To Hell With the Build-Up," "Adult Adultery," "Memoirs of a Cad," and "A Check List for a Bachelor Apartment," tend to make even the toes of the staidest spinster wiggle in her high tops.

Will someone please see that Emerald's Barney Clark gets a copy?

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