

Taboos and Restrictions In Movie Productions Disgust Stuart Portner

Lamenting the taboos and restrictions placed on moving pictures by the "American mind" and the money mad producers, Stuart Portner, one of Oregon's recent Rhode scholarship candidates, yesterday voiced his disgust with the industry which deliberately evades its opportunities for becoming significant or great.

Investigation Made

Portner, with the intentions of writing his doctorate thesis, investigated the field quite thoroughly. He poked about in Hollywood offices, worked as an extra and tried various methods of finding out if somewhere there weren't some point to the business beside money. But everywhere he found a lack of interest in everything except box office receipts and technicalities. It was a hostile lack of interest—they wouldn't be disturbed.

Not Real

"The cinema isn't real," Portner said. Never do they attempt to portray realism, he explained, contrasting the books of successful and important authors who do so, with the stupid "happy ending" scenarios which are the rule in Hollywood.

"Socialized medicine, birth control, or anything radical" are immediately thrown out by directors, and the man who does attempt to portray anything real tones it down so completely that it fades into the background, he continued.

Directors Discussed

A man like Von Sternberg who attempts to put real art in his pictures, by using symbolism and light and shadow effects in his photography, has produced nothing but failures as far as the public is concerned. "They can't comprehend," Portner said.

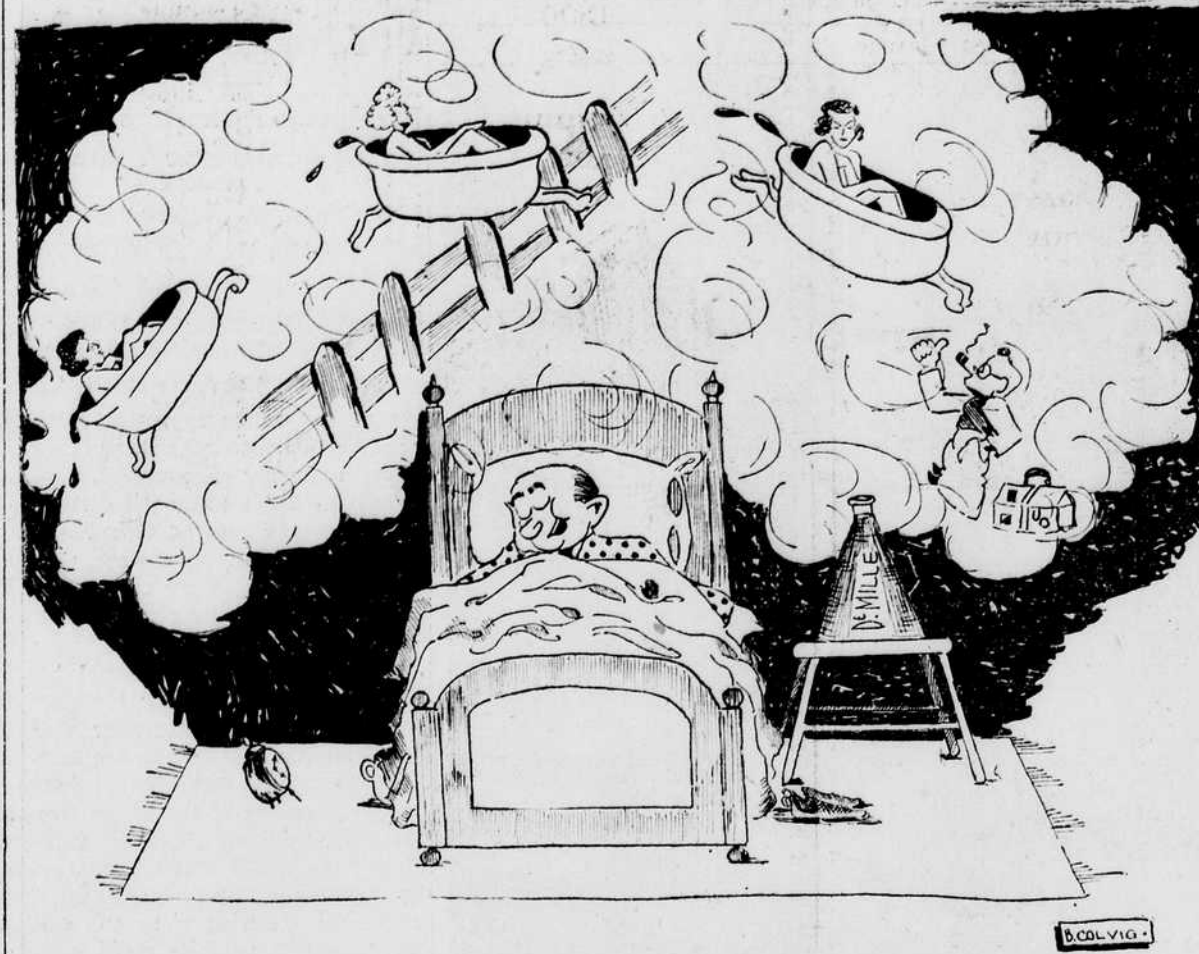
Men like Cecil Blount DeMille with his glorified bathtubs continue to produce "greater pictures every time," and Frank Capra turns out prize-winning atrocities, Portner continued.

Mediocre Movies

The movies are "mediocrity personified," he continued, even when they portray splendor it is only vulgarity, "everything gawdy—smacks you in the face."

Portner sees nothing in the movies which portrays the social sphere, or attempts to portray it. Perhaps, he said, they wish to make the audience forget reality—forget troubles in a dream effect.

DeMille Dotes on Bathtubs



RECENT BOOK REVIEWS

THE MAN WHO HAD EVERYTHING, by Louis Bromfield, Harpers, New York, 1935, \$1.50. Love without benefit of clergy resulting in the birth of a child is but one of the things that Louis Bromfield presents in his latest novel, "The Man Who Had Everything," without insulting or outraging the reader's sense of decency. Upon closing the book, one feels ashamed to admit that he isn't shocked at the tale he has just read.

Restless Note

Bromfield's hero is Tom Ashford, successful, brilliant, and irresistible pursuer of whatever feminine beings happen to appeal to his roving eye. The author introduces a restless note into the story at the very beginning by depicting Tom as a man of 38 who is bored,

restless, and unhappy; fallen completely out of love with his wife, and for that matter, with his mistress, too.

Too Smooth

The story is extremely interesting, as it deals with people who are bad in the eyes of many. It lacks the touch and depth of a psychological novel for which it seems to be intended. It is smooth—too smooth.

E. Watkins and H. Jones.

THE STARS LOOK DOWN, by A. J. Cronin, 1935, Little, Brown, and Co. 628 pp., \$2.50. Coal mining strikes and the World War catastrophe are combined in this novel of English rural life from the past twenty years. "The Stars Look Down" on every

class from the poorest pit boy's family to the owner of the mine, without once giving a hero upon which to rest our acclaim.

Views on War

Each character lives his own life in his own fashion despite the class in which he lives. As for the war, Cronin considered it the "quenchless self-interest of man." To him, fear of public opinion was the reason many young men entered this lasts war.

Quiet Style

The coal mining disaster gives the author an opportunity to use his quiet style, which for its very quietness makes the scene more vivid.

This is the third of Cronin's novels since his medical career ended and his writing career began.

M. Blackburne.

Hell On Wheels

By Barney Clark

We went down the other day and peeked at the new Graham line. Particularly interesting was their top car—the Supercharger. A six with 112 horsepower, it is a plenty potent bus. After a little figuring around with pencil and paper we discovered that it has one h.p. for every 29 pounds of car weight, and if that doesn't spell s-u-p-e we will eat the thing, beginning with the tail-light!

It looks good, too. The one in town now is a flashy yellow crate, with a six-inch strip of body color down the center of the radiator, splitting it into two sections. It has the solid, chunky appearance of the Graham's of two years ago instead of the emaciated outline of last year's car.

The other two members of the line, the Cavalier and the Crusader, are not match for the Supercharger. The Crusader is the same car without the supercharger, and has only 85 h.p. The Cavalier is the baby of the line, with 70 h.p. and a different nose.

Also in town is the new Studebaker Six. A conventional job, with pleasing lines and a two-tone color combination, it is livelier and faster than last year's model. The instrument panel is novel, sporting a triangular speedometer.

The coupe has a unique rear window, also triangular in shape. It opens like a windshield, cranking up away from the body instead of dropping down into it like a window. It is wide, providing a considerable angle of vision, and gives a rakish, European aspect to the whole car.

And if you will peer into the December copy of "Motor" you will find the sweetest sports car France ever produced. It is a 183 cubic inch Bugatti torpedo coupe. Slung so low it nearly scrapes the ground, it has no runningboards, no bumpers. In order to make entrance into the coupe possible the doors are cut back above the windows, into the roof! The roof itself is molded in two humps over the heads of the passengers and flaunts a narrow fin down the middle. Like most Bugatti sport models it has a racing cam and supercharger.

Get out of the way!

form, and finally, the complete text of the actual "shooting script."

It is to be assumed that students of motion-picture technique and aspiring scenario writers may regard this script as a perfect model—as far as Metro is concerned, at least! Irving Thalberg will write an introduction for the Random House book, and there will be photographs from the picture, which will feature Norma Shearer as Juliet, Leslie Howard as Romeo, John Barrymore as Mercutio, and Edna May Oliver as The Nurse.

MIST

By Mary Graham

How I hate mist! It's strange; I used to love it—those damp, misty evenings when I walked down the walk towards home with my coat unbuttoned, the mist gathering in shiny drops on my coat; soft particles of water caressing my cheek like a lover's touch. And to see through the thin veil golden blurred squares where windows should be; and the golden pots hanging suspended in mid-air which in daylight were prosaic street-lights. And now I hate it!

I'll never forget the night I first saw and met her. I was alone in the little office buried in thought before my typewriter. I didn't hear her slip in; I only heard her say "hello" and then I saw her against the door through a blue haze of smoke from my cigarette. She wore a loose, tan coat with a big collar that framed her face.

Sparkling jewels hung to her lashes and gleamed in her hair; her face glistened beneath the veil of breathy mist.

"Isn't it exquisite," she laughed, "I love it so!" she added, "the mist." I understood—she was like the mist, close, soft and beautiful. She babbled on; she'd been walking in the mist. Her little hands fluttered as she spoke and her eyes danced; my heart danced, too.

He didn't come so I took her home, my heart, hands and body envying the cool night mist that played hide-and-seek in her hair, kissed her white throat and enveloped her slender, swaying form. We stoop at the step, shut out from the world by a white, shimmering curtain—we were alone and my pulses danced at her nearness. Madly, I reached out my arms.

"No, no," she said, "don't you understand? Mist means luck on one's engagement eve; you mustn't spoil it!" I heard her voice and noticed the halo around her dark head.

I turned away—mentally I begged back my heart which was in the hands of the girl who stood on the steps in the mist. The fog was cold on my face; it was crushing and stifling. I looked back but only a white wall met my gaze.

'Two Cities' Movie Boosts Dickens' Sales

Book sales of Dickens' "A Tale of Two Cities" have increased 38 per cent since David O. Selznick produced the famous work. This information was made public following a national survey of book stores. Conducted by the M-G-M studios' reading research departments, the survey is considered to throw an entirely new light on the effect of the filming of novelized stories, since it had been contended in some quarters that novel sales usually decreased after the story was produced in films.

Great Mob Scenes

The mob scenes in the picture are some of the greatest in the history of picture-making. Thousands of extras were employed for the storming of the Bastille, revolutionary scenes, and the citizens' court. All this cost the producers plenty of money. The two trials of Charles Darnay, the husband of Lucy, are both excellent pieces of work in direction and acting.

Build Ups

Being a story set in the days of the French revolution, there are the customary build-ups to get the down-trodden poor in a mind for action. One of the scenes is the faithful old trick of having a youngster run down and killed by the carriage of a haughty aristocrat.

Some persons may shudder a time or two during the height of the revolution for the guillotine thuds on and on, sending heads flying. Only the thunder is heard, thanks.

M. Leonard.

The amethyst was thought to be a marvelous sedative for the overwrought nerves of erotic lovers during the middle ages.



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'Cocked Hat and Old Lace' Play Passes Time Test

Jolted out of pleasant memories of the past Sheridan's "Rivals" was yanked out of the cobwebs, dusted off, and yet showed a surprisingly polished finish on the Guild hall stage last night. It will show again tonight. Many expected the "Rivals," which has been kicked about theatre attics rather roughly for some years since its "hey-day" at the turn of the century to be somewhat cracked and frizzled about the edges.

However, the play showed a luster, which although dimmed by antiquity, was nevertheless as Mrs. Malaprop might say, still shining because of successful perpetuation. Characters Well Presented

Chit-Chat

By Henriette Horak

Excuse us for mentioning it, but a recent contribution to library shelves is "History of Oregon Literature," by Alfred Powers, ruddy-cheeked dean and director of general extension work in the Oregon educational setup.

The three-pound lukewarm compilation of Oregon's struggle to be somebody in the literary field is an attempt at history, but somehow reminds me of an engine missing—or a train starting on a two-mile run, full speed ahead, or still, packing a trunk for an overnight trip. Which doesn't mean much—but then, the volume in question may be put in the same pigeonhole.

Our first kick is that what might be called real literature produced by Oregonians could be written on the point of the proverbial pin, practically, and to use three pounds of paper and ink for the task is the height of Oregon egotism. Kick number two—while every moonstruck lad and lassie, succeeded in spite, and yet, because of itself before its judges. The supreme court of the theatre, the audience, approved.

Miss Portia Booth as Lydia, the capricious 17-year-old niece of Mrs. Malaprop, showed she had studied her part and a result was effective, both in her reading of her lines, and her action which was enlivened by well timed emotional outbursts.

Reviewer Reviews Characters

Bill Cottrell as Sir Lucius O'Trigger stepped out on his own, but gave a most consistently effective presentation of that gay dandy. Miss Margaret Chase captured the audience's fancy from the start with her flightiness which was balanced by the demure bearing of Julia, played by Helen Campbell.

Bob Henderson, who took over the part of Sir Anthony Absolute at a late date, blundered his way into favor in spite of a voice that at times bounced dangerously. Ethan Newman returned to Guild hall as a most satisfactory Fag. It was felt that Milton Pilette's characterization of Capt. Absolute was carefully drawn, but that, perhaps, he used too fine a brush. George Smith's obvious talents were wasted on the part of Faulkland. Budd Winstead, Charles Barclay and Mike Garwood showed comedy possibilities which the audience was quick to realize. They helped give the play a "shot in the arm." L. D.

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had a poem published are included in the History, some of Oregon's literary aristocrats—Steve Smith, and Pat Morrisette, for instance, are given the go-by. Or are we low-brow in our taste?

Vanity Fair Wanes

After the February issue of Vanity Fair, the publication will be swallowed up by Vogue—word comes from Conde Nast, publisher. Reason—in spite of the very high circulation, Vanity Fair is not bringing in the desired shekels, and the editors are not putting out the magazine just for the fun of it. Mrs. Edna Woolman Chase, present editor of sophisticated Vogue, will guide the fortunes of the combined fashions trust as editor-in-chief.

Christmas Book Boom

Publishers are still purring and tucking away tidy profits from the flood of Christmas book buying. For the first time since the 1929 demise America went book crazy and

cleaned out a number of best sellers in various bookstores. T. E. Lawrence's "Seven Pillars of Wisdom" in spite of the \$5.00 price was a favorite and is still running strong. Only a few copies have been bought by University of Oregon students—since most of them are waiting till it comes out in the Reader's Digest!

Coming in February

One month from today, another journalist will make his debut as a book writer. The newest to join the ranks of Anna Louise Strong, Marguerite Harrison, Vincent Sheean, Stanley Walker, Walter Duranty, and a few others is John Gunther, and his "Inside of Europe." Mister Gunther, European correspondent for the Chicago Daily News, gives the lowdown on the dictators and statesmen of present Europe. Upstarts like Mussolini and Herr Hitler will be given the count.

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BOOKS of Oregon and the Northwest by Oregon Authors

These beautifully printed books are published by the Metropolitan Press Company. AUTOGRAPHED COPIES of Alice Henson Ernst's book of plays of the Alaskan country are still available although this edition is almost exhausted. This book has been put on the preferred list by the American Library Association.

ORIENTAL ART SHOP
Annex of Miner Building.

M-G-M, Random To Cooperate In New Venture

A new form of cooperation between a motion picture company and a book publisher comes to light with the announcement by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Random House of a special edition of "Romeo and Juliet" to be published by Random House on the date of the national release of the Metro picture version of Shakespeare's tragedy.

Book Outlined

The terms of the contract call for a volume that will include the original Shakespeare text, an article by William Strunk, professor of English at Cornell, and technical adviser to the studio for this picture, outlining the problems that must be met in transforming a Shakespearean play into honest and acceptable talking-picture

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2. The two high scores and the lowest score of the week (a week of play running from Monday morning to the following Sunday midnite) on a basis of four rubbers as a maximum, will be awarded choice of prizes on display for that week. Scores must be turned in at the end of the play period and attested by the opposing team.
3. Partners or teams may be either men, women, or mixed. There is no limit as to time of play or opposing team, just so that rubber requirements are made. Partners should however continue throughout the entire tournament, but in case of necessity, can be changed by notifying the management.
4. Cards and pads will be furnished by the management.
5. Names of winners will be published in the Emerald each week.

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