

The FILM WORLD

By
TREVOR LANE



Smiles seem to be the order of the moment here. On the left are Grace Moore and Franchot Tone in the famous singer's latest film, "The King Steps Out," while below Francis Lederer and Ida Lupino sing a little song in "One Rainy Afternoon."



French Farce Has A Negative Effect Upon Our Suburban Housewives

THE other day I sneaked into a matinee to have a look at "One Rainy Afternoon," the Francis Lederer-Ida Lupino film, and found myself heavily surrounded by good suburban matrons and their shopping baskets. The plot is gossamer-fine and deliciously farcical—one good puff, I felt, and Mr. Lederer and his merry men could have been lifted right over the moon—but the matrons remained, for two-thirds of the film, in complete silence, while I chortled insanely and continuously. The story's about a young actor who kissed the wrong girl in a Paris cinema. She screams, the lights go up, and the hero finds himself charged in the courts with assaulting a young lady. The newspaper headlines scream "Monster!", women fight and push for seats at the young man's theatre, photographers dog his every step—and the culprit himself cooks chicken salmis and goes skating with the girl he kissed in the dark.

Reality All the Time.

BUT the audience didn't seem to like the film at all. I've been wondering why, and I've come to the conclusion that women—especially the ones with families and husbands and homes in the suburbs—are less imaginative than men. There's nothing imaginative about

the pile of breakfast dishes in the sink every morning, the four-pounds-fifteen that comes home every Friday, or the holes in the heels of Jimmy's school stockings. Husbands and sons may spend the day in the city, joking, meeting people, having a mug of beer—but wives and mothers are bang up against reality all the time. And that is probably why the antics of Francis Lederer and Ida Lupino left them feeling unamused and uninterested. It was farce—impudent, French farce; the

But Grace Moore's New Picture, with Music by Kreisler, Will Get 'Em

sort of thing that had never come within coo-ee of their normal, everyday lives.

Liked the Torture.

BUT, you say, they flocked to and loved every moment of "The Mutiny on the Bounty," of "One Night of Love," of "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer"—and what could be further divorced from the daily routine of a New Zealand suburban housewife than the plots of these films? Well, for one thing, women didn't particularly like the Bounty film, although the men in it were real and alive: fighting,

swearing, loving. "One Night of Love," thanks to Grace Moore's singing, lifted audiences, no matter who they were, into realms of romance and beauty. And there was no subtlety to puzzle cinema fans either. "Bengal Lancer" was made to tickle the ears of the groundlings—and it did it with a vengeance. Not that it wasn't a good film, but it gave the public a handful of good-looking stars, some humour, settings with a claim to the exotic, and a spot of sadism. (You'd be surprised at the number of women who liked the torture scene in this picture.) "One Rainy Afternoon" has several of the above qualities, but they are allied to farce, subtlety and improbabilities. And a savoury, even with the caviar spread thick, never looks as filling as a cream cake with pink sugar sprinkled over it.

Joe Stern Again.

THE trouble with writing about films is that one week you put your foot down firmly and with lots of noise, and next week you lift it up and tip-toe away, hoping no one has seen or heard you. When I reviewed the Marlene Dietrich picture, "Desire," I said