

in the shape and postures of their bodies the tender agony and intensity of first love. Instead, you have a series of close-ups of two faces, speaking nice lines simply and carefully, and it so happens that neither Miss Shearer nor Mr. Howard are at their best in close-up.

So "Romeo and Juliet" is another album—though the best—of Mr. Cukor's (the director's) tasteful collection of family postcards. And they are good postcards carefully composed and affecting to look at for a little while, but he can never flick them fast or trickily enough to turn them into a moving picture.

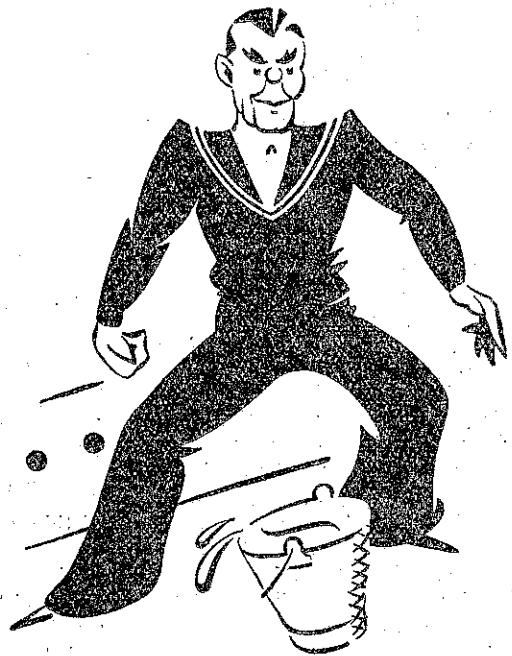
**B**EFORE the Louis Pasteur film came out, you may remember seeing in London a straggling line of men marching up and down Regent Street in front of the New Gallery Theatre. They were carrying boards which warned intending movie-goers that Pasteur was a cheat, a hoax, a quack, and everything in fact which scientific and medical pioneers are usually called before their discoveries are verified by the legally licensed practitioners.

The film of Louis Pasteur's life could not have had a more appropriate and dramatic advertisement. I hope and wish that the same Society is repeating its crusade in every town in England where the Pasteur film is showing. I imagined that the actual biography of Pasteur had been absurdly parodied and theatricalised, until the other day I found myself in a library composed as it seemed almost exclusively of lives of Pasteur. And now I am astonished only at the restraint and the sensible calm with which Hollywood has viewed the whole proceedings.

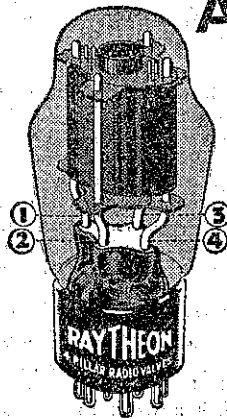
"**I**NJUSTICE" is a film which has had no publicity, no notices, and is, I think, not far behind Fritz Lang's "Fury" for its blunt and candid presentation of a social evil. I suppose every country in the world except three still puts out books about slums and prisons. There seems less risk of libellous insults by committing these things to black ink on paper. But if this film "Injustice" had been made by a Frenchman about France, by an Englishman about England, I doubt if a single foot of it would have been seen on the screens of either nation. I have been trying to discover the motive which makes Hollywood just now turn out small films which lash so resoundingly some crookery in the political or social life of America.

**N**OW this leaves me very little time to deal with the last film. "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" is the latest of Frank Capra's masterpieces. It is further away from the comedy of actual American life than any of Mr. Capra's films have been, and it is nearer to a comedy of ideas than I hope Mr. Capra will ever come again. But it has his incomparable speed and lightness, and I should say the best acted performance of the year from—of all people—Gary Cooper. I don't care how many miles of celluloid were snipped and reassembled in the cutting room, nobody but Mr. Cooper could be responsible for the organisation of looks and limbs which makes Mr. Longfellow Deeds one of the few characters in the movies that it is hard to forget.

**What  
sea legs  
are  
to a  
sailor...**



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