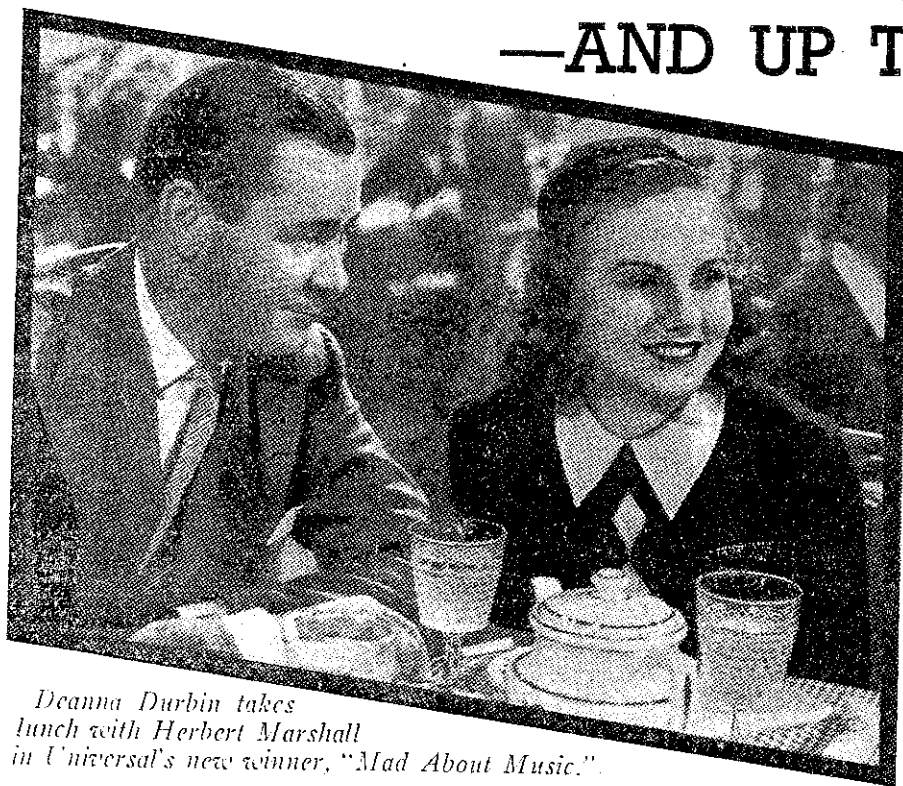


Film Record—by Gordon Mirams

DEANNA AGAIN . . . —AND UP TO THE MARK



Deanna Durbin takes lunch with Herbert Marshall in Universal's new winner, "Mad About Music."

ONLY four things prevented me from enjoying Deanna Durbin's latest picture as thoroughly as I have enjoyed any show this year.

They all sat just behind me.

Halfway through the picture I had learnt—as obligato to two or three song hits and "Ave Maria"—that the girl was a marvel, a minx, cute, darling and sweet. Also that, my word, there were going to be complications!

Truth to tell, had there not been ways and means of dealing with the situation, I might have emerged from "Mad About Music" in a state of nervous collapse, four pounds lighter through the sweat of rage that squirted from the palms of my insanely-clenched hands.

Conversational morons are a greater menace to the motion-picture industry than liverish film critics.

And the film?

High Praise

WELL, it is another Deanna Durbin film. That is high praise, even if next day certain influential film people did tell me on the telephone that it was the greatest film yet produced, and that the 15-year-old freak soprano is the screen's mightiest artist.

Not so. "Mad About Music" is just another Deanna Durbin picture—in many respects smoother than "Three Smart Girls" and "100 Men and a Girl," and in a few respects not quite up to them.

It does not, for instance, contain the musical filling of the two first pic-

tures. The numbers themselves are charmingly lyrical, and dovetailed very naturally into a really entertaining and (for Hollywood) original story. But the music has neither the depth nor the variety of the music in "100 Men and a Girl."

Art Of Eye-Smacking

ON the other hand, the story is stronger, and the situations at times almost brilliantly conceived.

On the excellent principle that what smacks the public in the eye once is a moral certainty to smack them in

*Talkers In Theatres
Are Greater Menace
Than Film Critics*

the other eye next time. Deanna, alias Gloria Harkinson, is disclosed carolling with a herd of youthful imitators, on bicycles, on one of the rare, level roads in Switzerland. A slight improvement on that really memorable boat song in "Three Smart Girls," you see. . . .

This and a sequence of girls' school scenes are calculated to modify your opinion that 14-year-old schoolgirls are now but giggles, puberty and pigtails. . . . In the skilled hands of Director Norman Taurog the only age at which the gentle sex is frankly insufferable becomes the most charming, innocent

"Mad About Music"

*Wins As A
Royal Comedy of
Adolescence*

and enterprising time of life. Boastful and, alas, somewhat neurotic lies become the dear little white fibs of a love-starved bud just about to burst into blossom!

Just Invention

FOR Gloria, you see, invents for herself an explorer-father, since she is not allowed to boast about a film-star mother—and writes herself letters from him and generally creates a situation in which it is necessary to find a father p.d.q. or be forever branded a wart, or whatever it is that liars and braggars are branded in girls' schools.

A handsome composer (Herbert Marshall), presumably seeking inspiration in the Swiss mountains, fills the bill after wavering alarmingly for some time.

Thus Gloria is saved from stigma by the sporting behaviour of perpetually embarrassed Mr. Marshall. Of course, to sew everything up tight so that not even a minority can be dissatisfied with the plot, Mr. Marshall receives his reward when film-star mother holds his hand, and you see by the glint in her eye that Hollywood has done it again and will shortly bring 'im back alive.

The only one I couldn't swallow was film-star mother admitting her age. The manager who so successfully kept it from the public for so long certainly did know best.

First-Rate

SEE this picture. It is good comedy—exceptionally good comedy. Young Deanna is in fine voice—if a little changed in quality—and she is very appealing; not at all the ham-actress. I thought she might turn out to be. Herber Marshall is well suited by the role of platonic and discommoded bachelor. The supporting children—and they include the Vienna Boys' Choir during "Ave Maria"—prove that Hollywood certainly has juvenile resources, and the songs—despite my reservations—are first rate. "I Love to Whistle" is cer-

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