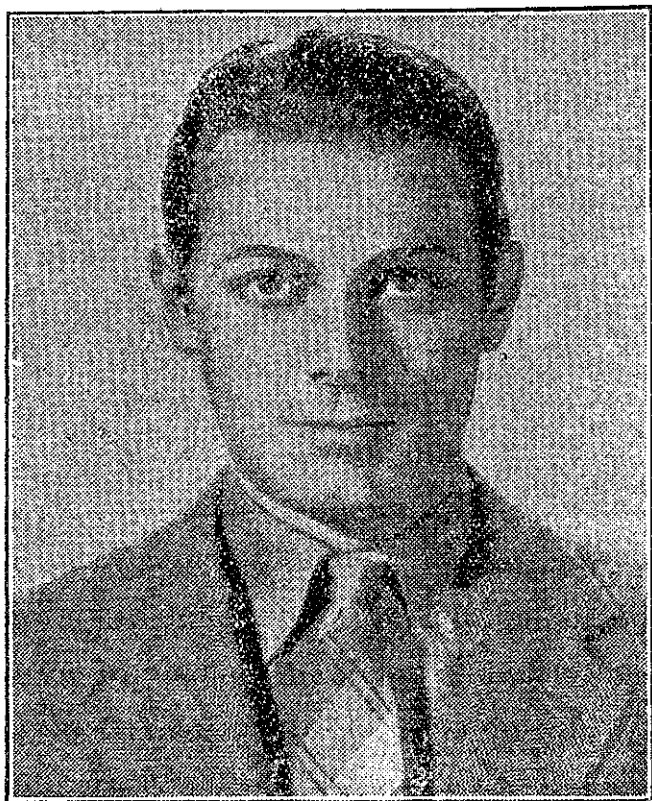


GOOD-BYE to GLAMOUR



JON HALL.

They wouldn't let him buy a dress suit.

THE other night, as a large woman with a bag of chocolates stood on one of my fallen arches in a theatre queue, I reflected woefully how much this shadow business has in common with Rugby. Just as much kicking and scrumming, anyway, and twice as expensive.

The only fundamental difference between the two sports is this: whereas Rugby is not what it was (oh, *no*, you softies!), films grow steadily more stupendous, colossal, heart-stirring and thundering with every fresh issue of the newspapers. Jack on his Beanstalk could not hope to top the heights of these Hollywood climbers in verbosity.

And the odd thing is that they are telling the truth—even though they do blow it up to ten times its natural size. Films really are getting better. In nearly every picture you see to-day there is sounder technique, surer acting and a closer approach to real life. About three times a year there is even a plot with meaning and power.

Don't You Agree, Sir?

Mr. Film Critic Mirams, of the "Record," will no doubt be pleased to endorse this, for he has been telling us for some time now, with fatherly pride, how the screen is emerging from its gooey babyhood and learning to toddle and say a few coherent sentences.

But perhaps the strongest proof Mr. Mirams has given of the larger stature of the films was the recent article in which he prophesied the ups and downs of the best-known stars this year. Though I cannot agree with all his divinations, I do agree unreservedly with the essence of them.

For Mr. Mirams's forecast revealed an interesting thing. It showed that the screen is saying good-bye to Glamour and is relying more and more upon the acting ability of its players.

SIX or seven years ago, glamour was just about the only thing cinema owners could be sure would sell. Balance-

*Sounder Technique, Surer
Acting, Greater Reality Give
Death-Knock to Delusions of
Cinema*

Special to the "Record"

by

JANE RAE BURN

sheets from Theda Bara to Clara Bow proved it.

And now?

The earning powers of stars only go to prove that glamour has taken a seat far back. The few stars and producers who have not woken up quickly enough to this fact are undergoing in a big way very much the feeling of the man who takes a hearty crack at a nail and only succeeds in crushing his own.

Marlene Dietrich is the best example. She started off in "Morocco" by standing exotically in doorways and lifting her eyebrows—and skirts. "Morocco" was an original and a good film in its day, and everyone "fell" for the Dietrichian poise and high-cheeked beauty. Who would not?

But then Marlene got lazy. She thought people would be content to watch her grasshopper eyebrows indefinitely. That was a mistake.

Irony and Marlene.

"Morocco," "Shanghai Express" and "Song of Songs" gave the public, in portmanteau American slang, an "eyebrowful." "The Scarlet Empress," "Garden of Allah," yes, and "Angel," have effectually out-glamoured this misguided star, and Mr. Mirams is surely right when he sees her only hope of survival in the return to less goggling films, like "Desire."

Whether she will be able to return is doubtful. At present she is without a part, for the comedy upon which she had set her heart—"French Without Tears," for which she had persuaded Paramount to purchase film rights for £10,000—has been given instead to Carole Lombard.

And this is ironic. For Carole Lombard's forte lies in caricaturing exactly that glamorous posing which once made Marlene so important at the box office.

ANOTHER of the "lovelies" who believe that the film public desires no more of them than to look like Helen of Troy, is English Madeleine Carroll. Joan Crawford, again as Mr. Mirams noted, is a third who places too much importance upon camera angles and Adrian's gowns. True, she is different from Madeleine Carroll to the extent she has proved herself also a capable actress. But so did Marlene Dietrich—once.

When you have seen Luise Rainer yearning her way through maternity and the "Big City," you may realise just how much out of date this decorative artificiality has become.

The first attack upon Clara Bow's (Contd. on p. 39.)