

Mae West Returns To Her Old Form

"Every Day's A Holiday"

IF you like Mae West, you'll probably enjoy her latest picture, "Every Day's a Holiday," because it's up to her early standard, insofar as the censors and the Purity Code will let her maintain that standard. If you don't like her, you'll be staying away, anyway. This makes "Every Day's a Holiday" an easy film to review.

Personally, I can't see much reason for all this fuss about Mae West being crude and objectionable. She's at least honest. She holds up sex as something to be laughed at openly, which is all the difference between her and, say, Tom Walls, who treats it as something to be leered at. The occasional hearty guffaws produced by Miss West are, in my opinion, more healthy than the sniggers which often punctuate more "respectable" farce. Neither, however, does much harm.

Come to think of it, Miss West's ripe bawdiness is probably far more typical of true British national humour—the humour of the Sandy Powell-loving masses—than the sophisticated French bedroom farce of the Tom Walls type of picture. However, that is not a theme to be elaborated in a brief review. . . .

Naughty Nineties

IN "Every Day's a Holiday," Mae makes no pretensions to spiritual redemption or joining the Salvation Army, as she did in "Klondike Annie." She's an out-an-out bad lot with a heart of gold, who casts her spell over an assortment of males (including Edmund Lowe, Charles Butterworth, Charles Winninger, Walter Catlett and Lloyd Nolan), and cabbles in crooked municipal politics. It's an improbable story, not the least difficult thing to swallow being the proposition that Mae, in an endeavour to escape the police, could put on a black wig and a French accent, and, thus, impersonating a Parisian actress, be not immediately recognisable as her own luxuriant self.

The period is the turn of the century, and Mae helps to carry the atmosphere of the Naughty Nineties over into the 20th century with a lusty abandon that is at least amusing. Some may even find it hilarious. Paramount have assisted her with lavish settings and a highly-efficient supporting cast. So far as dialogue goes, censorship hasn't left her anything much more than variations on the "Come up and see me" formula; but, then, she merely has to walk her hips across a room to make speech seem rather superfluous. Still, I don't altogether agree with the reviewer who said that all that was left of "Every Day's a Holiday" after the censor had finished was a series of undulations.

["Every Day's a Holiday." Paramount. Directed by Eddie Sutherland, starring Mae West. First release: June 3.]

MARY MAGUIRE, petite Australian player, has introduced a new fad to the movie colony—boomerang throwing. Miss Maguire started it on the Warner Bros. lot a month ago, but it has spread rapidly to other studios.



A life-size model of Popeye is now making a tour of the world, part of Paramount's international business drive. Here is Popeye being entertained by a pair of Hollywood beauties prior to his departure for foreign shores.

Movie Camera Inside A Convent

"Cloistered"

RELIGIOUS belief and human curiosity will be the motives that will take most people to see "Cloistered," the motion picture chronicle of French convent life, which was previewed the other morning. I suggest, however, that—purely as a film—it is also worthy of notice by serious students of the cinema. That, at least, seems to me to be the only aspect on which a film critic (as such) can legitimately presume to speak, unless he wants to land himself up to the neck in sectarian hot water.

I think, though, that one can safely say that anyone who goes to "Cloistered" hoping solely for sensational disclosures may be disappointed. On the other hand, this is a unique—and often surprisingly intimate—record of day-by-day routine in the "closed" convent of the Sisters of the Order of the Good Shepherd at Angers. It is long and often detailed to the point of seeming discursive, but a certain dramatic quality is achieved by the arrangement of scenes, clever editing and much excellent photography.

Living Sculpture

INDEED, there are sequences in "Cloistered" which gave themselves on the memory by their simplicity and purity of outline. A remarkable effect

of living sculpture is achieved in those scenes of serried rows of nuns kneeling in motionless prayer, their robes falling to the ground as if cut from marble. Almost it is as if the power of faith had become visible.

Other impressive moments are those showing the various stages in the preparation of novices for taking their vows, and the spectacular ritual of profession itself. A more—what shall I say?—human note is struck by scenes of nuns going about their daily tasks. Their activities are very varied, for the community is self-contained and apparently almost entirely self-support-

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