

Film Record—by Gordon Mirams

IMPOSSIBLE PEOPLE

*Bluebeard And His Eighth Wife
Have No Relation to Life
But Are Very Funny
While They Last....*



THOUSANDS of people, I imagine, will view the prosaic process of buying a suit of pyjamas in an entirely new light after seeing "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife." As treated by Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert in this Paramount film, pyjama-purchasing is much more than just handing a few shillings across a counter and receiving in return the wherewithal to combine decency with warmth. It becomes a daring, intimate adventure, a prelude to provocative romance.

For Mr. Cooper—an American millionaire in Paris—does not want a full suit of pyjamas. He wants only the coat. Ninety per cent. of the male population of the world, he propounds to the scandalised shop assistant, do not sleep in pyjama suits. Only the coats. It's not the question of saving money that is worrying him—it's the principle of the thing. The coat—or nothing. Or rather, it's no sale.

All Over The Shop

THE shop assistant cannot take the responsibility for this revolutionary proposition. He must climb long flights of stairs to appropriate music, pass down innumerable corridors, open and shut a great number of doors, and finally lay the problem before the assistant-manager. And the assistant-manager must climb more

stairs accompanied by music, traverse more corridors, open and shut more doors, and bring the matter before the general manager. The general manager in turn will have to ask the chairman of directors.

At length, the result of all this stair-climbing to music, corridor walking, and door-opening will be made known to Mr. Cooper, the customer. It will be unfavourable. "We cannot sell only the coats of pyjamas," the shop assistant will say. "No never. That would be Communism!"

At this stage, Miss Claudette Colbert must appear to break the deadlock. She will buy the pants that Mr. Cooper spurns. Not for herself, of course, but for someone as yet unnamed. That will be intriguing. Then she and Mr. Cooper must haggle over the amount each is to pay, and the relative worth of coats and pants. And then they must go into a corner for Mr. Cooper to try on pyjama coats and be told that he is a "stripy type."



The Lubitsch Touch

BY now, if you have any knowledge of motion pictures at all, you will surely have guessed who directed "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife." Ernst Lubitsch, of course! Who else could handle such a piquant situation with such Gallic wit? Who else is so fond of making film stars walk up stairs, down passages, and through doors, all to music? If this does not constitute the whole celebrated Lubitsch "touch" it is certainly a major part of it; and should Mr. Lubitsch be unlucky when his time comes to be translated to another sphere, it wouldn't surprise me if he is punished by being made to walk the infernal corridors through all eternity.

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