

Film Record—by Gordon Mirams

CATACLYSMS in COLOUR

WHEN I found I was not to be given an opportunity to review Paramount's "Her Jungle Love" prior to its public release, my conscience began to trouble me. Was it fair, I thought, to have reviewed "Marco Polo" and similar notable stretches of Hollywood's imagination, and not do anything about "Her Jungle Love," which is, from all accounts, the most remarkable production of all?

From this dilemma I was saved by coming across Miss C. A. Lejeune's review in the "Sunday Observer" of "Her Jungle Love"—one of the most entertaining pieces of film writing ever accomplished by this brilliant English critic. Unblushingly I have lifted it and reproduced it here, thus getting myself out of a difficulty, saving myself work, and soothing my conscience. How seldom it is that expediency coincides so nicely with desire!

Here is Miss Lejeune on the subject of "Her Jungle Love": but before you read on I had better point out that the film has just finished a highly successful season in Auckland and looks like repeating it in Wellington:—

Crashed!

Q. Who was She, and what was her Jungle Love?

A. She was a lovely Malayan with plucked eyebrows, geranium lipstick, and two sarongs, one red and one blue, and Baab was her jungle love.

Q. Baab who?

A. Bob Mitchell, pan-American pilot.

Q. How did they meet?

A. Quite simply. He was looking for a lost flyer named Atkins, and his plane crashed in the Malay Archipelago.

Q. Why did it crash?

A. Because his fiancée rang him up in a storm to ask him if he was thinking about her.

Q. Was the Malayan his fiancée?

A. Of course not. The blonde, Eleanor Martin.

Q. What did Bob do after the crash?

A. He bled first, because the film is in technicolour. Then he saw a chimpanzee and the brunette, Tura.

Q. What did he say to her?

A. He said she looked like a squirrel in Hyde Park.

Q. And did she look like a squirrel in Hyde Park?

A. She looked to me just like the heroine of "The Hurricane."

Enter Crocodiles

Q. But you said she was a Malayan.



BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.—Dorothy Lamour and Jiggs, the chimpanzee, from "Her Jungle Love." No, Ray Milland is the hero, but Jiggs steals the show.

A. Oh, no, she was English really. She had been brought to the island eighteen years before by a University graduate called Kuaka.

Q. Why?

A. Because he was rich and cultured, wore sapphires and emeralds alternately, according to the day's technicolour schedule, and wanted his

And Paramount Throws In Crocodiles And A Crushed Camelia For Good Measure

revenge on the white devils.

Q. Rather thankless revenge, wasn't it?

A. That wasn't all his revenge. He sacrificed one white man per annum to the sacred crocodiles.

Q. Where did he find the white men?

A. Oh, they just happened.

Q. But if one year they didn't happen?

A. Don't be tiresome. With five script-writers on the story one was bound to happen. Besides, he had a white man in hand already—Atkins, the missing flyer.

Q. Did Tura know about the crocodiles?

A. Certainly. She tried to warn Bob about them, but her English was hardly serviceable for detailed narrative.

Q. Didn't she learn from Bob?

A. Oh, very quickly. In a couple of days she was singing "There's Love-light in the Starlight With You," with only the faintest trace of a Malayan accent.

Q. What was Eleanor doing all this time?

To The Rescue!

A. Eleanor? Oh, Miss Martin, the blonde. She was lying back in a chaise longue in a pink negligee.

Q. Not exactly helpful, was she?

A. Give the girl a chance. Once she got over her first grief and registered a pastel triumph for technicolour, she called out the U.S. navy and air force and went off to look for Bob herself in a neat yachting costume.

Q. Did she find him?

A. Not for a long time. He was down in a subterranean temple watching Atkins being fed to the crocodiles.

Q. Didn't he interfere?

A. He said between clenched teeth: "I don't like the look of this." He registered manly horror. And then he embraced Tura.

Q. Wasn't that rather unfair to Eleanor?

A. Oh, no. He said the two girls would be sure to like each other.

Q. And did they?

A. Don't anticipate. Bob and Tura had to be thrown to the crocodiles first.

Q. Why?

Exit Natives

A. So that the publicity department should say that this picture
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