

NOVEMBER 26, 1933.

WESTward HO! Mae Tinee Tells the Exuberant Story of Mae West, Champion of Sex on Stage and Screen, Voluptuous Creator of Fashion's New Age of Curves



1927 . . . received a call . . .

The Secrets of Her Lure

By MAE TINEE. Installment I.

- Ladies! Gentlemen! I give you M-a-e W-e-s-t! (She makes you wonder whether being ladies and gentlemen—pays!)
Movie Producers! I give you M-a-e W-e-s-t! (You've learned about box office drawing cards from her.)
Censors! I give you M-a-e W-e-s-t! (She made you pull in your horns and gallop desultorily about an arena where you had charged and gored before.)
Intelligentsia! I give you M-a-e W-e-s-t! (She has laid you low.)
Hoi Polloi! I give you M-a-e W-e-s-t! (You have clasped her to your bosoms, crying with a loud voice: "Lookit—what our common cloy has brought forth!")
Wives! I give you M-a-e W-e-s-t! (She's taught you a new strangle hold on husbands.)
Sirens! I give you M-a-e W-e-s-t! (She has weighed and found you wanting.)
Puritans! I give you M-a-e W-e-s-t! (Because I might just as well give her to you. You've got her ensconced on your rigid laps, and so you might as well joggle her gently and make the best of it.)

A Superwoman! A Superwoman is Loose! Never before in all its history has Hollywood had a visitation such as descended on it in the form of the billowy blonde from Brooklyn.

She appeared in the night of box office depression like a pillar of flame and, since her spectacular success in "She Done Him Wrong," has been busily leading the industry, snorting with amazement, out of the Bad Business wilderness.

- Even yet the producers are rubbing their eyes and lending confused ears to a babel of conflicting choruses. To the right sing the West Advocates, and this is the burden of their song: She is a Real Woman. She is a Great Actress. She is a Pattern of Sobriety. She is Warm-hearted, Generous and Independent, and her Singular Simosities and Broad Language are no sin because she's Funny! She's an AI Entertainer. She exudes Good Nature and Kind-heartedness.

- From the Anvil Chorus: She has mounted the Seat of Shame. She is Conceited, Defiant. She is a Pattern of Looseness. She Mocks the Moral Code. She is Overdressed, Vulgar. She is an Evil Influence on Youth. She delights in Shocking Customs, which she does with the most

Perfect Bad Taste.

So be it. Yet— All the world goes to see Mae West, even though a large percentage of her observers looks at her curiously as one looks at a strange insect through a microscope, and wonders what, in heaven's name, makes it the remarkable bug that it is.

Well, for one thing, the specimen has an abounding vitality that radiates through all her actions. You can't imagine Miss West enjoying bad health, or even yipping faintly for the aspirin.

Another thing—she knows she's good, paradoxically speaking, and has proved true Mr. Emerson's assertion that all men are taken at their own valuation. Then—she is a woman of One Idea.

Vamp of the Age.

Miss West firmly believes that she received a Call! That she has been elected to promote the Liberty of the Stage. You may make the correction "the liberty of licentiousness." I won't. Be that as may—she went to jail for her cause, and she's still hammering away, with what success you know. And so, I reckon, she willy-nilly takes her stand along with female emancipators such as:

1933 . . . Vamp of the Age

- Carrie Nation, who fought for the Liberty of Reform.
Carrie Chapman Catt, who battled for Suffrage.
Margaret Sanger, who wages untiring war in the interests of having your Family when you Want it.
Aimee Semple MacPherson-Hutton, who barges along a forked trail making the world free for Lady Exangelists cursed with originality.
Sally Rand, whose activities in the cause of Freedom for Fan Dancers has resulted in a jail sentence.

Besides being an Emancipatress, Miss West is the greatest

1928 . . . went to jail . . .

Fay Templeton Comes Back in Musical Show

At 68, Milton Aborn's Best 'Buttercup' Adds Zest and Charm to 'Roberta.'

By BURNS MANTLE.

NEW YORK.—(Special.)— The week Milton Aborn died Fay Templeton, his favorite Buttercup and the star of almost as many revivals of "Pinafore" as the old master of the revival staged, found herself rehearsing in a modern musical comedy called "Roberta."

Miss Templeton has retired from the stage so many times her coming back in her sixty-eighth year to start all over again is not even surprising. It happens, too, that she is one of the most satisfying features of the new entertainment, though her part in it is small.

Heir Felt Futile.

"Roberta," taken from a story written by Alice Duer Miller and not too sadly mistreated by Otto Harbach, is the story of John Kent's Aunt Minnie, who went to Paris, established herself as "Roberta, Modiste," took a fortune away from American tourists, ate herself into fatty degeneration, and passed quietly away without signing a will.

This leaves the business to John, who stands 6 feet 2 in the shower room and plays full back for old Alpha Beta Pi. John doesn't know a bodice from a bustle and had rather go right out and jump off the Eiffel tower than become a couturier. But there's the law, and there is Stephanie, Aunt Minnie's protégée, who should have the business but will not take it.

Liking Stephanie, John decides to become a partner, and so it goes till closing time, by which time it is practically impossible to pry Stephanie and John apart.

Miss Templeton, holding wonderfully to the four low notes of a voice that always is a little thrilling, sings a song called "Yesterdays" before her heart puts her out of "Roberta." It is one of Jerome Kern's gentler croonings and is filled with memories which, to us oldsters, adds sentiment to her singing of it.

Handsomely Staged.

Otherwise "Roberta" is another of those handsomely staged affairs done by Max Gordon in style. The humor is nothing to brag of, nor the principals, though these include Tamara, a Russian singer of songs and a competent actress; Bob Hope, a quick wit who knows his late sots as a master of ceremonies, and Lyda Roberta, the platinum clown some

showman to appear since P. T. Barnum. Barnum said: "There's one born every minute"—and Mae West knows there is. Emancipatress, Showman—she still is "something else again." She is the Vamp of the Age.

Every generation produces a meager crop of women who rule men and sway women through their sex appeal. Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, Ninon de l'Enclos, Dubarry, Nell Gwynn—bad girls all of them (according to conventional standards). "Those terrible women!" to the holy. But the names of these "terrible women" have slid down the ages on shafts of glamour, whereas those of the rank and file of chaste and noble ladies crowd the gray mists of oblivion.

And always, hearing of these women, one knows a haunting wistfulness. For to such is bequeathed that something that hungry hearts yearn for. Some Open Sesame to Life, warm, vital, elemental; some deeply forged link to the great, pulsating Inner heart of Nature.

Mae: Sex Is Beautiful.

What about this love business as promoted by the lady with the drive of an engine and the gentle candor of a boa constrictor?

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