

Disney's Magic Pumpkin



Cinderella's mice. No kin to Mickey

The best news of the New Year in the animated cartoon world is that Walt Disney is back in something very like his old stride with **Cinderella** (Disney-RKO) his latest feature-length production.

One basic criticism must be made of *Cinderella*. In style and content it is virtually a twin sister to *Snow White*, with the same sort of action, the same sort of heroine (Cinderella is a blonde slavey whereas Snow White was a brunette slavey), and the same sort of villainess (Cinderella's stepmother is a slightly more civilized version of the wicked witch who plagued Snow White). The new Prince Charming is every bit as simpering and sloppily drawn as the old one.

However, people who have been distressed by Disney's recent preoccupation with "live action" will be happy to find him back in the field where he belongs.

The film abounds in charming little animals. A pair of bluebirds, venturing out in wintry weather, fly about in galoshes and overcoats. The heroine's best friends are the mice who ultimately carry her pumpkin coach to the ball.

Disney has given these mice the same importance that the dwarfs had in *Snow White*, and they are irresistible creations. They look nothing like the celebrated Mickey, but are a raffish and almost degenerate looking crew. Their squeaky voices are at first unintelligible, but as the film goes on their every ridiculous utterance becomes clear.

A cat named Lucifer is their chief antagonist, and this animal is surely the most elegant villain in movie history. Lucifer running his claws through a bowl of cream is the very model of cruel disdain. To keep the plot boiling, Disney has invented a number of brilliantly melodramatic sequences, the best being one wherein the mice are forced to all sorts of wild stratagems to free the imprisoned Cinderella in time for her to make her claim to the famous lost glass slipper.