

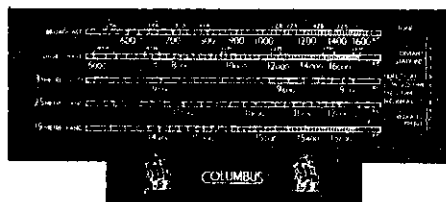
Running Commentary on HISTORY



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COLUMBUS

RADIO

Film Reviews by G.M.

JOURNEY INTO WELLES

THOSE Wellingtonians who claim to take their cinema seriously, had the chance recently to prove the strength of their allegiance when two new Orson Welles productions—*Journey Into Fear* and *The Magnificent Ambersons*—were shown on succeeding weeks at a B-grade theatre which usually caters for second-runs. This banishment of the great Mr. Welles was plainly the outcome of the the miserable box-office showing of his *Citizen Kane*, which badly scared exhibitors all over the world.

Unless they were specially vigilant in their scanning of newspaper advertisements, however, students of the cinema might have missed their recent chance; for *Journey Into Fear* was dismissed in three lines as an associate feature to *Seven Days' Leave*, a musical comedy on a return visit, while *The Magnificent Ambersons* was co-featured with "the Old Killer-diller in a Hot-tuned Chiller-thriller—Peter Lorre. Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi (the Three Horror Men) in *You'll Find Out*." Exactly what an old killer-diller is I, for one, didn't bother to stay and find out; and having already seen and reviewed *Seven Days' Leave*, I was under no obligation the previous week to mix Welles with Victor Mature and Lucille Ball—it would have been a bit too much like hearing Beethoven's "Egmont" Overture as an introduction to *No, No, Nanette* or (to bring the simile nearer home) like seeing the All Blacks as a curtain-raiser to a primary schoolboys' match. So for me the Welles were pure and undefiled.

JOURNEY INTO FEAR

(RKO-Radio)

IN reviewing *Shadow of a Doubt* the other week, I mentioned that Alfred Hitchcock gave the impression in it of moving in the direction of Orson Welles. Now in *Journey Into Fear*, Welles seems to be going to meet Hitchcock; and of the two, Welles has covered the greater distance. He treats a typical Hitchcock situation in a typical Hitchcock manner, with much of that director's flair for creating suspense by means of unusual photography and attention to menacing details. Despite these points of similarity, however, *Journey Into Fear* is still a strongly individualistic picture; a milestone among thrillers, highly recommended to connoisseurs.

Its setting is Turkey, its theme is the man-hunt. On his way out of Turkey with vital war information is a young American engineer (Joseph Cotton) whom Nazi agents want to kill. Easily identifiable as a Nazi assassin is a tubby, bespectacled, silent man (played with terrifying menace by Jack Moss). But there are others, and neither the hero nor the audience knows exactly who they are. The chief of the Turkish Secret Service (Orson Welles himself) smuggles the hero aboard a freighter leaving the country—but the Nazis are already on the vessel. Thereafter, in an atmosphere of mounting eeriness and dread, a cat-and-mouse game goes on;

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