

(continued from previous page)

Wars, understands sociology and mathematics, and disbelieves in fairy-tales. When confronted by a newspaperman (James Craig) who wants her story, she confounds him, on learning the name of his paper, with the remark "Reactionary, isn't it?" and goes on to reprove him for splitting an infinitive.

But one important ingredient has been missed out of Alpha's education—human affection. She finds that, however, when she sneaks out of the Institute of Psychology in order to join the newspaperman and put to the test his statement that there is plenty of magic in the world if you know where to look for it. In the process of discovering that there is a vast difference between "liking" her squad of professorial foster-parents and "loving" the happy-go-lucky newspaperman, she visits a night-club and a prize-fight ("Why do you fight him if you don't hate him? Not very intelligent, is it?" she asks a boxer) eats too much spaghetti, throws a jealous tantrum over her escort's girlfriend (Marsha Hunt), reforms a gangster (Keenan Wynn), and very nearly dies of a broken heart before the newspaperman realises that he is not as tough as he thought he was, and agrees to adopt her.

Lost Angel may be scientifically unsound, but thanks to the almost incredible performance of its little star, with good support from the others (including Philip Merivale and Donald Meek among the psycho-boys), its tragicomic episodes are always charming, often moving and sometimes genuinely beautiful.

LET'S FACE IT!

(Paramount)



VERY well, let's face it, shall we? That Bob Hope without Bing Crosby isn't as good as Bob Hope with him, and that although Hope springs eternal anywhere (even in an hysterical Sydney crowd), a Hollywood version of a Broadway musical hit is not necessarily the best jumping-off place for his talents. With some assistance from Betty Hutton he does contrive to squeeze a lot of laughter out of this typically stage-managed farce about insolvent soldiers and playful wives, and most people will count it a good evening's fun. I did myself. But it is heavy going for the star, and too often he has to fall back on slapstick because there is no opportunity for wit.

SUSPECTED PERSON

(B.E.F.)



MEMO for Collectors of Misleading Advertisements: Add the following from a recent Wellington paper—"British Empire Films present A BRITISH SPY DRAMA starring . . . Clifford Evans . . . in *SUSPECTED PERSON*."

Well, I thought we were long past the days of spy-mania, when every second person was suspected of being a secret agent or a fifth columnist. But apparently not in the film business. Let me, however, assure you that there is not a trace or a whisper of a spy in this picture; not even a suggestion that there is a war on, about to start, or just finishing. It is just a mediocre British effort about two American gangsters who come to London with hats over their eyes and gats in their mitts lookin' for de guy who high-jacked 10 grand (or so) while dey was standin' de rap for another little job. See?

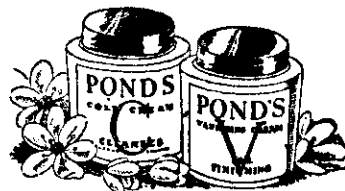
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