while might have been accomplished. After all, the time is 1945. The Vbomb attacks are in full swing and there is a hysterical undef-current to the hostility which the people of Denfield feel towards the young stranger, so unhappily conspicuous in her leather jacket and knee-hose. There is material enough here for conflict, enough even for tragedy, if deftly handled. But apparently someone could not leave well alone. Flora Robson is introduced as the airman's politicallyminded aunt, bent on winning a pipsqueaking khaki by-election, the airman becomes emotionally entangled with his widowed sister-in-law and on top of that finds his old job as a schoolmaster made unendurable by the whispers of the townsfolk and the casual crueities of small boys. This confused situation is on the point of being clarified-it takes some months-when Frieda's brother (an unregenerate Nazi who has wangled his way out of an Allied prison) turns up in Polish uniform to remind his sister that the Germans are still ein volk, even if they no longer have ein Reich, or ein Fuhrer.

It is obvious from his first appearance that this character has simply been brought in as a sort of dramatic catalyst to precipitate a climax now too difficult to achieve in a more orthodox way, and when he is unmasked as a former concentration-camp guard no one seems greatly surprised. Inevitably there is a Big Fight, with heaps of fore-shortened camera angles, plenty of kicking and gouging—good clean sadism with no holds barred, or almost none. Frieda throws herself in the river but is rescued in the nick of time—the river, of course, washes her sins away.

In spite of this disappointing ending, and the unduly complicated story which preceded it, Frieda cannot be written off altogether. Some credit must be given for serious intentions, and Mai Zetterling, a Swedish importation who plays the part of Frieda, is a young woman of unspoiled charm and considerable talent (in a quiet, restrained sort of way). The photography—steeply pitched angle-shots, cute "wipes" and a sort of Ophelia-in-the-brook sequence when Frieda is on the point of drowning—is artful rather than artistic.

HOLIDAY CAMP

(Rank-Gainsborough)

KEN ANNAKIN, who directed Holiday Camp, gained his film experience in documentaries (London, 1942, Fenlands, etc.), and this no doubt explains the strong documentary flavour of this latest production-though it can't altogether explain away the rather indigestible mixture of mild satire, whimsy broad comedy, melodrama, romance, and unblushing sentimentality which the film offers. But Holiday Camp has its moments-most of them when Jack Warner is somewhere handy—and as a piece of social reporting it is not without interest. Britain has (believe it or not) holiday camps just like this where the intellectually under-privileged may indulge their gregarious instincts. One can (and does) laugh heartily at the ubiquitous camp loudspeaker system, the meels-by-numbers, the mass P.T. and the whimsical little signs marked "Lads" or "Lassies." But, if I may coin a phrase, it makes you think,



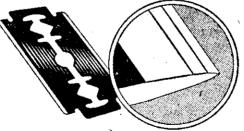
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