



SIMONE SIGNORET

Thérèse Raquin hasn't the impact of Carné's *Les Enfants du Paradis*, nor the haunting overtones of his interesting but uneven *Les Portes de la Nuit*, but on its own level it's a piece of considerable power. Its observation of character is always absorbing, it has suspense, it's most skilfully cut, and it ends, as so many films don't, precisely where it should.

THE SOLID GOLD CADILLAC

(Columbia) G Cert.

RICHARD QUINE'S film version of *The Solid Gold Cadillac* has the same "flaws" as the stage production the New Zealand Players gave us last year, so it seems I could have gone looking for something that was never meant to be there. There's again less bite than I hoped to find in what looks like a subject for satire; and again in the board of directors of International Projects there's a great doorstep of ham sandwich. But with those reservations made, how can I complain about a film that made me laugh so much? The story is about the efforts of Laura Partridge (Judy Holliday), a small shareholder, on behalf of the other small shareholders who are being taken for a ride by the board which is in control now that Ed McKeever (Paul Douglas) has a big job in Washington. For Miss Holliday especially this is another triumph. She is given some good lines and some funny situations—but could anyone else have made so much of them?

LOVE ME TENDER

(20th Century-Fox) G Cert.

SINCE Elvis Presley is clearly meant to be its special attraction, *Love Me Tender* starts surprisingly as a modest and quite enjoyable piece about the return of three brothers from the American Civil War. It's also of special interest as CinemaScope in black and white. This is very successful, for like many pieces that have been inflated by the full treatment, this one would have seemed pretentious in colour. Once the film leaves the farm where Vince Reno (Richard Egan) has found his sweetheart (Debra Paget) married to his younger brother (Elvis Presley)—a triangle that's quite well handled—it's much less satisfactory. Mr Presley is a rather unattractive youth, but as a singer he's tuneful, lively and not unpleasant, so long as the camera stays above waist level. His extraordinary gymnastics are another matter, and if you aren't amused you may be shocked. I shan't mount any moral high horse about it, but Jane Russell in *The French Line* didn't get away with anything half so vulgar or suggestive.

N.Z. LISTENER, JULY 19, 1957, 1

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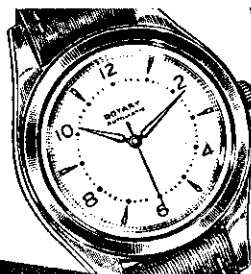
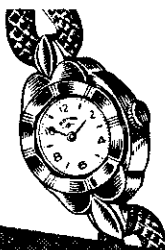


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