

at work . . .



or play . . .

. . . I always rely on
'LIGHTNING'
ZIP FASTENERS

ALL WITH MATCHING **COLOURED** TEETH AND TAPE

CHOOSE BY THE COLOURED PACKET

RED PACK: Lightweight 'Lightning' for skirts, slacks and general dress use.

BLACK PACK: Featherweight 'Lightning' for dresses of fine fabrics.

GREEN PACK: Lightweight 'Lightning' open end for jackets, cardigans and dressing gowns.



Manufactured by IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES (N.Z.) LTD.

Enjoy the superior flavour of
the
**PURE
ESSENCE!**



**FINE FOODS
FINE FLAVOURS**

Gregg's pure essences are extracted from genuine originals and with their purity goes a strength which makes them more economical in the long run.

Gregg's

Made by W. Gregg & Co Ltd., Forth Street, Dunedin.



FILM REVIEWS, BY JNO.

Vocational Homicide

THE GREEN MAN

(Grenadier-British Lion)

Y Cert.

Death is so clean,
Life is so dirty;
Life at 10.15.
Death at 10.30. . .

DEATH, it might be said, is no laughing matter. Indeed, a great many people in the predominantly puritanical Anglo-Saxon world do say so, though I doubt if delicacy is the reason for it. Cross your fingers, touch wood, *De mortuis*, "Mocking's catching"—you can multiply almost ad infinitum the taboos we observe and the spells we use to exorcise the last enemy. We hardly ever dare to laugh at him, least of all in public. There are, therefore, few Harry Grahams; there has so far been, in the English cinema, at least, only one *Kind Hearts* and *Coronets*, and even there convention had the last laugh.

The Green Man is scarcely as mordant as *Kind Hearts*—the successful homicides of the affable Mr Hawkins (Alastair Sim), which make a racy and, in more than one sense, quite a side-splitting introduction to the story, come to us (as it were) at second hand, more as examples of emotion recollected in tranquillity than as events. And the enterprise to which Mr Hawkins is presently committed—the disintegration of the egregious Sir Gregory Upshott (Raymond Huntley)—is, one suspects, compromised by social sanctions before it gets properly under way.

But it's pretty good fun all the same, and just far enough from conventional comedy to have the spice of novelty. The notion of a vocational murderer (the film is based on the Launder-Gilliat play *Meet a Body*) may not be startlingly original, but Alastair Sim somehow contrives to make it appear so. He is, of course, a first-class comic, both actively and passively—that is, not only funny in himself but an initiator of comedy (unlike Cecil Parker, for example, to whom things simply happen). Indeed, the principal criticism I'd make of *The Green Man* (which was a verdant oasis in a week of indifferent film-

BAROMETER

FAIR: "The Green Man."
MAINLY FAIR: "It's Never Too Late."
DULL: "A Kiss Before Dying."

going) is that more of the fun wasn't left in Mr Sim's hands. The central plot, which provides for the unshuffling of Sir Gregory's mortal coil (by the agency of radio and his amour-propre) at 10.30 the following evening in the lounge of the Green Man, has comic irony and a neat unity of time and theme. To add to this the talented dithering of George Cole was more than enough; to embroider the lot with cheesecake and bedroom farce seemed supererogatory. And, come to think of it, I'll wager this is the first time that epithet has been hung on Miss Jill Adams.

IT'S NEVER TOO LATE

(Park Lane-Associated British) G Cert.

IT'S NEVER TOO LATE, which has a more conventional comic line, may for that reason appeal to a wider if less eclectic audience. After all, it's the story of a family just like yours, or mine. They live in one of those typically post-war homes urbanely sprawled across a full acre of the metropolitan Green Belt. Indoors it looks as if it had just been landscaped by a crack interior decorator, but for all that the family—Granny, Father, Mother, two daughters, son-in-law, infants—finds itself (like yours and mine) just bursting out at the seams. Granny grumbles, father (who is a solicitor, in the City) hides rudely behind his newspaper, junior daughter is at the R.A.D.A., big sister has red hair and throws china around, son-in-law is frustrated, the infants bawl. At the still centre of this cyclonic succession of Quiet Weekends, stands Mum—I beg your pardon, Mother—who has just written the Book of the Month (she has forgotten to tell the family), and been paid 100,000 dollars for the screen rights. Should she quit coping and/or run away with the handsome publisher? Specially recommended to Mums—sorry, Mothers—who have a yen to do either.

A KISS BEFORE DYING

(Crown Productions)

A Cert.

THIS squalid, half-baked thriller about a young ex-serviceman college student who pushes his girl-friend off a skyscraper, murders again to cover his tracks, and is prevented from committing a third homicide only by the interposition of a twenty-ton bulldozer is apparently offered to us as further evidence of the neuroses that can be induced by a doting Mom in a broken home. It's becoming a hackneyed theme, and when it is handled by enept players, ineffectively directed—and that's what happens here—it persuades no one.



ALISTAIR SIM

N.Z. LISTENER, AUGUST 9, 1957.