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FILM REVIEWS, BY F.A.J.

Bad Boys, Pretty Girls

NOWHERE TO GO

(M.G.M.-Ealing)

G Cert.

I WOULD hate to put anyone off a fine thriller by starting off with a lot of solemn talk about significance, but having said that *Nowhere to Go* is a fine thriller I want to remark that in its eventual concern with personal loyalty it reminded me a bit of *Tiger Bay*. This, it seems to me, adds a dimension to a film which already has many merits—so much so that with time running quickly on towards a deadline I found myself not writing this review but reading again E. M. Forster's defence of personal loyalty. "Love and loyalty to an individual can run counter to the claims of the state. When they do—down with the state, say I..." And I.

Nowhere to Go starts with a fine, tense, atmospheric escape from prison, flashes back to the crime which put the escapee, Paul Gregory, away for 10 years, then tells what he did with his precarious freedom. Greg isn't the same sympathetic character as the young Pole in *Tiger Bay*, and I wouldn't like to stretch the comparison too far. But after looking on in that flashback at every detail of his rather despicable crime, I found it interesting to watch my attitude towards him change as he found out where he stood with his accomplice Sloane, sought help here and there, and

BAROMETER

FINE: "Nowhere to Go."
FAIR: "Bachelor of Hearts."
FAIR: "Ask Any Girl."

realised that he had "nowhere to go." It wouldn't be fair to tell what happened when in desperation he rang the girl with a bit of weakness for helping lame ducks.

This is the first film of a new director, Seth Holt, who also wrote the script in association with the brilliant young dramatic critic Kenneth Tynan. The original material was a novel by Donald MacKenzie. With a good cast which includes George Nader as Greg, Bernard Lee as Sloane and Maggie Smith as the girl, it is always absorbing and its people and situations are believable and real—which, I think, are the first things one should be able to say of any film. But this one has also—a rare merit nowadays—a script which recognises that even intelligent dialogue should be used with economy if you've a story that director, photographer (Paul Beeson) and players know how to tell in cinematic terms. Some wonderfully effective silent sequences give this film a quite distinctive flavour, and there's also, where necessary, a good jazzy score by Dizzy Reece.

PROFILES BY JOHN PASCOE

A SERIES of profiles of New Zealanders—by one of the best-known profiles in the country, John Pascoe—will start from 1YC and 3YC next week (1YC, Tuesday, November 10, 10.45 p.m.; 3YC, November 12, 10.38 p.m.). Of the five New Zealanders selected by Mr Pascoe, four are still alive, and at the height of their powers in the various fields they have made their own. All of the five have authorship in common, and a further link between four of them is Mr Pascoe's own preoccupation, mountaineering.

First on the list is Sir Edmund Hillary, whose dominant qualities (comments Mr Pascoe) are modesty and energy: "Ed was always a mass of energy. One of his best climbing mates, Earle Riddiford, recalled that he was more than usually restless when waiting for the weather to clear. While others were content to snore off in their sleeping-bags, Ed made himself a bow and arrow from sub-alpine scrub and chased keas."

The second profile is of the late General Sir Howard Kippenberger, whom Mr Pascoe served under as Illustrations Editor when "Kip" was Editor in Chief of N.Z. War Histories. He was the only man in the country, says Mr Pascoe, who combined all the qualities—of soldier, scholar, and administrator—needed for this job, and he "set to work with results that have proved the envy of other Commonwealth countries."

John Pascoe's third choice is one of these numerous—and somehow typical—New Zealanders who have done a little of everything. At present a Reuters chief in Tokyo, Syd Brookes at one time or another has been mountain guide, journalist (he was a foundation member of *The Listener* staff), film director and wharfie, and member of the Fleet Air Arm. Nowadays, says Mr Pascoe, his letters tell "of the contradictions in Japanese character, of his solace in sail-



ing a small yacht alone and far from the sight of land, and gossip about the Japanese expeditions to Manaslu in the Himalaya."

David Hall, the subject of Mr Pascoe's fourth profile, is well known both as a mountaineer and as a critic. "His articulate poise as critic is as personal to him as his stance on a narrow rock ledge, with rope neatly coiled and a belay anchor for safety," says John Pascoe.

The last talk in this series of profiles is on Dr J. C. Beaglehole. "The sum of his accomplishment as a writer of distinguished prose and history is well known," says Mr Pascoe. "His stimulus to the humanities in New Zealand is less evident but no less important. He is no ivory tower recluse but a resourceful fighter for his beliefs."

N.Z. LISTENER, NOVEMBER 6, 1959.