

DE LUXE SUPER CINEMA

WHAT'S ON TO-NIGHT?



A KORERO Report

WHAT SHALL I do this evening? I'm bored with the company, the weather is foul, our poker school broken up, boxing is off for a month, and I have lost my little black book with all those telephone numbers. Perhaps the cinema? A fairy tale for adults only? What is showing? The evening paper tells me—everything.

Spread across one column in a six-line tier of 12-point capitals, is

THE MASTER RACE

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&c.

Looks impressive. What does it say above this arresting display?

"The Makers of 'Hitler's Children' Tear Out Yet Another Page from Present Day Events to Give You the Shock Sensation of the Year.

"VICTORY, YES . . . BUT WHAT ABOUT MY NAMELESS BABY?

"What About Those German Higher Ups (Ugh!) who, even in Defeat . . . plan to do it All Again?

"See It All—Yes, and Let's Make Sure—the Things you'll See Here will Never Happen Again!!"

Under the six-line tier is yet more text.

"A Smashing Indictment, &c.," it says, to finish in capitals with **THE MOST DARING DRAMA OF OUR TIME.**

Ummm. Sounds good. What is the next one? Only a three-line title! Yet it says plenty.

"PAY-OFF IN THE PACIFIC!"

"A SHIP WITH WINGS!" "MEN WITH GUTS!"

"A STORY OF GLORY!"

"An action-packed saga of a phantom flat-top . . . A floating angel of death—Sworn to avenge an outraged America . . ."

And so on. But that is hardly good enough. That is only a "story of glory!"; only a story of "men with guts!" But what is this?

"TO-MORROW'S ENTERTAINMENT TO-DAY!

SECOND SENSATIONAL WEEK!

THE GIANT MUSICAL

EXTRAVAGANZA!"

But no. I saw that show when on leave in Rome six months ago, and it was so poor I walked out before the end. As I remember, it was a pitiful picture.

But there are many advertisements on this page. Here is one that describes a film as "DRAMA THAT HITS THE SCREEN WITH UNLEASHED FURY," and another rather modestly claiming to be "A Mystery Drama flaming with suspense . . . exploding with emotional dynamite . . ." That is inviting, but I'll give the other advertisers the benefit of a fair scan of their material.

"Bursting with Gay Laughter, Sparkling Music, and Action-packed Thrills," says a deprecating two-line 6-point introduction. "THE MAGICAL ICE MUSICAL," trills a second line, to be followed by, "Brimming with the colour and beauty of dazzling skating routines, rhythmically paced to the enchanting music of Miser Skinflint and his Royal Melodians." The same advertisement says other nice things about this film, too, such as "Splendour as never before captured on film." It is also apparently to the credit of this super-mammoth production that its male lead is "New, Handsome, Dashing."

I am overwhelmed.

But some one is not honest. I can't see how one film can be the "GIANT MUSICAL EXTRAVAGANZA" and another "The Gayest Carnival of Lilting