MURDER WITH TWO OFF-BEAT THRILLERS

"Quiet Please, Murder" would seem to have more than a few resemblances to "The Maltese Falcon" and therein perhaps it has a problem: it is too literate and complex for a "B", yet doesn't have the basic material to be expanded into an "A". As such it is somewhat of a parallel to Val Lewton's "The Seventh Victim" - a thoroughly fascinating and commendable misfire. After a variety of locales in the opening reel, the ultimate restriction of action to a public library seems a bit rigid, and in view of the richness and variety of plot threads and characters, the wartime propaganda line seems a bit extraneous too. The climax merely seems "B"/"C"-sleuth until it becomes evident that the plot is still going on, to be concluded rather by phsyologic action than by physical. In error, in the Bulletin notes I referred to the film as being set in the NY public library. Actually it isn't, though much of it was shot there. The late Gerald McDonald, head of the American History Dept. of the NY Public Library, and also a noted film historian, pointed out that Fox sent a unit to the library to research library routine and to shoot footage - but that despite this, the library's foot-secures measures for protecting rare books were totally ignored in this highly improbable yarn. Incidentally, the only loose-end untied at the end is the point about where the Welsh word for "Valley" should have been deposited at the library. The answer is probably that the art director was the same on both films -- Richard Day. Well photographed by a top cinematographer, the cast is also exceptionally strong with Denning and Patrick in the art director's roles of the Bogart-Astor roles in "Falcon", and Kurb Katch scoring as a mute Nazi thug. With "The Moon and Sixpence" behind him, Sanders was beginning to come into his own here as a major actor as well as a stylish star of "B"s. This may well be the first film with a masochist anti-hero. At least this breaks from tradition in the clade, or semi-niches, it makes a break for freedom, "It is absolutely delighted to have been captured. Had he arrived on the scene in time to write film, this is probably the kind of neat and mildy unhealthy little "B" that most thrillingly written, As it is, the credit goes to the little-known John Larkin, who had written a play or two, but had a whole decade of creative little "B" thrillers behind him, including another little Fox gem "Man At Large" that we've been after for years. Larkin only directed a small handful of pictures, of which this was one, but his talent as a screenwriter was exceptional.

حببنة النجوع هي أول رحلة في السينما الأمريكية (1947) من إخراجEdward Dmytryk. تم توزيعه بواسطة "A Man About a Dog"; كاميرا، C. Pennington Richards; 96 دقيقة; NY première, Broadway Embassy, January 1950.

US release by Rank/Eagle.

With: Robert Newton (Dr. Clive Riordan); Sally Gray (Storm Riordan); Naunton Wayne (Supt. Finsbury); Phil Brown (Bill Kronin); Betty Cooper (Miss Stevens); James Harcourt (Atkin); Michael Balfeour (American sailor); Olga Lindo (Miss Humphries); Roddy Hughes, Allan Dwyer, Ronald Adam (club-men); Russell Waters (Flying Squad man); and Lionel Mott, Stanley Baker, and Monte (the dog).

"Obsession" was the 2nd of the British films that Edward Dmytryk made in 1947 to (the others: "So Well Remembered" and "Give Us This Day" ("Salt to the Devil") while under a cloud in America as one of the "Unfriendly Ten". His Hollywood career didn't really begin until after a short jail sentence until 1952. It is a witty and genuinely suspenseful comedy-thriller that might perhaps have been a little better with a British director at the helm (perhaps Sidney Gilliat) to mine all of its nuances, but still needs no apologies at all and more than holds up surprisingly well. Nevertheless, it was profitable and as witty as it was suspenseful, and with Heath now excommunicated (and forgotten), the film will play - well - on its own terms. A pity one can't describe the surprise climax, for it is eminently satisfactory all around without any punch-pulling. Despite the long cast, only the first four names really have much to do. Newton is a delight in an unusually restrained mode, and Hollywood's Phil Brown - then working on the London stage - is effective but generally as upstage here as he was in America, Hollywood's direct answer to Ealing's Ralph Michael (though he was a much better actor).