

# A Black-White story that pulls no punches

By DORA SOWDEN

CAPRI: "The Voice of the Hurricane."

**F**OR the first time since cinema began, someone has made a film that faces the problem in Africa squarely, pulls no punches, talks turkey — and produces a dialogue between the Black and the White that no one should miss.

How this film ever managed to pass the censors here is a mystery. Why only adults may see it is another mystery. But that anyone at all should be allowed to see it shows that somehow the draught set up by the winds of change has made itself felt in the proper places.

The story is of a White family somewhere in Africa where trouble has begun and Africans are aiming at independence.

You will immediately recognise the father-type (William Pawley) — a descendant of several generations born in the country. He believes he understands the African and knows how to treat him.

## No nonsense

He is going to stand no nonsense — and he clashes with his son (David Cole) just back from abroad and as fully convinced in his way that Africans should be treated on equal terms. The mother (Phyllis Konstam) is an amiable woman who obviously hasn't given any-

thing (except her home) much thought.

Into this household comes a visiting M.P. as guest, just when the situation gets threatening—when guns have been stolen, and a hurricane is blowing actually and symbolically.

## Frightening

Through the mouth of Muriel Smith, cook and former nanny in the family, the African point of view is made abundantly, frighteningly, clear.

In fact, Muriel Smith gives such a striking performance that most of the tense and absorbing interest is created by and around her. It does not take away from her performance that her singing voice is good, too. But it is her acting that counts from the moment when she says "Africa is my home."

The script, however, begins stuffily, with too much and too footling talk. It picks up when the District Commissioner (veteran Reginald Owen) comes into the picture, tells of the local violence, and remarks



Muriel Smith, the original Carmen Jones, appears in "The Voice of the Hurricane." This film was previously banned but has now been released for adult audiences and opened yesterday.

"Africa is not what it was."

It moves swiftly and strongly from then on both in action and speech—creating the uneasy atmosphere growing inside the house—and the terror outside.

The last few minutes of the film offer a solution that many will find too glib—but the need for both the White Man and the Black Man to come to some terms (expressed by the visitor) is surely valid.

There are details of added interest—in the appearance of a brother of Jomo Kenyatta in an early scene, in the wild-life setting, in Muriel Smith's songs and in the fine colour photography.

The important thing, however, is in the sincerity and truth of this film in today's world—and in our corner of it. No one who sees it can remain unmoved—or undisturbed.