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Mr. Hulot's Holiday (FRENCH)

Jacques Tati, French pantomimist, in a sight comedy reminiscent of the silent film days. Has good chance for general situations in the U.S.

A G.B.D. release of Fred Orain and Jacques Tati production. Stars Tati. Directed by Tati. Screenplay, Tati and Henri Marquet; camera, Jacques Mercanton and Jean Mouselle; editor Jacques Grassl. At the Fine Arts Theatre, June 16, '54. Running time, 85 MINS.

Mr. Hulot	Jacques Tati
Martine	Nathalie Pascaud
The Aunt	Michelle Rolla
The Old Maid	Valentine Camax
The Boatman	Louis Perrault
The Colonel	Andre Dubois
The Hotel Proprietor	Lucien Fregis
The Walter	Raymond Carl
The Stroller	Rene Lacourt
The Stroller's Wife	Marguerite Gerard

(French, dubbed in English)

"Mr. Hulot's Holiday," the one-man effort of French pantomimist Jacques Tati, will recall the comedies of the silent film days. The humor is based on situations, with the dialog playing a sparse and entirely secondary role. It is slapstick, pure and simple, with sight gags piled on in rapid succession, some of them hilarious, others amusing, still others so-so. It is a loosely-constructed and plotless film, but with enough laughs to earn it playdates in general situations in the United States.

Its French origin and dubbed English dialog should be no handicap, for the humor is for the eyes

and it has universal appeal. The English dubbing is barely noticeable, since it is infrequently used and never employed in a closeup.

Tati, who produced, directed, wrote and stars in the film, presents the adventures of a well-intentioned schnook on his vacation at a seaside resort. This Mr. Hulot is out to make the most of his two-weeks-with-pay, but every well-meaning gesture ends in disaster. His tiny sports car is pushed off the road by big American automobiles, a balky dog blocks his way, his canoe collapses, he is dragged down a mountain by a heavy knapsack.

The situations do not always occur to Mr. Hulot, but he's connected in some way. A particularly funny bit is that involving the collapsing funeral wreath when Mr. Hulot's tire tube somehow finds its ways among the floral offerings. As his other adventures, Mr. Hulot's all-thumbs approach backfires in his romantic attempts. His holiday closes with a big bang, as he inadvertently touches off a fireworks display.

While Hulot is the center of the misadventures, the other middle class vacationers come in for close study, with Tati providing excellent touches. There's the business man who can't get away from his business, the retired military man who gallantly leads a picnic expedition, and the couple who take incessant walks. The individual incidents are too numerous to mention, but, on the whole, they're diverting and entertaining.

Tati has directed sharply, giving careful attention to each individual situation. The camera work and other technical aspects are good.

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