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Then, in one of the circles of lamplight, the feet stop, one foot just stirring irresolutely. The whistling stops . . . Silence . . . The camera glides up to the level of his hands, poised in the act of taking a cigarette from a packet. They are still, and the camera comes to rest on his face—a study in lamplight and shadow. The close-up shows his eyes widen a little, his jaws drop slightly; he's concentrating as he listens. His listening face fills the screen.

Now that close-up makes us listen as tensely as he. What was it? Then we hear it, too. The low scream. Jim's eyes are staring towards the place from which the scream has come. The camera swivels swiftly to follow Jim's gaze, which is fixed on the house. Silence holds a moment, and then a low, insistent note is played on a violin. We go back to our close-up of Jim. His pause is ours. For in all well-made films our relation to the chief people is very intimate, very actual. We can see every movement of their faces, every change of expression. And that's why good film acting is much more detailed, more small-scaled than stage acting. But a good film is full of physical symbols of thought and purpose. Things which convey psychological meaning by being seen. The director uses inanimate objects like cigarettes because they can become things of great emotional significance, and tell us more about the character's feelings.

The Things to Look For

But we've described enough to see what matters most in good cinema as in any other art—selection for the right effect. Selection of setting and lighting, selection of viewpoint—far away or close up—selection of significant detail. Everything has to be moulded into one simple whole, so that your attention and your interest are never lost.

And these are the things to look for and to criticise, the things which really make a good film. And it's for these things that the team of technicians, and the set designers and the builders and the electricians and the property men and the camera men, the script writers, the musicians and sound engineers, the director and his assistants—it's for these things that they all have to pool their experience and their feeling for human emotion. The film must move you, so that you can feel it in your marrow-bones.

Filming the Battle of Agincourt

That film story about Jim which I have dealt with was purely imaginary, but the technique should remind you of films that you've actually seen. You'll soon be seeing the now famous sequence of the Battle of Agincourt in Laurence Olivier's film of Shakespeare's *Henry V*. William Walton, who prepared a fine score for the film, combines the rousing excitement of his music with the build-up of the sequence to its climax in the rout of the French cavalry. The British archers hold their fire as the horses gallop towards them with an ever-quicken pace. A magnificent "tracking shot" centres on a horseman in black armour with pointed visor riding a white stallion. As the cavalry appear immediately before them the archers shoot in unison. With a whizzing roar the arrows curl up into the sky and fall into the heart of the French line. Then follows an incredible panic and chaos, into the midst of which the camera plunges, catching every detail from every angle.

PRISONERS OF THE JAPANESE

Back in New Zealand After Three Years In Captivity

DRESSED in an odd assortment of garments—the best they could muster after three years in a Japanese concentration camp—a small party of civilians, including seven young children, arrived in Wellington recently. During those three years they had lived on fare that the poorest of coolies would scorn, and now will begin the process of building up again and getting their weight and general health back to normal. But all have undergone experiences they will never forget.

One of the party, W. A. Atkinson, formerly of Auckland, told *The Listener* something of life under Japanese control in the Santo Tomas civilian internment camp, the largest in the Philippines.

In the course of his business as representative of an English shipping company with headquarters in London, he and his wife and children were on their way from Shanghai to Calcutta. While they were staying at a hotel in Manila the Japanese arrived and took over.

Three Days' Food For Three Years

"I had seen this coming and had put the family in a convent," said Mr. Atkinson. "The men were taken to Santo Tomas. We were told to bring enough food to last three days. What they should have told us was to take enough for three years, for it was that time before we were released. The overcrowding was frightful. Imagine five toilets for 500 men. And then the Japanese rules and regulations were very strict. If you broke any of them, however innocently, you were knocked about. Some men did, and found themselves in hospital."

"All the time the camp food was very bad in type and quantity. We started with a starvation diet, which gradually grew worse. Our allowance was as much rice as a tobacco tin would hold per day, and coffee that was made from grounds boiled up about 20 times. We watched each other getting weaker every day. Some of the men were so thin that you felt you could twang their sinews like harp-strings. In the end the children stayed in bed nearly all the time, or just lay about, too weak and tired even to play."

Yet the bulk of cinema goes, old and young, are quite indifferent to all this complexity. Some go to see a favourite star, a few may come prepared to be critical, but most people turn up regularly to take anything they can get. The cinema is a bare 30 years old as a significant form of public entertainment, and yet it has now grown to such an extent that the world demand is said to be about 250,000,000 seats a week.

The Vanguard of Filmgoers

In the film we have got the one art which is really popular, in the sense that the people, as a whole, want it, without any self-conscious feeling that they're being cultured or artistic. And yet among these many millions of regular cinemagoers is an increasing number, I am glad to say, who try to choose their films more carefully, who think of the



W. A. ATKINSON
The overcrowding was frightful

His weight on going into the camp was 160lb., but he went down to 140lb., said Mr. Atkinson. Since liberation he has put on about a pound a day.

Liberation by Americans

The release from Santo Tomas was carried out by Americans, who flew the internees to Leyte. Later they spent a short time in Australia, where they were given the warmest of welcomes and the kindest of treatment. They were all intensely grateful to the Americans for bringing about their release and for their treatment afterwards. The troops did their best to make up for the long three years of captivity and really spoiled the children with their attentions and gifts.

As one of the party put it, when the Santo Tomas camp fell to the Americans, it had as much significance to the internees and to Manilans as the fall of the Bastille to Parisians.

Also in the party of internees were Mr. and Mrs. Boyd Sanson and their son, Michael, of Havelock North. Mr. Sanson was a rancher on a station in Bicol Province, near Legaspi, 480 miles

from Manila. When the news of the impending Japanese invasion was broadcast, he left on a 12 hours' rail trip for Manila to pick up Michael, who was at school there. He and his son were captured by the Japanese and not until long afterwards did they learn that Mrs. Sanson, who was formerly Miss Barbara Pinckney, of Hastings and Christchurch, had escaped to the mountains, where she was looked after by the "boys." She gave herself up at Legaspi.

Atrocities Understated

Stories of Japanese atrocities were not exaggerated; they were actually underwritten. Mr. Sanson saw two girls suffering from severe burns. The Japanese had thrown petrol over their 15-year-old brother, and they were burnt while trying to save him. Their mother had been killed by machine-gun fire.

Prisoners were not allowed to watch aircraft passing overhead. If they were caught in a breach of this rule, they were made to stand and gaze at the sky for three hours. Occasionally shrapnel from anti-aircraft fire fell on the camp. And then, when the city fell, the Japanese turned guns on the camp from the other side of the river and killed many internees.

"No, I have no plans at the moment," said Mr. Atkinson. He was very tired and looked it. Other members of the little party also showed very evident signs of what they had been through. Mr. Atkinson has six months' leave from duty with his firm and will probably take his wife to visit two sisters in Auckland, while the children will go to school to make up for what they missed while under the Japanese. They had teaching of a kind in the camp, but it was only what the Japanese wanted them to learn. Now those three years have to be eliminated from their minds as far as possible. However, Mr. Atkinson hopes to return to the East when everybody is settled.

Among the welcoming crowd at Wellington clearing station were representatives of the New Zealand Red Cross, who offered all possible assistance in the way of clothes and other necessities, not forgetting the ration-books.

2ZA Request Session

DURING the two years in which 2ZA's Sunday morning Request Session has been on the air, 25 to 30 requested items have been played in the 90 minutes of the session. The question arose as to whether listeners would prefer to request not a single item but six recordings from which 20-minute programmes could be compiled, three such programmes to constitute a session of an hour. The station invited listeners' views and in three days 782 listeners supplied programme suggestions calling for 4,692 recordings. The title has now been changed to "As You Like It," and the session is now of two hours, with six 20-minute selections.