

Film Music

WAS it an accident that 4YA played Moussorgsky's *Night on the Bare Mountain* only a day after Disney's film *Fantasia* enjoyed a brief revival in Dunedin? It must have been, since we were not treated to Tchaikovsky, Bach, or Beethoven at the same time. Yet it was an interesting coincidence, proving to my mind at least that visual aid is not necessary for the enjoyment of even such an eloquently programmatic work, and may indeed be a positive hindrance to the music's fullest appreciation. Nevertheless a closer co-operation is possible and indeed necessary between radio and the other arts, of which the film is the newest; since good composers (Walton, Ireland, Bliss, etc.) have begun writing for the films, a close connection between radio programmes and current films might prove interesting. I fancy that the most important point which such a scheme would prove would be that while the film cannot entirely do without music, and is usually enhanced by judicious use of a good musical score, on the other hand music which does not "get across" when played without its film accompaniment is just not good music.

Anne of Green Gables

The stars that shone in your horoscope Made you of spirit and fire and dew is the quotation on the title page of *Anne of Green Gables*, and it is perhaps a tall order to expect spirit and fire and dew to be done up in neat 15-minute packages and handed through the microphone to an appreciative audience. Yet it more or less happens. The authentic ingredients are there, and *Anne of Green Gables* is still dewy-eyed. The time may come when she will approximate more closely to the romantic heroine of the morning serial, the inevitable passage of instalments will put her hair up and skirts down, bring oomph to her voice, Gilbert Blythe to her heart, and possibly embarrassment to her listeners. But that time is not yet. She is still the delightful child of the carrotty pigtailed and skimpy gingham, healing the sore places of her soul with the balm of literary phrase, a child "not quite like other little girls," fitter for the magic company of the immortal Alice than for the improving companionship of the long-lived *Big Sister*.

Ambrose and Anne

"OUR ANNIE"—that's what the troops in Malta called blonde, blue-eyed Anne Shelton when she sang to them every week for three years in the BBC's programme *Calling Malta*. Anne has been singing on the air since she was 15, but she finds it easier nowadays than during the war years when, right through the London and provincial blitzes, she travelled from whatever part of England she was appearing in to broadcast from the BBC studio every Sunday night. She owes her rapid rise to stardom to her lovely voice—and a BBC programme. When she was only 15 she appeared as a "new voice" in the "May We Introduce" section of *Monday Night at Eight*. Bert Ambrose, the famous band-leader, was listening that night and was electrified at the new voice and the way it was used. He rang up next day and asked Anne to go to his office for an audition. The result

of that audition was an invitation to sing with Ambrose and his band the next night—and Anne has been broadcasting with Ambrose ever since. *Ambrose and Anne*, a new BBC programme, is scheduled for broadcasting by three stations next week: IYA, Saturday, 9.30 p.m.; 3YA, Thursday, 4.0 p.m.; and 4YA, Tuesday, 7.30 p.m.

Mehr Licht

AUCKLAND, which last year provided fire engines as a distraction while Lili Kraus played Brahms in the Town Hall, played its part again the other night, and supplied a moth—probably one of those huge ones they have up there. It was all very startling, until you knew just what was happening. Mme Kraus was playing the last of the Bartok Rumanian dances, as an encore, when she suddenly stopped. In a moment there was a low buzz from the audience. For all we knew the pianist might have met with some terrible calamity. But then there was the reassuring sound—after a long pause, though—of Lili Kraus apologising, and saying something about it being "very difficult": a remark that could hardly have applied to the Bartok, to judge from how she had been playing. Then she completed the piece, and applause of quite the normal kind followed. Then the announcer took a hand. That interruption, he told us, was caused by a moth which, fascinated by the single powerful light over the piano (the only light in the place), had circled above Lili Kraus in a manner calculated to fascinate and hypnotise the whole audience. And at last it had settled on Mme. Kraus's shoulder. Now, if only Goethe had been present. . . .

"Die and Rot!"

IT is hard to keep an *Appointment with Fear* in a crowded living-room, among the bright lights and the familiar flotsam and jetsam of an existence remote from fearful contingencies, but the Man in Black certainly does his best. Last Tuesday our engagement was with John Dickson Carr's *Phantom Archer* and evoked several genuine shivers, though rather the sort of shiver one gets from gazing into the eyes of a man-eating tiger from the safe side of the barrier. For the radio as a purveyor of horror is at a disadvantage compared



with the cinema in that it harnesses only one of the senses, and compared with a book in that one is less often alone with it. But for all that there were good moments—the twang of the bow-string, the dull thud of an arrow finding its mark, and the tolling of a clock striking nine. (No, not the chimes). And the malevolent parrot whose scream of "Die and rot, die and rot!" gave atmospherics if not hysterics. Yes, the Man in Black is good, but he never so good he cannot hope to be considered a serious rival to even a third-rate dentist as a maker of appointments with fear.

LISTEN TODAY!

"Anne of Green Gables"

ESCAPE from the humdrum! Sit down quietly after your lunch . . . relax, and come away with us to hear the story-book jewel of yesteryear — "Anne of Green Gables" and its much-loved sequels. Anne Shirley of Avonlea, a redhaired little girl no higher than a bush of roses who wanted only a home, a real home with someone to love her. Now, on your radio, hear of her childhood struggles; her heart-stirring pleas to escape from the orphanage; smile at her bonny laughter and melt at her poignant tears. Gloriously dramatised for radio "Anne lives again, from childhood to womanhood, in a serial you'll never, never forget.

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