

CARUSO GIGLI LANZA

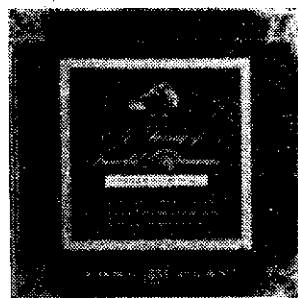
The latest L.P.'s from

HMV

CARUSO—A TREASURY OF IMMORTAL PERFORMANCES

Intro., O Sole Mio; The Lost Chord; For You Alone; Ave Maria (Kahn); Largo—Ombra Mai fu (Handel); Because; Elegie (Massenet); Sei Morta Nella Vita Mia.

H.M.V. 10in. LP MBLP.6002, 25/-



GIGLI AT CARNEGIE HALL

Intro., L'Africana—Mi Battle il cor; O Paradiso—Aria (Meyerbeer); Amarilla (Caccini); O del mio amato ben (Donaudy); Serse—Ombra mai fu—Largo (Handel); Manon—O dolce incanto (Chiudo gli occhi) (Il Sogno) (Massenet); Lohengrin—Merce, merce (Wagner); Un reve, Op. 48, No. 6 (Grieg); Tristesse, Op. 10, No. 3 (Chopin); Werther—Ah! mon mi ridestar (Massenet); Lo Schiavo—Quando nascesti tu (Gomes); Tosca—E lucevan le stelle (Puccini); Bergere legere (Weckerlin); Don Giovanni—Dalla sua pace (Mozart); Vidalita, Op. 45, No. 3 (Williams); Come, Love, with Me (Carnevali); Life (Curran); Rondine al nido (de Crescenzo); Addio bel sogno (de Curtis); Ritorna amore (de Veroli); Mamma (Bixio); O Sole mio (di Capua); Fanciulla del West—Ch'ella mi creda libero (Puccini).



BENIAMINO GIGLI (Tenor) with DINO FEDRO at the Piano, on H.M.V. 12in. LP ALP.1329, 42/6

MARIO LANZA

from the sound track of the film "SERENADE"

Intro., Serenade (Cahn-Brodsky); La Danza (Rossini); Torna a Surriento (G. B. de Curtis-E. de Curtis); O Soave Fanciulla (La Boheme) with J. Fenn, Soprano; Di Rigori Armato (Der Rosenkavalier); Di Quella Pira (Il Trovatore); Amor ti Vieta (Fedora); Recit.: Mi battle il cor; Aria: O Paradiso (L'Africana); Dio ti Giocondi (Otello) with Licia Albanese, Soprano; Ave Maria, Op. 52, No. 6 (Schubert); E. la Solita Storia (L'Arlesiana); Nessun Dorma! (Turandot); My Destiny (Cahn-Brodsky).



On H.M.V. 12in. LP ALP.1365, 42/6

OTHER NEW CLASSICAL L.P.'s feature . . .

LW.5210 VERDI - - - Arias from "La Traviata"
LW.5234 DEBUSSY - - - Claire de Lune
LXT.5215 BEETHOVEN - - - Symphony No. 3 in E Flat Major (Eroica), Opus 55
LW.5210 PUCCINI - - - Arias from "Manon Lescaut"
FAP.8202 TCHAIKOVSKI - - - Selections from "The Nutcracker Suite"

ASK YOUR RECORD DEALER
for a regular copy of

HMV'S MONTHLY RECORDS MAGAZINE

Fully illustrated . . . in colour . . . lists all the latest discs from Capitol, Columbia, Decca, H.M.V., London, M.G.M., Parlophone, Regal-Zonophone, Beltona and Vogue, Felsted.

Only 6d a copy.

AVAILABLE AT YOUR **HMV** RECORD COUNTER

HIS MASTER'S VOICE (N.Z.) LTD.,
Box 296, Wellington; Box 1931, Auckland;
Box 708, Christchurch.



NEW ZEALAND LISTENER

INCORPORATING N.Z. RADIO RECORD

Every Friday

Price Sixpence

FEBRUARY 22, 1957

Editorial and Business Offices: Hope Gibbons Building, Inglewood Place, Wellington, C.1.

P.O. Box 6098.

Telegraphic Address: "Listener," Wellington.

Telephone 54-106.

Silent Shadows on the Screen

IT is at first a little disconcerting to realise that the article on page 7 may arouse in younger readers no more than the amused interest that the rest of us feel for Victorian melodrama. The silent films are now seen to have been an experimental approach to the cinema proper, which apparently was not born until Al Jolson was heard bellowing for his Mammy. Since then it has grown in so many ways that critics are able to treat it as an art, and those of us who have fond recollections of its infancy are obviously being sentimental. It would no doubt be disillusioning to sit again in one of the early theatres and hear nothing but music while the shadows on the screen made their appropriate gestures. And yet the tricks and betrayals of memory cannot altogether explain the magic.

At the beginning of the First World War the feature film was only just coming into use. Until then, a programme might have up to a dozen short pieces, among which a few favourites (John Bunny, for instance) could be recognised and welcomed. The audience was likely to be seated on rows of chairs or forms, an arrangement which helped a slow stamping on the floor when the machine at the back of the hall suffered a breakdown. But presently theatres were built specially for "the pictures," programmes were more ambitious, and orchestras replaced the tinkling piano. The spectacles of D. W. Griffiths and Cecil B. de Mille revealed possibilities of landscape and action that the stage could not hope to emulate. (The theatre was dying, anyway, they said.) Already the star system was established, and interesting profiles were to be seen. (Has any woman of the shadows been more beautiful than Vilma Banky?) And some of the names to be remembered—Charles Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks, Harold Lloyd—are of men who provided miraculous entertainment. With the exception

of Chaplin, the greatest of them all, they are now slightly comic figures of the past; but for a generation that grew up with them they have no equals on the talking screen.

When the talkies came, no doubt, adult audiences were ready for them. All the tricks had been played, and sight by itself was in the same condition as radio on the eve of television. Yet TV has not destroyed radio, and seems unlikely to do so: there are too many functions—especially news and music—which need no visual intervention, in spite of attempts to prove the contrary. The silent cinema had to be superseded. Most people, eager for new excitements, welcomed the talkies, and have not looked backwards except indulgently, to marvel a moment at what amused them in more primitive times. But there were some who had no wish to go forward. They might have been conservative, deploring all innovation because it disturbed their settled habits. Some, too, must have realised what horrors would be loosed upon them while the screen tried out its voice and learnt the new tricks. This delighted exploration of sound has not yet ceased, especially in the use of lethal weapons which range from bow-strings to bombs, with an interminable popping of pistols in the middle register. And for some die-hards it was a sad day when the first jazz band, shining with brilliantine and *bonhomie*, announced a long line of "musicals." But a few people loved the silent films for their own sake, needing no assistance except from an orchestra while the story carried them into fantasy. If the cinema gained a wider freedom when captions no longer had to interrupt the action, there was also a freedom of the imagination which became restricted. Or perhaps it only seemed that way to those for whom at that time the end of silence was somehow the end of youth.

—M.H.H.

N.Z. LISTENER, FEBRUARY 22, 1957.