

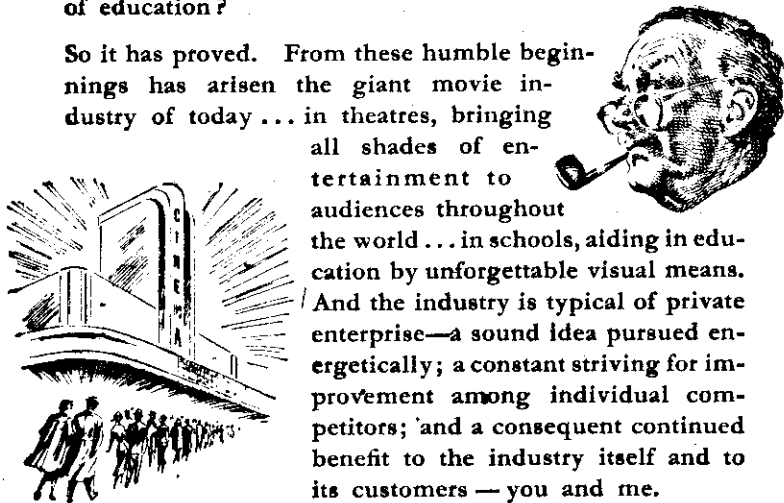


**"They move...  
they actually move!"**

### Uncle Chris. recalls his first movie

Was there ever such excitement for a small boy—for a whole audience? Despite the straight-backed, rock-hard chairs. Lantern slides we knew and were used to. But not this—people actually *moving* on the silver screen. Everything a bit distorted, we had to admit, but mostly so lifelike, so real! What prospects it opened up. Could these flickering films be the birth of a new form of entertainment... of education?

So it has proved. From these humble beginnings has arisen the giant movie industry of today... in theatres, bringing all shades of entertainment to audiences throughout the world... in schools, aiding in education by unforgettable visual means. And the industry is typical of private enterprise—a sound idea pursued energetically; a constant striving for improvement among individual competitors; and a consequent continued benefit to the industry itself and to its customers—you and me.



*\*Inserted in the interests of all sections of the community  
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### RADIO REVIEW

## MOZART AND MENAGE

**L**ISTENING to Jocelyn Walker wend her confident and charming way through a Mozart Concerto (No. 21 in C, K.467) with the National Orchestra in Wellington, it occurred to me that playing Mozart and running a home may require much the same sort of qualities—a certain flair for unostentatious tidiness; precise intentions; a flexible approach to problems; and an enveloping affection. The possession of these desirable qualities, however, does not necessarily imply that either of these assignments will be satisfactorily accomplished, nor indeed that skill at one will lead to success at the other. On the contrary, such a dual achievement is remarkably rare. Jocelyn Walker, having brought her concerto to a triumphant conclusion, demonstrated that at least it is not impossible. As Mrs. Clive Wickens, of Warkworth, Jocelyn Walker has not allowed the relaxing influence of the country to unsettle her musical standards, nor the problems of domesticity roughen the edges of musical temperament. Her playing at Wellington had what Mozart needs most—precision, clarity and an intelligent regard for the phrasing. What is more she made difficult music sound easy. In this she was admirably aided and abetted by Warwick Braithwaite and the orchestra.

—O.J.

### The Constant Worm

**T**HE gentle art of the essayist has not been entirely lost in spite of the fact that few people today read essays—it is found in such programmes as Denis Mitchell's *The Worm That Never Turned*—a light-hearted account of silk and silkworms. Here we have a topic that Charles Lamb might have played with—not too serious, not too light, not particularly topical, yet having a reasonably permanent claim on our interest, and providing many an opening for scholarly digression. But unfortunately the spoken word tempts more to brashness than the written, and *The Worm's* opening episode on the Ark ("Keep that brontosaurus quiet!") took a lot of living down by the rest of the programme.

### Focal Point

**C**HILDREN at school always seem to enjoy doing Projects. I am a bit vague about what a project is, but the idea seems to be to provide a focal point for several otherwise unrelated activities, so that each activity, though it may remain essentially the same, appears to gain significance from its often arbitrary association with the Desired Object. I can quite understand that our programme organisers may sometimes have felt themselves reduced to schizophrenia by the awful diversity

of our programmes, and the Coronation has doubtless given them a heaven-sent opportunity to impose some sort of pattern. Do you listen to Band Music? Well, now you listen to *Coronation Year—The Story and Music of Her Majesty's Bands*. Are you interested in historical features? Try *Throne and People*. Do you quite like being alive? You can't get away from it—you're a New Elizabethan. A fan of Vera Lynn's? You can hear her in *Variety Cavalcade*—a Coronation Year Parade of Music Hall Command Performers. I wonder how we'll manage about *Jazz Club*, U.S.A.

—M.B.

### Play of Reconciliation

**R**EHEARING the BBC version of *The Tempest* (from 1YC) I wondered whether it conforms to our usual impression of the play. It was a splendidly competent performance, in which nothing has been unconsidered. Some effects—Ariel, for example, apparently echoing out of empty air—were excellent, and no one could be better than Alfred Deller for Ariel's singing voice. Yet *The Tempest* is surely a play of reconciliation, in the end of which the claims of justice and mercy are harmonised. Perhaps we all have some uneasiness about Prospero, and have to remind ourselves that he is a figure in a kind of morality play. For we know that, if Prospero were a real man, no man (even a magician) is wise enough to be Providence. Here, we were perhaps uncomfortably reminded of this by Norman Shelley's impressive but hard Prospero, and John Slater's chuckling and likeable Caliban. It gave us a sneaking sympathy for the downtrodden brute, which may not be altogether wrong. It was a happy invention of Arnold Goodwin's, in his puppet-version of the play, to have both Ariel and Caliban restored to freedom at the end.

### Everlasting Innocents

**S**INCE they first created the parts of Woolcott and Spencer in the film *The Lady Vanishes*, many years ago, Nauntou Wayne and Basil Radford have become so identified with these two characters that their general acting ability has often been overlooked. In their current appearance in *Rogues' Gallery* they run true to form. Still the everlasting innocents abroad, still trusting to every pretty face, the confidence-man's natural prey, they get themselves mixed up with a gang of French counterfeiters, and duly wind up (for a short period) behind bars. No doubt we're all growing old together, but it seems rather mild compared with the good old days when, dreaming of the next Test, they travelled those international trains where the pullman-cars were booked solid by secret agents, and shot



(C) Punch

N.Z. LISTENER, MAY 15, 1953.