

# RADIO VIEWSREEL

## What Our Commentators Say

### Remembrance of Things Past

BY the time this paragraph appears the election will no longer be banner-headline news, but the pre-election Sunday Evening Talk from the Wellington Stations deserves to be commemorated in a medium less lasting than bronze but more permanent than the air that received it. It was a good talk, and though perhaps few of us went to the polls consciously "sparing a thought for history" odd facts from this brief resumé of New Zealand's electoral progress show promise of remaining in the memory till next polling day. We can, for example, when we hear of Parliament adjourning for a long week-end, spare a thought for the 'fifties, when Auckland was the capital city and it took Southland delegates up to eight weeks to get from Dunedin to Auckland. No prospect of Sunday dinner at home for them. And to the time when the property qualification was abolished and the rule laid down of one person one vote—with the special proviso that "person" must not be held to include females. But I should like to suggest that the word "generation" be used less frequently in public utterances. The speaker ended his talk

by stating that the principle of representational franchise had not been lightly won even in New Zealand—three generations fought to sustain it and two generations died to preserve it. The hyperbole may have been forceful when newly minted but repetition has now robbed it of its emotional impact.

### More Mysteries

THE lucrative field of radio crime detection has now been broadened to include mysterious happenings of all kinds, and *Strange Mysteries* has been joined by *History's Unsolved Mysteries*. In two such episodes lately I heard, first, a query as to whether Francis Bacon was really the illegitimate son of Queen Elizabeth; second, an attempt to whitewash Lucrezia Borgia. I must admit that my precise historical knowledge of either period is extremely limited, but so, probably, is that of most listeners to these sessions. I felt, when listening, that what I may term the Great Bacon Mystery came off best. Listeners here were given a collection of historical facts and asked to make their own decision. In the Borgia episode, however, the whole thing was fictional

except for the names, and imaginary conversations between Lucrezia and her brother Cesare were no basis on which to decide whether Lucrezia was saint or sinner. And it may be pedantic of me, but I doubt if the Italian Lucrezia, in private talk with Cesare, ever pronounced his name as "Seize 'er!"

### Words, Words, Words . . .

I OBSERVE that another commentator in these columns has found occasion to question the musical treatment afforded William Blake's "Tyger! Tyger!" A somewhat similar case arose



from 3YA recently, with a setting of that poem of Blake's whose second verse should run: "Soon after she was gone from me, A traveller came by, Silently, invisibly, O! was no deny." Lytton Strachey in his essay on Blake singled this verse out as a premier count in his indictment of the poet's editors, for, noting that as written there was no main verb in the second sentence (or some nonsense of that sort), they deleted the last line and substituted "He took her with a sigh." "Completing their work," Strachey adds, "by clapping on the whole 'Love's Secret,' a title which there

is no reason to suppose had ever entered the poet's head." "Love's Secret," complete with judicious emendations, was duly sung from 3YA, and none of those concerned, I suppose, knew that they were perpetuating a literary crime. Incidentally, why is it the usage among those who compile programmes, record labels, etc., that only the composer's name need be mentioned and that the author of the words, be he Shakespeare, Jonson, Tennyson, Goethe, or Omar, may be left in anonymity or disguised under the insult-to-injury of "trad."? Is the time not ripe for a militant organisation or crusade to ram it down the throats of the music-lovers that the words of a song have rights of their own, that they should be audibly pronounced, and their authors recognised, and that only a distorted snobbery has denied them these things?

### Curtain Up

HAS anyone ever noticed the intensely theatrical quality of Bax's "Overture to a Picaresque Comedy"? As a rule, the overtures heard in recorded programmes were written for operas and the like, works of music where the music was taken to be the aspect possessing all the importance; and were therefore overtures designed to introduce the evening's music and little more. But here in Bax's work, we have an overture written (I think) with

WAKE UP, DARLING,  
IT'S TIME FOR YOUR  
INGRAM'S SHAVE!



Many a man lies abed longer than he should, simply because he just can't face the morning tussle with his razor. Others use Ingram's. Marvellous stuff. It's cool, soothing, comforting. It puts whiskers on the spot! Singing joyfully, you romp through the daily shave. The ladies, too, prefer the Ingram's face. Smooth, well-groomed. Get Ingram's in your bathroom right away!

**INGRAM'S**  
SHAVING CREAM



Bristol-Myers Co. Pty. Ltd.  
127 Manners St., Wellington.

"EVEN WHEN I'M  
"DOWN" AND "OUT"  
NUGGET KEEPS  
ME BRIGHT"

"THE DAILY  
DOSE OF  
NUGGET  
DOES IT!"



**NUGGET**  
SHOE POLISHES

BLACK • DARK BROWN • MILITARY TAN • BLUE, Etc.