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very different. Home looks remarkably hum-drum in the light of these broadcast revelations of what home might



be like, given, presumably, the right ingredients. Probably the only way is to regard it all with as much detachment as one accords the pirate ship.

Local Talent

RITCHIE HANNA, the Dunedin violinist, has been heard at a number of concerts since his return from abroad, but the best thing I have heard him do over the air was the Handel Sonata in D, which he and Dr. V. E. Galway performed at one of the Sunday evening organ recitals in the Town Hall, relayed from 4YA. Precise, clear playing, good tone, and a vitality well suited to the style of the music made this an excellent performance. Another good broadcast a few evenings later from the same station was that of Mona Ross, contralto, who sang "The Wild Swan" and "Noon Hush," both by Peel, and "The Nightingale Has a Lyre of Gold," by Whelpley. These songs, quite new to me, were given an immediate appeal and beauty by reason of Miss Ross's careful artistry, her beautiful contralto voice being here used to great advantage. She is a singer who possesses the power of control over the faintest pianissimo as well as the double forte. I hope we will hear more of these performers soon. Will some station not try the experiment of an hour's recital by two artists, the items being chosen to illustrate some historical or emotional aspect of music, and quite unrelieved by those unnecessary but seemingly inevitable "fill-in" recordings which manage to spoil the balance of many otherwise good programmes?

Money Talks

I HAVE just heard from 2YA the second of Dr. Herbert Money's talks on Peru, and now consider myself enrolled for the complete course. To the first, "Travel in the Andes," I brought a mind singularly unhampered by the tyranny of the preconceived idea, since I know next to nothing of South American geography. At the conclusion of the talk I knew little more, but I had enjoyed Dr. Money's conducted tour from one superlative to the next ("longest railway zig-zag in the world," "World's highest suspension bridge") and from one untranscribable place name to the next, even though all I got out of it was a surprised impression that Peruvians undergo even more diabolical forms of Ordeal by Main Trunk. When Dr. Money got on to donkeys (I think this was going down the other side) I felt, contrariwise, far more at home. And by the second talk, "Socialism Among the Incas," I had found my listening feet.

For Dr. Money sheds clear and welcome light on a civilisation which appears to be worth illuminating, and such Peruvian terms are essential appear to be of not more than two syllables.

Disembodied Emotion

WORLD THEATRE continues to deny the often-expressed opinion that radio is an art of its own, and that plays written before its introduction are not so likely to succeed over the air as plays written especially for radio, with the limitations and possibilities of radio used as an integral part of the script. As yet I have not heard any radio play half as exciting as any of the World Theatre plays, which is due, I suppose, only to the fact that we haven't a radio playwright with the genius of Shaw, Euripides, Marlowe, or Rostand; plays in this series, although a certain amount of cutting and arrangement must be done in order to fit them to the purposes of radio, have been presented practically as they came from the pens of their creators, and the power they possess for radio listeners is unbelievably intense. In the poetic drama, where words are of vital importance, the absence of stage-effect can be a blessing in disguise. In *Dr. Faustus*, for instance, a stage performance with human devils would be a bit of an anti-climax after the horrific vision which the listener's imagination, aided by the words alone, can conjure up. As for *L'Aiglon*, surely radio is well suited to such things as the "Jean, Pierre and Paul" monologue; suited, too, to the soliloquising of Metternich over the dead Emperor's cocked hat; and certainly suited to that grim charnel-house vision of the horrors of the battlefield. Emotions aroused in the listener by the disembodied radio voice can be immense, especially when with the combination of a fine play and a vital performance, as exemplified in almost any example of World Theatre. My only regret is that this splendid series is gradually drawing to a close.

Children's Fare

HIGH praise is due to the NZBS for its present standard of programmes for children, and its method of coping with the present holiday position. As far as one can see, all juvenile tastes—and many not so juvenile—are catered for. A recent Stamp Club address, for instance, filled me with ignorant wonder and admiration at its exposition of some of the finer points of stamp collecting—such as counting the dots. The Junior Naturalists' Club, too, supplies information of which I do not blush to confess my ignorance. But equally valuable, if less factually so, is the reading aloud from such authors as Kipling, who can still appeal to most ages. This is better than an adapted serial play version of even the most famous of the classics, and should be good for grown-ups as well.

Appreciation

WITH the memory of her performances fresh in my mind it seems the most natural thing to record appreciation of Lili Kraus's recent studio recital from 3YA of the Mozart Fantasy and sonata in C minor. Having insufficiently conned my *Listener*, I was lucky enough to tune in by chance just as the first notes filled the room—being ignorant until then even of Lili Kraus's return to this country. More than appreciation, however, is not needed, as listeners are by now very much aware of Madame Kraus's particularly fine interpretation of Mozart, and of our good fortune in being able to hear her in person.



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