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flowing style, who talks rather than reads his stories, and whose pronunciation might well be taken as a model by announcers and all those who wish to wean the average New Zealand accent away from Cockneyism, while avoiding the equally unsuitable over-cultivated "Oxford."

### Form For Whom?

WHAT'S All This About Form? contained a sub-title which misled me. Reading "The general background against which the programmes are being designed" I looked forward to a talk on programme-arrangement from the technical and artistic viewpoint. I found myself, instead, listening to a talk on *Form in Music*, the preliminary talk of what looks like being an interesting series. But I wish the author of these programmes would make up his mind, before he goes any further, just what sort of an audience he is talking to. When he apologises for using the term "section" and tells us that "tonality" is "an extraordinarily long word," when he suggests that a "high-sounding name" like Sonata-form is apt to frighten some of us away, and encourages us to continue listening with "I know it's terribly difficult, but . . ."; then it seems to me that he rates his listeners as so many musical semi-morons who just happened to tune in by mistake. The idea behind the programme, on the other hand, was a sound one (that the basis of formal construction is repetition and contrast), and this was well illustrated in a series of excellently-chosen examples of good music which was not too highbrow to be above the heads of beginners.

### Desert Island Programmes

DESERT Island Discs from 4YA continues its rather lofty course, and as far as I am concerned any of the records chosen (with one exception) would satisfy my musical taste if I were the castaway. Most of these programmes turn out to be intimate revelations of moments in the past lives of their compères, most of whom choose their records partly because of musical worth, and partly because of some nostalgic reminiscence of the past brought to memory by that particular music. Among the most delightful of these reminiscences was M. Borovansky's picture of himself as a very young dancer, "doing a willow-tree in *Swan Lake*." But it is a chastening thought that the average listener-castaway would probably jettison Bach and Mozart in their entirety, if he could salvage instead some such record as the one (in an exceptionally popular programme) I would have excluded.

### Women in Literature

ZENOGRATE MOUNTJOY'S series of eight talks on *The Position of Women as Reflected in Literature*, now being broadcast from 3YA, is still in its first half, but it has taken shape already as a coherent and at times vivid account. The material of these talks—quotation, anecdote, historical background—is combined in just the right proportions to make the whole comprehensible to the listener. In the third and most recent

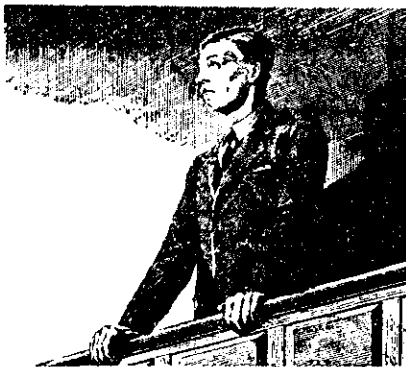
of these talks, which dealt with "The Coming of Christianity," we pass from the exaltation of the Roman Cornelia to the picture of Woman the Temptress, as painted by St. Paul, and the Early Christians. There is a drop to sea-level in Nietzsche: "Man was created for war, and woman for the recreation of the warrior." But such is our experience of serials—and of mountainous country—we know that Woman will rise again in the next instalment.

### Thrill with Mason

FROM such an innocent-sounding title as *The Diary of William Carpenter* I was not led to expect such hair-raising listening. The fact that the play starred such big game as James Mason and Flora Robson was recommendation enough; but the programme was well under way before I realised that this was more than a pleasant autobiographical sketch of some stamp-collecting crank. Even the smug conviction that I knew just what was going to happen at the end was effectively killed at the very height of its triumph by a totally unexpected twist in the tail of the plot. Any critical faculty I possessed was banished by that first blood-curdling scream; from then on I was just a participant, uncomfortably convinced that my hands were clammy and my hair on end. It was a most convincing performance which only once became pure melodrama.

### Eye-Witness Evidence

TO those of us who have never had the experience of testifying in Court, it might seem a simple and straightforward matter to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. That being an eye-witness is not so easy, and that things are not always what they seem, was the subject of the 42B Passing Parade feature, *Re-consider your verdict*. Three actual cases were cited



in which accused men and women were found guilty of crimes which they did not commit, and in each case eye-witnesses positively identified the wrong people. In no case did there seem any question of deliberate false witness, as most of the evidence was given by chance bystanders who obviously had nothing to gain by false accusation. And yet these witnesses all took the oath and declared that without shadow of a doubt the innocent accused was the person they had seen commit the crime. In this programme, no moral was drawn, no warning offered, no reasons sought for the behaviour of the witnesses. Indeed, there seemed no conclusion except that they were, each and all of them, honestly mistaken. But listeners, after hearing this programme, might well ponder on the question of eye-witness evidence and its comparative value in a Court of law,

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