

HARDY'S ABBREVIATIONS

a.m.

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RADIO VIEWSREEL

What Our Commentators Say

Women's World

LOOKING back over the past week or so I have been impressed by the quality and variety of the Morning Talks from 2YA. On Monday mornings we have been hearing a very good series of *Letters from Britain*, by Joan Airey, who has fortified her talent for observation by frequent visits to the British Museum. Her letters have a strong infusion of literary and historical material, but balance is preserved, and they remain sprightly and conversational. Tuesday is devoted to Mrs. Amabel Williams-Ellis, whose talks, *What It Means to be a Woman*, are as delightful and as unusual as her name. She has employed the device of occasional dialogue, and the interpolation of a deep masculine voice saying "I like my women fluffy" effectively secures the listener's attention in time for her to hear the resultant refutation of the heresy. On Wednesday the A.C.E., always responsive to seasonal demands, cooks game, on Thursdays, Mrs. Freed, whose talks on *Women in Politics* I listened to with pleasure, speaks on Superstitions. On Fridays the A.C.E. is breaking new ground with a series of talks on Infant Welfare, and though the talk on Baby's Layette is likely to cause as many letters to *The Listener* as a previous one on Minimum Requirements for the Bride-to-Be, few will disagree with the sound fundamentalism of *Diet for the Mother-To-Be* or *Baby's First Weeks*.

Gentle Josephine

NAPOLEON and Josephine have been thoroughly gone over by radio authors in search of a character, and anyone who, like me, has given the best years of his life to *Empress of Destiny* cannot be expected to come to John Gundry's *You May Come In Now* (2YA, Sunday, May 23) with unblemished mind. I found it pleasant, but unconvincing, owing to my difficulty in equating the gentle accents and sweet diffidence of Mr. Gundry's Josephine with the more spectacular Empress. (Though tradition, of course, is emphatic that Josephine must have been a lady.) Napoleon seemed much more in line with his historical and traditional self, and his relationship with Barras — the unblushing egotism that gave him the mastery over his one-time employer — is intelligently and amusingly worked out. I have no criticism to make of the production, which (as we have come to expect in those bearing the NZBS standard mark) was excellent. It merely occurred to me to wonder by what means the producer elicited these peals of delicious laughter that break so spontaneously from the lips of the female members of the cast.

Housewives' Panel

THE recent discussion "Should Housewives Adopt the Forty-Hour Week?" (2YA, May 17) resembled Claire Booth's *The Women* only in having an all-female cast. With malice towards none the four participants put their heads together and after forty minutes of

concentrated confabulation came to the not surprising conclusion that the forty-hour week for housewives was neither possible nor desirable. But though the discussion was not the means of dissolving any long-standing difficulties at any rate it made one point clear—that housewives as a whole are not over-conscious of the white woman's burden (though Mrs. Gilmer put in a stout plea for household deliveries). With soul-searchings in keeping with the best traditions of the Oxford Group, members asked



themselves had they been guilty of doing more housework, than was strictly necessary, merely from sinful pride or from a desire to kowtow to convention? In martyring themselves thus had they tended to see to it that the rest of the household knew of their martyrdom? (Mrs. Parsons made the sensible suggestion that the sense of grievance many women laboured under was probably due to many nights of broken sleep getting up to Baby.) The panel seemed agreed that mothers of young children were over-worked, mothers of grown-up families only if they organised their chores badly; that housework wasn't so bad in spots (e.g. shopping), but that even the good spots looked like bad ones if you could never get away from them; that community services would be a partial solution. What impressed me most about the discussion was its delightful informality. There was many a matry digression, which the chairman, wisely realising that masculine oar-putting would not be welcomed, largely ignored.

Per Ardua

RADIO PLAYHOUSE from 4YA recently gave us C. Gordon Glover's *Yesterday, To-day and To-morrow*, an NZBS production. This seems to be a difficult play—difficult to act convincingly, difficult to "put across" from the producer's point of view, and difficult for the listener on the receiving end. It is a purely psychological play, told in flash-back and flash-forward from the occasion of the heroine's wedding-night. The theme can be simply stated; the heroine, who hated her future husband on first meeting him as a young girl, has married him thinking his character to be changed, but now, according to a premonitory dream-sequence, she will live to regret it in finding out that first impressions were correct. There is nothing

(continued on next page)

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