

and falling inflexions, but a dance recording of the same date reminded me of nothing so much as Spike Jones, again slightly blurred, but still remarkably Spike-like. Are we then forced to consider our leading cacophonist nothing but a reactionary?

### Human Guinea Pig

THE new BBC feature now being heard from 3YA, *The Reader Takes Over*, promises to be very good entertainment if subsequent sessions are up to the standard of the first. This programme appears to be a sort of mental dissection of Britain's leading brains. C. E. M. Joad was the guinea pig in the first broadcast—an excellent choice, since Joad is well known to the public, his clarity provides good points for criticism, and more particularly since he is obviously in his element when justifying Joad. Attacked on the score of lack of originality, over-simplification and various other literary sins, he parries very neatly without ever really involving himself. The later part of the discussion turned on Joad's professed dislike of most of the inventions of modern science, including cars, which he detests. I should like to have heard him defend this point of view seriously, but Joad was not playing. Asked if he would have disliked Norman castles in their time as much as he dislikes aerodromes now, he replied simply, "No—I like castles." Which was after all the only way to treat a question like that. And to the counter question, "Then mightn't you like aerodromes if you lived 2,000 years from now?" Joad replied, "but there won't be people 2,000 years from now. Haven't you heard of the atom bomb?" . . . . . To which there is no answer.

### Real Scots

IN Dunedin the average person, like myself, is bound to have acquaintance with many folk who have come from Scotland at various times and from various localities, and has therefore a fair idea of how the real Scot talks; it is only if he happens to come from a part of Scotland with a really difficult dialect, or if he speaks too quickly, that we have any trouble in understanding his conversation—how he manages to understand our New Zealand accent is, of course, another matter! Anyhow, we listen to the radio Scot with canny reserve, and seldom if ever does a synthetic Scottish accent escape our ribald attention. The worst example of all is the American crooner or humorist who attempts to crack a Scots joke or sing a Scottish song. Recently we heard two radio programmes of a different nature from local stations. One was the ZB feature *Among the Immortals*, in which the life and character of Robert Burns were entrusted to a cast which just didn't manage to cope with them; this could have been such a fine programme that I was irritated at the waste of good material. The other example of Scottish atmosphere was Ursula Bloom's play *The Seagull Never Sings* from 4YA. This was very well produced by the NZBS, and particular credit is due, I feel, to the actress who played the part of the mother who imagined her dead son to have returned incarnated as a seagull. Here the Highland accent remained perfect throughout the play, and

I thought it a pity that the authoress should have tried to "put it across" the listener in the last few minutes of the play, where the sceptic is supposed to admit the possibility of a supernatural explanation of certain eerie happenings.

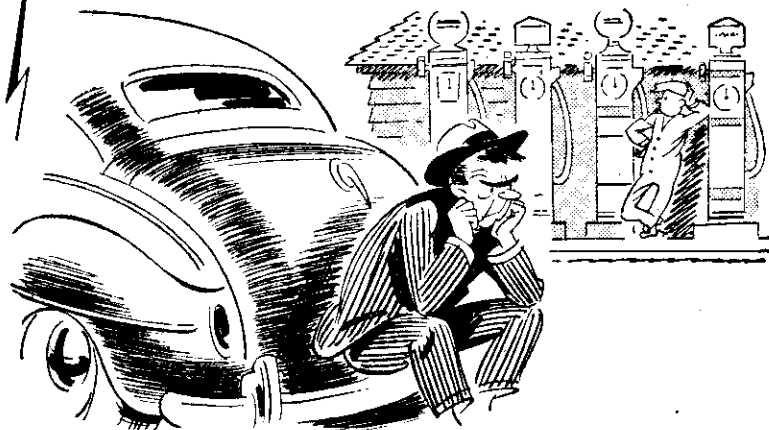
### Two on a Farm

I WONDER to how many 4YA listeners the short story *The Pain* would be likely to appeal? The story is from the book *The Little Karoo*, by Pauline Smith, and concerns two old people, husband and wife, on a farm; the old woman has a pain in her side, and the husband takes her to the new hospital in their bullock-waggon. She is not cured, and in a short time he takes her from the hospital stealthily by night and they drive back to their beloved farm. This is not a story, merely an incident, told in a brief span and with a minimum of words; but in effect it is a whole novel. The characters of the gentle, tired, uncomplaining old couple shine from the story with a quiet radiance, the country through which they travel so many unavailing miles is painted in true colours, the cumulative devotion of years lived together, the old people's love of their home and property are depicted as surely as though the writer had had thousands of pages to devote to them. *The Little Karoo* is a book which I know by title only, and this was my first introduction to its author. This BBC presentation of part of it makes me wish to read more.

### Critics and Performers

THE Dunedin Brains Trust in its first session got away to a fine start and there was almost a stroke of genius in the selection of Professor George Knight as question-master. What could be better, to introduce the Dunedin Brains Trust, than a scholar of distinctly dry wit with one of the most pleasant Scottish voices imaginable? Arising from a publicly-expressed criticism of a local music critic, one question afforded the speakers room for various views on the subject of whether a music critic should himself be a performer of great ability. It was to be expected that the panel would be in agreement on the question, all of them maintaining, of course, that in order to be a good critic one need not be a virtuoso. But there was a pleasing diversity of ideas on the reasons for this, and it was qualified by the assumption that a modest proportion of technical ability is a help rather than a hindrance to the critic. It was forcibly argued that the really brilliant performer is not the best critic, as a certain amount of natural superiority is bound to bias his judgment of lesser performers; also that the jealousy and heartburning which any musician knows to be inborn in 50 per cent. of his fellow-performers will likewise make itself felt in 50 per cent. of criticisms offered to one musician by another. However, a critic who knows absolutely nothing about his subject from a technical point of view is severely handicapped when it comes to necessary discussion of points of technique in connection with a performance, and it will generally be found that outstanding musical critics (to mention the obvious, Shaw and Newman), although not practising virtuosos, had a more penetrating and widely-based musical knowledge than the majority of the concert-stars they were called upon to criticise.

## Like a motor car without petrol...



## a flashlight without



## EVEREADY

TRADE-MARK

## BATTERIES

Always make sure that your flashlight is equipped with fresh "EVEREADY" Batteries.

A NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY PRODUCT

ER48/F

**Solidomatic**

**automatic**  
POWERED BY YOUR DAILY ACTIONS  
non-magnetic, protected, dustproof.

165 FIRST PRIZES

# MOVADO

the last word in watchmaking

Sold and serviced by jewellers throughout New Zealand.