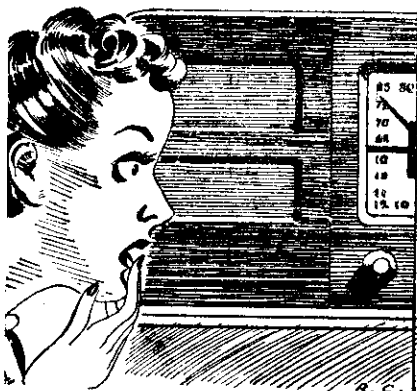


works concerned. After all, what the modern listener wants to know about an ancient play is not so much the history, moral, social, and political, of its conception in the brain of its author, but rather how it sounded to the audience of the day, and how it will sound to an audience of our own day. Since the majority of radio listeners are not ardent Greek scholars, it would be of little use to present Greek plays as they sounded to their original audiences; but a well-trained chorus and a few individual players, such as those heard in these extracts, can do wonders with the poetry of a good translation. The unique effect of the authentic chorus is one that the radio can reproduce to perfection when the words are articulated as clearly and musically as on this occasion.

## One Crowded Hour

I FEEL overwhelmed by the number of good things crammed into the ZB's Woman's Hour (2.30 to 3.30, Monday to Friday). One could become a well-informed and competent woman merely by taking a few weeks' course



of this recommended mental health and beauty treatment. Diversity in uniformity would seem to be the keynote, since there is something different for every day of the week and the weekly programme is in general outline repeated. As one who has sampled, if not listened through, every programme for a week I may say that seldom have I known an hour to last so long, or to such good effect. Take last Wednesday, for example. We had News from Women Overseas, a short story (Ever Yours), Questions and Answers, assorted musical recordings, commercials, and a discussion "Should Wives Have Salaries?" Last Friday, I think it was, we had a talk on badminton and another on lichen dyeing of yarn, with Care of the Greasy Skin, Notable Quotables, and selected recordings fore and aft. The Can-Any-Good - Thing - Come - Out - of-Nazareth school may hint that this one crowded hour is at the expense of the rest of the programme day, that the cake as a whole is no plummier. But it's lovely for the little Jack Horner's to know just where to go for the plums.

## African Veldt

I COULDN'T help comparing "Sarie Marais," a short story by Fay King with "The Rain," which I mentioned recently as full of atmosphere and colour. There was little difference in the presentation of the stories, although one was BBC and the other NZBS, and it is a point to be noted that our own dramatic production department can do as good a job with a play or a short story as any imported recordings, and usually does a great deal better. But

in the actual material one story surpassed the other so obviously that the comparison was inevitable for any listener who chanced to hear both. The impression of "The Rain" was almost a visual one, so clearly was the scene and its immensity presented in the written word; but in "Sarie Marais" a quite average romantic story was presented whose scene might have been laid anywhere in the world without changing its appeal. Since both stories were laid in the African veldt, there was obvious room, even in the small canvas of the short story, for colour and atmosphere.

## Wasted Years

JUST as Milton, at a comparatively early age, could regret that time, the subtle thief of youth, had stolen on its wing his three-and-twentieth year, so I feel the waste implicit in the fact that I have only just caught up with Clem Dawe's *Rookery Nook*, which spreads its invitingly dubious shade (somewhat incongruously, I feel) amidst the sunny music-filled expanses of 2YA's Monday afternoon. Once inside the Nook a delicious aroma of Music Hall fills the nostrils, and listeners are transported to a brighter world where there are servants to swop insults with and where the moral atmosphere is so rarefied that three impeccably married men can allow themselves to be dragged within lassoing distance of the divorce court rather than permit the slightest whiff of gossip to taint the fair name of a lovely and innocent girl.

## Sensation Plus Culture

THE *Pardoner's Tale* was an excellent example of the ease with which the story-within-a-story, so beloved of mediæval writers, can be translated for radio. It took only a few minutes to set the stage—the chattering pilgrims, the clip-clop of the ponies, a brisk interchange between Pardoner and omnipresent Host—and in those few minutes the radio audience was able to become one of the company, to hear the tale not with sceptical modern ear but with the ears of those for whom it was intended, ears nurtured on the *Moralities* and the strong drama of the conflict between good and evil. Shorn of its frame the tale of the three young roisterers who met Death on the road may have seemed hard to get into focus; from the pilgrims' viewpoint it was not only credible but positively frightening. (Hats off to the NZBS production department for a realistic death gurgle and a superb rendition of the climactic final line: "I . . . am . . . DEATH!") In this type of production the NZBS makes no bones about lying on the bed it has chosen, and does not trifle with the heresy that acting depends more on what is left out than on what is put in. I should like to see them attempt more productions of this type—*Everyman*, for example—which provide listeners with dramatic excitement and a strong cultural motive for indulging in it.

"WHAT makes a great actor is imagination, sensitiveness, and emotion allied to a brilliant, exciting personality. Obviously he must have sufficient technique to express his mind and personality in terms of acting, but if his personality is big enough he can with impunity break many of the rules of technique which the less gifted actor dare not abandon."—Norman Marshall, in a BBC talk.



Next time, Mum,  
don't wish so hard!



**BABY:** 'Smatter, Mum? You wished you could have my "soft life" for a change, didn't you?

**MUM:** Yes—but I want to switch right back! I'd forgotten babies were so helpless—and had so many things to make 'em uncomfortable. A baby's life is hard!

**BABY:** Not if a baby's mama is smart! Not if she does things he can't do for himself—like keeping his tender skin smoothed up with Johnson's Baby Cream and Johnson's Baby Powder!

**MUM:** Say! Guess I've fallen down there! But . . . why both?

**BABY:** They're for different things, Mum! Johnson's pure, gentle Baby Cream to keep me cherub-soft where necessary and help prevent what Doctor calls "urine irritation."

And Johnson's Baby Powder for cooling sprinkles that make chafes and prickles scat like THAT!

**MUM:** Okay, bright baby—from now on you get treated right—with Johnson's!



**BABY:** Can't do better than that, Mum—ask any expert! Quick swap places and let's scoot to the chemist now!



★ Sterilized for your protection in accordance with the regulations.

Safe for Baby—Safe for You  
★ Johnson's Baby Powder  
Johnson's Baby Cream  
Johnson's Baby Soap

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