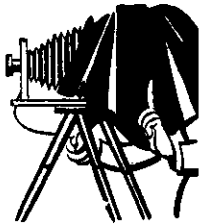


Speaking of Photography...

WHY do people take photographs?

Your common or garden week-end snap-shooter with his box camera probably takes them simply to put something—an event, a view, a family group—on record, in the opinion of Greig and Joyce Royle, two Wellington photographers. Others, the ones who love photography for its own sake, try to create something, to express a vaguely-formed idea or emotion in a tangible form. These are the true artists of the camera. Then of course there is the professional photographer who does it for money, and whose main object is often nothing more than a desire to please the customer. Yet whatever their aim or object, most of the thousands of camera enthusiasts throughout New Zealand think that taking photographs is a wonderful and fascinating hobby, and Greig and Joyce Royle (whose por-

traits appear on page 25) are going to talk about that hobby in a series of five talks to be heard from 2YA on Sunday afternoons, starting at 4.30 p.m. on Sunday, February 27. These talks are something in the nature of an experiment, and are discussions rather than monologues. Greig and Joyce Royle get together before the microphone with a few suggested lines of dialogue before them, and then away they go, talking, arguing, laughing, joking, but all the time about photography, which has been for them a life-long study. "The Beginner and his Camera," "The Story of a Photograph," "Happier Snaps," and "Photography as a Hobby" are the titles of some of these Sunday afternoon sessions.



(continued from previous page)

have been danced to, and you can't really use any of Chopin's dances for the purpose of performing a ballroom waltz or mazurka, either. Chopin liked rubato, too, but its use can be overdone in jazz as in the music of the Romantics, and anyone who likes popular music to sound as though it had the same number of beats in every bar had better not listen to Rodney Pankhurst. But there, I'm not up in all the latest developments of style as applied to the performance of the latest jazz, and it may be that this out-of-time playing is something vital and particularly good that I haven't yet learned to appreciate.

Gods and Goddesses at Play

THE radio adaptation of Offenbach's operetta *Orpheus in the Underworld* was a sheer delight. It has been heard from 4YA, and if other stations have not already included it in their programmes listeners should be on the lookout for its appearance. One thing that strikes the listener about it is "Why haven't we had this before?" Of course we all know a bit of it—that part of the Overture where the famous Can Can is heard; to me the liveliest and most exciting light music ever written. But the rest of the operetta is too good not to have been heard on the air before this, and it is to the BBC again that we owe our grateful thanks for this presentation, which has been "done into English" by Geoffrey Dunn. I have no means of knowing just how much of the humour is in the original script, and how much is owed to the arranger of the words, but as given here, the frolic of the mythical kingdom of gods and goddesses was as effervescent as champagne. I hope 4YA will find time to repeat this programme at a not-too-distant date.

Amnesia

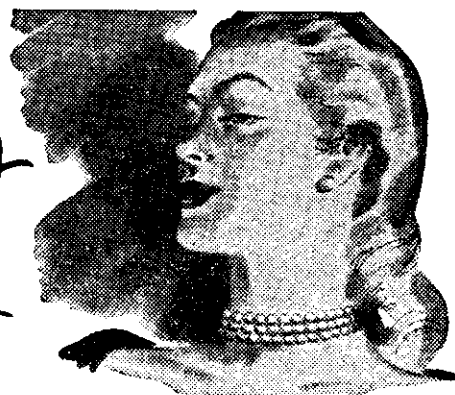
IN *The Waters of Lethe*, G. Murray Milne has written a neat little radio play about amnesia. Just like Ronald Colman and half-a-dozen other film stars in their time, the hero of this play loses his memory (after a bash on the head—you guessed it). What places this particular play ahead of others dealing

with the same subject, however, is its careful avoidance of technical details. No schizophrenic tells his troubles to a psychiatrist, nor are there any doctors issuing clinical instructions about how to deal with Case No. 158. All we hear about amnesia comes from the lips of the victim himself, as he mentally searches for a clue as to his identity, and decides that he doesn't know much about himself, or about amnesia either—except for the name of the malady. As the reader is in the same boat, this is all for the best, and the author is to be congratulated on continuing his exciting story from that point without further delving into the subconscious. What follows the initial loss of memory is a swift-moving yarn of crooks and police, or baddies and goodies, the dénouement of which I shan't reveal, for the sake of future listeners—although it is fairly apparent from the start just what sort of a character the victim of amnesia really possesses, thanks to the acting ability of whoever plays the part. For a slick piece of entertainment, my thanks to the author and to the NZBS unit who produced it.

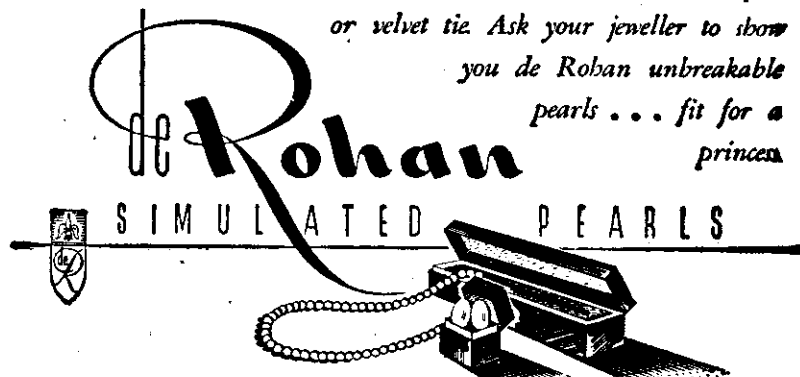
Uncommon But Not Convincing

I WAS a little disappointed in C. Gordon Glover's *Magnolia*, which I thought wasn't quite convincing enough for a playwright who has turned out such a number of fine radio plays. I suppose it is possible—indeed more than probable—that an uneducated man, after a glimpse into the world of beauty revealed in art, music, and literature, should long for more and more of that beauty, until he is even prepared to commit a crime in order to attain it. Reasons for common theft are usually more prosaic; but this was an uncommon theft, and the man who did it an uncommon common man. What I found unsatisfactory about the play was the abrupt way in which, after one attempt at crime, and a subsequent term in prison, the little man with big ideas promptly settled down in a humdrum fashion and renounced his quest for beauty. If he was as uncommon a man as pictured, would anything have kept him from the fulfilment of his obsession?

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