

# RADIO REVIEW

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of the rather unsatisfactory recognition given to such work as he has done. Over and over again one hears on the air broadcasts of songs for voice and piano in which not only is the piano part of at least equal importance to the voice part, but is considerably better performed. Yet frequently the accompanist is our old friend Anon! In the series of song cycles which was featured by stations some time ago the pianist was named with the singer, but note carefully that the pianist was not the official accompanist to the station, but an outside artist specially engaged. The standard of anonymous accompanying is I think very high; I have heard some really fine work done and I have longed to know whether it was Madame This-and-that. Mr Whosit or Mrs. Thimgummy, all of whom I know do occasional work for the station. Why should the official accompanist be the only one who suffers from this non-recognition?

—D.M.

## Base Metal

WHEN the Mobile Recording Unit undertook to record at first hand from the older residents something of

the history of Otago in their programme *History and Harmony in Otago*, they tackled a difficult job. Those who know the story can't tell it: those who could tell it don't know it. So they must have had every reason to conclude that the best thing to do was to compromise, to let the more articulate tell their stories and cut the rest off the tape or collect the information and retail it themselves. Which I think was a sound conclusion. And then some demon whispered in their ear that it was a pity to tell the stories as simple reporters. What a lark it would be to have two of them dress up with false beards and whiskers and assume what they fondly hoped were Central Otago accents and pretend to be old-timers. I heard them at it first in the Dunstan programme and sure enough they bobbed up in Cromwell—Harry and his chum—on Monday night, October 3. No doubt they tell the stories more slickly than they were told originally but against the gold of the genuine old-timer they show up as base metal. In a programme that brings to us the very voices of old-time Central, they offend as a sort of forgery.



## Hiatus

THE NZBS takes some pains at broadcast concerts to preserve for the listener as much as possible of the atmosphere of the concert hall. We hear the audience and the buzz of its conversation; we hear the orchestra tuning up and the hush before the first notes. During the performance we, too, are not immune from the neighbour with the irritating cough and we share at the end in the thunders of applause. Such listening is infinitely more exciting than listening, say, to a studio performance. But there remains the problem of the interval. Only a super announcer could fill such a gap, so back to the studio we must go, with a consequent drop in the temperature of our enthusiasm. At the interval in the National Orchestra concert at Christchurch on October 6, 3YA introduced, suitably enough, a group of songs, thus avoiding competition with the Orchestra. A little more imagination, though, might have followed the Concerto with some of Rachmaninoff's songs, instead of an unholy trinity of Schubert, Caccini and Grieg.

—K.J.S.

## Kaye

[I might be stretching the word a little to call Danny Kaye a genius; let us say that in his own line he has outstand-

ing talent. How long and arduously he practised to bring his tongue and lip movements to their present dazzling rate of—no, movement is hardly the word; pulsation is closer, is his own secret, and perhaps his press agent's. Even at the dizziest speed his syllables remain distinct and are brought out with a crispness which keeps an audience alert and responsive. He has his own balm, wistful line of comedy, admirably suited to such a piece as "The Little Fiddle," in which the wicked designs of a scheming glockenspiel are thwarted only just in time. But the next song he sang in 3YA's Thursday evening corner for comedians was an obvious mistake by the record company. It was what is known to the trade as a ballad (romantic) and was entitled "The Moon Is Your Pillow." Mr. Kaye took it straight, doing his best to be a good imitation of Frank Sinatra, and if his other listeners were like me, they were waiting right through the record for him to burst out of his gyves and take the song to pieces with his bare hands. But he restrained himself, and it wasn't until the last number, "Oh, by Jingo" that we heard the real Kaye again. And glad we were to have him back; as Frank Sinatra, Mr. Kaye remains a very talented comedian.

—G. leF. Y.

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