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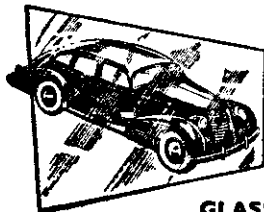
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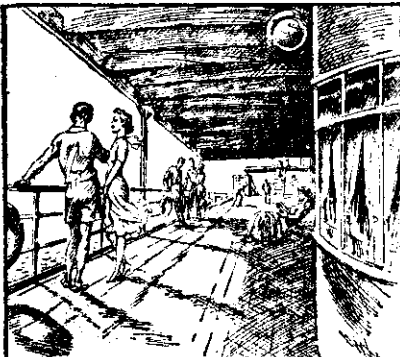
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## RADIO REVIEW

# THE JUNGLE AT SCHOOL

THAT schoolmasters are much the same the world over was delightfully demonstrated by Gwyn Thomas's *Forenoon* (1YC). This strategic map of the eternal warfare between the master, earnest, cynical, or merely professional, and the schoolboy, shrewd, devious and predictably unpredictable, offered wonderful sketches of teaching types, with their lumbering sarcasm, pedantic humour, donnish jokes and comic disillusionment, besides a pompous headmaster who, on finding an American comic-book in the school, thunders that the age is "threatened by the rule of the moron and the Morlock." Yet, at the same time, it managed to suggest something of the faith and purpose of teachers, and of the invincible idealism under the mask of scepticism. However, for me the most charming character was Fanshawe, the schoolboy expert in injured innocence and fabricator of insurance schemes and comic-book rackets; there is always one Fanshawe in every group of schoolboys. Reminiscent by turns of Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill, Will Hay's St. Michael's, "Beachcomber's" Narkover and Ronald Searle's St. Custard's, Gwyn Thomas's comic documentary had a nostalgic character of its own, and was made with that incomparably smooth sophistication which the BBC brings to all such things.

## The Flood of Music

"THE BACKGROUND OF AN ARTIST" (1YC), a talk by Mary Tweedie, examiner for the Trinity College of Music, London, contained some of the most perceptive comment on the proper atmosphere for great music I have ever heard. A somewhat "plummy" English voice, a Sibylline utterance and excessive literary references (I remember Blake, Milton, Shakespeare, Schweitzer and Plato, and there were others) did not detract from the value of her plea for the creation by teachers and musicians of a sensitivity to the inter-action between music and the other arts and of a mental and spiritual attitude to beauty in which knowledge and imagination combine, and which allows no compromise in standards. In today's flood of music, breeding a "miasma of uncritical acceptance" and at best, partial attention to music, as well as in the leaving behind by the composer of his audience, Miss Tweedie saw a great challenge to the teacher, and what she offered as a constructive philosophy merited the attention of anybody interested in the art. While many of us regard the modern ubiquity of music as "a Good Thing," she sees its dangers clearly, and, in drawing attention to the responsibility of reverence, emphasised something which we, in our tendency to measure musical activity statistically, tend so often to forget.

—J.C.R.

## Reluctant Suitor

TURGENEV'S play *The Sweetest Wine Makes the Sharpest Vinegar* had much to commend it for radio—atmosphere, a strong romantic interest, and the precise and sculptured dialogue that makes listening a pleasure to the

## Lodge Listens . . .



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senses as well as to the intellect. I liked the way the drama of Vera's courtship enacted itself as best it could in the middle of a morning's social activities, with inconsequential characters blundering in and out of the fine-spun web of attraction and mistrust uniting Vera and Gorsky. I liked the ironic changes rung by Turgenev on the theme of freedom—Gorsky's obstinate clinging to bachelor liberty, Madam's concern that all of her guests should do exactly as they like (provided, like Henry Ford, she chooses it). But most of all I responded to the warmth and heartbreak behind Barbara Jefford's playing of Vera. This, and the intense emotion generated in her clashes with Gorsky, made me wonder if I was over-generous many years ago in crediting two parts of the passion that raged in the film *Summer Storm* to Hollywood (Linda Darnell and George Sanders) and only one-third to Turgenev.

—M.B.

## Sea of Words

AFTER listening to L. M. H. Cave's six fine talks on *Fun with Words* over 3YC I am again faced with the old dilemma concerning slang. Mr. Cave is content to ride the changing tide of words and their meanings, noting as he does so the riches of this wide and boundless sea. To do this is to neglect the fact that it is a man-made sea where, if every discipline is relaxed, English dissolves into Babel. Admiration for the vitality which changing word forms bring to a language has its best existence within the accepted frame-

work of an English norm which alters but slowly with the introduction of new words. Yet granting these things, how silly one's prejudices look when they are examined! If I had known that the American "gotten" was an Elizabethan word form my hatred of it would not exist. If it was not deeply implanted in me that anything resembling "Cockney" was "common" then no doubt I would be able to enjoy its contribution as much as I do the Scottish, Irish or West Indian variants. And when Mr. Cave observed in a digression on Latin slang that the trouble with the ancients was that they didn't know they were the ancients, he laid bare the bleeding heart of my prejudices.

## Chinese Tradition

IN contrast to the almost gaudy passion of Europe there is a delicacy of sensibility and sentiment to traditional China which can be soothing and delightful. Sometimes, too, a western person is able to understand Chinese feeling so well that he or she acts as a spiritual ambassador on China's behalf, as Samuel Merwin did in his wonderful book *Silk*, and as Rhoda Power has done in her excellent presentation of "Mowtan the Tartar and the Chinese Princess," heard over 3YA. This story, delicately supported with most important musical effects, tells of a Chinese monarch who, desiring to placate Mowtan when he lay encamped beyond the gate of the Great Wall of China, finally sacrificed both his daughter and that of his chief adviser. Through the ingenious repetition of ritualistic phrases such as "Tush! tush! Pish! Pish! I must

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