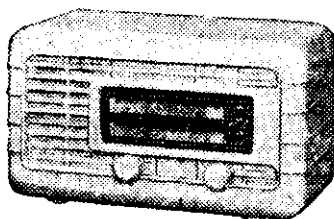
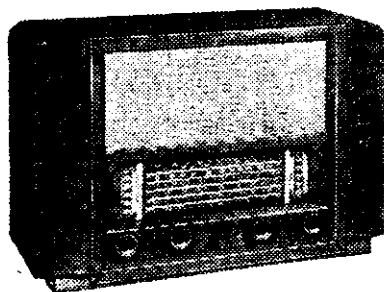


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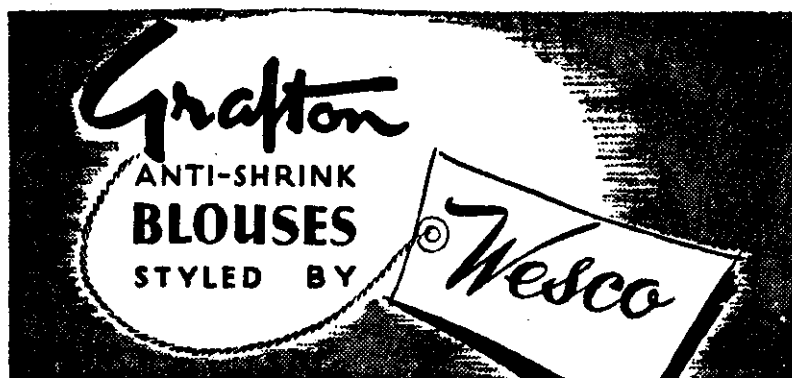
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RADIO REVIEW

AFTER THE BAGPIPES

A CONTINUOUS session like the Scottish Half-hour, broadcast every Tuesday from 3YA, must be something of a headache for programme organisers, since the human mind tends to run in a circle which is, all too often, not charmed. Scotland is famous for bagpipes. That is where we begin, and where we shall end unless we watch ourselves; and on listening to some of the earlier sessions I found them unrewarding for this reason. Now, however, the station has introduced a speaker with a tongue as curious and persuasive as any Scot could wish for. Taking us on an imaginary pilgrimage around the country, he has a convenient narrative on which to thread the tunes and songs of the Highlands and the Lowlands. This for some time to come promises to be a charmed circle—in kind, not unlike the "Letters to John Doe" which I used to read each week in *John O' London's Weekly*; easy, informal, informative and altogether delightful. Beyond this, for there will come a time when the speaker has explored every town and crossed every burn, lie the *Tales of the Border*. In Weston's 12 or so volumes they look forbidding, but in the hand of a bonnie teller of tales they could no doubt yield us some pleasant half-hours rounded out with songs and ballads.

Rosamund Lehmann

WITH the chiselled perfection of young Queens who now in stone look down from the walls of ancient churches, Rosamund Lehmann has always fascinated me as one who symbolised the world of beauty and of passion. The art was there, and in retrospect I can still see the fields waving with the precision and calm of things seen through glass, but I find myself impatient with a melancholy which does not issue from a genuinely tragic situation. What the author of *Dusty Answer* really felt was not the tragedy of the world but the weight of her own loneliness. Of things like this she said curiously little in the BBC series *My First Novel* (heard from 3YC), when describ-

ing her own efforts to write and publish the book, but concentrated rather on its merits and faults as a piece of work quite divorced from her own more intimate thoughts and feelings. The earnest note, the over-earnest note which may be mistaken for depth, and which still characterises Miss Lehmann, was in distinct contrast to the boldness with which Sir Compton Mackenzie both wrote and zestfully sent forth his almost ever-returning manuscript *The Passionate Elopement*.

—Westcliff

Out of the Groove

I VERY much enjoyed O. A. Gillespie's adaptation of Somerset Maugham's *The Creative Impulse*, produced by John Thomson (1YA). I have never been a Maugham fan, and have passed from the stage when I couldn't read his stories twice to the stage when I can't even read them once. But the playing of this piece was very nicely done indeed. Molly Donald as Mrs. Forrester and Herbert Hodge as her husband, who revolts against the life of her literary salon and elopes with the cook, made both characters sound as if they had been created by Henry James rather than by the fashionable modern ironist. May Lovatt rather over-did the Cockney accent of Mrs. Bulfinch, the cook, making Albert's elopement less probable than it is, but otherwise gave a lively performance, and the twittering sycophants of the salon were well characterised by familiar voices. I haven't heard a production of John Thomson's before, but this was fresh enough to make me want to hear more, for new producers, as well as new voices, are essential to get NZBS plays out of the present deepening groove.

The Search for Troy

MISLED by the time allowed in *The Listener* for Denys Pages's talk, *Troy, Myth or Legend?* (BBC), I settled down for a pleasant half-hour of polite debunking or rehabilitation, and was just getting warmed up when, after 14 minutes, the talk ended. Still, considering its brevity, this discussion was, as my Air Force friends would say, full value. Mr. Page made the obsessive search of Heinrich Schliemann for Troy quite as exciting as any detective story, and the detail, all new to me, of the confirmation of old legends as Troy after Troy—to the tune of nine—were uncovered, was fascinating. We can never afford to look BBC gift-horses in the mouth, but I still feel that this could, and should, have been a longer

MEET MY DEMON

MEET my demon; he is not expunged
by threat or law, or your most moral tone;
walks at my feet as shadow, but may rise
by moon or morning mindlessly enlarged
seen as myself, while I, upon the stone
struggle as shadow while his crimes surprise.

You will not know me then, but may forgive
assaults upon wives, daughters, and the code
prohibitive of carnage, if you sense
no truth behind the face these actions have—
remember I'm possessed, and that the road
may be my own against a moment hence.

Nor is this mere excuse that I may shrug
off guilt, responsibility, and escape
Scot-free to further hurt: say what has done
was not my doing; each wears this shape as big
as that I introduce—each shares the hope
his acts of darkness are not all his own.

—Louis Johnson