



"Wait till I see the whites of his eyes—I'll give him 'Box 13'"

Double Bill—Two Tales of the Supernatural. Both chilled, though not to curdling point. The first, "The Flute," had the virtue of comparative credibility. It is possible if, for example, you believe in mamnets, to believe that the present owner of a desirable residence has encompassed, quite unconsciously, the death of the previous owner by the sheer concentrated power of his desire. Less credible, however, was the flute music, which sounded like the determined amateur at one's elbow rather than the possessive expatriate overseas. Professor Guildea had a lovely theme—the coldly impersonal savant dogged by a mindless mawkish affection from whose solicitude he cannot escape. I thought the parrot particularly good shock-therapy. The ending, however, was a bit normal—after all, people disappear every day. I prefer it when the friend or coroner finds something, even if it's only a small puddle of unanalysable liquid.

—M.B.

A Touch of Elegance

TO confer style and distinction upon odds and ends of information is a gift which is found more readily among those who belong to older and more sophisticated cultures. It is not an accident therefore to find Gerald Cox, an Englishman, handling "A Man Looks at Fashion" in the 3YA *Mainly for Women* session, with a degree of this elegance which promises more should he choose further to develop his talent. The material itself is nothing. Any digest might provide us with this, but just the right choice of words and the right delivery turns the egg into the meringue, as magically as Jaminet's "The Letter" transforms a trivial love affair into an exquisite painting. Mr. Cox did not always reconcile apparent contradictions in his approach; e.g., that while the world of fashion is one from which the male is excluded famous designers like Christian Dior are men. On the other hand, when he spoke of the "ritual of

measuring" in Savile Row, there I felt was the kind of touch which lifted the talk up to its interesting level.

Guessing the Answer

"HE'D lost gallons of blood. He was dead." Personally, I was glad, even although I did wonder whether anyone could live among the tough unconvincing hyperboles and clichés of the modern gunman's world. But Jack Davey and his panel are always good for a laugh, so I left ZB stations on. Every bit as lively as the earlier overseas session, *Twenty Questions*, a good deal of the fun in *Ask Me Another* comes from putting the question beside the object sought. Jack Davey and the audience know the answer, the benighted panel does not, but treads none too warily sometimes on a slightly naughty tightrope. This kind of humour is, of course, perennial. It has, in fact, a very fine precedent in Robert Herrick, though possibly Jack Davey and a certain brand of literary man might not see the connection between Jack Davey's comment on the danger of windy days and Herrick's "Upon Julia's Fall." But allowing for a difference in touch the substance of the humour is the same. With that amazing speed the panel suddenly, like a safe breaker, click to the answer, when often it seems furthest from it. At times one wonders if telepathy does not play its part in helping the panel to guess the answer.

—Westcliff

"RECENTLY in an Eastern capital I counted nineteen foreign films being shown in the cinemas. All of them were films of violence; shootings, knifings, bludgeoning and rapine—an incredible picture of the white man's behaviour. I complained to a film agent. He said: 'What about it? Violence is a universal language. Nobody can misunderstand someone getting his throat cut. There is no need to dub the soundtrack in the local language.'"—Ritchie Calder, talking about human behaviour, in a BBC programme.

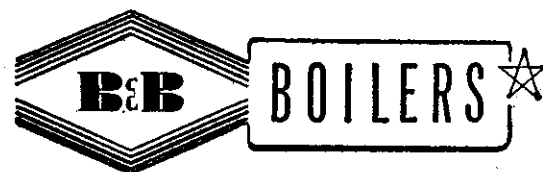
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