



"Well, no, not exactly an architect—he's an interior decorator"

(continued from previous page)

mood which has been so widely imitated but never quite reproduced. It is fashionable in some quarters now to try to deprecate Eliot, usually on grounds which have nothing to do with poetry. Robert Speaight was squarely in the poet's corner, and by what I thought a subtle and sensitive discussion of Eliot's "respectability" went a good way towards explaining the curious flavour of a poet who has given at once more and less of himself than has any of his contemporaries.

### A Literary Satire

ANOTHER "oldie" (1951 vintage, if I mistake not), Edouard Bourdet's *Prize Novel*, a 1YA Sunday play, was well worth reviving. This sparkling and incisive satire on the French literary scene and on prize-novel rackets in particular was very good fun. As with all good satire, its main points have a universal rather than a local application, and if, perhaps fortunately, it would be hard to imagine the action taking place in New Zealand, the various literary types themselves, both good and bad, are by no means unfamiliar here. Perhaps the play was a little too long, since the NZBS considers that even Shakespeare isn't worth more than an hour and a half; but the slack was taken up by an ironically taut ending. *Prize Novel* was also interesting for a very pleasing performance by Frederick Farley, as an embarrassed prize-winner. When Mr. Farley was in New Zealand, his voice was one of the most familiar on the air, yet until I heard this play I had forgotten how good he could occasionally be—which bears out Gilbert Harding's contention that "nothing is more fleeting than the inflated reputations of radio."

—J.C.R.

### Well-conducted Tour

I MUST applaud both the social effect and the radio sense of the programme *The Big Back Room*, Part I of which I heard last week. The social effect hinged mainly on the fact that this account of the work of the Dominion Physical Laboratory was such an effective reminder of government for the people, whereas our daily life tends to

provide rather more reminders of government of and by. Our tour was extremely well conducted. Actually, there must be a technical sameness about these walkabout documentaries ("I will now hand you over to Mr. So-and-So") and simile is always a poor relation of vision; but in this case the communicated enthusiasm of the NZBS staff and the feeling of pride that informed the explanations of the D.P.L. workers kept the programme alive and human. Even though it was the Imitation Geyser (Geo-thermal research) that stole the show!

### Rare Experience

FROM the opening two lines of the play, with Masha's bitter riposte to her suitor, "I wear black because I am in mourning—for my life!" to the final moment—the doctor's announcement (shocking after our supposed reprieve) of the death of Constantine, the BBC version of *The Seagull* was crisp, unfaltering, and almost devastating in attack. The play seemed to have suffered a minimum of adaptation. So distinct were Chekhov's characters, so firm their playing by the entire cast, that one was never in doubt about the speaker, or even the persons present. Chekhov seemed, too, to show a remarkable lack of dependence on décor by putting so much of the mood and actual appearance of his settings into his dialogue. And how I relished the sardonic humour that could send the bailiff and his horses trampling so near precincts sacred to breaking hearts! A rare experience—and I must also acknowledge my gratitude to the BBC for my fourth radio variant of Turgenev (this time last two syllables as in Jennifer).

—M.B.

### CORRECTION

REFERENCE was made on page 7 of our last issue to Dr. W. B. Sutch as economist to the Department of Internal Affairs. This was an inadvertent slip. The Department in which he serves is that of Industries and Commerce.

**One** I feel so much brighter, now that I start the morning with Andrews! Here's the tin that gives me so much more energy during the day.

**Two** It's so simple to prepare: I just stir two teaspoonfuls of Andrews into a glass of cold water. It effervesces at once —

**Three** and there's a sparkling glass of Andrews, ready to refresh me at any time of day. Just one teaspoonful to a glass makes an enjoyable drink.



# ANDREWS for me —

Sparkling, effervescent Andrews Liver Salt benefits the entire system. First it freshens the mouth and helps to clean the tongue, then settles the stomach and tones up the liver. Finally, Andrews gently clears the system. Drink a morning glass of healthful Andrews — THE TONIC LAXATIVE—



Still the best value —  
1 lb tin 2/6. 1/2 lb family size 4/1

for DAILY GOOD HEALTH!

Scott and Turner Ltd., 5 Manuka St., Wellington.

E36.53