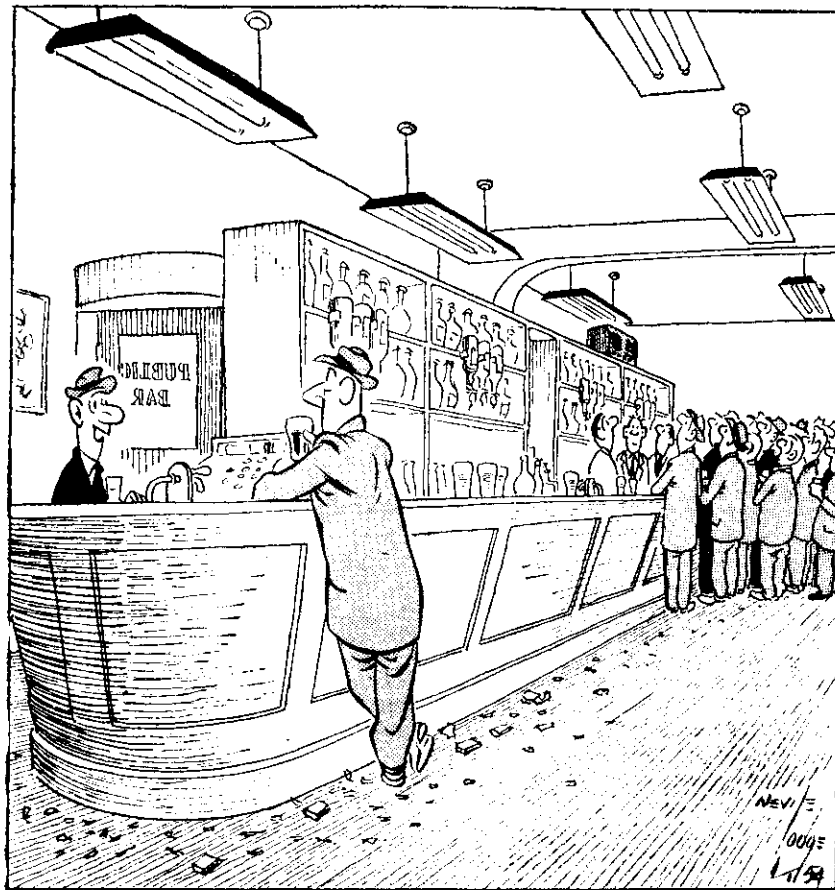


Lodge Listens . . .



"Why no, I'm not interested in racing—but how did you guess?"

(continued from previous page)

plays a girl), was given a rattling good production by the NZBS—one of their best efforts this year. Everyone seemed to capture the happy, lusty spirit of the piece, especially Roy Leywood, a very convincing Burbage, and Paddy Turner as the venturesome Ann Byrd, and to sustain it even in the places where Mr. Williams had lost himself in Wardour Street. Another famous stage figure, Ellen Terry, dominated the BBC *Mrs. Watts*, which told of her marriage, "in name only," at 16, to the painter G. F. Watts, thirty years her senior. Though the play made me feel as I do when I read posthumously published private diaries, it was a striking study of the inevitable collapse of a marriage. Dorothy Gordon transmitted something of the legendary Terry charm in her superb portrayal of the vivacious, intelligent girl.

—J.C.R.

Literary Salute

I PERSONALLY feel that any excuse for an anthology is sufficient excuse, and I felt grateful to "Courage" (the first programme in the *Aspects of an Englishman* series) for providing such heart-quickenings stimulants as Henry V before Agincourt, Keats "When I have fears that I may cease to be" and Bunyan's description of the triumphant crossing of Mr. Valiant-for-Truth. But one felt that ethically and ethnically speaking the programme was not the full quid. To make the remark, "The sea has provided the Englishman with far too many opportunities for heroism," and to follow this up with Dickens's description of the shipwreck and death of Steerforth

(heroic in narrative style rather than content) seemed culpable neglect of opportunity; and it was unnecessary to enrol Othello and Ulysses in the national ranks. Nor were the readers as brave as they might have been—poor Ulysses was read by someone who made his impassioned "I will drink life to the lees" sound more like the considered utterance of a housewife of the waste-not, want-not school.

Women of Troy

I SUPPOSE most of us are familiar with *The Trojan Women*, but even fore-knowledge is powerless against its tragic impact. I rather resent the power it has over me—the Women of Troy are alien both because of the magnitude of their tragedy and their abandonment to it, their continuing ability to respond to the exhortations of the chorus to "Lament, ye women of Troy." Actually, I felt that the new translation, *The Women of Troy*, heard from 2YC on October 10, gave me slightly more chance to keep my head above water, for the unfamiliar is easier to resist. But this advantage was offset by the marshalling of all the resources of the BBC to heighten the tragedy by skilful production. I leave to others the praise of Dame Sybil Thorndyke's Hecuba, reserving mine for Menelaus, whose entrance line, "How brightly the sun shines on this day of days," was a brisk breeze dissipating the damp mists of female emotionalism; and for Helen, the warmth of whose voice had a similarly clearing effect.

—M.B.

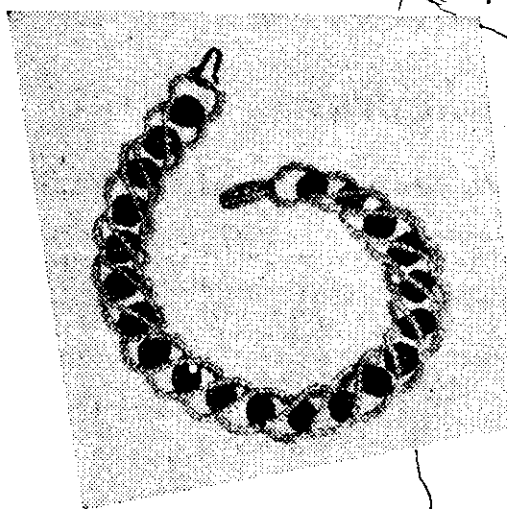
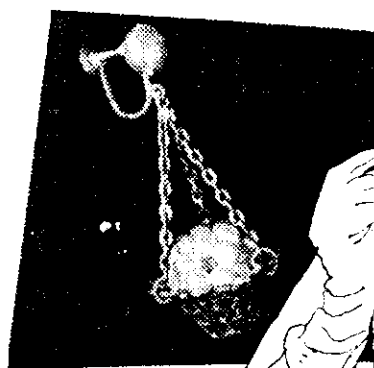
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