

formerly, before transmogrification, *Anna and the King of Siam*. I thought it awful nonsense. The story is engaging enough; prim widow setting out to educate the barbarians, and conquering them, not by force, but by feminine wiles, and the thought of a crinoline, backed by a good Victorian education, afloat on the brackish waters, of what must have seemed the most unlicensed vice, is to say the least, piquant. But all this is turned into the soupiest gruel. Those lyrics! That deadly boom-booming music! I solemnly aver that anyone who listens to it with care will find it empty, vacuous, and entirely pointless. To which I shall be told that thousands of Londoners and New Yorkers sat through it with every sign of delight. To which I reply that they must be bored stiff with life to endure something which can titillate only the remotest fringe of the intellect and the emotions. To which it will be said I am a snob. To which I reply that sticks and stones may break my bones, etc. I like musicals; I always have. I rush along to each new one, my eyes shining. I emerge fretful and downcast. They are simply not good enough, not witty enough, not musical enough. They won't do! The NZBS prepared this one from the sound track of the film. Roy Ley-

wood elected to use a Scottish accent as the Siamese Prime Minister. In this topsy-turvy world, I found it appropriate. —B.E.G.M.

Middle East

WHEN the first few of the BBC documentaries on the Middle East were broadcast here they were so new that they were still topical in every respect. Now they are nearly over, and events have far out-run them. But the background picture they give is still valid, and thoroughly frightening. The fervour of nationalist passions was aroused, at the time the programmes were made, mostly by Israel; and in this conflict, as in the several others, each side is sufficiently in the right for it to behave with a clear conscience as if it were wholly in the right—a most dangerous state to be in. I was not well informed about this area—which is the reason I have found these broadcasts so interesting—and I can't say whether the picture is accurate or not. I can only say that it seems to be. The British point of view is stated, but not too obtrusively; people in the different countries do most of the talking themselves. No way out is shown; it almost seems

one of those historical situations which work themselves out inexorably while men look helplessly on. But at least no one now has any excuse to be unaware of the complexities involved.

Exciting and Intelligent

NOT many radio plays have the stamina to last for an hour and a half without flagging. That, at least, is my conclusion after weeks of Monday nights during which I have been enveloped by words as busily getting nowhere as an ordinary family conversation, when my hands have itched to start knitting or something equally constructive and time-passing. It may be, too, that the strain on the NZBS of keeping up such an output of long plays

is responsible for the tired, routine production of many of them. But occasionally they come up with a winner, and one of these was *The Shadow of Doubt*, adapted by Oliver A. Gillespie from a play by Norman King. "We are specialists and have our own language—we can't communicate with people like you." That remark by the physicist in the play was probably the extent of what it told us about Nunn May, Fuchs and the rest of them, who inspired it; but as a story on its own it was exciting and intelligent, and the same qualities were shown in the production by the Auckland studio, with some Australian help. Perhaps the happy ending weakened it a little, but I'm in favour of an occasional wishful thought.

—R.D.McE.

"THE LISTENER" CROSSWORD

(Solution to No. 812)

C	U	T	T	I	N	G	P	E	P
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A	L	S	O	O	R	C	S		
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R	A	R	E	F	I	E	D		T
S	A	L	G	O	V	E	R		
T	I	M	B	E	R	E	D	A	
Y	P	T	E	S	C	O	R	T	S

Clues Down

1. Feline relations hanging about the willows (6).
2. Are able to work out in 4 down (9).
3. A Lascar might be one if put out (6).
4. I dealt? It needs to be shuffled? Oh, that's a very small point (6).
5. The Darling's dog follows a person of low degree for this fruit (6).
6. If late, this bird will try to excel (3).
7. Slates broken up to form an ornament (6).
11. "You are —, Father William," the young man said." (Lewis Carroll) (3).
12. This weed gives a line on Dad (9).
14. I am confused in purpose (3).
15. A baby one lets the parents out (6).
17. With fifty, Peter gets the bird (6).
18. They make the reader pause (6).
19. The splendour of Ulster (6).
20. It's very hard to find a fish in place of a pig! (6).
24. Won back for the present (3).

Clues Across

1. Declare (the cargo, perhaps) in order to be free to leave port (7).
5. Turntable? Baa! (5).
8. What's wrong here? It's melting! (5).
9. No guest is confused in such languages (7).
10. As I toil on into quarantine (9).
12. To do this, Peter Pan considered, would be an awfully big adventure (3).
13. You'll find one in a Bengal lamasery, of course (5).
16. Theme (5).
21. Justice? (3).
22. Mule? Not me! (anag.) (9).
23. So much French spirit gives rise to a fit of rage (7).
25. Singularly and obsoletely yours (5).
26. Part of a spur which might be lower (5).
27. Severely crafty about a sea-bird (7).

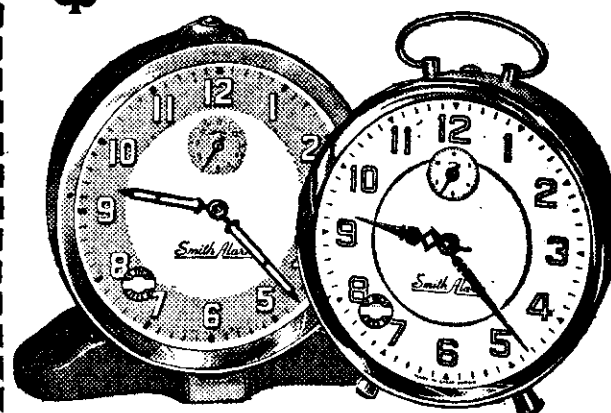
No. 813 (Constructed by R.W.H.)

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