

the world. Are they socially critical? It's sometimes hard to tell, except in relation to the official, governmental side of things, when their caricatures of Home Secretaries, First Lords of this and that are deadpan and merciless. The English love virtuosity and acrobatics—esteem them for their own sake --and *The Goon Show* is the finest all-star circus English radio has given us.

—B.E.G.M.

### Traveller's Joy

AS we leave, two ecstatic professional voices extol the glories of dress, sheer, stretch stockings (let any amateur try that for ecstasy!). We hear but we do not attend. Travelling over the dull stretch from Wellington to the coast, we should be the perfect listeners, tamed and receptive. But these programmes have a sluggish effect. As irrelevant musical number follows lacklustre commercial, I see in the driver's mirror only apathy down the line. Last week I saw the men in the factory similarly unmoved by the music offered them while they worked. Perhaps advertiser and programme organiser should watch us in the factory and listen in the bus. Today's sole audience reaction is the whistle that greets the cowboy number, unlikely companion piece to a commercial for venetian blinds. On the motorway a man's voice strains to reach us beyond the wind. At Porirua it succeeds; stockings again. Someone purrs soporifically about the romance of moonlight. This is corsets, but no flicker of interest lights the face of the women passengers. A singer cajoles us to "Put it back where you found it," but the driver will have none of this advice. As Aunt Jenny takes up her real life story, my neighbour's body slumps against mine, she has nodded off completely.

### How Are They at Home?

TO judge from 2YZ's Housewives' Choice today, when the breakfast dishes are done and the children gone, our wife and mother leaves us for a strange kingdom of her own choosing. Her departure is to the somehow familiar gurglings, of bath tub or kitchen sink, which open the "Samba of the White Suit." A medley from *Salad Days* sets her singing and look at her, she's dancing! Then we lose her to rhythmic Africa, the compelling beat of "Sixteen Ton," the urgency of Eartha Kitt in "Freddie," then, breathily, she is "All Shook Up" by Elvis Presley. Patrick O'Hagan seeks to entice her back home to a "Cottage by the Lea," but she's off again to the more primitive beat of "Red Wings," in which there are echoes of an old and ribald acquaintance, Mrs Porter and her daughter, on whom the sun shone bright years ago. Another pull at the home strings from Perry Como, but the wild calls once more as Felix Mendelssohn and his Hawaiian Serenaders beat out "Tiger Shark." Is this the Hawke's Bay housewife, a creature torn between the call of the jungle and the ties of home? With the jungle winning? Ah'm all shook up!

—N.L.M.

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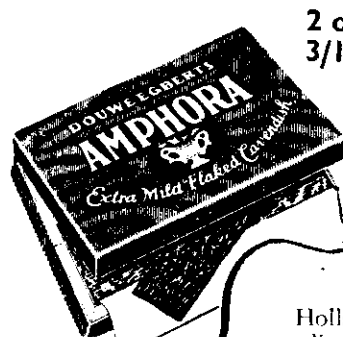


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