

(continued from previous page)

current Wayne-Radford vehicle, *Having a Wonderful Crime*? Is it the combination of comedy and crime that breaks down my listener resistance, so that, although I can turn a deaf knob on Perry Mason (crime) or Daddy and Paddy (comedy), I must sit with all controls alerted for the signature tune of *Having a Wonderful Crime*? Some credit must go to the genre, some to the script-writer, but when it comes down to brass tacks I find I am just a victim of the star system. There's something about Radford and Wayne. Perhaps it is their very obvious kinship to the youngest sons in all the fairy tales, the simple good-hearted types who outwitted their shrewd but self-seeking elder brothers and won the princess in the end. Perhaps it is that their inoculation against harsh reality has been so complete that they appeal to our protective instinct, or that their reactions and even their conversation are so predictable that we feel completely at home in their company. We know where we are with them, and like it.

Out of This World

THE writers of radio comedies disregard, and rightly, the fact that there are only seven original stories in the world anyway and journey far into the realms of fantasy to fetch fresh material for the insatiable listener. And often the stuff they bring back bears so little relation to life as it is lived that the listener, intolerant of its flimsiness and artificiality, is driven to appreciation of the news bulletins and the sober mike-witness accounts garnered by the Mobile Recording Unit. But W. Graeme Holder was fortunate in the plot of his play, *The Great Deliverance*. Here is a theme apt for radio, the story of the

great epidemic of wisdom that attacked the children of the British Isles. The theme is sufficiently divorced from reality to serve as springboard for some high flights of fantasy and exhibitions of virtuosity on the part of the author, and the NZBS cast interpreted it with gusto. The only fault in the thing was that the author was just a trifle more unflagging than his audience.

—M.B.

Maori Art

THE reappearance of Gilbert Archey's talks on Maori Art from 2XG was a rare chance to hear talks missed last year from the YA's. These deserve repetition, both for the excellence of their delivery and the importance of their subject. As Director of the Auckland Museum, the speaker obviously realised how ignorant of Maori Art his audience was likely to be, and kept commendably to the first principles; explaining how the typical distortions of form came about, he must have been answering questions he has been asked scores of times. For we have, of course, no peasant or primitive art of our own to educate us unconsciously by its presence to an appreciation of some of the fundamentals of art. It would be folly to imagine that the indigenous art of the Maori can ever quite fill this lack for us, but we are nevertheless fortunate to have examples of such art around us in New Zealand. If we could only have it always expounded to us as patiently and enthusiastically as in these talks, and so come ultimately to feel its great qualities, there would be a better chance of New Zealanders approaching art in general with less diffidence than is now common.

—K.J.S.

"THE LISTENER" CROSSWORD

(Solution to No. 479)

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Clues Across

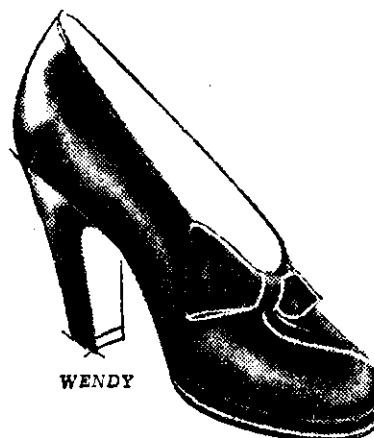
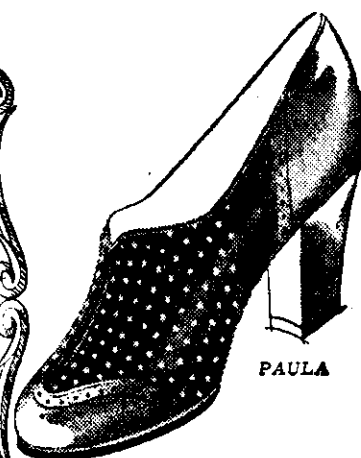
1. Reap then, Sis, in the interlude.
9. Sea inlets are necessary.
10. The lowest form of wit.
11. Social hymenopterous insect.
12. Cricketing term—a protracted visit?
14. Simple, in a way.
16. Give back.
18. It's unusual to find Norma in the lab.
19. Sharpen.
22. Consume.
23. Complicated situation.
24. Goats in port for the principal performer.

Clues Down

2. Part of mass etiquette.
3. She's hidden in a folded napkin.
4. That's torn it!
5. Pastoral dialogues.
6. Put in a dime.
7. Apes dictate in beheadings.
8. Irons in a pit (anag.).
13. Mails tar to a panic-monger.
15. One who indulges in paronomasia.
17. Empty talker.
20. Stops.
21. Darby's wife.

No. 480 (Constructed by R.W.C.)

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