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JUNIOR CLERKS

Young men and women who are leaving school this year are invited to apply for positions on the permanent staff of the bank.

The minimum entrance qualifications are two to three years' secondary education for girls, and three years' secondary education for boys. The bank wishes to recruit each year a number of entrants with School Certificate or University Entrance, and increased salaries are offered to holders of those qualifications.

The National Bank of New Zealand, Limited, offers excellent prospects of advancement to young men of ability. With 107 branches and agencies throughout New Zealand there is a large number of specialist and executive posts, the number of which must increase as the bank continues to expand with the development of the Dominion. These posts are invariably filled by promotion of those within the bank's service.

	BOYS	GIRLS
Minimum commencing salary	£160	£155
Entrants with School Certificate	£185	£170
Entrants with University Entrance	£220	£195

Remuneration reaches a minimum of £580 p.a. for men and £375 p.a. for women, and during the scale period is subject to additional increases for special merit.

Working conditions are excellent and officers participate in the bank's pension schemes which are liberally subsidised by the bank. Sick leave is granted on a generous basis.

Young men or women who are considering a banking vocation are invited to make personal application to the Manager of any of the branches of The National Bank of New Zealand, Limited, who will be pleased to supply any information required.

RADIO REVIEW

Listening Ears, Plus Watching Eyes

AFTER one hearing of *The Tragedy of Coriolanus*, broadcast in the World Theatre series from 3YA in the

opening week, I found that my copy of the play opened at any page a great deal more easily than it had done before: except when I forced myself to shut my eyes for experimental reasons, I worked quite as hard reading

—to follow cuts, transpositions, interpolations and word alterations—as I did listening. I felt I worked quite hard listening, though not as hard as though I had had no copy of the play to follow at the same time.

This, of course, is not as it should be. Broadcast drama is meant to be heard, much as a choral concert is meant to be heard, without benefit, or pedantry, of script or score. The best broadcast drama should appeal, subject to normal variations in taste, to a blind audience. The BBC World Theatre production of *Coriolanus* wouldn't hold many listeners in a blind audience for long—there is so much intermittent noise, a sort of dramatic static, that the main theme loses continuity.

Olivier, for one, has proved that a man—one man—may safely yell, even scream at the microphone, and get so far away with it that his hearers have his last words ringing in their ears ever more. I am thinking particularly of the end of his recording of the Harfleur speech of King Henry the Fifth. One man may safely yell at the microphone; but not two men, still less twenty-two men. The microphone is allergic to loud noise, especially to multiple loud noise, of the kind that abounds in *Coriolanus*. The scene that comes off best in this broadcast production is the one most full of menace, the spy scene in Act IV, in which the Roman whispers to the Volsc his quivering information. This fifth-column trade has a 20th Century topicality which helps the scene to its discomforting success; but also the whisper is the radio's own particular voice, heard here and nowhere else in the play. The whisper, the sigh, the soft conversation, these are the radio's own particular voices; so the women at their gossip and chatter are more successful than the patricians at their loud argument with the citizens, "the beast with many heads." Moreover, the loud voice quickly loses its identity with change of pitch or tone—three leading players with vibrant actors' voices become confused for the listener in spite of the helpful interpolation of terms of address such as "Citizens, hence!" where otherwise a

Comment by our Radio Review contributors this week is confined to the first broadcasts in the new BBC "World Theatre" series.

bookless listener might suppose that Cominius bade noble Marcius be gone.

For a blind audience, such as a radio producer should have in mind, all the signposts are needed; and the producer's or commentator's voice must take the place of the written stage directions or the observed movements on the stage in a theatre performance or on the television screen. Sir Lewis Casson gives us these signposts and these stage directions in a voice too flat and weary to convince any but Third-Programme listeners that perseverance to the next act might be worth while.

These remarks all fall into the debit column; yet I listened to the play with unflagging interest—the half-hour interval for the news seemed much too long, though the magnificent effect of the opening of the second part at Act IV was probably helped by listener-impatience. That opening speech of *Coriolanus* is marked by one of the major triumphs of the production—the listener is aware throughout of the presence, the distressed and shattered presence of his wife and mother; the smallest of sounds, a gasp, a sigh, for once lift this production into the unfamiliar air of radio art. Perhaps it is that the women are especially gifted; certain it is that in no case does a crowd remain when it ceases to shout: one moment the crowd is there, roaring and confusing the ear with noise; the next moment it is gone, dead, silent, leaving the general or the tribune to bellow in meaningless solitude. This is a problem for the producer of radio drama.

Well, hear *Coriolanus* as it goes the rounds of the stations; hear it without interruption and with the knowledge that it lasts two and a-half noisy hours; and for greater interest and better understanding provide yourself with a good clear copy of Shakespeare's play.

—J.E.B.

The Family Reunion

T. S. ELIOT'S *The Family Reunion*, from 1YA, was an outstanding radio event, which held my close attention even over the incongruous interlude of the sacrosanct news and bowling results. John Gielgud as Harry, Lord Monchensey, acted with a taut sincerity which made the interior drama of grace and original sin extremely compelling, but Barbara Couper as Agatha was the centre of the play. With a touch of Edith Evans in her voice, she brought to her part a passion and depth which took us with Harry out of the "old house in which all degradation is unredeemable" into that world "on the other side of despair." These performances and that

