

of the equipment of a sleuth, this is revealed as a dashing and interesting dramatisation. The casting is excellent, the music particularly good, and the dialogue, for all its touches of snobbery, crisp and amusing. And, as I've long ago forgotten "whodunit," I can look forward with undiminished pleasure to further episodes.

—J.C.R.

Treasonable Thoughts

PROBABLY the play was to blame.

Coriolanus is stiff listening for demerits, and I may have weakened in my faith in the ability of the commonsense of most to hold this fretful world under control. At any rate, listening to the United Nations' Album during the *Coriolanus* interval, I found myself entertaining treasonable thoughts. The dullness of the programme was not perhaps the speakers' fault. No one can blame a busy President for uttering important truths in a mechanical manner, or a sanitation engineer for lacking histrionic fire. But the point is that this is supposed to be publicity, someone is responsible for it, and it ought to be the best in the world, whereas this was worse than uninspiring. As for the young lady from Jamaica, introduced to show the zeal for the cause that burns in the breast of the smallest jobholders at Lake Success, she was certainly not dull. Everybody and everything was "just too wonderful." Her personality came over the air most successfully, but I felt it was unfortunate that at the end of a United Nations' session I should find myself thinking, with Hitler, that some personalities might well be suppressed.

Wanted—a Second Chance

WE must all at some time or another have sighed to think of a programme we have missed. The chances of hearing any particular radio programme at any particular time are always precarious. The number of contingencies which have to be fulfilled by set, station, family and accompanying circumstances is really staggering. I think with sympathy of the housewives who may never hear the five hundredth part of *My Husband's Love*, say, simply because the pot boiled over at the crucial moment. Similar tragedies must occur daily, nay, hourly. What is to be done about it? Serial addicts, you may feel, don't really care; the loss of one part in five hundred scarcely weakens the dose, and the drug may be obtainable from another station. But what of the desperate situation of one who has missed *She Stoops to Conquer* from 4YA and can't hope for good reception from elsewhere? I may be thought to plead only on my own behalf, but there would seem to be a case for repeating really important broadcasts at convenient times, not necessarily peak listening hours. There are some sessions in the week-end, for example, which could readily be dispensed with and no questions asked.

Fun 'n' Games

AN Impromptu Concert excuses itself by its very title, so I did not tune in to *Fun 'n' Games* from 4YC the other Saturday night in any very critical mood. But, even so, I found the offering of the Green Room Club of the Dunedin Repertory Society a disappointment. The opening quiz established a hearty concert atmosphere and revealed some excellent male voices with

an assured microphone manner. Then, when we were looking forward to a bright half-hour, the programme degenerated into a commonplace Community Sing, relieved only by the contribution of a guest singer and a pianist, and concluding with a particularly repulsive piece of recitation. Impromptu concerts, I fear, rarely succeed over the air: without the charitable covering provided by a sympathetic audience the shortcomings of the performers are too nakedly revealed. But, apart from this, listeners' chief feelings would be of disappointment that the Green Room Club did nothing in this performance to justify its name. I, at any rate, looked for something in which the dramatic talents of Repertory Society members would be better displayed. Was it not this same Green Room Club that won the Drama League award for 1949?

—K.J.S.

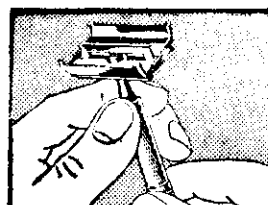
More Forsytes

REMEMBERING my enthusiastic reception of *The Man of Property* I am at a loss to explain my lukewarmness towards the first episode of *In Chancery*. The whole mood of the thing seems wrong. It begins with an inept synopsis in which a middle-aged Young Jolyon tells an excessively bright young Jolly and Holly something (carefully-edited) of the family history, swoops on to Old Jolyon's death scene ("the thistledown no longer moved") in which the howling of the dog Balthazar sounds like a muted factory whistle, then on to Soames at Aunt Julie's—a Soames strongly suggestive of stove-pipe trousers and luxuriating unnecessarily in a radio-begotten tendency to talk to himself. The episode, with its disjointed snippets and startling transitions and the jerky, speeded-up movements of the characters seemed the verbal equivalent of an old-time movie. The little I have heard of Irene makes me almost willing to accept Hollywood's judgment of her as "That Forsyte Woman." Subsequent listening may reduce the degree of jaundice with which I view the whole production, but I maintain that it was an error of judgment to use Old Jolyon's death as a mere trailer to a novel concerned with lesser Forsytes.

—M.B.

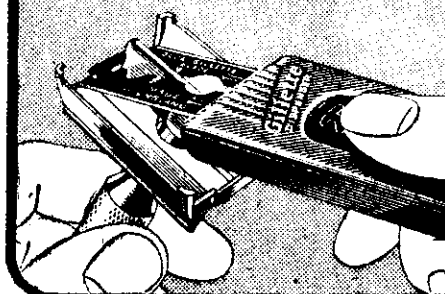
The Pen of Dracula

BRAM STOKER is remembered mainly for his creation of Dracula, but he also used his pen to stir up the field of mystery and horror in many other directions. Those who have a liking for ghost stories will recall "The Judge's House," in which a young student comes to a deserted house where his only companions are hordes of rats and a portrait of a former owner, Judge Jeffreys, the notorious "hanging Judge" of the Bloody Assizes in the 17th Century. John Keir Cross arranged the tale for broadcasting and it has been given a full-blooded production in the BBC series *The Man in Black*. The actors are Hugh Burden, Howieson Culff and Gladys Young, with Valentine Dyall in his usual role of the narrator. "The Judge's House" will be heard from 4YZ at 9.30 p.m. on Wednesday, February 22.



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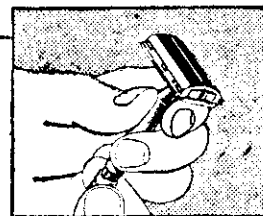


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