

RADIO REVIEW

(continued from previous page)

was a pity that the recording was here and there unsatisfactory, suggesting acoustical trouble with that least tractable of radio instruments—the church organ.

—J.C.R.

Wisdom Lingers

HOWEVER impatient we become with the old, in theory the idea that the old men play Nestor to the race is congenial. Beyond the need or inclination for compromise they speak the truth as they know it. Filled with living they emerge from the more abstract interests which may have held them for half a lifetime and speak with a fullness and precision which is pleasant. These reflections crossed my mind after listening to Bertrand Russell's many talks over 3YC. I noticed, too, that though others complained of his monotonous voice in the earlier Reith lectures, I liked its marked individuality. This won a willing ear despite the fact that in advising mankind to live the life of expensive impulses Lord Russell shows that he himself has never been driven by passions which, for their proper expression, require something more inspiring than the admonitions of the stoic.

Primitive Language

Keeping time time time
in a sort of runic rhyme.

NOW who would have thought that after all these years that word used by Poe to create an atmosphere of magic and mystery should father some real meaning to it? But having listened to Professor Arnold Wall's talks on *Byways of Language* I look out on the world of Runes, knowing their origin in Scandinavian letters and their one-time magical associations. Professor Wall, himself a poet, threw an unexpected cup of cold water on proceedings when he said that we were finished with all that superstitious nonsense. In a later talk on the Pidgin English of the Pacific, which sounds very humorous to our ears with "Papa on top," meaning Our Heavenly Father, the Professor gave the talk an unusual turn by showing that a language as simple in its origins might develop into something good in the same way as Spanish, Italian and French grew out of a mixture of Latin and the ruling native tongues of an earlier time.

—Westcliff

Recollected Emotions

GRANTED that almost any programme of poetry reading "sends me" as easily as Frankie a bobby-soxer, I thought Meriel Fernie's readings from 2YC particularly pleasing, her selections well suited both to her voice and to her

audience's susceptibilities. I wallowed uncritically in the recollected emotion of such familiar lyrics as "How do I love thee, let me count the ways," Alice Meynell's "Renouncement" and Massfield's "On Growing Old." With the D. H. Lawrence selections both she and I were less at home, and the final line of "Song of a Man Who Has Come Through"—"The three strange angels, admit them, admit them!" was spoken with an incomprehensible lack of emphasis which left



audience (and presumably angels) up in the air. The only other flaw in my enjoyment of the programme was my sympathy for the male announcer. Not sufficiently involved to be regarded as contrapuntal, he should, I felt, have been allowed to stand on the sidelines and give titles only. Instead the principle of compromise gave him a line a poet, and his restriction to one main fact led him to sound such charnel-house notes as "D. H. Lawrence, who died in 1930."

Tadpoles and Others

[HOPE it was not sheer unadulterated parochialism that led me to enjoy the Wellington Panel's discussion, "Can

We Plan for Movements in Population?" so much more than the previous week's "Are We in Danger of Becoming a Tadpole State?" The Dunedin discussion, concerned mainly with the drift from country to town suffered from having familiar ground to cover and covered it in predictable ways. And I must confess that one layer of my mind was occupied throughout wondering why a tadpole should be regarded as "economically lop-sided." The second discussion was considerably less fatalistic about its little problem, dodging the question with every appearance of practicality by bringing it down to the earth of Tawa Flat. A good time was had by all, the speakers, who were cheery and informal, the audience, who were given one or two new and specific planning ideas to chew over. But I know very well what will happen. I shall listen to two more discussions without ever learning definite answers to any of these questions. But then, as the buck-passing chairman invariably puts it, it's over to me.

—M.B.

Spice of Life

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