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KOLYNOS—the

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Kolynos (N.Z.) Ltd., 60 Kitchener Street, Auckland

RADIO REVIEW

AS I had both read and seen the play, seen the film, and heard the *Picture Parade*, of *The Browning Version*, it isn't perhaps surprising that I found the NZBS production of Terence Rattigan's work disappointing. Yet it might not have fallen so flat had it not been for the unsatisfactory portrayal of Crocker-Harris, the frustrated classics master, of whom the piece is little more than a character-study. Frederick Farley, a most able actor, has a singularly characteristic voice (sometimes, I feel, almost too characteristic for good radio acting) and his pedantic mildness has adorned such plays as *Fathers and Sons*. But his Crocker-Harris in no way corresponded to the author's intention, and contrasted sharply with the description of him given by the other characters in the elaborate exposition. His quiet, whimsical gentleness and meek courtesy did nothing to suggest the unlovable, lonely scholar. It was as if Mr. Pim had wandered in to supplant "the Himmler of the Lower Fifth." Except for a stilted Headmaster, the rest of the cast were good, notably Taplow and Hunter, but praise here must be anonymous, as the NZBS indulged in its spasmodic, infuriating habit of not listing the players at the end.

In Foreign Lands Forlorn

I VIVIDLY remember some illustrations in a French periodical of the last century, showing a cartoonist's idea of the English tourist abroad—fatuous-faced, buck-toothed women with solar topees, mannish boots and parasols, and apoplectic, red-cheeked, walrus-moustached men with monocles and masses of impedimenta. The delightful programme, "The British Abroad," in the BBC series *The Heritage of Britain* was hardly less frank in its portrayal of the wandering Englishman as foreigners see him. While it, naturally, paid tribute to British enterprise and the spirit of adventure, it also laughed heartily and often at the sublime English disregard for "lesser breeds without the law," the sense of superiority

and the determination not to do as the Romans do. A refreshing and intelligently-scripted piece of self-criticism this, even though tempered with a certain pride in English eccentricities. Are New Zealanders mature enough yet, I wonder, to produce similar programmes? I should dearly like to hear one, written, preferably, by A. R. D. Fairburn.

—J.C.R.

Elementals

D. H. LAWRENCE once expressed a desire to reach in his art the non-human in humanity, to get down to those "molecules" where the laugh of a woman rings with the same intrinsic beauty as that possessed by a blade of steel. This is the kind of remark which indicts artists of Lawrence's calibre in the eyes of many people, yet having been provoked by its strangeness I now find the thought entirely satisfying. Listening to the Don Cossacks singing the Caucasian Prayer and Dance, and some of the items in the Medley of Russian Folk Songs over 3YC it seemed that here in a different medium was the perfect illustration of what Lawrence meant. Though the names of the songs suggest humanity the handling is in marked contrast to that of the Glasgow Orpheus Choir, where the emotion is, for the most part, immediate, full, rich and beautiful in its humanity. But with the Don Cossacks, partly, I suppose, because one cannot hear or understand the words, we are released out into the elements of being, the voices vibrate as far beyond our ordinary conflicts as the wind itself or thunder against the sounding board of the sky.

Brevity is the Word

I SELDOM have the chance of listening to 3YA's morning sessions, and was agreeably surprised to find what was provided for the housewife at that time. *Mainly for Women* one morning included a short story of Ruth Park, which, being entirely a New Zealand production, should help to break down the considerable prejudice which exists against our own writers. This was followed by an interesting talk on Fiji. On another programme I noticed Vance Palmer's excellent talk on Historical Writing in Australia, which I listened to from 3YC the same evening. At the end

NEW ZEALAND POET

*PERHAPS one could have gone into the church
and earned his bread apportioning the host;
or lectured students, carrying a torch
meanwhile for Donne or Blake; or lost*

*an urge for occupation in the files
of a great State department. Even could
wear thin a yen for words by treading miles
of journalism flatly with his pen; and hide*

*the echo of remorse by the bar-pump.
Otherwise is the road and the open hand
as quick to greet as it is swift to thump
hard at his word which would define the land.*

*PRIESTHOODS nor presents help, still will he feel
guilt and unease before them in the streets
whose eyes demand he keep in step and nail
his hands upon their cross and suffer their defeats.*

—Louis Johnson