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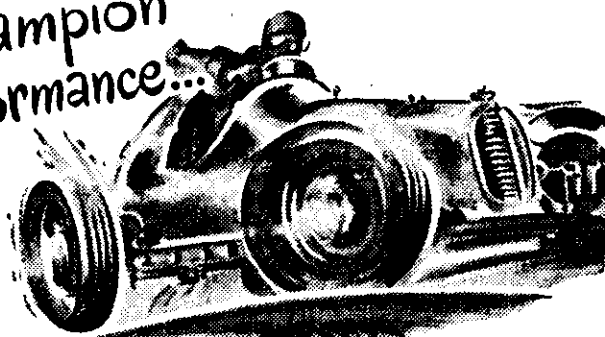
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RADIO REVIEW

SHEER description of the countryside springs from a romantic attitude towards natural surroundings which has great dangers. A bald record is about as inspiring and falsifying as a snapshot, while the product of an expansive mood can dissolve the landscape as effectively as mist. The straight and narrow path, though accurate in factual descriptions, is slanted towards glory by a careful but not necessarily muted use of adjective and metaphor. After listening to Colin Wills on the Thames and being preoccupied with what we ought to be doing along similar lines, imagine my delight in Lawrence Constable's series on "Way Stations," heard from 3YC at the beginning of this month. In their actual brevity—some were only four to six minutes long—their interior sense of leisure, their interest in people, their humour, and their evocative power, these provided a model of craftsmanship for other enthusiasts of the local scene. Here and there the mixture was a little rich ("I lent him a receptive ear and he gave me a critical commentary," which occurred in "Gateway to the McKenzie"), but one gladly remembers that on clear days at Omarama the mountains are "abrasive to the sky."

Another Raven

THROUGH digests and other magazines the knowledge of the scientific specialist is quickly spread. This means that a playwright cannot rely upon an unusual plot if such is simply a stock pattern of behaviour known to the psychologists. Take, for example, Richard Llewellyn's *Poison Pen*, an NZBS production I heard over 3YA. From the outset the listener could be almost certain who the culprit was. He would have been surprised if anyone except the vicar's sister had written the vile letters which were disastrously affecting the village life. The play needed a deeper justification, but though I waited for the author of *None But the Lonely Heart* to open new doors to my understanding, the play ended on the note of "so what?" The acting also seemed a little stilted, but if a play is not very real it can hardly inspire the cast. If, on the other hand, one should protest that it was merely entertainment then again the theme was such that it could only be treated at the one level where entertainment and serious intention cannot be separated and where if it fails in the one it fails in the other also.

—Westcliff

Take It From Where?

A REASONABLE state of indifference doesn't seem to be possible towards *Take It From Here*—either one loathes these programmes or one listens, open-mouthed and wreathed with expectant smiles, to the sallies of Joy, Dick and Jimmy on every possible occasion. Since the sad day last November, when 4YC finished its series of *TIFH*, Otago listeners have been dependent on 4ZB's Sunday night session,

and this has been the only one. From the middle of February, however, both 4YA and 4YZ plan to present *TIFH* on the same night, Monday. I agree that one can hardly have too much of such a good thing as *TIFH*; yet so much, on one night, will undoubtedly prove a little overwhelming—almost as overwhelming, in fact, as the effort of will required to by-pass one of the programmes.

Sounding Brass

THE Brass Band Contest provided a grand week's listening—for the band-lover. The Contest was thoroughly covered, with recorded teatime sessions and evening relays from 8.30 p.m. each day. Station 4YC's unspecified Afternoon Programme provided us with a session "For the Bandsman," while 4YA gave us the usual half-hour Brass Band programme on Sunday morning. There were, of course, alternative programmes, such as 4ZB's *Around the Bandstands*—though not on the Friday of the King's funeral, when 4YC's programme, which contained the Beethoven Violin Concerto and modern religious music, was cancelled from the end of the cricket commentary. However, I suppose it's an ill wind . . . and it must have been an unparalleled week's listening for the band-lover.

Campbell Island

THE first talk in a series on Campbell Island, by T. P. Hammond, who was the leader of the meteorological party stationed there, whetted the appetite for more. Mr. Hammond spoke easily and fluently (a rare thing from the local specialist), conveying precisely the feeling of a small community, isolated and independent. His most attractive attribute, I found, was that, without talking down to his audience, he assumed on their part, and presumably rightly, an almost total ignorance of the conditions of life on the island. And there was also his enthusiasm; island life not having lost its attraction for him, he was able to convey its magic to his audience.

—Loquax

Queen and Commonwealth

SATURDAY Night *Lookout* talks maintain a good standard; some speakers are, of course, smoother and more to the point than others. But nearly always there is some enlightenment to be gained on aspects of international affairs that the mind has glided over in the week's newspapers. A particularly informative session came last week from Dr. J. F. Northey, who dealt with two topics—constitutional procedures followed by different members of the Commonwealth in the proclamation of a new monarch, and the implications of the Colombo Plan. I was especially interested to learn that, while Canada and Australia had proclaimed Queen Elizabeth Queen of Canada and Australia respectively, New Zealand, in Dr. Northey's words, "slower and more conservative," had retained the British formula, and to hear his comments on the implication of such action in deter-

N.Z. LISTENER, FEBRUARY 29, 1952.