

"I KNOW WHAT I LIKE..."

PARAGRAPHS for Radio Review are written by regular contributors outside the NZBS, and this practice will be continued, but "The Listener" also proposes to invite readers to say what they think on broadcasting topics. Space is available in the meantime for only one paragraph each week, and the maximum length is 200 words. A fee of one guinea will be paid after publication. Contributors are free to write about any programme broadcast by the NZBS. Programmes are sometimes criticised in "Letters From Listeners," which will remain a page of opinion on radio and other subjects; but people who write for Radio Review will be expected to draw upon second thoughts. Criticism must not be frivolous or ill-informed; neither must it be solemn or dull. "The Listener" hopes that readers with something to say will say it plainly. All contributions should be sent to the Editor, and should be headed "Radio Review." Writers may have their work printed over their own names or may use initials or pen-names. Unsuccessful paragraphs cannot be returned.

and Don Crosby was a particularly appropriate Chatterwick. On the strength of this piece, it would appear that if detective plays are to be raised from the slough into which uninspired scripting has plunged them, they must be based on good books. Has anyone ever thought of a radio series of Father Brown?

—J.C.R.

Orful, Orson!

ATTEMPTS to cash in on previous successes in the entertainment field have usually a taint of commercialism about them, but Orson Welles's *Lives of Harry Lime* is bare-faced exploitation. There is something horribly zombie-like about the amateurishly-exhumed figure of Harry Lime—he has even less humanity than his film progenitor, and none of his charm, revealing himself as an improbable cross between Superboy and one of James Hadley Chase's skirt-struck minor thugs. And the frayed banners of Anton Karas's zither music used with such calculated intent to recapture that earlier mood of the film, more often induce merely the squirming sensation engendered by tactless reminders of a dead love.

—M.B.

Solitary Vice

TWO mornings each week 4YA presents episodes from its current serial, and the mornings chosen for this blot on our programmes are Wednesdays and Saturdays. While it is regrettable that the National Station should attempt to compete with the Commercial in the field of purest melodrama—an unequal contest, since the ZBs give us both the greater variety and frequency—my main quarrel is with 4YA's choice of Saturday for one performance. In some cases, half a serial may be better than none, but this has not applied in my experience to the antics of Steve, Star and Stephanie, nor to the adventures of the stage-struck morons who give dubious life to *Behind the Footlights* running at present. And if to the Monday to Friday worker a half-heard serial is an irritation, how much more so it must be to the housewife-addict to share her vice with a noisy family instead of enjoying it in week-day peace.

Fair Play

THE BBC programme on Malaya was one of the best I have heard for a long time. It was, in the first place, well produced, with many voices and points of

view clearly, and not coldly, expressed. Compiled by Commander John Proud and Dr. Victor Purcell, it justifies its sub-title: A Critical Examination of the Problems in Malaya Today. It was an excellent idea to have the opposing Chinese and Malayan points of view expressed by leaders of those national groups, and any doubt the listener may have had at the expression of the British point of view solely through the mouths of knights—or possibly baronets—was dispelled by the use of the Malayan student with his trenchant criticism of some points of British policy, notably the suppression of an opposing newspaper, the punishment of whole villages and conscription without, in some cases, parliamentary representation. That such criticism should be broadcast by the BBC is perhaps the clearest evidence of the determined fair-mindedness of this programme and of the people who compiled it.

—Loquax

War on Suburbia

SUBMERGED in the hectic atmosphere of the Writers' Conference, Blackwood Paul's talk on The Novel in New Zealand came over 3YC recently as both interesting and closely reasoned. Dealing with our unstable society in which class distinctions, though they are not wide, are none the less vital, it was surprising with what ease Mr. Paul fitted Sargeson, Davin, Mulgan, and Ballantyne into a thesis where Suburbia is always the listener, sometimes "silent," lying behind the New Zealand novelist. When Mr. Paul suggested that war on Suburbia, the repulsion from respectable society, and suspicion of the rational intellect do not provide a broad enough base for a rich and developing literary tradition he was theoretically right. But this general movement in New Zealand writing is obscurely entangled with the Romantic revolt against materialism. Suburban values are materialistic, gadget-mongering, holiday-making values so utterly oppressive that the artist's revolt against them is mostly a sign of health. Mr. Paul seemed to be asking for a novelist with the sweep of a Galsworthy but without Galsworthy's compromises; one who had sufficient compassion to love the human beings in Suburbia while nevertheless insisting on disclosing the skeletons in Suburbia's innumerable and convenient cupboards.

—Westcliff

AFTERGLOW

WAKING in deep night
He turns from sleep and feels
Around him the subsiding dream.
There is nothing to remember:
The long wave goes back
And the beach is dark,
Or keeps one shallow pool
Which holds in vain the light,
And cannot summon back the sea.

—John Ashley

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