### "I KNOW WHAT I THINK . . . "

## ACTOR IN PERSIA

DOUBTLESS by luck rather than programme planning, John Trevor's talk on Persia (2YC, April 26), followed a news report of the British Government's case in the oil dispute, but it was an added inducement to stay up and listen. These were the superficial impressions of a wartime traveller who passed rapidly through the country with, he confessed, his mind on other things, but an observant and sensitive traveller, nanetheless. My slight irritation at Mr. Trevor's rather precious manner and studied use of the fine descriptive phrase gave way to admiration of the way he used all his actor's talent to convey the varied moods of an exciting and dramatic land. Here was someone who could describe not only the grandeur of the changing scenery, the Arabian Nights romance, and the courtesy of the people, but the squalor and the smells, the poverty and exploitation, and the industrial power and petty class distinctions of the modern oil city; who could recall for us the urgent enthusiasm for what seemed then a rather hopeless Aid to Russia campaign, and his own desire to visit first in Teheran, not the famous Peacock Throne, but the site of the Big Three conference. A satisfying picture.

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the strenuous efforts Virgil made, when ter, showed considerable imagination in asked to distinguish between an "illus- his blending of voices and accents, and ionist" (as he described himself) and a "magician," to avoid mentioning to avoid mentioning mechanical devices, and to locate the difference in stage spectacle and costumes. A nice piece of misdirection, indeed.

## Planned Music

ALTHOUGH a few 1YC musical programmes are still of the "hear-my-record-collection" variety, or else organ-ised upon some esoteric principle beyond the grasp of ordinary listeners, there has recently been signs of a distinct move in the direction of the integrated session. Personally, I find much English music has too great a family likeness, but I must applaud the planning which gave us recently two and a half hours of such compositions ranging from Cathedral music, beautifully sung by the York Minster Choir, and some not too hackneyed Purcell and Byrd to more familiar but compelling modern works. In the same week, my Mozart-centred spirit was elated by two hours of the master, of which half an hour came from Hazel Millar, soprano, and Felix Millar, violinist, in the studio. The Millars always select and perform their works with exceptional taste. I did feel that, on this occasion, the Haffner Rondo presented one or two slipperv places where Mr. Millar's feet just failed to grip. But their programme was a pleasant change from the colourless, aggressively middle-level selection most often heard from the studio, and it was well arranged to fit neatly into the recorded context. \_\_\_J.C.R.

# Everyman Today

N the four and a half centuries since Everyman was written we have managed to think our way out of Everyman's dilemma, to separate Death and Judgment, so that the play has not for us the stupendous moral impact it must have had for its original audience. But, judging by the BBC version I heard the other Saturday, it still has amazing dra-matic validity. The radio version shows up the forthright simplicity of the language, a language not so very far removed from our own, and this combined with the shrewd human judgment makes it both easy and rewarding listening. Raymond Rex, the producer and adap-

John Hotchkiss's music was superb throughout.

## Conducted Tour

I'M a constant traveller on these BBC conducted tours that the NZBS is so fond of sponsoring, but I think I go along more to meet the BBC personalities than with any idea of broadening my geographical horizons. Last week I went on a tour of London by Thames water-bus and met all the old gang-Wynford Vaughan Thomas in the bus, of course, and sketching an enthusiastic point-to-point between satellites variously placed in the Sailor's Club, Wapping Police Station, the Shot Tower, the enginee room of the Tower Bridge and the Tower itself. Yet I was rather surprised to have a heap of rubble pointed out to me on the South Bank and to be told that from this, come 1951. would rise some of the buildings for the Festival of Britain. One is resigned, of course, to being transported out of one's country by a travel feature (New Zealand tours seem to be ear-marked for Radio New Zealand), but when they take us out of our decade I'm inclined to ask whether our journey is strictly necessary, ---M B

#### The Doctor Died Too

WHEN Dr. George Henry Lamson was tried for murder at the Old Bailey in March, 1882, the jury found him guilty. Nevertheless, all the ends were not neatly tidled away, and some list-eners will probably be left in a state of reasonable doubt when they hear the trial reconstructed in one of the BBC series Let Justice Be Done from 4YZ at 9.35 p.m. on Wednesday, May 21. Dr. Lamson was in financial need and stood to gain a great deal if his brother-in-law died before reaching his majority. On a visit to the boy, who was an incurable invalid, the doctor brought him a cake and some capsules. The boy ate some of the cake, as did others present, took one of the capsules and died soon afterwards. At the trial the defence cast doubt on much of the medical evidence. which was mainly circumstantial, and though many theories were advanced later as to how Dr. Lamson administered the poison, if indeed he did so, the mystery was never completely solved.





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