

Lodge Listens . . .



"This time we've reversed your part—you're in tears most of the time and occasionally burst into words"

ing house they will also recover something of their more individual and noble tradition in song.

—Westcliff

The Warning Voice

CRIME IS OUR BUSINESS is the most recent of many programmes which demonstrate the falseness of the adage that you can't run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. You get a good run with the hare and at the end there's always that warning voice making sure you're back where you ought to be, rooting with the hounds. And nobody can deny you get a good run for your money. In "Larceny In Leeds," however, I found it a bit more difficult to get back where I belonged in time for the final tally-ho because of the endearing North Country accents of the criminals, which kept reminding me of Wilfred Pickles and Big Jim Edwards in one of my favourite TIFHs. (Surely no one who called his stooge "laad" in that nice way could be bad at heart?) Furthermore, the voice of the Law was inclined to be patronising to us rabbits, saying things like "You've no idea what these scientific boffins can find in a handful of dust." As if we hadn't read our Thorndike!

—M.B.

Play Without An End

THE competent production of *Mark Warburton's Career*, a play by Charles Hatton, kept me listening with more interest than usual. The NZBS made the most of its opportunities, and the development of character and increasing age were convincingly conveyed. Yet this turned out to be an extraordinary

play, for it had no end. The story was conventional—that of an unscrupulous man with a lust for power — and developed in a conventional manner. The obvious, and most satisfactory, ending would be I suppose for the villain to taste the dust and ashes of his success; another variation, for him to go on grinding faces with aplomb. But neither happened, and the play ended on the unusual note of an echo saying: "Democracy is the refuge of the weak." Outrageous echo, not to be caught and examined by one of Senator McCarthy's kin! Nobody answered the echo, for time was up. For once I should have been delighted to be invited to tune in to the next exciting episode telling of the downfall of a villain, with its hoped-for catharsis.

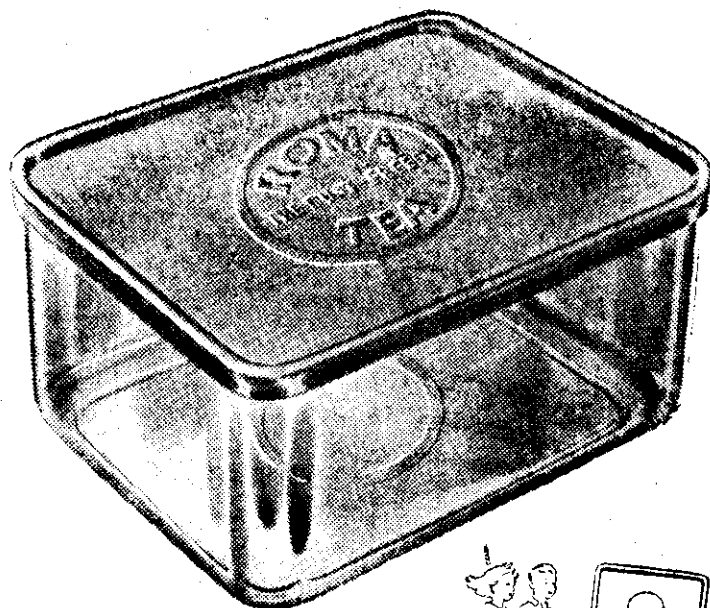
—Loquax

Eating Habits

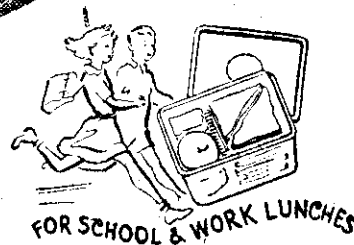
"THIS business of being an island, of course, has its absurd consequences. Because they are unused to foreign cooking, and are still suffering from the fact that, in the second half of the last century, it was looked upon almost as indecent to take a keen interest in cooking and wines, there are hundreds of thousands of people in this country—perhaps even millions—who quite honestly dislike the thoughtful and imaginative cooking of, say, the French and the Belgians, the Poles and the Danes. They don't trust any sauce, except something that comes out of a bottle with a well-known label on it. Because they have never themselves been taught to cook, they despise people who have."—Vernon Bartlett speaking in the BBC's General Overseas Service on "Europeans as seen by the British."

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