

THE TIME TRAVELLER

THE SENSE OF THE PAST, which Henry James pondered for many years, and finally left to be published posthumously, was a subtly-conceived story about a modern American young man who goes back in time to 1820, and becomes a "terror"—a kind of ghost out of the future—to those he meets there. John L. Balderstone's play, *Berkeley Square*, popularises this story half-way towards science-fiction: the delicate Jamesian nuances are quite lost, the period (now in the 18th Century) is done on very obvious lines, and we are left with an entertaining story and the sound moral that no one would enjoy living out of period—whether in the future or the past. A recent film version more or less left the matter there. The older version achieved rather more, thanks mainly to the sensitive performance of the late Leslie Howard as Peter Standish, the time traveller. Apart from the usual difficulty over American accents, the NZBS production (from 1YC) gave a straightforward and very hearable account of the play, and perhaps left more to the imagination than a stage-performance would do.

Policeman in Love

ANYONE qualified for a pass in Sherlock Holmes Studies (even at Stage I) will recall with regret and admiration the stately figure of Irene Adler, whose marriage to Godfrey Norton, immediately following the affair with King Wilhelm of Bohemia, must have left the Master with more than a passing pang. To him (says Dr. Watson) "she is always the woman: I have seldom heard him mention her under any other name." Since that time, other celebrated detec-

tives—and most notably, Lord Peter Wimsey—have been involved more deeply in unhappy love affairs. So far, the private lives of radio detectives have gone more smoothly; Philip Odell and P.C. 49 have been both helped and hindered by featherpated girl friends. It was a change to find Flint of the Flying Squad (from 12B, Sunday nights) bravely nursing a broken heart under his mackintosh. And when the object of his *grand passion* reappears as a police-woman and joins him in the hunt for a gang of high-level burglars, the situation is promising. Although the serial looks like the mixture as before—mayhem in Mayfair, skulduggery in the suburbs—the hero at least seems to enjoy a richer emotional life than his predecessors.

—M.K.J.

Pacific Fantasia

SURELY John Gundry's New Zealand play *Manifest Destiny* should have had more of an advance notice than the bare statement of its performance over 3YA, if only to indicate that it was about Captain Cook. It was not a play in the ordinary sense of the word, but a fantasia on the events leading up to Cook's death, with the drum and guitar skilfully used to transmute the cruder material of history into "something rich and strange." Lines from Sir Patrick Spens and Chatterton set to music rose or faded into the roaring of waves without fault. Restraint was indeed a word with meaning here, where the very picture of the South Sea Islands and their attendant clichés might so easily have dispersed the images of Cook and Tereavo, in whom the clash of two cultures was focused. Was it a fault that once or twice, most noticeably when Tereavo delivered ceremonial instructions regarding Cook's body, the Shakespearean ring of the words tended to carry the mind beyond its Pacific setting, or did the universality of the theme support this treatment? Finer points of query or criticism aside, *Mani-*

"I KNOW WHAT I THINK . . ."

TRAVELLING IN SOUND IMAGES

AMONG the converging mudflats of noise, the YC stations are our best, perhaps our only hope. One night recently 1YC was treasure trove. A triumphant start was made with a lesser-known Beethoven sonata played by Schnabel. But the highlight was Brahms's Liebeslieder Walzer. These could easily be danced to, but are in reality four part songs, sung by two men and two women, all singers with the highest musical sense. When Han's Hatter is one of the singers, and this is Brahms in his airiest mood, you can imagine the quality. The Liebeslieder Walzer are sheer magic. They might easily be Austrian folk tunes: anyhow, Austria is what they conjure up for me. More vividly than pictures, these entrancing tunes bring before my eyes Austria of the highest mountains. Brahms has somehow transported me there and the Schubert Trio, Opus 100, that follows, rounds out the novel experience of travelling in sound images. I have the choice of finishing with Three Corners Hats from Spain. But the Austrian dream persists, and so the Viennese Schubert concludes my musical levels.

—J.W.

(Readers are invited to submit comments, not more than 200 words in length, on radio programmes. A fee of one guinea will be paid after publication. Contributions should be headed "Radio Review." Unsuccessful entries cannot be returned.)

test Destiny in conception and execution combined beauty and the search for truth into a single enthralling whole.

The Big Explosion

FROM the point of view of entertainment and interest, the failing of any talks on the atomic bomb like that given by Sir William Penny on the experiment at Montebello is that we hear only about externals. I have read elsewhere that in Japan, as a result of the Hiroshima explosion, the grain yield has increased several times and that some other plants have undergone radical alteration. Facts such as these which touch upon the more positive aspects of atomic fission and also upon the mysteries of nature are, I think, more interesting to most of us than eye-witness accounts of monstrous explosions which have been, after all, recorded for so many of the pictorial magazines. It is a defect of the age that we are impressed by size, quantity and power as if in their very mindlessness lay reasons for continuing awe. We have come to

expect the BBC to do something towards checking this error, and naturally feel cheated when we are given instead a talk which, essentially, contains no more in height or depth than the streaming headlines which blacken the day.

—Westcliff

Good But Disagreeable

PORTRAIT OF SIR EDWARD COKE

was undoubtedly the BBC's answer to 3D. It came at you from all levels at once—a voice hissing off-mike, "Here comes a chopper to chop off your head," Lady Coke (almost too sympathetically played by Beatrix Lehmann) saying dispassionately, "I never liked Edward," Sir Edward himself browbeating poor Sir Walter Raleigh, King James administering a tongue-lashing to his stiff-kneed servant, a street-mummer mumming a downright handsome epitaph. When the programme ended I couldn't believe it had lasted an hour, so fascinated had I been by the pyrotechnics. However, looking back I feel it is probably a flaw in the programme that if I hadn't had my *Listener* note, "Gunpowder Coke," beside me, I should have been in grave danger of missing the essential part of the programme, that Sir Edward Coke was a Good Thing, so strongly did the impression of personal disagreeableness outweigh that of personal integrity.

—M.B.

Schubert Programmes

WHILE one may hear Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony in Dunedin as often as one wishes—or even oftener than that—and the Fifth and the Ninth occasionally, his other symphonies are comparatively rare. Since the first three are not available on standard discs, their absence from our programmes is not surprising, but what of the Fourth and the Sixth? Other inexplicable gaps appear in this composer's work. Why do we so rarely hear his song-cycles, *The Miller's Daughter* and *The Winter Journey*, in their entirety? We could, with pleasure, hear the Schnabels playing the piano-forte music for four hands—*Lebensstürme*, *Andantino Varié* and the *Military Marches*—music which the station presumably possesses, since it has at very long intervals been heard in the past. A few such ventures off the beaten

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(Solution to No. 641)

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Clues Across

- Sing "Beneath Thy Window"?
- Major diatonic scale.
- Originate with a china toe.
- Shingle (anag.).
- Would he resign if confused?
- "—hath her victories
No less renowned than war"
(Milton).
- Found in reverse in one poem.
- The Christmas festival.
- "That strain again! It had a —
fall . . ." ("Twelfth Night," Act 1,
Scene 1).

"THE LISTENER" CROSSWORD

- "— ye rosebuds, while ye may"
(Herrick).
- Capable without Pa.
- This word sounds as if the vehicle
is in running order.
- "Oh, to be in England now that
—'s there!" (Browning).
- Appear to be.
- Apostate.
- Part of an overwhelming loathing.
- Used.

No. 642 (Constructed by R.W.H.)

Clues Down

- Slid round the shop.
down at heel.
- Withdrew with the
decanter.
- "Like —, all
tears" ("Hamlet,"
Act 1, Scene 2).
- A daily fruit?
- Mistaken belief.
- Who steals my
—, steals trash"
("Othello," Act 3,
Scene 3).
- Finished.
- Eyebright
- Notched like a saw
- Short-horned Indian
antelope.
- The greatest part of
danger.

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