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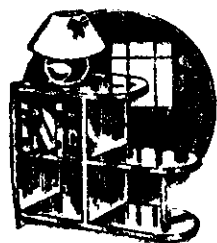
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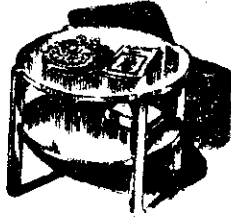
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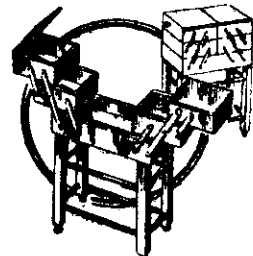
(Turned legs, as illus.)

Beech, turned legs. Price **55/-**

RIMU DINNER WAGON

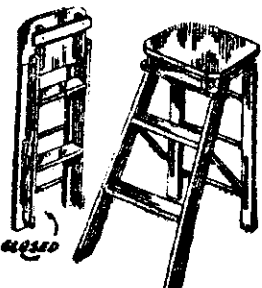
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RADIO REVIEW

King Richard

LISTENING to the BBC production of *Richard II* (from 1YC), my mind went back 15 years to the moving Richard of John Gielgud. His Bolingbroke was vigorously played by a younger actor named Michael Redgrave; and now Mr. Redgrave has himself become King Richard. Some critics would say that he is Mr. Gielgud's successor, the Hamlet and the Richard *de nos jours*; and the resemblances and the differences between them are instructive. Both understand very well the complexities of this true king at odds with himself as well as with his kingdom. But Gielgud's was more the poet in the world of action, a king of shadows always looking for his own face in the glass. Redgrave's king had subtly changed to suit a harsher and soberer generation—heavier, more than man of action, the paragon of a decaying chivalry pitted against a set of political realists. Anthony Quayle was responsible for this stimulating production; and one could well imagine it running on into his *Henry IV*, as we saw it recently. There, also, Hotspur, another kind of romantic dreamer, takes the stage and is cut down by another realist, who is Bolingbroke's son.

Poet's Birthday

WALTER DE LA MARE occupies a very special place in modern English letters. He is almost the only important poet—Edmund Blunden is another—who has been unaffected by the poetic revolution of our time; yet he has retained the respect and admiration of all his fellow-poets. He is as satisfying to the schoolboy as to the critic; and although he has been writing for half a century, he is still at the top of his form, as readers of *The Traveller* and *Winged Chariot* will know. And his novels, his short stories, his essays and his anthologies are as distinguished as his poetry. His 80th birthday was appropriately marked by Sir Arthur Donnelly's affectionate and comprehensive talk (heard from 1YC). Based on personal knowledge and illustrated by well-chosen poems, it gave Mr. de la Mare just the character one would have wished and expected from his writings—sociable, sensitive, humorous, liked by all and envied by none. It is a kind of superfluous claim on our liking—but a pleasant one—that he also has a high regard for New Zealanders.

—M.K.J.

The Colour Bar

AS John Middleton Murry once remarked, man's imagination in our century has to make a tremendous leap if civilisation is to survive. Though he was writing about peace, surely another leap in imaginative sympathy must also be made in regard to the colour bar. Few of us are without some prejudice here, a fact more noticeable when you really mix with a dark race. It was good, therefore, to hear from 3YC Wynford Vaughan Thomas's stimulating BBC programme, *The Colour Bar*; good that he should want to do such a session and good that the BBC was liberal enough to use the work, more especially because it examined the situ-

ation, not in another country, but in the heart of Britain herself. The most telling case and the kind of situation around which the talk could have been organised was not that of the educated Negro protected by the enlightened policy of universities which brings pressure to bear on reluctant landladies, but that of the Liverpool fitter, torpedoed three times in the Empire's cause, yet finding work difficult to get because of his colour. There is pathos, too, in the fact that Negroes "create" the problem because of their desire to come to the centre of an Empire to which they belong.

April Songs

WE have come again to the end of one of Myra Thomson's song series presented over 3YC, this time "Now That April's Here," a session commemorating various customs and festivals held in odd corners of England during April. This marks the third of these Myra Thomson programmes, which I have listened to and enjoyed during the last two years. They are a skilful blend of art and research produced by a little group devoted to their cause and equal to its demands. It would be a pity if such good work were confined to one hearing, and I am hoping that the programme has been recorded for further broadcasts.

—Westcliff

Later Than They Thought

THE discussion by W. S. Wauchop, Richard Campion and W. J. Mountjoy, Jr., on the recent tour of the Stratford Company turned out to be a paean of thanksgiving rather than a post-mortem, and provided a most warming footnote to what had been for many an outstanding dramatic experience (the warmth was helped, correspondents please note, by the almost unselfconscious use of Bill, Dick and Joey by the three speakers). Unfortunately, the cosiness of the discussion was destroyed towards the end by the necessity to cram into a breathless final summary those tributes that could not be left unsaid. Listeners, finding themselves so precipitately it seemed on the wrong side of 8.30's iron curtain, bit back their expressions of chagrin and tried to think kindly of the possibly equal number of listeners panting after the cooling streams presently to be provided by Roy Hill's Madrigal Group.

All Was Reasonably Well

I CAN never entirely resign myself to those Shakespearian comedies where the heroine, after undergoing far too much plot, takes the plunge into matrimony (or its renewal) with the young man whose lack of charity, understanding or trust has been responsible for her travail. Better a nice conclusive tragedy, I think, writhing to see Hero paired with Claudio, Mariana pleading for Angelo, and now Helena joyfully pledging herself to the somewhat tarnished Bertram. Certainly the BBC World Theatre production of *All's Well That Ends Well* did endow this somewhat plot-heavy play with a considerable amount of humanity. But the cast was perhaps a little over-weighted on the female side. Gladys Young brought a touch of worldly wryness to her portrayal of the Countess, and Barbara Jefford gave such wistful appeal to her Helena that we were prepared to forgive that complete ignorance of elementary male psychology which caused

N.Z. LISTENER, MAY 8, 1953.