

Sanwool

MATTRESSES

AND QUILTS



LONG PLAYING DISCS

OF DISTINCTION

From

DUCRETET-THOMSON-SELMER
OF PARIS.

BEETHOVEN: TRIO FOR
FLUTE, BASSOON AND
PIANO (LPG 8002).

LANDOWSKI: SYMPHONY
JEAN DE LA PEUR.

And

BARTOK: DIVERTIMENTO
(LPG 8005).

AND OF COURSE!

LPG 8256

LUIS MARAVILLA AND HIS
GUITAR

ON THE 1952 PRIZE DISC.

ELECTRONIC CONTROLS &
APPLIANCES LTD.

BOX 2526 — AUCKLAND.

Radio Review

THE DEATH OF DON JUAN

WHETHER he is to be regarded as historical person or fertility myth, Don Juan is one of those figures, like Ulysses, Hamlet or Faust, who exercise a permanent fascination over the human imagination. A play on the death of Don Juan by Hugh Ross Williamson suggested at first another of that author's ingenious exercises in ritual murder, as in his interpretations of William Rufus and Saint Thomas of Canterbury. In fact, the play (heard from 1YC) turned out to be something simpler, though perhaps not less arguable. Mr. Ross Williamson adopted a variant of the story, according to which the Don was actually poisoned by the Franciscans of Seville, who then spread about the famous story of the walking statue. One result was that the Father Guardian responsible for the poisoning sounded uncommonly like a villainous monk of romantic melodrama; he turned out to be something more—he is Don Juan's counterpart, and dies by the same poison. Although we are still likely to prefer Molière and Mozart and Shaw and Richard Strauss, this play was not unworthy of its subject; and the NZBS production was very well done in all respects—one of their very best for some time.

Cleopatra. And at a quarter to nine, Peter Gwynne interviewing the New Zealand Players—a lively and apparently spontaneous session, in which the Players performed well, without any suspicion of "putting on an act."

—M.K.J.

Pepys in the Round

THERE is but one Pepys, and F. L. Combs made him a very good prophet. Human nature being what it is, we tend to remember the less estimable side of Pepys, his doggishness, his nest-feathering, his spats with his wife and flirtations with Deb. But, as befitted a programme marking the 250th anniversary of the diarist's death, F. L. Combs's talk gave us the other side as well, the conscientious civil servant, the family man, the patriot, the lover of the arts, the competent man of affairs. William Austin read the actual extracts from the diary in fine ringing tones, which I thought perhaps too robust for my own idea of Pepys, but which served as a necessary reminder of the fact that he was only 36 when he made that last entry, "And so I betake myself to that course which is almost as much as to see myself go into my grave; for which and all the discomforts that will accompany my being blind, the good God prepare me!" It is good to know that he lived on for another 34 years, presumably still able to enjoy most of the pleasures recorded in the diary.

Articulate Professions

ARCHITECTS would seem to be among the most articulate of professional men—in fact, where would radio be without them? They have rallied to fill Winter Course talks on planning, they have brought colour harmony and design down to microphone level, they have gladly stooped to women's session discussions on the ideal home. And now they are manning a new series from 2YA on *The Progress of Architecture*. Law is the only other profession with a comparable record of radio well-doing, but here the emphasis (*Famous Frauds, Famous Trials, Flint of the Flying Squad*) has perhaps been more on entertainment than enlightenment. Dr. Turbott and Dr. Mac have been lonely speakers on medicine. Surely, now that our architects have blazed the trail, there is room for a nice frank series on *The Progress of Medical Science*? Its listener-appeal would be considerable, since it's a well-

On Sunday Evening

HOWEVER carefully we may avoid swing and soap-opera during the week, on Sunday nights 1ZB often provides the most reliable listening. On a recent specimen Sunday (between putting the kiddywinks to bed and switching over for the 9 o'clock news) we started off with the first instalment of *Crime Is Our Business*—an unspectacular but neatly-told tale of burglary in Salford. Then *TIFH*—the last of an unusually rewarding season. It's true that Wal declined seriously towards the end (Rudolph seemed to have got at his script), but there was the simultaneous rise to unholy eminence of Dunners; and a strong series of parodies closed with a repeat (with improvements) of the Lady Godiva story, which deserves to rank with that other historical classic, the *TIFH* version of *Caesar and*

"I KNOW WHAT I THINK . . ."

COUGHING IN THE SUN

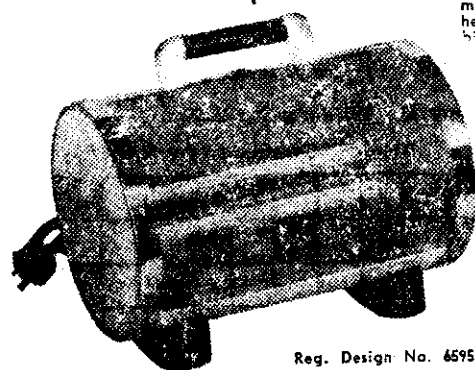
A CHILLY autumn afternoon should, I thought, be improved by the vicarious warmth of "Rhythm in the Sun," played from 2YA. So it was, though not quite in the way suggested by the sub-title, "a programme of Latin-American music." That the music was named in that remote region was evident from the unpronounceable quality of the titles; but except for some hi-yi-yi-ing, ch-ch-ch-ing, and what might be called castanets and coughing in the sun, it could have been made anywhere north of the border just as well as on the south side. Sunny and rhythmic, certainly, it was also flat, banal, unimaginative, abounding in antics on the drum and saxophone, and the things one would expect from a body called the Rhumba Band. The one small jewel in this tinsel collection was a song by the versatile Yma Sumac.

Four-thirty, of course, is not a profound hour, and this was a suitable enough accompaniment to the scraping of potatoes. Still, it could have been less pretentiously introduced, since I suspect it gave about as accurate a view of Latin-American music as "Now is the Hour," played from a Brazilian radio station, might give of the music of New Zealand.

—L.E.

(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.)

SAFA
It's safer to be sure!



Reg. Design No. 4595.

The Heater WITH THE Safety Guard

See it at your Electrical Dealer's Showroom.

MADE BY SAFETY APPLIANCES LTD.
34 TUAM STREET, CHRISTCHURCH.

"Makers of the Safety Jug Holder."

Now you can be certain of safety for your family and home with a heater designed for absolute safety. The fine mesh grill guard completely encloses the live elements, but does not retard the heat rays. Heating is by a combination of three effective methods

REFLECTION RADIATION CONVECTION

in quality baked enamel finish in a range of colours with chrome trimming, the SAFA HEATER is available with single bar for £6/11/9 or double bar for £7/8/3.



Registered Trade Mark