

Lodge Listens . . .



"To have to read commercial rhymes is bad enough, but to have to read something that doesn't scan—!"

radio listening is a poor substitute for listening in the hall where the full range of the music may be experienced. What we listen to from various town halls is probably no better than what we might hear from a first-class record. I at least can pick no discrepancy between them, and despite my zeal I was, in fact, most moved this week by a recording of Yehudi Menuhin and the Paris Symphony Orchestra playing Lalo's *Symphonie Espagnole*. The point is that ultimately these network broadcasts may diminish the range and inventiveness of local stations and infringe on the time given to local performers. Suppose another "new technical device" brought all the BBC's "live" concerts within as perfect range to us as to the British listener. Should we then cease to make that local effort which alone can make us a genuinely creative nation?

—Westcliff

Second Series

[[AS *More of Me and Gus* lost some of the sparkle of the original series, or have I merely become so familiar with the formula to which the stories are written that no surprises seem to be left? The opening foreshadows the end: either well-meaning Mark will launch an enterprise, Gus will interfere, Gus will suffer and Mark will be reviled; or, alternatively, Gus will attempt something, Mark will offer advice, unasked for and ignored, the scheme will fail, and once again Mark will be in the wrong. There is a vaguely dis-

appointing quality in most sequels, and it is difficult to say where the fault lies. The current *TIFH* is rarely regarded as being up to the standard of its fore-runners, while *ITMA* fans lament the falling-off that *TIFH*, even at its best, represented; and admirers of the Marx brothers seem to agree only in the belief that the first Marx brothers' film which they themselves first saw was the best. So it may be that one should not expect the first shock of meeting *Me* and *Gus* to be repeated. This second series is still amusing, and Bill Beavis's reading impeccable in manner and in accent. And the series itself, quite apart from the amusement it gives, is to be welcomed as a relief from the solemnity with which, publicly at least, we normally regard ourselves.

Inside a Museum

WITH another piece of good timing by 4YC, a series of eight programmes on the Otago Museum follows closely upon local controversy on the financing of the institution. The first talk, by the Curator, proved an excellent introduction to the work and the scope of the museum, to many listeners a local landmark more often recognised than examined. Dr. Skinner's talk was constructed with admirable cunning, with hints of the revelations in store. To learn how the museum acquired its war canoe, and the rest of the story of the Maori meeting-house, and many other incidents in the museum's history, I shall certainly tune in to the next episode.

—Loquax



Ah-h-h-h-h

