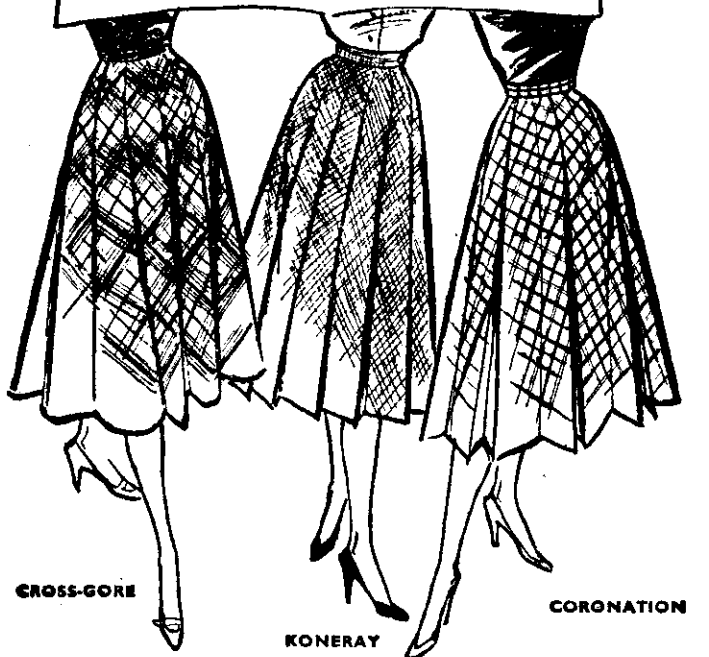


AND NOW IN NEW ZEALAND...

GOR-RAY

Skirts one better!



A choice of many lovely patterns and colours in finest British loomed woollens... Gor-Ray Skirts—world-wide favourites for their gracious easy manner—their clever tailoring—their permanised pleats. See these and other popular Gor-Ray styles at all the better stores. Modestly priced from 69/6.

GOR-RAY

Skirts one better!

NO MOTHS WITH

MOTHAKS



Look after your clothes... keep them free from destructive moths. Hang Mothaks in your wardrobe — put some in every drawer. Mothaks are attractively packed in bags of 8... obtainable from all Chemists.

N.Z. Agents: J. L. LENNARD LTD., BOX 1497, WELLINGTON.

RADIO REVIEW

From Fiction to Fact

BEFORE I gave any opinion about modern detective stories I would naturally have to read one of them, though I imagine that if their standard had been very high they would by now have swept a Nobel or some such prize. When I ask myself why I do not read them the answer is pure prejudice. On the other hand, the actual description of Scotland Yard at work enthalls me as much as it would the next man. Andrew Mackenzie's *Scotland Yard*, three programmes from 3YA, brought back Robert Fabian, although what most impressed this time was not the lightning pounce but the combination of patience and logic which acts like a net with a mesh designed to catch one strange fish, and that one only. The author of this interesting series corrected popular illusions on one or two points, had a word to say on the particular jobs women could do in the New Zealand police force, and brought Scotland Yard from fiction to fact without losing its almost legendary interest.

Anna Russell's Satire

WAS it funny or was it a feast for the Philistines? That's how the question began to frame itself in my mind as I listened to *Anna Russell Sings* from 3YA. The point is, I think, that you can laugh at anything; it amounts to laughing at mortality, and keeping a sense of proportion. If it's done the right way it is fun, not cynicism. I must say I tried to share the amusement of Anna Russell's rollicking New York audience, who could obviously see a lot of "temperament" denied to radio listeners, but I found myself liking the kind of songs she parodied, and her voice itself. Some of the puns and play on what purported to be Russian or German were decidedly not at the pinnacle of satire which the whole setting demanded. Miss Russell's description of the foibles of certain singers was sometimes clever: the operetta waltz style in which the singer had "resonance where her brains ought to be" and the lieder

singer who had "no voice but great artistry." But I'm not sure the whole thing was the clever satire it set out to be.

—Westcliff

Crimes Reconstructed

IT is the theory of the Professor of Poetry at Oxford, alias C. Day Lewis, alias Nicholas Blake, that the reading of crime stories acts as a valuable safety valve for the repressed criminal tendencies of the ordinary decent citizen. It may be that 4YA endorses this belief, for having completed the series *Crime Is Our Business*, it now embarks on another, *Prisoner at the Bar*, again at a late hour when John Citizen, about to blow the lid off his repressions, might well be looking out his gat, his jemmy and his mask, or, if he follows another school of violence, laying in his stock of fly-papers, and checking up on his supply of curare. Edgar Lustgarten, with his vivid accounts of famous crimes, offers a safety-valve which can be guaranteed to hold the potential listener-criminal comfortably by his set. It is not surprising that this series of programmes, heard from 4YA at 10.0 p.m. on Thursdays, should be polished productions, for Edgar Lustgarten brings to them the triple qualifications of barrister, experienced broadcaster, and writer of better than average thrillers. As a result, the law is accurate, the characterisation is neat, and the delivery, with subtle variations in tone and accent, gives the impression of a team of actors rather than one man's narration.

—Loquax

Sedate and Deadly

ANNA RUSSELL SINGS (from 1YA) was admirable both for the sedateness of the method and the deadliness of the aim. Whether it was the Italian-operatic complete with cadenza, the English nymphs-and-shepherd song ("utter purity"), German lied and French art-song (for singers "with no voice and great artistry"), or contemporary music ("for the tone-deaf singer"), the parody was invariably on the mark. Yes, one thinks, that's it; that's showing 'em; Songs are Bunk. But what am I saying? After all, these are still Verdi, Schubert, Faure... Does parody appeal to a secret urge in us to destroy what we admire? And should we applaud Miss Russell for correcting the self-esteem of

"I KNOW WHAT I THINK..."

NEW ZEALAND SPEECH

UNFORTUNATELY, 3YA's symposium scarcely scratched the surface of this subject. It seems we speak a dialect, our perpetual grin causes muscular contraction. But we also suffer from acute vowel trouble and defects of modulation, pitch, tempo and general slovenliness. Our landslide to recessive accent is horrifying. Such radio monstrosities as "RO-bust," "RE-search," "TECH-nique," "RO-mance" may be heard daily. Will they creep into our poetry? And before the Queen comes could our commentators decide whether we live in NEW Zealand or New ZEA-land? Might certain glucose-lipped sirens emulate the crispness of, say, BBC's Margery Anderson? Might the machine-gun monotone of certain sports announcers be supplanted by natural inflection?

Darkly pondering, I tuned in to hear Barbara Jefford reading some of Eileen Duggan's lovely poems—a voice of magical purity enhancing the meaning and music of words. I was deeply stirred by this exquisite art, this unhistrionic naturalness. Such music graced the everyday speech of George Bernard Shaw and makes Compton Mackenzie so easy to listen to. We could improve our speech. There should be daily speech drill in our schools.

—J.C.T.

(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.)