



"Which was the one you said had just come back from overseas?"

artists (a very necessary task) or suppress her for giving aid and comfort to the Philistine? It is probably an academic question, for her art is surely meant simply to be enjoyed. And it was clear from the laughter of the audience that they already knew very well just what was being parodied.

The People Who Suffer

THIRTY-EIGHTH PARALLEL, the dramatisation of Rene Cutforth's *Korean Reporter*, has, I think, already been mentioned on this page. It certainly deserves to be noticed again, for a second hearing (from 12B) confirmed the first impression of its honesty and feeling. Mr. Cutforth, playing himself, is both hard-boiled and humane. For him, the war goes on mainly along the horizon; what concerns him is the plight of the civilians, the people who suffer on frozen roads, and refugee-crowded cities, while the privileged soldiery pass among them in godlike indifference. Not that he misunderstands the nature and function of the soldier; but he sees war as it happens—the endless stream of refugees, the cold, the noise of guns and tanks, the nightmare landscape of burnt towns, the ironical beauty of spring. It gives the real feel of war, and not of this war only. And the people he singles out from the mass, are all significant—the lost boy, the angry doctor, or, most of all, the Korean priest who says with quiet bitterness, "We are sick of war and ruin. . . . We do not like you at all. . . . You have lost our good will. . . ."

—M.K.J.

The Russell Version

I HAVE a delicious fear that Anna Russell (in her programme "Hints to Concert Singers") has done for sing-

ing what Sellar and Yeatman did for history—made her own version of it completely memorable. I shall never again listen to leider without hearing that superb voice intoning, "The words are a bit—well—soggy, but the music is magnificent"; or hear a booming basso without the Russell reflection, "Some people have resonance where their brains ought to be," or a modern song without the enjoyable suspicion that the singer has benefited from Miss Russell's advice to the tone-deaf vocalist, "The more off-key you are the more contemporary it sounds." The whole programme was a riot from start to finish. There is something aesthetically thrilling about devastation when it's deftly done, and it was an experience to hear that magnificent voice rampaging through the whole vocal field. And I loved the occasional graceless chuckle that betrayed the fact that Miss Russell is not yet completely immunised to her own wit.

—M.B.

THE point is—how do you eat and read simultaneously? The question crops up daily, from breakfast when you're looking out of bleared eyes for a tall, solid object that will take the uneasy starchiness of the newspaper, until late suppertime when you're sunk, all elbows and swinging coat-skirts, deep in the yawn of an armchair with the mild suburban equivalent of cakes and ale perched about, just willing you towards that hasty movement which broadcasts everything to the skirting board. It seems to me a whole Chinese puzzle of a problem which has not yet sufficiently engaged the attention of those clever people whose energies, on a 24-hour basis, are directed to design for what they call 'gracious living.'—J. Walshe, in an NZBS Book Shop talk.



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