

TUESDAY NIGHT IN FIJI



FIJIAN and Indian programmes are broadcast regularly from ZJV Suva by the staff of the Fiji Public Relations Office, and Tuesday night has come to be recognised as *Fijian night*, when natives gather in hundreds round receivers all over the islands to hear news, songs, and stories. To celebrate the 500th Tuesday night session a special programme was broadcast on August 15 last. These two official photographs show (at top) the Governor of Fiji, Sir Alexander Grantham, broadcasting a special message to Fijian listeners during the 500th session; standing in the doorway is Major F. C. Preston, formerly of Christchurch, who is the Governor's A.D.C.; and (below) a group of performers who took part in the same session.

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exactly the same place. So that even if the past repeated itself exactly—it never does, but even if it did—you wouldn't be the same person as before, would you?"

I said, "I don't know, but the same thing happening to you again might change you back into what you were before, mightn't it?" And I rang Sally's doorbell loudly before she could answer.

SALLY took us straight into the big drawing-room that felt like a church and had always made us want to whisper. I thought, how absurd we were then. It's really just far too big and dark.


I said to Noeline, "Sally hasn't changed much, has she?"

But I was speaking so softly she didn't hear.

Bet spoke to me and called me by a school nickname no longer applicable—long since forgotten. I didn't notice at the time, but I remembered afterwards.

The evening passed pleasantly enough. Sally patronised us all in her gently irritating manner. Bet tried to convert everyone to Communism as she used to, though I knew she didn't really care one way or the other. Now Noeline acted cynical, though I knew she'd grown out of that too. I thought, we're putting up a good performance for Sally. Re-enacting ourselves as she'll remember us. We can't say good-bye as strangers. It was not until after I had furiously defended Noel Coward against Sally who still didn't like him and realised that I really was indignant, though Coward is a very dead love, that I knew it wasn't a performance at all. Because of Sally, who would always be the same, we were not only acting the people we used to be, for a while we were them.

We stopped at the bottom of the hill, going home, for a polite conversation, of which I only remember two sentences. Bet said, "Sally hasn't changed a bit, has she?" and Nancy said, "What did you say was the name of that poet?"

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