

and read there—Swinburne, Macaulay, Marx, Lenin—and some of the hundreds of inoffensive nonentities, each with an inward vision or a search for the unfathomable, poring long hours in fruitless silence. The atmosphere of this programme was indescribable. The reading



room was brought to unheard yet pulsating life. The truest actors in its story were those who weren't there at all—the books, authors and characters, the long-dead but ever-living presences who crowded the breathing actors away from the microphone and took charge of the whole programme.

Dangerous Drugs

WHEN I saw in the 4YA programmes a BBC feature described as "Dangerous Drugs: the story of the drug habit based on Scientific Truth," I tuned in expecting something in the form of a documentary. Instead, I heard as excellent a thriller as may be imagined. The scientific truths on which it was based were there all right, but so intrinsic a part of the story that their effect was made by insinuation rather than by frontal attack. This is the only radio play about the drug traffic which I remember to have concentrated not on

the smuggling and selling end of the business, but on the seamier and really horrible aspect of the racket, its effect on the people who take the drugs. It was the case history of an addict, a young married woman, and the attempt made by a doctor and a hospital staff to cure her. Her final relapse was one of the best points of the story; so well had the unstable, nervous, temperamental character been built up that the listener was quite in the "I told you so" mood when the careful clinical treatment finally went for nothing. The whole programme was well designed but I am not sure of its efficacy as a warning, if that was its purpose, since it presented a pretty hopeless case. People as badly gone as that just don't snap out of it, and the radio story refused to pander to the public with an unlikely happy ending.

Can't We Take It?

I HAVE noticed on several occasions the reluctance of the NZBS to give us a fairly long work in one dose. This policy of breaking a composition of some length is not as prevalent now as it once was, when the limit of listeners' attention seemed to be regarded as about 15 minutes. Nevertheless, when I sat down prepared to give undivided attention to a major work which I had not heard before, but about which I had read much, the Bach *Art of Fugue*, I found it rather galling to have it cut in the middle with a "continued next week." The BBC has begun the policy of giving full broadcasts to really long and difficult works in the Third Programme. Wellington has four programmes being broadcast at the same time; surely the one of these which has serious music might be a little less timid.

"THE LISTENER" CROSSWORD

(Solution to No. 429)



Clues Across

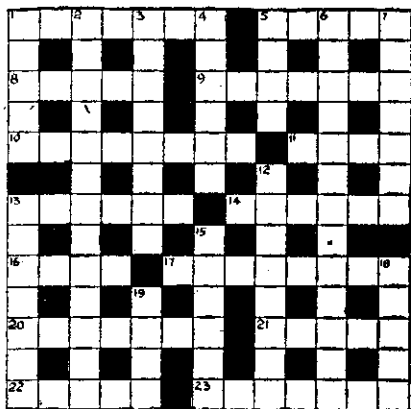
- "Now sleeps the — petal, now the white" (Tennyson).
- Man is, for example.
- In short, the commanding officer suffers a reverse in front of the worthless dog.
- Neptune and Britannia have this in common.
- Mrs. Malaprop might have misquoted Milton thus:
"Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The — of neighb'ring eyes."
- Miss Turner's first name, or an anagram of Mr. Mowbrey's.
- This type of needle, though blunt, sounds unkind.
- It is backward in the middle of the day.
- Angel, bishop, deacon, duke or fiend?
- "the heaven's breath
Smells woefully here . . .
. . . I have observed
The air is —"
(Macbeth, Act 1, Sc. 6).
- It has nothing to do with outings, although the chances are you'll be out at the end of yours.
- Figuratively to be girded.

- "Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him —" ("Rime of the Ancient Mariner"—Coleridge).
- In spite of the film title, the lion really has — (2, 5)
And with a slight transposition, it's snowing.

Clues Down

- Too many are said to spoil the broth.
- Canned science (anag.)
- Part of the magician's trick entertainment.
- "One touch of — makes the whole world kin." ("Troilus and Cressida," Act 3, Sc. 3).
- "For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth—and bubble." ("Macbeth," Act 4, Sc. 1).
- Mixture of privation and care.
- A light from a red tin.
- The Duke of Edinburgh is the King's.
- Swing low, sweet one.
- "What a piece of work is man!
Now noble in —" ("Hamlet," Act 2, Sc. 2).
- Relieves.
- Does she dine standing on her head?

No. 430 (Constructed by R.W.C.)



When style's
in the picture—



Manufactured by J. A. Wilkinson & Son Ltd., Commerce Street, Frankton.