

"I'll certainly be pleased when they start to broadcast Parliament—Father hasn't laughed since 'Take It From Here' stopped"

the existence of humour throws a light upon man's estate, and his sense of the fitness of things, and it is the absence of the latter, plus their otherwise close resemblance to us, which makes us think that monkeys are funny. I have, however, found so far no time-shattering intuitions concerning man or even modern American man emerging from Professor Jones's talks. He has told me a little I did not know about the *New Yorker*, has touched on Perelman and, I think, mentioned Thurber; and all I am tempted to say, descending even lower than Dorothy Parker's "A Girl's best friend is her mutter," is that I am no Thurber forward than before.

—Westcliff

Conflict of Choice

IF there is one thing the listener dislikes as much as no interesting programme, it is two of them at the same time, and a black Wednesday at the beginning of June provided this conflict maddeningly. Station 4YC has been giving us a good series of plays on Wednesdays; but on this night, *Country Calendar*, from 4YA was at the same time offering us a talk by Cotford Burdon. Mr. Burdon, as I have found in the past, can be quite as good as a play; but the play went on for two hours, and he for fifteen minutes, the first fifteen minutes of the play. So I remained tuned in to *Country Calendar*. After Mr. Burdon's wit, the play seemed turgid, a semi-poetic and sentimental treatment of François Villon, but I still concede that "a light-hearted treatment of the

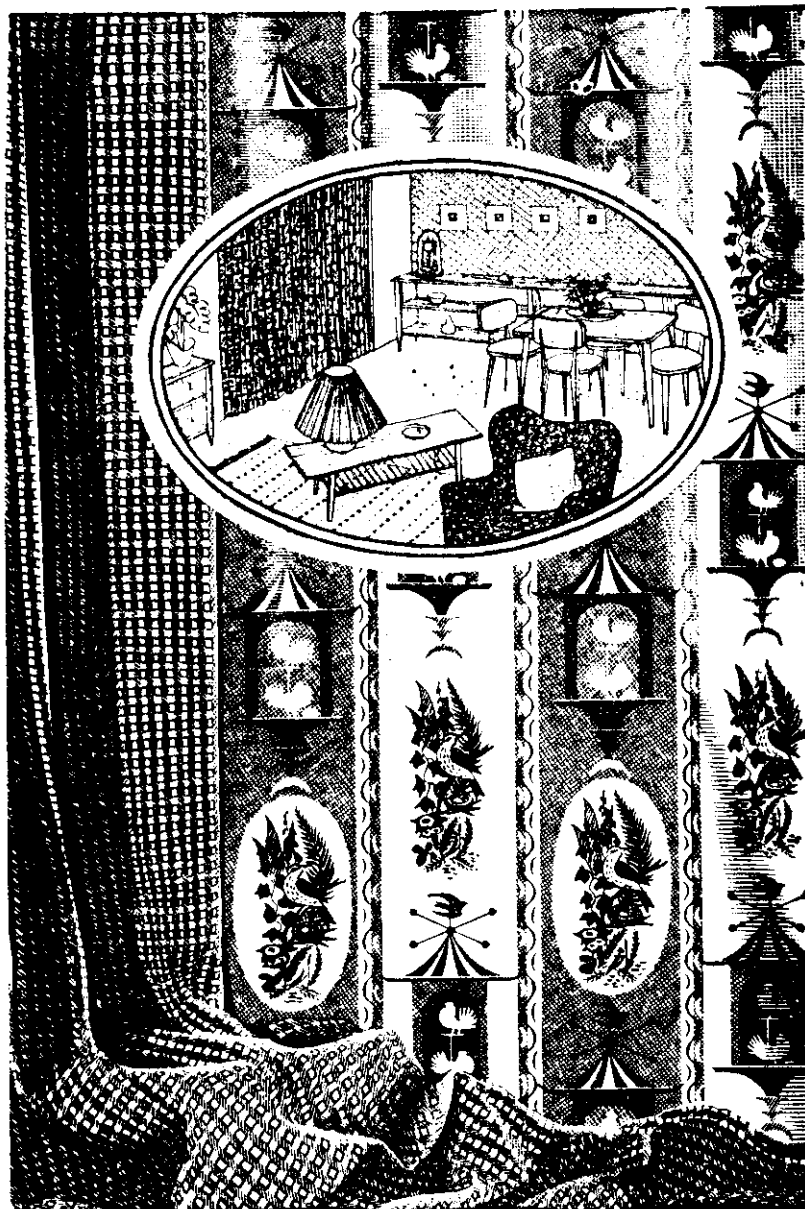
town versus country question," occupying its first fifteen minutes was not its best introduction. One wonders if such a conflict of choice is really necessary. I do not regret my decision: the picture of Mr. Burdon fleeing Christchurch as "Lot fled Sodom," the libations and incantations of the young men from the Department of Agriculture, and the inimitable Burdon treatment of many other facets of country life are not easily forgotten, nor do they lose their power to amuse. Other listeners may have chosen the play first, and thus missed one of the best talks of the year.

Lightness Lost

THE speed and the brevity with which a BBC panel trifled cheerfully with the notion "My Pet Hate" made an amusing programme which has most regrettably inspired a series of fifteen minute talks at present to be heard from 4YA. The BBC used a team of speakers, and in the interplay of comment some lightness was achieved: to bog a single speaker down in a prolonged dissertation on a subject essentially trifling (if treated in a determinedly "light-hearted" manner) seems to involve him in the busy manufacture of a set of unreal stereotyped figures to serve as foci for the hatred demanded of him. Perhaps the speakers so far heard are too good-tempered for the role in which they have been cast; it is more likely, however, that the idea behind these talks is too slight—like a Bikini on a fat woman, there just isn't enough to go round.

—Loquax

N.Z. LISTENER, JUNE 18, 1954.



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