

hammock, the emotional atmosphere is hearteningly sane.

Boldly Adapted

THE title of Richard Pape's book *Boldness Be My Friend* is also applicable to the BBC production, which minces neither words nor effects in bringing the book to the microphone. There is little time for conversation in the serial, little time for looking twice at characters other than the main protagonists. Energy is kept for action, not for talk, so that such conversation as there is comes with startling dramatic effect, like Pape's shout of "Achtung" in the German restaurant. But one could wish that the adaptation had been a little fuller, especially in the middle episodes, where it seemed we were hurried from one disaster to the next, the series merely forming a staircase of horrors leading to some pinnacle of suspense from which we are to hang as best we can till next week. But one is grateful for a pace that means only a sentence can be spared for weeks in a Gestapo prison.

—M.B.

Various Grievances

JOAN STEVENS accurately pinpointed things which annoy us in 3YA's *Here's My Discomfort*. Experiencing the rowdy burrowing for sweets by filmgoers, Miss Stevens is not surprised that paper can be used in the studio to simulate the elements. She dealt also with the loud-mouthed votaries who talk of all they have seen while the travelogue focuses on historic London. Some things were peculiar to women—for instance, throwing a mackintosh over house clothes and then simmering in the unexpected warmth of town because the coat cannot be taken off, suffering for the conventions. Lastly Miss Stevens railed at the use of the words "of course," interpreting it as a sign of intellectual snobbery. But surely this is a harmless device used by the writer to let his readers gently in on something they may or may not know about. If the information given is well known to one half of the readers they will supply their own contemptuous "of

course," and if it is not known to the other half and is withheld they will feel that you are writing above them.

Australian Literature

MY own ignorance of Australian literature is abysmal. Separated though Australia and New Zealand are by one sea, the need to assimilate English literature plus a preoccupation with our own leaves little time to study Australian work. Occasionally we get a thumbnail sketch of the literary scene in Australia but it is seldom enough to lead us further. And this, I think, was the case with Dr. Murray Todd's "Australian Literature Today," heard over 3YC, which dealt with *Meanjin*, *Southerly*, *The Bulletin*, the enervating effect of belief in free verse techniques, and in general the diminished glory of Australian letters. Some years ago, listening to what must have been a fine review of *The Young Cosima*, the author's name stuck in my memory until, to my own profit, I came by a copy of another book by Henry Handel Richardson, *The Fortunes of Richard Mahony*. That review bore fruit, and on its basis I suggest that we really have room for a more thorough-going treatment of Australian literature.

—Westcliff

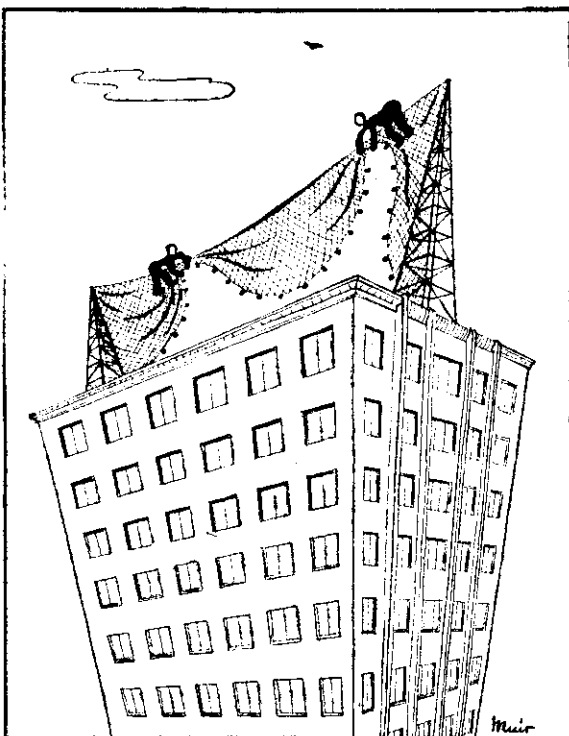
TRIO CONCERT

LOOK where people have come blindfold and in breath to find
bullion lying face upward high on the cliff
gold head seeming never beaten by storm of wind or cloud
ear never stifled with more than enough sea-noise
like a shell's insistent golden echo life-lasting
yet begun here from three men and their three hours' death.

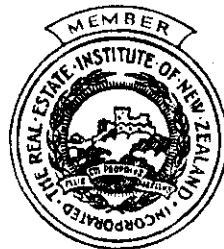
Let us unbandage our eyes.

Look where three musicians underground hack rock
rub two frail notes together to blaze light enough
for seeing excavation of another mind's night.
Bare to the heart skin bound with chain of sweat
they die a little for us. Look where we unwind
our own glistening letter of shillings to walk their cliff
picking too casually as the picking up of a toy gold block
their three hours' death their sun and sum of bullion
dug loose and risen from clay dark.—Quick, quick
blindfold again walk high on their gold cliff.

—Janet Frame



"That was a network broadcast"



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