

difficulties likely to follow. These Hungarians arrived on such a wave of goodwill on our side and relief on theirs that we're all wide open to disillusion, which would be a sad end to the enterprise.

What is Truth?

THE BBC's *Guilty Party*, at present preceding *TIFH* from 2ZB on Sunday evenings, is a nice piece of hokum. It's one of the endless variations of the panel game. In this one the panel are given the task of solving a crime, having first heard the private eye and his police friends doing their investigation, and then having the opportunity to examine the suspects themselves. "The culprit may lie," the panel is informed, "but the others must tell the truth." But what is truth when the whole crime is fiction anyway? The interrogation sounds most skillfully informal and impromptu, but since the characters have no trouble answering the questions it is obvious that they have been briefed by the author; and since he could not do this unless he knew what questions the panel were going to ask, the show can't be quite the on-the-spot affair it appears. Which is not to say the panel's final deduction is not made with strict fairness. I find the ingenuity of the set-up and the flair with which it is carried off more entertaining than the little mysteries, though they're not to be sneezed at.

—R.D.McE.

Speech is Silver

NO one could take exception to the sentiment expressed by Mr. Harkfast, principal character of J. B. Priestley's play, *The Golden Entry*. He is a man in whose reality we would all wish strongly to believe; a man devoted to the rearing and nursing of talent, who believes, as in a faith, in the power of the human spirit to keep a lamp alight in a world darkened by the grossness of self-satisfied materialism. These views Harkfast expresses with the grumpy eloquence for which Priestley himself has become celebrated; they might have been lifted word for word from his *Thoughts in the Wilderness* series which appeared last year in the *New Statesman and Nation*. But the play as a whole fails because the characters are at once too clear in outline and too thin in texture, and their operations on each other are shown sentimentally, as either very much for Harkfast and his world, or equally strongly against. The play takes place in Burmanley, which Priestley has visited before in other plays. It is the very home of the smug bourgeoisie, and whether this smugness can be pierced or not by the *preux chevaliers* of the spirit, is something which Priestley leaves it to us to decide. *The Golden Entry* gives us at least some hope that genius will always be heard, and by a few, loved.

Eighteen Carat

THE LATE CHRISTOPHER BEAN, which the NZBS presented last week in *ZB Sunday Showcase*, by Emlyn Williams, from the French, is a much earlier play than Priestley's, and much richer and truer. Genius, in the person of Christopher Bean, exists off-stage,

since he died ten years before the play begins, and this makes him much easier to handle. His estate consists of a pile of pictures painted in another Burmanley, regarded by locals as hideous daubs, what people describe in letters to the press as "art." Suddenly he is discovered, proclaimed a genius, and assorted vultures from the art world descend on the household of Dr. Haggitt, in search of loot. The action pungently exposes the pretensions and charlatanry of the dealers' world, and equally savagely, the horrible toadying of the Philistine, once he can set a price. There is a Welsh maid, Gwennie, to whom, it is slowly revealed, the late Christopher Bean was briefly married before his death, and she proves finally to be the rightful owner of the pictures, and she walks off with them at the end, refusing to allow the world's value to be set on the only gifts her lover was able to make her. Genius, it is implied, will only live in those who love it for itself. The NZBS production was at least as vigorous as *The Golden Entry*, and it was entirely free from the many fluffs which marred the *World Theatre* production. A bold experiment was the choice of Natasha Tver for Gwennie; several intonations unmistakably continental rather worked against the Welsh, but it was a very intelligent performance, and the rise and fall of phrase, the lilt, was often astonishingly accurate.

—B.E.G.M.

CRISIS IN MATHEMATICS

"If you were to write a paper with the heading 'The Crisis in Mathematical Philosophy,' and send it to any mathematical or philosophical journal, the Editor would know exactly what you were talking about. The crisis is quite public and it has been going on now for about 50 years. . . I'm trying to give you some idea of what the fuss is about." In these words the well-known mathematician W. W. Sawyer explains the scope of four talks which will start from 1YC on Wednesday, February 27, and later will be heard from other YC stations.

Mr. Sawyer shows how mathematics developed in the 17th, 18th and 19th centuries, and how mathematical philosophy has now become a "burning question." The present upheaval is reflected in the existence of three major conflicting schools of thought—the intuitionists, the logicians and the formalists, and Mr. Sawyer explains the ideas behind these schools. Among the problems discussed is the arithmetic of infinities, one of the most controversial branches of mathematics, a problem which leads him to the views of the logicians and the intuitionists. His last talk is mainly about the formalists. Mr. Sawyer does not promise to solve any of the difficulties he raises. He would like to have done so, but he concluded that after months of research he may well have reached a solution that nobody else would agree with. "There won't be any summing up," he says, "because I'm dealing with questions to which I don't know the answer."

The talks are intended for listeners with some knowledge of mathematics—engineers, scientists, biologists and those interested in philosophy. In them Mr. Sawyer overcomes the major problem of the radio speaker on mathematics—the loss of the traditional blackboard and chalk.



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