

Knew, Betty Bernadelli about experimental psychology, and Trevor Williams about Sweden have a more general appeal than good housekeeping and advice on mothercraft. Because the texture of such talks, too, is slighter than that of the usual IYC one, they might provide welcome interludes between symphonies on that station. In any case, *Feminine Viewpoint*, now handled by Cherry Raymond as if she had been there from the beginning, sets a very high standard, and treats its feminine listeners as adults interested in the world around them and in ideas, not as empty vessels to be filled with the latest episode of some heart-rending domestic drama.

Men and Maps

ONE *Feminine Viewpoint* talk I caught last week both interested and mildly irritated me—D. W. McKenzie on "Maps in the Middle Ages" in his series *The Wonderful World of Maps*. This instructive and attention-catching series, given by a lively enthusiast, will, I am sure, transform the nature of maps for anyone who has regarded them as dull necessities or confusing mysteries. I felt, however, that the reasons Mr McKenzie gave for the imperfections of medieval maps rested upon over-simplified ideas of medieval thought. I had thought that the practice of censuring medieval men because they had not accumulated the knowledge leading to modern technology, or suggesting that, had they not been so concerned with religion, they might have been as wise, well adjusted and judicious as we are, had faded with more knowledge of the Middle Ages. Mr McKenzie did not go as far as this, but he came close to it. For instance, is it really a sign of ingenuousness to fill the blank spaces on maps with weird creatures and one-legged men? Current science fiction peoples the planets with bug-eyed monsters as fanciful as any imagined by medieval men, and intended, perhaps, no more seriously.

—J.C.R.

As Ever Was

NEW ZEALAND'S natural phenomenon remains remarkably herself. Does anyone nowadays come upon Aunt Daisy some morning unawares? Discovering her is like opening a book by an unknown author and stumbling upon a rare character we should like to have invented ourselves. Countless indifferent mimics aspire to imitate her, but some quality of the original always eludes us. This morning it is vintage Daisy. Outside my window Wellington is bleak and grey, but a Very Nice Day with Nothing to Grumble About, she makes of that. Whisking us through a pictorial magazine she recognises familiar haunts with cries of joy, saving a positive paen for Paekakariki, as if there lay the abode of all earthly bliss. She bestows a gay warrant of fitness to govern ("they could run the country—the Junior Chamber"), finds time for a polite aside ("the Bishop's son, you know"), momentarily loses herself among her papers whilst warding off a Dreadful Fly. Everything is said with gusto and a real delight in sharing experience. She is the buyer with a bargain or the shrewd window shopper: never merely the enthusiastic

saleswoman but always the Satisfied Customer. There lies the secret of her success.

Photo Finish?

NECK and neck, stride for stride, I think the New Zealander has just got his nose in front. Or is this rank parochialism? Listening to the broadcasts from Trentham and then to the description of the Caulfield Cup, I felt that the odds favoured the local artist. On the other side of the Tasman the commentaries are less impassioned, the brake is on. Over here we are conditioned to a certain rhythm, a mounting tempo, a familiar pattern. Commentator and listener alike are more involved. Each well-known phrase stirs an exact emotional response. What warm reassurance lies behind "tucked in on the

rails," a slight cockiness cannot be suppressed at "bowling along nicely in front," and how the death knell sounds on "catching him at every stride"! For most listeners the few minutes of any race are emotional ones. Even when the result seems foregone, a catch in the throat acknowledges the vaunting champion as he comes down to the winning post, with ears pricked, two lengths clear of the field. Something was lacking in the account of Tulloch's victory. For colour, the nose-sweep and excitement my money goes

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BEEN GOOD TO KNOW YOU

*THERE'S a breathless hush in the House tonight—
The session has ground to a weary halt.
The rows of benches are empty quite
Above and below the salt.
Vacated is the Speaker's chair,
The microphones are finally dead,
And even the cleaners working there
Have tottered home to bed.
But where are the Ministers and M.P.'s
Who made these halls their late abode?
They've all gone off to Bellamy's
To have one for the road.*

—R.G.P.

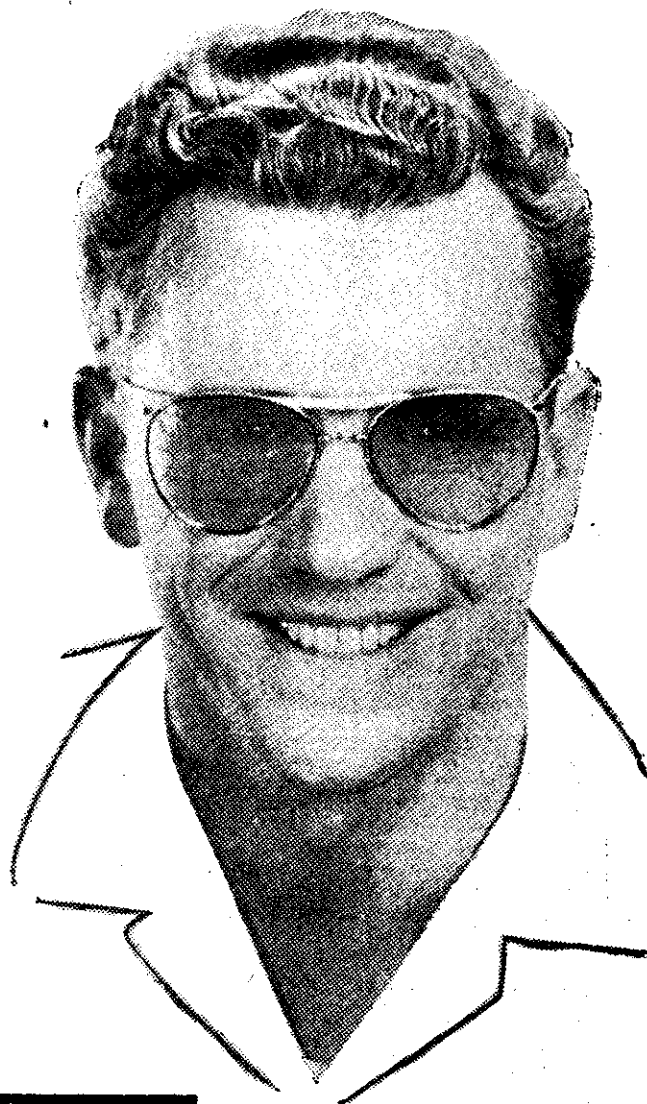
to the New Zealand commentators. On the nose.

—N.L.M.

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