

WHERE THE KITTEN SITS

Oh there, where the kitten sits, is my regret,
On the painted wall by the gate and the luchsia tree,
Where, in a sunny doze, my skimpy pet
Forgets the forest of scarlet beans
Where she saw the lizard flit
And the amorous lawns she'll
Stalk in the nights to be
And her yammering mew at the bright evasive tit,
All snug in a numbskull world her trivial days are set;
Oh there, where the kitten sits, is my regret.

—Margaret Garland

ence asked the Broadcasting authorities to save complete, we have heard only unannounced snippets from talks by Vance Palmer and Blackwood Paul. Is this to be all? If too discursive, the scripts might have been tackled in the same manner as the Church Congress addresses which were abridged and recorded separately for the general public last May. The power of the radio to stimulate thought, communicate ideas, give a worthwhile critical opinion, or open up a path into indigenous culture is immense and I feel that through lack either of enthusiasm or equipment it is not being fully explored at present in Canterbury. Perhaps there is a certain timidity; a fear that the final product will not be quite BBC. If so a more positive, expansive attitude is necessary, one that can take criticism in its stride. All calves totter at birth, no matter how they may gallop later. —Westcliff

New Schools for Old

SINCE the "new" education is much discussed today with, so far as one on the side-lines can tell, equal prejudice on both sides, it is good that the topic should be aired on the radio, as in L. V. Bryant's three talks from 1YC. The last, the only one I heard, contained a reasonable demonstration that industry and commerce tend to regard education from too narrow a viewpoint, and presented a case for wider sympathy by the community. Yet I felt that Mr. Bryant impaired his argument by such references as those to "the old regime, when the teacher was the bully and the boss, someone to be feared." This favourite straw-man embodies as lop-sided a view as the opposed generalisation of the tolerant, imperturbable, enlightened "modern" teacher, chockful of understanding, sensitivity and culture. Mr. Bryant's educational philosophy, rather over-deliberately stated, is one which clearly rests on enthusiasm and experience. But I would regard his definition of a good school as that which "fills youth with security, graciousness and ordered freedom" as woefully incomplete. Could not 1YC now give us a series in which what is good in the "new" education is balanced against what was good (pace Mr. Bryant) in the old?

Holiday Session

COMMENDABLY realising that the suspension of the normal Schools Broadcasts during holiday periods leaves a gap in the day for many children, the National Stations have been running a morning half-hour holiday session on weekdays. Station 1YA has held its end up well by maintaining the lighter atmosphere appropriate to times when school-

doors are closed, and, although there are grains of instruction under the sugar-coating. John Gordon does not allow this to become obvious. Jamaican folktales, Fun with Music, quizzes and an astonishingly concentrated *King Solomon's Mines* have kept the first week bright and entertaining. It is to be hoped that this session will continue as a regular holiday feature, if only because it helps reduce the number of hours during which harassed mothers must find things for their children not to do.

—J.C.R.

Barrie Fantasy

SEARED by the red-hot immediacy of the dramas of Odets and O'Neill we are now perhaps too case-hardened to take public pleasure in the more fanciful fantasies of J. M. Barrie, but in the privacy of the home we can relish him to the full. Last week I heard *Rosalind*, a delightful bit of frippery about a famous actress who sneaks off once in a while to pose as her own mother and put her feet up on the comfy couch of middle-age. It's a play I've never seen on the stage, and I can see that most producers would boggle at attempting it, so easily could the illusion be shattered by a too kittenish actress or a too heavy-handed make-up man. But the radio version had Phyllis Neilson-Terry in the name part and no problems of quick-change mechanics, and the gossamer of Barrie's invention was unimpaired. The play was prefaced by a rather pointless reminiscence of Barrie by Frank Swinnerton—or rather, not so much pointless as pointing in the wrong direction, in this case to the merits of Daisy Ashford's *Little Visitors*.

Folksy

SUNDOWNER (2ZB on Sunday nights) is a programme that succeeds in getting down on the script and then getting from script to listener the genuine folksy flavour of the Australian wayback. To do this once would be fair enough, but here we have a feature that keeps on doing it week after week without getting ideas above its station. Aided by Chips Rafferty's drawl (his contract is evidently sufficiently watertight for him to fluff a line without losing that celebrated nonchalance) it saunters along, sometimes exploring the poetry of aboriginal legend, more often picking up round the camp-fire or at a shearers' smoko stories of the faithfulness of cobs and the flightiness of girls, sometimes reciting Banjo Paterson, sometimes just chewing the fat about the rumness of life in general. Its very shapelessness kindles our fond illusion that this is Life, the Dinkum Oil mercifully unchanneled through the bowser station of Art.

—M.B.



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