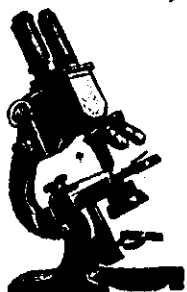


expect to gather the harvest of poetry more easily than that?" The poets she discussed, with brief well-chosen extracts from their works, were Edith Sitwell, Kathleen Raine and Anne Ridler. Such a talk, lasting less than fifteen minutes, could be only the briefest of introductions, but it was perfect of its kind.

—Loquax

Seeded Players

DOCUMENTARY, that word of doom, will henceforth have less power to appal me, since it must be obvious to any listener to a YA station on Monday night that one cannot live by entertainment alone, that there are times when one takes pleasure in an orderly, unlaboured progress from fact to fact, when one is positively grateful for being brought, ear to ear, with the challenging reality of Men at Work. *Seeds by the Million*, a saga of the Seed Testing



Station, illustrated (I thought) the merits of the straightforward, or conducted-tour type of radio reporting. The somewhat stilted replies which the reporter first elicited from girls brought up to answer a question with a complete sentence did not conceal the interest

each seemed to take in her work. (One girl, asked if she did not find it monotonous counting white clover seeds into fours, explained that she often got other kinds of seeds to count.) This enthusiasm for the work was in no time at all communicated to the reporter, who was moved to comment on the fact that the Germination Room was enamelled "attractively and appropriately" in pale green. At the end of the programme I found myself in the happy position of having grasped the clearly-presented technicalities, and furthermore, of knowing and endorsing the aims and objects of Seed Testing.

Dark Drama

I HAVE always had a predilection for poetic drama over the air, but lately whenever I have voiced this opinion among a circle of my acquaintances there has been a significant pause, followed by "Did you hear that thing, *The Dark Island*?" I say No, eyebrows are significantly raised, and the conversation sinks into other channels. Last Wednesday I heard *The Dark Island* and enjoyed every minute of it, all sixty of them, for reasons which were sufficient though perhaps not always good. To be sure, in the beginning the emotional colour was laid on a little thick, and it was difficult to tell, amid the bursts of sustained and significant music, whether one was listening to a tone poem garnished with verbal felicities in the 2YA tradition, or narrative laced with diminished sevenths. But once the narrative had swung into its stride and the music was relegated to what I feel is its primary function, even in radio drama—the making of emotional bridges—the play gripped me completely. When, once the sad drama of Caractacus and Claudius ("that nagging



SELWYN TOOGOOD is on a tour of country centres of the North Island with "Money-Go-Round," the quiz show heard from ZB stations at 8.0 p.m. on Thursdays. Mr. Toogood is recording sessions of the quiz in fourteen towns between Wellington and Whangarei. The show is being put on for a variety of organisations from kindergartens to football clubs

cripple with a book-lined head") had been played out I should have liked the play to finish. But the Druids, invoked at the play's beginning and scarcely mentioned since, had yet to be placated, and it took a few more deepening of the Celtic twilight before darkness was finally permitted to descend.

—M.B.

Joy Cometh in the Morning

LETTERS appearing in the press have led me in recent weeks to listen a little more attentively to breakfast sessions. I confined myself to the YA stations and frankly I cannot see what some people complain about. It is the Englishman's traditional privilege to be grumpy at breakfast and to retire behind *The Times* while eating his kidneys and bacon, muttering about rising taxation and the results of the Tests in Australia. This is, of course, the characteristic legend of the English about themselves—always the opposite to the truth. But in New Zealand breakfast (especially in the winter) is still a pretty grim meal, which it seems it is the avowed intention of the NZBS to brighten. They do this first with the so-called "popular" recordings which are usually of the bright and breezy type. When we do hear a sentimental ballad it is never really affecting, for while the "women waiting for her demon lover" may raise a tear, the crooner calling to its mate can arouse only a smile. It is the selection of records for the "classical corner" that seems to have caused controversy. Personally, I thought them well chosen; the pieces short and usually well known, with not too many slow compositions. After all, try to select a set of records for a morning "classical corner" for six days a week and see what you end up with; and then do the same for the next week, and the next, and so on. The marvel is that they are as consistent as they are. The most we can expect is that the interludes shall be bright and cheerful between what we are really listening for—the time.

—D.M.

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