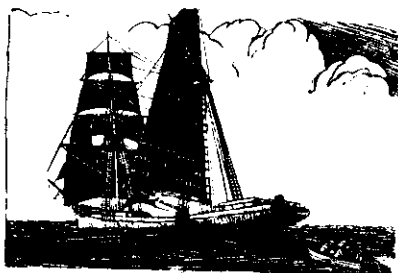


disbelief. In a radio world where so much is sensational, one may perhaps be forgiven for occasionally mistaking the true for just another sensation. Though I have heard that truth is stranger than fiction, I am not certain that it is stranger than ZB fiction, and it is this doubt that mars many a ZB programme for me. Could they not grade their sessions for the benefit of the earnest listener? (Fact, fact improved or fact abused, might be suitable classifications.) I have begun listening to the new series *Famous Frauds*. The first episode dealt with an army-inspired impersonation of Montgomery during the war. It was interesting enough, if true—but was it true? Absolutely true? And was this fraud famous, as the title of the series suggests, or are my friends unusually ignorant, that they should never have heard of it?

—Loquax

Sweet Thames

FOR me Colin Wills is beginning to be a name to be reckoned with. I first heard him recounting his trip to West Africa where, among other things, he described his visit to an old native who had second sight and who told Wills he could see a lot of other people with him. Since then he has written a book about Africa. His *The Thames, a journey from the Source to the Sea*, heard over 3YC was equally impressive. What with the historical associations, the legends and the people who live close by there is no lack of material but it is the approach which counts. Here Colin Wills acted with discretion. There were scholarly annotations but these were kept



down in number and gained point by being read in a different voice, there were excerpts from talks with people who lived nearby but no inordinate passion for realism was allowed to swamp the script. And finally, though such a talk springs from a poetic impulse, this impulse being allowed neither to spill over nor gush, moved and illuminated from within, flushing an otherwise documentary narrative with the glow of deeper feeling.

The Mariner Hath His Will

TOO often the radio script sounds as if it is being read. Concentrating on the formal delivery, so many people, especially those from the intellectual upper-crust, pound their scripts down until each sentence rises and falls in a monotonous sequence not really following the often quite exciting subject matter. Overseas speakers, partly perhaps because they get more practice, are not so prone to this fault. The interesting thing is that the art of making everything live for your audience does not belong exclusively to any one class of society. Your rough-and-ready man with a rough-and-ready voice may be an artist here while the more academic person fails, a thought which forced its way in upon me as I listened to Binnacle's "More Days More Dollars" over 3YC. Binnacle conveys the impression that he is telling an impromptu yarn of coastal sailing around New Zealand waters in early days. Of course the sea yields almost as many stories as fish, and possibly in the long sea days men learn how to

tell yarns, and this makes them "naturals" for the radio once they have retired. I am convinced however that New Zealand broadcast talks would improve if those who gave them first listened to people of Binnacle's calibre.

—Westcliff

THE HUNGRY

THEN when the spring comes they open the library windows,
Let in the green masses of the chestnut trees
And the feel of the river sliding between green banks.

THE touch of books in this cool room fails
To waken now the required responses. Life do not pass by!
Scarcely aware of heart cry turn we over dead pages,

MASKING with customary skill our hungry eyes,
Whispering over and over how important the whole pageant
Adam to MacArthur; yet they too woke desolate,

WEeping for love on a spring morning. Afterwards calm,
How would they lead them, the first sons, then soldiers?
No more courting immortal merit than most, but knowing

THE thing to be done, now. We in the twilight
Pause, we wonder. Are the lovers beside the river
In bright garments wiser than we? Are the

LIVING the ones who live on? The half-dead
Hand in the dusk trembles, gropes towards contact
With warmer earth with lips, giving complete meaning

TO the long saga, knowing at last what inhabits
The page after all; the living, the bright loved ones,
And the feel of the river, calm, in its green banks.

—Paul Henderson

N.Z. LISTENER, FEBRUARY 22, 1952.

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- No waiting to heat
- No switching on or off
- No irritating whistle



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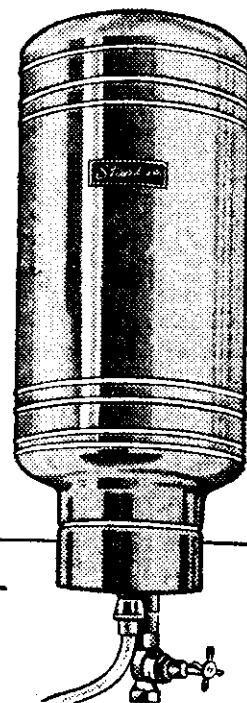
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