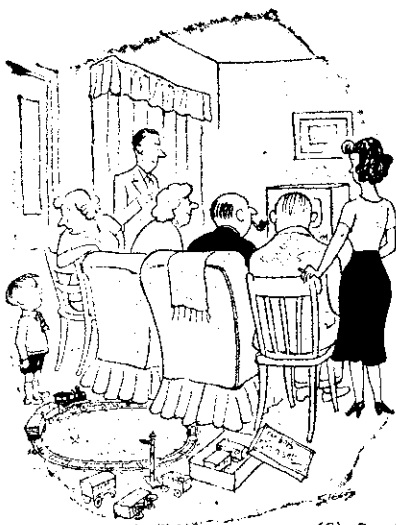




(C) Punch

"Think of all the poor little boys who haven't got television"

culties are no doubt ironed out beforehand; in radio, we are presented with the raw material. With the use of tape-recorders, some sort of editing should be possible. A doubt remains in my mind, however. Is the NZBS using an established journalistic technique without considering the specific requirements of radio? In other words, to return to Mr. Quayle, would it not have been better to have heard him speaking, either extempore or from a prepared script, without the goad of persistent questioning?

—Loquax

Welles in Shadow

ORSON WELLES, deprived of juvenile reading as a child, took to comics like a duck to water during a later phase of his life. Whether this excursion into immature realms blunted his sensibilities we cannot tell, but we've got to find a scapegoat for his performance in *The Black Museum*, the new series from 3YA dealing with the history of objects in Scotland Yard's museum. For a man capable of producing *Citizen Kane* where new techniques opened up possibilities in the motion picture world, his work in this series is singularly trite. There is, in fact, nothing to distinguish the feature from *They Walk by Night*. The melodramatic musical score for *The Black Museum* was not far removed from the elementary clanking of chains with which manacled ghosts are supposed to frighten us. Admittedly Welles did not produce the programme, but it is disappointing to find him even associated with work where, if his light is not extinguished, it is hidden by a pretty substantial bushel.

Report from Korea

THE failing of the documentary approach to the record of battle is that it dramatises everything with an equal eye:

On the right a village is burning, in a market town to the left
The soldiers fire, the mayor bursts into tears...

... The steady eyes of the crow and the camera's candid eye
See as honestly as they know how, but they lie.

It is more true, more human in the best sense of the word, to find our attention caught and fixed on the unsightly disasters of war. Here alone is its human meaning crystallised in the outrage to life, feeling and dignity. From this point of view the BBC dramatisation of Rene Cutforth's *38th Parallel*, over 3YC, came closest to the truth. The eye that observed events in Korea gave more attention to some things than to others; to the symbol of the blackened corpse beneath two fused iron electric light poles, to the man who could not see, sit, or lie because he had no skin. It had seen and recorded "the totally unprivileged position of the Koreans." It was an eye which knew the difference between true and false restraint. Therefore, I could trust it and I could forgive the one or two lapses when the script was reeled off mechanically.

—Westcliff

Skiping the Centuries

IF for some reason the emotional current linking actors and audience fails, then no matter how high the dramatic voltage of a play, the audience will remain detached. I got considerable pleasure (perverted if you like) from observing from a safe distance the emotional wear and tear on hero Peter Standish in the NZBS version of Balderstone's *Berkeley Square*. It was no fault of the NZBS that the thing failed to convince; it would have taken a Rider Haggard to solve the dilemma of a person who falls in love out of his century in defiance of the facts of history; but my non-participation left me regrettably free to note lesser technical faults in the production, such as the lack of ease exhibited by some of the minor characters, and the unnecessarily noisy gear-shift from 20th Century to 18th.

Missing Answers

IN television, *What's My Line?* may be the BBC's most entertaining programme; in radio I should rank it as only average good entertainment, though I realise that constant listening may give the personalities taking part a chance to make their own headway. But I'd like to see the programme slanted still more to the human side than to the intellectual. These followers of unusual occupations are probably interesting people. The programme as it stands demands that they should be regarded as mere guinea-pigs for the panel, their personalities confined within the strait-jacket of yes-or-no answers. But sometimes the satisfaction I feel in the panel's prowess is not enough to outweigh the dissatisfaction I feel in never knowing the answer to questions such as "Why did that nice Miss-So-and-So become a Private Eye?"

—M.B.

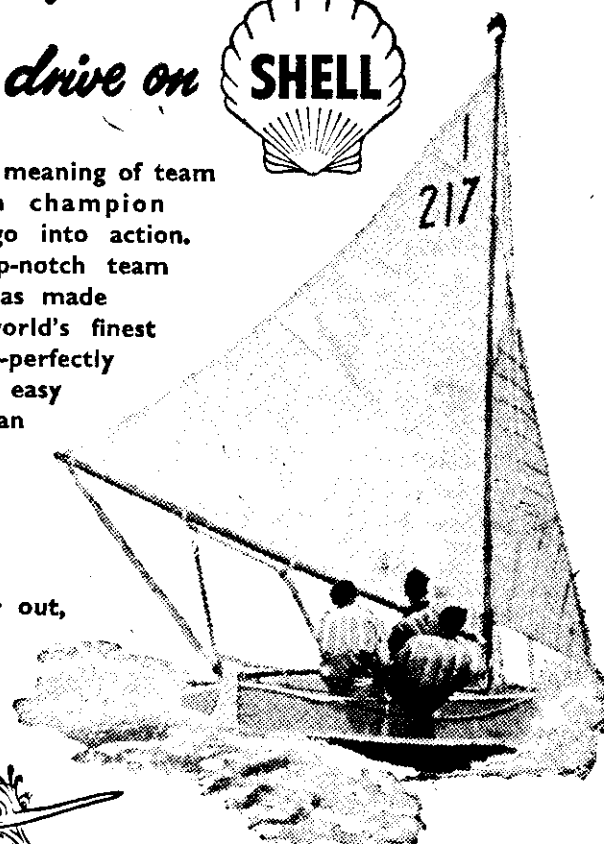
ONE of the new frequencies for Radio New Zealand to the Pacific Islands, printed in *The Listener* of March 20, was given incorrectly. The correct frequencies are shown below:
To Pacific Islands: 1800-2145 GMT, 9620 kcs.; 2200-0545 GMT, 11,810 kcs.; 0600-1045 GMT, 9620 kcs.

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