

NEW WINE, OLD BOTTLES

THEY had known it all before, routine

Dated as a pre-war magazine:
Tinkle of chatter and tea-cups after the show,
Confessional titbits, mutual dislikes,
Books, records, films, the radio:
Wire-lifting gallantry on Saturday hikes;
A blown fuse, a lost torch,
First tremulous kiss on the midnight porch.

They had heard it all before: accusations,
The tedious half-truths of explanations;
And then the letters—white leaves
Drifting through the door unseen—
By autumn, fewer: their minds, like trees,
Had shaken themselves clean,
And they accepted as natural law,
Winter wind in the heart, the closed door.

But this was new: years after,
When time had fractured their laughter,
When blood flowed thicker in the vein,
Mind, walking at her summer ease
In step with heart in evergreen,
Threw off her coat of feize,
Danced a step or two to meet
Heart's old tolly ambling up the street.

And so, for convenience, they were married,
(Or for companionship the neighbours said;)
How could he, in the gentle guise
Of respectable middle-age affection,
Tie down truth with half-lies,
Hide heart's old intention?
Yet found, knocking at her door,
No answer: this, at least, was as before.

—Colin Newbury

broadcast to schools in which Sir Edmund Hillary and Mr. George Lowe answered questions submitted by children particularly attractive, even when compared with the other Everest broadcasts, all of them of a high standard. The speakers were fluent and, as we have come to expect, always interesting; but the children, too, deserved credit for the brevity of their questions. A child asked: "How hard did the wind blow on the top of Everest?" Few adults, I suspect, would have resisted the temptations of prolixity, framing the question in respect of this, and with reference to that, what in your opinion, with regard to so and so. Another child, without troubling to etch in a background of biology, anthropology, psychology, merely asked: "What do you think of the Abominable Snowman?" The result was a swift programme which could well serve as a model for many of the adult programmes of a question and answer type.

—Loquax

Beyond Reproach

I HAVE long been acquainted with Superman from a distance—the distance, all too short, that separates our kitchen from our living-room, but it was not till I read the news that Superman was under suspicion that I decided to become a close listener. And I was most agreeably surprised. You can't even find fault with the accent—it's impeccably ABC. And morally it's a hundred per cent. Superman has all Sir Galahad had, and possibly a better chest expansion. The heroine is a thoroughly nice, comradely, plucky girl—so unfair that I can't remember her name when I have no difficulty in remembering the names of the more shameless hussies of fiction. And even politically this particular Superman series is irreproachably correct: the enemy is the Guardians.

a nasty nest of neo-Fascists.

After the Crime

RADIO has an advantage when it comes to murders; it can present a nasty murder quite nicely, even in the first person. The play I heard on Saturday, an adaptation of W. W. Jacobs's *His Brother's Keeper*, would have been unbearable seen as well as heard: the murder is over neatly in the first few moments, but we must traverse with the narrator the agony between commission and confession. Suspense, denied us in its more obvious form since the play was set in the condemned cell, was provided in plenty by the psychological struggles of the murderer-victim, Keller; and this role was so superbly acted that detachment was almost impossible.

—M.B.

Thoughts for Animal Week

IF human beings could sit in on a discussion group of assorted animals surveying the problems posed the animal world by mankind it's more than likely they would hear a few home truths. In *Creature Comforts*, to be broadcast from IYA at 7.50 p.m. on Tuesday, October 6, listeners will be able to hear some of the things the animals might have said, including quite a bit about the work of the New Zealand Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which was recently granted the honour of employing the prefix Royal in its title. The programme was compiled in the Auckland studios of the NZBS to mark Animal Week, from October 1 to 9. The animals relate some of the appalling things sometimes done to their kind by humans, through thoughtlessness, anger, or just plain cruelty—"enough to make your fur stand on end with horror." They appeal for help for the Society, and for just a little more thoughtfulness and kindness from everyone in their dealings with animals.

N.Z. LISTENER, OCTOBER 2, 1953.



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