

The World to the World

"HATE him? How could I hate him? Why, I know him!" Thus Charles Lamb, the gentle Elia. And how often we all hear similar remarks in our everyday meetings with our fellow-New Zealanders: "Oh, no, I don't find him abrupt; but then I know him, of course." "Well, her queer ways don't worry me; I'm used to her and understand her."

It is different in the great wide world; suspicion, un-knowledge, fear, misunderstandings are the common coin. With all our quick and even instantaneous communications we seem to know less, even to seek to know less, of other peoples than our great-great-grandfathers knew and sought to know in slower times.

This well of depression was sunk by a hearing of last week's *UNESCO World Review* (National stations, 9.15 p.m., Mondays), a session arranged in New Zealand from material sent from UNESCO, Paris. From time to time, I have heard in this session items that would add to vivid and permanent knowledge, bits of the world made known to the rest. But last Monday was not one of the good times. The main subject was Haiti and the Haitians—"one of the three self-governing black peoples of the world." (The other two were not mentioned; perhaps I am not alone in not knowing what they are.) I have no doubt that deep thought was put into this programme on the development of Haiti's health, education and agricultural schemes with UNESCO's help—for instance, there would be the problem of referring to the Haitians as a black people; would they themselves prefer to be called negroes, or a coloured race, or a dark-skinned people?

Yes, care enough was taken at the Paris end, no doubt. But here in New Zealand, there in Cape Town, somewhere in Pakistan, somewhere else in Cuba, the programme must be made to live for its particular listeners. Here in Wellington details must be added, comparisons must be made until the programme is in a form to tell a live story. Figures in particular are the dull, drugged, undramatic death of all such programmes; let us avoid figures as a novice driver avoids right-hand turns in traffic; at least let us have good practical comparisons if we have figures at all. (Is a day's wage a figure? No, it is a bucket of coal, a meal of meat twice, a bed with a blanket. Is a population a figure in thousands? No, it is n or x times the number of race-goers at Trentham.)

I don't know any more about the Haitians now than I knew a week ago; but I do know a little more about the Swiss than I knew say, a year ago. Last week I heard the Swiss National Day Programme and a month or two ago I heard a delightful BBC Newsreel clip about a Swiss yodelling festival. Why were both programmes alive and lasting? Chiefly, I think, because live, hard-working, sweet-singing people took part and the effect was warm, nostalgic and clinging. Even if I wanted to, I couldn't hate the Swiss.

The newsreel camera may claim to be the eyes and ears of the world; but radio should go along, lingering with a

more loving eye, a more attentive ear, to record the half-hidden and the very significant insignificant as well as the clear writing on the walls. Attempts are being made, some more successfully than others—J. H. E. Schroder's contributions in the *Lookout* series on Saturday evenings are particularly helpful—to interpret the affairs of the world to New Zealand radio listeners; the urgency now is for better and warmer interpretations of people, human beings, these to those, those to these, everywhere.

—M.M.

Subtle Satire

SOME of my friends hold that "Spike"

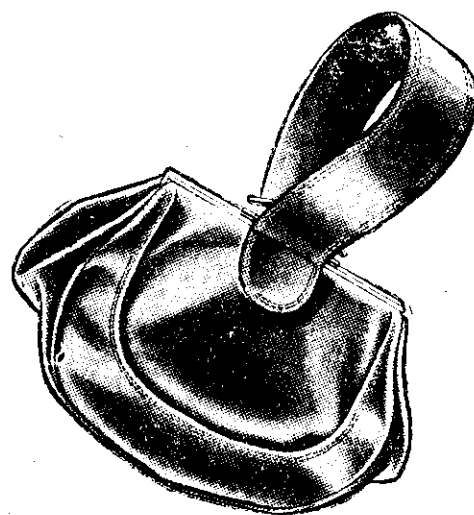
Jones is not so much a buffoon as a musical satirist and that he is doing music a great service by riotously gulling the over-played "light classics" and the more banal popular songs. This may be true, but to my ear, there is a certain obviousness and a frequent coarseness in his approach. Satire in music is extremely difficult to do well, as the failure of much of Erik Satie's work demonstrates. For my money, the best musical satirist performing to-day is the pianist Charlie Kunz. Listening to a whole 15 minutes of Mr. Kunz's playing from 1YC recently, I was astonished at the simple yet comprehensive nature of his destructive method. Seemingly without effort, he made every piece he played sound exactly the same, monotonous, uninspired, trivial, insignificant, as hollow as an empty petrol-drum, as void of expression as an idiot's face. Relentlessly he pressed from "tune" to "tune," smoothing out accidental differences into a vast desert of tinkling dullness. More power to this talented artist. His playing must do more to expose the uniform inanity of modern popular music than any amount of hostile criticism from serious musicians.

Demand Bid?

WITH unusual diffidence, 1YA recently began a new studio session *Bridge on the Air*. Asking listeners to send in their comments, the announcer said that if the feature did not please bridge-players, Messrs. Bell and McKillop need not waste their time coming along. Although such an attitude on the part of the authorities might well be encouraged with regard to some programmes, I am sure it was not justified in this case. I found Bruce Bell's introductory remarks on the origin and development of the game most revealing, and the analysis of specific points of play, to even such a tyro as myself, easy to follow and helpful. After all, if football, racing, tennis and cricket enthusiasts are so amply catered for on the radio, why should not bridge-players, whose name is legion, have their brief 20 minutes? There are only two things I would criticise in the session. First, slightly more time should be given, I feel, between the statement of a particular problem and the answer, to enable the listener to think out his own

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