

Radio Review

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sharper but the interjections showed that the forum was on its toes. Through the skilful questioning of the chairman the subject "Must the South Island continue to have fewer people than the North?" yielded solid answers which made a possible foundation for constructive work in the community. This could happen through the formation of a Development Association representing diverse interests in the community, and if the South Island abandoned certain old-fashioned conceptions of finance which have, up till now, impeded its progress.

An Hour in Italy

"SEE Naples and Die," the Elgin marbles, old engravings and the lives of the Romantic poets—through all these a soft and languorous picture of Italy was once refracted. Italy was mellowed and stilled in a way that as much belied her then as it would now. Italy is a museum crowded with a poor, shouting, gesticulating accordion-playing multitude, only some of whom are concerned with her past. It is a land where the demarcation between opera and real life is harder to dis-

tinguish than elsewhere, where the sincerest sentiments have a rhetorical ring, and where the Sunday morning groups singing as they walk through the olive groves might be moving in a play. Perhaps for these reasons Italy is, of all countries, the one which most lends itself to the direct recording of street scenes and conversations. Even so, the one-hour programme, *Window on Italy* could be no more than a rather breathless impression, though one which reminded at least one listener of the great appeal that country exerts upon the imagination.

—Westcliff

Sunday Best

WHEN occasion demands, 12B can be as dignified as her higher-browed sisters. The matey little private jokes of Request Session announcers, the sodden pulp of soap-operas, the plugging of tooth-pastes, the emasculation of great musical works, the throbbing sentiment of children's choirs, the potting of culture into shiny little capsules hardly prepare us to accept that kind of presentation in which pomposity and exaggeration give way to taste and dignity. But 12B has often shown that,

when the incubus is locked away on Sundays, she can give us from her own resources, unexpected pleasures. On two recent Sunday evenings, brief programmes were broadcast in memory of Oscar Natzka and Sigmund Romberg. In both, the script was sober, intelligent, worthy and most capably read by Doug. Laurenson. The music was especially apt and not aggressively "sold." In these sensible and sensitive tributes to the recently dead, the shades of Aunt Jenny and Doctor Mac did not for an instant intrude.

Rum Without Coka

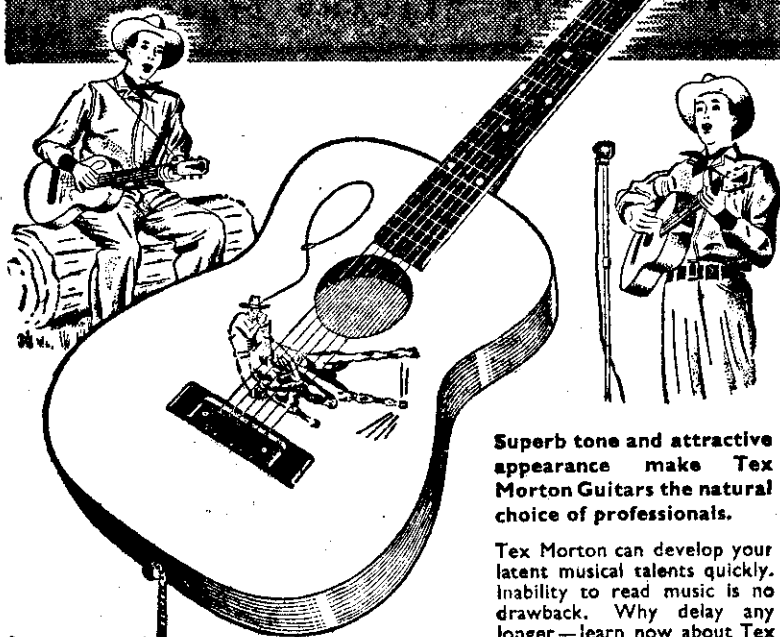
"WE put de accent upon the wrong syll-a-ble, and we si-ing a tropical song!" echoes of the Andrews Sisters fog-horning their way through a fake West Indian "pop" rang vaguely in my ears as I listened to the BBC *Caribbean Journey* from 1YA, which dealt mainly with the authentic music of the West Indies. I had never before

realised how unlike the real native rhythms of Trinidad and Jamaica are the jazzed-up "Calypsos" of Tin Pan Alley, until the ubiquitous Wynford Vaughan Thomas conducted us through samples of the genuine article. The effect of the extraordinary mixture of cultures in the Caribbean in producing a highly individual type of musical expression suitable for everything from lampooning to religious ritual was excellently brought out. The celebrated "Calypso," a kind of sung commentary on topical events or personalities, seems to represent one of the rare modern survivals of the troubadour tradition; its ingenuous rhymes, catchy rhythms and homely wit make it delightful listening—in its uncommercialised form, as in the epic of the mule and the crow, sung for us here. And the soft, lilting rhythm of Jamaican speech made me realise once again how ugly, by contrast, the untutored New Zealand voice sounds on the air.

—J.C.R.



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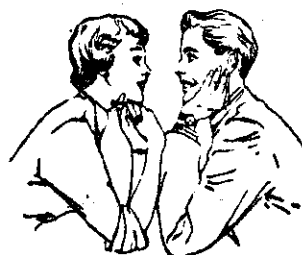
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