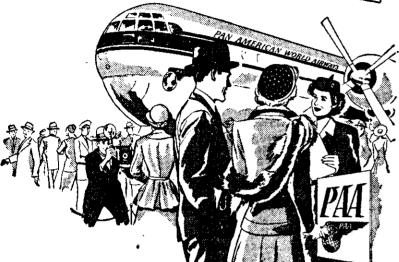
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Radio Review

THE ROCK DRAWINGS

HE astonishing thing about Theo Schoon's contribution to the 3YC discussion on Maori rock drawings was his sensitive handling of our language. Indeed, although one must concede that Dr. Duff's treatment was far more circumstantial, Mr. Schoon's remarks, bearing the whole weight of a passionate conviction concerning not only the cave drawings but also a complete attitude towards life, was profoundly convincing. I found myself saying "no" to Mr. Schoon's actual deductions, but "yes" to things not very far beneath the surface of his talk. This splendidly conceived programme with recordings of Maori singing in between each speaker, was unevenly executed. When the radio reporter felt it necessary to recapitulate the words of the field officer describing the changes and chances of the cave drawings, I could not help smiling at the "neat" way he imagined he had summed the matter up. I was doubtful, too, of the value of trying to describe the drawings as they would be seen by man in the street," a proceeding which could summarily reduce a great deal of European art to strange but comparatively uninteresting phenomena not really worth trying to understand. I found my own interest in the drawings renewed by the discussion.

Still Centre

'MAN, that was some breeze, I'm telling you!" This remark made by one of the inhabitants of Jamaica after witnessing the hurricane of August 17 last year deserves to rank as one of the classics of under-statement. It was, however, not alone. A woman cut the saying to merely, "Man, that was a breezel" This way of speaking, reminding one of the celebrated "Rum and Coca Cola" song, plus the flat record of those who had lost their loved ones, and the authoritarian voice of the governor, muted the dramatic note one expected to hear, and thus made for one of the most disappointing BBC features I have heard from 3YA. The closest thing to the drama for which one listened, was the chorus-like effect of radio warnings. In the absence of the dramatic realism that the title naturally invoked, it would have been a richer programme if Mr. Cottrell had given more facts concerning hurricanes, with reminiscences about their effects elsewhere, and had used this most recent catastrophe as a kind of montrous joke and culminating point to the programme.

—Westcliff

Rustic Poetry

KNOWLEDGE such as is given us in even the most solidly informative radio talk is something that we generally could have obtained for ourselves, had we the energy to put in the necessary research; but in giving us programmes such as 4YC's present series, The Rustic Muse, radio is giving us something that we should otherwise have to do without. This was particularly noticeable in the programme dealing with the poems of William Barnes. His addiction to dialect, which I had hitherto found a distressing and at times overwhelming obstacle to appreciation, was revealed as both beautiful and appropriate, when read aloud. The commentary by J. C. Reid gave details of metrical and rhyming schemes, providing an excellent background for the reading of the verse, by Lawrence Hepworth and Patrick Smythe. I should have liked to know, however, which was which, and who read the Dorset dialect with such revealing skill. -Loquax

Magic and Illusion

I AM one of those who regret the disappearance of The Town Crier, 1YA's sometimes patchy, but generally interesting, collection of interviews and topical bits and pieces. But the recent Magic Parade, in which Rex Sayers interviewed members of the Auckland Brotherhood of Magicians, and their guest, the American magician Virgil, at a monthly meeting, shows that the extended recorded interview-cum-docu-mentary is not to be completely dropped. I was especially drawn to this programme by a curiosity to learn how the special quality of a magical show would be conveyed without benefit of television. To my surprise, the patter of the performers combined with the economical descriptions of the commentator made the tricks tangible and alive to us. The uncovering of the nest of prestidigitational practitioners was in itself interesting enough, but Rex Sayers also showed how genuinely informative and entertaining interviews can be by his expert performance as the alert, but not too knowing, asker of the right questions-I could not help noting, however,

WAGNER WITH BREAKFAST

THE tevered strings, calculate trumpets, meet the woodwind fringe of morning to accompany marriage down the long aisles of intancy still the age of an island city's street.

THE bride walks out of sleep and into sleep; smiles upon crenellated love, unseeing the snares and snipers that beset her being, a dual target now, twin cause to weep.

ROMANTIC classic. Where Othello stands wrecked on his reef of love, or Hamlet struck, ivory and black in pose and mood, his luck lamenting, cadaver in his hands.

ALL dreams are lost, dispelled on breakfast air,
The mood democratised—spent in broadcast blare.

-Louis Johnson