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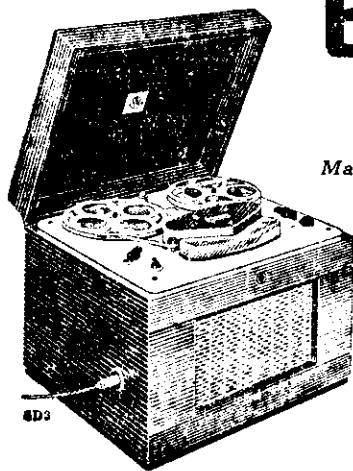
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Radio Review

CORONATION POSTSCRIPT

AFTER the impressive display of resource in the Coronation broadcast, *Coronation Day Across the World* had little to do but tidy up impressions and provide a postscript. The fading voices of the commentators had little new to say; what made the programme interesting in a swift-flying, rooftop-level way was the background of noises against which most of the contributions were recorded. While the voices beat like a sea around Buckingham Palace, and the lights flashed up along the ceremonial way, in Camberwell the crowds were singing "Bunch o' Cokernuts," churchbells were ringing across the Cotswolds, and the pipes played from Edinburgh Castle. In Paris they were singing "Parlez-moi D'Amour" (nostalgic tune); at The Hague, more prosaically, it was "Daisy, Daisy." Talking drums from Africa; in Hong Kong gongs and golden dragons. Some items were less stimulating: Berlin was an opportunity missed; the Embassy reception in Oslo was dull; the note on the dateline in Fiji, out of place; and why go all the way to Copenhagen for swing? But nothing could have been better, for an ending, than the announcement of the Everest exploit and the sound of chimes from Wellington.

Spanish Music

CONSTANT LAMBERT once suggested that Spanish music was really invented by the Russian composer Glinka. As a judgment on modern Spanish composers—De Falla particularly—this can hardly pass. But it serves to point the curious fact that Glinka helped to sanction a "Spanish" music for French and Russian composers like Rimsky-Korsakov, Ravel (hardly a fair example, being half-Basque), Chabrier and Debussy. Having in mind such a work as Debussy's *Iberia*, it can scarcely be denied that it is music in its own right; and it must be about the only case where what should be *pastiche* turns out to be a genuine art-form. Listening to a programme of Turina (from 1YC), it was almost as if the native composer were less "Spanish" than Debussy or Ravel. It was music that glided easily in one ear and out the other, very different from the programme of Spanish folk-songs which preceded. The interpretation of Victoria de los Angeles had admirable scope and feeling, and the guitar playing of Renata Tarrago was interesting, though less brilliant in effect than the wonderful Selmer disc which Owen Jensen enabled us to hear a few weeks ago.

—M.K.J.

Mountain Music

IT is said that as Beethoven composed his music he sometimes mutteringly paced his room, and I know of one person who said that in a certain portrait Beethoven's darkened emotions made him look evil. Such was the force in him, such the breadth of his emotional life as expressed in that thunderous music, that both states are in character. How wonderful that he should have put all

this vitality within the framework of a music which translates violence to joy and to compassion. When the storm rages in the mountains there are sequestered gullies where eddies of the larger wind play a kind of counterpoint to wrath. That is ecstasy: the fire of the fanatic balanced by the gentleness of the lover, the tumult of those higher notes pouring over the storm in Beethoven's Sonata in A Flat. Louis Kentner's broadcast over 3YC set the mountains rocking in this same piece, and drew from a Christchurch audience prolonged and spontaneous applause. This wonderful knowledge of the right intensity and spacing to give those notes flying above the accompanying bass, was again evident when Mr. Kentner began the first of Chopin's Four Scherzi, but steeped as I had been in the earlier work Chopin came as an anti-climax.

Stories For Listeners

ALTHOUGH I have diligently listened to all the local stories so far broadcast in 3YC's *Slightly Out Of True* I have not been swept off my feet. The best of these was the first, in which the lonely bushman's taciturn companion turned out to have been the personification of nemesis revenging itself upon the man for a misspent youth. The denouement was easy to guess at, but both the story and the way it was told implied the grandeur and starkness which characterises some backblocks areas: the terrible silence of the snowbound bush, the hut perched on the side with inside walls covered with yellowing newspapers. The feeling that such a thing could happen here was better established than the presence of the Leprechaun in a later story. Emily Baizeen's "Carmody" conformed to a stock pattern owing something to writers like Damon Runyon, and within these terms came up to the standard of, say, "Nightbeat." And the story did at least have a real twist in the tail. There are, however, more stories to come and the effort to encourage writing which gives real scope to the creative imagination is in itself praiseworthy.

—Westcliff

The Lighter Classics

I HAVE learned by bitter experience not to expect a programme to maintain a high standard indefinitely. Station 4YA's afternoon classical hour is an exception to this pessimistic rule, as for many years now it has resisted the seductions of the "light classical" or "popular classics." *Concert Hour* from 4YC, I had begun to hope, was another such exception—until June 6, when we were given first a variety of light items performed by Mantovani and his Orchestra, followed by Miliza Korjus singing "Funiculi, Funicula," Webster Booth singing the Flower Song from *Carmen*, and a sweet performance of Tchaikovsky's *Andante Cantabile*. Hasty consultation of *The Listener*, station and time, proved that this sorry mixture was indeed *Concert Hour*. It is to be hoped that this was a temporary aberration on the part of 4YC, and not a considered new development.

Good Timing

THE foresight of the Broadcasting Service in preparing a programme to commemorate the conquest of Everest before the news broke, so that it could be presented at the appropriate time,

N.Z. LISTENER, JUNE 19, 1953.