

Information technology



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This statement criticizes our music on two counts: indicating that it is unpleasantly noisy and at the same time conveys no meaning. Nobody would deny that some of our calypsos fall below standard. Pieces such as " All Stand Up" and " Secret Love" are coarse to the ear and say very little to the mind. But do we consider all poetry bad simply because we sometimes read a disgusting poem, or all local plays crude because of the last two we saw? If we look instead at the majority, we observe that they are of the standard of " Mandela" and " Unity".

When people hear " Government Boots", " Capitalism Gone Mad" and others such as these, every listener comes alive with the rhythm and the beat. That's what good music does- it moves its listeners! Finally, has anyone noticed that calypso is one of the few music forms that have withstood changing times? What does our friend, Mr.. Mark Williams think 20 accounts for this? I suggest to him that the reason is that It is loved, appreciated, firmly rooted In our culture. Superficial art and music are blown away.

Good calypsos remain forever. No, Mr.. Williams- not ' sound and fury, not ' meaning nothing'. This Is good music, good art, the expression off people. Listen again and you will agree. A Taste of Tobago All right, I confess, I'm biased; Eve had a soft spot for Tobago ever since it was a big adventure Just getting there. If there's one place on earth I'd like to settle down and watch the sea from a cool verandah, it's Tobago. And I didn't tell the editor about this furtive obsession in case he sent somebody else. It's not that Tobago is teeming with well-developed diversions and amusements, like Jamaica or Barbados. There are only a handful of good hotels, and even fewer good restaurants. There are no casinos to gamble away your dollars in, no slick

metropolitan-style night clubs. But Tobago has a quiet comfortable hideaway feeling about it which disarms me as soon as I get there. People smile and say Osgood morning to you and pass the time of day; they leave their cars unlocked and their windows open.

Wanda Price, who settled in Tobago with her husband, photographer, Norman Price, put it this way: “ Tobago has something that is hard to define, like Kashmir; its beauty breathes out a strange mystic quality, of which some people are 15 instantly aware ” More prosaically, I met a stout American lady at a bus-stop near Plymouth. Long used to insulating herself on holiday in taxis and tourist enclaves, she had covered buses. “ And would you believe, nobody bothers me; everyone smiles and chats and tells me what’s going on. She was having a ball just riding a bus.