

—at any rate during the broadcast part of the programme—of any works by two composers of the sublimest church music. Palestrina and Bach.

## It Pays to Advertise

THE Brains Trust recently, in a session broadcast by 4YA, got on to the subject of newspapers and advertisements. One speaker immediately contended that advertisements were necessary in that they allowed the newspapers to reach the public at a low cost—without advertisements, he said, papers would cost half-a-crown each. I think it was Julian Huxley who then asked if newspapers cost 2/6 each in Soviet Russia, the answer being that they did not, neither had they advertisements, and that the State foots the bill. I think the Brains Trust missed an opportunity in not stating that, without certain advertisements, editors would be in a position to encourage instead of stifling free criticism—of films, books, concerts, and so on.

## Caliban

MR. SIMMANCE read the scenes with Caliban, Stephano and Trineulo from "The Tempest" the other night with great gusto, arousing in the hearer all the acute uneasiness which that incredible play can occasion. Is the comedy funny? Why is it funny? Why is it, sometimes, anything but funny



even in intention? I remember a school-master with a taste for the peculiar who gave us a list of various interpretations of the symbolism of Caliban. He was the Missing Link, he was the "newly-founded colony of Virginia," he was "the untutored drama of Christopher Marlowe." Then one remembers a controversy in *The Listener* some years ago as to whether Shakespeare was or was not

a friend of the working classes. Could we suggest, as a contribution to this thorny problem, that Caliban symbolises the proletariat? But probably in the long run we all know what Caliban is and, as with Dean Swift's Yahoos, prefer not to say.

## Transcription

THE recording of Szigeti in Bach's D Minor Concerto for violin and orchestra has been heard several times from Auckland stations this year, but I had not come across the recording of the piano arrangement of the same concerto until it appeared recently in an afternoon Classical Hour from 1YA. A similar duplication exists with a concerto in F minor for the piano, of which both the Bartlett and Fischer recordings are often heard here, but which also may be heard as a concerto in G minor for the violin. There is nothing more delightful to a pianist and a violinist, and nothing more tedious to the rest of the company, than an interminable argument as to which form is the more beautiful. It is not Busoni who has made these transcriptions. The deed was done by that king of transcribers, J. S. Bach. He wrote these concertos first for the violin, then re-wrote them for the harpsichord. The violin versions were lost, and what are played now are fairly recent reconstructions of the original violin parts made from the existing keyboard versions.

## "The Poet's Love"

SCHUMANN'S *Dichterliebe* (*The Poet's Love*) in 2YA's new series of song cycles was sung by Owen Bonifant, with Haydn Rodway at the piano. *The Poet's Love* is no mere string of songs. It is a full-grown work of art of mature integrity, and it stands out from music that is full of virtues peculiar to a period, a country or an artistic movement. Its virtues are peculiar to the main stream of music. Therefore it requires a very great deal of its executants—more, perhaps, for the fullest interpretation, than any male singer we have is capable of. But Mr. Bonifant did exceedingly well. It was something to be unaware of strain towards the end of 30 minutes' singing, which is after all not in the day's work to a New Zealand singer. If one found his approach to some of the songs a little sentimental, that was perhaps only one's own viewpoint. If he seemed to bump from accent to accent in the second-to-last song without keeping the shape of the whole phrase intact, that was not necessarily a permanent trouble. The translations were unsatisfactory. It is hard to believe in a translator who writes "broke his heart so true" when the literal translation fits and rhymes perfectly: "broke his heart in two." Mr. Rodway did a fine job with the accompaniments.

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