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defer to the composer. The music is always coloured, even when it is not discoloured, by the thought and feeling which re-creates. Lili Kraus brought out the fire and poetry of Beethoven. Strange as it may seem, there was more of Beethoven the man in her interpretation. Solomon gave us Beethoven the pianist in this the most pianistic of all the sonatas. His technique was brittle, the notes clear as glass, and gleaming as chromium. The sonata was impeccable but coldly austere. To depreciate either interpretation would be to exalt personal preference or prejudice at the expense of musical integrity. Comparisons are not always odious and an opportunity such as this reminds us that musical beauty has many subtleties and not even the composer himself could give us an absolute and final three-dimensional picture.

Te Kooti

IF I felt a little disappointed in W. B. Nicholson's talk on Te Kooti it was the fault not of Mr. Nicholson but of the NBS publicity pundits. In notices of the talk in *The Listener* and over the air, much was made of the fact that Mr. Nicholson "remembered" Te Kooti, and, led on perhaps by my insatiable thirst for sensation, I imagined some-



thing of the same standard as "I Was Hitler's Maid." But it turned out that Mr. Nicholson had done little more than watch Te Kooti and his followers tallyho through the streets of Opoitiki some years after he had staked out his claim to fame, and had noted him to be "a strong sturdy man of five foot nine inches with an untattooed face." But though scarcely personal (difficult, since Te Kooti must have been born about 1814), Mr. Nicholson's talk was valuable. As the "Things To Come" paragraphist pointed out, it is high time the average New Zealander knew as much about the romance of the Maori as he does about the romance of the Red Man, and for me at any rate Te Kooti now stands out as a figure in his own right, instead of merely a figurehead of Maori resistance. Incidentally, though I bow to the correctness of Mr. Nicholson's pronunciation I shall continue to pronounce the Koot of Te Kooti as in Bandicoot.

Industrious Chinese

THERE is on Sunday nights, from 4ZB, a period labelled "Reserved" and it seems to be devoted to miscellaneous recordings of the most unexpected kind. Whether it always contains the same type of thing I can't say, not having listened often enough, but on one occasion I heard, in succession, descriptions of the operating-box in a picture-theatre, of a prize fight, of a visit to a Chinese school. It is this latter item upon which I propose to comment, since the school, of which probably few listeners know the existence, is held here

in Dunedin. Chinese children attend ordinary European schools during the day, but those who wish may study their own language and literature in this special class, held after day-school is over. Most of these pupils came to New Zealand during the years of the Sino-Japanese war, and many will later return to China; in the meantime they have the difficult task of learning lessons in unfamiliar English while attempting not to forget too much about their own language. This short programme, during which the pupils were taken through a routine lesson by their teacher, Chee Young, had about it an exotic flavour, and it set me to comparing the relative industriousness of Chinese and European children. How many young New Zealanders would care to learn the rudiments of the three R's with a teacher who spoke only Chinese, and then attend extra classes in the early evening, so that they should remember how to speak correct English as well?

Danubian

STATION 3YA had a Slavonic and Eastern European evening recently, with Margherita Zelanda and the orchestra giving the Rakoczy Overture (Bela) and a Tchaikovsky polonaise; there being likewise Dohnanyi, Moussorgsky and Rachmaninoff. As well, there was a strictly Magyar interlude: a Korbay recital by Rex Harrison in which the shepherd saw his horse's flowing mane and the other lamented steed (a finer never seen) was compared with the loss of Mohacs against the invading Turks. Korbay was a romantic nationalist and one should therefore, no doubt, beware of reading too much common character into his works. But a real picture, authentic or not, does emerge; a piece of steppe country in the heart of Europe, a land still dimly aware of Huns and Mongols and (far from dimly) Turks, issuing unaccountably from the unknown. Most of the ballads of Eastern Europe are formed by this memory, and the ballad influence is strong in Korbay, and his nationalism exciting enough, till one begins to think of hard facts.

Time and Chance

SINCE the first eccentric mathematician conceived the idea of travelling in time, and H. G. Wells got to hear about it, one particular problem has exercised the idle mind; how can you conceive time-travel without altering either (if you go back) the course of events which has led up to the present moment and produced the circumstances under which you set out, or else (if you go forward) altering the whole course of events among which your journey brings you? There seems no way out. The late Charles Williams once invented a necromancer who transported himself forward 30 minutes and spent the remainder of his days frantic with perplexity wondering whether he had experienced those 30 minutes. On a slightly less Einsteinian level was Max Beerbohm's fantasy of "Enoch Soames," broadcast by various YA stations of recent weeks. Soames is a forty-second-rate man of letters (a figure of real pathos) who sells his soul to the Devil (a flashy Continental pimp) to be transported forward a hundred years to the reading room of the British Museum, there to read the books which tell of his fame. But all he can find is a reference to himself as a character in an

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What's wrong with this picture? *

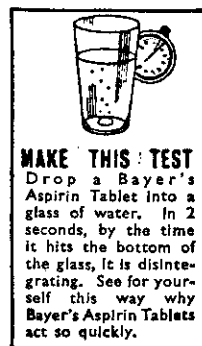


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