

(continued from previous page)

moulding of musical taste in that province during this period—indeed, it is interesting to remember that Frederick Page and D. G. Lilburn (both mentioned by Mr. Jensen) received their sound basic training from Dr. Bradshaw. Another distinguished musician (almost entirely ignored) who has exerted a similar influence, is Ernest Jenner, of Christchurch.

It is rather unfortunate that overseas readers will receive such a limited and incomplete picture of our musical ventures, for from Mr. Jensen's report the inference drawn would be, I fear, that practically all New Zealand's musical élite dwell north of Cook Strait!

—Bessie Pollard

## A DOG'S LIFE

BART. By Ormond Bugton. H. H. Tombs Ltd.

A LARGE but noble-looking mongrel, "Bart" so far ensnared his master's affections as to become the subject many years later of a devoted biography. Dog habits and dog manners are skilfully portrayed in this study of a loved companion to which Russell Clark's drawings add a pleasant embellishment. It has all the deep affection of Sir Percy Fitzpatrick's *Jock of the Bushveld* (which has never, I think, been unseated from the position of the dog classic, even by Virginia Woolf's *Flush*, a book which is, after all, vastly more than the study of a flop-eared spaniel). But Bart did not have the run of the wilds of Africa, and his master disappointed of blood sports, even for dogs.

The most satisfactory books about animals are those, I feel, which are written from an explicitly human point of view (books like J. H. Driberg's *Engato the Lioncub*), even though this has the disadvantage, in the hands of the weaker brethren, of all sorts of archness and falseness creeping in. *Bart* is as free from sentimentality as it is possible for such a book to be. Moreover, there is enough matter-of-fact narration of the circumstances of ordinary life in New Zealand to keep any exuberance of ill-judged fantasy at arm's length.

## The Writer and Society

THE story of Henry Lawson's life would have been different had he been adequately paid for his work, his widow stated recently in a letter to a gathering at the Sydney Domain. The occasion was a commemoration of the 25th anniversary of the great Australian writer's death, but Mrs. Lawson, who is 71, was too ill to attend.

In her letter, she said that because of lack of recognition, her husband had been forced to sell his works at starvation rates in order to buy food. She declared that even the present Commonwealth Literary Fund (which aids Australian writers) was not sufficient, and suggested that a government publishing house should be established to encourage poets and writers. Later, when interviewed at her home, Mrs. Lawson said that she had seen many fine Australian manuscripts refused by publishers interested mainly in commercial value. She felt that it was a national affair to encourage poets and writers who wrote about their country because they loved and understood it.

The president of the Fellowship of Australian Writers, Les. Haylen, M.H.R., who delivered the memorial oration, said that present-day Australian poets and writers often suffered from the same disability as did Lawson.

You do not, when you read this book, hear a posturing chorus on the sidelines exclaiming "Oh, isn't he sweet?" The author tells with humour a plain story of plain people living a slow-moving domestic life in country and town, with a plain dog and his adventures in the foreground. Those who own dogs will recognise the truth of the portrait; those who don't can learn from it.

This book appeared in England in 1944: this is its first New Zealand publication.

—David Hall

## SHOSTAKOVICH AND HIS PUPILS

AS a footnote to the recent discussion in these columns about Dmitri Shostakovich, the Soviet composer, we have received through the Soviet Legation, Wellington, an article which, we are informed, has just arrived from Moscow and was written by Shostakovich himself.

SHOSTAKOVICH begins this article by discussing and describing in some detail the various pupils—all of them young—whom he is now instructing in the Moscow and Leningrad Conservatories, where he is in charge of classes on composition. He then goes on to describe his teaching methods:

"What are the demands which I make upon my pupils; what are the principles which I have laid down for their guidance? First of all I demand that they write a good deal, constantly, systematically, every day in fact. That was the procedure of Peter Tchaikovsky, whom I regard as a phenomenal master of composition. For the sake of practice he wrote a fugue every morning. Have I borrowed that habit from Tchaikovsky? Certainly! I have been

doing this for years, and believe that constant training is essential to the composer. The composer must consciously and systematically arm himself with technique if he is not to find himself bankrupt in the hour of inspiration. I demand that my pupils carefully study the works of the classics. The prospective composer may indeed enrich himself, and develop his faculties, while preserving his own specific traits, by studying the classics. In my daily work of teaching I prompt my students to think in truthful, clear, and accessible musical terms expressive of exalted ideas. I study each of my pupils attentively, trying to understand the specific qualities of their talent and help them to find the path to maximum development. The single yardstick is not permissible in art.

"Teaching has become a necessity to me and I find deep satisfaction in the knowledge that I am contributing to the growth of the young composers of my country. Working with these gifted young people, I frequently find the correct solution to problems evolving from my own compositions."



Remember—

## Ovaltine Sleep is Nerve-restoring Sleep

UNDERNOURISHED nerves—owing to insufficiency of vital food elements in modern diet—are the chief cause of restless, ineffective sleep which leaves you still tired in the morning. What you need is 'Ovaltine' every night on retiring.

While you sleep, 'Ovaltine' provides restorative and re-vitalising nourishment to every cell and tissue of body, brain and nerves. Particularly do the exceptional nerve-building properties of 'Ovaltine', largely derived from the new-laid eggs used in its manufacture, restore the whole nervous system while you sleep. Remember that there is no substitute for 'Ovaltine'.

'Ovaltine' is made in New Zealand from New Zealand's finest quality malt, milk and eggs to the original and exclusive formula, and by the process invented and perfected by its proprietors.

Listen-in to "The Ovaltineys", 6.15 p.m., Saturdays, all ZB Stations.

Drink delicious 'Ovaltine' and note the Difference!

A. WANDER LIMITED, LONDON. N.Z. FACTORY: NORTH ROAD, PAPANUI, CHRISTCHURCH.



NEVER FORGET YOUR

This barber could not razor smile His throat was dry, his temper vile The customer, through lather, pants 'You'd better get a tin of Bants'. And so the barber's off to find Both ease of throat and peace of mind.

**BANTS**  
THROAT JUBES



All Chemists 1/1d.