(continued from previous page)

heard of him, evidently believed he was speaking to an adult audience. His flow of ideas kept the mind at full stretch, a most satisfying experience, when, breath regained, one views the new horizons opened to the sight. He was talking about Germany and the Germans, and he was neither comforting nor optimistic. The chief characteristic of the Germans, he said, is romantic inwardness; and without hearing that intense voice it is impossible to guess at the force he gave the first syllable of inwardness, or at the harsh, drawling menace of the second. He pointed to Goethe's Faust as the romantic archetype, the personification of unworldly spiritual provincialism in a nightcap, spooky, demoniac, abstract, mystical, the spiritual divorced from the socio-political element. To Thomas Mann, romanticism bears in its heart the germ of morbidity. The romantic individual is always ready to surrender to the seduction of death, and Germany, the romantic nation, surrendered hysterically to Hitler. There are not two Germanies; wicked Germany is merely good Germany gone astray through ruin. "It is all in me," he said, humbly and tragically. How aptly ironic it was that Thomas Mann should talk to New Zealanders about the romantic error on a Sunday afternoon, of all days the most New Zealand, cut from the whole cloth of puritanical materialism.

## Decline of the West

THE western in radio, as in films, is still with us. The Lone Ranger has disappeared, leaving only an echo and a cloud of dust; but good old Hopalong Cassidy still chases the baddies on Satuyday nights from 4YO, early enough for the children to hear him, and late enough for grown-ups who enjoy this sort of thing to listen also. How many years ago was it that I first discovered Hopalong between the pages of one of those red-backed novels we used to buy so cheaply? At that time he seemed a most glamorous figure, and his associates the most romantic bunch. On the screen,



too, the horse opera always has an added attraction because of the inclusion of shots of genuine scenery and animals, and because the inevitable chase can never stale when it is followed by the movie camera. But on the radio, where one can't see the action or the landscape or the livestock, all that is left is a frankly boring story, and stock characters painted in tones as contrasted as soot and snow, played by actors whose accents are wearisomely familiar. This, of course, is speaking from the grown-up viewpoint. For youngsters there is still the excitement of discovering the vast appeal of the "westerns" as it strikes a young imagination for the

first time. As one for whom that golden age has vanished, I must say I envy them.

## Piano Tone

TALK about scientific criticism of the arts leaves me cold. It is all very well to be precise about a black or white scientific fact. Everybody in the game knows perfectly well that such and such a star (say Gallahadion, because it has a nice name) will be in such and such a place at such and such a time, but literature or art or music have more shades than black and white, and some of the greys are as fleeting as fingerlings in a pebble-bottomed stream. On the other hand, this is no excuse for woolly criticism, and it is woolly I may get if I try to describe the distinctive tones of the various concert pianists who have broadcast in New Zealand since the war. Kraus is easy: she had vitality, she marched, she danced. Solomon was graver, technically perfect, singing, but to me, impersonal. "Here it is," he said, holding it up and regarding it coolly. "Eh sirs, I contemplate it with the appropriate emotions." Who else? Barere: liked to shine technically, had everything but great simplicity. Horsley: strong, amazingly consistent, but not quite there yet. Farrell: uneven, extremely rewarding on the "difficult moderns," engagingly human. Lympany: seems to play with a grin; the word facile would be unjust; elusive, fairer but not helpfully descriptive. Now who knows what these descriptions mean, if anything? Does the tonal quality come from the artist, the piano, my slightly battered radio, or my completely untrained and punch-drunk ear? Never mind, it's a pleasant game.

## Applied Psychiatry

ACTING page to the Screen's King Wenceslas, Radio has sampled the psychopathic. At 9.30 (my favourite listening time) last Sunday morning listeners were treated to a play called "Dreams," a pedigree Third Programme product written by Nesta Paine, the author responsible for the excellent feature programme on atomic power. It concerns the problem of a famous brain surgeon whose repressed anxiety concerning the after-effects of brain operations on his patients is transferred to conscious worry about the failing of his own eyesight. The psychoanalist painstakingly sifts the surgeon's dreams for clues to the hidden conflict, and sure enough unearths a particularly nasty Inferiority Complex lurking in the mud at the bottom of his Subconscious. And they all live happily ever after. Admittedly my knowledge of the ways of psychiatry is sketchy (I don't know nearly as much about it as Gregory Peck or Dorothy Macguire or John Mills), but I was impressed by the logical rightness of the whole procedure, and by the psychiatrist's stressing of the fact that his function is purely clinical, that he cannot resolve the patient's conflict for him except in so far as he can point the way to selfknowledge. The play seemed to me competent rather than merely slick, and had the merit of confining itself to the well-trodden (and proven) paths of psychiatric practice rather than bogging its listeners down in dubious psychopathic quagmires.



RECIPE

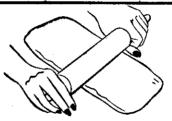
flb, flour RECIPE
Small teaspoon Phosphate Baking Powder
teaspoon salt
b, shortening

1 cup water (little less than ½ pint)
If preferred ½ or full pull paste may be used.

Sift flour and Phosphate Baking Powder. Rub in finely about 1 tablespoon of the shortening. Chop balance of shortening in with knife—rather coarsely. Add sait to water and make up a firm paste. Give four turns and proceed as directed.

REMARKS

Dip sausages in cold water or under cold tap to remove skin easily. Season meat with sail and pepper. Some prefer to include a very little sage or thyme or nutmeg. Various meat or vegetable fillings may be used. Brisk oven for approximately 15 minutes, finish in cooler oven.



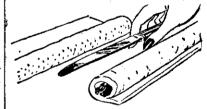
 Roll out paste to rectangular shape.



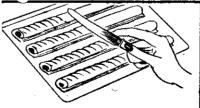
Spread sausage meat thinly leaving space between rows of from 2½"—3".



3. Cut pastry with knife as indicated by dotted line and moisten with milk or water.



4. With knife fold edge completely over leaving one edge only showing



5. Place on tray and mark obliquely from left to right. Then cut into desired lengths.

Glaze with milk or milk and egg.

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