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Anzac Day

IT was not easy, when Anzac Day arrived last year, to avoid some bitterness of heart. Destiny, it was difficult not to feel, had made a mockery of all the sorrow and suffering endured twenty-five years earlier. The world had not been made safe for democracy, or for ordinary human decency, but had been plunged into a blacker and filthier mess than any it had known since the Dark Ages.

That is how our minds ran till we really began to think; and they ran that way most readily if we were neither soldiers who had fought on Gallipoli nor the fathers and mothers of soldiers who had fallen there. For it is the paradox of all wars that they mean least to those who have been through them, who have faced all the issues over and over again in victory and defeat, and who know, because they have had to discover in black hours of enduring and waiting, why they fought at all. It is doubtful if there are a thousand men in New Zealand to-day, or five hundred, who think that they went through the last war for nothing. Nor is it likely that there are a thousand among the sixteen thousand homes bereft in that war which to-day shelter war-resisters. Returned soldiers know, their parents know, everybody out of swaddling clothes knows, that Anzac Day 1941 finds our Division facing as terrible an ordeal as anything experienced on Gallipoli, in Palestine, or in France. It would be a betrayal of them, of their courage, and of their need of our courage, to attempt to gloss over that fact.

By a combination of circumstances which Britain has not been able to control, its armies on two fronts have been thrown suddenly into desperate positions. They have taken risks which the enemy has been quick to exploit, and in both cases already they are fighting, as British armies have so often fought, with the odds heavily against them. Those are the facts as Anzac Day returns to us, but the mood in which we meet them is no longer a mood of hasty and bitter cynicism. We all know now, as some of us may not have known a year ago, that nothing can make the last war useless but failure in this extension of it.

We know in short—and the knowledge has calmed and cleansed us—that the issues are victory when we can achieve it, next year, the year after, or ten years hence, victory or democracy's blackout for a hundred years.

LETTERS FROM LISTENERS

Letters sent to "The Listener" for publication should be as brief as possible and should deal with topics covered in "The Listener" itself. Correspondents must send in their names and addresses even when it is their wish that these should not be published. We cannot undertake to give reasons why all or any portion of a letter is rejected.

EILEEN JOYCE

Sir,—May I have a few lines of your space to reply to the recent strange letter of L. D. Austin about Eileen Joyce. In the *Radio Times* (London) dated March 20, 1936, Tobias Matthay wrote in the following modest terms about the "few lessons" he gave Eileen Joyce.

"May I call your attention to a little oversight in Mr. Guy Fletcher's excellent article on Eileen Joyce in your issue of February 28? He said she had 'a few lessons' from me before her first Prom appearance in 1930, but omitted to state that she had some three years' intensive study with me after that. She won the Woodward Smith Scholarship in 1931, and often appeared at our students' concerts, and made such astonishing progress (both technically and musically) that at the last of these concerts at Wigmore Hall in 1933 she brought the house down with the same two studies of Liszt and Slotzer which also made her name as a gramophonist."

In *The Gramophone* for April, 1935, in an article on Eileen Joyce, W. S. Meadmore tells us that her teacher Teichmüller kept her doing nothing but finger technique for nine months, at the end of which time her money had run out. Not long after this she went to London. Then began the three years intensive study with Tobias Matthay, the "finishing teacher" of some of our most brilliant pianists like Harriet Cohen, Myra Hess, Irene Scharrer, York Bowen, Gertrude Peppercorn and Sir Arnold Bax, together with many others. Mr. Austin claims that Eileen Joyce had a few lessons with Mr. Matthay, but how he can reconcile "a few lessons" with "three years' intensive study" is by no means clear. Then, finally, Mr. Austin tells us that Eileen Joyce is the greatest female pianist since Carreno. That is purely a matter of opinion—Mr. Austin's opinion. It's the sort of claim made by the publicity agent of every artist, and has about as much value, being entirely misleading.—FACTS FIRST (Wellington).

LECTURES FOR THE HOME GUARD

Sir,—Now that the longer evenings are with us again, could we persuade one of the main broadcasting stations to give a course of lectures on subjects connected with the Home Guard? A good speaker can say a lot even in five minutes, and I would suggest that the talks, or lectures, follow the 9.0 p.m. newsreel, say twice a week if oftener would not be possible. There must be a great many Home Guardsmen who are as keen as we are and would welcome the chance of acquiring the extra knowledge.

—HOME GUARD (Pakaraka).

NEW ZEALAND LITERATURE

Sir,—Some weeks ago now a reply by Alan Mulgan to a letter of mine was printed in your paper, and I am only writing this to agree with what Mr. Mulgan had to say.

What I tried to say, and what Mr. Mulgan has said more clearly, is that to write about anything, that thing has to be felt deeply by the writer, and in writing about people or places all that the writer has to orient himself is his race. All writers must write of the same things, but a Russian writer will always write as a Russian: Tolstoy could have written *War and Peace* in Mexico; it would have made no difference; the Mexican garb he may have dressed the novel in would have been "quite incidental." The important things were that Tolstoy was a Russian and he wrote of the whole world of people in a Russian manner, feeling deeply in the way a Russian would experience such things.

All this means that New Zealand writers should feel their race—not the English, or the Maori, but the New Zealand race—so deeply, with such pride, that they will colour their writing with the feeling

felt as New Zealanders. But they would always write as New Zealanders, even in Peru.

That is the trouble; so far New Zealand writers have never felt deeply as New Zealanders; they have no anchor and no content except that local colour which is always "quite incidental."

—G. R. GILBERT (Auckland).

ACCIDENT OR HUNGER?

Sir,—While listening to 2ZB Wellington on Tuesday, April 1, I heard the announcer say, "And now from Columbia Studios we hear Carroll Gibbons and his Savoy Hotel Orpheans playing" etc. . . Was this intentional, or was he just thinking of his tea? The time was 5.45 p.m.

—GRAEME KING (New Plymouth).

(Note also the day.—Ed.).

FAMILY HISTORIES

Sir,—With reference to letters in recent issues under the heading of "Ancestors" and "Family History," I would like to say, that it should be quite possible for "Neutral" to trace his (or her) ancestry right back to Adam if desired. I could produce a descent from Adam for Hugh Rose, 10th laird of Kilravock. Through a female perhaps, but as L. Cootey points out, direct male descent is rare. My authorities are, Adam to Shem, Genesis V.; Shem to Egbert, Asser's "Life of Alfred the Great"; Egbert to Ethelred II., all English history. Subsequent descent can be found in "The Scottish Nation," Douglas's Peerage and Baronage of Scotland, etc.

With regard to the 20 earldoms conferred by William the Conqueror, the lack of male heirs was not the sole reason why some of these peerages do not exist to-day. Actually, the Dukedom of Norfolk became extinct in 1475, but was revived in 1483 for the son of a daughter of the 1st Duke from whom the present Duke is descended. In the interim Richard, Duke of York, was created Duke of Norfolk after his marriage as an infant to Anne, Countess of Norfolk. She died at the age of eight, and he was murdered in the Tower at the age of 10.—1066 (Wanganui).

BRAHMS' REQUIEM

Sir,—In a recent issue of *The Listener*, we noticed a reference to the performance in Wellington of Brahms' "Requiem," which, it was stated, was the first broadcast performance of the work in New Zealand. Permit me to make a correction. "Requiem" was broadcast by the Auckland Dorian Choir from Station 1YA in 1937. The choir also performed the work at its concerts on two occasions—in 1937 and 1939.—JULIE WILLIAMS, (Honorary Secretary, Auckland Dorian Choir).

DE PROFUNDIS

Sir,—In your issue of March 28 you published a letter by F. N. Taylor, part of which so irritated me that I cannot but defend one of my favourite works. I also heard Paganini's violin concerto from 3YA on March 3, and dare confess to having heard it on several occasions of late. If the criticism advanced by your correspondent has any merit, it is only because the composer developed his themes to such length that by repetition they tend to become monotonous. The "snippet of Haydn's 'Clock' Symphony" was also from 3YA, if I remember rightly. It appears strange to me that it should be "the only bit of high-class music . . . this afternoon." I assume that "high-class" includes that formal accuracy and melodic content which constitutes not the least charm of classical-hour music; and fail to see where "Clock" Symphony and 1st and 3rd movements of Paganini's Concerto have not these two things in common.

Had your venerable correspondent lived a century ago, I believe he also would have cried out that Paganini had sold his soul to the devil!—A. S. RAE (Klondyke, Ashburton).

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

"Ocean View":—Approximately (1) 21 days, and (2) 40 days.

F. K. Tucker (Christchurch):—When you have shown that you know the meaning of courtesy your opinion on other subjects may be worth attention.—Ed.