

whole range of his enormous musical intelligence to illuminate this splendid brilliance of the elliptical, enigmatic final movement. I lack space to cover the Bartok concerto and the incredibly seductive Chamber Music programme. In the meantime, my warmest congratulations to an outstanding artist.

—B.E.G.M.

New Zealand Snobs

NELLE SCANLAN's novel *Leisure for Living*, as adapted by O. A. Gillespie, made a quite pleasant, light-weight NZBS play. If we are to hear domestic comedies on radio, I think that, other things being equal, it is better that they should reflect New Zealand more than those of Kensington and Mayfair. Miss Scanlan's not untypical Kiwi family, in an English environment, with just enough money to be able to pretend that it has more, socially ambitious, snobbish, fascinated by titles and never suspecting that a smooth, upper-class Englishman could be a crook and a heel, seemed somehow more plausible than the English families in recent radio plays by Dodie Smith and others. Selwyn Toogood and Davina Whitehouse, who make a fine radio team (reminded me rather of Wallace Beery and Marie Dressler) gave excellently judged performances. And William Austin's part, that of the double-dealing Englishman, was a welcome change from his usual roles. With enough verve and wit to raise it above soap-opera level, *Leisure for Living* should go well on a ZB programme some time.

More Annotations, Please

SOME of the most delightful concerts I have ever heard were given by the Little Orchestra Society of New York. Much of the pleasure came from the lively and engaging introductions to

each piece, given by a commentator who sat at a little table on the stage. I think most people will agree that James Robertson's occasional comments at National Orchestra concerts enhance the value and interest of the music. And Owen Jensen has demonstrated often enough that a few well-chosen words can add immensely to the enjoyment of even a familiar work played on the radio. This being so, I am depressed at the infrequency with which new works of some importance are introduced from 1YC. Annotations are heard less frequently than they used to be, and seem to be more scrappy when they are read. Only rarely do we get enough clues to squeeze the best out of works like Rubbra's Fifth Symphony or Roussel's *The Passing Sandman*. It is unlikely that works which demand introductions would be heard more than once by anybody in a year, so that the idea that listeners would become irritated has little validity. And I feel sure that most YC listeners are not likely to resent having some guidance given them on the assumption that they do not know it already, especially if it is presented with the suavity of a Jensen or a Robertson.

—J.C.R.

Christchurch Schools' Music Festival

TWO thousand children from 38 Christchurch schools will be participating in the Annual Festival of the Christchurch Primary Schools' Music Festival Association, from August 7 to August 11, in the Civic Theatre. Massed choirs, a Schools' Orchestra of 150 players, conducted by R. E. Perks, individual school choirs, and recorder ensembles will take part in the Festival, which is being directed by K. R. Newson and G. R. Mathieson. The Festival will be broadcast from 3YA on Tuesday, August 7.

The Week's Music . . . by SEBASTIAN

MY diet has been pleasant this week:

I have been eating my words. The uniformity of repertoire of visiting pianists that I complained about a short time ago has had a rude shock from Paul Badura-Skoda (YC links). It's a long while, for instance, since I heard the Schumann F Sharp Minor Sonata played at all, let alone played as efficiently as this. Paul Badura-Skoda has a reputation chiefly as an exponent of Mozart; the Schumann Sonata, though technically all that could be desired, seemed impersonal and rather cooler than one expects; but I was impressed with the sonorous bass passages, which I think owed little to my radio. The Kinderszenen which followed (with no "repeats") was a little scamped but very charming in spite of it.

The other programmes were devoted to Mozart—but not by any means run-of-the-mill Mozart. Admittedly the A Major Sonata ("with the Alla Turca") featured prominently in one recital, but that was played superlatively well—how many little fingers have we heard toiling laboriously over it?—with something of a different approach to the composer, the familiarity of old friends, not that which breeds contempt. The Fantasy and Fugue in C, a much-neglected relic of the days when Mozart discovered

Bach for himself, was played with almost the solidity of the latter composer. Meticulous in every detail, it was still in no way strained, and the booming cadences could not disguise the Mozartean good taste which is, after all, the essence of this music. The little Rondo in F, usually played with the Sonata K 533, was an epitome of grace, and an object lesson in the art of not hurrying.

More Mozart, with the National Orchestra this time, and the Concerto in E Flat, K.482: again a work which is not on the Mozart Hit Parade, but an attractive and finely-constructed specimen of the form. The blatant utterances (comparatively speaking) of the first movement, interspersed with fine filigree from the soloist, contrasted effectively with the gentle plaintive variations. The folksy finale was pure joy, with everyone reveling in it, orchestra included: the latter, apart from the usual few blues from the wind section, sounded most at home. Mr. Badura-Skoda brings strength to his interpretation as well as delicacy, and obviously regards Mozart as no musical namby-pamby—an attitude all too common among pianists. After hearing such performances, it is an attitude that should rapidly become extinct.

N.Z. LISTENER, JULY 27, 1956.

THE PARROT DANCED A Fearsome Childhood Memory

*SHE went in black, the parrot danced,
Knowing all her quavering words:
She spread a darkness all around,
But the Parrot danced, a peer of birds.*

*His feathers flamed, but crookedly
Upon the world his eye was bent:
And she was old and he was old,
And both had one malign intent.*

*And she would smile, but more of craft
Than comfort in her fading eye—
What was the thing she thought alone?
The parrot danced with no one by.*

*What formed this fruit? what fearful year?
What blight befell, what evil chanced?
But none could read the wrinkled smile,
And aping doom, the parrot danced.*

—J. R. Hervey



So you think you can't
afford Mushrooms?

Imagine!

For just 1/-

you can always have

MUSHROOMS ON THE MENU

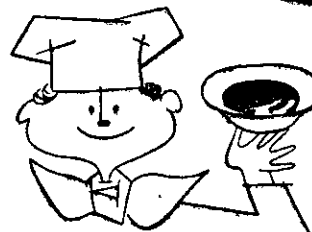
the secret is



There's nothing "imitation" about Maggi Mushroom Soup. It's made from imported dried mushrooms (you know how expensive they are) . . . and cooked with other fine ingredients to the famous Swiss Maggi recipe.

Try one—try all these mm-marvellous Maggi Soups.

Mushroom—Chicken Noodle
—Pea Soup with Ham—
Oxtail — Tomato — Pea
Soup with Vegetables —
Vegetable Tomato Noodle
—Onion.



FREE RECIPE BOOK!

Many quick, easy, delicious
recipes using MAGGI Soups.
Write to Nestlé, Dept. S., P.O.
Box 1784, Auckland.

ZSO 58.15