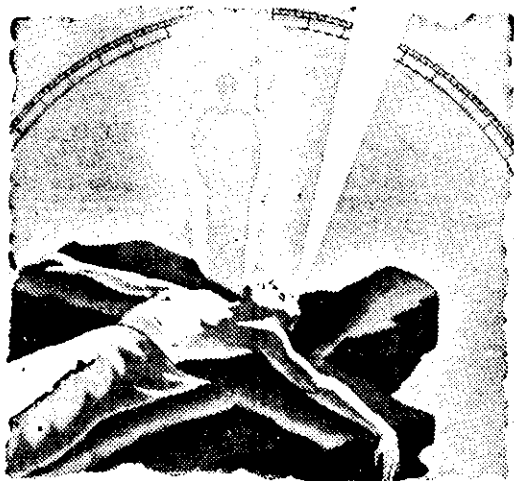


A SPLIT SECOND IN ETERNITY



THE ANCIENTS CALLED IT COSMIC CONSCIOUSNESS

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RADIO REVIEW

Better Questions

THE second *Christian Question-Box* was better than the first, because the questions were more fundamental. The panel only really dodged one of them, on which the questioner obviously hoped for a discussion of Moral Re-armament. On the others: the doctrine of atonement, the duty of a New Zealand Christian towards poverty overseas, and commercial money-raising, they spoke freely and with considerable unanimity. The latter may have been the synthetic product of the questions, on none of which is there much denominational difference, so long as they are kept to general terms. A little spice of disagreement would have been welcome. As it was, the listener might almost have concluded that the only real distinction between the churches lies in their voices—neither the Anglican, the Methodist, nor the Presbyterian could possibly have been anything else. Father Agnellus Andrew was an exception. A Roman Catholic priest with a BBC voice slightly tinged with Scots, seems an anomaly to a New Zealander. Anomaly or not, his power of going succinctly to the heart of a matter had him stating a theme to which the others provided footnotes. As a Presbyterian, I draw no conclusions from this.

—R.D.McE.

Good to Know You

DURING the past few weeks, I have found Henry Walter's *All Day Singing* (YA link, Saturday evening) a much more reliable programme than the often patchy *Theatre of Music* affair which precedes it. I've heard many American folk song series of one kind or another in my time; but none so varied and so full of the unexpected as Mr. Walter's. He seems to draw upon a collection of exceptional range and quality, so that he can group his samples under various headings, instead of offering grab-bags. What a joy it is to hear fine songs of the people in their original form (like the theme song of the series "So Long") instead of in the mutilated, hotbed versions of Tin Pan Alley, which turns one of the most desolating of ballads, "Down in the Valley," into a female crooner's nightmare. Mr. Walter's well-informed, engaging comments, help to make his series of exceptional value. Although the programmes are drawing to an end, I hope it won't be long before he is back again. I'm sure he hasn't exhausted his collection by a long chalk. Only one question—why *All Day Singing*? It reminds me of "all-day sucker"; and there is no sucker connected with this programme.

Under the Influence

LENNOX ROBINSON'S *Drama at Inish* is good fun. A ham theatrical pair bring culture to an Irish seaside town, playing Ibsen and Chekhov, "revealing to you what you really are," the leading man says. They do this so effectively that young men attempt suicide, spinsters discover how sad their life has been, couples quarrel dramatically, and the local M.P., until now an obedient party hack, brings down the Government because he has seen *An Enemy of the People*. Finally the trouble is diagnosed, the players sent

The Week's Music... by SEBASTIAN

IT'S nice to know that Schumann is considered worthy of remembering—even if he has been dead for only a century. One gathers that there are people who actually approve of his music. Of course, he doesn't carry the kudos or approach the genius of Mozart: in fact, if he hadn't married and died in such romantic circumstances, one doubts whether he would be quite as well known. All the same, it was good to see a day set for the honouring of Schumann's work. Not necessarily the best, or the best known, but still warranted genuine Schumann.

The National Orchestra (NZBS) opened the festivities with his "Carnegie" Overture, not commonly heard, but fresh and colourful. So also was the "Spring" Symphony, whose occasional descents toward banality can never ruin its bright open-air atmosphere. The orchestral cohesion was at fault only now and then, and the delightful rhythms were well emphasised. David Galbraith made a good fist of the Concert Introduction and Allegro, though the work itself I find hardly inspiring: it seems to have started very much like the Piano Concerto, but to have forgotten to take to itself any more movements, with an incomplete sound that even good playing could barely offset.

A little later we were able to hear Désirée MacEwan, the visiting English pianist, playing the *Fantasiestücke*, Op. 12, with an attractive precision and grace. This was her first recital in this country, and augurs well for future ones. Schumann, always the pianist himself, requires firmness of handling combined with a lighthearted approach—not an easy balance to achieve, but Miss MacEwan certainly had the right idea. Donald Munro sang a selection of the short songs in clear and quite convincing German: I think his voice is probably best suited to this type of work, with its light tone and flexibility. Lastly in this programme a group of strings led by Alex Lindsay played the Quartet in A Minor, a piece which sounds as though it would fit more comfortably on a piano if anything. The playing was not bad, but I found the music somewhat tedious: interesting, I admit—Schumann was always musically—but with a drawn-out air of having strayed into the wrong company.

As a tailpiece, I heard Maurice Till (4YC) give a very good account of the *Etudes Symphoniques*. And there we are. Schumann can now turn back in his grave and rest peacefully for another century.

N.Z. LISTENER, AUGUST 17, 1956.



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