

Specially made  
FOR  
**TOUGH  
BEARDS**  
AND  
**TENDER SKIN**

**COLGATE**  
BRUSHLESS shaving cream

It's brushless—gives a better shave without a brush than you ever had with one.

## Radio Review

## PENNY PLAIN

I CANNOT say that I got much out of Marc Blitzstein's Englished *Threepenny Opera*. The work seemed to have suffered a lamentable sea-change in translation, and the sardonic lyrics, reduced to the sentiments and size of American musical comedy, had no real bite or tang. What the characters performing it were forced to do, therefore, to point the satire, was snarl, instead of sing, and this they did throughout. The plot, doubtless quite coherent in the theatre, seemed excessively involved, although I know Gay's *Beggar's Opera* and have seen the German film of the *Threepenny* one, to those knowing neither, it must have been baffling. But if Berthold Brecht has suffered in translation, the composer, Kurt Weill, has not suffered at all. His brilliantly sour score still superbly hits off the vigour in despair of those days immediately before Hitler, memorably described by Arthur Koestler in *The Invisible Writing*, and by Christopher Isherwood in his Berlin stories. I vividly recall the film, made, I think, in 1932, of the *Dreigroschenoper*, which I saw some years ago, a work of great sting and saltiness, and salt is what this American version lacked. For *The Threepenny Opera* is still vital, and its themes are more contemporary than ever. Its translation had the air of being considered a historical document.

## What Do You Want?

I HAVE always regarded nationalism as the silliest of modern idolatries, irrational, hysterical, unscrupulously fanned into flame at periods of crisis by irresponsible demagogues of one kind or another; an emotional refuge for persons of shaky stability, designed to give them an ersatz identity, and a manufactured meaning to their lives. But, listening the other night to the United Nations Radio programme on the Hungarian refugees, I was made vividly aware that there are some situations

where this feeling is spontaneous, real, and tied inextricably to the soil. The questions given by the American interviewer were a little glassy and rigid, expressed in this formula: "Question: What do you want? Answer, recorded on the Austrian border in such and such a camp. . . ." and there would follow, haltingly, the simple, but overpowering testimony: "I want to live . . . free from fear . . . where the nights are quiet. . . ." At one point in the programme, a large band of refugees broke into the Hungarian National Anthem, and this was intensely moving. No manufactured idealism here: this was the beating heart of a people united by the image of their land oppressed.

—B.E.G.M.

## In One Ear

IT is gratifying to find that the 1955 Reith Lectures, *The Englishness of English Art*, delivered by Nikolaus Pevsner, are neither dull to listen to nor as difficult as some have been. At the same time, this account of elements in English art which are distinctively English and reflect aspects of the English character, is sufficiently a product of original research to justify its inclusion in the series. These lectures really ought to be taken seriously, treated as lectures, with pencil poised above notebook. But they won't be. We'll let them float in one ear and merely hope it won't all disappear out the other. Especially in New Zealand, where few people can visualise the details of English perpendicular architecture or the texture of Hogarth's paint sufficiently to follow his finer points. Scholars using the radio seriously must inevitably waste most of their treatise on the desert air. Which is not to say I would ban this type of talk altogether, or even drastically alter it. For one thing, people are often attracted to a special study of some work they don't fully comprehend, but wish to; for another, heaven forbid that every topic should be so popularised as to give all of us the impression that there is nothing in the world beyond our immediate grasping.

(continued on next page)

## ★ The Week's Music . . . by SEBASTIAN ★

A WEEK of chamber music this has been in the main, and a nice change it was, too. First there was the violin-piano combination of Maurice Clare, whom we already know, and Marta Zalan, the young Hungarian whom we will know now. Their full programme included a good deal of interest: for instance, the Schumann violin sonatas (YC links), another pair of works neglected as a rule, but here so resuscitated that one wonders that they are so seldom heard. The first (as Mr. Clare pointed out) has a family resemblance to the Piano Concerto, not only in themes but in its wayward and fanciful style. The second, a more serious affair, meanders at times as though the way were not clear, but for the most part is pleasant though turgid. The artists are musicianly musicians, and attacked their Schumann with a fervour I am sure he would have applauded, with excellent tonal range and balance, as equals rather than solo plus accompaniment; anything else would indeed make nonsense of the music.

The Sonata in D of Weiner, heralded as of unusual interest, proved to be a Frenchified work harking back to a late romantic type, with enough formal architecture and enough pretty turns of

phrase to hold the attention, if not to demand it. This was also given an intense performance, one which might have made an advertisement for the composer as well as the players; but I'm afraid that oblivion will creep up on the music as it has done, regardless of worth, with so many other conservative composers.

Marta Zalan, alone this time, also essayed Beethoven's E Major Sonata, Op. 109 (national link), which she played very carefully, almost weighing the merits of the individual notes; and the whole effect was a little cloying, however detailed a study had gone into its production.

Ritchie Hanna and Maurice Till added their quota to the violin and piano lists (NZBS), notably with the Rumanian Folk Dances of Bartok, which were given with immense energy and gusto; the work calls for this, of course, but this doesn't mean that it always gets such sympathetic treatment. Finally, the clarinetist George Hopkins, with William Davis (NZBS) played Brahms's F Minor Sonata with all the grave delicacy one could wish for. In all, a serene and satisfying set of programmes, full of charms to soothe the savage critic. I hope the fine spell lasts.

REGISTERED NURSING-AID  
TRAINING SCHOOL

Burwood Hospital, Christchurch

THE NORTH CANTERBURY HOSPITAL BOARD announces that the next training term will commence in April next, applications for which are now being received from YOUNG WOMEN between 17 and 30 years of age. The well-equipped school provides an interesting 18 months' training covering care of patients, ward hygiene, plus lectures in Elementary Anatomy, and Physiology, Nursing Technique, and Nutrition, etc., delivered by qualified personnel. On qualifying Nursing Aids obtain their State Registration and may practise where desired or may complete their general training at Christchurch Hospital or any other training school, in which event an exemption of six months in the normal course is allowed. Salary while at Burwood Hospital is £275 per annum for the first year, and £295 thereafter plus free board and residence and an allowance to cover duty shoes and stockings. Other amenities include Laundry, free lecture notes, generous leave privileges, including 28 days' leave each year, and excellent recreational facilities. Burwood Hospital is situated 5½ miles from the centre of Christchurch and a convenient bus service operates.

Write for further information to:—

THE MATRON,  
BURWOOD HOSPITAL,  
CHRISTCHURCH



The Danish  
liqueur delight - to be  
served at precious  
moments.

World famous  
liqueur since  
1818



Sole agents in New Zealand  
SWIFT & MOORE PTY. LIMITED  
Wellington and Auckland

G8399