

(C) Punch "Really! . . . Good heavens! . . . Well I never! . . ."

themselves on this height, frittering

away in the quarrels of Brutus and Cassius, and their shaky last stands. The BBC version was ruthlessly pruned, Portia and Calpurnia disappearing altogether, and whole and sometimes crucial scenes were removed. I found it hack Shakespeare, scrupulous only as to sound values: the word "statue" was carefully pronounced "statua" to preserve the iambic pentameter, but many scenes were scurried through, and the Forum scene was poor. Ralph Michael played the "Friends, Romans, countrymen" as if Antony's "plain, blunt man" were the literal truth; there was no subtlety, no irony, in a word, no art. And this applied to nearly all the cast. At the end, like Hamlet, I had as lief the Town Crier had snoken their lines

# The Week's Music . . . by SEBASTIAN

Concerts (YC links) have provided most of our local diet, with a varied menu, Handel cheek by jowl with Saint-Saens and similar contrasts dotted all over the programmes. Variety is the key, with good performance dominant and serious music in a relatively minor position. The soloists are drawn from the best of New Zealand talent; while the conductor is obviously a man of musicianship, and has a definite conducting personality. I would not go so far as to say that he projects himself in all the Orchestra's playing, but his interpretations have an air of purposeful exaggeration, sometimes of waywardness, without any sense of falseness or of misconstruing the composer. Now and again an unconventional speed in a hackneyed work is as refreshing as a cold plunge-though it can be just as much of a shock, too. The soloists, as I implied, are good. Maurice Till gave very satisfying account of Beethoven's second Piano Concerto, with crystal clarity and a feeling for climax that a playwright might envy. This is not generally thought of as a dramatic work, but between conductor and soloist, that

AS in last week's listening, the Prom. was its effect, as pleasing as it was unexpected; and the final movement, treated as comedy rather than as farce, convinced me more than some of the recorded performances. Even more than this concerto, that by Grieg has to bear comparison with versions on record, usually by the more popular pianists. David Galbraith gave it a more thoughtful reading than one often hears, with meticulous attention to detail, especially in the first movement, which more than made up for an occasional orchestral dislocation. The finale also impressed, with a nice balance of power and discretion.

I don't know why it is, but whenever an orchestra essays a work of Mozart, it seems to be the signal for the woodwind section to untune themselves, concertedly and in different directions. I have noticed it without comment on many occasions, not only locally but in recorded works, and the Mozart symphony that is without a wind-borne blemish is quite a rare event. season the Haffner Symphony suffered in this respect-fortunately in no other. Possibly conductors become inured to the phenomenon, or more probably the unprotected audiences cannot complain.

#### TIFH Revisited

THERE was a time when I never missed Take It From Here, but my interest languished, and it must be two years since my last encounter. I tuned in the other night to see how they were getting on. My report: no change. Dick is still old, and Jimmie vain, the Glums rather glumly unfunny, with Ron prostrate after three helpings of sherry trifle; and Alma Cogan sang a remarkably silly "You Can Never Do a Tango with song. an Eskimo," a prosposition so obvious that demonstration seems needless. Punch lines no longer had their coup de

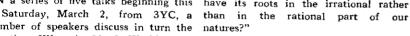
grâce adroitness, though I may have struck them on an off night. The later part of the show, however, was much better, where the boys got entangled with Wells's Time Machine, racketing up and down the centuries, with Dick finally discovered seated behind Lady Godiva on her horse. This was vintage TIFH, and a joy. A chance reference in this passage to the date showed me that this episode was recorded in 1955, which explains, perhaps, why some of the cracks failed to register. Far-flung antipodean outpost we may be, but in this age of speed, surely not so far-flung as all that? -B.E.G.M.

## HE NATU

IN a series of five talks beginning this have its roots in the irrational rather number of speakers discuss in turn the natures?" question What is Man? Working on is one must know what it does, the speakers discuss man as revealed by his functions of thinking, creating, believing, existing, and the ordering of his lot as a "social being."

The first talk examines the proposition that Man is a rational being in the light of past and present beliefs and events, from the principles of reason that moulded Greek thought, up to the

age where rational man is equated with technological This latter man. identification is suspect to Dr. J. L. Moffat, who says: "In my own opinion there's nothing remarkably rational about Science. . . May we not wonder if science is now more interested in power than in knowledge? And, consequently, whether it may not



Artistic Man (3YC, 8.38, Saturday the principle that to know what a thing March 9), by John Oakley, of the Canterbury School of Art, deals with the creative urge that distinguishes man from his fellow animals, and how it has been used throughout history. "Art is primarily an expression of happiness, a product of passion in leisure. When the passions of a race are fully occupied with the business or the troubles of life art must languish."

The last three talks, Man as a



Religious Being, Existentialist Man, and Political Man, all deal in some way with religion, morality and the social order, with Man's urge to freedom and fear of loneliness. The speakers are the Rev. M. Peaston, Professor R. T. Sussex and Professor N. C. Phillips. What is Man? will be heard later from

### Doleman Walks Again

GUY DOLEMAN, star of many Donovan Joyce productions, is the hero of a new serial, Walk a Crooked Mile, which starts from the ZBs at 8.0 p.m. on Friday, March 8. This is the third in a series of five separate and specially commissioned serials being written by Lindsay Hardy.

David Beckett owns a yacht and under pressure becomes involved in the theft of Treasury gold and its transport overseas. The yacht, with the gold and thieves on board, takes on passengers and goes on a pleasure cruise with Tangier as the final destination. Among the passengers are the actress with whom Beckett is involved and the nice girl with whom he falls in love, and these two further complicate his progress towards the end of the crooked mile.

Laura Chilton, the serial at present being heard from 2ZA, 4ZA, 1ZB and 2ZB in the Women's Hour, is due to start from 3ZB on March 12 and 4ZB on March 27. This romantic serial is the story of Laura's attempts to find a per-"last love." Appalled at the thought of drifting into old age, she becomes restless, complicating life for Noel, her architect husband. Other people enter their lives to draw them apart; and Kathy, their daughter, becomes involved with an older, married man. There is tender and moving drama in the story of Laura Chilton and her family's pursuit other YC stations. of happiness and romance.

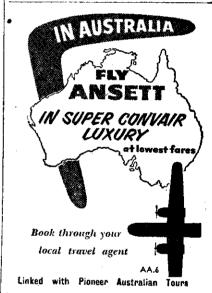
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