

*Glamorous Night* set the seal on Ivor Novello's fame as a composer of light music when it was first performed on May 2, 1935, at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. It was a huge, spectacular production—the first of three which carried Novello to the peak of his success. For all that it was not modern. *Glamorous Night* gently tugs at the heart strings—is sentimental with a little drama thrown in to keep the plot alive.

The setting is Krasnia, a mythical European State ruled by the weak King Stefan. The Prime Minister (Lydyeff) seeks to remove Stefan from the throne but is thwarted by Militza, the prima donna who is singing "Glamorous Night" at the Opera House. Militza, who is the idol of the populace, is the real power behind the throne, but Lydyeff is foiled in an attempt to kill her by a young English tourist, Anthony Allen. Forced to flee, Anthony and Militza fall briefly in love, and plot to free King Stefan by raising the loyal peasantry against the tyrant. This they do. In a touching finale, Militza elects to remain with Stefan, and Anthony, who is about to return to England, is rewarded for his heroism.

Throughout the plot Novello has woven an intricate web of music which supplements and illustrates each situation as it arises. The music ranges

from stirring choruses to sweet love songs, from the Krasnian National Anthem to the Tzigane music of the peasantry. Pamela Woolmore sings the role of Militza, which is spoken by Rosemary Robertson, and Laurence Hepworth plays the non-singing role of Anthony Allen. Lorenti, Militza's leading man at the Opera House, is sung by Andrew

Gold and spoken by Robert Newman; and the part of Cleo is sung by Ivy Davis and spoken by Noeline Pritchard. Lydyeff is played by Barry Linehan and Stefan by Athol Coates. The music was directed by Oswald Cheesman, assisted by the conductor of the Minstrels, Harry Woolly.

★ "GLAMOROUS NIGHT" in production: The Auckland Radio Orchestra and The Minstrels (left) recording at 1YA. In front from right are Harry Woolly (chorus master), Bernard Beeby (producer), Oswald Cheesman (musical director), and (seated) the principal soloists, Pamela Woolmore and Andrew Gold



## Man's Smart, But Woman's Smarter...

PERHAPS recantations belong, like reminiscences, to middle age, when one has had time to reflect. In any case, the time has now come for me to sing *peccavi* for an earlier fault. In Donne's words,

I have a sin of fear that when I have spun

My last thread, I shall perish on the shore.

and perish, moreover, without once saying out loud my pleasure in that accident of birth or conjunction of genes which made me female.

Now, like many another wild girl, I hated being one. Why had I not been born a boy? Boys have so much more fun, can do so much more, live so much more vividly. They can go sailing before the mast on a grainship from Australia (when I was young, they still could): they can apprentice themselves to great explorers and comb the steamy banks of the Amazon for strange flora, or encourage huskies across the frozen wastes, or live with nomad tribes on the steppes of Russia or in the Gobi Desert, or come, alone, upon rose-red cities half as old as Time. Boys—men—have everything which makes life worth while: girls have only dreams of greatness which never come true.

Every hoyden among my readers will know these thoughts, and the contempt which went with them, for the very thought of marriage. Marry! Heavens!—what a shocking waste of living time that would be!

Well, married now, sober now, middle aged now, I eat my words as generously and fully as possible. What fun, to be a woman! What fun, to maintain a woman's world, and to watch man fumble his inept way through it, knowing that he will soon find its drudgery too dull, its discipline too ferocious.

Here, of course, I refer to the domestic world. When a man commits the little woman to the home, tells her, ever so kindly, that it is there she belongs, he is quite right. But, while asserting himself as a man, he is acknowledging also man's defeat in a sphere he can never control, whose complexities and urgencies are beyond him. (I refuse, by the way, to call the wide world "man-made," as some feminists bitterly do; woman makes it, man arranges it.)

Take an ordinary Monday morning in an ordinary New Zealand home, Mum having got up early to do the ironing, then making breakfast for her family. She is managing, and competently, half a dozen different activities—changing the baby, giving Dad his early cuppa as soon as he is sufficiently awake to raise it to his poor lips without ruining the sheets, starting up the washing machine, overseeing Mary's homework, sending Johnny up the drive to fetch the milk, and removing, while he is absent, tokens of the unfortunate crisis de nerfs which has overtaken the cat, since her son, a greasy child, is given to turning green and throwing up in a moment.

All this merely a preamble to the more urgent flurry of cooking the breakfast bacon while seeing that everyone in the family gets a turn at the bathroom, answering three or four questions at once—"What! another grocery bill?"—"Where's Limpopo, Mum?"—"Can I have one-and-fivepence for a school notebook, Mum, now, AT ONCE!"—making sure that the baby doesn't entirely swallow the spoon while feeding himself in his high chair, and toasting the bread. Seeing Dad emerge from the bathroom whistling to himself, in a happy cloud of baby powder, she may be tempted to ask him to do this last but, "Blast those fellows who took away the Breakfast Session—I'll have to put on a record," says he, doing just that, and intimating by the bend of his back, as only a husband can, his utter inability to do anything else at the same moment.

So, biting back a retort about the German and Viennese ladies she has seen doing complicated knitting while listening to the world's best music with that absorbed concentration wholly unknown to the British, Mum has to do the toast herself, having first made a lightning swoop on the wash-house to see that the wringer isn't thoughtfully chewing on her one hemstitched sheet. By the time they have all sat down to, eaten, and risen from breakfast—that is, by the time Dad has gone to work, the children have gone to school, and she and the baby are left contemplating the ruins, she has successfully brought

several necessary strategic operations to a happy conclusion, and has never had less than three on her hands at once.

My point, in case you haven't got it, is that the average woman has generally far more on her mind, and by the age of thirty or so has trained herself far more thoroughly in coping with varied practical activities, than the average man. She may be scatty when it comes to abstract thought, she may never reach the higher peaks of poetry, sculpture, or physics, she may be slow to appreciate the niceties of Hegelian philosophy or Proustian prose when her husband is kind enough to explain both to her; but when it comes to doing half a dozen utterly necessary things cheerfully and well at once and the same time, man is simply nowhere compared with her.

And remember that practically all the actions of the average housewife are beneficent, life giving. She is forever creating something, rather than evolving more efficient methods of destruction—of how many men can that be said? She brings to her toast-making, her washing, her child-feeding, as much passionate and ruthless competence as that of any business tycoon bent on ruining a rival—she brings to her job of creating life and making a home for it to flourish in, as much energy, initiative and sheer know-how as any arms manufacturer bent on successfully and anonymously launching another war—she does it all, mainly, from love rather than ambition.

So, I'm glad—very glad—to be a woman.

—Sarah Campion