

vanished? Would a sour near middle-age reject as infantile the mirth-provoker of youth? But, as the session went on its Wodehousian way, it seemed as entertaining, in a simple style, as it had ever done, and more original than most of the series of its kind now broadcast. My response may have been partly nostalgic; yet I shall certainly listen again, if only to hear how Frank gets out of his present watery predicament. It is one of the advantages of 1YD's flexibility that it can offer us something so old that it is new again. There's a good deal to be said for a repertory approach in radio occasionally.

—J.C.R.

## Music for a Dominion

THE NZBS made a handsome programme for its Dominion Day celebration, and the musical quality of the works by New Zealand composers was of remarkable maturity, in itself a striking index to New Zealand's coming-of-age. Gabrielle Phillips, soprano, sang with Gwyneth Brown, piano, six songs to poems of various periods, by David Farquhar. They were all distinguished by a spaciousness of harmony which recalled, though was nowhere derivative from, the early Douglas Lilburn. I have reservations about the treatment of Gerard Manley Hopkins's poem, "Spring and Fall," feeling, at first hearing, that rhythmically the song worked against the poem, and that the last two lines were over-rhetorical for the quiet but shattering knowledge with which the poem ends. I had not heard Douglas Lilburn's music to Allen Curnow's "Landfall in Unknown Seas" before, and found it wholly engaging. Beautifully scored for strings, shapely, urgent, and eloquent, it is a work of great and enduring distinction. William Austin's reading of the poem was sensitive and immaculate, except for a curious inflexion on the words *Golden Bay* towards the end. The programme ended with three piano pieces played by Peter Cooper. Owen Fletcher's "Thuringian Dance" was neat and pretty, Georg Tintner's

Prelude showed the evidence of a deeply musical imagination, but Mr Cooper's own Waltz in Memory of Ignaz Friedman was vulgar and flashy, and a severe let-down to a programme elsewhere of such high quality. But as a whole, the evening made me glow with chauvinistic pride.

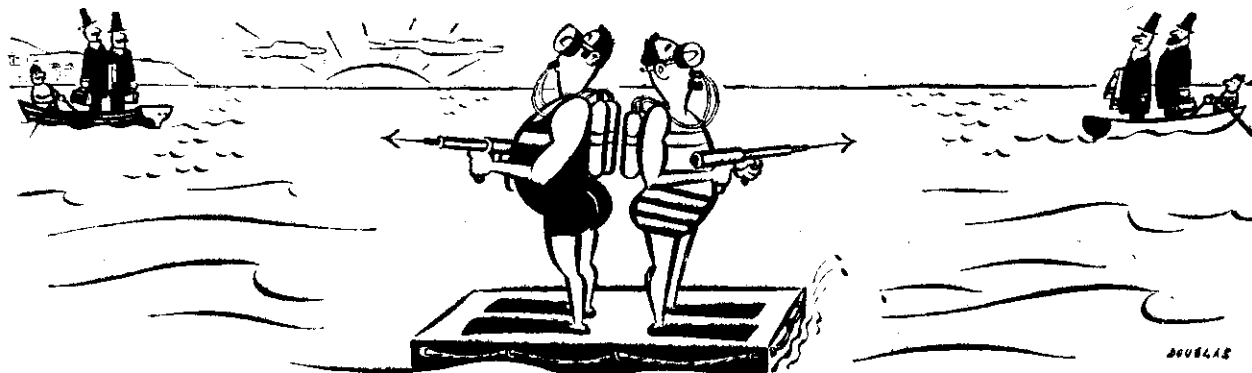
## Music for the World

READERS of this page may recall my diving overboard with cries of joy during the visit last year of Victoria de los Angeles. I was joined by my colleagues above and below me with similar, if less hysterical encomiums, but a couple of correspondents, their withers unwrung by the lady, wrote to complain that our enthusiasm was excessive; that abroad Senora de los Angeles was merely one of many good singers. But last Sunday I heard a recording of the lady at the Edinburgh Festival, and have to report that her art is as potent there as here. She sang a programme very similar to the several she gave here, in German, French and Spanish, and it included the two *Vocalises*, one by Stravinsky and the other, in the form of a Habanera, by Ravel, which she sang here. The presumably largely Scottish audience expressed themselves with the same uninhibited delight that Victoria received here, and her wonderful pure lyrical voice, as delicate, refined and eloquent

as a whole array of exquisite instruments, bewitched utterly what is probably the most critical audience in the English speaking world. I can only pity

anyone who cannot surrender to the unique hypnosis of this supreme artist.

—B.E.G.M.



DOUGLAS

(C) Punch

WHEN URGENCY IS IMPORTANT . . .



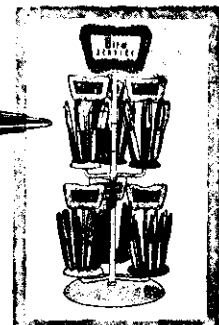
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## ★ The Week's Music . . . by SEBASTIAN ★

DOMINION DAY was noticed briefly by several stations, and there was a programme of New Zealand composers' music (YC link) to add weight to it. Though well varied, these pieces pointed out clearly that though we may be a Dominion, a nation ourselves, our music still has little national touch, with no features to distinguish it from other countries' modern music. Composers here tend to have a cosmopolitan outlook, with their own personalities superimposed, and the result is a corpus of music in which it is hard to trace a common factor, or the germs of a national style. We lack the traditions of the European countries, and the go-ahead American way; and having nothing to take the place of these attributes, our serious music is apt to sound a bit derivative. I suppose there is an independent spirit that one can hear, as befits music from a young colony; but we can hardly be called musical pioneers.

The programme in question included Lilburn's setting, "Landfall in Unknown Seas," which I recall was featured on Dominion Day two years ago; and its strings sounded as soothingly Anglicised as ever. There were three piano pieces played by Peter Cooper, which were pleasant, but not particularly dis-

tinguished. More interesting were David Farquhar's six Songs of Women, courageously sung by soprano Gabrielle Phillips—for these were extremely difficult. They dealt in art, not without artifice; and had a spiky, ungrateful style, full of rather unvoiced leaps, which mellowed towards a normally musical level in the Lullaby and Epilogue. This is not soothing music; but the settings were not inapt, and the accompaniments added materially to the songs. Still, the style was a personal and individual one, and cannot represent New Zealand music any more than a single work of any other local composer; and one must agree with Owen Jensen's remark in a recent talk (NZBS) that the coming of the gramophone here nipped in the bud a national musical culture that was just about to begin.

In National Orchestra concerts lately, one highlight was the Concerto for trumpet, strings and percussion by John Addison, with Ken Smith as soloist. This English composer (he is 47) writes gay, light and technically brilliant music, reminiscent in some ways of good-humoured Malcolm Arnold; and this concerto was a shining and exhilarating example of his work. I should like to hear his wind Sextet played here—any offers?