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appeared in examination lists and graced the drawing-room piano. There are others too; Palmgren, Liadov, Rhene-Baton. With Dittersdorf, Hummel, Raff and a hundred more, they are passing gracefully into limbo.

The Voice

I HAVE heard him: The Voice. Frank Sinatra, whose cooing has wooed the bobby-sox brigade of America, and who is not without his following even here. He sang mostly of eyes and wishes of universal fantasy. There was not even the suave sophistication of Bing. It was simple, unaffected. Yet without any of the impassioned fire of the evangelist, here is a phenomenon of mass hysteria. Useless to condemn or inveigh, for the Voice obviously speaks to, means something to the adolescent. Does it weave a day-dream of a world that was, that should have been, that probably never will be again? Does it solace insecure hearts troubled for the future?



This strange sentiment you cannot dismiss, for it is symptomatic of things as they are. It is foolish; if you are not under its spell, it is irritating, and nauseating.

The Invisible Company

THE REV. G. F. NAYLOR broadcast a Presbyterian service from the studio of 1YA last Sunday evening. To whom did he speak; with whom did he pray; who joined him in worship? There are two principal groups, I think, who do not go to church, yet who listen to broadcast services. There are those who, through infirmity, illness, or remoteness from a church, must make their worship second-hand. To them, a service broadcast on relay from a church, with its familiar sounds—the organ, the singing, the prayers echoed by the congregation, the coughs, the shufflings, is re-created for them in the home. This is, for them, no second-hand worship; they become one with those on the other side of the microphone. A service conducted in the studio might mean little to them. But there are those who stay at home from apathy, or because they believe it possible to make the best of both worlds, and, comfortably settled in armchair with pipe and even a book, hope to gain

something from the vague sounds percolating from ear to ear. It was these, I am sure, whom Mr. Naylor sought. He did not appeal to them with evangelical fire, but with calm logic. His tripartite discussion was, as he said, "for those who would like to approach God through reason rather than feeling." This sort of service can never be a substitute for the real thing, but it obviously has its purpose. And it makes the best use of radio.

Some Wagner from 1YA

STEWART HARVEY'S singing of Wagner from 1YA on March 29 had a genuine ring about it. His is one of those rare voices which, although big, broadcasts well. One comes to the conclusion that it is not the size of the voice that fits the microphone, but the singer's ability to control and modulate it. "O Star of Eve" is by now something of a war-horse and might very well be put out to grass. Stewart Harvey did not add anything new to it, but his singing was at least pleasant and inoffensive. "Wotan's Farewell" was more of a man-size job. His interpretation may not have measured up to Bayreuth standards, but it was nevertheless most creditable. A little more attention to phrasing, a more pungent articulation, and less reliance on vocal punch alone, and Mr.

Harvey may yet give Wagnerians a thrill. The accompaniments by the Studio Orchestra were neither well-balanced nor adequate.

Warsaw to Warner

IN a revue programme entitled "Jack's Dive," featuring Jack Warner, there was a song by Richard Addinsell; and a day or two earlier I had picked up a bracket of his songs during a period of one-ear listening. The other works of the author of the renowned "Warsaw Concerto" have, for some reason, not been much publicised. The impression I gained was that they were all written for a definite medium of performance—radio cinema or theatre—and therefore for a definite audience about whom the composer had the preconceived ideas of the professional entertainer. There is no detachment, though there may be sincerity. None of his compositions, the Concerto included, have any existence in themselves, but were written for a circumscribed means of commercial entertainment. The author most recalled by the lesser songs is Noel Coward, whose real imagination and thorough technical accomplishment are marred—it is a commonplace—by his and his audience's inability to forget that he is a professional entertainer.

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