

ANGLER'S DIRGE

*HANDLE the rod once more
With loving care,
Each ferrule earnestly
Oiled with my hair.*

*BEAM on its beauty then,
Caress each part
Fashioned so faithfully
By Hardy's art.*

*AH my poor pensive Gnat,
You shall desert my hat,
And Greenwell's Glory fade
Into the black book's shade,
Greeting his fellow flies
With softly sighing sighs.*

*SHALL creek and river feel
Trout, listening for a reel,
Swirling against a surge
Or lying passive,
Waiting, they know not why
They are denied my fly.*

*AND shall the streams still flow
Whether we fish or no?
Past leafless willows,
Laving their reddened shoots,
Swirling about their roots,
Emptying over fall,
Missing us . . . not at all?*

*SO, fretting reel be still,
Have you not sung your fill
Of fishing chant and glee
And outdoor ecstasy.
Now must your song be done
Until October come.*

—E. M. Lyders

St. George and Sir Arthur

WHETHER justice can be done *The Golden Legend* in a quarter-of-an-hour is a question I leave for the NZBS to settle with Sir Arthur Sullivan—those whose first hearing of the oratorio was the 15-minute programme from 2YA on St. George's Day may possibly feel that even that was too long. Chief barrier to enjoyment I felt was the extreme artificiality of the spoken dialogue that replaced recitative, and audiences recently indulged by having the banalities of operatic dialogue decently shrouded in both recitative and Italian may well have boggled at St. George's discussion of maidens and forty-foot dragons. The second part of the St. George's Day programme seemed to me more in keeping with the spirit of a day which has turned its back on romanticism without exiling sentiment. It was a BBC programme called "This England—the English Character as Illustrated in English Literature" and apart from a slight sense of wonder that "To a Snowflake" could be regarded as illustrative of the English character I thoroughly enjoyed the readings. The programme began with "This royal throne of kings" (which might have been expected) and ended with "Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?" both read by a gentleman whose voice breathed mellow fruitfulness. The other three readers had a more austere modern note, and I enjoyed renewing acquaintance with poems I had once known and never forgotten and others I wished I had known better. The method of moving from poem to poem

with mere alternation of voices to indicate the break was well justified on grounds of melody, but time taken out to give title and author would not, I thought, have ruined the mood of the performance and would have saved me much baffled hunting through anthologies.

Easter Carols

A FINE programme for Easter Sunday was a group of Easter Carols, presented by the Studio Singers, directed by George Wilkinson. It would be a pleasant surprise for many listeners to realise that there are other carols than those appropriate to Christmas. There are, of course, dozens of little-known carols, full of grace and charm, expressing every mood. Among such treasure-trove it has always been Mr. Wilkinson's pleasure to search for new material, and the programme here presented combined the more familiar carols with some lovely unusual choices. A commentary was used for the purpose of giving the programme dramatic continuity, but I thought it too sentimental and meandering to achieve its purpose. Although it was well-spoken, it would have been better omitted in favour of something descriptive of the carols themselves and their musical history. Carols such as these need no "story" to link them, and are capable of making a satisfying musical programme of themselves, without the aid of dramatic "effects."

Exasperating

I FOUND the 4YA presentation of Mozart's *Magic Flute* exasperating. It began at five minutes past eight, and was scheduled for the usual interruption by the Sunday night talk; but in fact the performance was halted some 10 minutes before a quarter to nine, and the vacuum was filled with records. Then came the talk, followed by the chimes, followed by the weather forecast, followed by the news, followed at long last by some more *Magic Flute*. Shortly after ten we were told that that would be all for to-night, and that the remainder of the opera would be heard at a later date. Surely radio listeners deserve as much consideration as theatre audiences. When we tune in to an opera, is it too much to expect to hear the opera, the whole opera, and (more important than all) nothing but the opera.

Anti-Climax

ON August 15 4YA gave us a most solemnly lovely series of readings appropriate to Good Friday. These, selected by Helmut Rex, dealt directly, as in descriptions of scene and place, or indirectly, as in meditation, with aspects of the Passion. Ken Stewart, who read the commentary and introduced the quotations, was clear but a little over-eager; the particular matter he had to deliver required not over-expressive diction, but plain straightforward reading. Roland Watson, who read the extracts, managed without over-emphasising any of his material, to convey to the listener an awe-inspiring sense of the spiritual significance of the occasion. Although I make no personal claim to piety, I found that the readings had wrought me to such a fervour that the final rationalistic cold douche administered in the egotistical Whitman lines came as a most uncomfortable anti-climax.



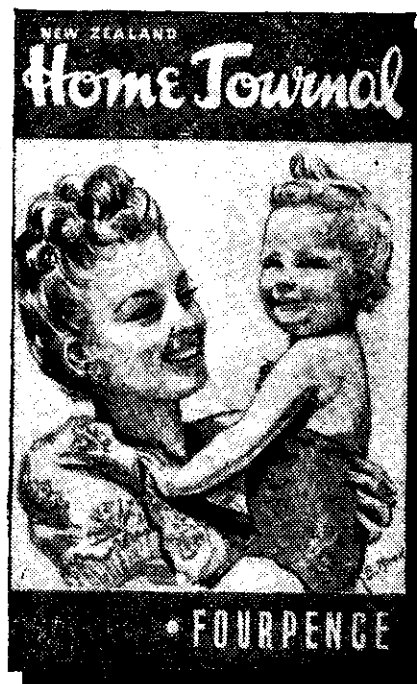
Every woman
will enjoy this
MAGAZINE MONTHLY!

NOW ENLARGED
—WITH MANY NEW,
COLOURFUL FEATURES

The "NEW ZEALAND HOME JOURNAL" now offers even bigger, better reading value to women. The 68 pages have been increased in size to permit an increase, equal to nine extra pages.

In line with overseas developments, several pages will be printed in colour. You will find a grand pattern service—patterns cut to individual measurements; a unique ready-to-assemble furniture service; an authoritative mothercraft section; at least two full-length knitting and crochet patterns—in addition to absorbing stories and articles on designing, decorating, cooking and homemaking generally.

No home magazine in the world gives you more for your money than the new "Home Journal." Get it every month (posted to your own address) for only 4/- a year. POST FREE.



NEW ZEALAND
Home Journal

**POST COUPON
NOW:
Only 4/- Yearly**

**N.Z. HOME JOURNAL,
P.O. Box 885, Christchurch.**

Please post me the "N.Z. Home Journal" for 12 months. I enclose 4/- postal note.

NAME

ADDRESS

(Please print clearly)

E.1.

Or from your Bookseller. Price Fourpence.