

A Run Through The Programmes



yet written a magic opera." At the time the Empress Maria Theresa was taking steps against Freemasonry, so the tale of "The Magic Flute" deals largely with Masonic rites and rituals. Part 1 of the opera is to be heard at 9.25 p.m. on Sunday, February 11, from 2YA, Wellington, and there will be a brief sketch of the composer and his work at 3.15 p.m. the same day from the same station.

Musicians v. Balletomanes

It is a strange fact that while some musicians think that "the use of Chopin's music for ballet purposes is inartistic," just as many balletomanes consider such a ballet as "Les Sylphides" to be a perfect expression of the dance. Chopin wrote his music, of course, for the piano, and the musician will argue that the delicate refinements of tempo and meaning are lost when the music is orchestrated and difficult steps fitted to it; whereas the balletomane will declare quite as vehemently that the light, ethereal steps of the dancers are the perfect complement to Chopin's fairy-like web of melody. Anyway, perhaps you have some ideas on the subject; so listen to the presentation of "Les Sylphides" at 9.34 p.m. on Tuesday, February 13, from 1YX, Auckland.

Delius

Writing some years ago on Frederick Delius, the English-born musician of German parentage, who lived much of his life in France, Sydney Grew said: "His life has been filled with the colour of romance. . . . His father wanted him to be a merchant, but to escape from a prosy, practical life the boy went—with his father's help—to Florida, taking up at the age of nineteen the quiet life of an orange planter. There he was in touch with negroes of the most characteristic type, gaining from them and from the country the inspiration that eventually was to produce the opera of 'Koanga.'" The closing scene from "Koanga" will be heard at 2 p.m. on Sunday, February 11, from 2YA, Wellington.

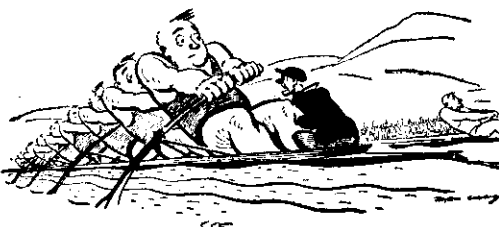
She Likes Broadcasting

A.T.C.L. at 14, L.T.C.L. at 16 and a Fellow of Trinity College last year at 19, sums up the so far brief but brilliant career of Joan Dowding, who is to give a piano-forte recital from 1YA on Sunday evening, February 11. She is one of those fortunate people who have not been troubled by doubts about their vocation for, from an early age,

her sole aim was to make a name for herself as a musician. And she seems to have done rather well already. She first figured in a broadcast concert programme at 16, and was then one of the youngest artists to have done so in Auckland, and since that time she has frequently contributed to the 1YA programmes. She does not mind at all playing without a visible audience—she rather likes the quiet atmosphere of the studio—and for her recital next Sunday she has chosen excerpts from her favourite composer, Brahms. She will be on the air at 8.30 p.m.

Skit on Skiffs

Rowing, as our artist indicates, is great fun. But he didn't draw his drawing just to give us an excuse to say that. There are several other remarkable things to be pointed out. The first: that the New Zealand Amateur Rowing Association's Centennial Championship Regatta will be held, capital letters and



all, in Port Nicholson (Wellington to the multitude), on Saturday, February 17; second: that visiting Australians will be pulling a competitive oar; third: that 2YA will broadcast running commentaries throughout the regatta; and four: that Russell Clark has bent the oars the wrong way and left the diminutive cox with no strings to his rudder. However. . . .

Tulips for Tenors

With journalistic curiosity we wanted to know what Rafaelo Diaz, tenor in the New York Metropolitan Opera Company, would have to say about music and flowers in his talk from 2YA. We found out, but intend to keep it a secret. Bill suggests, inconsequent as usual, that tenors should like tulips, and basses bougainvillae; that sopranos should suck honeysuckle, and contraltos ask for asters. The truth will out at 10.45 a.m. on Saturday, February 17. Meanwhile, Bill is officially suppressed.



SHORTWAVES

A CONSERVATIVE is a man with two perfectly good legs who, however, has never learned to walk forward.

A reactionary is a somnambulist walking backward.

But a liberal is a man who uses his legs and his hands at the behest — at the command — of his head.—President Roosevelt's definition in a recent broadcast.

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IT is one thing for Nazi Germany to break the power and resistance of nations very much smaller than itself. It is another thing for it to be engaged in a struggle with great Powers.—Herbert Morrison, M.P.

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HITLER is in the same situation as a castaway shivering on a rock in the midst of a stormy sea. If he stays where he is, the rising tide — in his case, of discontent and Communism within his own country — will drown him; yet he recoils from the alternative of a struggle with the constantly mounting waves.—G. Ward Price in the "Daily Mail."

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STRANGE to tell, the obstructions which have taken greatest toll are those placed there for our peace-time security — the lamp-post and the kerb. That silent, blind sentinel, the lamp-post, seems literally to step from its fixing and maliciously crack the passer-by over the eye or the nose — its favourite targets.—A doctor writing on "black-out" injuries.

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THERE are many things to prop up and reinforce our fondness for existence . . . a walk and the appetite it creates, a book, the doing of a good-natured or friendly action, are satisfactions that hold out to the last.—William Hazlitt.

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WHAT is our dominating aim in prosecuting the war? We say we want to destroy the sin of Hitlerism, and it is a sin, with all its outrages, its violences, iniquities, and blasphemy. But do we want to save Hitler from his sins? Do you ever bother about that? God does.—Rev. Leyton Richards.

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AMONG nations bound and fettered by the censorship of war there must be maintained somewhere upon the earth nations, even a nation, where thought and speech are still free, or truth will be lost from the earth.—Pearl Buck.