



THINGS TO COME

A Run Through The Programmes



3ZB every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday at 3.30 p.m. And if you're not a complete Easter Bride after that, we give you up.

BEGINNING at 5.30 p.m., and with a break for a meal, the Schola Cantorum of Wellington will present the full *St. Matthew's Passion* on Saturday, April 5, but only Part II, beginning at 8 p.m., will be broadcast (from 2YC). This fine choir, under the conductorship of Stanley Oliver, and assisted by the NBS String Orchestra, will sing in the lofty hall of the Dominion Museum. According to a leading authority, "the *St. Matthew's Passion* is, by general consent, technically, emotionally, and devotionally the greatest work of its kind ever written . . . The narrator is a tenor. When he comes to the words of any of the characters these are taken up by singers representing the characters, except that the words of Jesus have an invariable accompaniment of strings only. The chorus sometimes represents the crowd and sometimes the whole body of Christendom in reflective mood. Music has never been so worthily employed in the service of religion as it is in this work."

For Easter Brides

Most people know why so many people choose to get married at Easter, but even the brides themselves don't always know what to wear and where to buy it. With this in mind, Station 3ZB already has an "Easter Bride" session in full swing, and if you, dear Christchurch reader, intend being an Easter bride, which we sincerely hope you do, you had better tune in to

Wallow-time

"A riotous German dance of modern invention" was Dr. Burney's description of the waltz in 1805. He goes on, "The verb *waltzen* whence this word is derived implies to roll or wallow in the dirt or mire." After this it is perhaps small wonder that Victorian mothers were uneasy about their daughters when the waltz was introduced to England. But the programme of waltz tunes to be broadcast at 7.45 from 2YA on Saturday evenings has the familiarity that breeds content rather than contempt. And no mother need have misgivings about the daughters in our picture, who are obviously in the Austen tradition and are being asked to stand up with a nice young man. Mother can of course supervise from behind the aspidistra, reviving *Carnet de Bal* memories and clicking her needles to the rhythm of the Blue Dan-



ube or the Merry Widow or even *Waltzing Matilda* (if she's a very quick knitter and if *Matilda* gets into the programme by mistake).

Infant Prodigy

"Who is your favourite among the great composers?" Rossini was once asked. He replied, "I take Beethoven twice a week, Haydn four times, and Mozart every day." Such is the fame and affection Wolfgang Mozart has always enjoyed among his fellow composers. He was, of course, the extreme example of infant precocity. He showed promise of his genius at the age of three, and early notes kept by his father contain such surprising remarks as "Wolfgang learnt this minuet when he was four," and "this minuet and trio was learnt by Wolfgang in half an hour at half past nine at night on January 26, 1761, one day before his fifth year." Mozart's work is discussed in the "Celebrity Session" from station 2ZB on Saturday, April 5, at 7.0 p.m. Among the artists heard will be Wilhelm Backhaus playing the "Don Juan Serenade," and Richard Crooks singing "Il Mio Tesoro" from Mozart's opera *Don Giovanni*.

Soaring Soprano

The thrill of flight, of soaring out into the free air, and the clammy sinking feeling of fear, are experiences which can never be imagined or told by any-

one who has never flown. In a talk from 2YA on Wednesday, April 2, entitled "Why I Learnt to Fly," Evelyn Gardiner, the Gilbert and Sullivan soprano, will describe her feelings, and her report rings true. She was afraid to fly, and frightened when she was in the air.



She had never before let anything get the better of her, and was so ashamed that she felt she had to do something about it. One day she did, and she tells how she nearly killed herself and her instructor until the moment came when, in her own dramatic words, "you know you have really got control of your own destiny—you are master of your fate. The earth and its petty squabbles appear as nothing, only the sun and the air and the blue space above so clean, so rare, so pure, make earth beneath you appear a mere nothing. You are one with the universe." At that moment, one might well imagine, she burst into song.

What a Policeman Likes

You should be able to judge for yourselves whether or not a policeman's life is a happy one when you hear what type of music is chosen by the policeman in the new 2YA feature next Friday night. The NBS people have sought out workers in various walks of life, and persuaded them to appear in a new "I Know What I Like" session, which follows the lines of a similar session a year or two ago. On that occasion, if we remember aright, the policeman made no bones about including the famous old Gilbert and Sullivan tune, which was thoroughly in keeping with the cheerful nature of the music chosen by the others—chemist, salesman, doctor, typist, and so on. With the exception of the doctor, whose taste was highbrow, the fancy of all the others ran to popular melodies, and it will be interesting to see if musical appreciation has increased in the years between.

Jean Macfarlane Returns

An Australian radio paper started its biography of Jean Macfarlane with the guileless statement that she is "pleasantly plump and proud of it." Now *The Listener* wouldn't say things like that about people in our programmes—we prefer to say something about their singing, though here also we can turn again to Australia; they call Jean Macfarlane there "The New Zealand Clara Butt." Jean is a Scots lassie who came to New Zealand as a girl, and was heard in a choir by Roland Foster, of the Sydney Conservatorium, who per-

suaded her to take up singing professionally. After several recitals at the Conservatorium, she made two tours through New Zealand for the NBS two or three years ago. She has also been doing radio work in Australia and is now scheduled to sing from all the main national stations beginning with three recitals from 2YA next week. She loves Scottish songs, which are particularly suitable to her attractive accent, but she has also given special attention to the songs of Brahms, Schubert, and Schumann, and in recent years has added to her repertoire a number of operatic arias.

Sea and Stars

The "Who Wrote That?" boys will be at it again next Sunday from 2YA when they move down to the seashore to hear what the wild waves are saying. It is fortunate for them that they belong to a maritime people like the British, for our literature is full of references to the sea, the sea, the open sea, to exploration, storms, winds, and far distant places. British composers also have frequently been inspired by the sea, and it is to be hoped that the usual "musical interludes" include some sea shanties. On the following Sunday, April 6, our three friends will give the sixth and last session of the "Who Wrote That?" feature. This should be the easiest of the lot of them, for they will be referring to the Stars in their Courses and there has probably been more poetry written about the stars than about any other subject.

SHORTWAVES

THyme-bombs, the invention of Col. B*v*rl*y N*ch*ls, are the R.A.F.'s next secret weapon. Sprinkled on the enemy with a dainty reproachful gesture they will make him quite distraught, and he will trip to and fro fluttering his eyelashes like a little mad thing.—*Timothy Shy, "News Chronicle," London.*

THE foreign policy of any country is the result of its geography.—*Sir Neville Henderson.*

I SHALL stick to my old proposal that everybody should be called on every five years or so to justify their existence. There are many people in the world who ought to be liquidated.—*Bernard Shaw.*

I AM pro-British, my wife is pro-Italian, my Government is pro-German, my people are pro-Soviet.—*King Boris of Bulgaria.*

STATIC

THE Government's free medical attendance scheme is now in full swing," says the Minister of Health. Does he mean that if we are at death's door he will pull us through?

A COALITION government—one in which all parties forget themselves.

WOMEN can keep a secret as well as men, but it takes more of them to do it.

THEME with variations:
Never have so many owed so much to so few.—*Churchill.*

Never have so few taken so much from so many.—*Hitler.*

Never have so few pursued so many so far.—*Metaxas.*

Never have so many run so fast from so few.—*Mussolini.*