



THINGS TO COME

A Run Through The Programmes



AFTER Thomas Hood, Edgar Allen Poe is perhaps the poet who suffers most at the hands of popular reciters. How many times have emaciated elocutionists with furrowed brows and cavernous voices murdered "The Raven," "Annabel Lee," and "The Bells"? To safeguard his memory, we have often thought there should not be an Edgar Allen Poe Society, but a Hands Off Edgar Allen Poe Society. But it is not so much for his poetry that Poe will live, as for those strange, morbid stories of death, crime, and superstition which must have sent countless shivers down countless young spines; for those, and for the remarkable story of his life. For, like many giants of literature, Poe led an extraordinary life and cannot be judged by ordinary standards. His life is told in 2ZB's Cavalcade of Drama in a number of episodes, the first of which will be heard on Monday, July 14.

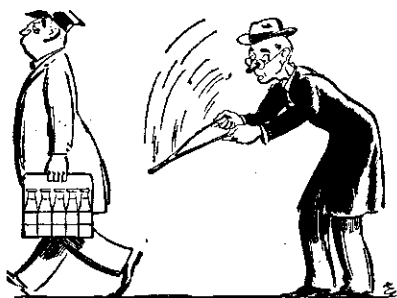
Streamlined Goddess

"Venus in Silk," an orchestral number which opens the evening programme from 3YA on Saturday week, suggests that Mr. Stolz, who composed the piece, was imbued with a desire to bring mythology up-to-date. Unfortunately we do not know much about mythology. We have seen a picture showing Venus rising from the foam, but from our memory of it, textiles, silk or otherwise, were not much in evidence. Of course, we do not know much about painting either, except

that "fat ladies in reclined positions you always can ascribe to Titian," and "if you see in public places, cherubs whose expansive faces bear a strong anti-temperance air, the work is Rubens, you may swear," and a few other of Stephen Leacock's infallible dicta. None of these, unhappily, places us in the position to pass judgment on "Venus in Silk." That's up to listeners.

Water, Water, Almost Anywhere

We were interested to see that the mystery of water divining is due for discussion from 1ZB next Wednesday in History's Unsolved Mysteries. Like spiritualism, divining is a subject on



which scientists are likely to differ until the end of time. It is dismissed lightly by some, accepted grudgingly by others, proved one day, disproved the next. Luckily for himself, the average farmer who must locate an alternative water supply, hasn't time to worry about the scientific basis or lack of it. As likely as not, he places implicit faith in a diviner and dutifully sinks a well where the diviner indicates. And he usually strikes water.

Music From Russia

During the Paris Exposition in 1889 the Russian composer Rimsky-Korsakov heard some Hungarian and Algerian orchestras in the cafes. Later he used his musical memories of their playing and orchestration in an opera-ballet called *M'Lada*, a story of Russia in pre-Christian times. From this he made a suite, the dance music of which is in Rimsky-Korsakov's most colourful style. The scene is laid in a Baltic Port, the gathering place of many nationalities, European and Oriental, thus affording an opportunity to introduce the musical characteristics of various races. The *M'Lada* Suite will be played by the 1YA studio orchestra under Harold Baxter, on Friday, July 18.

Tunes on Wine-Glasses

Those vaudeville musicians who produced tunes from saws, beer bottles, or washing boards had a notable precedent. Goldmark, the famous Hungarian composer of 100 years ago, gave his first musical performance in a similar way—a recital of tunes on the wine glasses at a wedding feast, each glass producing a

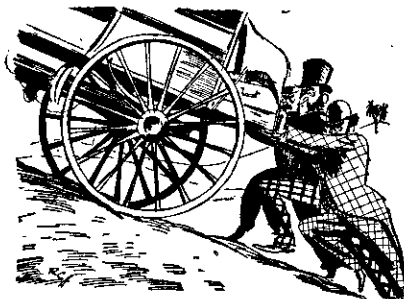
different note according to the amount of wine it contained. He then set out to study music a little more seriously, and his output of operas and orchestral music includes some most attractive work, particularly the overture "In Spring," which will be played by the Wellington Symphony Orchestra in the Town Hall concert relayed by 2YA on Tuesday, July 15. "In Spring" is Mendelssohn up-to-date, for Goldmark, besides being influenced by Mendelssohn, was a fine colourist and made good use of the resources of the modern orchestra. The themes are all in pastoral folk-song manner, but they are well contrasted.

Save Us!

When, with the customary flourish of trumpets and noises of cannon off, we were presented last week with our Special Advance Copy of next week's NBS programmes, we were surprised to learn that Mrs. Mary Scott proposes to speak from 2YA next Wednesday on "When We Choose Our Friends." Our own unhappy experience in this respect reminded us of the small darky who, when asked by the preacher, "Rastus, does yo' take this woman for yo' lawful wedded wife?" replied "No suh, Ah isn't doin' no takin'. Ah's bin took." Still, on the off-chance that Mary Scott may reveal how to choose instead of be chosen and thus save us from our friends, we intend to listen to her, especially as this is the first of a new series of talks entitled *Between Ourselves*, the topics covering such entertaining fields as "The Perfect Guest," "Must You Always Speak Your Mind?" and "In Praise of Dreams."

Old Coaching Days

Names rich in memories of the pioneering days in Otago are brought to mind by any talk on the old coaching days—names like the Pig Route, the Crown



Range, Coal Creek Flat, Blackstone Hill, the Lowburn Ferry — and stories of Cobb and Co.'s spanking teams of greys delivering the weekly paper *The Witness*, to sheep stations and gold diggings "away up country." We can imagine that many "old identities" will crowd round the radio on Monday, July 14, when R. T. Stewart will speak from 4YA on "Early Coach Drivers in Otago," to revive memories of the days when it was not unusual for coach-fare to be paid in gold dust, or when all hands had to

dismount and help push the coach up some particularly steep hill. Such experiences bred some queer characters among the coach drivers, and Mr. Stewart may tell some good stories of their more famous (or infamous) exploits.

Anti-Bach Society

Punch and Judy are not the only funny things that came out of Italy. There is, or was, an Anti-Bach Society founded by Marinetti, the Italian poet-composer and mainspring of the Futurist movement, who some years ago initiated a campaign against the broadcasting of German music to Italians (this was before the days of the Axis, of course) and made a start by ruling out Bach. Confidence in this movement was, however, shaken by some other fads of the same Marinetti, who considered, for example, that we should use verbs in the infinitive only, and not use adjectives at all, because "epithets tended to obscure the stark nobility of the noun." But to get back to music. What would Bach have thought of Marinetti? Indeed, what would Bach have thought of his music being laid on to the homes of the multitude along with water, gas and electricity? Probably he would have joined the anti-Bach Society. These thoughts come to us from noticing that 2YA's programme on Sunday evening is boldly labelled "For the Bach Enthusiast," a recommendation for some and perhaps a warning for others.

STATIC



IF Mr. Herbert Morrison goes on talking about incomes for wives, the next great war will be between men and women.

THE stars in their corsets revolve around Hollywood.

HAVE you heard the schoolboy howler about the woman who cooked the dinner in a camisole?

THE last thing played on the BBC organ was the hose.

VICHY troops posted at Tchad.—*News item.*

Play the game, you tchads!

AND talking of Bing Crosby, we heard of a dear old lady who protested at his singing a song entitled Bloomers on the Sage.

SHORTWAVES

ONE day, it may be, these islands will shake to an unprecedented thud as Reichmarshal Goering—a parachute at each corner—settles on and perhaps submerges the Isle of Wight or Skye.—*A. P. Herbert.*

GOLF is the end and aim of man. It is the true philosophy. — *Bing Crosby.*

DISUNITY, doubt, and disillusionment are growing within the Reich.—*Arthur Greenwood.*

IT does not matter what kind of animal Hess is. The main thing is that he is caged.—*Herbert Morrison.*

I WISH they could let me go out and make up a regiment of men who are 50 or older. They'd be the best darned soldiers in the world.—*Victor McLaglen, aged 54.*