



THINGS TO COME

A Run Through The Programmes

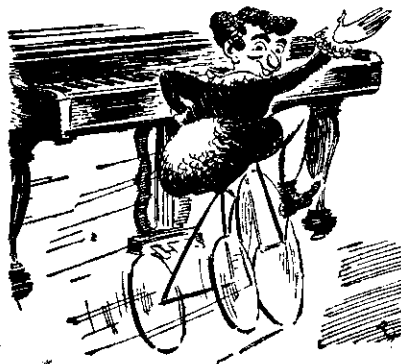


SOME of the things that went on "In Quires and Places Where They Sing" nine centuries ago would make any twentieth century choirboy thankful for his late arrival in this world. In the eleventh century, the Custumal of St. Benigne, Dijon, contained the following instructions: "At Nocturns and indeed at all the Hours, if the boys commit any fault in the psalmody or other singing, either by sleeping or suchlike transgressions, let there be no sort of delay, but let them be stripped forthwith of frock and cowl, and beaten in their shirt only . . . with pliant and smooth osier rods provided for that special purpose. If any of them, weighed down with sleep, sing ill at Nocturns, then the Master giveth into his hand a reasonably great book, to hold until he be well awake . . . In sort, meseemeth that any King's son could scarce be more carefully brought up in his palace than any boys in a well-ordered Monastery." The feature "In Quires and Places Where They Sing" will be heard from 2YC again at 2.48 p.m. on Sunday, February 1.

Solomon's Tricycle

"Don't get off your bike" was probably what they said to Cutner Solomon, the famous pianist, when at the age of eight he mounted a tricycle instead of the piano stool and pedalled off the concert platform covered with confusion. A huge audience was gathered in the Queen's Hall to hear him play the

Tchaikovsky B Flat Piano Concerto. He came on in silk shirt and little knickers; the grand piano seemed to dwarf him; someone handed up a brand new tricycle as a tribute, and the little prodigy made off at top speed. Eileen Ralph, the pianist at present being heard from the national stations, had some lessons from Solomon, and is able to tell another story of the same con-



cert. The concerto was rehearsed earlier in the day; veterans of the orchestra listened attentively, but were not impressed, though the child played competently. The night came, and after the tricycle incident, the music began. Tremendous tone came from the piano; the tiny Solomon, reaching built-up pedals, "nearly beat the life out of it," and the concerto had such a performance as had not been heard for a long time; Solomon had been saving himself up. A recording of the concerto, with Solomon at the piano, will be heard from 3YA on Friday evening, February 6.

Schumann Criticises

"What can I say about this opera? As long as the world exists, such music must occasionally be heard, for it never grows old," wrote Robert Schumann, in his *Operatic Note-book*, after hearing Gluck's *Iphigenia in Aulis* in 1847. "Richard Wagner was producer; costumes and decorations were very appropriate. I think I heard some of his additions to the music here and there. The close, 'On to Troy,' was also added. This is inadmissible; Gluck would probably make use of a contrary process with Wagner's operas—he would cut out . . . Gluck is a great original composer; Mozart plainly looks over his shoulder; Spontini often copies him, note for note." The overture to *Iphigenia in Aulis*, with Wagner's "additions here and there," will open the evening programme at 4YA at 8.15 on Sunday, February 1.

Bonny Baby

"If you want to raise money for the Patriotic Fund or the school swimming bath there's nothing like a baby show. They say that all the world loves a lover, but at least three-quarters of the world gets sentimental over a baby, and from the Infant Samuel to Baby Sandy, toddlers have had their fan following. But, of course, a baby show with

actual flesh-and-blood babies is something of a strain to organise, what with coping with the infants and their mothers and seeing to it that the judge is provided with a bodyguard and a back exit to enable him to make a clean getaway. By far the easiest way of doing things is to dispense with the actual babies and have their photographs instead. You can either judge the babies on their merits, or instead have photographs of babies now grown up and have little guessing competitions to decide whom they've grown up into. Will this, we wonder, be the method which Cecil Hull will adopt in her talk, from 1YA next Monday at 7.15 p.m., "Scenes and Personalities of Auckland Fifty Years Ago"?

Mummy! Mummy!

A mummified Egyptian princess walks an old English country house at night; an archaeologist suspects that someone has designs on his life; confusion and misunderstanding trouble the guests. *Cloudy Weather*, a new serial about to be broadcast by 2YA on Saturday evenings, is based on a Joan Butler novel,



and it should provide listeners with some excitement. The tale is of a man who brings a mummy home with him from Egypt, and then having reason to believe that his life is in danger, invites his nephew to stay in the house with him. Plot and counter-plot carry this from one weekly instalment to another, with listeners fidgeting (we hope), to hear the next one. Comedy in the dialogue releases the tension here and there. *Cloudy Weather* will begin this Saturday, January 31, at 8.2 p.m.

"Lascivious, Wayward Dances"

Dancing, four centuries ago, seems to have provoked the same sort of disapproval as do the most modern forms of the dance to-day. Thoinot Arbeau, author of a sixteenth century French treatise on dancing, wrote: "At the present time dancers have none of these considerations in their Voltes and other similarly lascivious and wayward dances which have been brought into use, in the dancing of which the damsels are made to jump in such a manner that they very often show their bare knees if they do not keep one hand on their dresses to prevent it." You may perhaps be able to imagine the scene if you listen to the item "Dances of Old England," which will be played from 2YA (at 8.34 p.m. on Monday, February 2) by Ronald and Zillah Castle, on their

Elizabethan instruments, the recorder and virginals. In the absence of a "vyol," Zillah Castle uses a violin for some of the pieces. This is another opportunity for New Zealanders to hear old English music played as it was when it was written. Various combinations will be used, recorder and virginal, two recorders, violin and virginals, and so on.

Empire-Building

Coral, we learn, is the name applied to the calcareous stony structures secreted by many of the Actinozoa (sea anenomes, etc.) and is also applied to the colyps themselves. If we look further into the matter we see that the colyps (Actinozoa, sea anenomes, etc.) have been responsible for quite a large proportion of the territory over which the British flag now flies. The colyps, for example, built Australia's Great Barrier Reef, as well as being responsible for many romantic, palm studded, and lagoon-fringed islands which have provided sites for British tourist hotels and local colour to the writers of British tropical romances. In any story of the British Empire, then, it is obvious that the coral colyp must receive its share of any praise or blame that is being apportioned, and so we like to feel that the composer of the march "Empire Builders," which will be heard from 2YA next Wednesday at 7.45 p.m., had his inward eye just as much upon the colyps (Actinozoan, sea anenome, etc.) as he had upon Cecil Rhodes or Robert Clive.

STATIC



A DRAPER says that the sale of ladies' summer hats is a good indication of whether the season will be a profitable one or not. This year they've shown which way the wind is blowing.

A POLITICIAN is one who stands for what he thinks the voter will fall for.

NEWSREEL commentary: 30,000 pigeons were released, filling the air with the flutter of a million wings.

"FIRST he held her hand and then she held his," reads a passage in a new novel. Sounds like a couple of misdeals.

ATTENTION has been drawn to the great number of well-known sportsmen who are now overseas. We wondered why most newspapers have been reduced in size

SHORTWAVES

I HATE women because they throw cricket balls (or plates or vases), with the wrong foot advanced. I marvel that more of them have not broken their backs.—James Thurber.

THE deadliest profession for a woman is that of cooking for a husband.—A. S. Neill.

BY order of the district board, cows grazing by the roadside or riding bicycles on the sidewalks is hereby forbidden in this area.—Notice at Concord, New Hampshire, U.S.A.

A COWARD is a person who, in an emergency, thinks with his legs.—Ambrose Bierce.

EVERYTHING is funny so long as it is happening to somebody else.—Will Rogers.