



THINGS TO COME

A Run Through The Programmes



IT must be a joy and a delight to take a threepenny ride on the Christchurch trams, for it seems that motormen and conductors there are unusually musical fellows. A combination terming itself the Tramway Harmonists has turned up at 3ZB, and will be giving a studio recital from that station next Sunday evening at 7.45. Whether they sing at their work is not revealed, but certainly the rhythm of the wheels, the occasional screech of brakes, the dong of the bell, and cries of "Foz pleez" would make an excellent and realistic background for a "Trambell Chorus."

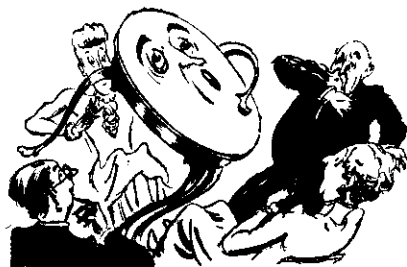
Dulce et Decorum

To decorate, according to our dictionary, means to adorn, to garnish, or to deck. Acting on this simple definition our ideas of decoration have been correspondingly simple, and, in all our decorating activities, we have been content to add little touches, such as streamers and perhaps a bunch of balloons in the drawing-room, hundreds and thousands on the birthday cake, and a sprig of parsley on the sandwiches. But the modern decorator has an entirely different slant. Instead of adding things he takes them away. If you decide to have your sitting-room re-decorated does he garnish it with sprigged wallpaper and artificial flowers? No. He merely removes the existing decorations and leaves in their place stark cream walls, monotone floorings, and unobtrusively

monolithic furniture. We wonder which school of thought the A.C.E. will support in its talk "Decoration Ideas" next Monday afternoon, April 13, at 3.30 from 1YA, at 4 p.m. from 2YA, and at 2.30 from 3YA.

Musical Tables

Of the making of music there is no end, if we may coin a phrase, but that is not to say that there is no beginning. Yet who among us could say what happened before the music went round and 'round? We welcome, therefore, the new series of Winter Course talks from 1YA by L. M. Saunders on *The Making of Music*, the first of which, "The Framework: Musical Tables" will be given



on April 30. At last, it appears, someone is going to get down to brass tacks and lighten our darkness. Getting down to brass tacks mightn't be as popular, of course, if it were a question of musical chairs (when one has to sit down on the spur of the moment as it is) but a framework needs something like that and musical tables probably do, too. So, ho, everyone that thirsts for information, tune in on April 30 and, like Hamlet, be sure to have your tables with you.

House-Broken

When on the subject of music in the programmes, we might draw attention to Strauss's *Symphonia Domestica* which will be presented by the Philadelphia Orchestra from 1YA on Sunday evening, April 12. A domesticated symphony, as its name implies, it is distinct from the wild variety and may indeed be quite properly classed as chamber-music. The attentive listener will no doubt be able to distinguish clearly the wail of loosening purse-strings, followed by the chink of brass and a succession of dull thirds indicative of domestic infelicity. He will perceive the thematic development from the discordant harmonies of youth to the scranne pipings of age, against a *leitmotif* of harping non con amore and dominant halves, to the inevitable finale. At least that's what the title suggests to us, but of course we may be contra-biased.

K-K-K-Kato

The late great (as *Time* would say) Felix Mendelssohn apparently communicated his genius to his descendants, and there turned up in America not long ago a young woman, by name Kato Mendelssohn, who is his great-great-granddaughter and who is a pianist of some

ability. A series of recordings by her, secured by the CBS Deputy-Controller B. T. Sheil, while he was in America, have been collated into a half-hour programme by the ZB stations, and it will be heard from 2ZB, 4ZB and 2ZA at 9.30 p.m. next Sunday. Her piano selections are prefaced by a novel telephone interview in which Miss Mendelssohn tells all about herself, her musical education, and how she came to America. She plays compositions by Liszt, Liadow, Carpenter, Chopin, Schumann, and Prokofieff. And, of course, one by great-great-grandpapa Felix.

Dea in Machina

When we read the title of the talk which Mrs. O. J. Gerard will give from 2YA on April 17—"A Woman in an Engine Room"—we thought it might be something like the familiar "She Sweats for Victory: Lady Clara Hoggs-Norton swaps her powder-puff for a scrap of waste, but her complexion lasts and lasts," or perhaps, more democratically, "Comrade Ilya Borovonovich whose 15 per cent. increase in brake horse-power has earned her the coveted Order of the Red Banner." But on maturer reflection, Mrs. Gerard's subject is probably not near either extreme; maybe the woman in this case is no more than the engineer's wife and is in the engine-room simply to keep an eye on her husband.

Foot-Rot

Whether you spent your Easter vacation striding along city streets or along the unfrequented paths of Nature's way-back there is probably a message for you



in the title of the A.C.E. talk to be heard from 4YA at 3.15 on Friday, April 17, "Sore Feet and Windburnt Faces." For, thanks to the peculiarities of our climate, very few of us can proffer sunburn as an explanation for our post-holiday glow, whereas the wind is nearly always with us. Though, of course, we can't blame the wind for the sore feet. These, the A.C.E. will possibly tell us, are due to ill-fitting shoes and not enough pairs of hand-knitted socks.

For Serenaders

We learn from Dr. Gallup's recent poll (we would have suspected it by ourselves) that the cinema derives its chief revenue from the fact that it is customary for a young man to take his girl to the movies. So perhaps it is just as well for the cinema that the serenading habit has died out so completely, or there might be a severe drop

in attendance at the local picture theatre. However, the motion picture industry has striven with commendable persistence to keep up the old tradition by introducing at least one serenade into every musical picture of note, and even, instead of confining the habit to human beings, allowing domestic animals to participate. But why not a revival of the real thing—or its equivalent? Perhaps there are many young men in New Zealand to-day who are deterred from the serenading habit only because they have doubts as to the quality of their voices. We would recommend such young men to stand outside the correct window with their portable radios at 7.57 p.m. on Wednesday, April 15, when 1YA will broadcast a studio recital by Phyllis Read, which includes Strauss's "Serenade."

Fiddle-dee-dee

Ever since Nero, famous fiddlers seem to have lent their glamorous personalities to the weaving of strange legends. After Nero, perhaps one of the most enterprising fiddlers was the Devil himself, who "composed" a piece of music for the Italian, Tartini. Tartini is said to have related a dream in which the Devil visited him and played; the "Devil's Trill" was left by Tartini as his attempt to record what the Devil had performed. Listeners who wish to hear the "Devil's Trill" without the thrill of his actual presence should listen in to Tartini's "Sonata for Violin and Piano" which will be broadcast from 3YA at 9 p.m. on Tuesday, April 14.

STATIC



"**T**OM WINTRINGHAM writes as he speaks, fearlessly and straight from the shoulder," says an English correspondent.

Try that with your own little fountain pen.

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MUSSOLINI is apparently trying to make Italy into a land fit for Nero's to live in.

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THIS week's nonsense story: Two Jews are asking each other riddles. First Jew: What is it that is blue, hangs on a wall, and whistles? Second Jew: I give up. First Jew: A red herring. Second Jew: But it isn't blue. First Jew: All right. So you paint it blue. Second Jew: But it doesn't hang on a wall. First Jew: Is it you can't hang it on a wall? Second Jew: But it doesn't whistle. First Jew (sadly): No, it doesn't whistle.

SHORTWAVES

REVISING French history to conform, Vichy has instructed French teachers to pay less attention to the French Revolution, more to "the Kings who built up France." Until new history books are written, teachers are to use the old, eliminating some parts, "interpreting" others.—*Times*.

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SINCE the outbreak of war between Japan and the U.S.A. they're calling Burton Wheeler and Lindbergh the oscillationists.—*Saturday Evening Post*.

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ACCORDING to a Paris Professor, Jacques Maroger, technical director of the Louvre Museum Laboratories, the elusive quality of the Mona Lisa lies in the fact that she has no eyebrows. They must, he says, have been taken off by some restorer who removed the surface varnish of the painting.—*"Cavalcade," London*.