

# THINGS TO COME

## A Run Through The Programmes

**T**HE singing of Christmas carols in Yugoslav countries has always been an organised and serious affair involving much hard work and very little sleep. On Christmas Day this year the young Yugoslav people living in Auckland will broadcast from 1YA a programme of their Christmas carols and a greeting to Yugoslavs throughout New Zealand. Professor Moor-Karoly of St. Patrick's Cathedral, will conduct the choir and the Rev. Father Marinovich will speak about the Christmas customs of a typical Yugoslav village. We understand that he will tell us, among other things, about the "Badjak", the huge log that burns from Christmas Day to New Year's Day, so corresponding with the English Yule log; about the strewing of the floors with laurel leaves on Christmas eve—to make sure that the floors will be thoroughly swept on Christmas morning; and about the church-going and feasting and toasting and singing that lasts into Christmas night.

### On Boxing Day

We have spent so many of our brief Christmas holidays suffering either from bad weather or exhaustion (or both), that we are hardly surprised to find that A. P. Harper's "Bushcraft" talk at 7.30 p.m. from 2YA on Boxing Day deals with these topics. It is doubtful if Mr. Harper will discuss the post-prandial exhaustion which is the common Boxing Day experience, but we look forward to his hints on how to Face up to the Weather and we hope that armed with waterproof coats, boots, and the simplest of picnic lunches we may do penance for Christmas over-indulgence.

### Green Noises

The garden expert at 3YA is going to try himself out at mimicry, having, after long experience, learned to distinguish between animal noises and vegetable noises. Or so we gather from the announcement that on Monday he will speak about "Garden Calls." We imagine he has learned to distinguish between the bark of an oak and the bark of an elm, both quite different sounds from the hoot of the owl or the bray of the ass. And we take it that he has read some of the books in the running brooks and has heard the sermons in the stones that Shakespeare used to run on about. But no doubt it's only a matter of training, like interpreting the Stones that Cry Out.

### From The Movies

When the cinema can be the means of introducing to the public such compositions as Richard Addinsell's *Warsaw Concerto*, a programme entitled "Music from the Movies" (scheduled for 3YA at 7.30 p.m. on Tuesday, December 22) may well attract the middling highbrow as well as the low. But since Louis Levy and his Gaumont British Orchestra are officiating on this occasion, the lowbrows can expect to be treated to a good ten minutes of light and bright entertainment.

### Romance and Digestion

We have no difficulty in agreeing with the poets that Romance belongs properly to the dewy springtide, whereas Christ-

mas is essentially the season for the gratification of the pleasures of the body rather than of the soul. However Judith Terry appears to take the opposite view in her talk from 1YA this Friday even-



ing (December 18) on "My Romantic Christmas." But, mistletoe or no mistletoe, surely on *der tag* itself few bodies can neglect their mighty task of digesting the Christmas goose in order to pay serious attention to the promptings of Romance.

### That Takes Me Back!

"Jumble Sale"—play by Grace Janisch from 2YA on Sunday, December 27—takes us 'way back to the time when Mother was sec. (hon.) of the branch of the P.W.M.U. in a southerly direction. and we all had to make things like anything for the jumble sale. Grace Janisch has written a funny play about this subject, because it's the sort of subject

## RECENT MUSIC

(No. 41: By Marsyas)

**W**HAT should a radio-programme reviewer do when his radio goes wrong? Condemned to musicless leisure, he is just as much embarrassed as that kind of listener would be who ordinarily turns the set on at 6 a.m. and leaves it on till bedtime. Such has been my misfortune this week, and in the search for something else to write about I naturally turned to the correspondence columns, which have been providing a diversion. But they were not fruitful. I might have been able to join issue with the resentful "New Education" if he had raised musical matters as points of difference, but since he confined himself to chastising my personal character, it is not for me to engage in the discussion.

Another writer, "Bayonet", who had spent three leave-nights seeing Disney's *Fantasia*, was horrified at my comments, and no wonder, seeing that he read them so carelessly. He quoted me as saying "Stokowski did not understand the music from the outset." The printed sentence read: "They just did not understand etc," and the *they* plainly referred to "Disney's men" seven lines above.

**T**HE correspondents having proved so barren, I implored a friend, who likes British music for what he calls its "com-

that makes people want to write funny plays. But we hope listeners will try to remember that all sorts of things that are not funny are going on—people's ambitions are being trampled under the stout black shoes of the judges, who decide that someone's pikelets, butter, eyelet work, or marrows are better than someone else's; the peg-bag made by X is just not sold, and the oven dusters made by Y are; the afternoon-tea stall is open at 1.30 p.m., and all the food is eaten by 2.20, before the Minister's wife (president of the P.W.M.U.), and Mother have had one single moment for a cup of tea; and worst of all, Mother has had to buy five of the six pin-cushions we had made without any help whatever.

### Curiosity

When the 2YA programme organiser announces that on Tuesday next at 11.15 a.m. *Something New* will disturb the ether, we either do not believe him or we feel that we should be lacing up our shoes and clutching our copy paper as we rush out to report the event. But listeners are not all reporters and we must not kill honest curiosity in advance.

### Under The Skin

Kipling decided, probably on what was at best circumstantial evidence, that the Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady were sisters under the skin. With something like the same boldness the advocates of closer relations with Russia may use Moussorgsky and the Flea to prove that the New Zealander and the Russian are also brothers under the skin, and if they are wrong it is not easy to understand how Chaliapin and Oscar Natzke both express it in song with the same realism. Listen to Oscar next Tuesday evening at 7.50 and then ask yourself.

monsense," to let me hear again the William Byrd five-part Mass. Now this work was immediately followed by a ballet suite by Lord Berners, "The Triumph of Neptune", and Byrd-Berners is a juxtaposition quite as startling as that one which a popular pocket magazine once made, with a photo of Mr. Neville Chamberlain facing a photo of an ostrich, or emu, or somesuch. It was also a very significant juxtaposition, but in this case because there is no likeness whatever beyond the name-syllables.

From the vast heavenly ceiling of Byrd's music, encompassing nobility beyond small men's reach, we were thrown down among the tawdry playthings of Lord Berners, this aristocratic pupil of Igor Stravinsky, the musical jeweller. If the music is parody, it needs explanation, which is a weakness (Walton's parodies need none). Certainly that curious interpolation of a voice gasping "Home Sweet Home" awaits an enlightening annotation compiled from the ballet libretto.

The suite displays brilliant—that is to say, flashy—orchestration, but I imagine that honest listeners prefer their Stravinsky straight, if at all, to an un-British British substitute, much the same as epicures no doubt prefer unobtainable French liqueurs to Australian substitutes, or as other persons prefer their William Saroyan in the original to—well, never mind whom.