

THINGS TO COME

A Run Through The Programmes

THE sessions "In Quiet Mood" and "Life is nothing without Music," which were broadcast over the main National Stations with great success during most of last year will be repeated from 4YZ Invercargill. Henri Penn, who is holidaying in Southland, found time to collaborate with Miss Mary Gilbert (pianist), P. Poole (violinist), and N. McWilliam ('cellist), with the result that listeners to 4YZ had the opportunity of hearing the session "In Quiet Mood" broadcast on January 17. The first session of "Life is nothing without Music" may be heard this Saturday (January 30). Local singers also appear in these sessions.

Fact and Fiction

Not next week but the week after, ZB listeners may look forward to three new serials hot from America. *American Challenge* is a programme of dramatised American history, and we recommend all those who still wonder why Paul Revere rode, or where the tea went to at the Boston Tea Party, to tune in. As an antidote to fact, the new series of *The Green Hornet* should keep you in a buzz of excitement. The third programme, *Hollywood Radio Theatre*, is a series of half-hour plays acted by Hollywood stars.

General Post

One of the big changes that we have all noticed in recent months has been the influx of "refining influences" in the post office. But these new members of the staff have brought more than refinement with them. They have brought energy and efficiency. "The Post Office in War Time" will be the subject of three talks in "The Home Front" series which may be heard on Monday mornings from 2YA at 11.0. All the problems of posting and parcelling and how this affects the housewife and how the Post Office is dealing with the present situation will be tackled.

A Spell But Not a Charm

"There's a magical spell over the Bay these warm moonlit nights," writes one of our young and still hopeful friends; and, walking along the beach for a breather before bed, we don't wonder that she has noticed it. Even through our spectacles, which are certainly no longer rose-tinted, we have seen many a sight to make us agree. The evening spell; yes. But we feel that it must be necessary to be very young and very hopeful to be able to talk about the "Morning Spell" as Mrs. Mary Scott is to do from 2YA this Saturday (January 30). Her talk is entitled "The Morning Spell: By-Ways," and it will be interesting to hear what magic charm she has found in this more prosaic end of the day.

A Miner's Tale

"Young Rex Harrison," of the NBS play which may be heard from 2YA next Wednesday evening, is neither the Brit-

ish film actor nor the Christchurch singer of that name. He is in fact a young miner who has the fortune, or misfortune, to kiss the mine manager's wife under the impression that she is his daughter. All pro-wedding ring readers will be pleased to hear that the drama



develops from the fact that the wife leaves her ring at home when she goes to a dance, a mistake disastrous both to herself and to her husband's career.

Bolivian Day-Mare

A passenger air-liner is about to take off from a Bolivian air-field; a man is running to catch it; but when he does

RECENT MUSIC

(No. 47: By Marsyas)

THE microphone is unkind to Dorothy Helmrich, who is a true artist, capable of following into their most delicately poised moods many varied types of song, but who occasionally, on the radio, produces a coarse blast unrivalled by the worst of untrained singers. But while we have plenty of singers of our own who could improve on Miss Helmrich's worst results, we have unfortunately, very few who can equal her best, and fewer still who can supply that particular requirement in which she is consistent—the power of discovering every detail of the composer's intention and of applying it to her own intentions.

Miss Helmrich has the charm we associate with the most sensitive of lieder singers. She can catch the top of a quick little rising phrase in a Brahms song with the ease of Elisabeth Schumann; and Elisabeth Schumann can do it with the grace of a butterfly in the sun.

Miss Helmrich can fling off Mow-sorgsky's *Gopak* with wild abandon, but it is in such a song that she takes the risks that lead to trouble with the radio audience. How it would go down with a flesh and blood audience, more directly susceptible to the charms that are evident from her excellent announcements, is another matter.

The choice of Noel Newson as accompanist for the tour was just as wise as it was when Alexander Kipnis came here.

THE most valuable feature of Miss Helmrich's visit is the new range of songs (and particularly of complete sets

he seems so ill at ease that a fellow passenger asks him what he fears. The man has had a dream about a disastrous air-journey over mountains with a blinding fire at the journey's end. "Pure coincidence" scoffs the fellow-passenger when they begin to cross the Andes, "you've been reading *The Time Machine*." And then the plane fails to gain the necessary altitude and fear grips the passengers in a most stirring climax. The story of this thrilling air-journey is told in "Flight of Fancy," a play by Philip Waterworth, to be read this Sunday evening (January 31) by the Auckland Repertory Theatre from 1YA.

Frankly Moody

It has always pained us to hear people say that they simply adore children; unqualified like that the statement just can't be what's ordered in the witness box. So when we hear that the *For My Lady* session at 1YA on February 4 is going to deal with "Moods: With the Children" we are surprised, but pleasantly so. We've always felt a little that way and have often been worried about our habit of beginning all our sentences with "Don't." Perhaps this talk is going to show us some effective ways of controlling our moods with the children; we have no authority over other parents, of course, but we feel it our own duty to tune in.

and cycles), which she introduces to us—songs which are, in the main, accessible to our own singers, but which remain neglected because of temerity, and the fear of being known as a wanderer from the beaten track.

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THE Saturday night classical programmes of Station 2YC have the appearance of being designed with a view to Variety, a quality extolled by poets, and frequently so, as reference to any dictionary of quotations will show. But in spite of John Donne, who said: "Change is the nursery of music, joy, life, and eternity," I still think there is something wrong with a two-hour programme made up as follows: Albeniz (suite for orchestra), Quilter (songs), Glazounov (piano), Bach (orchestral prelude), Rubinstein (orchestral), Gounod (song), Delibes (instrumental), Debussy (orchestral), Haydn (a symphony), Schumann (song), Elgar (orchestral), Schubert (song), Albeniz (orchestral), Granados (piano), Mendelssohn (song), Moszkowski (orchestral), Schubert (song), Dvorak (orchestral). Why bother with the Bach prelude and the Haydn symphony, both of which will only bore the kind of listener who wants to hear the other things in that sequence? On the other hand, stations which plan whole programmes on the unity basis earn the respect and gratitude of two kinds of listener—the one who can see from a glance at the programme that the set may safely be left tuned to it for the full period, and the one who can see that none of it will be to his personal liking. Only an unintelligent or careless listener will accept such a programme as that of 2YC on Saturday, January 23.