

long sessions; and the YCs are full of them and of even longer ones. What puzzles me is how the announcer fills in the time between announcing a *World Theatre* play at nine and breaking it to us that it is over at 11. I've been trying to picture. Does he go for a long walk? Does he bake the scones for the next day's staff morning tea? Does he knit, or write ten-page love letters, or dust the microphones, or gossip with an equally bored technician, or play chess with him, or patience with himself, or learn Esperanto, or practice his vowels, or read Proust, or do crosswords, or embroidery or calisthenics or yogi, or flirt with the receptionist, or scratch his back, or hypnotise himself watching goldfish swimming in an aquarium, or cacti growing in a pot, or the turntable revolving 33 and a third times every minute? Does he, perhaps, even listen to the play? I don't really want to know, of course. The world is poorer for every mystery which is elucidated. I just enjoy wondering.

—R.D.McE.

Word Eating

MY title is perhaps a little strong for what I am about to do. It may be recalled that last year, I had harsh things to say of the New Zealand Music Society's programmes from London, compered by Andrew Gold. My feelings then were that it was a mistake in this day and age to ask our gifted compatriots to play and sing old chestnuts that exist definitely on records, or appear in every concert programme; I asked, therefore, for works interesting in themselves that one would want to hear, and in particular, for works by New Zealand composers. The present series offers both: my compliments to Mr Gold and to his artists. Last week, for example, Guy Henderson (oboe) and Shirley Carter (piano) expertly played a sonata for these instruments by Hindemith, and this was followed by Gordon Watson playing a piano sonata by Edwin Carr, of Auckland. This seems to me the most interesting work by a New Zealand composer to be heard for some time on our radio. Mr Watson showed every sign of understanding what was required of him, from the *maestoso* first movement, laid out in what seemed to be a Brahmsian style, to the poignant variations of the second, and the vivacity of the third. Mr Carr has clearly an excellent technique of writing for the piano, and a most compelling and powerful musical imagination. And in case that sounds too pompous, or knowledgeable, let me say that I look forward with eagerness to hearing it again, as soon as possible.

Word Spinning

I CONFESS, that at first, Emlyn Williams's *tour de force* of representing Charles Dickens, and then in this physiognomy, to impersonate all his best-known characters, did not appeal to me. I could not help asking the question posed to the man, who had, by great labour, carved the Lord's Prayer on the head of a pin: a simple and devastating "Why?" I knew, of course, of Mr Williams's great success

Parking Metres

WANT TO MAKE A FORTUNE?

*THE packaging trade is surviving the test
These days, it could hardly be plainer,
For it's almost worth buying a thing you detest
To get the attractive container.
But when will commercial tycoons come to grips
With the task of surmounting the snags
In supplying the public with dried fish and chips
Deep frozen, in polythene bags?* —R.G.P.

in London and New York, but I could still see nothing in the whole idea more than pointless virtuosity. I have now listened to three of the programmes currently running on the National Programme. My report is that as an artist and a technician, Williams is staggering. The vocal control, intricate and subtle variations of pace, the range of feeling, and the power to evoke atmosphere, all add up to an amazing display. I had omitted to recall, you see, that Williams, next to Gielgud, has the finest voice on the English stage, and

do this by voice alone, what will it be like when he visits us in the flesh next year? I leave it to you to judge.

—B.E.G.M.

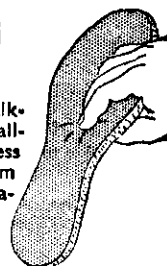
No Scene Without a Song

"I THINK that the composer should have the same freedom that the poet has, to choose his subject where he wants it. The important thing is that the subject should move the composer into song."—Gian-Carlo Menotti, the Italian-American composer, speaking in a BBC programme.

that he is one of its very best actors. He told, a Sunday or so ago, a Dickens ghost story, called "The Signalman." It was literally, I ask you to believe, on a somnolent Sunday afternoon, hair-raising. The room was full of characters going about on spectral errands, and if he can like when he visits us in the flesh next year? I leave it to you to judge.

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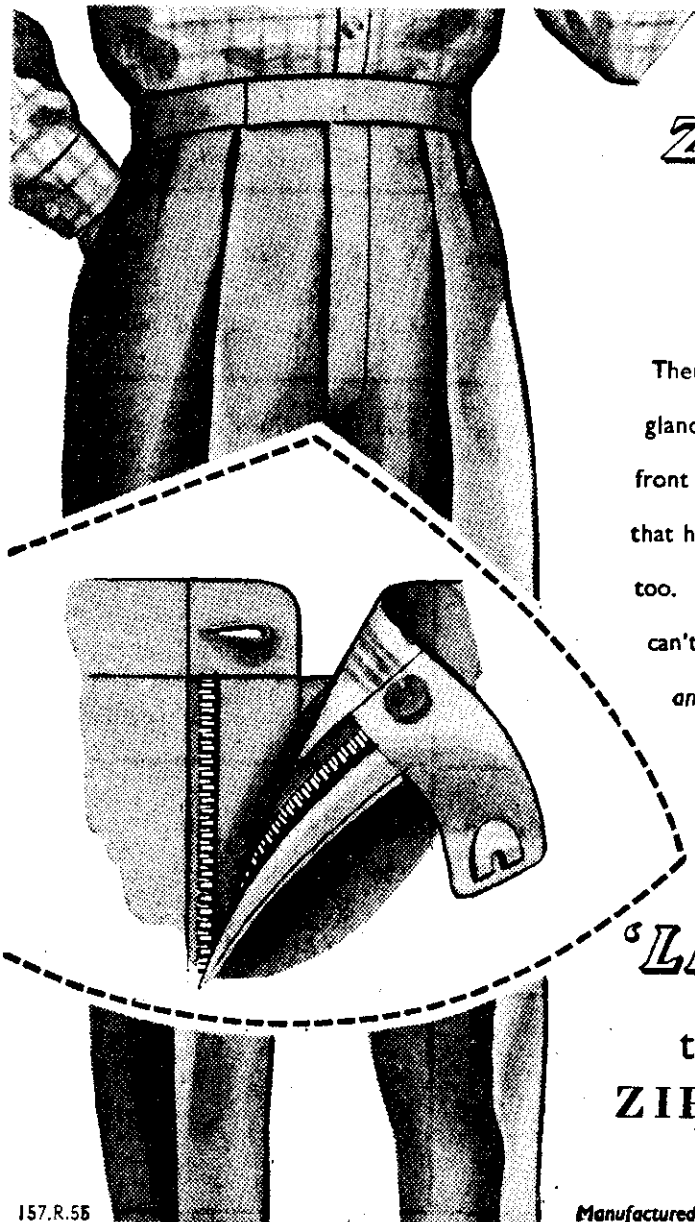
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