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Broadcast Music of Coming Week

"'Tis the deep music of the rolling world,
Kindling within the strings of the waved air—
Aeolian modulations."

—Shelley.

By
Bolton
Woods

An Un-Knightly Knight.



ROMANTIC but tragic story is connected with each of the Chopin "Ballades." In the music Chopin gives the impression of the story—the moods evoked by the occasion rather than its episodes in detached sequence.

In the Ballade in A Flat, Op. 47 (which Mr. Cyril Towsey will play at IYA next Wednesday) Chopin tells the story of a knight who fell in love with a fairy creature whom he met one evening walking by the shores of the lake. Her loveliness resembled the light upon the water—her delicacy, the evening mists. She yielded to his ardour, but imposed the condition that he should first prove his constancy by an enforced absence of but a single month, at the end of which time she would return, and if he still loved her she would become his bride.

Wandering again by the lake, haunting the spot where he had left her, and pining for the day of her coming, he met another yet lovelier creature. In the joy of the new adventure his early love and his plighted word were forgotten.

In her arms he was borne on the evening mists far out over the lake. Suddenly she threw off her disguise and assumed the form of his earlier love, for it was none other than she who had taken a different shape to test his fidelity. She cursed him for his faithlessness, and, in spite of his protests, left him to sink to his death in the abyss, which opened to receive him in the dark waters below.

The Arabian Nights Musically Portrayed.

FROM 4YA will be broadcast next Friday (March 22) two movements from a famous Symphonie Suite, "Scheherazade," Op. 35, by Rimsky-Korsakoff, the Russian composer. The suite is founded upon episodes taken from the fantastic "Arabian Nights." To translate the barbaric gorgeousness and Oriental flavour of these stories into his glittering music is the task accomplished by a genius. This was done by a picturesque usage of the orchestra such as few have been able to command. The composer has prefaced his score with the following programme:—"The Sultan Scharish impelled to the belief that all women are false by nature had sworn to put each of his successive wives to death on the morrow of the nuptials, but the Sultana Scheherazade saved herself by exciting his interests in the tales she told him during a thousand and one nights. Driven by curiosity, the Sultan deferred his wife's execution from day to day, until finally he revoked his murderous resolve."

The two episodes to be broadcast are "The Sea and Sinbad's Ship," and "The Story of the Kalandar Prince." The former tale is too well known to need telling again in these columns, but the second story treats of the Kalandar, who was, in reality, a mendicant Monk whose adventures are not so familiar as those of Sinbad. Three sons of kings go about disguised as ladies, and their beards and heads and eyebrows are shaven. By a curious fate all three are blind of the left eye. They are addicted

to gluttony and will not leave the table so long as they can breathe, so long as any food remains unconsumed. How admirably the composer depicts the stirring incidents of the Tales is evident to all who hear the Suite, and the sheer joy of this music will send listeners back to renew their acquaintance with the delights of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. This much broadcasting frequently does for us. No wonder we look forward to hearing anew old favourites, or hearing for the first time music inaccessible by any other means.

Melody in F (Rubenstein).

THE world at large identified Rubenstein from his Melody in F. It wots not of his hundred odd other works for piano, voice, orchestra and other instrumental combinations and soli. At ten, young Anton aroused the admiration of Liszt and Chopin by his recitals in Paris. As one of the greatest pianists of all time, as a distinguished musical author, and as a notable composer, he has earned the gratitude of the musical world. But to return to the most familiar of all his many pieces, with what freshness and charm its loveliness falls upon the ear! It comes like a song without words to be sure, but for all that eloquently and tenderly telling its own romantic tale. The world has found it beautiful, and it will ever remain among the brightest jewels that adorn music's crown of favourite and forgotten tunes. Here is an instance of public instinct for a good thing.

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