

# THE RADIO RECORD

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## Broadcast Music for Coming Week

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

By  
Bolton  
Woods

### MacDowell and Nature.



NE of the greatest composers that America ever produced, MacDowell's education was received chiefly abroad, and the influence of the various masters under whom he studied and his enthusiasm for certain composers are reflected in his music. He gave much study to American Indian and other folk music of his native country, which finds expression in his "Indian Suite" for orchestra. In the compositions of the smaller musical forms MacDowell has shown himself to be a master. It is difficult to name one of his works that does not seem to be the ideal expression in music of the mood of its subject. One finds them more and more beautiful the oftener one hears them, and they well repay a familiarity that comes of repeated hearing. He was a lover of the simple beauty of the New England country in which he lived, and gives us in his works the moods awakened by things, rather than the things themselves, which he chooses for the subjects of his compositions. MacDowell, who was born in New York, December 18, 1861, and died at Peterboro, New Hampshire, January 23, 1908, was at one time Professor of Music at Columbia University in New York City. The composer loved the woods and the sea, and the tones with which he painted his lovely "Sea Pictures," leave no doubt as to the justice of his own claims that they are "suggestive music." The two numbers selected for broadcasting from 1YA next Friday (April 5), by Mr. Sam Brentnall, "In Changing Moods," and "From the

Depths (the latter of which was one of the composer's special favourites) are products of that style of "native communion" that Macdowell made his own. This lovable man with a poetic soul left a rich legacy of music to posterity and his memory is honoured in consequence.

### Another "Magic Flute."

FROM 4YA on Tuesday next, will be broadcast the Finale to Mozart's "Flute Concerto," by John Amadio, flautist, with orchestral accompaniment. To be born to the instrument is half the battle, and this is Amadio's good fortune, who as a little chap set his heart on being a flautist. After hearing this record who could withhold respect from the "Wizard of the Flute" and his instrument, which will be an eye-opener to most people. There is not a dull bar on either side of the record and the finale is especially thrilling. Amadio's lip must be eminently suitable to the instrument of his choice, which makes the expression "born to the instrument" literally true. When he was but eleven he made his debut in Wellington at an orchestral concert, playing the flute part in a concerto! He soon was taken to Australia where he studied hard, and his chance came when he was appointed principal flute in the Italian Opera Orchestra! Here is a prodigy that made good. Melba, Calve, and others would have none other to play their obligatos on tour. Tetrazzini met him when he went to Europe for experience and a wider scope for his exceptional powers. And so the new Zealander grew to become one of the world's foremost flautists, and going from strength to strength holds a posi-

tion that is unique in the annals of Dominion music. He is happily married to Florence Austral, one of the many Australian Queens of Song, and a dramatic soprano of wide attainments.

### "1812"

BUT twenty years old when he composed his "Prelude in C Sharp Minor," Sergei Rachmaninoff brought to light one of the most celebrated of modern piano works. He is, of course, a pianist of outstanding brilliance and gifts, and it is the great bug-bear of his concert life to be brought back whenever he may be performing to play the Prelude of Preludes. Of course, to each enthusiastic audience it is unthinkable that a dispersion should occur without hearing this piece, and willy-nilly he simply HAS to oblige. On the strength of it, however, he has earned the world-wide fame he at present enjoys. The work is certainly one of extraordinary power, deeply emotional and thrilling. Although Rachmaninoff gives no hint as to the source of his inspiration, and even says that it presents no musical picture, it has been attached to the accounts of the burning of Moscow during Napoleon's invasion of Russia. It is winter, stark and bleak. Moscow lies in the midst of a frozen plain. Her desolate streets resound to the tread of Napoleon's invading army. Suddenly the great bells of the Kremlin sound. The city is aflame, the torch applied by the inhabitants themselves who, with breaking hearts and mingled triumph and despair, glory in their heroic sacrifice. The deep-throated bells boom on.

—Continued on page 3.