

**B**BROADCASTING in Europe? Well, though I visited nearly every musical centre of importance on the Continent during my last trip there twelve months ago, I did not come into contact with radio in them all. However, I will tell you of the few occasions when I did.

My route lay from London, by air to Paris, then on to Berlin, via Brussels, by train. A few days in the German capital, sight-seeing and visiting colleagues in the musical and operatic world, and then I left for Dresden and Stuttgart.

Though time was always short, I yet found opportunity to listen-in occasionally to several of Germany's premier broadcasters, and I discovered something that brought back not over-pleasant memories of listening-in in America. In Germany they also allow radio advertising—but with a difference. In America radio is advertising—all else is subservient to it. But in Germany the advertiser is rigorously watched. He is bound hand and foot with legislation, and any mention of extending the limited times allotted him brings down on his unfortunate head the just wrath of the authorities.

And thus I have discovered that radio advertising properly controlled is not the insidious disease it is claimed to be. I found it exceedingly convenient and presented in excellent taste.

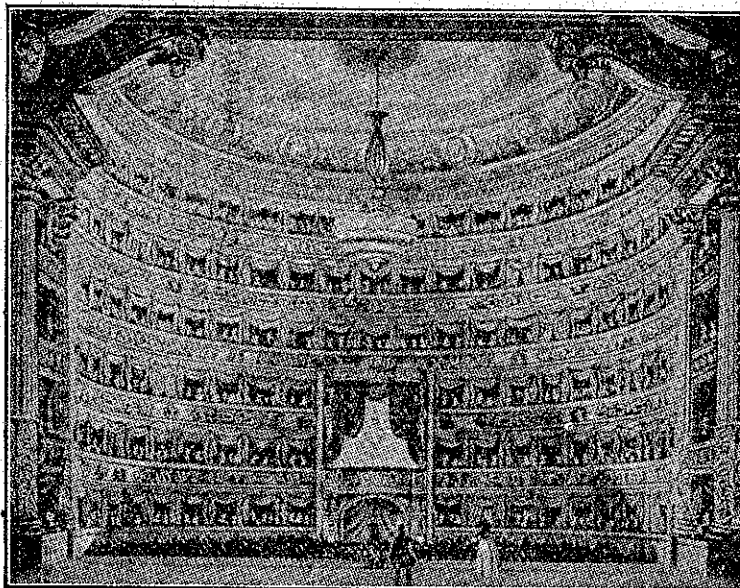
Another innovation. While in Stuttgart I was mystified while listening-in one morning to hear what appeared to be a chemistry lecture in progress—a lecture bristling with technicalities and shorn of the usual padding in which science is often clothed when presented to a usually indifferent public. I marvelled at the unusual mentality and application of the people whose country I was visiting—until I discovered later that I had been listening to a university lecture.

**A**n excellent idea, don't you think?

Students in far-off villages and in the country no longer find it necessary to pinch and save for fees paid for lodgings near a university. No. They just listen-in at their own homes at given times, and the lecturer is brought to them.

Leaving Germany, I spent several weeks in Switzerland, and then on to Italy. Here, of course, I spent most of the time during my tour. Under the Mussolini regime, Italy has progressed wonderfully. Industry appears to be the watchword everywhere. I was delighted to discover also that music and art in most forms are strongly encouraged.

Broadcasting, also, has been allotted its share—a very important one, too—in the social, political and economic reform which



*The interior of La Scala, the world-famous historic opera house of Milan.*

*Signor Lucien Cesaroni, who comes from a musical family well known in the realm of grand opera on the Continent, has been acclaimed by the world's leading critics as one of the greatest Mozartian interpreters of the present day. In this country, however, he is more widely known as an operatic bass of exceptional talent. In the following interview he gives his impressions of European broadcasting, gained during a recent visit there.*

*Let us Travel with*

**SIGNOR  
LUCIEN CESARONI**

*on*

# A Musical Pilgrimage Through Europe

one sees everywhere. Lectures on patriotism, music, art and a diversity of subjects are broadcast each day to hundreds of thousands of school children, land cadets and naval cadets. Occasionally the children themselves are permitted to broadcast talks to their comrades. They appear to pay much more attention to a radio lecturer than they do, unfortunately, to their teachers. I pondered for a long time over this, and then decided that a person whose presence and personality might not be all it should, could often command more respect when speaking into the microphone.

While staying in Naples, just after last Easter, a curious happening occurred at Salerno, a small town some 60 miles distant, which incidentally is the birthplace of Signor Truda, conductor of the ZYA Orchestra.

One day a youth of seventeen, living in Salerno, announced to the world that he had invented a device which could collect electricity from the air, and collect it without expending any energy whatsoever. Quite a stir was caused throughout Europe and America at the time, though I do not think more than a whisper of the news penetrated as far as New Zealand. Photographs and articles appeared in most of the Continental dailies and were flashed across to America. Science and industry revolutionised. It was enough to stagger the world.

And then it was announced that though the sensational claim was correct, no method had been discovered of controlling the derived electricity. This proved insurmountable, and people ceased their speculations and grumbled about hoaxes. But I am satisfied that it was no hoax.

It was decided to encourage the young inventor in every possible way to pursue his investigations, and for all I know he is probably working on his sensational discovery at this day. Perhaps we may hear more of him in the future. . . .

Further wanderings led me up the west coast of Italy to Milan, famous for its historic opera house, La Scala. Grand opera is immensely popular in this town, and always has been. Of course, people have been brought up to appreciate it, and they regard it as part of their lives.

I notice with interest that on one night of the week, I think a Tuesday, the evening performance is broadcast. No, it does not affect the attendances in the slightest. It is meant, just, perhaps, as the occasional "talkie" relays from ZYA, for those people who find it (Concluded on page 30.)