



LETTERS FROM LISTENERS

(continued from page 5)

A QUESTION OF TASTE

Sir,—I feel that any reply to Antoine Watteau's bewildering display of erudition would be inept.

However, though I agree with his contentions, I am rather astonished that he should not have guessed why the NBS is committed to presenting a "felonious surfeit of servile sophistry."

Professor Joad puts the position rather succinctly when he says, "It is an odd thing . . . that while we are all accustomed to the view that human beings are sinful . . . we are shocked into incredulity by the announcement that they are aesthetically blind and naturally prefer the ugly to the beautiful."

Your correspondent may not subscribe to Plato's theory of the Forms, nevertheless it seems clear that the person who judges a Bach fugue to be dull displays his inability to discern beauty and condemns not the fugue but himself.

Nothing which is absolute has ever been fully appreciated. The people who crucified Christ, burned St. Joan, and badgered Galileo could never have admired "silly old Bach," or worshipped at the shrine of Beethoven.

Hence we shall always have our musical aphides (a representative of which class "The Rustle of Bing" lampoons in his parody) secreting their sickly honeydew for the edification of those who have not cultivated good taste. It does seem that the blight is already strongly entrenched.

Apropos of good taste, I noticed that on April 9 in 3YA's classical hour, the "Emperor" concerto was to be followed by that ghastly Nelson Eddy recording of "Now Heaven in Fullest Glory Shone." Oh dear! G.S.P. (Dunedin).

Sir,—Why does our friend with the French name make such full use of long words? It may be that he likes the sound of them. Well, I don't! Of course I may be dull, but it's a fact that a light wind soothes me, while a great gale irks me. His gale of words hit me hard, but has not quite struck me dumb. Our friend states that 4.5 per cent. of what is put on the air is high-class stuff, and that the rest is more or less low-grade. Very well, 4.5 per cent. of rich cake with each meal is quite all right, I guess. I know that more would make one sick.

Bach and Co. have been dead for years and the rich cake they have left us is now a bit stale. No one need think that we plain folk are at fault if we eat plain food and like it. Wise men tell us that such fare is best. Sans doute, one can't keep well, strong, and sane on rich food, and our friend's great wish to get more of it for us is, I feel sure, quite wrong. PAIN ET GATEAU

(Morven).

P.S. All the above are words of one syllable.

AULD LANG SYNE

Sir,—I was disgusted when listening in to the farewell given to Their Excellencies Sir Cyril and Lady Newall in the Wellington Town Hall, to hear the audience with one accord pronounce the