

"Since earliest times man has been able to exclude unpleasant or unwanted sounds from his conscious mind"

allowed the other group to study for the same period in a silent room.

Music While You Work

For several years enterprising manufacturers have been installing radios in their factories in the hope of increasing output. To-day, after the experiment has been well tried, many factory owners admit that music and dramas increase output only slightly. Granting that a workroom radio increases output by one manufactured unit per employee per day, does the reward compensate for the inevitable dulling of the employees' mind? Is it true that honest work, work that is worth doing, can be executed best in noisy rooms? Are we to believe that tranquillity, serenity, and thought are no longer essentials to good craftsmanship? Factory work is a substitute for craftsmanship and, to overcome the motonony fatigue from which most operatives suffer, industrial psychologists advocate factory radios. Perhaps they have forgotten that radio itself is a substitute. Factory workers can counter boredom with their own voices. If music will enliven them, they should make it themselves.

"Turn off that radio!" ought to be the war-cry for a crusade against the desecration of music and drama. Our radios play too often and too long. Radio will not become an art medium, and we shall not be satisfied until we learn to ration

our listening.

But restricted listening is not necessarily intelligent listening. Short audition periods can be as harmful as long ones. There are further rules which we must heed before we can claim to be alert listeners.

Choosing Our Programmes

First we must learn how to choose our programmes. Before we go to the cinema or to the theatre most of us consult our newspapers to see what is on. When we have found the advertisements and sorted the information from the superlatives we decide what we shall see by assessing the worth of the actors, the director, and the author (in that order, I am afraid). How many radio listeners consult the published programmes before



they switch on their sets? Searching the dial is a hazardous and irritating adventure. If, by accident, the listener finds the type of programme he wants, it is quite likely to be half over, but even if two satisfactory programmes are found in an evening, the process of finding them is so distressing that when found they cannot be fully enjoyed.

Programme co-ordination (the system whereby the programmes of all radio stations are co-ordinated to provide any listener with the type of programme he wishes to hear at any time) and the free distribution of a programme co-ordination chart, showing the type of entertainment broadcast by each station throughout the day, are in my opinion essentials to good listening. But although our broadcasting service does not publish co-ordination charts, listening can be planned. The programmes of all New Zealand radio stations are published weekly in The Listener. Before you switch on the radio take a sheet of paper and make a list of the programmes you wish to hear during the evening. I suggest that you have three

Time	Station	Programme
7.30-8. 0	2YA	Moonlight Sonata
8. 0-8.15	2ZB	Easy Aces
8.15-9. 0	2YD	Wuthering Heights
9. 0-9.15	2YC	Benny Goodman
Cuided by a similar line subjet saless		

Guided by a similar list, which takes not more than ten minutes to prepare, you can enjoy two hours' listening, listening of your own choice, with only three dial movements. Surely this is preferable to spending at least a quarter of the listening period twisting knobs, wincing at "static," and listening to stations for short periods to find out what they are broadcasting.

Individual Listening

So far I have assumed that everyone has a suite of rooms and a radio for his exclusive use, which is of course a reckless assumption. In fact few homes have more than one radio, and there are usually at least three people gathered during the evening in the living-room to listen. Whether all of them have chosen their programmes before the radio is switched on or all wish to turn the knobs until they find pleasing programmes, the result is the same --disagreement and disappointment. More than two people can seldom find programmes to please all of them simultaneously. You may protest that one must suffer good-heartedly the programmes which the others have chosen, but for me this putting up with Artie Shaw when I want Palestrina is too much. If I go to the theatre or to the cinema I choose a play or film which I want to see. I don't have to go to plays and films which I shall not enjoy because every other momber of the household wants to see them.

The solution is a home planned to suit one's domestic habits. Small radios which receive sufficient stations clearly are no longer expensive and soon they will be cheaper and better. In a few years sound-resisting walls will be standard in our houses. Is it Utopian to suggest that the next step is individual listening—a radio in the living-room, if we want one there in addition, but a set in every bedroom first?

IT is seldom that a man so great as Pablo Casals wears so few traces of the public idol. The Spanish 'cellist has no tricks of personal appeal, no "temperament" by which to trap a quick and excited attention. He is not interested in such matters. Enemy of tyranny, a friend of the people and a resister of the Nazis, Casals, who has been living in France, not far from the Spanish border, recently made his first appearance in England since the war. With the BBC Symphony Orchestra he played the Elgar and Schumann Concertos and received one of the most resounding ovations any artist has had.



geoffrey purdeu

les parfums les plus enivrants anglo-french master perfumer london, new york po box 2008 auckland

L. Copley-Smith & Sons Ltd., Manchester

OUR NATIONAL SONG

"God Defend New Zealand"

Music with words in English and Maori

Supplied to Schools, Churches, and Musical Societies at 3/- a dozen (post free). Single copies, 4d (post free).

Send your order to

PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT, NEW ZEALAND LISTENER, P.O. Box 1707, WELLINGTON.