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slab of the first movement of Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring*; went on through several obviously experimental or eccentric pieces, deviated for a moment to Duke Ellington and a cory being funny on some kind of bassoon, and wound up with Mossolov's *Steel Foundry*—a child of the Five Year Plan which, be it said here and now, exhibited under a cloak of surface strangeness, all that laborious anxiety to depict the fruitfulness, virtue, and happiness of the existing state of affairs which accounts for the stodgy unoriginality of most Stalinist art. It was quite obvious that the works in this programme were not selected on the basis of any interest in the study of modernist music, but simply because all, irrespective of their widely differing merits, happened to sound violent, discordant, and odd; and because on this quality a facetious commentary could conveniently be hung. I don't think, in point of fact, that the joke was particularly successful—the bad stuff was too depressing, and the interesting or vital stuff too clearly out of place—and the vague suggestion I detect behind the arrangement of "Ordeal," that all modern or experimental music is matter for rather left-footed humour, has lost none of its power to exasperate as it has grown more familiar.

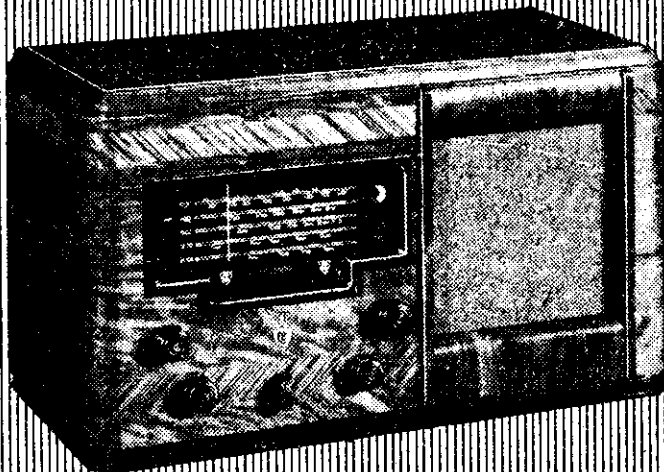
Family Argument

WHAT I found most striking about 2ZB's *Voice of Youth* session when I heard it for the first time on a recent Sunday was the participants' complete lack of self-consciousness in front of the microphone. In fact, one might have been listening in to one of the better-conducted family arguments, with all the contributors quite uninhibited and permitting themselves an occasional indulgence in loud derision. That few family arguments are so well-conducted is probably due to the fact that the average père is not as much a specialist in the job as 2ZB's compère. Another interesting feature was the way the children taking part tended to typecast themselves—the gentle but authoritative female Darcy (May, I think it was), and the Tough Guy who interjected "Infamous, not Famous," when somebody referred to Shakespeare's famous speeches. The topic for discussion, by the way, was "Do you enjoy the study of Shakespeare in school?" or alternatively "Does the study of Shakespeare in school spoil your appreciation of him?" It seemed to be a case of *Quot homines, tot sententiae*, and the compère was as hard put to it as UN to find a permanent meeting-place. But with the infinite patience and cunning of a Chips Rafferty getting his mob across Australia or a Noah his animals into the Ark, Mr. Edwards at last got his little team marshalled on the common ground of "Whether you enjoy or do not enjoy the study of Shakespeare in school depends entirely on the way it is taught." Not a surprising conclusion, and one we had already reached ourselves unprompted by the *Voice of Youth*. But the session's value is not so much in its intellectual content as in its human interest, and from this angle we strongly recommend it. It is moreover one of the few Youth Shows which deal with bright, not flaming Youth.

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