

a far more potent force among quiz-addicts than mere money. The competitor who on Monday night flunked the £24 question laughed merrily at her own discomfiture, but a single gong stroke followed by deep black despairing silence engulfed the failure at international level.

With Full Accompaniment

ISOBEL BAILLIE'S appearance with the National Orchestra of the NZBS made the Dunedin concert especially memorable. Miss Baillie has herself suggested that we are too complacent about our Orchestra. We have come by it too easily, and perhaps we are in danger of not appreciating it as we should had its inception been beset with almost insuperable difficulties. Lack of appreciation was not a feature of the Dunedin concert, but I wonder how many in the audience realised, apart from the orchestra's own performance, just how excellent a thing it is to have an artist of Miss Baillie's calibre accompanied by the correct orchestral combination instead of having her music watered to the flat level of a piano arrangement? Her Mozart in particular was a sheer delight, limpid and clear and sparkling, and it made me wish that she would continue to sing Mozart arias all the evening. The encores, however, had their own charm, being a Hebridean folk-song and the Fairy Song from *The Immortal Hour*, both accompanied, to my intense pleasure, by the harp. You see the point about having a full symphony orchestra to call upon?

No Heroine, No Villain

AFTER listening to *Joseph of the Pure Heart* or *He Need Not Have Done* If I decided I Need Not Have Listened, since Joseph seems to me further proof of a theory I have long held, that the scriptwriter is the only person who still

gets fun out of the *Old-Time Theatyr*. And *Joseph* is a particularly bad example of the genre even considered purely as Art and Craft. It makes no attempt to comply with the aims set out in the session's introduction: "to reveal the depths of depravity to which the human soul can descend and the heights of heroism and virtue to which it can and does aspire." Joseph is that oxymoronic composition, that contradiction in terms a melodrama without a



villain, and for that matter without a heroine. We have nothing to hiss but Joseph's own stupidity, nothing to applaud but the too-long-delayed last line "And to think that I need not have done it." This is indeed a far cry from the basic tenets of the melodrama from which our *Old-Time Theatyr* claims its descent, first that human nature is entirely good or entirely bad, second that riches predispose to villainy and poverty to virtue. Poor Joseph, to add to our confusion, begins by being incorrigibly middle-class, and even his sojourn in the gutter cannot rub off that bourgeois bloom.

"THE LISTENER" CROSSWORD

(Solution to No. 388)

