

(continued from previous page)

suddenly that there's an awful lot of nonsense talked about all sorts of important matters, that matters which touch us personally and deeply. are hidden by bogus conventions? Wouldn't it be rather fun *really* to look into our own bedrock motives in such things as marriage, ownership of property, prize-fighting, moral responsibility, the colour-bar, attraction between the sexes, betting, strikes, social diseases or keeping up appearances?

G. B. Shaw, Ibsen, Odets, Sartre, and a dozen more dramatists have written plays that will make you sit up and take notice of these things, plays that make you finish your thoughts—trace them out to a genuine conclusion. Are you so sure that you aren't good enough, haven't enough guts to enjoy plays that are about important things? Are you so sure that your appetite is only for sweet stuff? Don't you rather feel it's your right to be given plays that have interested and stimulated people in all other countries and that New Zealanders, once they acquire a taste for a strong diet in their theatres and on the air, will, like other normally intelligent people, want more of it?

Don't let's under-rate our capacity for intelligent enjoyment. Don't be so certain that you know what you like. Don't set up an angry wall of resistance against the sort of music and drama that asks you to think. At least keep an open mind about it and at the very least, allow other people their right to listen to it.

The last time I said something of this sort on the air an infuriated gentleman,

falsely pretending to be a pressman, rang me up, frantically abused me for about two minutes, hung up his receiver on a final insult and left me thinking that perhaps there is no anger quite like the anger of a man who feels he has been accused of bad taste.

Highbrows and Broad Minds

If you tell me that the highbrows are just as intolerant as the lowbrows in these matters I disagree. I have heard the highest musical brows imaginable discussing jive and boogie-woogie with interest and sympathy. I have heard them declare that the best in this sort is ingenious and interesting stuff. And in the world of letters remember that the loftiest brows profess a passion for P. G. Wodehouse, Damon Runyon, and the thrillers. I'd take a heavy bet that far more croon-fans than Bach or Mozart fans, write in anger to *The Listener*. I protest that there is a standard in popular music and writing as well as in serious music and writing and that we have a right to expect the best in both kinds and to reject the shoddy.

Let us go on being angry listeners, in fact, but let us make quite certain our anger is based on good judgment founded in humility. That, I submit, should be our only criterion. We have the right to demand the best. We have no right to abuse the best as recognised by knowledgeable authority, whether in light or serious music and plays, if our abuse is based on indolence or ignorance. Let us be sure we object, not because we are not good enough for the programme but because the programme is not good enough for us.



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(Solution to No. 396)

Clues Down

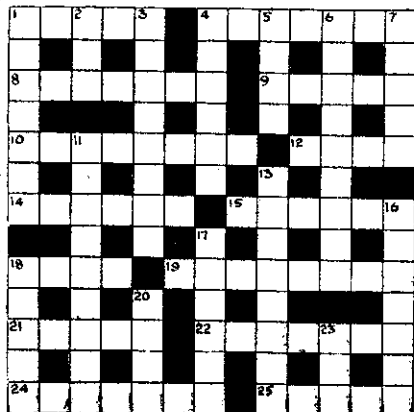
1. I.E., Spode (anag.)
2. Fabulous bird.
3. Sis's aunt encourages.
4. Flowering 18 down.
5. Broken by A. E. W. Mason.
6. A cute gaol (anag.)
7. There's some mistake here.
11. His name is frequently found on the dotted line.
13. Leave by will.
16. This is nice, Ted!
17. She was poor but she was — not shel!
18. Form of brush found in a garden.
20. Take the story from 11 down, with this profitable result.
23. Add up.

No. 397 (Constructed by R.W.C.)



Clues Across

1. Snare (anag.)
4. Reclaim in a wonderful way.
8. We cut this, cutter.
9. This flower will move to tears.
10. This race is not necessarily to the swift.
12. Musical stigma?
14. Border.
15. Behead this animal and you get the bird.
18. Best known when at bay?
19. Cut demon (anag.)
21. She conceals a hoard.
22. Last ice — so make it stretch out!
24. Tony and Abe supply a weapon.
25. Detested form of death.



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