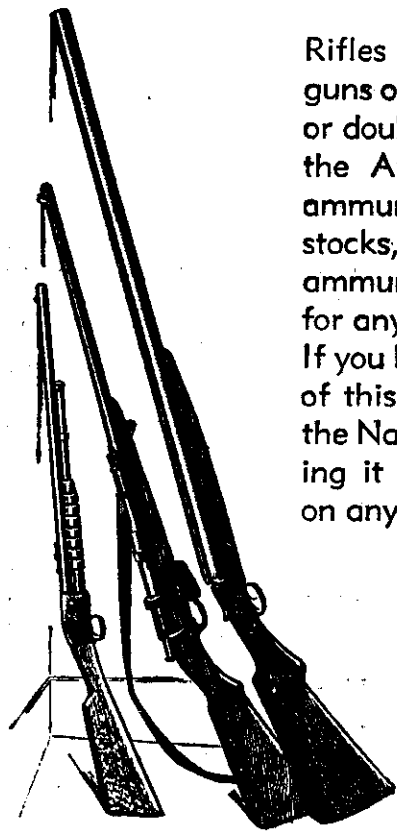


# RIFLES SHOTGUNS and REVOLVERS are *URGENTLY NEEDED by* THE ARMY



Rifles .303 and .22, and shotguns of any bore or choke, single or double barrel, are required by the Army. Also revolvers and ammunition for same, and any stocks, large or small, of any size ammunition that would be useful for any weapon other than .303. If you have one or more weapons of this description you can help the Nation's War effort by offering it to the Army Department on any of the following terms:—

- (A) Outright donation.
- (B) On unconditional loan to the Army for the duration of the war, when every endeavour will be made to return the weapons.
- (C) An offer of sale to the Army, quoting price.

**Even if the rifle, gun or revolver is in need of repair, Army Ordnance may be able to recondition it.**

Shotguns, rifles or revolvers should be handed in to your nearest Army office with a label attached, showing the owner's name and address, and stating whether it is for donation, loan or straight out sale.

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## RECENT MUSIC

No. 18: By Marsyas

BROADCASTS from choral concerts have been coming over almost as thick and fast as the works of Brahms in the last few weeks, and one begins to see where some people get the idea that music, alone among the arts, is unrelated to life; in fact an escape from actuality. The idea of giving public concerts (in our sense of the word), seems to have originated in the middle of the 17th century. Before then, music had a more "useful" function. And since then some music has been written specifically for the concert platform without losing those qualities which, being related to personal and social factors of the moment, can alone make it worth preserving. On the other hand, a great deal of music has been preserved which had no such roots in the first place.

At the head of this class stands much of the music which our choirs perform. I do not enjoy saying this, though choirmasters may suspect me of that sort of malice. Bach's music will survive the most stiff and starchy occasion because it was born of humane purpose; Handel's because of its hedonistic ecstasy; the Elizabethan composers, because their age has something to offer us, and they are accredited representatives of it. But when you go into a plaster hall and sit eyeing rows of well-meaning people (the ladies in their pastel blue, green and shell-pink looking like so many lollies, the gentlemen resembling so many penguins), then the Spofforths, MacFarrells, Beales, Webbes, Callcotts, Cookes, Pearsalls, and company, don't seem to have any meaning by the time they get across that chill barrier of footlights and shrubs and pot-plants.

THE songs of "mirth and jollity" which the male choirs enjoy should be sung in bars; the rollicking songs about bos'n's and mates and cap'n's should be tried down on the wharves; Elgar should be sung at Rotary luncheons; Parry at meetings of the Standards Institute; and *Hail Smiling Morn* should awaken our military camps. Then we should see whether such music has use or meaning.

PRESUMABLY the sort of person who periodically objects to opera "commentaries" on the air would rather be at such a concert as I have described. But the operatic composer devised his music to accompany action and visual spectacle. Most operatic composers would be horrified at great numbers of people listening intently to the music without knowing from one moment to the next what should be going on. It is, of course, unfortunate that in radio performance a distraction that was in the first place visual has to be provided through the same sense which perceives the music, but it can't be objected to on principle (though I think it succeeds more easily in Gluck than in Verdi).

The greater the composer the less likely he would be to insist that his music is holy and untouchable in this particular respect.

STATION 2YA has adopted the practice of forecasting the chief contents of its afternoon classical hours; this is very convenient for those who are lucky enough to be able to listen frequently. But I hope we shall again see the day when Classical Hours will be Hours, and won't trickle off after 35 minutes.

GEORGE BUTTERWORTH'S *Shropshire Lad Rhapsody*, of which I suggested a repeat in May, had a most welcome rehearing, and it is to be hoped that everyone who missed hearing it the first time listened on this occasion. Often enough with the youngish composer, his emotional development gets ahead of his technical resource, but the orchestra soars above immature awkwardnesses in this *Rhapsody*. It is hard to say whether the opportunity to know something of George Butterworth's is a glad occasion or whether one's pleasure is outweighed by the wistful feeling that his death was a great loss.

ARRANGEMENTS of 17th and 18th century music have been appearing frequently among recent new releases of recorded music — two new Purcell suites, a new Handel Suite, and an interesting combination: Bach-Walton. How little these two composers have in common becomes apparent in *The Wise Virgins*, especially when we compare it with Stokowski's Bach transcriptions. But it is interesting to see that a bad conductor may sometimes make a better arranger than does a good composer.

SOME of the zeal with which arrangers and orchestrators are proselytising Purcell, Handel and Bach, might profitably be devoted to Couperin and even Rameau. There are tuneful and graceful pieces to be found in the harpsichord (or rather clavecin), suites or "ordres" of Couperin, which have that kind of instant appeal which seems to qualify a piece for inclusion in these "representation" suites, ballets, etc.

### For Old School Ears

There is no need for us to apologise for drawing the attention of our widely scattered readers to the relay of the local Rugby match on Wednesday afternoon, July 15, from 3YA, Christchurch. For this is not an ordinary fixture: it is *An Event* — the annual game between Christ's College and Boys' High School. This will not only attract hundreds of black-and-white or blue-and-black ties and ribbons (unrationed) to the ground at B.H.S., make many throats hoarse with shouting the old school cries, and perhaps give a few blue-and-black bruises to the young stalwarts in the field, but it will also bring hundreds of old school ears to radio sets all over the country. Play begins at 2.45 p.m.