

ANOTHER KIND OF CAMP CONCERT

(Written for "The Listener" by D.H.)

THE Army Education and Welfare Service has sponsored two concerts at this military camp in the last month. One of them was reported in your pages a few weeks ago. Let me tell you about the other.

The first concert was pure vaudeville—"In the Mood" and "Chatta-nooga Choo-Choo" stuff. It was an immense success; it rolled 'em in the aisles. Andersen Tyrer, Vincent Aspey, and the NBS String Orchestra brought us the second concert. It was briefly advertised in Unit Routine Orders as just that—not a word of explanation was given about the type of programme that would be presented. And everybody thought that Miss Jeanie MacPherson and Mr. Henry Rudolph were in camp again. The huge theatre was jammed full long before curtain time. Men somewhat daunted at the sight of a conductor's dais and a number of music stands soon recovered from this unexpected setback, and round went the rumour—started by the remark "Hope they play 'In the Mood'"—that it was going to be "a hot concert."

In came the players: long dresses, black ties, and fiddle cases. And here came the first intimation of the exhibition of bad manners which characterised the whole evening. As each woman performer entered the hall, she was greeted with ill-concealed leers and whoops. To soldiers who hadn't been out of camp for some time, she was a woman—that was enough. The men, too, were rather sneered at for that effete garment, the dinner jacket.

They Walked Out

The programme itself was "light classical"—nothing in the least heavy about it. It began with Tchaikovsky, touched on Brahms, lingered with Chopin, nodded to Kreisler. But it was all to no purpose. The boys early realised what had been put across them, and returned to the racing page and the pulp magazines. Loud conversations were carried on. Guffaws of laughter at that excruciatingly amusing thing, forte in the bass. Finally some could stand "that classical stuff" no longer. At first between items, but later, during them, the audience left. Heavy boots tramping up the wooden floor disturbed Mr. Tyrer's Chopin, the squeak of a swing door echoed mockingly the strains of Mr. Aspey's Kreisler. Only during the sickly strains of the Schubert Ave Maria was the hall almost quiet. It was a Nice Tune that they Knew. At last the hall was left about two-thirds full, and comparative peace reigned. But some of the boys who didn't have the effrontery to walk out were still very bored indeed with the whole affair. One could feel the sigh of relief that went up when the National Anthem was played.



... Word went about that it had been "lousy"

The behaviour of the audience was, in so many words, the worst display of bad manners and bad taste that I have ever witnessed. I am not a particularly sensitive soul, but even I blushed, quite literally, for my fellow soldiers. I feel we presented to the finest musical combination in the Dominion, plus two of the finest musicians, as great an

insult as any orchestra has ever received.

What I am particularly concerned about is not so much the problem—disturbing though it is—of lack of appreciation of the finer things in music, but that this important section of New Zealanders, the parents of to-day and to-morrow, should show such appalling boorishness and lack of common politeness. Unattractive though the concert may have been to them, surely men of a moderately enlightened and educated country could have controlled their feelings at least to the extent of sitting still. I didn't hear of any case of a lover of classical music—always supposing that any were present—walking out of the vaudeville show a fortnight earlier.

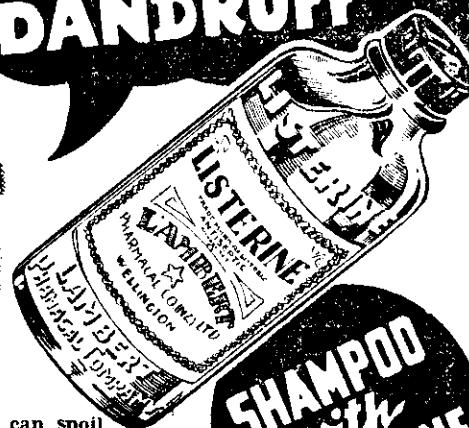
I hope that this is not going to be the example by which the coming generation is to be brought up. Lack of musical and artistic taste is going to be a big enough enemy to combat; lack of manners will be almost too much.

"A Happy Ending"

Fortunately, I am able to give all this a happy ending. The morning following this particular concert, word went about that it had been "lousy." And so the audience that night—about half-filling the hall—were people who really appreciated music, men and women who came because they wanted to come. Naturally the atmosphere was completely altered.

I mention two points which might help next time the orchestra visits this camp. (Let's hope it's soon!) First, bill the concert as what it is; not a light comedy, community sing affair, but as a programme of good music suitable for people who have no time to waste on the unimportant side of that art. And second, a short commentary on what goes on when we get there would be useful. Many even of the second night audience were not very familiar with the composition of a non-dance orchestra. A word or two about, say, the placing of the violas, or why there was no piano accompaniment, would have helped, and so, too, would an explanation of the various longer pieces, and their movements. Nothing scares an untutored man off music so much as terms like allegro non troppo and capriccioso and scherzo in B flat minor. They are not formidable when they are explained.

IT'S WONDERFUL HOW *Quickly* LISTERINE BANISHED MY DANDRUFF



SHAMPOO with LISTERINE

DANDRUFF is repulsive and can spoil the whole effect of your toilet... Dandruff is easily and pleasantly banished with LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC used full strength as a Shampoo.

LISTERINE
The Safe **ANTISEPTIC**
KILLS THE GERM THAT *causes* DANDRUFF

THE LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO (N.Z.) LTD. 64 Ghuznee street, Wellington.

NO LUNCHEtte TODAY MADAM—

SAL'S FAVOURED SUMMER DISH, LUNCHEtte. SHE BOUGHT WHEN IT WAS THERE TO GET, AND WHEN 'T WAS NOT HER GROCER SAID: 'IT'S GONE TO FEED THE TROOPS INSTEAD.'

WITH SALISBURY SHORT IN MANY SHOPS, DON'T WORRY—SALISBURY STILL IS 'TOPS'; AND WHAT YOU MISS ADORNS THE MESS OF GALLANT BOYS IN BATTLEDRESS.

The makers of Salisbury Products are by far the largest suppliers of canned meat produced in New Zealand for the fighting forces overseas... But in spite of this tall order, Salisbury are doing their best to keep faith with New Zealand housewives.



KEEP ASKING FOR
SALISBURY
LUNCHEtte

LIMITED SUPPLIES ARE AVAILABLE FOR CIVIL USE