

dance session, has shown that it is out to satisfy the majority, so why not rearrange this session and so secure a few more supporters?

Your paper is worth the extra penny per copy, and I trust you keep it interesting as at present.—I am, etc.,

DX35A.

Te Kauwhata.

Shilkret Says Taste Is A Matter of Experience

To the Editor.

Sir,—I am enclosing some excerpts from an article by Nat. Shilkret on Radio Broadcasting, which may prove of interest. As you are probably aware, Shilkret has a great list of achievements and activities in the music field; he directs a few radio hours; he arranges sound recordings and synchronisation for several talkie companies; he is known internationally as a famous composer and arranger; he is an accomplished musician instrumentally, having played in the world's greatest symphony orchestras.—I am, etc.,

WELLINGTONIAN.

Christchurch.

Enclosure

"There is no reason why jazz should be spoken of as something different from other musical materials. After sane analysis one must admit that there are fundamentally three qualities of music—good, bad, and indifferent. There is no exact artistic demarcation between classical music and jazz. Some jazz music is good music, artistically wrought, well arranged, competently performed; some "classical" music is bad music, inartistic and lopsided, badly scored, and poorly played. Perhaps the greatest objection to the rhythmic conception we call "jazz" is the fact, not that it is "unclassical," but that it is so often inadequate in an artistic way—that it is monotonous, unoriginal, and insincere.

"In literature we much more readily condemn a work, even on a serious subject, that is inadequately and uninterestingly written, than an intriguing and well told story on a subject of passing value. In music we have begun to reach that point. . .

"To play what the people already like does not require much of a talent. Anyone but a simpleton could do it, and find his work cut out for him. But to acquaint audiences with excellently played new material, music that they will come to be fond of, demands knowledge, tact and musicianship. Here is the field for the better director.

"You can please them for a time, certainly, on what they've already approved (it's so easy), but when they grow tired of the monotony of listening to the same music incessantly, as they must eventually, then what's to be done?

"You must get off the beaten path! Pioneer! Assume that audiences have a higher musical intelligence than we've been led to believe (and they have!). Taste is largely a matter of experience. If the people are given no chance to hear anything new or unique, it is foolish to expect them to acquire a taste for better music. It is the musician's job to help the public form its tastes, by feeding them new, healthy morsels that are tasty."

Is Baden-Powell's Name Correctly Pronounced?

To the Editor.

Sir,—I note in the current number of the "Radio Record" that a correspondent styling himself "Oxford," in referring to what he calls "swank" from 2YA's an-

nouncer, says that he is not certain about the correct pronunciation of Baden-Powell.

May I be permitted to remark that Lord Baden-Powell pronounces his name as "Baden-Poel," and not as the average person would pronounce it, i.e., "Badden-Powel." I noticed this in the course of one of the Chief Scout's speeches, in which he referred to "Lady Baden-Powell and myself."—I am, etc.,

"Q-MARK."

Wellington.

One Man Cannot Plan 365 Programmes a Year

To the Editor.

Sir,—From the suggestions and criticisms in your pages it is fair to state that most healthy-minded people feel the lack of some vital element in radio programmes. That this is due to the absence of imagination, personality, and that indefinable something that possesses the power to express emotion would be a sane and reasonable explanation. The absence of human emotion from radio is finding expression in criticism. (Rather



SEVERAL of our correspondents this week have overlooked the ethics of a newspaper battle, and their letters have found a resting place in the W.P.B. These columns are open for the expression of all shades of opinion, but please—no personal thrusts! Some other letters have had to be held over, together with a fair amount of material for our ordinary news pages.

this faculty at the expense of the sympathetic understanding of true art.) "The sacred soul of self-expression," to quote the president of the Wellington Competitions Society, "must struggle against the forces of acquired learning and barren cynics, and grow inward instead of outward."

When it is remembered that Ibsen took two years over a play (or in other words, two years to evolve several hours' amusement), and poets a lifetime to produce a few lines of verse, it is not only absurd to expect one man to produce 365 programmes a year, but it's a sign of a decadent mentality in the people of the a failing of British peoples who exploit country who even suggest its possibility.

Some day radio programmes will rise to a place among the immortals in art, when every human emotion is expressible. Your method of getting ideas is good, but beware of its abuse. Often encouragement (not money, but the old laurel wreath) to those who have ideas results in their work being put over the

air, giving them that atmosphere of encouragement so necessary to the true artist. Don't overdo it, it's British I know, but it's not nice, and only turns artists into critics.—I am, etc.,

GEORGE MILLSON.

Blenheim.

Farmer Wants Forecast In The Mornings

To the Editor.

Sir,—Here is a small suggestion I should like to make.

Now the time is coming on for the special farmers' weather forecast, would it be possible to arrange that it be given at 10 a.m., when the station opens in the morning, instead of 8.30 p.m.? This arrangement would help the farmer a good deal should the forecast be favourable; it would mean, when the hay season is on, a saving of 50 hours' work if there were 10 men working that day.—I am, etc.,

COCKY.

Owhango.

Listener With Absolutely Nothing to Grumble At!

To the Editor.

Sir,—To some people it appears (from the "Radio Record") that the Broadcasting Board is like a wet climate, it affects some more than others—e.g., "Disgusted" and friends. But I for one can find absolutely nothing to grumble at; there is more than one station in the world, but I must admit I prefer light music.

The Grand National meeting relay was just okay, and I am very glad to see that 2YA is going to broadcast the inter-collegiate football tournament on Monday.

May I say this to the B.B.: "Just keep on keeping on."—I am, etc.,

E.A.B.

Hastings.

Announcer Out of Breath After the Mazurka!

To the Editor.

Sir,—Why was not the music for the 4YA old-time dance held in Dunedin on July 29 in keeping? I think the modern music spoils the atmosphere of an old-time dance. The quarters were really good, also the M.C., even though he was obviously out of breath after the mazurka. He enjoyed it, I hope. Yes, the 4YA announcer does speak too loudly. Why not copy 3YA a bit? The assistant announcer could do with some strengthening—his voice is weak. Give us more humour these long nights.—I am, etc.,

COUNTRY LISTENER.

Mosgiel, Otago.

Correspondence

Letters to the Editor must be written in ink, on one side of the paper only, and must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication. As space in the correspondence section of the "Radio Record" is strictly limited, correspondents are asked to restrict their letters to 250 words or less. Writers who disregard these rules will excuse us from noticing their letters.