

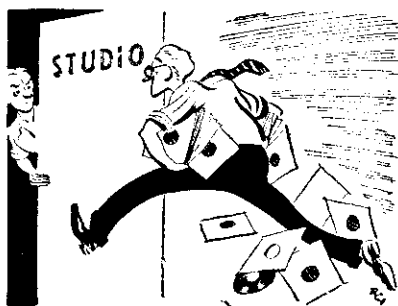
Sir,—I have always considered that it is impossible to listen and work, or work and listen, and do either well. It may be that "Materfamilias," like so many people who boast musical appreciation, uses radio as a background.

However, it was not for me to deny her her opinions until she trod most rudely upon my corns, thus proving herself, in my eyes at least, a person whose love of music is put on as occasion demands like a top coat. She states that, as a lover of serious music—i.e., best recorded music—she resents "inroads" being made into classical hours by local artists. Condescendingly, she would not slight our local artists, but quite unnecessarily suggests that they themselves must admit that their performances could scarcely be compared with recordings of the great artists. Studio artists are the first to love and appreciate sincerely the work of the great masters, and through this to realise their own shortcomings. That it is something of the soul that commands these amateurs to devote all their spare time and thought to overcome to some extent these shortcomings apparently means nothing to "Materfamilias." At least they are doing something constructive. It might be as well for her to realise the next time her musical trance is interrupted by the rude efforts of an artist from the studio, causing her with a "tut, tut" of disgust to turn the knob in search of a symphony, that it is because of the attitude of her kind that people in New Zealand depend so much on the recorded masters and can seldom boast a great performer of their own.—STUDIO PERFORMER (Wellington).

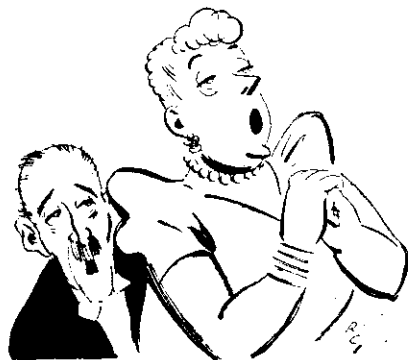
Sir,—"Materfamilias" in a recent issue had a crack at our local artists and at the NBS Orchestra in particular. They cannot be compared with the greatest soloists and orchestras in the world, he writes, and therefore he frankly and selfishly prefers records.

"Materfamilias" will permit me a little remark: How can he really enjoy and understand good music performed by his beloved masters if at the same time he works? Listening to music is an art, too, and I cannot imagine a real

## RECORDS



or



## LOCAL ARTISTS?

music-lover knocking, drilling, shouting—and listening.

Now as for me I never dreamt of comparing our local artists with the greatest soloists in the world. I am sure that none of them does. That's just "Materfamilias'" sophistry. As for classical music, "Materfamilias" should know that the NBS Orchestra occupies only one hour, as compared with 10 to 12 hours of recorded classical music. But that is not the point. The importance of the NBS Orchestra and the NBS Quartet lies in a quite different field. If "Materfamilias" had followed the programmes carefully, he should have discovered by now that the NBS Orchestra has played some delightful arrangements and original compositions hitherto

unknown or very seldom heard. Take for instance: Suite by Zimbalist, serenade by Rachmaninoff, concerto by Jarzebski (first performance of an old Polish master), not to speak of the revival of old classics by Geminiani, Corelli, Boyce, Handel, Bach, etc. The performances are doubtless of high musical standard and preferable to tinned music, because they are pioneer work in the best sense of that word, and a great stimulus to our musical youth. The crowded halls of the last chamber music concerts prove that the audience is very keen to hear music performed by local artists, and is tired of tinned music. But then "Materfamilias" never goes to concerts, and only listens to music "while he works."—MUSICUS (Wellington).

Sir,—The remarks of "Materfamilias" about studio artists "making inroads" into the Sunday classical programmes will probably provoke plenty of letters from the musicians themselves, but I as a non-performer would like to ask whether your contributor really meant to argue that recordings should be broadcast in preference to studio performances? Because it seems to me that if her argument is logical ("Their performance could scarcely be compared with the recordings of some of the greatest soloists, etc.") then *The Listener* should reject "Materfamilias" and reprint "better" radio notes from English papers. With only recordings on the air, there would be nothing to say that hadn't been said by someone "better" in England or America already. Or am I wrong?—PATERFAMILIAS (Wellington).

Sir,—After listening to the item at 8.13 p.m. from 4YA on Thursday, October 5, may I say how heartily I endorse the remarks of "Materfamilias" in the last paragraph of her column in your issue dated October 6

BEETHOVEN (Wellington).

## WILL THE MONETARY FUND SAVE THE WORLD FROM FINANCIAL CHAOS?

FINANCE, as it applies to paying the household bills, is something about which the ordinary man and his wife know a good deal, but finance in the international sphere is something in which they take little interest—mainly because they don't understand it. But they should understand it, for the future peace of the world may depend on the monetary arrangements between the nations. Well, "Goodbye to Gold," written by Dr. W. B. Sutcliffe for the Progressive Publishing Society, is a book for such people. It is a guide to the International Monetary Fund—the epoch-making proposal for oiling the wheels of international trade, agreed to by the experts of 44 United Nations, which seems to sound the death knell of the gold standard. The first book on this timely and far-reaching subject to be released in New Zealand, "Goodbye to Gold," has been specially designed for the reader who is unversed in international finance. Throughout, New Zealand's special position and problems are related to the general discussion, and the effect of the International Monetary Fund (if the plans are adopted) on New Zealand's economy is fully considered. From all booksellers. Price, 2/-.

## EINSTEIN WITHOUT RELATIVITY

MOST readers of magazines know Einstein's face when they meet it in a new photograph, and many have met him in this limerick:

*I don't like the family Stein  
There is Gert, there is Ep, and there's Ein*

*Gert's poems are bunk  
Ep's statues are junk  
And nobody understands Ein.*

But not so many know that he is one of the mildest, best-natured and most meekly obedient of all the world's great men now alive. According to the latest book about him—a new study printed recently in New York—he is almost too simple to be true.

To his house in Princeton comes a continuous stream of the great names of the world—in literature, politics, economics, science, diplomacy—but not for any of them does he change out of his slippers, baggy trousers, and brown leather jacket. Except in winter he seldom

wears socks, and his main domestic worries are trying to persuade his family that he doesn't need a new suit.

It's not that Einstein can't afford a new suit, for he receives a salary of 20,000 dollars a year, but in spite of this he refuses to stay at expensive hotels when he is travelling and loves to wander round cheap departmental stores with a child's delight in the glittering articles displayed. Once he was given a zipp bag, and mathematics and relativity were forgotten while he zipped and unzipped it again and again.

But Einstein isn't mean. Although he won't own a car and has the plainest and most scantily furnished study imaginable, he gave orders for a lift to be installed in his two-story house—not because he needed one, but because he liked the salesman so much that he couldn't refuse him. He receives gifts from his admirers all over the world, and almost invariably sends them back. People are continually writing to him asking for advice or assistance in matters not only scientific but also personal. But he has one trump card, which he sometimes plays when flatterers sit admiringly at his feet and ask him to explain his theory of relativity. He does!