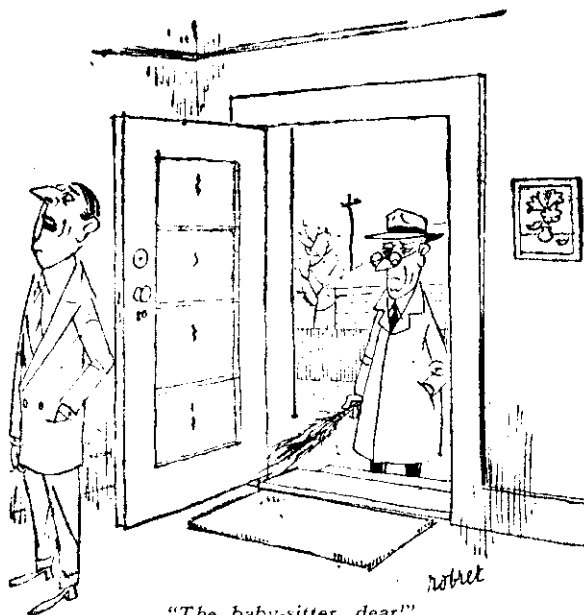




"The baby-sitter, dear!"

no uncertain terms. Perhaps underneath our dour and pernickety exterior there is a hunger for perfection, and perhaps that is why the not-quite-perfect (whether in drama or drainage) drives us into exacerbated public wrangles which must seem odd to the outsider. At least we have shown—and twice in one evening—that we know the real thing when we see it.

—M.K.J.

Dangerous Roads

NO one will deny that the question of reducing the number of traffic accidents is a vital one, though I can't help feeling that its vitality on the radio is being impaired by continual plugging. The Question-Mark discussion of the topic was saved from dullness by an occasional freshness of observation and outlook in those taking part. Understanding of human nature was revealed by one participant's comment that some drivers liked the middle of the road because they felt equally removed from danger from the right or from the left. Another's remark, "Vehicles don't have accidents, people do," is as quotable, if less accurate, than the American reformer's pronouncement that there are no illegitimate children, only illegitimate parents. The familiar canons of road safety were largely restricted to the chairman's concluding remarks, heavily disguised as a summary of the discussion.

—M.B.

Listening With Peter Cooper

PETER COOPER is a New Zealander, but there seems little if anything in his piano playing of what is popularly regarded as the New Zealand temperament. It is neither brash, ebullient nor sentimental; nor is it polished in the 20th Century chromium-plated sense. It is, in fact, quite unlike the playing of any other concert pianist who has been this way recently. Peter Cooper's piano playing is very much like Peter Cooper himself—modest, thoughtful without being overwhelmed by conscious intellectualism, lively but not exuberant, assured but never bombastic. His performance of two Preludes and Fugues from "48," those in C Sharp Minor and C Sharp Major respectively, illustrated clearly Peter Cooper's interpretative

approach. The music was unfolded calmly and meticulously, and while one would have appreciated the glint of a little more gaiety both in the Prelude and the Fugue in C Sharp Major, the quiet reflectiveness seemed to create a sympathy between music, player and listener, revealing the depths of the music if not all its heights. The Beethoven Sonata, Op. 111, which followed was notable for the restrained dignity of the interpretation. Peter Cooper never over-dramatised Beethoven's excitements nor sentimentalised the sorrow of the music, confirming again his very personal style of playing. Peter Cooper neither plays the piano "at" you nor "to" you. He seems

—through the radio at least—to be playing the piano to himself. You listen with him. Maybe, after all, this is the best way of enjoying music over the air.

—O.J.

Witty and Subtle

SIR ARTHUR GRIMBLE'S series of talks in the 4YA Businesswomen's Session promises something very good indeed if the speaker maintains the standard of his first talk. This talk, entitled "The Old Man of the Colonial Office," proved to be a witty and subtle conversation piece, period 1914, between the Old Man, worldly-wise and swift to detect the chinks in the armour of the young Empire-administrator, his *vis à vis*. The exquisitely polite skirmishing which resulted was admirably conveyed in a script which lost none of its nuances. It was worthy of Christopher Isherwood, or more accurately perhaps, Angus Wilson, who also would have relished the gentle cynicism of the inquiry; "You are not then a follower of Mr. Rudyard Kipling? You would admire, rather, the attitudes of Robert Louis Stevenson?" to the confusion of the young idealist.

Mixed Families

INTO a radio world which frequently canvasses the "problems of women"—e.g., The Rights of Women, The Duties of Women, Are women fully emancipated yet? Do women take sufficient part in public life? Do women have a fair share of the family income, etc?—the talks of Vera McShane come with a breath of sweet reason. The talk of the consciously emancipated emphasises the common humanity of the men and women while it tends to ignore sexual differences. Vera McShane, on the other hand, addresses her talks to the mothers of mixed families, and aims at explaining the differences in the rate of development between boys and girls which is already marked several months before birth, and which is reflected in natural interests, such as games, and in specific abilities. Her emphasis on the many and varied differences between the sexes comes as a welcome change. Is it the forerunner of a re-orientation of the emancipated, which will carry no taint of the "masculine protest?" Or will Vera McShane be regarded as a fifth columnist?

—Loquax



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