

spoken about the earlier curved bow for the violin, played a fragment of a Bach Partita, with each bow in turn, to illustrate his remarks. Yet this part of the programme was marred by Maurice Clare's extremely hesitant speech. Was he speaking without a script, and if so, why? There is still the taint of amateurism about some of our best programmes that we, the listeners, could well do without.

Beautiful Trio

A NEW LP recording heard recently from 4YC was the Mozart Trio No. 3 in E Major, K.542, giving cause for a little gentle jubilation that these recordings should now be available to us on the radio. The K.542 is a beautiful trio, a masterpiece of Mozart's maturity, and one that has been rarely, if ever, heard from 4YC before. The performance by Jambor, Aitay and Starker is clean and accurate. This combination has recorded all six of the Mozart piano trios. Dare one hope that this is the beginning of another satisfying series?

Concert Hour Again

THE recovery of 4YC's Concert Hour from its temporary lapse into a sort of cafe music deserves to be mentioned, for I suspect that this session lost many of its friends in its relapsed state, and the feeling of trust built up over several years' excellent listening rapidly soured to suspicion. If a recent Saturday is anything to go by, however, all is well. Concert Hour was on the top of its form again with a full Mozart programme—a concerto a group of arias

and a symphony. As I had forsaken Concert Hour since its cafe music days, I began to wonder querulously what I have been missing. Might it not be a good idea for a radio station to advertise the fact when it has done with sowing a few wild oats? This would provide a pleasant personal touch, and satisfy the listeners in more ways than one.

—Loquax

Keeping on the Rails

"I HAVE New Zealand Women Made the Best Use of the Vote?" was, I thought, a very good topic for one of 2YA's Question Mark discussions and quite undeserving of one neo-feminist's plea that it should be de-sexed to "We New Zealanders." It is perhaps unfortunate that discussion panels can never be truly representative—all three members of the panel (two women and one man) were extremely well-qualified, and there was no one like the little woman who votes as her husband tells her, mention of whom by the male member of the panel was greeted with jeers of disbelief by the two females. However, I enjoyed hearing a discussion with jeers in it, and I did admire the way Mr. R Hardie Boys sugared his shrewdness with chivalry. But although this was not a topic on which a verifiable conclusion could be reached I confess there are times in all these discussions when one wishes Euclid ran them. Mrs. Beatrice Beeby, however, was an acceptable substitute showing admirable firmness in lifting the discussion back on to the rails and I appreciated the restraint of

her "How very interesting" as she bit back yet another reminder of irrelevance.

—M.B.

"WE all know that man has a genius for inventing himself silly, and almost into extinction—his greatest achievement, still to come. But I would say that as far as eating and reading at the same time goes, we are as yet in the neolithic stage. We perch, we squirm, we teeter, plagued with pages that splay like a fan or sag limply in the middle like a man with the stitch. It is hard to get comfortable with a book, in the bath, in a hammock in a lower berth with the light casting sidelong shadows. How much more difficult to eat a peach as well. The juice? That skin? Where?"—J. Walshe, in NZBS Book Shop talk.

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