

Studied in Austria. In England did concerts and recitals, BBC work, accompanying, etc.; during the war, ENSA and CEMA tours—"That's about all"; except that he has played piano for ballet before for Pauline Grant's lunch-time ballet at the Cambridge Theatre in 1944; and wrote the Covent Garden Opera Book on *Traviata*.

Miss Cartier, when I found her, was parachuting down the backstage stairs. If I had known her, I would not have recognised her. She was due on the stage to dance in a dress rehearsal of the Maupassant-Offenbach arr. Fisher-Pauline Grant-Morgan ballet, *A Quiet Spot*. And since Offenbach is always good for a can-can, Miss Cartier was enveloped in a Morgan creation of grease-paint, beauty-spots, eyelashes the length of a camel's, a black bonnet, a low-cut bodice, vast skirt, black lace stockings and (though this fact did not emerge till later) a piece of a motor tyre's inner tube by way of garter.

"Oh, but how nice," she said, when I stated my business. We leaned against a whitewashed wall in a narrow passage and carried on a conversation through which other people passed back and forth.

Miss Cartier left home only last December; is from Auckland, where she was with the Repertory Ballet Theatre, and danced for the Light Opera Company; pupil of the Nettleton Edward Ballet School; is here on a two-year scholarship to the Royal Academy, and was in the Sadler's Wells Company as a student when the St. James's was about to be formed. "Just came along for an audition . . . yes, they do call it 'audition'." Dances in four of the five ballets, and is in some of the "diverts." Likes it; finds the company happy, the training invaluable, the presence of two New Zealanders "nice."

"You don't want the red lights up till the can-can?" someone shouted. So the red lights went off, leaving the picnic spot with the hedge and stile in cooler lighting. The curtain came down. Mr. Fisher tickled the piano with bass-less Offenbach. The curtain went up again. A loofy yokel danced on with a flower in hand; his lady came by. They passed the time of day. A stuffy old picnic party came on in their black clothes and disapproving looks; the rustics passed the time of day a little more self-consciously; along came some fast young lasses, including Miss Cartier, in garb that will provide even Wigan, which may not know its Offenbach, with the clue to what's to come; old man in the stuffy picnic party rolls his eyes. Piano gets louder, and Trevor Fisher contrives to grab a few bass notes with his left hand to help things along a bit. Granny of the picnic party gets carried away by old times or something; yokel, dragged in, too, gets drunk on one gulp of the stuff, incurs severe displeasure of rustic maiden; everyone, including the pianist, now kicking up bobsy-die. Miss Cartier takes off rubber band, throws it around a little; old man's eyes roll.

"Lightning!" an urgent voice shouted from behind me in the audience. A tardy electrician supplied a prodigious number of flashes. Moral disapproval of staid members of picnic party dissolved in rainstorm; rustic maiden forgives a little matter of drunkenness on the part of rustic yokel, whose braces have now come off. *Danse generale*—finis. Everyone seemed to think it would come off better in Yarmouth, or at any rate in Weston-super-Mare. And it looked like being great fun. If the other ballets and divertissements succeeded in being themselves as this one did, the whole project ought to be a good introduction to ballet for people who have hardly seen it before.

—A.A.

## Labour Day Comes Round Again

OCTOBER is a pleasant month; it is about midway between income tax payments. Rugby has died his seasonal death on local fields; the boots he has bequeathed to next season have been greased and stowed away, though, of course, this year his soul goes marching on to reconnoitre the South African scene. October is a month of hiatus when cold weather sports have finished and summer pastimes are just starting.

It is the month for looking out the crumpled cricket flannels and ridding them of the remains of moths' midnight suppers; for strumming on the strings of the tennis racquet and pitching them to match tone, and the time when, on Friday afternoons, the fisherman dreams of the week-end song of the reel. Bowlers, who through the winter have been able to do little more than watch the green-keeper at work during the day and take a hand at cards in the pavilion in the evenings (this is sometimes known as choir practice) are delighting in the feel of the new grass under their feet.

By way of bridging the gap between the recreations of winter and summer, we can look forward to sunshine and blue skies, yachts on choppy water, beer in the pavilion at half-time, scorching sands and cooling dips, and canoes on rivers. But for many a New Zealander, merely looking forward is not sufficient.

He must have action. So next Monday, October 25 (Labour Day) he will give himself up to an intensive study of what the school-book called a noble animal with four legs.

Labour Day is one of the 'greatest racing days of the year. There will be eight meetings. Hundreds of thousands of people will visit the courses to see their favourites at work; a good many thousand others (interested solely in the commercial side of racing) will not stray far from the radio.

Commentaries on the events on Labour Day will be broadcast as follows: From 2YA, Wellington Racing Club; 4YZ, Gore Racing Club; 3YZ, Grey-mouth Trotting Club, and 1YA, Auckland Trotting Club. In addition, all National stations will broadcast results of those meetings as well as results from the Waikato Hunt Club, Waverley Racing Club, North Canterbury Jockey Club and the Oamaru Trotting Club. Summaries of all events will be heard from 2YA at 2.0 p.m. and 4.45 p.m. Also, in the evening stations will carry special additional sports summaries at 7.0 p.m. and 10.0 p.m. Five days later, on Saturday, October 30, the New Zealand Trotting Cup will be run at Christchurch, and at approximately 1.0 p.m. a commentary on it, originating from 3YA, will be broadcast by all main National stations.

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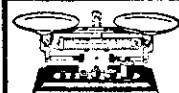
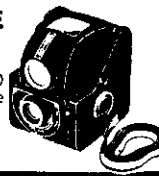
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