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Although light in weight, it is remarkably strong ... open-end, of course. And it features the precision and reliability which are the hallmarks of all "Lightning" fasteners.

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RADIO REVIEW

Once a Month

JOHN GRAY'S monthly review of new records (1YC) is nearly always a satisfactory lucky-dip, in that the gifts are not only well packaged, but are never shoddy or second-hand. In this programme, Mr. Gray has introduced us to some of the very best of the new releases; and, when he has been able to play only excerpts, has whetted my appetite for the whole work. In his most recent session, he presented generous portions of the first complete recording of Berlioz's *Romeo and Juliet*, made by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with chorus. Up to that time, I had, on the strength of the conventional recordings, imagined this work to be merely a kind of "tone-poem," but the new performance revealed it as a dramatic symphony, containing some interesting singing, and some quite fresh and exquisite music—a "must" for the connoisseur. New recordings by Toscanini and Horowitz completed a programme which combined quality with newness. Mr. Gray's notes are informative, never garrulous, and pleasantly delivered. But I wondered about his pronunciation of Charles Munch's name. Is it really Munk?

Variety and Punch

THE new 12B feature *Daily Diary*, which sneaked unobtrusively into the schedule a few weeks ago, binds news-snippets with human interest together into a bright feature, which, by bringing to life some of the items in the day's newspaper, provides a pleasant early evening listening spot. The organisation of the session is in the best tradition of news-reporting-up-to-the-minute and crisp. Some well-presented flood news, the sound of the smashing of Wellington's sound barrier, a first-hand report from one of the pilots who saw "flying saucers" in New Plymouth (handled with admirable tact by a woman announcer) and several brief interviews, ranging in subject from the conductor of the Vienna Boys' Choir to the patient and not-so-patient queuers for the Auckland Arts Festival—these are typical of the items which give variety and punch to *Daily Diary*. Altogether, the programme is an example of the kind of enterprising effort which used to characterise 12B, and may, I hope, indicate that some other fresh ideas for sessions other than quiz-fests are stirring in the Durham Street Schloss.

—J.C.R.

Up New Zealand!

THE New Zealand Music Society's musical news letter from London must surely go on record as one of the programmes of the month, both in the material and in its presentation. Dennis Dowling with William Clark, of Dundee, as his accompanist, sang Handel and Scarlatti; Rowena Jackson spoke with charming informality about her work with the Sadler's Wells Ballet; and Jack McCaw, one-time clarinetist with the National Orchestra and now a member of the London Philharmonic Orchestra, played Milhaud's *Scaramouche Suite* with his wife Ann Broomhead at the piano. That's all. Well, not quite, for the music was so excellently performed and the whole programme so felicitously introduced by tenor Andrew Gold, the

Society's president, that it was as pleasant a half hour's broadcast as one could wish for. We are sometimes chided for being smug and complacent. The achievement of this programme could never have been arrived at in an atmosphere of smugness or complacency. Sir Frederick Doidge, giving the programme his blessing, was obviously proud of London New Zealanders' accomplishments. And well we might be, too. If the next five musical news letters from the New Zealand Music Society in London are up to the first, this will be a monthly programme to look forward to.

—O.J.

Maoris Chanting

I HAVE heard sessions of *Song and Story of the Maori* which seemed to be undertaken in a spirit of sober cultural duty, and to be almost as unblemished by *joie de vivre* as the News in Maori. However, last Friday's session (excerpts from a concert given by the Maori Club of the Wellington Teachers' Training College) seemed to have much more of an eye to the export market. The programme was presented with finish and enthusiasm. Most of the items were entirely unknown to me; in the case of the familiar "Veni, Veni," I was delighted at the power of Maori words and harmonies to give back to the song some of its original bloom. But it was the chants particularly which brought home to listeners the fact that Maori is an exotic culture rather than a handy mine of local colour.

The Time Factor

I HAVE always liked J. B. Priestley's *I Have Been Here Before*, preferring it to his other time-plays where the pyrotechnics of his juggling with the time factor tend to dim the players and the human situation. The NZBS production, with a cast drawn from the New Zealand Players, could not have been better, and the excellent acting so "brought up" the human situation that even the stolid believer in a separate past, present and future would have found the play sufficiently dramatic. And seldom have I heard a play reach its climax with such a satisfying impact. The moment when Walter Ormond breaks away from his predestined circle of existence and "moves out on a new time track" sounded in our ears like a major chord, resolving in most satisfying fashion the two notes of freewill and predestination.

—M.B.

Higher Standards

THE NZBS now has a relatively stable cast for play production. This ensures a high and even standard for the productions, though one could wish at times that a little more imagination was shown in interpreting character. In Shaw's *The Devil's Disciple*, heard over 3YC, why did William Austin stick to his best public speaking voice when playing the roughneck-diamond part?—a diction so perfect that we knew all along he was a sheep in wolf's clothing? Mr. Austin can vary his voice considerably, as was shown in the slow, heavy speaking part he took in *Manifest Destiny*. This leads me to the second point, already mentioned by another commentator, namely, that we must have more plays written by New Zealanders. John Grundy's *Manifest Destiny* was a triumph in collaboration between script, music and sound effects. It could bear repetition at not too infrequent intervals,