

nung Music Festival (YC link) continuously hilarious simply because one could not see the weird instruments, nor observe the calculated pomposities of the performers. There were choice things in it, though, which are treasurable: Malcolm Arnold's Overture, for example, which cast wicked glances at Stravinsky and Khachaturian, and the soupiest film music, making wonderful play with a deliciously irrelevant flute, and taking an unconscionable time to end. The Reizenstein piano concerto, claiming to end them all, began with the portentous Grieg, and the brilliant clever cadenza succeeded in being at once the Grieg and "Roll Out the Barrell," and this, I must say, was unalloyed delight. But the audience, often mad with joy at things one could only surmise, was an irritation, and I say again, that such things must be seen.

B.E.G.M.

Christian Concord

(ONE of the most interesting features the Sunday National Programme has given us recently was the half-hour *Christian Forum* in which the Abbot of Downside, Dr Donald Soper, and Viscount Hailsham (better known as the turbulent Conservative, Quintin Hogg) answered questions from boys of the Bristol Grammar School. I don't know which was the more admirable—the searching nature of the questions, which dealt with religion and science, the Christian attitude to military service, Communism, and divorce, or the skill with which the panel went right to the heart of the matter in each case. The degree of agreement was greater than one might have expected, save on the question of military service, where a division of opinion betrayed Dr Soper into testiness—not the only interesting personal touch in the programme. The serious and intelligent nature of this session led me to hope that we may look forward to a revival of *Christian Question Box*, the not dissimilar local programme which was so acceptable on the air last year.

The Drooping Tree

I FOUND *The Linden Tree* on the air rather less satisfying than it appeared when I read it a few years ago. Not that the performances were poor. In fact, Roy Leywood's Professor Linden seemed to me to be, as a sustained characterisation, one of the best things he has given us, while Dorothy Campbell, who impressed in the fragile *Castle in the Air*, was very pleasing as the disputatious Jean Linden, and a new voice, David Littin, promising as Rex Linden. But the streamlined form of the play on radio seemed to show up the woolliness of Priestley's thinking, or, at least, its evasiveness, and the over-neat, oversimplified arrangement of his characters as mouth-pieces for various points of view. The dear old liberal professor, embodiment of J.B.P.'s own attitudes, the down-to-earth wife, blind to the finer things, the brash daughter, starry-eyed convert to an ingenuous Catholicism, the other daughter an argumentative Communist—these appeared mere puppets, squeaking as the prompter breathed, in a rigged debate, with no dramatic life of their own. It takes the wit, the gab and the energy of Shaw to get away with this sort of thing.

—J.C.R.

N.Z. LISTENER, APRIL 18, 1957.



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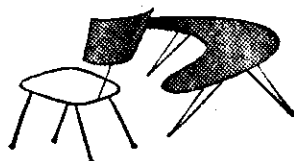
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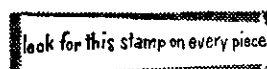
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