

Use VAREX for VARICOSE ULCERS

Quick relief from depressing leg ulcers with 4 to 6 dressings of safe, sure Vorex. Free booklet from Vorex Pty Ltd. (Ernest Healey), Dept. C, 21 Grey Street, Wellington. P.O. Box 952.

V.3

Travel
SHAW SAVILL



1st. Class—Athenic, Ceramic, Corinthic, Gothic, Dominion Monarch.
Tourist Class—Southern Cross.

To England

Via Panama Canal and Curacao or via South Africa

CHILD'S PLAY



No fumbling...

the kiddies dress themselves

No repairs, either, when you can rely on 'Lightning' Zip security. For dresses, jeans, shorts, skirts, windbreakers—use 'Lightning' Zips.

Colour packed for easy identification.

RED pack: For jeans, shorts, skirts.

GREEN pack: For cardigans and windbreakers.

BLACK pack: For dresses.

'LIGHTNING'

ZIP FASTENERS

ALL WITH MATCHING COLOURED TEETH AND TAPE

Manufactured by IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES (N.Z.) LTD.



Radio Review

CHEERS FOR CLAUSON

I SUPPOSE almost everyone this week will be writing about William Clauson. And why not? For if ever a visiting artist deserves to be known to the ordinary concert-goer, it is surely this wholly engaging and amazingly gifted Swedish-American balladist. It has been said that Anna Russell recommended him to the NZBS; it is easy to understand why, for William Clauson shares her gift for getting on the right side of an audience. Anybody who could persuade an Auckland audience—perhaps the most inhibited of any south of Greenland—to sing the accompaniment to a Mexican song has the real entertainer's magic. To appreciate what a superb actor, comedian and artist William Clauson is, you have to see him in the flesh. But even on the air, his flexible, smooth, well-trained voice, his exceptional enunciation and his command of many languages stamp him as a paragon among folk singers. Unlike the usual balladist, too, he is no mere strummer, but an accomplished guitarist. Few singers of any kind have such a varied repertoire—Irish, Swedish, American, even Chinese, and above all, Latin American songs, the latter high points in some of the most delightful concerts to hit the air this year.

Back to the Golden Age

WHEN the *Golden Age of Opera* series ended last year, although I, with many others, deeply regretted its suspension, I had the faint fear that, when resumed, it might be scraping the bottom of the barrel. I am delighted to report that, judging by the first programme last Monday, the session is, if anything, better than ever. George Perry's script was more informative, analytical and critical than before; and the selection of discs was exceptionally fine. Caruso and Ponselle are old friends,

but what a revelation it was to hear an exquisite Valé recording of 1907, with pure bird-like notes cutting through the stormy fuzz. Listeners new to this session need warning that the condition of most of the discs makes one lament that these great voices preceded hi-fi techniques. The *Golden Age* programmes would probably drive a hi-fi fan gaga. Yet it is surprising how clearly some of the voices come through; for myself, I find in these records the same, perhaps slightly perverse, pleasure as I do in reading Victorian novels in early editions, yellowing, dog-eared, foxed pages, indifferent type, bad margins and all. In both cases, anyhow, the real stuff is there.

—J.C.R.

True Confessions

MY present listening to *The Confessions of a Postwoman*, by "Mrs A. of Poplar Hill," from 2YA's Women's Session is my second. It has confirmed an opinion formed at the first that on their own level these are the best-conceived talks I have heard this year. The level is domestic, but not low. It's not merely that they are written with humour and finesse and an observant eye, but that in addition they are so human and so honest. Not many people would confess that their reaction to daily meeting with ugly, dirty, neglected children was irritation and dislike rather than pity. Not that I take her self-denigration at its face value, but there may be some truth in it. I've mentioned before that Agnes Merton is not my idea of a postwoman, but the fact that so much flavour comes through is a tribute to her reading. I'm left wondering about this Mrs. A. One thing I know—"Poplar Hill" is a subterfuge. Not only does Mrs A. ride a bicycle but she never even needs to get off and push. Her round was obviously as flat as a pancake, or as Christchurch.

The Innocence of Elinor Glyn

ANOTHER recent Women's Session offering was a BBC portrait of Elinor Glyn. It began with a lush read-
(continued on next page)

The Week's Music... by SEBASTIAN

NEARLY every day produces something worthwhile in music nowadays. The Fallots continue to give us a fine variety of chamber music with impeccable taste—last good performances included Brahms's E Minor and F Sonatas, complex pieces of organisation that sounded clear and logical, as though balanced by a musical funambulist on the rope of reason. Then there is William Clauson, now here in person to sing us the lore of many lands (YA, YC link): in live performance he is even more vital than his recordings suggest, and in Latin American types of music his prowess is unexcelled. This is first-rate entertainment, for all altitudes of brow.

Last year I noticed Arthur Honegger's symphonic psalm *King David*; and it has now had its third local performance (YC link), this time from the Royal Christchurch Musical Society and the National Orchestra under the unflagging baton of Nicolai Malko, whose influence on the performers seems to be a revivifying one, and who can produce marvellous tone from unlikely scores, as we heard on this occasion. Brass and percussion are pre-eminent, typifying in sound the primitive nature of the work, and these departments were at their best, with good style and shorn of rough rhythmic edges. It is odd that with

similar subjects, attacked in similar manner, this work should be so totally different from Walton's *Belshazzar's Feast*. The latter is more barbaric and gorgeous, holding in it more of pageantry and less of emotion, and at the same time is closer knit as a whole. *King David*, on the other hand, stands for the human story as much as that of tribe or religion, and its voices are human voices, and not so much mere specialised instruments.

Sybil Philipps, Mary Pratt and Robin Gordon were all outstanding in their solo parts, which are by no means easy or grateful to sing. So also the choir, which throbbed, rejoiced and lamented with fine rhetorical effect. Special mention to the narrator, William Austin, whose chanted tones cast enchantment, and on whose integrity of performance depended the integrity of the work. Occasionally there was a certain monotony of utterance that became irksome against its emphatic background, but I feel this is mainly the fault of the composer; and with such telling rendering as that of the lament for Saul and Jonathan (or the earlier episode at Endor) I cannot quarrel: at the time it seemed impossible that these words could be treated in any other way. A most impressive performance this, with credit to all concerned.

N.Z. LISTENER, AUGUST 23, 1957.