

# A new wider range of improved

## EXSTAT RADIO AERIALS

Now more than ever a 'must' for good radio reception—an EXSTAT Aerial. The new range with the improved modifications ensures even greater performance than previously, and the weather-resistant properties of the installation make the new "EXSTAT" a 'fit and forget' aerial even in the most adverse of conditions.

### "EXSTAT AERIALS" (with Noise Suppression)

- HORIZONTAL MOUNTINGS. ASA 301. £10.5.6.
- CHIMNEY MOUNTING. ASA 512. £13.17.6.
- WALL MOUNTING. ASA 512W. £13.5.0.

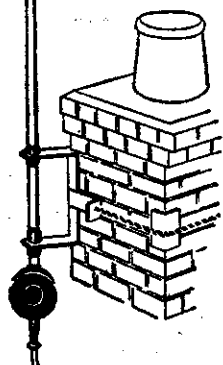
### "V.R.A. AERIALS" (Rods, etc. only).

- WALL MOUNTINGS VRA 501. Complete with Wall Bracket and 60 ft. lead-in wire. £5.8.0.
- CHIMNEY MOUNTING VRA 502. Complete with lashing equipment and 60 ft. lead-in wire. £6.0.0.

All V.R.A. aerials can be quickly converted to noise suppression types (ASA) by addition of accessories.

### THE "EXSTAT" PRINCIPLE

Most interference on normal aerials is picked up on the down lead via the house wiring and metal piping, etc. The "Exstat" system provides complete screening and eliminates all such pick-up. The aerial proper is mounted above the interference zone, the "pure" signals from the aerial are conveyed to the receiver without loss, and are completely free from interference. The "Exstat" transformers, which embody the latest technique, ensure maximum signal strength, over a range of 150 Kc/s to 30 Mc/s.



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See your radio dealer about  
an Exstat aerial now

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## RADIO REVIEW

### Belafonte

HAS anyone failed to come under the spell of this delightful artist? His calypso songs can be heard every day on the radio, to say nothing of the growls, mutters and whistles of dubious accuracy which may be heard in every bus and train bearing us unwillingly to our unexotic places of work. Children barely out of arms cheerfully announce that they are "sad to say, they're on their way, won't be back for many a day," and slightly older children can set their parents posers by asking for a paraphrase of the more sophisticated ballads. My point is that unlike Messrs Presley, Fisher, Boone and Sinatra, Belafonte appeals to all ages and all tastes. His voice is clear, smooth, and full of warmth, and his songs convey a wholly endearing acceptance of all the pleasures that flesh is heir to. Regrets are few, though they can be most poignantly expressed as in "Jamaican Farewell" and "Come Back, Liza"; for the rest, the sun is revered, hard work is redeemed by rhythmical celebration, and love conquers all, even if women are much smarter at it than men. With the world news becoming daily bleaker, our taste for the exotic has perhaps never been more avid. This, in an art of excellent taste and considerable refinement is what Belafonte offers.

### Make Mine Bernstein

"It will be generally admitted," remarks E. M. Forster at the opening of a chapter of *Howard's End*, "that Beethoven's Fifth Symphony is the most sublime noise that has ever penetrated the ear of man." When I first read this, it seemed excessive; now, after hearing Leonard Bernstein's justly

famous lecture on the first movement, I feel it to be the truth. The symphony seems to me to celebrate the triumph of the will, of human dignity finally supreme over the worst that can confront it. Bernstein's lecture showed us the enormous labour that Beethoven accomplished before the symphony as we know it was completed. Every bar, it seemed, was challenged by that sublimely restless intelligence, weighed, measured, and if found wanting, discarded. Twenty versions of some short passages can be found in the original score, some sounding perfectly acceptable and true to the work, yet clearly in relation to the final text, insufficient. He took, it seems, over eight years to complete the work to his satisfaction, where Mozart might have taken as many days to write a symphony. Yet who would dare to say that one was greater than the other? Of Mozart the man, we can tell little from the music; of Beethoven we feel, and in this work, supremely, the struggle of a giant and victorious mind. I recommend this masterly lecture to all those for whom music is more than a background jig.

—B.E.G.M.

### The Distaff Side

MANY of the most interesting talks I hear from Auckland stations come in 1YA's *Feminine Viewpoint*. A few series here are repeats, but most seem either to originate with the session or to be passed on from one of the other centres' women's sessions. As it is only occasionally that I manage to hear such talks, I feel that it is a pity that more of them are not broadcast again in the evenings. For, while it is desirable to cater particularly for feminine interests during the daytime, what Major Adrian Hayter has to say about *South to Gibraltar*, Lady Scott about *The India I*

(continued on next page)

### ★ The Week's Music . . . by SEBASTIAN ★

AS Vaughan Williams ages, we feel bound to celebrate each birthday with a display of his work, and if an early work can be resuscitated and set on its feet, so much the better. By the time he is ninety, we will have to dig among childish scrawls to find anything still unperformed: though I hardly think his most enthusiastic fans will go as far as that. Still we have heard several programmes celebrating his anniversary recently, and the earlier works are interesting; either in themselves, or because they can give us more insight into his later styles. After all, the fresh and ingenious works, each so different and yet so individual, that he is still producing, display their novelty in a combination of features that taken singly are perfectly uncomplicated, even obvious; and these features, such as modal writing, folk elements, thickish orchestration and mysticism, can all be found separately in the compositions of his formative years.

One such is the song cycle *The House of Life*, which we heard sung by Donald Munro (NZBS); in these little pictures, hardly touched by modal influence, we find Vaughan Williams the lyricist, writing touching tunes in something of a drawing-room style. Even these, hardly recognisable as being the work of the

composer of *Sinfonia Antartica*, have a quality that stands the test of time. So has the Charterhouse Suite (named for his old school), which was given by the Alex Lindsay Strings (NZBS); this suite, much in the modal manner, called forth some very lovely string playing; of course, it contains some lovely string writing, but I feel the orchestra did a great deal to enhance it. Especially good were the prelude and the cunningly-varied chaconne-like final movement. This group also accompanied the Wellington Training College Choir in the cantata *Sons of Light*, and the instrumental work was delightfully done; I cannot say the same for the voices, for their words lacked definition, and the tone had no contrasts—softness without sweetness, and a rather stodgy majesty in places.

The National Orchestra added its quota, too, with beautiful playing in the *Norfolk Rhapsody* (NZBS), particularly in its folksy solo work; while, in complete contrast, they performed the Eighth Symphony in a concert (YC link) in all its novelty of orchestration. The latter work was somewhat uneven in quality apart from the string Cavatina, but was still quite satisfying. Thus ended Vaughan Williams's birthday party; may we celebrate many more of them.