

TBA Technology's NZ 100 Zoom lantern. 1000 watt performance from low voltage, low wattage lamps is claimed.

falling below target life.

All these developments have, over fifty years or so, resulted in lamps and lanterns that out-perform their predecessors by an appreciable fraction every decade. If you need proof find some old lanterns and lamps and set up an experiment. Take care to compare like with like and you will not fail to be impressed. It is over ten years since Fred Bentham did this at the old Strand headquarters in King Street and there is no doubt that there have been real improvements since then.

The next step, according to Tim Burnham, is to make a whole hearted change to low voltage. His initial demonstrations have met with warm welcome from lighting people on both sides of the Atlantic and we all now await samples to really find out what has been achieved in practice. Unlike the microprocessor revolution, there will be no great leap forward and lighting users in all the entertainment industries will have to be greateful for gradual improvements, unless, of course, we really can come to believe in Magic.

REIDing SHELF

The opening of the Twentse Schouwburg in Enschede – the subject of an article by Ian Mackintosh in Cue 34 – coincided with the publication of a book celebrating and recording the first thiry years in practice of architect **ONNO GREINER**. With a short description, in English, of each project's circumstances and philsophy, the juxtaposition of plans and photographs (320mm \times 240mm) documents his buildings in an exemplary way.



The book groups Greiner's work into sections on Education, Living, Working, Public Health, and Culture. His housings arts include multi-purpose for the complexes with areas for the pursuit of creative arts and crafts, while their performance provision includes every form of flexible staging, formal and informal. The documentation of his restoration of the Schouwburg at Leiden to its 1865 condition indicates that there is no exaggeration in reports that it is a model of historical accuracy combined with theatrical practicality. I am motivated to go and look! I have been to Enschede and can recommend a visit by anyone considering how to remodel a cinematic tunnel into a vibrant theatre.

A relaxed cool classicism pervades all Onno Greiner's work – purity of form and and abhorrence of anything that is merely a decorative addition is central to his approach. While my own personal taste hankers after some purely decorative exuberance in certain areas of a theatre, particularly the foyers, I find myself seduced by the clarity of the materials that create and interact with Onno Greiner's spaces. Particularly when the budget runs to marble floors. And I delight in his use of scenic artists paint textures in the Enschede auditorium.

Whether by luck or, more likely, by determination, he has been able to develop most of his designs, even his private houses,

in dialogue with their occupiers. This must surely be a contributing factor to the way in which his internal spaces appear to flow naturally into one another, linking unobtrusively with the outside world. Agorophobes or claustrophes should find diminished difficulty in passing in an out of his buildings. If the need ever arises, I would hope that it would be to a Greiner psychiatric clinic that I would be referred - the evidence of the book is that these seem to contrive a therapeutic atmosphere of repose in which tension can only be an alien state. Is there a clue here to the success of Onno Greiner's theatres? It is certainly interesting that he should build so much in two specialist areas related by a common interest in the exploration of the subconscious.

Onno Greiner's architecture is human. Clearly an artist of his stature deserves a book of this quality.

In the days before technical exposure became fashionable, stage managers felt it professionally incumbent upon them to agonise over achieving perfect masking for the few in the front row, even if that masking thereby became obtrusive for the majority seated elsewhere. In vain did I comfort these stage managers with the reminder that Harold Hobson was the only person who sat in the front row by choice, and that he so concentrated on the text and