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LAYELLE SCHOOLS OF DANCING

K.467

NEITHER a vitamin nor a secret service agent, an aeroplane nor a new wonder drug, but the official title of one of Mozart's 25 piano concertos. That this system of nomenclature is of more than academic interest is the opinion of one of our pianists who once sat down with K.467 nicely prepared, and heard the orchestra around him break out into quite another one of this composer's four piano concertos in C major. For a second time K.467 has appeared in a U.S.A. programme, the pianist this time (name inaudible) being a pupil of Artur Schnabel, whose own beautiful playing of this work has been recorded. Miss X has not learnt her master's irritating trick of going for a little gallop in the solo passages, nor his art of making the music sound lovable and the piano the most glorious of instruments-but as to this last, the transmission was perhaps too poor to do her justice. Some station might well collect these three versions of K.467 and let us hear them all, for whether or not it is, as one of Mozart's biographers suggests, the very model of what a piano concerto should be, it has

RADIO VIEWSREEL

What Our Commentators Say

a joyous but brilliantly economical per- with an urgency which made the occaothers have grown stale.

New Carols

AS one year melts into the next, there is one mixed blessing which seems always with us, the presence of carollers. We are privileged to hear the tale of Good King Wenceslas, together with half-a-dozen other favourite tunes, painfully and slowly strangled by peripatetic brass bands and inadequate church congregations. Into every spare half-minute of the radio programmes, also, carols are crammed, until we wish, by the time Christmas Eve has arrived, that we may never again hear another Traditional Christmas Carol. It was therefore delightful and surprising to be given the Coventry Carollers from 4YA, and to find in a selection of twelve carols only three well-known titles. Moreover, the inclusion of a Polish, a Czech, and a French carol gave the recital something of a different flavour. But alas! the time of the carollers' appearance was during the half-hour before midnight, and unless listeners knew especially that it was to be broadcast I fancy there would be many who would miss it entirely.

Mysterious System

FOR many months now we have heard a Beethoven piano sonata at the beginning of 1YX's Classical Hour on a Wednesday night. I fancied we were well into the big stuff towards the end of the book, but last week we switched suddenly back to Op. 2, No. 2, and this week forward again to Op. 81a. There may be a hidden method in this; perhaps they are arranged according to some system of key signatures like that other mighty stumbling-block of all would-be pianists, The Well-Tempered Klavier (a work which is long overdue for a complete airing by Auckland stations). Of the thousands who enjoy this weekly Beethoven, the majority probably do not mind in which order these sonatas come, but there are hundreds of students who are putting serious work into trying to play them, and they would surely be glad to be able to predict when they would hear whichever one is of particular interest to them

Lynn Fontanne's Voice

| LISTENED to "The White Cliffs" from 4YA mainly to hear the voice of Lynn Fontanne. The famous voice! Everybody knows who the Lunts are, if few of us have had the experience of seeing them act or even of hearing them speak. By no stretch of the imagination can Alice Duer Miller be said to rank with the immortals; but this poem of hers, although it might be described merely as rhymed prose, is very suitable for radio presentation, since it is a fast-moving narrative and full of incident. One little scene I must mention. People are standing in a long line, in the rain, to pay their tax—and the poet comments, "I then saw England plain!" (In this country, standing myself at the end of a long queue whose destination is a post office counter, I've

fection which keeps it fresh when many sional rallentandos doubly effective; it maintained an even pitch which made the occasional strident uplifting a sure climax. But there are dozens of poems I would rather hear read: "The Ancient Mariner," for example, "The Ballad of Sir Patrick Spens," Masefield's "Everlasting Mercy," and any of the "Canterbury Tales.'

As Any Sucking Dove

Once when an honest weaver slept, And Puck passed by, a kindly traitor, And on his shoulders set the head Of a Shakespearian commentator. . . .

THIS quotation, though not wholly relevant, is pleasing to recall in connection with 3YA's Christmas Eve broadcast of A Midsummer Night's Dream (NBS production); which was, all things considered, just about how Shakespeare should be broadcast. My only complaints are against Puck, who bore an occasional resemblance to Harry



Tate's office boy, and the sycophantic and superior titters of the Athenian court at Pyramus and Thisbe, which I cannot but feel would have provoked even such mild souls as Bottom, Snout and Company to hoist the Red Flag and alter the constitution, crying: "This is Ercles' vein." However, this was an excellent performance; not only in its own right, but also by force of comparison with the film version (the last to be available in Christchurch) which poisoned the screen with Mickey Rooney as Puck and James Cagney as Bottom "and certain stars shot madly from their

A Mouse is Born

WITH something still of the Christmas expectancy of early childhood, we believed that in spite of the evidence of the printed programmes we would find somewhere in that long week-end the kind of music we enjoy. The most the kind of music we enjoy. The most likely-looking parcel was 1ZM's Trice and Quartets listed in specially heavy type for 4.0 p.m. on the 24th, at which hour we settled ourselves with cushions and teapot in happy anticipation of the Archduke, perhaps, or Schubert (who seems to sound his best against a background of brilliant summer heat). The session opened with the Stephanie Gavotte and Boccherini's Minuet, continued with an octet or two of the same vintage, and then the tenors were let loose again. The trouble about so many of these hours of music is that the labels mean nothing, and listeners, whatever their tastes, find themselves eating their way thought that not only the English, but through much that is dull before they the New Zealanders, are a patient find the type of nourishment they need; people.) But the voice! It pressed on brows, be they high, middle or low, be-



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