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RADIO VIEWSREEL What Our Commentators Say

Antic Hay

STATION 2YA's programme organisers have shown their good sense in building their new Saturday night Music Hall out of tried and tested materials, so that an appearance of mellowness is given to what might otherwise appear a prefabricated structure. Mellowest of the mellow (I use the word in the sense of ripeness being all) was Will Hay, who with the help of the boys of St. Michael's spent a good five minutes playing shuttlecock with a weathervane. Now on the face of it this selection isn't particularly funny. We have made better puns ourselves and been content to see them drop plummet-l ke into a pool of silence without making any attempt to retrieve them for future use. Yet we are infinitely amused at the spectacle of Will Hay and the Fourth Form pouncing on an old joke and worrying it to tatters. My theory is that it's all done by inhibit ons. When we were young we were not encouraged to play Harbottle to the form-mester's Hay. Now our libido rejoices at seeing the Fourth Form at St. Michael's getting away with it.

Young and Talented

W/HILE in Dunedin on their concert tour, Rénais Gage and Raymond Windsor gave a combined recital from 4YA. Possessed of the inestimable qualit es of youth and enthusiasm, these performers, together with the Dunedin cellist, Wilfred Simenauer, gave Dunedin audiences something fresh and new in the way of talent, and proved that there is much sterling worth to be found right here in New Zealand. I could have wished that M ss Gage had chosen songs not so well-known for her radio recital; her voice comes over the air with great clarity and no loss of its pure and lovely quality. Raymond Windsor was not particularly happy in his first item, Chopin study known as the "Black Keys," but with the Nocturne in G he settled down and showed those qualities of interpretation for which his playing has always been noted; he finished his recital in fine style with the exacting Scherzo in B Flat Minor. It was a disappointment not to hear the 'cellist in this recital; all three of these young performers are only 18 years of age, and Wilfred Simenauer, performer upon an instrument heard all too rarely, handles his 'cello with intelligence and sincerity of interpretation which augur a splendid future for him.

More Maugham

WHEN you consider that a diamond and a lump of coal are but two-forms of the same substance it should not occasion much surprise if the radio ser al version of a novel bears as little resemblance to its original as coal-dust to cuff-links. However, in the case of The Moon and Sixpence, the two allotropic forms are very closely related. A good novel has been transmuted into a good serial. It suffers somewhat, of course, from being forced into the narrow 15minute mould favoured by the Commercial stations, and from the fact that each 15 minutes must lead up to a dramatically declaimed climax (fast week's ended "I hate him! I hate him!! I hate him!!!"), so that the listener feels as one tossed on a choppy sea rather than carried forward on the strong surge of the original. The characterisation is not all it might be. There is a strong touch of caricature in Colonel MacAndrew which suggests that he may have stepped straight out of Ye Olde Time Theaytre programme, and Charles Strickland has not so far succeeded in conveying that his brutality of utterance results from anyth ng more elevated than dyspepsia. But the Maugham dialogue is intact, even though his marginal comments cannot, because of the dialogue form, be included, and there is the authentic gleam which characterises both real diamonds and real coal.

Good Play

THE play by Margaret Lang, "No Re-Becoming," was heard from 4YA lately, and I thought it one of the best the NZBS has produced. It would have been far too easy to let this play be

spoiled by too eager insistence on the oriental atmosphere; even wrongly-chosen music would have wrecked such a fragile barque with its ethereal cargo of fantasy, dreamimages, and Taoist and Buddhist phlosophy. That it suc-



sophy. That it succeeded so admirably in capturing the imagination of the listener was due first to the wr ter, who has handled her material with great delicacy, and second to skilful casting, especially in the character of Prince Chun (I have spelt him as he sounds, and have probably got the name quite wrong). The player was evidently the one I remarked upon in "Mazil," and the Chinese play gave him mater al better suited to his talent. Evidently the Chinese is not the only source of this particular folk-tale, which can also be found, in but slightly different form, in Lafcadio Hearn's Japanese folk-tales, where it is called "The Dream of Akinosuke."

Little Lucrezia

AS far as I could tell from the voices, "Famous Women: Lucrezia voices, "Famous Women: Lucrezia Borgia" from 3YA recently, was an Australian programme, but I doubt whether the producer or script-writer had read very painstakingly for their h story degrees. They were sympathetic towards Little Lucrezia, a girl who had not had the best of luck, losing a husband before she was 20. Some fellows of the baser sort had hinted that she was responsible for putting him away, but of course it was her brother Cesare, a practising toxicologist. Lucrezia picked up the Duke of Ferrara after church one day, asked him back to the castle to take pot luck, and later married him. Ferrara wanted to go back to his own duchy, but Cesare, hearing of this, said to his sister, "Do you think I'll let him take you away from me?" "Why, Cesare!" said Lucrezia. Cesare pulled himself together, acted very suave and arranged a banquet. At the banquet he charged Ferrara's glass and called for a toast to Lucrezia, but the innocent chick switched the glasses when he wasn't looking, and he was hoist with his own