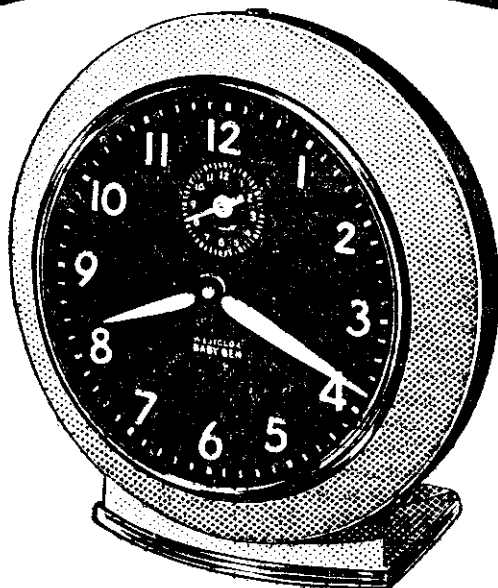


Up to time - up to date

WESTCLOX



BABY BEN LUMINOUS: A beautiful little alarm with its whisper-quiet tick and loud or soft alarm. In dust proof case in shining ivory finish with gold-coloured trim and brown dial, or black finish and chrome trim with black dial. It has fully luminous hands and numerals. One of the great Westclox range known and relied on the whole world over. Non-luminous models of Baby Ben are also available.

On time every time

WESTCLOX — the makers of the Big Ben alarm and many other modern clocks.

WESTCLOX LTD. . STRATHLEVEN . DUMBARTON . SCOTLAND

Agents in New Zealand:

Messrs. Brown and Dureau Ltd., Wellington, Auckland, Christchurch

G.7754

SEE YOUR SKIN TROUBLE GO

IN A FEW DAYS

Make this test. Spots, pimples, eczema and rashes do not heal unless you get at their cause, the germs beneath the skin.

Valderma, the new antiseptic balm, gets right under the pores and gives relief almost immediately. See for yourself. Rub a little Valderma on your skin where the trouble is, several times a day.

Within a day or two you will see and feel the difference. In a few days your skin will be clear and healthy. Valderma is creamy, non-greasy, does not clog the pores, allows septic matter to escape. It is soothing and healing. You simply rub Valderma in and watch your skin improve. Available everywhere in handy tubes priced at 2/1.

VALDERMA DOUBLE-ANTISEPTIC NON-GREASY BALM

Made in New Zealand
for Dae Health Laboratories Ltd., London. 2/3
by Stanford Laboratories Ltd., 5 Manuka Street, Wellington.



RUB ON



RASH GONE

Radio Review

DUGGAN'S TRAVELS

FOR a long time Maurice Duggan played around with words without quite knowing what to do with them. But it was as well he did, for when he finally found he had something to say the words were there to say it, in a manner which convinced me, at least, that he was writing better prose than anyone else in New Zealand. Some of his best writing is in his travel diary, and he or a talks officer has now had the excellent notion of turning it into a radio series, and giving it a wider audience than it could get from the restricted circulation of *Landfall*, where it first appeared. Mr. Duggan has a precise but vigorous and emphatic voice, heightened here to match the heightening of the prose. I'm still a little unhappy about how this is done. To read it in a conversational manner would have been misleading, but his rhythm seems to be determined less by the words than by a conception of how the whole should sound, and some of the meaning is thereby obscured. Nevertheless, from the tumble of bright words his landscape emerges, sharp but almost unreal, like a stage bathed in green or violet light.

Slices of Whimsy

BUT why, I wonder, do we hear Maurice Duggan's *From the Diary of a Voyage* and his reviews in the *ZB Books*, and not his stories? The *NZBS* has not been very adventurous with the short story. There is no differentiation between YA stories and what might be YC stories if we were given any. We might expect from the YCs something longer, more penetrating, than the suspense-and-surprise-packets designed to relax the busy housewife at afternoon-tea time; but we find that if the YCs broadcast stories at all they are repeats of the same ones. There seems to be a dogma abroad that only a story with a plot is suitable for the radio—and that means a plot so obvious that it hits you over the head with a sledge-hammer. I like plots, too, but I prefer them when their mechanism is less exposed to the public view. Plots are scarcely the point, however. YC listeners are credited with considerable intelligence and powers of concentration when it comes to some of the music, poetry, drama and talks on abstruse topics. Why not stories?

—R.D.McE.

Old Time Theatyr

I HAVE never been able to see much of a plan in any *NZBS Double Bill*. But last week's 1YA offering, by yoking together *Maria Marten* and *Box and Cox*, gave us an enjoyable hour of Victorian popular theatre. Strangely enough, *Maria Marten*, which, from seeing it more than once and, on one indiscreet occasion, playing Tim myself, I know can be very funny on the stage, came across least satisfactorily. True, the truncated version lost much of the play's melodramatic logic, but something was missing from the acting, too—at least in the unconsciously funny parts. More verve and more spirited playing were needed to bring

out those ludicrous aspects of the piece which alone make it tolerable today. It was a different matter with *Box and Cox*, played at immense speed and with joyous vigour by Roy Leywood as Cox, Selwyn Toogood as Box and Davina Whitehouse as Mrs. Bouncer. Thanks to their rapid-fire delivery and obvious delight, this ingenious farce sounded quite fresh and delightful, and much less of a period piece than I had expected. It is so rare to find a Victorian melodrama that isn't funny and a Victorian farce that is, that this *Double Bill* must rank as one of the most unusual play programmes I've heard from the *NZBS* this year.

Depression Fairy Tale

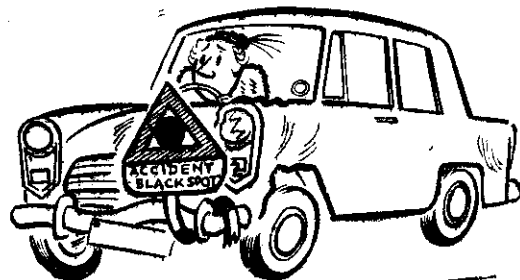
I REMEMBER reading somewhere that Hans Andersen and the Brothers Grimm together contain all the plots of modern popular fiction and plays; that, if you clothe the characters in modern dress, add a pinch of popular psychology and some cosy dialogue, you are likely to have a best-seller or a best-runner on your hands. Certainly *Dodie Smith's Service* (YA link) about the old firm of Service surviving the depression of the Thirties was as close to a fairy tale—in the opprobrious sense—as any *NZBS* play I've heard. Here were all the dear old stock characters—gay, young daughter, nasty stepmother, kindly father, noble young son (whose ingenuity saves the firm), faithful old retainer (Harry Painter very good in a meaty part), and rich uncle (in this case shipping-magnate who places big order). Here was all the cheery, falsely bright dialogue, the chins-up clichés, the romantic glow of Never-Was, all as divorced from reality as the Land of Cockaigne from "the home-life of our dear Queen." *Dodie Smith* is a skillful purveyor of happy formulas and the *NZBS* cast worked hard to make it sound convincing. But in one brief story of Hans Andersen there is more human truth and more confronting life than in the whole ninety minutes of Miss Smith's comforting mish-mash.

—J.C.R.

Top of the Ladder

ZB SUNDAY SHOWCASE which sometimes plummets like a stone, last Sunday soared to its highest level for some time with the recorded rehearsals of Bruno Walter conducting Mozart's *The Linx* Symphony. It was an entirely fascinating hour, and the personality of Bruno Walter came through to us with a richness and a fidelity impossible to capture by any other means. For here was the man, the artist. One saw a lifetime of thought and skill brought to bear on this lovely work, a consummate musical intelligence attuned to judge the slightest variations

(continued on next page)



Keith

(C) Punch

N.Z. LISTENER, MAY 25, 1956.