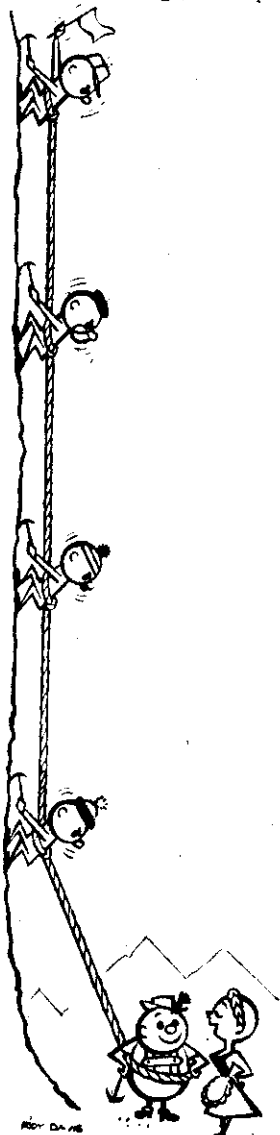


Lillie's excruciating rendering of "There are Fairies" was a deliciously fresh experience. It was good, too, to hear Cyril Ritchard again in songs reminiscent of his unforgettable "Oldest Chorus Boy in London." He has gone a long way since I saw him in musical comedy, to make a shining name as a versatile actor, producer and wit, and his voice now has an uncanny resemblance to that of Jack Buchanan in his heyday. But the cream of the session was Hermione Gingold, long a legend as the most maliciously witty of revue artists, but known to me only from uncharacteristic film parts. The shatteringly macabre humour of her songs and the devastating burlesque of an unpensionable opera singer lived up to expectations. I can hardly wait to hear her again. The commentary was interesting, but I thought it unnecessarily tantalising of Peter Harcourt to allude constantly to *My Fair Lady* and offer us no samples of it.

—J.C.R.

### Last Concert

QUITE by accident, since the programme was not advertised by anything more specific than *Music of the Masters*, I heard from 1ZB last week the last public concert by the great Rumanian pianist Dinu Lipatti, who died in Switzerland in 1950 at the age of 33. In his recordings, this pianist



(C) Punch

### RECOLLECTIONS

*TOO often and too much intruding,  
Owl in the bush, devil at the door,*

*In the evening blankness when I lift my head  
Dissatisfied with every probable choice,*

*Siren recollections, abandoned selves  
Like bad fruit sprouting mould*

*In the cupboards a frugal wife:  
Wring your hands, you cannot touch me,*

*For I am loveless now as the ribbed trough  
Of the unwounded melting sea,*

*Desiring at last no girl to hide in,  
Anchorage in floating islands,*

*But bare sea knowledge got by keeping still.* —James K. Baxter

combines a fierce musical energy with the most poignant poetry, and both these qualities were present in these excerpts from his last recital. Conditions, no doubt hastily improvised, were far from ideal for recording, and bass notes often blurred. But every phrase of the Mozart A Minor sonata, that enigmatic and deeply tragic work, was stamped with a musical intelligence as striking and authentic as any displayed in our time. Mortally ill he may have been (he had only two months to live) but one would not have known it from his glittering performances of two Schubert Impromptus, or of several Chopin Waltzes (he played them all in the second half, and we heard four in this programme). In *The Record Guide*, that vast encyclopaedia of musical taste and judgment, the authors suggest that it is almost impossible in this democratic age for an artist to convey Chopin's aristocratic refinement towards the high society of his time. They suggested that, if anyone, Lipatti was uniquely equipped to do so. From what I heard in this recital, I would say that they were right. A great artist, and much mourned, he still can live powerfully in programmes such as this.

### Up the Kiwi

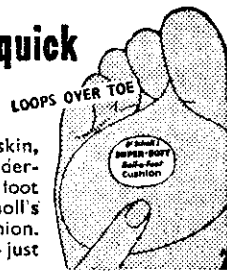
I FOUND myself disappointed by the programme *Where the World Begins*, a documentary on New Zealand, produced by the NZBS for the BBC. John Gundry wrote the script in what I can only describe as a pointillist style, with little dabs of opinion judiciously applied to make a colourful total impression. And the whole programme was hung on the simple and reasonably engaging idea that the world's day begins in New Zealand, and a full Kiwi day, morning, afternoon and evening was offered to the world to see what could be made of it. Not much, I would say. Maui began by fishing out the North Island in the old style, thence to sheep, cows, Maoris, children, pulp and paper, tourist spots, and at length the Kiwi. Mr Gundry made some neat points on our emblem bird, that it does not leave the ground, and that it is suspicious of strangers. But the programme did not offer nearly enough diversity of opinion; it was all too self-consciously "cut down to size," and nowhere did I find a hint of that admirable, and often cussed, non-conformism which is one of the strongest qualities here. The programme was conducted in a mélange of accents, from guttural Maori, to pure Kiwi, to NZBS refined nonentity, and "Marie and pakeha" offended me. *Where the World Begins* offers, in short, a national stereotype,

instead of something which, with the same material and resources, could have been pungent and flavoursome.

—B.E.G.M.

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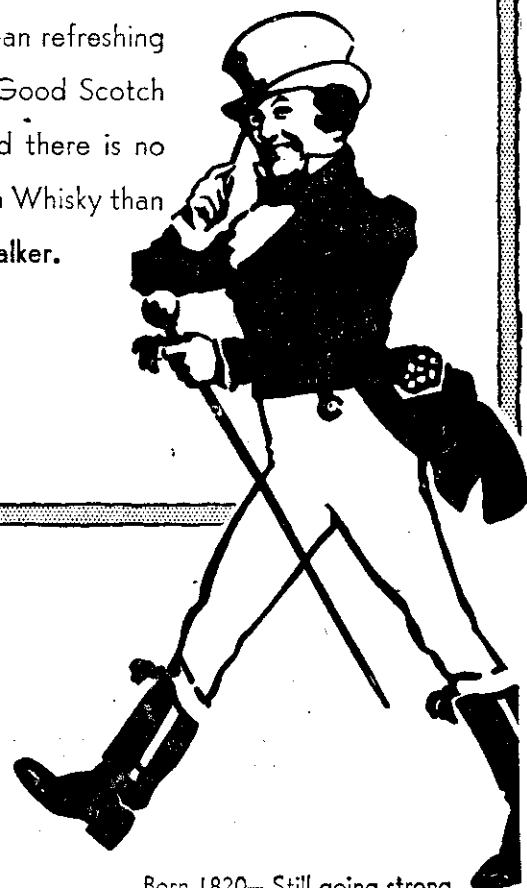
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