

PERFECTION

WITH what temerity do I place this title at the head of this paragraph? Yet, for me it is all I can do. It refers to a short play, quite unheralded, which I heard only because I was too somnolent at 7.30 when Parliament began to switch to more congenial pastures. *Miss Duveen* was adapted by Ivan Brandt from a short story by Walter de la Mare. The BBC produced it, and surely they have never done anything finer. The story is one of the most beautiful by that poet of exquisite sensibility, Walter de la Mare. It has the delicacy of outline, the perfection of finish, of a Chinese painting, its few characters somehow caught in

attitudes of the most poignant and inward suffering. Miss Duveen is a strange woman of breathless intuitions and fancies, guided by an earthy and because of this, sinister cousin, Miss Coppin. The only person to whom Miss Duveen can reveal her fluttering sorrows and joys, is Arthur, the boy who tells the story in recollection, and also acts it in fact. This the producer admirably managed by having an adult voice for the narrator (Robert Eddison) and a child's voice for the actuality as it was recalled. Miss Duveen finally, after a series of delicate confidences to Arthur, is, as they said a few years ago, "put away." And does the boy sorrow? Not at all. He is relieved that her strange, embarrassing presence, with its potentialities for blushes and awkwardness, is at last removed from his life. Only much later

when he recalls her sad, delicate mystery, is he aware of the tragedy of Miss Duveen. And here it seemed to me, caught like the trembling of a drop of dew on the edge of a leaf, was a microcosm of all experience. Marie Ney played Miss Duveen with exactly the right note of shyness mixed with a palpitating alarm, and the producer controlled the movement of the short play with the surest mastery. Really, the most triumphant translation to broadcasting I have ever heard.

—B.E.G.M.

Cross Creek

[TS name spelled out in white pebbles at the foot of the Rimutaka hill out-faced thousands of travellers. C-R-O-S-S C-R-E-E-K. As the passenger looked out

upon its people, he very easily could believe that here was a little world with a life and character quite of its own. Much of this quality was caught in the NZBS feature *Cross Creek*, the story of the settlement from its roisterous canvas-town beginnings, as Milepost 36, until the end of its days in 1955. And the people through the window? United by a common purpose in their 80-year task of keeping the great incline open, they shared a tradition of work and a warm-hearted interwoven social life. The men and women who spoke of the past told their story with pride and affection and we could believe that they kept good and cheerful company in the small community. They introduced us to their legends and their heroes, men like Nick O'Brien, the man with a flair, who could

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★ The Week's Music ★

NATURALLY the supply of virtuoso violinists cannot last for ever, but we have been hearing lately (YC links) from another very talented artist, Beryl Kimber, who is visiting us from Australia. She has a superb technical equipment, as she has shown in her widely varied recitals, and an enviable depth of tone that makes expressive some of the less tractable contemporary music. For instance, the Variations for solo violin by the modern Russian Levitin were deeply felt and melodious, though very complex, and sounded in the direct line of descent from the brilliant Waltz Scherzo of Tchaikovsky which figured in the same programme. In the earlier music she played Vitali's lovely Chaconne with a gracious warmth, and Bach's great D minor one with fine power and control, both of tone and of the immensely difficult part progressions. She also appeared in a recital by the National Orchestra in which she played Mozart's A major Concerto, which fitted her style like a glove; some of the solo passages in the finale would have been difficult to imagine played in any other way. It takes a soloist of lofty stature to make a success of the Beethoven or Brahms concerti; but it requires more taste and equal musicianship to perform any Mozart concerto, where the heights of brooding majesty are not assailed but where the perfect precision and *galanteries* set their own problems at a different level.

A little-publicised visitor from England is the pianist Maurice Cole, who has given us some well chosen recitals (YC links), Haydn's big E flat Sonata was light-fingered, humorous and soulful by turns; a programme of Schumann included the early Abegg Variations and the G minor Sonata, which Mr Cole was able to make interesting. He has a neat manner, not too brassy, and a pleasing lack of exhibitionistic traits of technique; we will be listening to his further recitals, if the present standard is maintained.

Miss Anna Russell is wrecking numerous New Zealand microphones again with her shattering songs and unearthly sound effects. She is as funny as ever, but I was disappointed to find so much sameness of material with that of her last tour, ideal for those who missed her before, but a little tiring for us others, especially as there is a good deal of repetition in her present broadcasts. Fortunately there are a few excruciating new items in which she shows herself still the satirical mistress of everyone else's arts.

—Sebastian

N.Z. LISTENER, JULY 25, 1958.

CHOCOLATE
CREAM FINGERS

8 oz. flour
8 oz. sugar
1 egg
Few drops Vanilla Essence
8 oz. butter
1 oz. Bournville Cocoa
Pinch of salt
Milk or water to mix

Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Beat in the egg. Sieve in dry ingredients and mix to a very stiff dropping consistency with liquid and vanilla essence. Using a vegetable star pipe in a forcing bag, pipe lengths on to a greased baking sheet. Bake in a moderately hot oven (Elect. 375 deg. Gas Regulo 8) 10 to 15 minutes. Cool and sandwich with pink or white Butter Cream filling. Dip ends in melted Bournville Chocolate or Chocolate icing.

Cocoa is popular with the children... delicious and easy to prepare. An ideal drink on cold Winter days.

Send 1/- in stamps to Cadbury's Cookery, P.O. Box 955, Dunedin, for a copy of "Cadbury's Chocolate Cookery Book".

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