

ACTOR IN PERSIA

—J.T.

the strenuous efforts Virgil made, when asked to distinguish between an "illusionist" (as he described himself) and a "magician," to avoid mentioning mechanical devices, and to locate the difference in stage spectacle and costumes. A nice piece of misdirection, indeed.

ALTHOUGH a few 1YC musical programmes are still of the "hear-my-record-collection" variety, or else organised upon some esoteric principle beyond the grasp of ordinary listeners, there has recently been signs of a distinct move in the direction of the integrated session. Personally, I find much English music has too great a family likeness, but I must applaud the planning which gave us recently two and a half hours of such compositions ranging from Cathedral music, beautifully sung by the York Minster Choir, and some not too hackneyed Purcell and Byrd to more familiar but compelling modern works. In the same week, my Mozart-centred spirit was elated by two hours of the master, of which half an hour came from Hazel Millar, soprano, and Felix Millar, violinist, in the studio. The Millars always select and perform their works with exceptional taste. I did feel that, on this occasion, the Haffner Rondo presented one or two slippery places where Mr. Millar's feet just failed to grip. But their programme was a pleasant change from the colourless, aggressively middle-level selection most often heard from the studio, and it was well arranged to fit neatly into the recorded context.

—J.C.R.

IN the four and a half centuries since *Everyman* was written we have managed to think our way out of *Everyman's* dilemma, to separate Death and Judgment, so that the play has not for us the stupendous moral impact it must have had for its original audience. But, judging by the BBC version I heard the other Saturday, it still has amazing dramatic validity. The radio version shows up the forthright simplicity of the language, a language not so very far removed from our own, and this combined with the shrewd human judgment makes it both easy and rewarding listening. Raymond Rex, the producer and adap-

ter, showed considerable imagination in his blending of voices and accents, and John Hotchkiss's music was superb throughout.

I'M a constant traveller on these BBC conducted tours that the NZBS is so fond of sponsoring, but I think I go along more to meet the BBC personalities than with any idea of broadening my geographical horizons. Last week I went on a tour of London by Thames water-bus and met all the old gang—Wynford Vaughan Thomas in the bus, of course, and sketching an enthusiastic point-to-point between satellites variously placed in the Sailor's Club, Wapping Police Station, the Shot Tower, the engine room of the Tower Bridge and the Tower itself. Yet I was rather surprised to have a heap of rubble pointed out to me on the South Bank and to be told that from this, come 1951, would rise some of the buildings for the Festival of Britain. One is resigned, of course, to being transported out of one's country by a travel feature (New Zealand tours seem to be ear-marked for Radio New Zealand), but when they take us out of our decade I'm inclined to ask whether our journey is strictly necessary.


—M.B.

WHEN Dr. George Henry Lamson was tried for murder at the Old Bailey in March, 1882, the jury found him guilty. Nevertheless, all the ends were not neatly tidied away, and some listeners will probably be left in a state of reasonable doubt when they hear the trial reconstructed in one of the BBC series *Let Justice Be Done* from 4YZ at 9.35 p.m. on Wednesday, May 21. Dr. Lamson was in financial need and stood to gain a great deal if his brother-in-law died before reaching his majority. On a visit to the boy, who was an incurable invalid, the doctor brought him a cake and some capsules. The boy ate some of the cake, as did others present, took one of the capsules and died soon afterwards. At the trial the defence cast doubt on much of the medical evidence, which was mainly circumstantial, and though many theories were advanced later as to how Dr. Lamson administered the poison, if indeed he did so, the mystery was never completely solved.

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