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## The New Art

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witness his "Curse the Day that I was Born." There is, however, one encouraging point about this piece of sculpture, for those who try to adjust their ideas to the new "art"—everybody will agree that the person represented had every reason to curse.

IT seems to my unregenerate mind that the Cubist performances were much more tolerable. When a Cubist covered his canvas with cubes and triangles, ingeniously discordant in arrangement and colour, and put an eye in one corner and a shoe in another, and assured us that it was a "Portrait of a Lady" he at least left something—a great deal, in fact—to the imagination, as good art should. How the lady in question liked it was his affair. But Cubism is already dead of a rapid decline, and this newer "art" leaves nothing to the imagination. It gives us very plain statements, in more than one sense of the word, and its perpetrators maintain that these statements are in accordance with the most essential facts, and that the results are beautiful. What we have yet to learn is that the essential facts are certainly not the visual facts; that the prime necessity is to distort those facts so as first of all to eliminate all qualities of what we wrongly suppose to be beauty. If we find the result ugly, then we are unregenerate and the truth is not in us. Ugliness is the new beauty. Speaking of another phase of this new "art" Mr. Konody says that it has set "a new standard of beauty which is now imitated in the world of fashion." Per-

haps those ladies are going to lead us to this new temple of beauty, who have shorn off their long hair, which we have so mistakenly thought to be one of their most beautiful features, and done their best, with wonderful success, to suppress all characteristic lines of the figure, and turn themselves into tubes on two stalks. But the "world of fashion" moves on an uncertain orbit, and the figure divine shows signs of filling out again, albeit not very much in accordance with natural contours.

SPEAKING seriously, there are two main causes for this freakish "art," one concerned with art itself, and the other with life. All these recent violent revolutions in art have received their first impetus from a revulsion from the "pretty-pretty" kind of "art" which had all but engulfed the Royal Academy and similar exhibiting institutions, and which was so largely patronised by people with more money than taste. Some kind of revolution was already overdue before the war, and these upheavals, though very mixed blessings in themselves, may prove to have been useful to the coming generation of artists, although not at all in the way that their protagonists imagined. The other cause is the War, which has destroyed old land-marks, raised new shoals, and unexpected barriers, and generally upset the whole course of life in every direction. The result has been a feverish longing for something different, anything, so long as it is different, and the more violent the better.



## Breezes from the Capital

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are giving our young people an unrivalled chance to study astronomy, and other highly interesting topics, the which their mothers never even dreamed about. And mother, as usual, has the last word by retorting, with becoming emphasis, "No, never!" When fugaces! Can't you remember the days when we were considered young and tremendously daring? Most of us, way down in the depths of our hearts, secretly cherish the idea that we could—if we liked—show Miss 1926—the minx!—something. On the whole, I think we got on fairly well—taking into consideration the length of our skirts. By the way, isn't it enough to make an old stager from the days of leg-of-mutton sleeves and buttons up the back perfectly green with envy to see the sweet simplicity of the dresses affected by that complex young person, the modern girl? As somebody said to me the other day, "once upon a time, girls used to wear their hearts upon their sleeves. Now they

haven't any hearts—and no sleeves to wear them on if they had!"

TALKING of leg of mutton sleeves (thank heaven I don't date back to the days of the hustle!) has brought back my mind to an ancient fête day which used, when the world was young, to cause such flutterings in the dove-cots. Saint Valentine's Day falls somewhere in February—but it's such a long time since I've received an illuminated card showing a pink church with purple spires, and a tall, bewhiskered gentleman in the foreground pointing the way to said church, with an exquisite lemon-gloved hand that really I can't remember the exact date. Perhaps, somewhere in the heart of old rural England, they still keep up the tradition, along with charming warts away and putting love philtres in the beer of unsuspecting young gentlemen. Quoin sabe? Anyhow, it's a far cry from rural England to windy Wellington.