

idealising peoples as distinct from their leaders, and in accepting confused ideas about the place of force in human affairs. It's a simple thesis, but there seems to be a good deal in it.

Herr Schwarzschild has written a good book; it deserves to be widely read. The edition now before me has been printed in New Zealand; it is not only better printed, but a good deal cheaper than the edition printed in England.

## CUI BONO?

NEW ZEALAND NEW WRITING: No. 4.  
Edited by Ian A. Gordon. Progressive Publishing Society.

IT is not easy to say anything about this venture that is at once honest and kind. If one were quite sure of its purpose—and purpose is an unpleasant word in letters—it would be possible to ask whether it is or is not getting somewhere. If Professor Gordon were saying, for example, that these 14 pieces of prose and verse are the best writing done in New Zealand since No. 3 appeared, one could agree or disagree. But he does not say that: he says they are the best things in his judgment out of the hundreds sent to him, and it would be reckless to express any opinion about that unless some other publication were regularly printing better things. In fact, no other publication regularly prints anything nearly as good. Again if it is the claim of the publishers that without *New Writing* most of these authors would never have broken into print, the claim may be granted; but where does it take us? Certainly not into an admission that *New Writing* therefore is a service to literature. If these were our best efforts in a year—and with one or two silent exceptions they no doubt were—it would probably have been better not to exhibit any of them. For no one will say that there is one page of first-class writing in the whole collection. There is a vigorous essay by R. Seymour—a little careless, a little extravagant, with a point made that can't be made too often, but no approach to literary distinction. There is a lively sketch by A. P. Gaskell—crude but not insensitive, and with the kind of truthfulness to life that comes of accurate superficial reporting. There are no doubt young men and young women in New Zealand, hundreds of them, who know of no better way of consoling a girl whose "boy" has been killed than keeping her continuously drunk; but not one person in the whole boozy party was worth a line of serious writing. John Gifford Male writes a page and a-half of good prose about an experience in Italy; P. W. Robertson several pages, with flashes here and there, about an experience in Wellington Harbour. But if we except H. C. D. Somerset's satirical sketch—and it is better sociology than literature—that is about as far as one can go in praising the prose, and anyone who can praise the verse is generous.

## ART

THE ARTS IN NEW ZEALAND: FEBRUARY-MARCH AND APRIL-MAY, 1945.  
Harry H. Tombs, Wellington.

IT is interesting to note that the serial numbers of these two issues are 66 and 67, and the volume number 17. That represents more than 16 years of service to art without any reward but the satisfaction it has brought to the founder of the publication and, occasionally, to those who have helped him with contributions. But three numbers back Art singular became The Arts plural, the

quarto became an octavo, colour reproductions disappeared, and with Howard Wadman as assistant-director, and a more popular price, a drive began for a wider measure of public interest. A reviewer has no means of knowing what the public think; he must in fact not even ask such questions of himself; but it is his job to ask why they should be coming round if there are plain signs that they are, and in this case the answer is easy. The publication has come to life. It is better printed and better dressed (within its narrower limits), has received a better average run of contributors, and is encouraging them to be critical as well as appreciative. In these two numbers, for example, we have Professor Sewell asking whether New Zealand's dramatic activity is "all as impressive as its sounds"; a comment on the Auckland School of Art by Dr. C. E. Beeby; a long poem by Allen Curnow; a view of aesthetic education by A. R. D. Fairburn; and two really luminous pieces of appreciation—one of Owen R. Lee, by Francis A. Shurrock, and the other of John Weeks, by Jess Whitworth. Although all the art work exhibited is in black-and-white, the reproductions are in general so bold and clear that the loss of colour is not nearly so painful as might have been expected. If this standard can be maintained, success ought to be certain. If it can't be, the reason will probably be that the field is limited and has already been well ploughed; and in that case the good will be the destroyer of the better—the patient work of 16 years will have left too little to be done.

## MISSING— JEAN MARIE MARTIN

Information is sought regarding Jean Marie Martin, aged 23 years, who has been missing from Wellington since April 8th last, presumably suffering from loss of memory. She is of sturdy build, 5ft. 2in. in height; black curly hair, usually of ruddy complexion with well defined black eyebrows. When last seen she was bare-headed, wearing a red scarf with a soft fawn box coat



over a grey skirt, and blue fair-isle jumper with red bands on neck and sleeves. She wore open brown sandals but no stockings and carried a navy blue patent leather handbag. She has not either ration or social security books. Anyone knowing her whereabouts or possessing any information please communicate with Mrs. M. Martin, c/o Post Office, Waipawa, or with your nearest Police Station.



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