



Attack the germs!

The New Treatment for

BACTERIAL INFECTIONS OF

CATARRH

BRONCHITIS
COMMON COLDS
ANTRUM and
SINUS TROUBLES

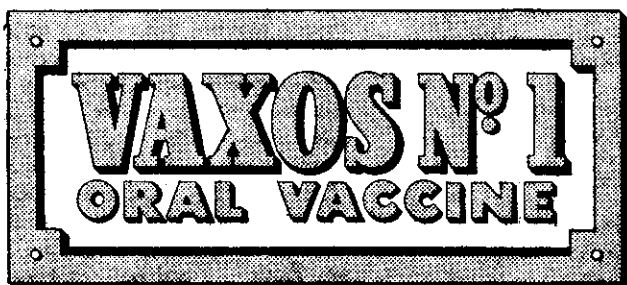
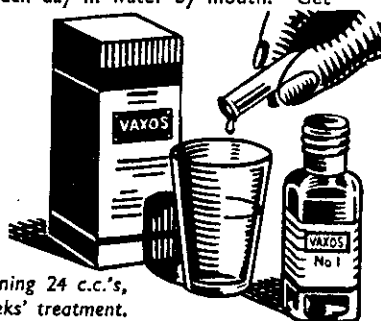
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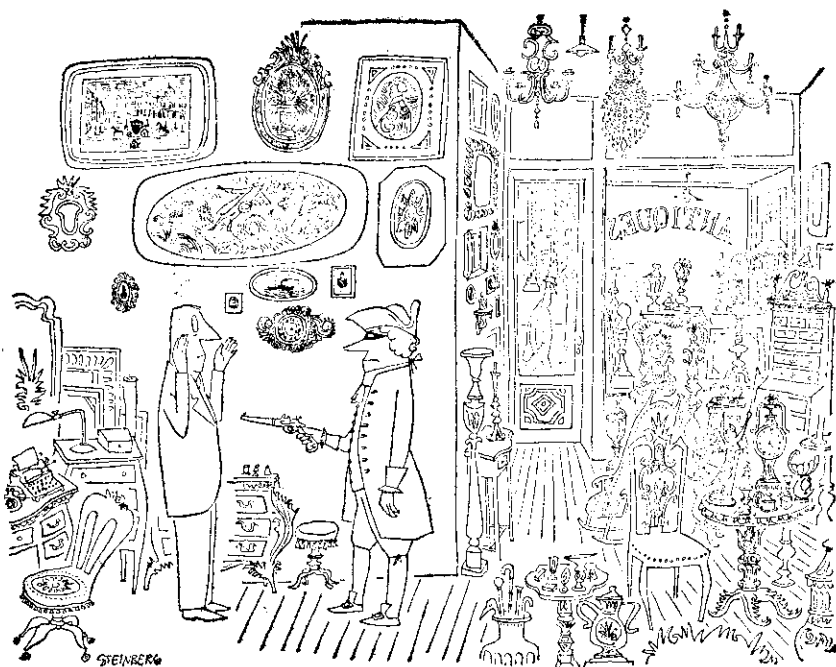


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BOOKS

TWO POETS, A COMEDIAN AND A PLAYER

SUMMER FLOWERS. By Denis Glover. Caxton Press.

JACK WITHOUT MAGIC. By Allen Curnow. Caxton Press.

BAD KING WENCESLAS. By Tremayne M. Curnow. Evening Star, Dunedin.

A PLAY TOWARD. By Ngaio Marsh. Caxton Press.

(Reviewed by David Hall)

I HATE to be so condescending when I talk of my betters, but I must confess to an occasional spasm of disappointment as I stroll around and poke my nose among some of the more tousled of Denis Glover's *Summer Flowers*. It reminds me that the snag about being a leg-puller is that one is sometimes in danger of pulling one's own quite out of joint. O cursed spite that ever I was born to set it right! "Invocative" is perfect, a full summer blossom, tossing in a boisterous breeze, fit to win a prize in anybody's show. The poet, emboldened by love, tells the planets, meteors, oceans, seas, and mountains exactly what to do with it, in brisk compelling rhythm,

*While threescore black and plummy cats
Stalk solemnly before.*

The other poems have the same superb vigour but jar when they talk of beer, bottled stout, the Last Tram and his love as

*..... an electrolux
Who sings upon the stair.*

I know I am meant to be jarred, but I still regret it, especially when I remember the poet's *Spring Blossoms* (the "Sings Harry" poems) and "Advice" in this book. As Mrs. Humphrey Ward said to Matthew Arnold in one of Max Beerbohm's cartoons, "Uncle Matthew, why are you not wholly serious?" "Envoi," now, is very nice, because here you know exactly where you are: it is funny and vulgar. But I am obstinately ungrateful and bloody-minded and wish

these poems, which have so much guts and gusto, had been written each in a homogeneous mood.

ALLEN CURNOW stirs deep waters in *Jack Without Magic* and harvests "the sump of opulent tides" of emotion in viscous numbers. These poems yield most after several readings. Their rhythms are slow and somehow clogged, the mood meditative. Curnow is often elliptic; he has felt the influence of the Metaphysical poets —

*..... heavens accusing
Of rainbowed guile, whose penal
rains descend*

but avoids their harshness and contortion of metaphor. The taut lines have more and more packed into them. Curnow makes few concessions. If we cannot follow where he leads, we may as well drop out.

"At Dead Low Water," the longest poem, is also the finest. The sonnet is Curnow's favourite form. In his hands the thing becomes, not a trumpet, but a string quartet at the far end of a long room broken up by pillars. We recognise the austerity and the strength and wish we could hear more clearly every note that is being played.

THESE verses by Tremayne Curnow are a selection from some 2,000 comic bits, product of 20 years of versifying, confined, with agonising self-restraint, to some forty-odd pieces. The topics are various, the *Pioneers*, being aptly praised because

*They gave the impetus
Which terminated in
Us.*

I think perhaps Mr. Curnow exceeds the clown's doggy privilege when he lifts a leg against Keats,

(Continued on next page)

*..... that soulful chap who wrote
About a Grecian urn.*

NEW ZEALAND LISTENER, MAY 24