

shows few signs of the strain and difficulty of publication in a city recovering from enemy occupation. The type is big and clear, the paper rather better than that used in post-war issues of *Penguin New Writing* for instance. There is no price shown on the jacket flap, so Mr. Sargeson has no way of calculating what royalties, if any, he will receive.

Ten Thousand Francs

"Does this mean much money to you?" I asked him. He blew some smoke at the ceiling and wrinkled his nose again.

"Ten thousand francs," he said and paused for me to be impressed. "That works out at £20 in our money. When I've deducted the cost of cables and tax payments I expect I'll receive about £5." He paused again for me to be impressed or aghast. It seemed a very small sum for so attractive a little book.

"And if you haven't the three issues of *Penguin New Writing* you just can't read *That Summer* in New Zealand, can you?" I asked.

"But John Lehmann is publishing it in book form this autumn, English autumn I mean," Mr. Sargeson said.

"A Hogarth press publication?"

"No. He's just set up an independent publishing business. He's doing it himself." I remembered John Lehmann's note of introduction to the *New Writing* issue of *That Summer*; he regretted the need to publish it in three parts, but wrote: "I believe it to be a work that must be published somehow or other; and sufficiently vital to survive such mutilation." It was through him that the book was translated into French.

"Well, you must feel pretty cheerful on the whole; you look pretty cheerful," I said.

"I shouldn't really. It's nothing unusual to have a book published in French. Lots of New Zealanders have their books translated into French."

"But they don't live in Takapuna, New Zealand, and have their books translated into French," I argued.

"True, but that's not what matters. The interesting thing is, and this really is interesting, that it is a translation of such a colloquial book—well, a book written in real Pig Island language. And that they've made such a good job of it."

We turned again to the jacket flap written in real Pig Island language. Frank Sargeson to appear again in French.

"They're very kind, but then blurbs are always kind," he said. I watched his face as he read the appreciative and encouraging words.

"Will you tell me one thing," I asked him. "Is praise very important to you?"

"No, not praise. The important thing is perception."

—J.

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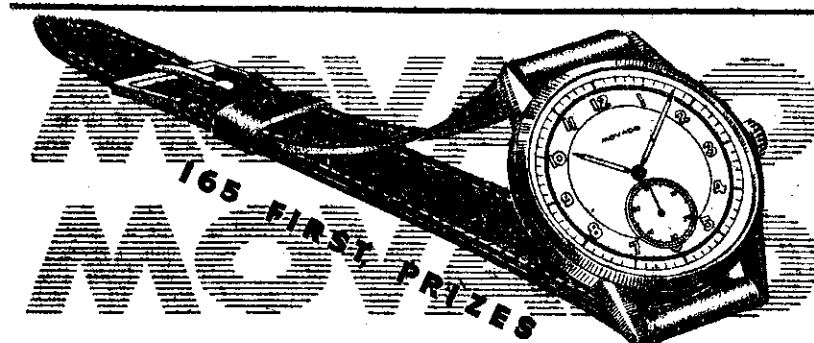
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