

same story, and the result is that everyone who reads these three books will have some thoughts about New Zealand that had never come into his mind before. But that is as far as I can go in praise of Mr. Reed as a writer. I admire his zest, his energy, his freshness, but I am not able to respond to his emotions, and can do no more therefore than commend him to those for whom he really sat down to write—readers who share his "early Heaven and happy views."
—**"Sundowner"**

The Incomparable Max

MAINLY ON THE AIR. By Max Beerbohm. William Heinemann Ltd.

TO few men is it given to achieve such signal distinction in both art and letters as has Max Beerbohm. His caricatures are famous for their wit—caricatures, incidentally, of the famous dead as well as of the notorious living. In literature he is known as a writer of exquisite fiction and essays, both sharpened by touches of satire and graced by a mellow good humour which contradicts any idea that their author is ill-natured.

The present volume, a collection of recent essays and broadcast addresses, is delightful evidence that the peculiar quality of Max's mind—his inability to rejoice with the fool in his folly, his French clarity and his English fantasy—has not been altered by the advance of old age. Traces there are in these pages of a certain wistfulness, a hankering after the spaciousness of other days when an old goat could sit undisturbed in the sun in Piccadilly, and one politician could be exhilaratingly rude to another. Max Beerbohm, however, is not a soured praiser of times past. He still richly enjoys life, and his latest book will add to our enjoyment of it. His management of words indeed is masterly. It is rare to-day to find a writer who is so much at ease with himself.

—David Hall.

WILD FLOWERS OF SPEECH

THE ACUTE POSITION

AMONG my gustatory observations
Upon the scripts of penmen of
repute,
"Positions," "shortages" and "situations"

Are all, I notice, said to be "acute";
"Sharp-pointed" being its only definition

It seems unsuited to abstract position,
Unless for him, with features madly
working,

Who inadvertently or rashly sits
Upon a needle in the cushion lurking,
His case, perhaps, the smart locution
fits;

And as for shortages, why, goodness
knows

What a sharp point has got to do with
those.

—Arnold Wall.

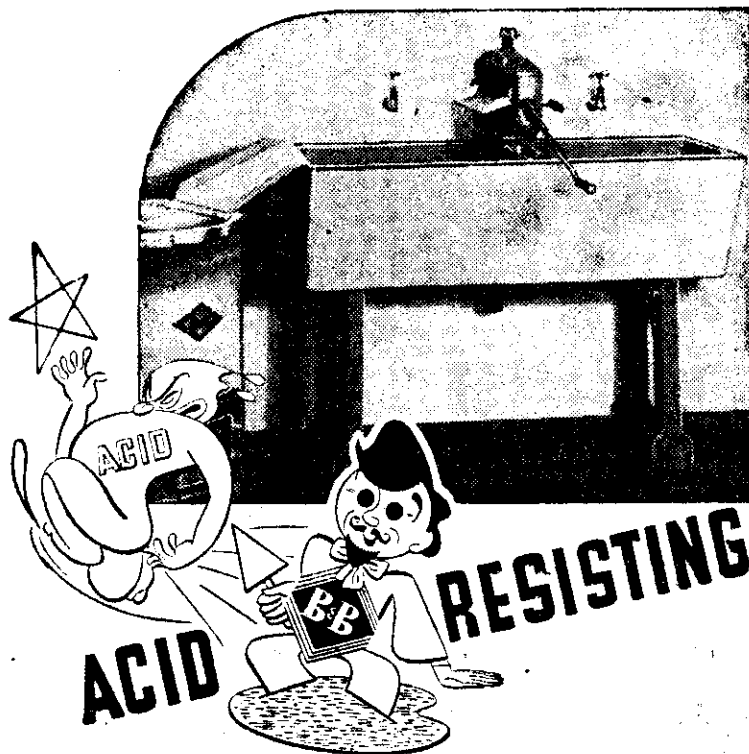
Triangular

CLUTTERBUCK. By Bena Levy. William Heinemann Ltd.

THIS play, a sophisticated comedy in three acts, is a variation on the "triangle" theme. The characters, all members of a smart society on a luxury cruise, do their best to shock us. There was no doubt a good reason for its publication, but it was certainly not an artistic one. There are four men and three women in the cast.

"HAND-SOME" FOR THE HANDS

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