

DAZZLE
is dangerous!



Dip your lights

Many traffic accidents happen at night. Failure to dip, and wrongly adjusted headlights, are preventable hazards of night driving.



ADJUST HEADLIGHTS CORRECTLY

Lights must not tilt above the horizontal under any conditions of loading, nor must the beams turn towards the right. A load in the back seat can sometimes tilt headlight beams upwards even if they are correctly adjusted when the car is empty. Check your adjustments against the garage wall with the back seat loaded. Do not drive with faulty lights—you're a menace to others on the road.

ISSUED BY THE TRANSPORT DEPARTMENT

BOOKS

UNKNOWN AUSTRALIA

NEW ZEALAND and Australia are neighbours, and should be keenly interested in each other's doings of all kinds. Now that Taihape and Timaru can listen to Australian test matches, and a traveller may have his early morning tea in Auckland and his afternoon tea in Sydney, the thousand miles of often stormy sea that separate the countries are less of a barrier than they were, but there is still a large amount of ignorance on both sides. It may be asked, for example, how many New Zealanders are well informed about literary progress in Australia. The excuse that it is difficult enough to keep up with what is going on in mother's house has some validity, but Australia is our sister, and members of well-ordered families find time to enquire what the others are doing.

I am moved to say this by the contents of two issues of *Southerly*, a literary quarterly issued by the Sydney branch of the English Association. These magazines take me into a world of creation and criticism of which I knew very little. Evidently there is a healthy growth in Australian letters. There is at least one positive surprise. I had barely heard of Christina Stead, Australian novelist. Now I find, from an article about her work, that she has written six books, and that, after seeing much of the world, she lives in America. But of William Gosse Hay, born 1875, died 1945, I had never heard at all. It is certain I am not alone in this respect among New Zealanders and I learn from *Southerly* that Hay is so far from being well-known in Australia that when the editor lectured on him in Brisbane in 1945, one of the best-informed regarded Hay as a "new novelist."

The larger part of one of these issues is devoted to Hay's life and work. His life makes a pleasant story of attractive character, domestic happiness, and absorption in writing, which he loved. His novels—*Stuffed Laughter*, *Herridge of Reality Swamp*, *Captain Quadding*, *The Escape of the Notorious Sir William Heans*, *Strabane of the Mulberry Hills*, and *The Mystery of Alfred Doubt*—are all about the early days of Australia. He was a specialist in the convict days. J. H. M. Abbott hailed *Sir William Heans* as "the most powerful Australian novel yet written," or "not very far short of that," and Miss F. Earle Hooper, who writes the memoir of him in *Southerly*, considers him Australia's greatest romantic novelist. Katherine Mansfield gave *Sir William Heans* a lengthy review in *The Athenaeum*, and this is reprinted in *Southerly*. It would be interesting to enquire for these novels in New Zealand libraries—and possibly in Australian libraries, too.

For the rest, I can only commend briefly the scholarship standard of *Southerly*. The reviews are uncommonly well done. J. Ackroyd writes a long critical article on *The Australian Language*, by Sidney J. Baker, who has studied Australian and New Zealand slang. Such detailed criticism could only appear in a literary magazine of this kind. One other item has a special interest for us. Reviewing a new edition of Percival Serle's *Australasian Anthology*, Nan McDonald says, "there is really no such thing as 'Australasian' literature.

In spite of the traffic of writers between the two countries, the poetry of Australia and New Zealand cannot be treated as a unity." I think there will be pretty wide agreement with this view in New Zealand.

—A.M.

Review

Chess—and Other Things

MY ONE CONTRIBUTION TO CHESS. By F. V. Morley. Faber & Faber, London.

THIS is a very odd book. Under the guise of seeking a philosophy of chess, Mr. Morley reaches what must surely be an all-time high in irrelevance. Reminiscences, anecdotes, and frequently only vaguely relevant comment and cases in point crowd one another from the first page to the last, almost to the exclusion of what the reader is probably looking for—Mr. Morley's contribution to chess.

In spite of his casual literary style, the author has indeed a serious message for chess-players. To Mr. Morley, chess is a *dromenon*—"a pattern of dynamic expression in which the performers express something larger than themselves . . . and a therapeutic rhythm in which they find release and fulfilment." The players in chess play not merely against a human opponent, but also to make the best abstract use of the position of the pieces. Chess is a combination of concrete struggle and abstract calculation.

It is thus impossible, says the author, for players of different classes to mutually enjoy a friendly game. The stronger player finds it impossible to "play down" to the weaker. Thus friends who have had different knowledge of the game are deprived of the pleasure of mutually-shared experience. Is there no way to sweep away a player's previously acquired knowledge and experience so that in a friendly game the players would start, as it were, on the same handicap?

Mr. Morley suggests that there is a way. His idea is to alter the board (and with it the powers of pieces) slightly, by adding a column of six squares on each side of the board.

This would indeed do the trick. The standard openings would lose most of their significance and an entirely new vista of positional and combinative possibilities would be opened, thus severely limiting the application of experience gained on the 64 square board.

The idea has considerable merit for adoption in occasional friendly games, but not for general use, since soon the possibilities of the new board would be explored as rigorously as the old has been. Here is new hope for those who feel fated always to remain rabbits at the game. But for the weaker player who is trying to improve, Mr. Morley has no advice to offer. He is a self-confessed third-class player, who cannot spare the time to become a good one, speaking for and to his fellows.

If Mr. Morley had written this book solely as a treatise on chess, he could have compressed his message into less than half its 110 pages. The rest of the book could have been added in an appendix as the biography of the Morley (continued on next page)