

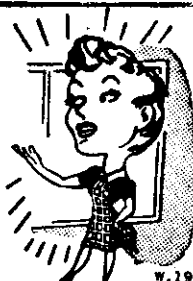


Just what you've been waiting for. A pure silk full fashioned hose made with the quality you can expect from Bonds and that's not all! These stockings have the Sy-metra converging fashion marks and the taper heel! At 15/6 they are wonderful value. Get some today!

Bonds

THE WORDS BONDS AND SY-METRA ARE REGD. TRADEMARKS OF BONDS HOSIERY MILLS (N.Z.) LTD. 38

Windows cleaned with Windolene stay clean longer. No hard rubbing.

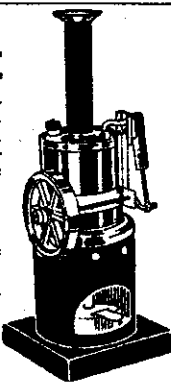


WINDOLENE
CLEANS WINDOWS EASILY

Model STEAM ENGINE

—One filling of methylated spirits will run engine for 15 minutes. Flywheel (2in. dia.) provided with pulley to take driving belt by which all sorts of model machinery may be operated. Model 8 1/2 in. high with 3 in. base, constructed of stout sheet steel fitted with spot welded boiler, holds 1/2 pint. 36/6. Postage 6d.

SKEATES & WHITE LTD.,
48 Fort Street, Auckland



BOOK REVIEWS (Cont'd.)

(continued from previous page)

plants his poems with people rather than with emotions. He bursts with force and vigour and cannot write even *A Survey of Literature* without recourse to the most earthy of images. He is the most assured of these four poets, the most firmly directed on his separate path. Here is the last stanza of a poem describing a girl reluctantly sending his dismissal to a loved, impossible man—

Away went the messenger's bicycle,
His serpent's track went up the hill for-
ever,
And all the time she stood there hot as
fever
And cold as any icicle.

Tate shares with Ransom the extrovert habit of writing without fear of the accepted, the recognisable, the often-repeated legend. Literary allusions are numerous in his work, and this book ends with an ingenious translation of a late-Latin poem. Sometimes his choice of words is uncomfortably learned, as in this allusion to three American contemporaries (one of them the Ransom reviewed here)—

..... John Ransom, boasting hardy
Entelechies yet botched in the head, lack-
ing grace;
Warren thirsty in Kentucky, his hair in
the rain, asleep;
None so unbaptised as Edmund Wilson
the unwearied,
That sly parody of the devil.

But this passage shows, I hope, that flowers will be encountered as well as thorns. Tate has a gift for liveliness, for graceful concessions to keep up the reader's interest, which is not often found in poetry. Both these Americans show, while the New Zealanders in part assert the contrary, that a conscious art need not debilitate the genuineness of feeling.

—David Hall

JOAD WITHOUT END

GUIDE TO MODERN THOUGHT. By C. E. M. Joad. Faber and Faber.
THE MASK AND THE FACE. By Kenneth Melvin. Methuen.

PROFESSOR JOAD has revised his 15-year-old summary of modern philosophy, psychology, and the implications of scientific discovery. He is as agreeably lucid and as lively as ever. Though he is still an "unrepentant rationalist," he is fair to the data accumulated by psychical research, but omits the consideration of any form of the "numinous" which cannot be put into a straight-jacket of ascertainable facts. His modern thought does not include mysticism. He gives credit to Mr. Dunne's dreams and, perhaps too conveniently, attributes much in the field of psychic phenomena to "the undoubted queeriness of time." His final section, "Psychology Invades Literature," seems to have little value except to prove the versatility of Joad. But to such an industrious, graceful, and persistent summariser many things may be forgiven.

Mr. Melvin, a New Zealand writer, also has industry and persistence, but little grace. His excessively athletic prose style has the disadvantage that when his invention flags he is dumped straight into the nearly meaningless: (p. 45) "Like almost everything else in human personality, the social attitude should be indulged only in moderation." Some of his best effects are in any case muffled: business executives can be (p. 113) "as touchy as a time-

bomb"; surely the important characteristic of a time-bomb is that it is not touchy, but bides its appointed hour. Mr. Melvin, of course, does not rely solely on his own exuberant invention. Indeed his book has most value considered as an anthology of aphorisms and quotations, most of which are acknowledged. Here is one which is not. On p. 152 of C. E. M. Joad's book reviewed above we read: "There are gene combinations for bad temper and sadism just as there are for red hair and pink eyes, or in theory, there ought to be." And on pp. 12-13 of *The Mask and the Face* we find: "And it seems that there are gene combinations for bad temper and sadism just as there are for carrot hair and hamertoes." And who first said that solvency was a matter of temperament and not of income?

—D.O.W.H.

LOOKING BACKWARDS

THERE'S GOLD IN THEM HILLS. By D. Mundy. Simpson and Williams, Christchurch.

MORE years ago than I now like to remember we 10-year-olds used to tell each other with appropriate awe as we passed Mundy's shop: "All the Mundys can fight, but Don's a champion." Now Don has written an autobiography. In some ways it is almost incredibly naive, there is no implied literary promise other than a plain unvarnished tale to deliver. Unvarnished certainly, but not wholly unembroidered. The story moves backwards and forwards across the Tasman; once, briefly, to England, but mostly it is a tale of the western portion of the South Island. It concerns coal and quartz mining, but Don was only a labourer in all of his jobs. In the background there is always boxing and the lure of gold.

I think we are all a little wary of the novel or biography which portrays the hero as being driven to consistency in all he does by one great passion. There is nothing of this in Mundy. He loved to fight. He had the true "hatter's" belief in an ultimate lucky strike. But, all his life through, his occupation was what he found to do, his home where he chanced to be. He was as self-sufficient as an egg. Because of this I am glad to hear of the little house he built on his last claim.

The book is diffuse, in some places bombastic, in others banal; the grammar partakes of the catch-as-catch-can wrestling which Don loved, yet there is a certain arresting quality about it. Oddly interesting people make brief appearances. Don's family, his ring opponents, workmates, bosses, and those (their name is legion) who conspired against him at various times. The narrative is high-keyed. Mundy was himself reputed to be something more than flamboyant in his youth and it can hardly be said that he coyly eludes the spotlight in what is, after all, his own book. One surprising thing among all these brightly illuminated characters is the notable absence of women. An occasional kindly boarding-house keeper or barmaid represents femininity, but certainly not romance. Don, nearing seventy, has not yet married.

Years of listening to tales of the West Coast a couple of generations ago convince me that here is the authentic flavour.

—J.D.McD.