

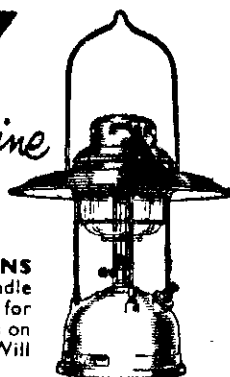
Quick!!
light the
TILLEY



WHETHER YOU'RE CAMPING,
BACHING OR WITHOUT ELECTRICITY,
SOONER OR LATER YOU'LL NEED A

TILLEY

burns ordinary
household kerosine



LAMPS

Perfect light with graceful efficient service. You can use this lamp anywhere, any time. It's the world's most used—and most reliable.

STORM LANTERNS

The all-purpose 300-candle power storm lantern for everyone. Burns 12 hours on 1½ pints of kerosine. Will last a lifetime.

FROM HARDWARE & APPLIANCE DEALERS EVERYWHERE

Sole New Zealand Agents:

JOHN BUCHANAN & SONS (Wgtn.) LTD., WELLINGTON

2.4

Waterproof and greaseproof



Stretches all ways . . . moulds with the heat of the hand . . . no cut or graze too awkward.

Keep a tin of Dalmas Waterproof Plastic Adhesive Dressings in the home, in the workshop, at the office or factory. Blue and white tins of assorted medicated dressings cost only 1/3. Family size 2/4.

DALMAS

Plastic First Aid Dressings

A PRODUCT OF
DALMAS LTD.,
LEICESTER, ENGLAND.

BOOKS

(continued from previous page)

least as welcome as Aubrey Menen's earlier books.

A large part of *The Leap in the Dark* is a play—told as a sort of film scenario—within a novel. The involved manderings of the self-harassed characters under the stress of obscure fears and guilts lack the imaginative unity of Kafka. Apart from the absurdities of the novel's construction, it is very difficult to come to grips with its people. However vigorously one plunges in, one never jumps clear of the surrounding darkness.

The Soldier is a translated German novel about last-war army life in North Africa and France. It focuses attention, with transparent pacifist intention, on the horrors and futility of war: easy money. It has occasionally a gleam of macabre irony, but it is not a work of great force.

On the back jacket of *Sowers of the Wind* the he-man author gazes into the unspeakable distances behind the 2000-watt lamps like a wistful All Black who has become an intellectual and wishes he hadn't. His story is about army service corps jokers in the Australian occupation forces in Japan, who talk the expected army vernacular, blackmarket on a gargantuan scale, and transfer their racial intolerance from the Japanese to the Indian troops. In spite of its crudities and involuntary self-revelations this novel makes a stronger impression than it has any right to do.

—David Hall

ZEALOUS DISCIPLE

MY GANDHI, by John Haynes Holmes; Allen and Unwin. English price 10/6.

GANDHI has been variously described as a mystic, a revolutionary, a half-

naked fakir, a saint and the Mahatma. Which of these most nearly describes Gandhi the man? What was his creed? What was his tremendous hold on the Indian people? It was with these queries and many more that I started to read this book.

Dr. Holmes, an American clergyman, and a self-styled pacifist, answers some of the questions in his portrait of Gandhi as a person. He first became aware of Gandhi through an article, by Gilbert Murray, in an American magazine. This was in 1918, when Dr. Holmes was suffering the mental pains of a reaction against the horrors and brutality of war.

Having studied all the reports he could find about Gandhi and his work during the next three years, Dr. Holmes was convinced that in Gandhi the world had a man capable of solving all its major problems. In 1931 Dr. Holmes first met Gandhi; and he describes this and subsequent meetings in some detail. These pictures of the "off-stage" Gandhi are the real purpose of the book. Dr. Holmes feels that Christianity is the poorer because of a lack of such a record by those who knew Christ. Liking Gandhi to Christ, the author sees it as a duty to place on record his experiences for the benefit of posterity.

There is no doubt that Dr. Holmes was a devout follower of Gandhi; in fact, at times he seems to have been in danger of losing sight of Gandhi's essential humanity. In several parts of the book this near-fanaticism is so evident that one cannot help feeling that posterity would have had a more life-like impression from the pen of a less zealous disciple.

—B.C.

SPECTACULAR BLOSSOM

MOCK up again, summer, the sooty altars

Between the sweltering tides and the tin gardens,
All the colours of the stained bow windows.
Quick, she'll be dead on time, the single
Actress shuffling red petals to this music,
Percussive light! So many suns she harbours
And keeps them jiggling, her puppet suns,
All over the dead hot calm impure
Blood noon tide of the breathless bay.

—Are the victims always so beautiful?

Pearls pluck at her, she has tossed her girls
Breast-flowers for keepsakes now she is going
For ever and astray. I see her feet
Slip into the perfect fit the shallows make her
Purposefully, sure as she is the sea
Levels its lucent ruins underfoot
That were sharp dead white shells, that will be sands.
The shallows kiss like knives.

—Always for this.
They are chosen for their beauty.

Wristiest slaughterman December smoothes
The temple bones and parts the grey-blown brows
With humid fingers. It is an ageless wind
That loves with knives, it knows our need, it flows
Justly, simply as water greets the blood,
And woody tumours burst in scarlet spray.
An old man's blood spills bright as a girl's
On beaches where the knees of light crash down.
These dying ejaculate their bloom.

—Can anyone choose.
And call it beauty?—The victims
Are always beautiful.

—Allen Curnow