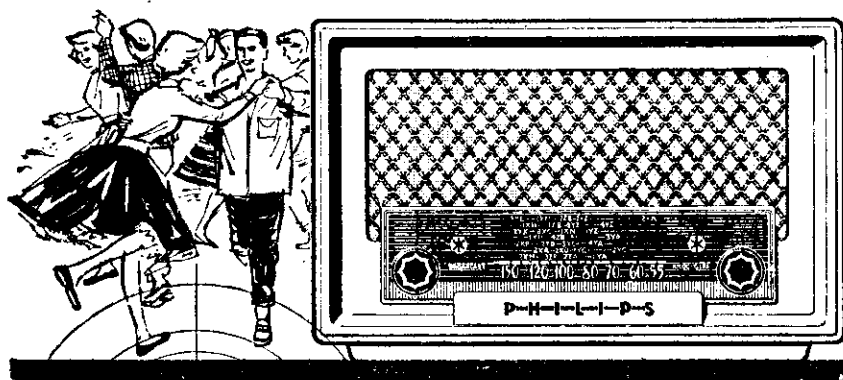


Make this 17½ guinea radio
a radiogram . . .

PLUG IN A PLAYER . . . START THE PARTY



PHILIPS

NOVOSONIC*

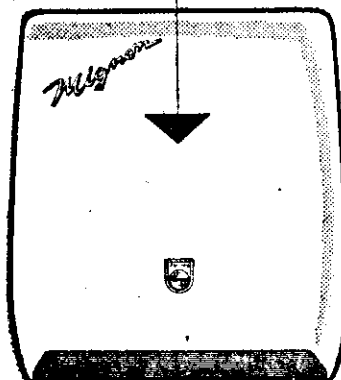
Quintet

Here's a low-cost, high performance radio with PICK-UP terminals! Hear "Quintet" coupled to "Mignon" . . . the new PHILIPS 45 r.p.m. record player.

"Quintet" offers you these big features:
★ 8-valve performance from 5 power-packed multi-function valves. ★ Built-in Ferrite rod aerial. ★ External aerial and earth connections for receiving distant, low powered stations. ★ Exquisite moulded Philite cabinet in rich burgundy and cream.

Available in two models. 17½ gns with pick-up terminals. 17 gns if you prefer it without pick-up terminals.

* Novosonic literally means "new sound". It is the new living sound that results from all the recent improvements in Philips radios.



PHILIPS

SLIDE-O-MATIC

45 r.p.m. record player

Mignon

Just slide a record in the slot and it plays **AUTOMATICALLY** Two seconds to change any 45 r.p.m. record . . . that's all! Try it and see!

LOOK AT THESE BIG FEATURES:

- ★ The most easily operated record player in all history: plugs into your radio.
- ★ Automatic start, stop and ejection after playing.
- ★ Push a button to reject any record.
- ★ Totally enclosed for dust-free, scratch-free record protection.
- ★ Replaceable Hi-Fi Sapphire stylus.

NO-ONE EVER REGRETTED BUYING QUALITY

Only 12 gns.

ASK YOUR PHILIPS DEALER ABOUT EASY TERMS
PHILIPS ELECTRICAL INDUSTRIES OF NEW ZEALAND LIMITED NR-3

NEW ZEALAND LISTENER

INCORPORATING N.Z. RADIO RECORD

Every Friday

Price Sixpence

SEPTEMBER 27, 1957

A Mind Rare and Rich

GUY LE FANU YOUNG, who died on September 8 at the age of 37, was one of the best writers in New Zealand; yet many of his readers did not know his name. Much of his work was published above initials only; and although the initials were distinctive, and stayed longer than most in the memory, they kept him at least partly in anonymity. There was no trace of concealed vanity in this usage, or any delight in mystification. He was a modest man, and fastidious; and he was not always sure (as we were) that writing was his true vocation. Literature as a career might have seemed unsatisfying to one who was more interested in life than in the reflections of it which touched his quick and active mind. And he must have known that life would be short.

Guy Young wrote always as well as he could, even when his work was without initials to identify it; and it is doubtful if he realised how good he was at his best. Readers of *The Listener* will remember his series of Mexican sketches, *A Country Like Home*, and his *Auckland Notebook*. Some of them may be able to recall a short story published several years ago, "The Balance of Power," which we believe to be one of the best stories printed in this journal; but there are other pieces of comparable quality, and a large amount of work produced anonymously when, for little more than a year, he was a valued member of our literary staff. All this writing carries his unmistakable imprint. The style of a good writer reflects his personality, and soon becomes recognisable: rhythm and diction reveal ways of seeing things, and of thinking about them, which could belong to no one else. Every individual is unique, but only an artist can extend his uniqueness to the cast of thought and the choice of words. The individuality of Guy Young was expressed most markedly in two ways: in his freshness of perception, and in the tolerance—a suspension of judgment—that became a sort of wisdom—with which he accepted what he saw.

It is not uncommon for people who suffer from tuberculosis to

see the world a little more vividly than the rest of us. Guy Young had lived with his illness for many years, and knew how frail was his hold upon life. He had that sharpness of vision which is often found in writers of talent who die young—in Katherine Mansfield, for instance, and D. H. Lawrence. But he had something else that does not always go with talent, a love of people, and with it a longing for wholeness that in him could not be separated from his search for health. Although this need of wholeness led him in strange directions, and reduced his output as a writer, it committed him to a spiritual pilgrimage. Perhaps not many people knew this side of Guy Young. But there are others, a large and various company in different parts of the world, who knew and loved him as a person. He had a gift for contact, and was so completely without pretence that people of all kinds felt instantly at ease with him. If those clear eyes looked at men and women, and penetrated their defences, they left no fear that a judgment was being formed behind the glance. There was in fact no judgment: he simply wanted to know people for their own sakes; and if echoes of these meetings came later into his writing they kept the freshness of their source, and had no tincture of malice.

There are people in New Zealand, and in other lands, who will remember Guy Young, though they may not know his name. He will stay in their minds as someone who talked to them once or twice in a husky voice and somehow made them feel better for having met him. Those of us who were closer to him will know what has been lost now that he is gone. He did not set himself up as a writer, or place any high value on literary reputation. Yet good work can find its way without fuss or fanfare—a little slowly, perhaps, but inevitably. If his writings are collected and published (as they should be), we may see with surprise that there has been among us a mind rare and rich, bearing gifts that deserve their own special place in our literature.

—M.H.H.

N.Z. LISTENER, SEPTEMBER 27, 1957.