

strong odour, and where life in brocade-walled mansions can be exchanged overnight at royal displeasure for the darkest dungeon.

The pull of such an uncomfortable century is great, too great even for the author herself, who, after a few odious comparisons between the present century and the 17th, plunges the reader wholly into the latter. Unfortunately Miss Sackville-West cannot resist making many personal remarks (in brackets), and this mars an otherwise enjoyable book.

—Gabriella MacLeod

A SACK BEHIND HIM

SELECTED POEMS, 1928-1958, by Stanley Kunitz; Dent & Sons Ltd., English price 15/-.

IMATELY I had the pleasure of reviewing three American poets (John Berryman, Robert Penn Warren, Robert Lowell) whose work seemed to indicate a new development of content in American poetry. Their work had a real, if rugged interior life. But Mr Kunitz, though he has obtained a Pulitzer prize (and, in the course of a lucrative career, two other prizes, a medal for poetry, two fellowships, an award, and two grants) cannot in any sense be called a pioneer. He writes according to the blueprint—

Within the city of the burning cloud,
Dragging my life behind me in a sack,
Naked I prowled, scourged by the black
Temptation of the blood grown proud.

Here at the monumental door
Carved with the curious legend of my youth,
I brandish the great bone of my death,
Boat once therewith and beat no more . . .

One cannot blame Mr Kunitz for feeling he has to be daimonic. The example of Hart Crane is before him. The critics chant, "We want blood on the page. Be smart as you like, boy, we like it, but you gotta be daimonic." So enters the weird humourless figure of Mr Kunitz as fireman, naked, dragging a sack behind him, scourged by unnameable temptation, and banging once with a big thighbone on a carved door. One wishes faintly that the life would climb out of the sack and speak; but it never does. Mr Kunitz writes very well. He has cashed in, quite unconsciously, on the great American patent—that electronic punching device by which anything can be turned into a poem—a lost wallet, a mailbox, a pigeon, a queasy feeling in the colon. And the ghost of Wallace Stevens, playing in limbo with a Chinese paper-snake, smiles benign approval.

—James K. Baxter

MERE ENGLISH

THE RIVERS OF BABYLON, by Robert Liddell; Jonathan Cape, English price 16/-.
THE ENGLISHMEN, by Laurence Lerner; Hamish Hamilton, English price 15/-.
THE VISITED, by Joan O'Donovan; Victor Gollancz, English price 15/-.
THE UNKIND LIGHT, by Charles Elliott; Hamish Hamilton, English price 13/6.

ENGLISHMEN teaching literature in an Egyptian university not long before Nuguib took power and unloosed the full flood of nationalism are the main

(continued on next page)

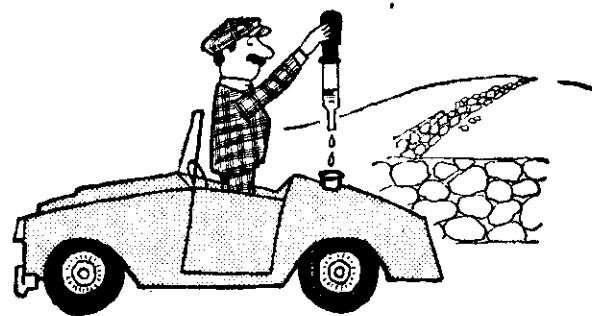
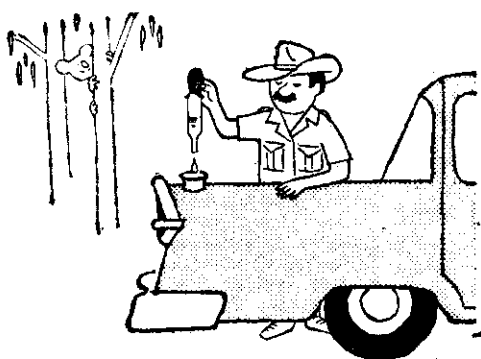
New Zealand's Oldest-Established
Second-hand Bookshop



offers a wide range of Out
of Print and Rare Books
and of Current Books at
Cheap Prices in Guaranteed
Condition.

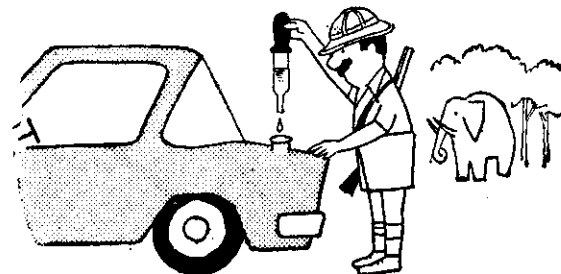
SMITH'S BOOKSHOP LTD.

34 MERCER ST., WELLINGTON, C.1.
Telephone 41-931.



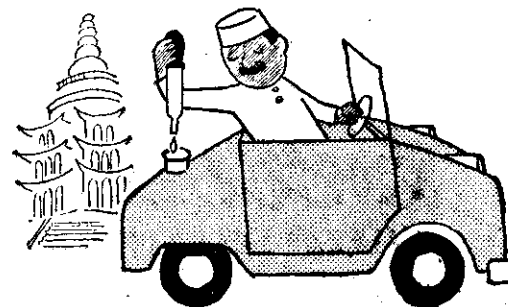
Australia's was held earlier this year...

England's has already been run...



the U.S.A.'s has been and gone...

South Africa's has too...



not to mention Malaya's...

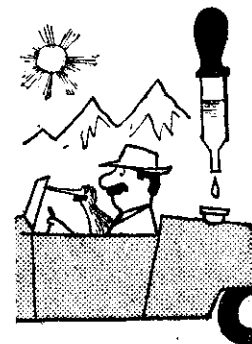
now, here are the starters in NEW ZEALAND'S 1959 Mobilgas Economy Run (NOV. 17th-20th)

BLenheim — CHRISTCHURCH — INVERCARGILL — QUEENSTOWN — DUNEDIN — CHRISTCHURCH

VOLKSWAGEN
STANDARD 10
FORD PREFECT
MORRIS MNR. 1000
AUSTIN A40
FIAT 600
FORD CONSUL
HUMBER 80

SINGER GAZELLE
VAUXHALL VICTOR
AUSTIN A55
MORRIS OXFORD
FORD ZEPHYR
ROVER 90
VAUXHALL VELOX
HOLDEN SPECIAL

JAGUAR 2.4
STANDARD VANG'D
CHEV. BEL-AIR V8
CHEV. BEL-AIR 6
FORD CUSTOM 300
JAGUAR MK.8
JAGUAR 3.4
PLYMOUTH SAVOY



WITH APOLOGIES TO
Savignac

STANDARD-VACUUM OIL CO. (N.Z.) LTD.

MER59.14