

this book of 170 pages or so. A dozen photographs and two colour plates have been added. In this space there are chapters dealing with more than twenty explorers and discoverers, including such patient and zealous men as Colenso, Banks, Cockayne and Kirk. These introductions or outlines should help to stir some readers to an interest in the native plants themselves or to a full study of the work of some of those indefatigable botanical searchers. The index is a mere list of words with rows of figures (and in several cases the page-references lead to a dead end, there are spelling variations, and omissions); the maps of North and South Islands would have been improved by the use of a more orthodox lettering system—river names, especially *Waimakariri*, look strange upside down.

An old list of plants observed in youth and minutely noted in a copy of John's *Flowers of the Field* gave that sharp-eyed nature poet Andrew Young all the impetus he needed to write a companion to his book, *A Prospect of Flowers*. His *Retrospect* is a record of his plant observations over many years. He explains that he collects plants simply by searching for them, finding them, and looking carefully at them; and by these methods, he says, "I hope to die one of the richest men in England." He has found that his well-known habit of *looking*, not *picking*, brings privileges: jealous botanists take him secretly to see the most rare plants or even give him directions for finding them—but Mr. Young makes it clear in a note that he will not part with such information to any inquisitive reader.

This is the book of a scholar and poet in a tradition more inquiring than Wordsworth's. Mr. Young takes rather too much pride in not being a botanist; yet his botanical observations on various plants are often as apt and sometimes as erudite as his quotations from a hundred poets. Here again the lack of a good index will be regretted by many readers who may want to know just where to find that appealing reference to crocus, or dandelion, or oak, or yellow



MARCEL JUNOD, whose "*Warrior Without Weapons*" is to be reviewed by Walter Harris in the *ZB Book Review* session on September 2. Other books for review are: "*Dawson of Penn*," by Francis Watson (Dr. John MacCormac); "*A Game of Hide and Seek*," by Elizabeth Taylor, and "*The Foolish Virgin*," by Margaret Penn (Edith Teague), and "*Otago Interval*," by Jess Whitworth (A. G. W. Dunningham).

N.Z. LISTENER, AUGUST 24, 1951.

ganea. Never mind, in this case re-reading is more enjoyable than first-reading.

MORE LIGHT ON GANDHI

GANDHI'S LETTERS TO A DISCIPLE, with an introduction by John Haynes Holmes; Victor Gollancz. English price, 12/6.

MADELEINE SLADE, daughter of a British admiral, a popular social figure and a friend of Romain Rolland, read Rolland's biography of Gandhi and from that moment she was a religious disciple. But these 351 letters written to her by Gandhi between 1924 and 1948 are not so much a revelation of aspects of her religious ecstasy or of Gandhi, the Mahatma. They show Gandhi telling Mira (Miss Slade) how to keep accounts, how certain *Sena* leaves are cheaper than castor oil or liquorice powder, or asking her to send him 3 lb. of cotton to spin in gaol, or telling her "I was weighed on Thursday and I was 98 lb., a gain of 2½ lb. in one week." But the ascetic Gandhi is there also—"That fruit happens to be a delicacy as well as food is perhaps unfortunate," "Be sure that you do not pamper the body," "I may need a dose of milk periodically," "Your primary concern is . . . to live in villages without needing a yearly exodus to the hills." "Blessed are they that expect nothing."

There is something universal in these attractive letters. And they are essential to an understanding of Gandhi's life—his methods and his achievement.

—W. B. Sutch

THE END

FINISTERE, by Fritz Peters; Victor Gollancz. English price, 10/6.

THIS novel, with its scene in France, is the story of the adolescent Matthew, child of divorced American parents, who both remarry, the classic situation for producing instability. But need it have produced the guilty love of Matthew for his French schoolmaster, Michel? Some phases of this book are well handled and show a sensitiveness to the fluctuating moods of youth, but sin as much as virtue has its *longueurs* as well as its *misères*. It fails in sum to secure that "willing suspension of disbelief" which we are asked to bring to the reading of every novel. The suicide with which it ends and much else besides leave in the mind of at least one reader nothing but incredulity.

—David Hall

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

DESIGN REVIEW, published six times a year under the auspices of the Architectural Centre, Wellington, adheres quietly and firmly to high standards. The most recent issue keeps on the whole to the usual plan: there are illustrated studies of New Zealand houses, an article on heating in the home, and regular features—book reviews, gramophone notes and so on. The central interest is architecture; but houses, once built, are to be lived in, and the way is therefore open for secondary topics—interior decoration, furnishing, heating and lighting. Moreover, good houses may be occupied by people who read books, who want real pictures for their walls, and who listen to music: so that the arts also may be discussed. The principal aim of *Design Review*, the promotion of better housing, entitles it to wide notice; but its best claim to support is simply its intrinsic quality. Good writing and high standards of production are giving it a special place among New Zealand journals.



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