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RADIO REVIEW

THE Pan-Pacific Women's Congress held in Christchurch from January 11 to 25 compelled one lethargic male mind to acknowledge that such an organisation exists. On several evenings I listened with interest to 3YA's *Pan-Pacific Newsreel*. Although no great believer in the exclusively female or male society, because they might as easily estrange as reconcile the sexes, I nevertheless thought the women considered a number of things important in themselves. The problem of "traffic in charm" in Cambodia, where men take young women and cast them off as soon as the bloom of youth is gone, is one which will scarcely be solved without the active support of strong and intelligent men. A lighter side came up when one member said that though the men in her country were allowed to have concubines economic obstacles kept the men down to one wife, who was quite able to "dominate" her husband. Mother Peter, to my mind, spoke wisely when she suggested that equality should not be confused with being identical. While admiring Eastern frankness, the sexual tragedies of our own people leave us little to be proud of. The novels the respectable dismiss check against experience to prove that in the West marriage is an ideal rather than a reality.

Dickens and Joyce

"OF the making of many books there is no end." This, as the preacher implies, is bad enough in itself but the condition is aggravated when on three nights of a single week over 3YC, BBC champions persuade you to get beyond a youthful affection for Dickens's least typical novel or to take up the struggle with Joyce again. Already looking at these speculatively it is fortunate I missed Grigson's talk on Hardy. By

treating Dickens not as a realist but as one who, looking at the world through a child's eyes, saw people in their more arbitrary and mysterious aspects, and combined this with a passionate disapproval of Victorian "charity," Walter Allen gave an introduction to Dickens which made the rough ways smooth. Joyce, frankly, goes beyond me except in certain features of *Finnegans Wake*, where his strange language unites heaven and earth in a new beauty not observed by those romantics whose one aim in life is to get all the earth off their hands. Yet whether I agreed with Henry Reed or not I see clearly for the first time why Joyce may be considered as a barrier in the history of the novel, as one from whom many have borrowed but whom none has surpassed.

—Westcliff

All Pals Together

BOOK SHOP seems since its early days to have undergone some process which brings it out culturally on the far side of *ZB Book Review*—well, this side if considered purely as entertainment. A Pyrrhic victory, some listeners may decide, but won by conscientious application of such well-established commercial principles as the all-pals-together attitude between chairman, speakers and listeners, and a tendency in the early, less weighty part of the session to encourage the sweeping judgment rather than the more reasoned, less spectacular appraisal. I refer particularly to last week's smashing demolition of digests by Bob Lowe (Mr. Lowe, had it been *ZB Book Review*). Most amusing listening, partly because it seems to me that Mr. Lowe suffered from that very sickness of judgment he condemned. After all, I ask, how can Messrs. Lowe and Perry state so categorically that childbirth is not an exhilarating process?

Literature With Life

NOW that the NBS has overcome its natural awe at laying microphone hands on our only internationally-recognised literary figure I hope we will have

THE MODEL SHIP

*MIMIC galleon, no bigger than my shoe,
Do I see you in mosaic or Main,
Poised between falling and leaping
In this square of adamant blue,
Booms bent, windless sails astrain,
Plump with the billowing Cross,
Tops brave with the pennants of Spain?*

*ART begins here, history ends.
Your legend is not found on charts,
Etched crabwise round the world,
Under heraldic lozenges and cherubim winds
From every quarter; you sail in our hearts,
Whittled for a song in a backwater town
From the patience idleness imparts.*

*FROZEN is the wake, and at the wheel
Immutably the midget helmsman
Steers for the Sainted Isles,
Awaiting the dip and reel
Of the choppy Trades; westward the garlands
Of casuarina, pearls, peppers, manila hemp,
And surf sighing on the white sands.*

*I DREAM, and all is calm or storm
About your miniature; ability
Of ancient friend or foreigner
Gave us today your form;
We lend you a wild mobility,
And cherish in his matchwood and glass
The print of a proud nobility.*

—Colin Newbury