

England's ENTIRELY DIFFERENT and FULLY PROVED FLOOR POLISHER.

TRUVOX "JUNO"

with the
Exclusive SAFETY CLUTCH

This special feature automatically disconnects the motor when the handle is held vertical, thus preventing the polisher moving prematurely (with possible damage to furniture, etc.) if switch is inadvertently left in "on" position when plugged into electric point.

One hand operation is effortless and steady. Direct friction drive. No troublesome belts, no oiling or greasing required.

12 months' written guarantee.

Large single brush gives greatest area of polishing bristle of any household polisher on the market.

Price
£21'10'.

Spare
Parts
Available

Lowest built . . . goes under most furniture.

Felt polishing pad clips easily over rotary brush giving a final mirrorlike finish.

Very simple to use. Polishing brush quickly detachable for cleaning.

Weary hours of hand polishing could not achieve the lustrous surface produced with ease and perfection by "Juno's" big polishing brush revolving 450 times a minute.

THE TRUVOX JUNO is a sound and proven polisher, proved not only in England, but in many hundreds of New Zealand homes.

STOCKED BY ALL LEADING ELECTRICAL APPLIANCE DEALERS

If unable to procure locally, write to N.Z. Factory Distributors, Direct Imports (N.Z.) Ltd., P.O. Box 72, Hastings, or S. R. Marston & Co., P.O. Box 1371, Christchurch.

Lights Faster

Burns cleaner

Lasts longer

Best for all lighters

RONSONOL

LIGHTER FUEL

RONSON PRODUCTS LTD., LONDON.
N.Z. Representatives: Ponsford, Newman & Benson 1948 Ltd.
RONSONOL Wholesale Distributors: Delopec (N.Z.) Ltd.,
Howes Lane, Wellington.



Books

ELIOT ON DRAMA

POETRY AND DRAMA, by T. S. Eliot;
Faber and Faber. English price, 7.6.

(Reviewed by J.B.)

IN Wellington recently Mr. Eric Linklater read to a small group some extracts from contemporary British plays—James Bridie, Christopher Fry, T. S. Eliot. Rolling each extract round his tongue like a wine-taster, he asked the same series of questions: "What is it? Is it prose? Is it verse? Is it poetry?" The pièce-de-résistance, of course, was the last act of *The Cocktail Party*.

Those who have been fascinated, repelled or merely disconcerted by Mr. Eliot's adventures in the theatre since *Sweeney Agonistes* will find the chief interest of this short essay (originally delivered as the Theodore Spencer Memorial Lecture at Harvard) in its second part, which is both a report on experience and a remarkably candid piece of self-criticism. The first part, relatively slight but necessary to provide some balance and an escape from academic egoism, examines briefly the function of speech and style in drama. A triple distinction is established between prose, verse and ordinary speech: "It will appear that prose, on the stage, is as artificial as verse: or alternatively, that verse can be as natural as prose." *Hamlet*, the play that Mr. Eliot once described as "an artistic failure," is then drawn upon to illustrate Shakespeare's mature control of verse and poetry in supreme dramatic speech.

But it is when he reviews his own technique, and its comparative success or failure in his three full-length plays from *Murder in the Cathedral* to *The*

Cocktail Party, that Mr. Eliot becomes immediately arresting, in that professional manner of his that is such a bland mixture of Aristotle and Old Possum. Here are personal judgments and admissions that will be quoted (probably *ad nauseam*) so long as the poetic drama of the 20th Century is found worthy of serious discussion. Who would have supposed that the pattern of behaviour of Mr. Eliot's improbable psychiatrist was suggested by Herakles in the *Alcestis* of Euripides? Does it matter? Not very much, perhaps, but it will be a relief to producers to know that the Furies need no longer appear visibly to the audience in *The Family Reunion*, and it may be some consolation to much-tried actors to know that the hero of the same play now strikes its author as "an insufferable prig."

The general reader may wonder if 30-odd pages of well-printed *causerie* are worth the money; but this is the perfect present for anyone seriously interested in modern drama. And as a starting-point for argument, Mr. Eliot's text has something of the virtue of those earlier lecture-notes of Aristotle on which no two subsequent ages have been in agreement, but which no age that values poetry can afford to neglect.

THE ABORIGINES

ADAM IN OCHRE, by Colin Simpson; Angus and Robertson. Australian price, 25.

TODAY'S new literary form, radio feature writing, here ventures to displace, or at least to forestall, the traditional "narrative" of a scientific expedition. Whether to good effect or not depends I suppose on who asks, the scientist or the general reader, and it may be rash to try to answer for both.

That it is good popular science can be said unreservedly. Facts and events come freshly and first-hand either from the author's own eager experience, or, as he makes good use of radio's new weapon the tape-recorder, from the expedition scientists' own word-and-place descriptions or discussions.

Two qualities that make Simpson's handling of science popular also give coherence and unity to what might otherwise have become a mere succession of episodes. They are his humanity, which as one reads emerges as the purpose of the book, and his sense of drama.

The form of the book suggests the stage—prologue: a neat, terse, interest-holding outline of the Aborigines and their ways; scene: the hot rocky hills, plains and lagoons, and the unexpectedly fertile aridity of Arnhem Land; overture: the songman, tube-trumpet and painted log-drum summoning corroborees from the scrub and paperbarks; narrative acts, tense and vivid, of misunderstanding, neglect and exploitation of a "wild" people; a short story, almost too well told for comfortable reading, of brutal violation of their deepest affections; and discussions that reveal the difficulties that stand in the way of bringing these tribes out of nomadism. The "Walkabout" existence, though long since economically inadequate, is still the essence of their spiritual existence because the hills, rocks and water-holes are their altars and they belong to the land instead of the land belonging to them.

Simpson emphasises, as Professor Elkin insisted some years ago, that the aborigines, now increasing in numbers,



DAVID COMBRIDGE, 32B Gardening Expert, who is to review "The Coming of the Flowers," by A. W. Anderson, in the ZB Book Review session on February 17. "The Injustice Collectors," by Louis Auchinloss, and "Fright in the Forest," by Ben Sowerby, will be discussed by Anton Vogt; John Morris will deal with "Blandings' Way," by Eric Hodgins; and "Catch," by Keith Miller and R. S. Whittington, will be reviewed by Jack Cowie.