



BOOKS

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to think their collections will remain together for all time. Death duties and executors usually decide otherwise.

The present volume is one of a series on Philipps and his library. Most of the series will be concerned with his catalogue and its contents, but the editor has decided to devote a short volume to the collector's life and character. "It cannot be denied," he has to admit, "that Philipps divorced from his library cuts a very disagreeable figure." Disagreeable and mean he certainly was, and the reader will get a certain grim amusement from the record. But he would do well to remember at the same time that half the scholars in Western Europe used his collection and acknowledged its greatness. —I.A.G.

ALCOHOLIC ARTIST

THE WINE OF GENIUS, by Robert Coughlan; Victor Gollancz. English price, 12 6.

MAURICE UTRILLO'S alcoholism has given his work a sort of *éclat* among collectors, and the excessive bohemianism of his life makes a pretty contrast with the purity and serenity of his pictures, which are usually street scenes of Montmartre. In this biography, some of which originally appeared in *Life* magazine, as may be judged from the clever title and the brilliant little photographs which accompany the text, the author is wholly in sympathy with Utrillo, and tells his story with relish and in a clear lucid style which befits a short book. It is an amazing story of the artist's love for his mother Valadon, herself an artist and the model and lover of great artists. Degas, Renoir, Toulouse-Lautrec, are her visitors, while Maurice himself, his father unknown and his surname casually donated by a friend in a bar, has drunken escapades. Later comes his friendship with Modigliani, the curious ménage at the Rue Cortot, the periods in various institutions, or the

police station at Montmartre, where the police kept a supply of canvases and oils on hand and refused to let him go until he had done another painting for their collection. Finally, there is the fantastic success of his paintings after years of derision. Money rolls in, and with it the claim of being France's greatest painter, and then follows his marriage to the impossible Lucie Pawels. The book may not tell a great deal about Utrillo's art, but as the life story of an unusually eccentric artist it is a very readable document. —P.J.W.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

CRUSADER IN THE SECRET WAR, by the Countess of Listowel; Christopher Johnson, N.Z. price 18/-. The story of "Peter Nart" and his part in the war within the war—his dealings with Germany's satellites—and of his work with the author since 1945.

THE NIBELUNG'S RING, by Aulmer Buesst; Newman Neame. New Zealand price 12/6. A revised edition of an act-by-act guide to the plot and music of Wagner's opera cycle. There are many musical illustrations.

SNOWFLAKE, by Paul Gallico; Michael Joseph. English price 5/-. The author of *The Snow Goose* and *The Small Miracle* brings the same touch to the story of a snowflake.

FOOTNOTE ON CAPRI, by Norman Douglas; Sidgwick and Jackson. English price 10/6. A short sketch of

the island and its history — "just a glimpse" — inspired by 48 photographs by Islay Lyons, which accompany the text.

TAPU AND OTHER TALES OF OLD NEW ZEALAND, by D. W. O. Fagan; A. H. and A. W. Reed, N.Z. price 4/6. True tales of early New Zealand which appeared in *Wide World Magazine* and other periodicals about 40 years ago, reprinted in book form for the first time.



THE young Utrillo, from a sketch made by his mother, Suzanne Valadon

COMING ROUND THE BEND . . .

With Denis Glover

ONE of the joys of a democracy is that we have such a right to differ that an editor is as equally concerned with his correspondence columns as with his featured articles.

BUT gentility and circumlocution are not much use as a hammer for brass tacks. Two recent letters to the editor of *The Listener* began: "Sir,—I feel compelled to take up my pen in protest against . . ." and "Sir,—May I express my astonishment at . . ."

IT is good that those who affect a poniard should stab to kill.

ONCE upon a time there was undoubtedly a sinister threat in the name of the Red Indian chief which goes, translated, "Pick You Up and Make You

Fly Through the Air." Today he is probably a thoroughly qualified airline pilot.

LIKE everyone, I have in my time done a good deal of stamp-licking. It would be so easy for the Post Office to flavour the gum.

WHEN you're in a jam it's a great thing to be able to think. "Well, here's a moment in time that will never occur again." In pleasures one should do the same but somehow doesn't.

"DOGS not permitted on these premises." Never a word to say Gay Dogs or Sad Dogs.

I have a small thing to say
Before the end of the play:
Folly occurs naturally, my son,
Wisdom has to be won.

N.Z. LISTENER, APRIL 24, 1953.



AS TANNIN FREE
AS TEA CAN BE

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