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British Paints Limited

eek of Expatriates

Manning. (Heinemann, 18s.) THE WIND OFF THE SEA. By David Beaty. (Secker & War-

HUASIPUNGO. By Jorge Icaza. (Dobson, 15s.) SAY NOTHING. By James

Hanley: (Macdonald. 16s.)

established a reputation as a disturbingly exact interpreter of South American life. With Francis King, whom he resembles also in his narrative skill, he is the best living portraitist of the expatriate. His first two novels were written with an assurance and care which imbued their lurid townscapes with complete actuality—he never uses the grotesque as decoration. In his England and pseudonymous

towns in South America. They are an impressive collection. Again the first vivid ing lies in his power to animate impact of his reportage has had his characters grow. It is rather like looking at a stretch of jungle across a clearing: a man emerges, stands for a moment and gradu-ally approaches you until his face fills your field of vision; by the time he speaks to you your curiosity about him has become

The long title story—about a facetious English girl who is unable to adapt either to her marriage with a lecherous Pole or to the conventions of suspicious respectability which operate in irony and detachment without damaging the compassion of its

tactics, for outrageous raids into the other's emotional territory. There are many such generalsations—occasionally he goes a little too far in trusting their application to all circumstances, the sort of grudging baseless re-

by Julian Jebb



MARK GERSON Frank Tuchy

prodigious (a list of characters would be a help) and the way in which they are manoeuvred is precise and melancholy eye is admirably professional. The effect prosperity to the Indians who includes Poland, post-war society already insecure, the way little shacks, but the glimmer of ence are thrust upon people who have previously avoided each other, are finely if over-elaborately conveyed. Miss Manning is satisfaction of Mr Tuohy's writ- ambitious: she is attempting a panoramic picture of a particular places; it is only after the place at a particular time, and her success in this direction cannot be judged until her final

Her most cherished portrait i that of the penniless Prince Yakimov-a seedy Edwardia "rip" who sponges his way about Transylvania with all the tenacity for survival which lengthy expatriation induces. Some her other characters descend int caricature and too much use is Bates. made of "comic" mistakes in English. But despite these strictures, which make the early "The Spoilt City" is full

appointingly superficial climax. very excitingly and efficiently

bility to direct large-scale bomb originally conceived North Cour try flying instructor, he learns th disciplines of physical courage nd decisiveness. His love life ends—human and geographical— which leads to his destruction i it demands and the symbol of his ambivalence—an inability at cer-

> he author shares with Nevil tute the ability to explain comlex scientific apparatus o

The cast of the novel is savage account of exploitation.

by Julian Symons

Best of the Week

AYMOND CHANDLER similes (like "acned with rust.") pretentiously. But Mr Macdonald's model, and this to the plot, but the line of the new book has the visual sharpness of the master's own

Archer is hired by an oil haps, but a highly accomplished millionaire to find out what has and individual piece of work.

13s. 6d.). Good solid study of reality still stick out puzzlingly police investigation, beginning but Miss Sherry has fitted the incautiously follows up a tip on story over them with a good deal his own, exploding at the end into of skill. Warner's knowledge of criminal slang, habits, thought, is what

THE FINAL DEDUCTION. By Rex Stout. (Collins. 12s. 6d.) Rich woman pays kidnappers half a million dollars for return of her husband; husband comes back his 276 lb. (has he been slimming?) bulk from the old browningenious plot, and altogether the best Rex Stout for some while.

an up and coming young legal Records,

happened to his daughter, Phoebe Wycherly. He follows the trail of the girl's two months old disappearance from college through circles of shabbiness use it as the springboard and evasion which coil down-Macdonald used phrases and the half-way honest wife of a ment house keepers.

quest for Phoebe Wycherly runs vriting.
Private detective Lew Mr Macdonald's best book, per

DEATH OF A BOGEY. By eagle accused of murdering his

THE HIGH BRIGHT SUN. B Ian Stuart Black. (Hutchinson. 15s.) Thriller set in Cyprus during Cypriot-American girl trying to convey to British Intelligence Major that the liberal Cyprion he seems. Crisply and intelligently written, although the characterisation is not exactly subtle.

TULIAN SYMONS most enter-

tainingly sketches the evolution of detective fiction in this country Detectives to the contemporary



ANTHEA SIEVEKING Olivia Manning.

A road is to be built through the jungles of Ecuador, ostensibly to bring a modicum of live within its densities in their in which trust and mutual depend- responsibility is extinguished by into his speechless palm.

the greed of Don Alfonso, who is to build the road. I would suspect that the author is a Marxist, but, if so, his political affiliations do not interfere with the balance of the story—the

with the balance of the story—the Barbary apes—which are to oppressed behave as bestially as Gibraltar what the ravens are to their oppressors in the brutal the Tower. Traditional British carnage which results. Read, in | characters are well drawn—there an excellent translation by is a very endearing affection for Mervyn Savill, either as fable or | Britain-and although the joke documentary, the story generates | goes on too long and sometimes both pity and anger.

TAMES HANLEY is a powerful, J eccentric stylist using words with an insistent rhythm which tends to rob them of their familiar associations and lend them a frightening abstract substance communication between human romantic conclusion. Una, beings might break down entirely | would-be new-wave actress, undoor of their illusions. The Baines | sulkily against conventional, prea back street in the north of arty, irresponsible Willows, a

DOUBLE

Ingenious, heavily-humorous, imagined reconstruction of what happened in Gibraltar after the Prime Minister's war-time cable stretches a bit far, most of it is entertaining and the whole a pleasant and undemanding "diversion," which is no doubt exactly what the author intended.

The Weather at Tregulia. By (Hodder & Stella Gibbons. Stoughton. 18s.) Romantic novel the continual implication is that without undue concession to if they were to take but the most | willingly lives in Cornwall on her cautionary step outside the front father's violet farm, reacting family, living claustrophobically in | dictable neighbours, until the England, take in a lodger whom | brother and sister, arrive to they separately devour or punish | fascinate and disconcert. The . . . upstairs one can hear, as it | story moves too slowly but the were. Harold Pinter's Caretaker | characters grow and develop with

stumping about, smashing his fist | an interesting shift of sympathy

THE MYSTERIOUS MR. BATES

HAVE always found H. E. Bates a mystery. The least - obtrusive of writers, he always tells his stories with detachment and apparent shyness, almost as if needing to shelter behind his characters, yet the only thing I have ever been able to remember from any of his books has been H. E.

There is a tone of voice that persists. It is there as strong as ever in his latest book, running through all five stories in The Golden Oriole, linking them for all their dissimilarities and placing them deftly within the curiously limited yet complete world of his imagination. The stories themselves are impeccably written. One is about a lady dressmaker who discovers sex by accident. Another is about a philosophy student who hitches a lift from an over-plausible lorry driver. The title story is a Chekhovian piece about a gentle housewife who is taken one night beneath her own apple tree by a young man who then disappears

for good to Bahrein. But it is Mr Bates's voice that matters. He speaks quietly, unemotionally, allusively, wistfully. It is as if, describing something he overheard, he is anxious not to exaggerate or do anyone an injustice by attributing motives to them that they might not have. by John Pearson

THE GOLDEN ORIOLE. By H. E. Bates. (Michael Joseph.

THE GREYLING, By Daphne Rooke. (Gollancz. 16s.) 🕠 POSSIT! By William Thornton. (Gollancz. 18s.)

had. Circumspect, restrained, he can skate the very borders of sentimentality, and if his readers may choose to tumble over he is too old a hand to do so himself.

TAPHNE ROOKE uses a similar technique for much of her novel, The Greyling. There is the same restraint, the same reliance on understatement that produces for Mr Bates some of his most notable effects. But because Miss Rooke is writing not about England, but about post-Sharpeville South Africa, the result is more striking. She is a very fine novelist. Her story is superficially about the murder of a coloured servant girl by her young Afrikaans lover, but "The Greyling" is much more than this, and the restraint and the careful precision of the dialogue convey a terrifying impression of the society she is writing about,

brutality or injustice, although both occur. But she shows with great compassion the toll a system' founded on apartheid must take on the spirit of those who try to

impose it and live by it. There are the old settlers with their pride, their primitive Christianity and their intense loyalty to each other. There are the Africans themselves, representing a constant threat that allows no softness or weakening among Europeans who wish to survive. And between them, as the tension mounts, there is this appalling emotional anarchy that is the real subject of this book, an anarchy, that destroys the simplest relationships and erodes the trust and kindliness of white

If sheer energy and cheerfulness can ever make a grammar school funny William Thornton's Possit should considerable success for laughs with all the energy of a P.T. instructor before an open day, he has written a book that reads like a "Lucky Jim" and "Whacko." Everyone in it is a caricature, from the headmaster's pretty daughter Millie to old Larkup the lodger and the unfortunate Mr Possit's gin-swilling, cigarette a day fifth formers. The result is an endearing, rather overwhelming book that should be kept firmly out of reach of the



Seel-the new and easy way to get a hard-wearing floor shine

Seel is a new liquid shine for lino and plastic tiles. Seel is just spread over the floor with a cloth, no rubbing is required. Seel gives a soft rich glow that resists heel marks, spills and dirt and is slip-resistant. Once down, all Seel needs is an occasional wipe over with a damp cloth.

HOW TO USE IT. To Seel a floor is an easy matter if one simple rule is remembered; the floor must be absolutely clean and dry before putting on the Seel. This means that it must be free from all traces of dirt and previous polishes. The floor should be scrubbed-because the Seel will not take a proper hold on a dirty floor. Too much trouble? Not if you remember that Secl lasts such a long time before re-treatment is necessary.

THREE EASY STEPS. 1 Get the floor absolutely clean.

2 Spread the Seel on with a soft, damp cloth or sponge applicator. (Seel should not be rubbed in—it shines as it dries.)

3 Allow a minimum of 20 minutes drying time, for a soft, rich luxury shine. Floors that have never been Seeled before may need two or three coats.

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