

# craccum

## A.U. STAFF DEFEND "ANOTHER COUNTRY"

BALDWIN BOOK SINCE CLEARED BY TRIBUNAL

Two members of the University of Auckland staff, Professor Crawford of the English Department, and Professor Groves of the Anthropology Department, who are dedicated to the defence of free expression in New Zealand, gave the benefit of their expert knowledge to the Indecency Tribunal when it met in Wellington recently to consider an application for the banning of the novel "Another Country", by the distinguished American novelist, James Baldwin.

Dr. Groves said that he had read the book in the United States and had made a study of conditions on the ground covered. It was a truthful, highly perceptive, and moral sociological document.

"A respect for minority cultures is something that would be better for us," he said. "I feel that this novel would do nothing but good for New Zealanders who could understand it.

"There is also a homosexual minority in New Zealand and it would do no harm to try to understand their problems.

On racial troubles he said, "The barriers are hardening on both sides in Auckland City. I may be disqualified to say this, after my five and a half years residence in New Zealand, but I feel the attitude expressed in this book could be of great value to New Zealanders."

Of language used in the book, Dr. Groves, who is an Australian, said that there were three words that he had not heard since he went to America. All the rest he had heard in school playgrounds at the age of 11 or 12. He qualified this by saying that the playgrounds he referred to were Australian ones.

He thought that the acts of sexual intercourse described in the book would not be likely to change the course of anyone's sexual life. Only the better educated person could understand the book.

The format could be a factor in purchase, he said. In the form shown to the tribunal and at the price of 26s a copy, it would likely to appeal to the mature-minded.

Savage endeavoured to discredit Professor Grove's testimony when he asked, "If it were published as a cheap paperback, with a front cover picture of a Negro tearing a white girl's clothing from bodice to hem, could that not appeal to a different type of reader?"

Dr. Groves replied: "I believe that would be an insult to James Baldwin, but I'm not prepared to agree that it would do them any harm." Dr. Groves said the book dealt with its subject matter in three ways. First it said "This is what it is like." Then it examined the premises and then it asked, discussed and evaluated the moral questions. In that perspective it is a highly moral tract, Dr. Groves said. "He is asking people to think for themselves about the moral problems."

The writer had a tragic sense of life. A very serious man indeed, working very hard at his problems.

"I see Baldwin as being a great preacher," Professor Crawford said. "His image was fundamentally religious—even a Christian one. If Christ came back to the world today He might use a sword by which to make His meaning clear—and He might say things in much the same language."

The language used by Baldwin was intended as a sort of shock therapy. The book would be much less forceful if the language were omitted.

Crown Prosecutor Savage asked if Enid Blyton's Noddy was comparable. Professor Crawford answered that it was not.

Writing in the *New Zealand Listener*, March 6, 1964, E. H. McCormick, adviser to the Auckland University Press, refers to the "quintet of old and ageing persons — most of them undistinguished even by the standards of this mediocre little community," who are "to sit in judgment on one of the heroic figures of our time (James Baldwin), a young man known throughout the world as the very embodiment of courage and integrity." "I wonder whether the tribunal will suppress Mr Baldwin or clear him or dismiss him with a caution or perhaps let him through with an A certificate. Whatever the verdict, this country and not another will stand condemned."



## BEARDED ANARCHIST ANNOUNCES —

"Auckland students could follow in the footsteps of the Victoria Anarchist group," said bearded Anarchist bard Jim Hawkins. "Those who prefer to classify themselves as Liberal, Libertarian, Individualist, Humanitarian, Progressive, Radical, Beatnik, should roll along to the inaugural meeting of the Auckland Anarchist Group in order to discover that a plurality of names hides a similarity of aims."

The inaugural meeting of the Auckland Anarchist Group will be held on April 10 at 7.30 p.m. in the Committees Room (Hut 6) behind the Cafeteria. Anarchist firebrand William Dwyer, doyen of the Victoria Anarchists, will make an appearance. Iconoclasts and Constructivists were welcomed by Mr Hawkins,

"Anarchists are neither pessimistic beats nor apocalyptic maniacs," went on Hawkins. "They don't underestimate the obstructions which exist in the social structure to the establishment of their goals. Impediments to the satisfaction of vital human needs must be faced, grappled with, and overcome."

Bearded Anarchist bard Jim Hawkins continued, "The words **anarchism**, **anarchist** and **anarchic** give rise to suspicions that there is some insidious ideology lurking behind the words. But Bakunin type bomb-throwers and violent anti-terrorist assassins lurk in the shadows of the history of anarchism. The dramatic gestures of historic personages were a response to the needs of their particu-

lar milieu. Their tragedy is not being repeated by contemporary anarchists who are committed to harmonious living, tolerance and self-disciplined freedom of action and expression.

"The anarchist turns up his nose at power hierarchies, he challenges petty tyrants without emulating their practices; he is not mesmerised by the authenticating fictions of governmental minorities. Governments must be representative of the free men in a society, not of pressure groups.

Anarchists have a faith in ideal human existence. Society must allow for:—

- A plurality of groups living in harmony with groups which have differing aims, laws, beliefs and values.
- Maximum autonomy and personal freedom.
- Maximum toleration and acceptance of all other persons, groups, beliefs and behaviours.
- Maximum mutual aid and co-operation amongst groups and individuals.
- Complete material equality.
- Decentralisation.
- Individual responsibility.



# AGONY IN A CULTURAL GARDEN

A panel discussion entitled "An Agonising Reappraisal of the Arts in Auckland," arranged by the Art Gallery Associates.

Chairman: Professor Robert Chapman

Mr Peter Tomory

Mr Carl Stead

Mr Michael Draffin

By JEAN LEGONNIER

As a chairman, Robert Chapman must surely be the British Empire heavyweight champion. He sat in the Art Gallery ring and punched — almost in rotation — his featherweight, welterweight and middleweight opponents for more than half of the two agonising hours. Not the best way to get the best out of a panel — or an audience.

Peter Tomory made the clearest and most forceful contribution. He spoke professionally with conviction and did try to steer panel and audience away from an unhealthy obsession with the mystique of the statistic to a clearer understanding of some of the issues.

After a largely colourless and drab discussion, Carl

One old fellow wanted the Council to throw out the collection of modern New Zealand painting and replace it by works as nice as the Italian ones, and a lady of operatic stature and gesture found everything in the garden to be lovely.

If such functions are to play any part in the development of Auckland, they must be more than a rambling exchange of stale thoughts dragged out for another cultural evening.

The question of why the panel discussion took place could be answered only by the Associates' executive. If the panel was a good idea some of its members were — to say the least — not up to it; they looked very reluctant participants. I came away depressed with the impression that we had learnt there is nothing seriously wrong with the arts in Auckland that, given time enough, could not be fixed by an increased population, better critics, more festivals . . . oh yes! and fewer panel discussions.



—courtesy Wakefield

The panel got off to a bad start by failing to define and clarify its aim and scope — presumably due to the absence of any preparatory discussion. The panel roamed over a wide range of topics: critics, indecency, publishers, the press, competitions, patronage, education, choice of plays, orchestras, festivals and so on, but after all no links were established; no common problems seen; no clear picture of the arts now — their health or sickness, unless it was a picture of a fairly self-satisfied society.

Stead and Michael Draffin wound up by agreeing that happily Auckland literature and music do not suffer from the disturbing faction fights afflicting Auckland painting — what a thought!

Apart from Arthur Lawrence's timely and impassioned defence of the European students' broader culture, contributions from the floor added nothing. Mr Hogen told us that in fourteen years attendances at Festival concerts have multiplied by a score, then sat down again.

## PEACE CORPS PROBLEM RETURNING VETERANS

In his inaugural address last year, President Kennedy asked Americans to stop asking what their country could do for them; instead they should ask what they could do for their country? Many Americans have been doing something for their country by joining the Peace Corps. By 1963, when the Peace Corps veterans began returning to the US with their honourable discharges, the moratorium on asking was over. For if the Peace Corps veterans are like any other American vets, they will be asking for plenty.

I hope I'm not disturbing the Peace Corps mystique by raising the veterans' issue before the war, so to speak, is over, but it is about time the nation started thinking about this potential mess. The only sign that the Peace Corps brains trust is even aware of a veteran's problem are these lines written by R. Sargent Shriver, Peace Corps director:

"A career planning board of distinguished Americans from government, business, labour and the academic world will help him (the PC vet) find State-side employment . . ."

The last thing this new generation of vets will need is help finding jobs. After all, Peace Corpsmen will have been working for two years at salaries ranging from 60 dollars a month in Nigeria to 182 dollars a month in Tanganyika. There are plenty of jobs in the United States in that pay range.

The kind of help the vets will need is in learning how to live like Americans again. To paraphrase another era's lament: "How are you going to keep them down on the farm after they have seen

Sierra Leone, Sarawak, Somalia and St. Lucia?"

The readjustment problem promises to be acute because every Peace Corpsman being rotated home on points will have spent the years 1961-63 living like a native," Sargent Shriver warns. "The last thing we want is for Johnny to get money from home, buy himself an air-conditioned Cadillac and drive around Cambodia."

The PC vet will have been eating iguanas for breakfast, lechons (roast suckling pig) for lunch, and snapes for supper. He'll have been wearing native robes, and doctoring himself with jungle medicines. He'll have slept on straw mats, often with native women, who are said to grow on you. He'll have learned how to live without toilets and air-conditioning. By the time they come back to the States, nine out of ten PC vets will despise the flabby Americans they will find in their homes, schools and churches.

What is even worse, they will feel we don't understand them. If those Yale, Swarthmore, Stanford, Harvard and Chicago U chaps in the Peace Corps are anything like their classmates who spend as little as four weeks in France, they'll talk nothing but Swahili, Tagalog, Urdu and Twi when they get home. Twi and two shillings will get anybody on a streetcar in Accra, Ghana. But it won't get much in the way of status in the US, particularly compared to the speaking of French. Americans don't envy anything they don't understand, so the PC vet will be as restless as any Congo native.

Clearly, the average Peace Corps veteran will be in poor frame of



mind to be turned loose on the American public without an intensive rehabilitation programme.

This, I feel, is not a job for Washington, judging by the way they handled the rehabilitation of the Philippine Insurrection veterans. In order to make America safe from Peace Corps vets, I have been in the process of forming a non-profit organisation of volunteers, called the Peace Corps Veterans Administration. Our PCVA will help Peace Corps vets once again become useful and normal members of American society: self-serving, indulgent, loud-mouthed and avaricious.

Before I tell you a little about our PCVA's programme, I would like to say that I have always believed that the veteran's place is at home. In the 1950's, when I worked in many of the same countries Peace Corpsmen are stationed in today, I was a staff-writer for the United States First Committee. If you travelled abroad during the first decade, you might have seen one of my great lines: YANKEE GO HOME. I still believe that there is a job to be done at home.

The Peace Corps Veterans' Administration is now trying to round up the best minds in psychology, anthropology, social work

and other human engineering disciplines. Although we have none of these yet, the broad outline of the PCVA's rehabilitation programme for Peace Corps vets is already clear.

First, a series of camps, called Displaced Peace-corpsmen camps, will be established. To wean them away from the thatch hut architecture which the veterans will have grown to love, the DP camps will all be composed of split-level ranches and Cape Cod houses located on gently curving streets.

The primary job of the DP camps will be re-education. The ex-Peace Corpsmen, for example, will have to be taught how to write postcards again. A great American tradition, the three-penny postcard, fell into disuse in the Peace Corps in 1961 after the never-to-be-forgotten Margery Morningstar — or whatever her name was — Incident.

At the same time, it will be the PCVA's job to teach vets how to write and sell to *Life* magazine stories of their experiences without mentioning scandalous conditions. If Nigeria almost went to war with the US over one postcard mentioning unspecified scandalous conditions, one can only imagine what Upper Volta will do the first time some Peace Corps

vet reveals the existence of a yaws problem in that country.

The PC vet will have to be taught that it is no longer socially approved conduct to throw rocks at American embassies the way he had been doing overseas to show his host country that he was just one of the natives.

Peace Corps veterans will have been working 16 hours per day and weekends for no other reason than that a job — like running electrical power lines into a hospital — needed doing. They will have to be taught to cut that out in the United States, the land of the five-hour day. The whole lot of them will have to be put on tranquillisers, according to our PCVA's medical officer.

And most urgently, it will be the responsibility of the DP camps to teach the returning Peace Corpsmen how to use American money. Sargent Shriver said recently that Peace Corps men will receive a bonus payment when they return to the States, the amount depending upon the number of months overseas. In most cases it will amount to about 1,800 dollars. If the vets get the money outright, some of them, with their new penny pinching *veldt* ideas, would make it last eight years. That kind of spending

could knock the hell out of the American economy.

To avoid a depression, our Peace Corps Veterans Administration will recommend that their vets not be given their bonus in cash. It should be deposited to their Diner's Club accounts. The branch that will handle PCVA funds will be called the 52-20 Club.

Obviously our veterans of the Peace Corps will be faced with many other adjustment problems. What, for example, should be done about peace brides? And since General Eisenhower has called the Peace Corps experiment "a juvenile experiment," will the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars then limit the PC vets to junior membership?

In any event, the traditions so firmly established by these already existing veterans' groups will be eagerly carried out by rehabilitated Peace Corps men — within their own particular frame of reference — picketing libraries that take the *National Geographic*, writing letters to the sponsors of "The Late Show" whenever they present "King Solomon's Mines," and boycotting concerts of pseudo-ethnic folk singers such as Miriam Makeba.

—Marvin Kitman

## A Little Letter . . . To Auckland Students

O you who dwell in halls of learning,  
I think I smell the porridge burning;  
The Philistines are at the gate,  
The censors of the Welfare State —  
With the jawbone of an ass I'll whack 'em!  
Those verses that I sent to Craccum  
In rhymed octosyllabic verse  
Have fallen under the censor's curse,  
Because Miss Glubb acquired no knowledge  
Of sexual play at Training College,  
And I put in to scare the birds,  
The mildest of four-letter ords.  
Though I can't tell you what goes on  
In the holy hutch of Wellington  
Where Gordon, Garret, Blaiklock, each,  
Gang-shag the Liberty of Speech  
By saying my beatnik verses can't  
Be published with the usual grant,  
Yet I can tell you this at least  
Now that the wind is in the East:  
Three moa-grey professors in a row  
Most ably represent the status quo.  
I shall not breathe a word of the agenda  
Of that Committee of which I am a member;  
But let me praise with a high heart  
The burgeoning of Moral Art!  
Those mighty odes by Holyoake,  
That Departmental lightning-stroke  
When eighteen poet-bureaucrats  
Embroidered sonnets on their spats,  
The epics that our lecturers write  
With trembling fingers night by night,  
The ballads by the League of Housewives  
Who, though they lead most moral lives,  
Describe with force the groans and yells  
Of con men in Mount Crawford cells,  
The local songs our wharfies sing  
As they load mutton in a sling —  
When all Pig Island sparks with song  
And all of it is crystal-pure,  
What right have I to call it wrong  
That my coarse-gutted verse should be  
Spaded away like hen-manure?  
O wisdom of the bourgeoisie!  
Should I get drunk or laugh like mad  
When Mrs Grundy buckles on  
The armour of her Galahad?  
The threat to Moral Art has gone

And I will turn the other cheek;  
The students, sensitive but weak,  
Hearing a poet speak of sex,  
Might buy a tube of Koromex;  
Pig Island sows must guard their young  
Who have not yet the mind mature  
To sift out gold from their own dung;  
Like an empty jug, the Varsity stays pure.  
To Porirua, Avondale,  
I'll go whenever my spirits fail,  
And looking round those sparkling wards  
Bless the sweet accident of birth  
That dropped me on Pig Island earth  
Which has no cranks or cops or bawds  
Or drunks or queers, or any sorrow  
Except that we will die tomorrow.  
You Varsity maidens, sweet, refined,  
Who do not sit on a behind  
To answer questions lecturers set  
From Romeo and Juliet,  
O purest in a world that's pure!  
May you immaculate endure  
Studying Milton's poetry,  
And when in Holy Matrimony  
To another soul you link your fate,  
May he be a servant of the State,  
A man who's led a blameless life  
And well trimmed by the gelder's knife.  
May no vile mildew touch at all  
The blue Picasso on your wall,  
And if at times you wonder why  
You wake at night and want to die,  
Such little doubts you'll swiftly cancel  
Upon a Marriage Guidance Council.  
But as for me, my doom is plain;  
Outside the window I'll remain  
With call girls, jockeys, spades and drunks,  
Who read no Milton in their bunks,  
Describing in barbaric verse  
A non-Platonic universe  
In which Pope Paul or I may be  
The natural son of Cybele,  
Digging in my private dunghill  
Outside, outside the culture mill —  
But soft! These verses will be read  
When the inquisitors are dead.

—James K. Baxter



# CHAPEL CHALLENGED

N.B. Mr Que has a Castillian background, having been in Madrid with the engineer Eduardo Torroja. After leaving Spain in 1959, he did work in America on "structural types," one of his major interests. Since coming to New Zealand, Que explains, he has become "transformed into a writer, because in architecture the judgement here of people trained overseas is arrived at without trial."

About ten months ago, some comments on architecture published in "Craccum" initiated a long controversy that is not yet over. Since that time, many of us have anticipated the revival or birth of a new architectural consciousness.

This would include at least three things:

1. An increased general awareness of architecture and its place in our life.
2. A greater concern with functional and aesthetic qualities of both structure and design.
3. Stimulation of architectural criticism and discussion. But none of this seems to have come about.

Such a consciousness would provide natural correctives for the prejudices, errors, and oversights that accompany large projects such as that undertaken by the University building campaign. But the expected consciousness seems either to have been still-born, or aborted by vested interests and authoritarian measures. Meanwhile building continue to spring up which are unworthy of this University, this city, or this magnificent country.

These notes are not intended to comprise a structural or architectural critique. Someone else must shoulder that task. But here we may well ask why the architecturally qualified members of the University community have not spoken out. Unless it begins to act more responsibly, how can the University expect any better architecture than it has so far received.

The new University Chapel nearing completion should be a focus for discussion. There are many issues raised by this building that can and should be discussed, both by architects and by those with no such formal training. The following considerations are submitted with the aim of stimulating discussion about architecture and contingent issues, in the sincere belief that such discussion should always be fostered by a University, as its proper function in a free society.

1. Will details concerning the planning and design of the Chapel be made public? To what extent,

for instance, was the final structure prescribed in detail by the donor? How much say did the University have regarding its design? Were interested members of the staff consulted, and if so, was their advice heeded?

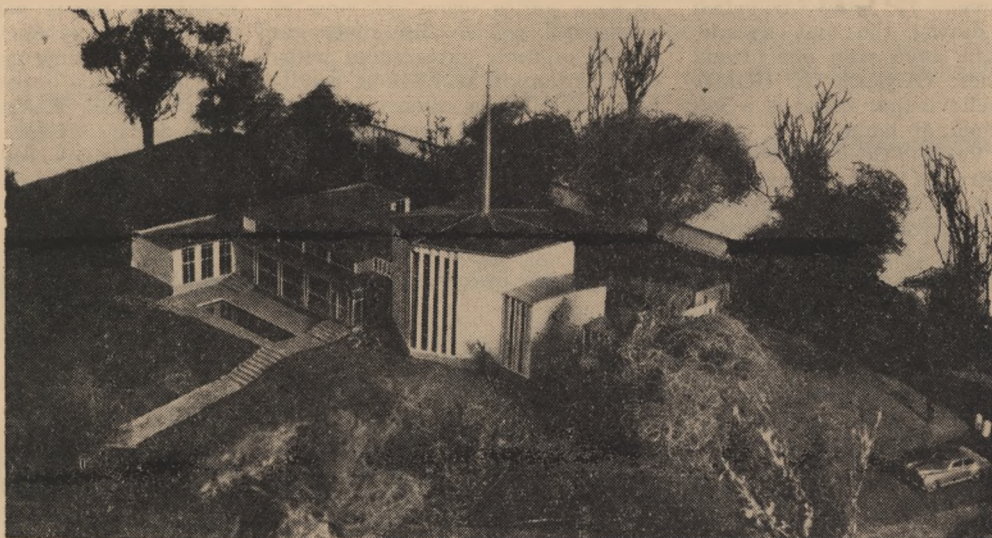
2. Can any University authority sincerely assure the staff, the

## Inter-denominational

3. Supposedly the new Chapel is to be inter-denominational. But the Chaplain is certainly not inter-denominational. Will someone clarify this with regard to Protestant denominations?

4. Does this edifice symbolise religious persecution of Roman

garians and incult bellies (e.g. the paralysis of scholarship . . . by men who donate money for buildings without donating money for their upkeep, thereby incurring an expenditure on masonry and repairs to the detriment of learning). The kind intentions of some endowers having for cen-



The MacLaurin Chapel

students and the ratepayers that such a monument dedicated to the glory and memory of two private individuals would have been erected anyway, i.e. even if the money for such a monument had not been donated by their father? Without any disrespect for the individuals concerned, this is really a delicate problem of public demonstration and private sentiment. Could I, say, donate enough money for a bronze plaque (to be placed, of course, directly over the entrance of the School of Architecture) inscribed with a eulogy to myself? If not, then what is the University's price..

Catholicism as supported by the University? Will it, or will it not be possible for a priest to provide spiritual guidance, or to say Mass in the Chapel?

5. Have any provisions been made for the spiritual welfare of non-Christian members of the University? For example, what about followers of Judaism when the Synagogue, now conveniently located across Princess Street, is to be moved? What about, say, overseas scholars or visitors who are Muslims or Buddhists?

6. The following passage is quoted from A. J. P. Taylor, "On Satan's Side," New Statesman, May 31, 1963, p. 826:

"It is a mockery of free intellectual inquiry when universities are officially committed to any dogma, whether Christian or Marxist. The majority of people in this country are no longer Christian. Comparatively few are members of the Church of England. Yet . . . chapels (are maintained) at considerable expense. While the chapels are empty and the libraries are full, some colleges spend on their chapel services four or five times as much as they spend on the purchase of books."

Is it at all desirable to create such a situation in Auckland..

7. The poet Ezra Pound has also complained of the American "concentration of the power to endow institutions in the hands of vul-

tures blinded mankind to the fact that almost every endowment is a bond on labour, an entailment of work on a great number of people for the sake of utility to a few."

8. The design of the Chapel violates expression of the more important developments of Christian liturgy within the last century. Worshipers are to be separated from the altar by architectural, aesthetic, psychological and physical factors, contrary to the important trend towards expressing a closer relationship between the two. Liturgical requirements for the barest functionalism seem to have been neglected, or satisfied only as architectural afterthoughts.

9. While at may prove a novel sight to some local eyes, the appearance of the Chapel is that of a misunderstood and stale appendage to Sir Basil Spence's Coventry Cathedral. Of course this is only a guess, and the true heritage of the building may well lie in a much less interesting work of architecture.

10. Valuable land from the old Government House grounds, planted with beautiful trees and shrubs, was taken up by the Chapel site. Will these trees be replanted, or has land for this been provided? Perhaps there are others who, despite also sharing an interest in architecture, would have preferred the original setting (with its birds, and even with its insects) in which to satisfy our spiritual needs.

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ABOUT forty students went out to Whenuapai to protest about the tour of a segregated cricket team. These students followed in the footsteps of Australian students who were most articulate about the scandal of the segregated cricket tour. They were aware of the anti-apartheid commitments of English university students.

When the students arrived at Whenuapai they assembled in the NAC disembarkation enclosure to await the arrival of the South African cricket team. Also present in the enclosure were seven representatives of the New Zealand Cricket Council.

## Cricket Officials Discourteous To Orderly Demonstrators

land Cricket Council. They applauded conspicuously when the team disembarked. This was their counter-demonstration to the students' protest. Observers stated that other passengers disembarking were not disconcerted either by the presence of the team, nor by the attitude of the officials. Unlike the officious cricket officials who refused to accept a cyclostyled sheet from the students explaining their motives in displaying placards and in protesting, some of the disembarking passengers courteously accepted some of the proffered cyclostyled sheets. One of the cricket officials, referring to students proffering pamphlets in a courteous manner, said contemptuously, "Get them away from me."

Cricket officials were unanimous in their scorn for students' high principles. One wondered if the cricket officials had sons or daughters at institutions of higher learning in view of their non-comprehension of the democratic nature of the students' protest and in view of their contempt for student sincerity.

The demonstrators leaflet contained the following words:—

### We Protest Against Apartheid

We know that apartheid is evil because it denies the basic rights of man. We realise that the Government of the Republic of South Africa has had many problems to overcome in the ordering of its country. It is not, however, difficult to parallel the situation in South Africa with the suppression that arose in Germany from Hitler's racial policies — pass cards, house arrests, censorship, terror, etc.

### We Protest Against Racial Discrimination Sport

From the time of the first Olympic Games ability has been

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the criteria for the selection of sporting teams. But 20,000 cricketers were not even considered for the team now touring New Zealand — because of their skin colour — it was not white. The South African Sports Association, a body working for integration in sport, has protested to the New Zealand Cricket Council about their inviting to New Zealand a team which represents only one racial group in South Africa. Their protests have gone unheeded in spite of the fact that New Zealand has pledged at the United Nations its support of groups working in South Africa against apartheid.

### We Protest Against the New Zealand Cricket Council

who invited this team to New Zealand, well knowing that it is not representative of the South African peoples. New Zealand is one of the few countries in the world that tolerates this violation of the ethics of sport.

The New Zealand Cricket Council has ignored protests made to it by the South African Sports Association and other concerned people.

The people of New Zealand are condoning apartheid in supporting the matches played by this team.

Martin Luther King has said: "It is not the evil of the few but the terrible silence of the good that is the tragedy of today."

### This is Why We Protest

### Support Our Protest Don't Attend the Test

The blatant rudeness of the cricket officials who told the girls who proffered pamphlets to stick them in the lavatory, deeply dis-

tressed some of the demonstrators. Miss Judy Miller, one of the protestors, said that the cricket officials were lacking in elementary courtesy.

A cricket official on his way to his car ploughed his way through a group of students and elbow-jolted one of the demonstrators in a provocative manner. He had more than enough room to negotiate a passage to his car, but wilfully discomfited the demonstrators, displaying an extremely insensitive and thoughtless attitude towards the students. He told students who did not move aside for him, "Get out of my way." The students did not respond to this insulting behaviour in the manner hoped for.

Some observers said that police officers were condescending towards the students, and appeared blind to the sincerity of their demonstration. It is only too easy to reach the conclusion that they, too, are indifferent to the question of apartheid.



**Prof Charles A. Coulson**

Applied Maths Prof., Oxford  
Member Central Com. World Council of Churches, Science Society and The Christian

FRIDAY, APRIL 3, 8 p.m.

LOWER LECTURE THEATRE

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# poet of technology

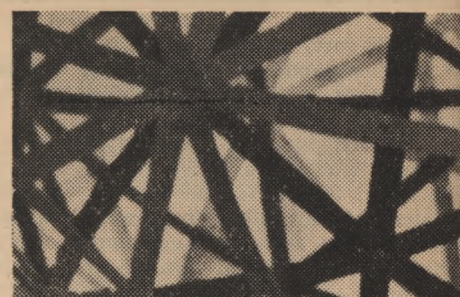
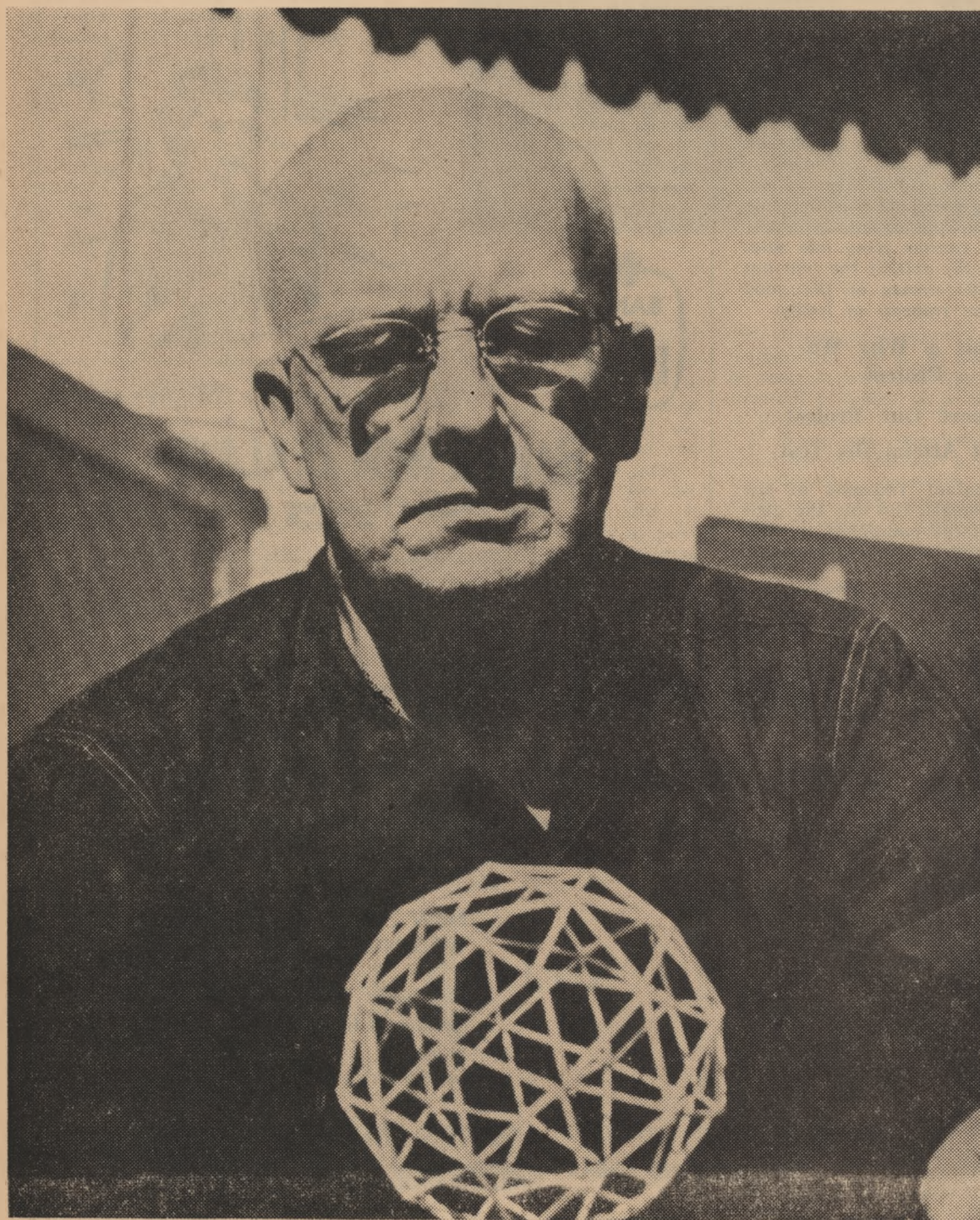
RICHARD BUCKMASTER FULLER

Inter-Congress Lecturer, Mar. 20-27, 1964, guest of AU Architectural Students Soc.

The Architectural Students' Society are delighted at the unique opportunity to have so eminent a person as Professor Buckminster Fuller as their first Inter Congress Visiting Lecturer. The intention of continuing the series of Congresses and Inter

Congress studies between the Schools of Architecture of the Pacific will be thus realised in the fullest sense, as R.B.F. is already spending a week with the Australian students who visited our Congress in Auckland last year.

Now in Auckland



Architect, engineer, cartographer, socio-economist, mathematician Buckminster Fuller's ideas have an uncanny knack of becoming reality at a much later date. His Dymaxion car of 1933 combined a refinement of design and a mechanical reliability in many respects unrivalled today. Yet the design sprang from a direct attitude to the relationship between man and technology. Buckminster Fuller is clearly able to reconcile future man with future technology. Any such realistic, broad comprehension of the future world has naturally been of great interest to the architect, artist, scientist and philosopher in the past.

An Auckland architect and graduate from Auckland University, Maurice Smith was studying at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology for his Master's Degree, when the unique opportunity arose for him to study under Buckminster Fuller. In one term his whole design approach was modified, and his resultant great enthusiasm stimulated many Auckland architects to take a detailed interest in Fuller's work.

In 1956 the interest in the potential of Fuller's geodesic structure was such that Maurice Smith was asked to design a dome for the Western Springs Exhibition. This Geodesic Dome was the first of its kind in New Zealand and probably the first in the southern hemisphere.

The stimulating effect of Maurice Smith's visit and the rapid development of the Geodesic Dome for use in many forms throughout the world led to Auckland students making many models of these structures at the University. In 1962 the large-scale Geodesic models made as a studio project showed convincingly the time saving and structural efficiency characteristics of the system. Several different domes, hemispheres and towers, about 20 feet in size, were erected and dismantled in under a day. Press Photos gave the public some idea of one of the structural forms to come.

—Peter Shepperd



### MORE HEDGEHOGS

In this area of tar-sealed road  
Hedgehogs are always crossing. Why?  
One wonders. There is only the broad  
Curve of the road's camber. A passer-by

Would see the spiked ball slowly moving  
From this green hedge to that green hedge,  
But hedges tell nothing of hedgehogs' roving.  
Perhaps they aim to top the ridge

And, centred, make for the other side  
Or cannot tell one from other. We  
Live unaware of hedgehog pride,  
Their prickly values, cannot see

More than the surface composition;  
Cannot know the hidden snout  
Weasel-like under that spiked protection  
Or what a hedgehog thinks about.  
They may, like us, be mountaineers,

Aspiring, provident, inward curled  
Against the sudden thunder of wheels  
They will not hear in their crushed world.

—Charles Doyle

### Ballad Of Direction

What's on the cards next year?  
Where will you take the fight?  
To the fields of the morning?  
Or the factories of night  
Where they carve sheep's bellies  
And vote down the strike?

"It all depends," he said,  
"On the woman—and the wind."

A job filling in forms,  
With the devotion of a monk,  
In a cell choked with files,  
A head cluttered with junk,  
Where they've a permanent tube  
Draining away your spunk?

"It's a matter," he said,  
"Of whether she raises the  
blind."

Will you go off wandering  
From Reinga down to Bluff,  
River of forgetfulness,  
Boozing, ready and rough,  
Leaving a trail of bills  
And waitresses up the duff?

"Myths, not men," he said,  
"Are proud to be that kind!"

What about the grand voyage  
From which a few return?  
Or would you rather stay  
Near mountain and fern  
In city's rented desert  
Or by lonely river burn?

"I don't know," he said,  
"I'd just like to make  
Something grow . . . and bind.  
It all depends," he repeated,  
"On the woman . . . and the  
wind."

—Con O'Leary

### MY OLD MAN

My old man never read a poem  
in all his life;  
he never drank anyone else's  
beer either,  
in all his long drinking life.  
He lived by his muscles, and by  
a constant knowing of what a  
man ought to be.  
And he left the largest collection  
of useless art union tickets  
I've ever seen,  
because his luck was never in,  
right up to the day it ran out.

—Alexander Guyan

### Landscape With Guitar

o my love was swept down the curdling sky  
high high on a weeping song  
& the honey i stored in the flower's thigh  
wept for him all night long

so i sang to him of the breasting earth  
(let me out! i cried all night long)  
& water & air & moon & birth  
ran in my bloodred song

o my tears were warm & fat as slugs  
and salt as the moaning sea  
& i broke his heart with a handful of hugs  
so he burst into fruit for me

then don't pluck the stem of the broken flower  
(o virgins that hear my song)  
go cross your legs at the naked hour  
and weep for me all night long

—Vanya Lowry

### POEM

I watch the door  
and my heart  
melts  
as I see them  
come and go  
arms locked  
entwined  
in fervent embrace  
holding the  
sacred jewel  
of their needs  
holding the  
tender longing  
of their bodies' chemistry  
and I am  
alone I am  
alone alone alone  
I weep and weep  
alone

—W. Millet



## PETER QUINCE

Discretion, wincing, limps round Ninny's tomb.  
 I write of lovers and my lines go wrong.  
 A dreadful constancy I make my theme.  
 My Muse, inconstant, keeps me waiting long  
 Until my skills and purpose, out of step,  
 Grow awkward and dismay. I try to sleep,  
 But blistered conscience wags and nags my tongue.  
 I dream I speak. My lines do lovers wrong.

—Kendrick Smithyman

## RIDDLE

It is neither small nor large.  
 There is no change.  
 It does not move away, like the wilful barge  
 With music for the unresenting dead,  
 Nor loom on the hinge of midnight, strange  
 As weeping birds in hollows of the head.

It neither calls nor charms,  
 But urgent, a planter's season, it rules the time.  
 Its wheat leaps forth from lovers' arms  
 And wears it for device, the point of climb  
 When ripens all for the taking, where it stands;  
 And yet it has no hands.

On tapestries it part abides,  
 Or rests in ears of Arab stone a while  
 To scan the streets below.  
 What most a city prides  
 Is most its guarantee; and yet no guile  
 Is cause of all new things that come and go:

What's made is not eye blinking to avert,  
 Not infinite from hand each seven years  
 Revisiting the insubstantial sea,  
 But rather oblation, shape of the beating hurt  
 In columns of the mind wherein it rears,  
 To what it is, with pain that it should be.

—K. O. Arvidson

### An American Soldier's Love Letter to His Japanese War Bride

you do not have to  
 cut the black hair  
 you bend so many times to curl  
 Miyeko because of the  
 ginger sharp insults you endure  
 my spine softens in sadness  
 gentle Miyeko  
 be happy that your native smile  
 unfolds a red tea rose in my  
 veins  
 delicately petal by petal  
 be glad love that your moist  
 mouth giggles in hot wonder  
 in the nerves of my lips  
 my dear sweet one  
 your soft ivory laughter  
 honeymoons deep in my  
 throat  
 Miyeko Miyeko Miyeko  
 I am intoxicated  
 by the shock of your touch  
 when it falls on my hand  
 like a sudden break  
 in a strand of pearls

Miyeko you have asked me  
 why I love you  
 I love you for  
 the rice paper feel  
 of your cherry blossom smile  
 the wild persimmon that  
 grows  
 ripe and bursting beneath your  
 skin  
 the lotus lacquered shine  
 of your midnight hair your  
 scented fan  
 and the bamboo echo of your  
 whispered words  
 I love you because when I  
 am close to you  
 all of my brittle edges melt  
 until I am larger than the world  
 and without you I am only  
 only someone lonely without  
 you . . .

—William Millet

## TIGER BITE

"How to right a  
 Withered tree?"  
 He asked the tohunga,  
 Gnarled by the wind  
 Wet warm by the sea.

"Lean on me, son,  
 Come lean on me,"  
 Said the old tohunga,  
 Gnarled by the wind,  
 Burnt brown by the sun.

"If I grow in shade  
 What's left of me?"  
 He asked the tohunga,  
 Gnarled in the wind  
 Wet warm in the sea.

"Give it away, son,  
 Give, then you will be."  
 Said the old tohunga,  
 Gnarled in the wind,  
 Blessed in the sun.

—Con O'Leary

### Thoughts On A Fine Day

It would be nice to be with you  
 in the Park  
 so precisely laid out  
 — the Park I mean  
 on which  
 at measured times  
 parade young men  
 (grey nature's tri-peds,  
 brollied to their doubts)  
 who loiter by freemasons  
 pedestalled  
 and long to be there  
 lodged in stone  
 themselves.

Odd couples  
 pet beside the steps  
 (though nothing queer)  
 just close enough  
 to hear the climber's gasp  
 which gives their art  
 of not-quite-making-it  
 the touch of larceny  
 Ah! verisimilitude!

Pale voyeur gulls  
 upon the fountain rim  
 poop placidly  
 and walk the gravel paths  
 Wordsworthian  
 for crumbs of fly-blown days  
 amongst a pond-land statu-  
 ary.

And now in neo-gothic  
 frame  
 before the trellis-work stand  
 I

I think rotunda thoughts  
 of how  
 it would be nice to be with you  
 in the Park  
 so precisely laid out  
 — You I mean.

—Rashid



**MARAETAI**

Once the seas were calm  
 And on the hills few houses.  
 A track — dusty in summer  
 Mud pooled in winter  
 Wound through valleys  
 To a distant town.  
 Bush uncut smelt sweet  
 And hills still held their shape.

Then a new noise rose  
 Above the whisper of the sea  
 And the hills aged in a moment.

Rivers sway through centuries of time  
 But never tell the secrets that they know.  
 How then my friend should we  
 Who have travelled no great distance  
 Understand the sorrows of a life.

—Dibi Samuels

**Poem**

"What are you making?" she asked me.  
 "A fool of myself," I said.  
 "But what are the nails and the sticks and the boards?"  
 "A framework for something that's dead."  
 "But, surely it all must mean something,  
 The wood you've so carefully sawn."  
 "It's nothing that matters," I answered,  
 "A cage for a unicorn."

—C. Else

**BLACK ON BLACK**

I wed bitterness, each child a tear  
 For I was old when Christ was born.  
 Love squandered on a sideshow clown.  
 The mask is betrayed by crying hands.  
 No terraces of light penetrate  
 My shadow set in a fissure of rock,  
 I stand numbed by ribbons of rain.  
 Love ends in the emptiness of spittle.

—Pamela J. Beaton

**Hearing that a Kinsman had been Translated**

Children, for Freddy cry,  
 whose crust has been laid by,  
 and what marched late in man's estate  
 is now worms' humble Pye.

—Kendrick Smithyman

**MEMORY**

Last bay before the Tasman  
 Grown dearer as memory grows dim.  
 The raw depths of blackness in the night,  
 Where the street light has not yet shone,  
 Nor the parking meter yet disfigured.  
 The wind whistling coldly, the rain beating  
 Viciously, piercing through the valley  
 To the foaming sea storming up the shingle.  
 Little Huia, your memory is ingrained within my soul.

The native bush rising on the hilly slopes,  
 The sheep grazing where grass may be found,  
 The beauty of the double rainbow in the misty curtain,  
 On the stark backdrop of the grey horizon;  
 The waves crumbling round the broken wharf,  
 The pools of water lying in the muddy rood  
 Where the waterfall splashes contemptuously.  
 Little Huia, your memory is deep within my soul.

—Pamela Horne

**From "Pukerua Bay"**

I moved away, not really choosing to,  
 Nor bitter with an access of old pride,  
 Yet in that move relinquishing long-tryed  
 And dear companion, laughter and word-spun, who  
 Such meaning gave to earth was far more true  
 Than colder I turned towards: a place to hide  
 For dead things, lost and broken. There, aside,  
 I pondered a dreadful land, lacked me, lacked you.

Deliberation led to that edge of moon?  
 Was rather a carelessness, a wind that fell  
 For sea-clip, and the stagger of great birds. Just so,  
 Lull battered at once and swung till strangely, soon  
 You called and, down what path I could not tell,  
 Came nearer than before I turned to go.

—K. O. Arvidson



## Desert Island Discs

Voices perturbed him. He murdered some  
To hear the solitude.  
We'll put you away for good, they said.  
And they did.

The island had everything.  
The Mercedes idling when he stepped ashore  
Out of the telling arms was automatic.  
Setting off to explore

He saw in the still piazzas green water  
Spume of marble fountains falling  
Soundless back to its lily pool;  
Smooth buildings of blue silk; flags

Stroking the ozone with no stir of touch;  
Parks, gardens formed long ago  
In an Age of Reason, yet tidy for  
No one strolled that way.

The streets were full of absence. His seventh-storey  
Air-conditioned, fibre-glass duplex curved  
Next muted elevators. Robots,  
Foam-rubber jointed, served

His anticipated needs. Content  
Suffused him when his stereophonic records  
Played silence like stroked fur, padded carpets  
Cradled his every footfall. Words

Slid off unspoken. Tides  
Rose and ebbed without sound, sky  
Had no thunder in it. For the island  
Had everything. He need not wonder why.

But before they put him away he did not  
Know the precise, immitigable sound  
Of his own heart beating, sound of his heartbeat,  
Of his heart, the sound. Sound.

Sound.

—Charles Doyle

## POEM

yes, w. h. auden  
"The words of a dead man  
Are modified in the guts of the living."  
I remember  
a brown boy hanging  
dead in a tree  
and as he swung to and fro  
I thought he had that  
still-born expression you see  
on an old mute caught  
in twilight's last golden sigh . . .  
I never knew that somehow  
in the lemon fatigue  
of dusk's reverie  
my heart would turn  
its own weathervane  
to the nightmare of his brain . . .  
strange how night will  
silhouette the dry words of the dead  
how a bird of death burns in every song  
burns in the brailled foam of the sea  
in things of iron and things of green  
in round rooms closed endlessly . . .  
only the smallest children know  
about caves and spirit faces  
and how wine blossoms grow  
in the flesh of the dead . . .  
only the smallest children knew  
how he died that august day.

—William Millet



## THE TUTORED MIND

The following tale, told to me by an ancient Professor of Philosophy with whom I at one time played chess and discussed the poetry of Alexander Pope, is both instructive and true. He, I suspect, also found it amusing.

★ ★ ★ ★

It would appear (so the Professor's narrative began), that the famous Transylvanian Amateur, Count Hary Adyael-swielter, author of many pioneer studies in the fields of Anthropology, Sociology and Psychology (now divided strictly into the their separate and competitive cliques, but in his day still open to those intrepid and unnarrowed minds dedicated to the pursuit of a total humanistic Science), actually visited this country in the year 1927. That this historic event is generally unknown today is probably due to the fact that for the time being, at least, like some of his better-remembered contemporaries (I mention but two: Wachsen, the Viennese Evolutionist, and the enigmatic McNaughton, the Kentucky Sexual Theorist, whose experiments, so far in advance of their time, were so unfortunately terminated by the illiberal decision of his country's Supreme Court), he has fallen out of favour with the possibly more rigorously scientific, but definitely less imaginative scholars who rule those fields today. For instance, in a popular paperback which I have in my possession by a prolific and generally esteemed English Professor of Psychology\*, the celebrated Count is mentioned but once, and then in a denigratory context, within an ignominious footnote.

Savage's "A CONCISE HISTORY OF MODERN ANTHROPOLOGICAL THEORY" (Univ. of Wisconsin, 1959), used, I believe, as a textbook in one Norwegian and two Mid-Western (U.S.) Universities, slights him (p. 357), as an "ineffective, titled, wealthy, possibly deranged dilettante of noble birth, grossly overrated in his heyday, whose massive volumes (he is estimated to have written over 36,000,000 words, which, if laid end to end, would stretch around this planet several times), have been, happily, well-nigh forgotten by a less credulous age." Stadtmann, the American Sociologist (brother of the infamous Heinrich Stadtmann, executed for war crimes against the Semites), author of the best-selling "RIDDLE OF THE AGES" (Hi-Brow Hip-Books, N.Y., 1960), does not even deign to mention him, contenting himself with a cheap sneer at "the bearded, top-hatted prestidigitateurs of the old Sleutonic School, whom we today, wiser and happier, cannot but help chuckle at." In fact, the only place in which the Count's reputation still shines with an undimmed lustre is the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. This, however, is one honour which the mighty Transylvanian could well do without.

\*Essing, of course, in "PSYCHOLOGY MADE SIMPLE" (Gull Paperbacks, London, 1960).



ERRATA TO THE STORY "THE TUTORED MIND"

PAGE 18

Column 1. After line 36, insert:

"Up until now, the sixth week of his stay, the Count had been remarkably discreet in his relationship, as is evidenced by the fact that no one at all had any idea of what was happening until the fateful exposure took place. The lovers had until now presumably confined their meetings to the pleasure-house, and to the less public parks and gulleys of the city, moonlit spots of soft greenery where they might enjoy each other in blissful secrecy. It may be that they, dissatisfied with the few and hurried meetings allowed them, decided to take certain risks in order to indulge their needs. But this hardly explains why, of all places, the hotel garden was chosen. Perhaps, overcome by his passion, the Count grew careless and neglected to keep in mind the simple and necessary precautions that had so far kept their pleasures from the eyes of the world. But, whatever the cause, it was a terrible mistake that he should bring Lulu into the hotel garden, even on a moonless night. It was a tempting of the Fates, which had so far looked down benignly upon them."

Column 2. After line 20, insert:

"The Manager ordered her a cup of coffee and showed her the Lounge, with its array of English magazines. If she got tired of reading or hot she might like to take a look at the hotel's famous garden, which had been favourably commented on by many overseas visitors. Even on a comparatively moonless night he was sure that she would find it attractive. The little river was, some people considered, the highlight, but he, personally, preferred the little Japanese trees. Mrs Chasuble smiled and thanked him, settling down to read one of the magazines."

Column 3. After line two, insert:

"Surrounded by the raised, and now arrived rabble, Lulu collapsed in saline grief, the blanket falling to the ground with her tears, and confessed all. Within an hour the whole story had been revealed."

Column 3. After line 13, insert:

"Because of a slight upset in the shipping schedule, the Count did not leave the country for another three days. He made in that time no public appearances. In fact, he hardly appeared at all from the seclusion of his room. A doctor visited him a number of times during those days, and unofficial word spread around those concerned that the disgraced Transylvanian was suffering from some kind of emotional breakdown; a result of the encounter I have just related. Eventually, June 18, the day of his departure, arrived."

Column 4. After line 36, insert:

"Of what later befell her I can offer the reader's curiosity nothing but the cold comfort of conjecture. It is a sad thought, but true, that the Polynesian woman wears badly after the first morning dew of youth; and with the known tendency of her chosen profession to hasten the natural processes of wearing, it is probable that she soon degenerated into an obese caricature of the dowy, matutinal creature she had been."



REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONER OF THE GENERAL LAND OFFICE  
FOR THE YEAR 1890

OF THE LANDS OF THE CROWN IN THE DISTRICT OF  
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Thus it is that (with the Russian exception), the memory of the great Count has all but passed into oblivion. There is plainly no place for such as he within the ranks of the restricted pedlars of statistics who so meanly dismiss with gibes anything that is beyond their limited collective conception. There is no place for such as the forgotten Frenchman, Blaise Phalene, who from his painstaking observations of the coital techniques of a species of South African butterfly, built up his monumental "HISTOIRE DES CIVILISATIONS." There is no room for such as the English Phoneticist, V. H. Brown, who spent the last thirty years of his long life attending to the converse of farmyard fowls, finally arriving at a crude, basic vocabulary of 34 sounds. But fashions wax and wane in Science, in the sciences, as in all else, and it is not wholly outside the realms of possibility that the present unlucky trends, though powerful, may prove ephemeral. It could be, then, that in forty, say, or fifty years time, the Transylvanian genius (author of 103 masterworks, Freund of the early Freud, candidate for the Nobel Prize) will be restored to his former pinnacle of pristine glory, over the forgotten corpses of those who have so effectively worked to destroy his reputation.

★ ★ ★

IN the year 1927, however, the fame of the Count, though not perhaps at the dizzy Icarian height it had aspired to in the late eighties and early nineties, was still very considerable. Now, at the age of 74, the distinguished possessor of half a dozen of the most honoured honorary degrees, the author of the sensational DREAM OF THE UNCONSCIOUS (Li Taermya Loj Ni-Dosche) — (Paris, 1880), he had embarked on a world-wide lecture tour, embracing Europe (Berlin, Vienna—where he met the Master/Pupil for the first time in fifteen years — Paris, Brussels, Stockholm and London), America, where, alas, his audiences were disappointingly small, his reputation there having already begun to suffer considerably from the shrewd underhand blows delivered by certain unscrupulous rivals, and Asia, where he lectured to enthusiastic audiences in Bombay, Calcutta and Singapore. The last stage of his tour was to be a visit to Oceania. Arriving in Australia, he found that his lectures were much in demand, and unexpectedly large audiences in Sydney and Melbourne resulted in an extension which caused him to arrive in New Zealand three days late.

Previously so prolific (in fact, regardless of how one views the content of his work, it must be admitted that he was one of the most prolific writers of this, or any other age), he had published no matter, neither volumes nor periodical articles since 1913, when the last three volumes of his work on the economic aspects of pre-Confucian Chinese Society had been released to an eager public. This fourteen-year gap of non-creativity was notable in that it followed a long period of great fertility in which work after work had flowed forth from his pen with that remarkable facility which so astounded the intellec-

tual world. Indeed, since his first article had been published in an obscure student journal, when he was 18 years old, not a single year had passed by without some contribution to the increasing sum of human knowledge being delivered from the heavy womb of his mind. The explanation for the gap in productivity was not that his physical strength was giving out, or that his magnificent mind, taxed to its limits by years of unremitting labour, was showing signs of human fallibility. As was soon to be realised by all who came into contact with him, he was still a man of immense physical and incalculable mental strength, unrecognisable as the 74 years of age that he openly admitted to. It was simply that for some reason, which he was later to make public, he had held his fire and, during that time, had found nothing that could stir his imagination into the spontaneous combustibility that used, of old, to give birth to his most celebrated displays of intellectual pyrotechnics. But though he had, as it were, lain fallow for the best part of fifteen years, his name still appeared regularly in the world's press. Even in distant New Zealand it was reported that he had been given his country's highest and rarest award, the revered Cross of Sacrifice (festoined with red and white ribands), by Transylvania's then ruling monarch, Staephyan IV. The award, it was reported, had been given but once in the 20th century: to a posthumous aviator, a ferocious illiterate, who had destroyed eighteen Moldavian aircraft before being himself shot down in flames. It was also known that while on a visit to London, to attend an International Congress, he had been received by the King of England.

And, of course, the Count was best known here, at least in the more esoteric circles, for his many scientific works, most of which were read avidly in the authorised English translations. So, while I do not pretend, for the fraudulent purpose of over-emphasising the import of my narrative, that the Count's arrival in this Pacific outpost to continue and complete his lecture-tour was an occasion the importance of which was grasped by the greater populace — (farmer, housewife, travelling salesman) — he had, none the less, a small but devoted public to welcome, sponsor and sustain him, made up of school teachers, university professors, assorted students, lawyers, scientists, doctors and a not inconsiderable (taking our population into account) number of the lay who had part-time interests in one or other of the fields in which the prodigious European had written authoritatively. Thus it was that, though hardly heralded by the masses as the historic event it indeed was, the Count's arrival created quite a stir within the city's intellectual elite, while the grosser public interest was stimulated by newspaper features and a very favourable report of his well-received lectures in Wellington, the week before his coming to Auckland, the last station of his journey.

★ ★ ★

The facts of my narrative were, as I have earlier remarked, given to me by an old Professor of

Philosophy. And given not once by that ancient and august personage, but many times. It was, indeed, one of his very few topics of conversation (though conversation is hardly the right word, for I was always the passive listener), along with Pope (especially the "Essay on Man", which he knew thoroughly and could quote by heart), and the chess problems which appeared on the back of *The Times Weekly Review*. He seemed to me to find in the narrative, which I give to you substantially as he gave it to me, a certain luxury of affirmation. It was almost as if he found in it some hidden proof of his quiet, dry philosophy. Not that he ever let me, nor for that matter, I am sure, anybody else, have as much as a glimpse into his "Weltanschauung" — if, indeed, he laid claim to any such thing. What I am trying to convey is that did the man possess (always recognising the possibility that he did not) a philosophy, then I am sure that this much-repeated anecdote was in some way central to it. Somehow a revelation: a proof — perhaps reassuring, perhaps disquieting, of its validity. The telling of this tale was the single (that I knew of) piece of sensuality that the ancient ascetic allowed himself, apart, that is, from the Augustan Checkerboard and the rational optimism of the chess game. On these occasions he would lean back in his thin chair and relate in his desiccated, irritable voice (at least eight or nine

times in all, I am sure), adding with observable enjoyment, more at each telling; not, I am positive, from a hidden talent for fiction, but from a native sense of the dramatic. Since it was related to me so many times, so memorably and by such a striking person — (if it were not at the same time both too clichéd and too fanciful a notion, I might observe that wrapped in his black gown, with a skull-cap of the same melancholy shade perched on his head, he looked for all the world like an emblem of death), it is no wonder that the facts have stood firm amidst the shifting sands of my memory. Indeed, through the years the tale has continued to puzzle me, nagging at my sleeping hours, eventually to the extent of prompting me to independent research as to its validity and ultimate significance. I can say, therefore, that while interpretations of the facts may legitimately differ (and in a post-Empsonian Age few would quibble over this), as for the facts themselves — I can vouch for them. There is no doubt as to their validity.

★ ★ ★

On April 31, 1927, the celebrated Count Hary Adyaelswielter, author of LI VAEDJI LOJ COSCHSCHAESCHYE LI RYAET-INDIANJ (Prague, 1893) — (THE EFFECT (i.e. psychologic, economic, sociologic) OF THE RAILWAY UPON THE RED (i.e. North American) INDIAN) — which, incidentally, was never

## STUDENTS !



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issued in the projected de luxe Edition Anglais, because of the tragic and untimely death of its illustrious translator, Sitzenküh, Professor of English at Heidelberg (working from the authorised German translation of the original text), who was gored to death by an insane bison at the Berlin Zoo — arrived in Auckland from the capital city, Wellington, on the all-night express and was met by an honorary deputation formed from the most eminent members of the societies sponsoring his short visit — the University, the Speculative Society, the Combined Anglican Churchwomen, the Rationalist Society, the Transylvania League (mostly descendants of the Transylvanian "Old Catholics" who settled in the extreme north of the North Island in the years immediately following the pronouncement of the Infallibility of the ninth Pius, 1871), the (orthodox) Catholic "YOUTH FORWARD" Movement, and two or three Trade Union Workers' Groups. An Auckland member of Parliament and a member of the 1905 "All Black" team were present, as was a representative for the absent Mayor. The Professor himself, I gathered, was also in attendance, under one or more of the official categories.

From the moment that he disembarked from the slightly overdue train, magnificent in an impeccable suit of black, a fresh-buttoned orchid and white kid gloves, bearing his large black suitcase with the air of a friendly magician arriving at some rainbow-ballooned entertainment, the Transylvanian quite won the hearts of all who were present to welcome him. Younger by far (as I have mentioned) than his years, and an impressive man in every way, handsome of feature with a great bear-like frame, he immediately charmed everybody with his joviality, his benign dignity, his lack of intellectual condescension, and his obvious pleasure, reflected in a wide white smile, in being here. He seemed a person among people, a man among men, a friend among friends, rather than the European conscious of being among Colonials. He insisted upon shaking hands with, and addressing personally every single individual, even a humble and bewildered railway porter, of the forty-two or three who had gathered together in that place. When this process, which took about half an hour to complete, was over, he was read a speech of welcome by the Member of Parliament, to which he replied with obvious emotion. He announced in his richly accented, slightly erratic version of the English language (he was a noted linguist, speaking six European, three Asian and two African tongues, not to mention a number of North-American Indian dialects seldom, by the way, accurately reproduced on film sound tracks), that since his recent arrival in New Zealand he had felt "a new man." This was the Truth, he said, the "veritable Truth," not the usual platitude that the notable traveller feels obliged to utter to his obsequious host. This announcement, of course, won the Count the further goodwill of his welcomers. He was besieged with questions: asked whether he liked New Zealand butter, New Zealand lamb and New Zealand eggs Had

he ever tasted better milk than New Zealand milk? Was not the fruit here superior to any he had ever come across? Patient and smiling, the Count answered every query. In reply to a question from the burly 1905 "All Black," he said that unfortunately he had never seen a game of the rugby football and had never visited the famous Twickenham during his visits to London, but he hoped to take the opportunity, if time permitted, of witnessing an exhibition of the sport in Auckland. He had, however, played at outside-right for the Transylvanian National Soccer Team against Colonel Adrian Boot's English Amateur XI, at the incredible age of 50, before a heel injury sustained during that 2-2 draw which had so shocked the over-confident English maestros, forced his retirement from the game, and from the football world in general. An eager and spotted young reporter from the City's daily newspaper asked him if it was possible, since he seemed to appreciate the country so much, if it was possible that he might have plans of breaking his long literary retirement. Was it possible (and here an audible hush fell over the audience), was it possible that a book about New Zealand might be forthcoming conceivably, perhaps at the end of his visit? The Count smiled.

"It is — a — possible," he paused.

"Very — a — possible."

A burst of spontaneous applause burst out amidst his hearers. The Count, visibly pleased, gave a charming little Continental bow and then addressed a question of his own to the blushing juvenile reporter. Were there no Polynesian present? No Maori? He had been mightily, wonderfully impressed with the native peoples he had met in Wellington. His feeling of being a new man certainly had something to do with his recent exposure to their remarkable unspoiled naturalness and their youth, which, though obviously seriously jeopardised by the European colonisation, was still, thank God, alive. He had, of course, read in dozens of musty tomes about their life and customs, but the actual revelation was more than he had ever dreamed of. A new planet had swum into his ken. A heartily embarrassed clergyman explained that there were no Maoris or Polynesians actually present; that the Count's interest in the native people had not been realised, but that there would certainly be opportunities for meeting them if that was what he wished.

"Kyoesh!" ("Good!") said the Count, thanking the reverend gentleman. That would be wonderful; he would certainly take any such opportunity. In fact, he would insist upon it.

He was so thrilled, so impressed with what he had seen already in his short stay, he continued, addressing the crowd, that he was seriously thinking of rearranging his lecture schedule and extending his tour so that he might be able to stay more than a paltry two weeks in New Zealand. There was so, so much to be done; so, so much to be seen, especially as regards the life and customs of the Polynesian both in and out of contact with the white man. Since arriving in New Zealand he had

begun to reread, for the first time since his extreme youth, that neglected and unhonoured prophet, latterly so spurned: Jean-Jacques Rousseau. He felt reborn. Revivified. A "new Man."

★ ★ ★

After three free days, which were occupied with numerous visits to places of interest, and meetings with local notabilities, both white and Polynesian, the Count held his first public lecture. He announced to his enthusiastic audience, at the end of this, that the country so pleased and inspired him that he had definitely decided to increase his stay from two weeks to six, with the lectures far more generously spaced, two or three a week, instead of five or six. This would allow him to see all that he wished, enable him to meet more people, and give him the opportunity to take extensive notes for his projected book on this last of the paradises, which he felt certain now, he replied to the inevitable question, would come to harvest. Since his first lecture was packed to overflowing (sixty people were turned away), and an unexpectedly large collection was taken (with the prospect of more to come — as well as the prestigious book), the sponsors were only too pleased to acquiesce. The Count made a brief speech about his book to be, in which he made one or two statements that are of relevance to this narrative. After giving a brief outline of what its contents might be expected to be, he apologised for any offence that he might have caused by what might have appeared his rudeness in refusing to answer several questions about his past work. He said that he had refused to discuss the past precisely because it was the past. It was over. Finished with. He would not break this rule even to discuss his great pupil and friend, Sigmund Freud, for he belonged to Europe, which was the past. He could not, he feared, discuss the latest scientific or imaginative literature, for he had come to the conclusion that reading was a pointless exercise; that all natural knowledge could be obtained from Nature; and more easily by the mind uncorrupted by the literature of the sophisticate. Rousseau and Crusoe (Robinson) were his only present reading matter (apart from a few specified poems); the only reading matter he could recommend, the only reading matter he would discuss. Speaking of his sudden decision to write a book after such a long gap, he explained that since the cataclysm of the Great War he had felt old and desperate. Half a century of frenzied research and publication, monumental theorising and intensive cataloguing, had, instead of leading him into the open led him into a cul-de-sac. With the war he had sensibly felt the emptiness, the sterility of the old order, the old Europe — the decay of the great systems; moral, religious and scientific. He had sensed the death that over-intellectualism was leading to in the organised chaos of the new Viennese school of music, the frenzied mechanic outcries of the Futuristic poets, the work of the Russian Suprematists and the travesty of misunderstood native culture in the savage parodies of Negroid and

Pacific art that were sweeping Europe. In such an atmosphere, which could not but shake him to the very roots of his being, creative writing was impossible. He had retreated. But now, in the sunlight, where the cobwebs of thought had not yet spread everywhere, he felt a new birth of creative power.

Whenever, in this first week and the beginning of the second, he was not engaged in lecturing, he demanded to be taken on trips to Pas and Maori communities. He rubbed noses enthusiastically with tattooed chiefs, clapped the Poi dances of Rotorua maidens, and did the most modern steps with young Polynesian ladies on a visit to an urban dance-hall. He insisted on meeting the Maori King in Ngaruawahia, and amazed that person by conversing with him in the Maori tongue, which he had mastered amazingly in the short space of a few days. He talked to a knighted elder, famous for his social work and a monograph on the Great Migration, and drank a toast with a good-natured road-working crew. He embraced them as brothers. He thanked them for the new lease of life they had given him. He conversed with a school teacher about the earlier history of the country, which he, of course, had studied in past years. He was scandalised by the mistakes, the stupidity, the arrogance of the Europeans. He was vastly amused by the story of the old Maori tribal King who had gone to England to see the King or Queen, and had returned with a suit of armour and an array of presents which he had roguishly exchanged for a muskets in Sydney. He ceremonially kicked-off to commence a North Auckland rugby game between two local fifteens. And in spite of all this immense activity, he insisted on departing, after his evening lectures, into the deeper quarters of the city, seeking out more Polynesians to converse with. Often he would not return until three or four o'clock in the morning; sometimes not till breakfast time, but still fresher, keener of eye and mind, than a man half his age would have been.

It was probably on one of these nocturnal peregrinations that he first met Lulu McUvula, the exquisite young whore of mingled Maori, Tahitian, Scottish and Italian blood, who was to be the cause of his tragic downfall and hurried departure from these islands.

★ ★ ★

Before relating the progress and outcome of the Count's disastrous encounter with Lulu, it is, I feel, necessary to the intuitive rightness of this narrative's pattern (which I have not fashioned consciously, but which, nevertheless, to my back-glancing eye, has something of the stern and tragic Greek about it), that I should at this point temporarily leave both this subject and the reader in suspense whilst I illustrate, to the best of my ability, the content of the lecturer's public talks. These lectures, I was informed by the Professor and by several of the newspaper clippings which I collected in the course of my private investigations, were held in the University's hall on Tuesday nights and at a different



suburban hall each Saturday night. They were attended regularly by as many as three hundred to three hundred and fifty people, many of them distinguished. One of the lectures was given in the city's town hall, and attracted an audience of over nine hundred people, including the visiting Governor-General.

What I relate of the Count's actual expounding is a composite of that which was told to me by the original narrator, some relevant articles from the papers of the time, and some battered notes, taken at one of the lectures by an eager student, which I happily stumbled upon some years while going through the archives of the now defunct Transylvania League.

★ ★ ★

He spoke of the country with awful reverence, a passionate winged lyricism that must have been embarrassing to many in his more emotionally reserved audiences, who, whilst they unreflectingly subscribed to the opinion that they dwelt in God's own country, were scarcely prepared for the Count's unqualified announcement that this casually held and generally optional conviction was in fact Biblical revelation, and, as such, supported by intricate theological proofs. One of his theories struck me, and, I am sure, the Professor, as being particularly representative of his ingenuity and imagination. I shall do my poor best to reconstruct it adequately, but, alas, with only the barest outlines of its argument before me, and my medium being the flat print of a dead page, I can scarcely hope to do justice to it — to its logical but wonderfully intuitive stirring of caved, unconceptualised emotions — to the way it must have come as a revelation upon the mesmerised audience as they watched the tall, black-caped, top-hatted and bearded Count pull, with amazing facility, his cerebral white rabbits and silken polka-dotted handkerchiefs from out of thin air.

His exposition was somewhat along the following lines. Taking as a starting point the Biblical text, Genesis IV, i-xiv,

And Adam knew Eve, his wife; and she conceived, and bare Cain, and said, I have gotten a man from the Lord.

And she again bare his brother Abel . . .  
(etc.)

he explained that of the sons of Adam, the mythic Father of our human race, and our general Mother, Eve, one was natural, a good son, who was a blessing to his parents, a keeper of sheep who sacrificed his firstlings to the Lord (v. iv), and for whom the Lord therefore had respect; an uncorrupted man; virtuous and a light unto the world. The other, the second son, an exploiter of the earth, a tiller who insulted the Lord with his cynical offerings (v. v), was named Cain. He was unnatural, a materialist, without virtue and without light; the embodiment of the sins of greed, lust, envy and murder. This Cain was the progenitor of all manifestations of dark despair, the father of the decadent European whose ice-thin culture was now breaking up around his frenzied skating-shoes. He was the callous fratricide who, having slain his

brother by blood, denied (in the well-known phrase used as the title of several popular novels (v. ix) "Am I my brother's keeper?") to the Lord his sacred duty to sustain him. Abel, the murdered brother, was a type of the primitive loveliness of that legendary Eastern clime, the Eden-Paradise, which Mankind, said the Count, by living again at one with Nature, might yet re-attain, in spite of the original exile. He was the symbol of that society which had vanished for ever, so it seemed, from the face of the earth; that society which was known to man only through the deathless voices of ancient poets singing their lamentations for the distant passing of the Age of Gold. From that mellifluous singer of Roman times, Ovid, he quoted:

*The earth, itself, without compulsion, untouched by the hoe, unfurrowed by any share, produced all things spontaneously, and men were content with foods that grew without cultivation. They gathered arbute berries and mountain strawberries, wild cherries and blackberries, that cling to thorny bramble bushes; or acorns, fallen from Jupiter's spreading oak. It was a season of everlasting spring, when peaceful zephyrs, with their warm breath, caressed the flowers that sprang up without having been planted. In time the earth, though untilled, produced corn too, and fields that never lay fallow whitened with heavy ears of grain. Then there flowed rivers of milk and rivers of nectar, and golden honey dripped from the green holm-oak.*



This society, naturally pious, peaceful but manly, wealthy in the fruits of life but ignorant of the sins of acquisition, was the polar opposite of the utilitarian-materialistic way of life represented by Cain, based firstly upon the exploitation of the soil, and eventually upon that of the soul.

In decadent Europe, the bastard offspring of the loins of the fugitive Cain, the dreadful fratricide was all but forgotten, except in the minds of a few enlightened individuals — the great moral glories of dull and desperate centuries. There was Daniel Defoe, for instance; Jean-Jacques Rousseau, of course; and Forster, the

tectonic German, who sailed scientifically to the far Pacific and carried home his precious descriptions. The Count's enthusiasm knew no bounds when he from time to time discovered, through conversation or through personal intuition, other great minds that had, through the general mist of error, perceived the revealed truth. While such minds existed Mankind might still hold out some faint hope for the future, for such lights prevented the darkness of ignorance from assuming universal proportions. The newspaper clipping that I have in front of me at this moment, dated July 14, 1927, reports that at a recent public lecture the Count announced that he had discovered, in conversation with an Associate Professor of German Language and Literature, at a Faculty Party held in his honour, that the wild Teutonic Kunstballadeer, Gottfried August Burger, immortal author of the chilling LENORE,

*O Mutter, Mutter, hin ist hin,  
Verloren ist Verloren!*

had written a piece in celebration of the then recent Pacific landfall, entitled NEUSEELANDES SCHLACHTLIED, which, though I have been unable to trace it, is, I am expertly assured, extant.

The Count's theory further pointed out the remarkable fact that the accredited discoverer of this land, a Dutchman named Tasman, bore the propitious Christian name of Abel. Coincidence could hardly be called in to bear the weight of this miraculous parallel, which, strange to remark, has never, to my knowledge, been pointed out either before or since. The Count's interpretation of this

fact was as follows.

It was the non-coercive will of a fundamentally benign Providence that the bearer of the name of Abel should discover the last earthly survivors of the offspring of Adab's murdered son, the bearer of light and happiness, the founder of the uncorrupted self-sufficient society. But, alas, through no fault of the Dutch Messiah, the promises of that first sighting had been betrayed — cruelly betrayed. The coming of the predominantly unsavoury Europeans, with their pigs and syphilis, firewater and trading blankets, had been disastrous. The work of the later explorers like Captain Crook (sic.), and the bigoted missionaries, surly Calvinists and subtle Neo-Thomists, bluff muscular Anglicans and enthusiastic Methodists (whose only apparent doctrinal agreement was on the necessity of clothing the sun-loving natives), had been dreadful and far-reaching, but there was still, perhaps, a chance that it might not be fatal. But only if man now made an effort, a strenuous and immediate effort, to preserve this last of the earthly paradise from further contamination.

Since the European had left his dying home for a new life in a new land, New Zealand was his home too, as well as the Polynesian's. But if the European was to live here he must come to terms with his environment. He must not regard the country as an extension, a transplanted microcosm of his homeland, but as a new land with an older and better tradition of its own. He must give up all thoughts of im-

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posing his customs and his failing ideas upon the natives. Rather, he should recognise the Maoris' primitive nobility, cast off his own unhygienic ways (the ubiquitous English vest), and dispense with his outmoded and negative systematised muddling for the natural religion of the Polynesian. He visualised the last remaining earthly paradise, the Pacific region, as an azure sea of preserved islands, inhabited by nobly-breasted golden maidens, walking naked and unashamed with the



slow grace of the beloved of God, courted by tall amorous swains, amidst groves of ever-ripening fruit. To his initial revelation of

the island paradise that was New Zealand he applied the words of the poet, Andrew Marvell . . .

*Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,*

*And Innocence, thy Sister dear! Mistaken long I sought you then In busy Companies of Men . . .*

and the words of the same poet, to his vision of the corrected, or rather, preserved future:

*What wondrous life is this I lead!*

*Ripe apples drop about my head; The luscious clusters of the vine Upon my mouth do crush their wine;*

*The nectaren and curious peach Into my hands themselves do reach;*

*Stumbling on melons, as I pass, Insnard with flowers, I fall on grass.*

Waxing biblical once more, he spoke of a land, not of milk and honey, but of the punga and kumara. He sang of an unsullied native purity, what the poet Herrick called a "cleanly wantonness."

A rather shocked clipping that I removed from a paper of the time which I came across during my investigations, reports that the whole of one of his lectures, in fact of that lecture which was to be his very last, was given over to an analysis of European sexual degeneration as compared with the untouched sexual practices of the uncorrupted Polynesians.

★ ★ ★

She (Lulu) was, at the time, barely eighteen, an impeccable

creature with skin of a transient silken softness (golden-brown in hue) — large doe-like trembling eyes — long black hair that seemed to murmur as beach-grass touched by the fragrant breeze of a Pacific night — and full red lips that had ripened eighteen Antipodean summers and now hung ready for picking, like sensuous, innocent fruit. When she smiled they parted slightly, like two refined lovers easing from a satiate embrace. And when she spoke, her voice closed about the listener's ear in a musky aural osculation, containing, like the stranded sea-shell, the murmuring of forgotten pleasures and islands of golden delight. She was the natural daughter of an Irish-Italian hunter of the whale, who had conceived her in a passing female flax-picker who had the misfortune to be at hand during a time of crisis. Abandoned by her lover, the unsanctified mother in turn abandoned her child to the cruel elements, and, as Fate would have it, to the care of a band of austere and dedicated nuns of the Order of the Sacred Heart, who found and took into their keeping the exposed girl infant. The episode of the finding had something of the atmosphere of a fairy tale about it, for the child was found by Sister Veronica drifting near the reedy riverbank in a small basket manufactured from flax-leaves, which the mother had had nearby at the time of her delivery. These good nuns brought her up from infancy, clothing her in a pale blue cotton dress (the white one with the mother-of-pearl buttons was reserved for Sundays and major Saint's Days), fed her on the same humble fare that sustained them, and taught her Mathematics, French and Latin. (The former two she was to find of future utility. Not so the latter.) They taught her to repeat the Commandments by heart and to recite the Catechism without error. They baptised and confirmed her. In short, these good women, to the best of their ability, generally fitted her for a life of prayer and cloistered penance, far removed from her wild and terrible beginnings. Indeed, until she reached her sixteenth year, it seemed that her education had truly redeemed her, and it seemed only a matter of course that she would follow her mentors into the only way of life that she had ever known. This, however, was not to be, for it happened that at the age of fifteen and a half, already ripened to a precocious bodily beauty, which could not wholly be concealed by either her demure countenance or her chaste apparel, she was had in an almost laughably Bocaccian fashion by the deaf-mute convent orchard-tender — and, overcome by this novel revelation of natural and exquisite pleasures, she resolved to make her escape from the celibate institution in which she was incarcerated. This she did, a few nights later, creeping out unobserved, in her freshly-laundered white Sunday dress (the one with the mother-of-pearl buttons), while the Sisters were occupied at Vespers. After wandering aimlessly along the dusky road for a quarter of an hour or so, she was offered a lift by a travelling lorry driver, who drove her to a beach-house owned by a friend of his (the friend being absent at a

Union Conference), and for two days and nights took his pleasure of her, sating himself on the fruits of her young body, and giving the tender sand-grazed girl an insight into yet more unsuspected, undreamed delights. Satisfied at last, he drove her to the big city, where, upon arriving, they took a tender farewell of each other. Then, left to her own devices, she experienced a series of incredible and unrelatable adventures (which are, however, not directly relevant to the main course of this tale), before arriving at the eminent professional position she occupied at the time of the Count's arrival. This position consisted of her being the central attraction of a rather dingy Ponsonby pleasure-house, a colonial structure that has now disappeared from the face of the city, giving way to progress, in the shape of pastel-shaded apartments for old-age pensioners. Here she was well-known among the various sailors of fifteen different nationalities who frequented the place for their nocturnal entertainment, and also to the outwardly respectable civil servants, magistrates, wool-merchants and owners of waterfront warehouses (questing husbands of menopausal dames), who visited, albeit more furtively. She was, in her pristine beauty, the most appealing by far of the twelve available inmates, most of whom were of as varied and incomprehensible an origin as herself. Because of her delicious natural advantages, which sometimes occasioned petty bickering and outbreaks of jealousy from the less-favoured girls, she was by far the most expensive of them. But in spite of the relatively prohibitive cost placed upon her favours, many a weary steersman, far from his home in Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Bristol or Shanghai, willingly spent the last of his hard-earned pay for the short-during privilege of embracing her naked, fleeting loveliness, the mournful sapling body, the pendant lips, and the mythic apples of her delicate small breasts (by Cranach, perhaps).

★ ★ ★

After their initial meeting, presumably (as has been observed) on one of the Count's nocturnal urban peregrinations, they apparently very soon became lovers. It is most unlikely that he paid her for her kindnesses. More probably, she was delighted to render herself up freely to a lover whose knowledge of the amorous arts was almost unparalleled, and who must certainly have given her greater and more refined satisfaction than the rough sailors with whom she usually embraced. The initial consummation of their passion took place (as far as it is possible to ascertain) sometime early during the second week of the Count's stay in Auckland.

At first thought the reader may find the idea of a liaison between a man of all of 74 years of age and a girl hardly 18, based upon a principle of mutual gratification — not of sordid emolument — shocking to his sensibilities. Incredible as well as conventionally distasteful. Unusual it was, to be sure; but the Count was, in many ways, an unusual man. Let it be said that he was still a strikingly handsome personage, in the grand Slavonic style, neither overly cor-

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*ugh! ly?*

## THE ARCHITECT AS WORLD PLANNER

R. Buckminster Fuller

**... I propose that the architectural departments of all the universities around the world be encouraged by the UIA to invest the next ten years in a continuing problem of how to make the total world's resources serve 100 per cent of humanity through competent design.**

The general theory of education at present starts students off with elementary components and gradually increases the size of the complex of components with which the student will be concerned. The scheme is to go from the particular towards the whole but seems never to reach the whole. In many of the architectural schools the first-year student is given a problem in terms of a country town and has to plan and design the buildings for that country town. The next year he must do a larger town, a small industrial town. In the third year he is engaged in a large industrial city, and in his fourth year he is engaged with larger cities, such as London or New York. The schools never reach out to national let alone world problems. Local town planning is almost everywhere invalidated by the sweep of world events. The automobile highway cloverleaf programmes are inadequate to the concept of total man being advantaged with his own vehicle; parking problems continually frustrate and negate the too-local horizon of town planning.

The first year's total world planning by the students and its designed implementation may be expected to disclose great amateurishness and inadequacies, but not only will the criticism come from the architectural profession, but it will also be evoked from the politicians, from the economists, the industrialists, excited by its treading on their doorsteps, out of which criticism the next year's round of world designing by the students may be greatly advantaged. The second, third and fourth years should show swift acceleration in the comprehension of the problem and the degree of satisfaction of the problem.

The world planning by the students must be predicated upon the concept of first things first, upon a scheduled hierarchy of events.

The comprehensive world resources data now exist in a number of establishments, but is primarily available to all the universities of the world through UNESCO. What UNESCO does not have, it is in a good position to direct the researcher to successfully acquire.

At the present moment in history, what is spoken of as foreign policy by

the respective nations consists essentially of their plans to bring about conditions which would uniquely foster their respective unique kinds of survival in the Malthusian 'you or me-ness'. For any one of the foreign policies of any of the nations or groups of nations to become a world plan, would mean that approximately one-half of the world's nations would have to surrender, and would mean the development of a highly biased plan as applied to the whole. In the nature of political compromises, it is logical to assume that the foreign policy of any one nation will never succeed in satisfying comprehensive world planning.

It is clearly manifest, however, in this Sixth Congress of the International Union of Architects that the architects are able to think regarding such world planning in a manner transcendental to any political bias. My experience around the world and amongst the students tells me that the students themselves tend always to transcend political bias and that all of them are concerned with the concept of making the world work through competent design.

In much investigation and inquiry I have had no negative response to the programme of organization of the student capability to the raising of the performance of the world resources to serve 100 per cent of humanity by peaceful, comprehensive laboratory experiment and progressive design evolution.

It is probable that if the architectural students are progressively disciplined to breadth of capability in chemistry, physics, mathematics, bio-chemistry, psychology, economics, and industrial technology, that they will swiftly and ably penetrate the most advanced scientific minds resident in the university, and as their programmes evolve from year to year in improving capability, that the students will be able to bring the highest integral scientific resources of man to bear upon their solutions of world town planning and its design instrumentation and operational regeneration.

The next Congress should then be almost completely preoccupied with reviewing all such inventories and plans—with this first stocktaking of what man has to do, and what he has to do it with! What will appear will unquestionably be world news of the first order, and not only world news but the news that men all around the earth have waited for. The common goals for all to work toward will be reduced from empty words to simple physical objectives.





Co-existence

—John Marler Photo

## Improvization

Jazz Club got away to a flying start with Orientation Concert, scheduled to be held outdoors, but held in the Art Gallery because of bad weather.

The bad acoustics of the Art Gallery concert room did not impair the enjoyment of the 350 people who packed the hall, many of them freshers hearing their first "live" jazz. *Allen Broadbent*, 16-year-old pianist, was the star of the *Bob Keven Trio* which opened the concert. His touch and sense of harmonies are advanced far beyond his years, and his solid support and other solos came from *Keven* (drums) and *Dennis O'Hara* (bass).

*Lew Mercer's Quintet* featured the leader's powerful drumming and solo work by *Morrin Cooper* and *Gelin Martin*, but the star of the group was bass player *Kevin Hayes*, whose solo on "Jive Samba" achieved a real emotional climax, very rare in a bass solo.

The University Jazz Workshop group was notable for the much improved playing of jazz altoist

*Dave Auburn* (great gaining of confidence), and drummer *Noel Cusack* (reduction of volume and busyness). The group played the jazz standard *We Montgomery's "Full House"*, the now notorious "Air" by *Cecil Taylor*, which may have been rendered more accessible by explanation beforehand, and an original waltz by a member of the group, as well as a semi-vocalised version of an old *Bing Crosby* hit.

*Dave Donovan's Quintet* proved the hit of the concert, thanks to the leader's driving guitar solos and sterling work by *Robin Workman* on vibraphone, *Max Brown* on tenor sax, and *Allan Nash* on drums. It was particularly interesting to compare this group's version of "Jive Samba" with *Lew Mercer's*.

The concert must be regarded as a success for Jazz Club, which gained many financial members, and as an excellent omen for a swinging 1964, the high spot of which will be the Universities Arts Festival in August.

—N. L. F.

# Bowie At The Ikon

James Bowie, a quiet, thick-set man in his late forties, had a brief art education at Wellington Polytechnic and has been carving for the last twelve years; he held his only other exhibition in 1953. He says of himself, "I find sculpture an all-absorbing spare-time occupation when the mood hits." He admits to a sincere admiration for *Barbara Hepworth*, and indeed there is a small echo and distant reflection of her ideas in some of Bowie's work.

Bowie's work shows a thorough respect for his material, a respect which could tend to hold him back from a more exhaustive, adventurous search into further possibilities. His technique with wood is near faultless and serves him best in the simpler forms of "Co-existence" (15), "Pigeon" (8) and "Involved Form" (2) (illus.). In the slickly conceived female "Lithe figure" (9) and "Fish" (5) this technique takes

charge and becomes more virtuosic performance than sculpture, where the cleverness of making complex forms has destroyed what otherwise may have been a powerful simplicity. There is competence in all his work, but the technique of casting a mass of concrete for carving is a sorry substitute for the natural stone. This can be seen in comparing the ragged and uncontrollable lines and forms of "Seated Figure" (6) with the sharp, well formed "Pigeon."

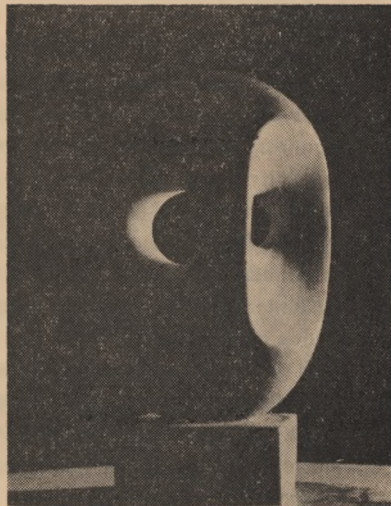
The drawings are a very slim addition to a modest exhibition and have little relationship to the sculpture. He destroys most drawings, "preferring to use them as the barest jumping off point and doing all the thinking in the actual contact with the wood — or stone."

Mr Bowie prefers to work independently from art circles to preserve independence of thought; he is represented in

private collections in New Zealand and America.

In a do-it-yourself society which tolerates so many citizens who mistakenly believe they are artists, it is refreshing and indeed rewarding to see a spare-time sculptor who has made it his business to do this well. The show is modestly priced: Sculpture 15 to 50 guineas and drawings 6 to 10 guineas. The opening was well attended but badly patronised. Here is good sculpture well within reach of the small collector at prices below those often paid for mediocre paintings in this city.

—J. L.



Involved Form

—John Marler Photo

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IT was Shakespeare who took over in the Grafton - Varsity "Merchant of Venice" production and that, I suppose, is the last word in praise of such a performance. As long as the old wizard is allowed to reach us still across the four centuries, our theatre (and we ourselves, for that matter) cannot be in such a bad way.

The open-air setting was not a distraction. The corner of the University grounds was excellently chosen, sheltered and yet spacious. And the lines which can so easily get lost in an auditorium apparently reached the furthest rows of the audience. Great credit to the company,

The "experimental" nature of the production was very soon forgotten, and one gave oneself up to the enjoyment of the magic of the words, the play of colours, the probing lights and the enveloping shadows. Above all the words, which must never on any account (and least of all with Shakespeare) be subordinated to anything else. Here, though read and heard a hundred times before, they reached us with a freshness and vigour undimmed by familiarity.

but of genuine suffering, regardless of whether it is merited or not.

Shylock's isolated eminence inevitably dwarfs any other performance in the play. Antonio's is a dignified but minor role. Graeme Eton gave the part a touch of nobility, especially in the trial scene (in which, incidentally, he alone emerged with credit). His delivery of his lines was consistently good. But he allowed himself to be overshadowed by Norman Fletcher's Bassanio, a somewhat inconsiderate friend and a slightly gawky lover. Mr Fletcher has considerable advantages as an actor: he must not let them be obscured by his mannerisms.

Elizabeth McRae made a queenly and pleasing Portia, as agreeable to look at as to listen to. However, the lady need hardly have betrayed her feelings at the discomfiture of her suitors quite so openly. As Balthazar she was far less successful. Was it because of too great an effort to change her voice, too much attention paid to turning her back to Bassanio? Or was this come-down simply an effect of the general failure of the trial scene?

## A Measured Tread

This is, of course, Shylock's play, and Robin Chadwick's was an outstanding performance. For all his ability and earnestness his playing of recent roles might well have caused some misgivings. Would we be given a strutting, officious Shylock by an actor over-eager to dominate the stage? Any fears of the kind soon vanished. His was as richly varied, as subtly modulated, as vibrant and sensitive and vengeful a Jew as one could wish.

The traditional Shylock — Irving's, Tree's, Gielgud's — gains his effect by neatly balancing the audience's emotions between revulsion and sympathy. Chadwick dispensed with the sentimental appeal. His was a straight-out embittered usurer. He mourned for his ducats more than for his daughter. Vindictiveness dominated over a sense of injustice.

A perfectly legitimate if less engaging interpretation, Chadwick's playing made it altogether acceptable. Heavily stooped, drawn in upon himself, gesticulating with claw-like hands, raucous-voiced and outlandish in accent, he stood apart from his fellow Venetians, marked in features, speech and dress, a character lonely and soured but by no means crushed.

Here was a truly tragic figure. It commanded the pity that is the due not of outraged innocence

For it was here that an otherwise respectable production fell down. Beginning badly with the Duke, who, wrongly placed, failed to impose himself, this whole act, which is the climax of the play, fell flat. Only Gratiano's taunting of Shylock gave it some vitality — and indeed, Gerald Gallacher, who played the part, deserves a word of praise for a consistently lively and graceful performance throughout.

Margaret Logan gave Portia able support as Nerissa. Doraine Green's Jessica was notable mainly for a house-dress so extreme that Shylock would certainly never have tolerated it. Launcelot Gobbo clowning to the audience's delight but for some reason left me, usually an admirer of Clyde Scott's, unamused.

In Edna Harris's competent hands the production was generally satisfying, lighting and costumes especially so. I felt the lack of one more level at the back of the playing area (arched gently, perhaps, to suggest the Rialto) which would have served, also, to frame the court scene.

A spell of fine, warm weather contributed to make the season an outstanding success. After "Hamlet" in 63, what odds are offering on "A Midsummer Night's Dream" for 1965?

—Robert Goodman

Continued from page 14

pulent nor oppositely lean, but tall and well-built, with glittering black eyes, a huge imperial nose, and a mighty ebony beard, which, like his copious hair, was only slightly touched by the grey outstretched fingers of Time. I vividly remember that the Professor, for some inscrutable reason best, and perhaps only known to himself, seemed to place a special significance upon the Transylvanian's barbate growth. When he arrived in New Zealand, the Count was (as he always had been), a clean-shaven man; but with one of those heavy growths which require two or even three (if there is an evening dinner-party or conference), applications of the razor to the day. To disguise this black unruliness which showed plainly against his white facial skin even if he had shaved but an hour or two previously, he used to powder his chin and jowls in the rather effete Continental fashion. But, within a few days of his arrival in this city, he changed the habit of a lifetime, and began to let his beard flourish. Within the short space of eight or nine days he was the possessor of a magnificent, luxuriant growth, an hirsute trophy such as a lesser man might have been proud to cultivate over a period of months.

For the benefit of those who may still find the fact of such an apparently disparate liaison unbelievable, it should be further noted that the Count was, at least, well equipped theoretically, for his first major publication, that one which brought him initially to a world-wide reputation, was the monumental (13 vols.), *LJ FASCHYEADIJ LOJ RAUYOE-TYE SEYCHEALE (VARIETIES OF SEXUAL EXPERIENCE — Vienna, 1900)* — (translated by the Anglo-German, White, for the English edition of 1910) — which the eminent Venetian, Kleinstod, has compared not unfavourably with Krafft-Ebbing's *PSYCHOPATHIA*, and which the great Havelock-Ellis praised as a "masterly work" in a letter to a Scottish colleague.\* Lest it be suggested by the doubting that the Count's sexual experience was purely theoretical, let it be noted that, inter alia, he had been married three times, and that he had also been the co-respondent in the now forgotten, but in 1888 notorious, Countess Dobritzky scandal. His first wife was buried in the mists of his student days, from whence no details have ever been exhumed. The second (1879-92) was a minor Contessa from a Mediterranean country, whose dark passion had inflamed his German-educated soul. He had divorced her when it was discovered, after several futile visits to Swiss clinics, that she was unable to conceive. The third (1906-1925), was the beautiful and dashing English geologist, Agnes Beardsley (niece of the Rev. G. D. Bonnington, captain of Middlesex (h'd. h'ttng r't-h'nd bat, m'd'm-p'ce ch'ng'e bowler and g'd f'ld), witty, cultured and charming, who had had nature verses antholo-

gised, and who was a distant relative of Algernon Swinburne. This marriage, which continued in hope for nineteen years, also proved fruitless; and for this reason a separation had been made two years before the Count set out on his overseas tour.

Assuming, as we have, with considerable justification from the available evidence, that the Count first met Lulu early on in the second week of his stay, and that soon after their meeting the primary consummation of their passion was enacted, we may calculate that for some four weeks he and Lulu played without interruption their respective roles of clandestine lover and mistress; that he enjoyed her to the full (or as fully as his crowded schedule and the enforced secrecy of their nocturnal meetings would allow). These four weeks, the warm days and nights of a Pacific idyll, gave little hint of what was to come, of the thunderclouds pregnant with electricity lying in wait just below the observable autumn horizon. The tragic scene, unknown to the participants — strolling players, who were reciting the closing lines of a twilight comedy, was being meticulously set, and the hammer of an unregarded Fate raised for a terrible blow. To actually set down in cold print the facts of the episode at which I have hinted, is a most painful duty; one that I would only too willingly lay down. But, having vowed to present this story in full, as it was told to me, I cannot but attempt to carry out my voluntary obligation to the best of my ability, albeit with considerable reluctance.

The Count, during his six weeks in Auckland, stayed at a city hotel, the Hotel Marina, now no longer standing, but in its time probably the best in the country. Every available comfort and extra service, as well as the best suite, complete with private bathroom and balcony, was his. All was paid for by the sponsors of his visit. The Marina was an impressive large structure of indeterminate style, somewhere between the Neo-Classical and the Gothic, with some wooden annexes in the old Colonial manner. The hotel's chief glory, though, was not in its structural style, but was the large garden that was attached. This luxury, one that most modern hotels have to dispense with, was a minor masterpiece of artificial landscape gardening, ingeniously created out of stone and concrete, carved into varying geometrical and natural shapes, many of which were hollowed out so as to allow unexpected beds for the multi-coloured flowers which abounded. Miniature cultured Japanese trees were also planted around the garden. This little landscape was full of the most charming hedges and narrow paths, some arranged with a mathematical exactitude, others disarranged with an endearing naturalness. There was about the whole scheme an intangible fusion of the precise and the unwitting, the savage and the methodically tamed. Before it was demolished in 1946, by which time the garden, almost totally neglected, had returned to a state of unpleasing, unweeded wildness, a colour photograph of it had been published in a South Pacific travel brochure on sale at Ameri-

\* Unpublished Letters of Havelock-Ellis, p. 231 (edited by Ellman Pryor published by the University of Michigan Press, 1961).

### BROWSE AWAY . . .

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can airports. The landscape also contained a small river, the pride and joy of its late creator, a Staffordshire businessman with a passion for Marco Polo. This river had its source in a number of taps, which, attached to a distant wall, were kept ceaselessly running. The course of the river, cut out of the concrete upon which the garden was arranged, was sinuous in its wanderings — like a great winding serpent. It ended its journey by dying in a quite spectacular little waterfall, which fell away down the slope of a thickly-shaded gully. Every morning, whether he had slept or not, the Count would take his Continental breakfast in the pleasant surroundings of the garden, sipping his coffee and eating his rolls and fresh fruit, and refusing to read the offered morning papers. Here, during the early afternoon siesta that he invariably took, he would compose the text of his next lecture, sometimes getting up from his deckchair to pace up and down, stopping from time to time to admire the flowerbeds, the Japanese trees and the rather garish floral clock. It was here, in the garden, that the event which I have obligated myself to recount, occurred.

★ ★ ★

On this particular June evening, the tenth of the month, Mrs Emily Chasuble, wife of the Rev. George Chasuble, and President of the Combined Anglican Churchwomen, made up her mind to ask a special favour of that charming and clever gentleman, the Transylvanian Count. The matter, though a small one, loomed large in her mind. It concerned the possibility of an extra lecture which she was going to beg him to deliver to the Waikato branch of her association, whose members tied as they were to domestic duties, could not manage the trip to Auckland. Having unluckily failed to catch the Count at the conclusion of the previous night's lecture, she would, in normal circumstances, have been willing to let the matter rest until the following morning, when she and other members of the overall sponsoring committee were scheduled to enjoy morning tea with their guest. She would have left him, on one of his very rare free evenings, to his own devices. But Mrs Chasuble knew for a fact that Mrs Gloria Berkeley, President of the Speculative Society, an unsavoury organisation that was lectured to by unwashed Indian swamis, was going to ask the Count for a similar favour to be extended towards the North Auckland branch of her society. Now, because of the frequency of the Count's engagements, his lectures and his visits around the countryside, he could obviously, even with the best will in the world, give only a limited number of special guest appearances. Mrs Chasuble, whose corporate life, as well as her religious, was governed by the maxim that it was best to take no chances, decided that her best hope was to get in first. So it was that, after dinner, at about nine o'clock, she arrived at the Marina Hotel, dressed in a new, dove-grey suit bought especially for the great gentleman, and smilingly enquired the number of his room. The clerk gave the good

lady the number, and she mounted the stairs, towards her destination. Arriving at the door, she knocked, but received no reply. She knocked twice more, but there was still no sound. Coming downstairs, she accosted the Manager, and demanded of him the Count's whereabouts. He explained to her that the Count had gone out for about two hours, and that that had been at eight o'clock. Would she like to wait? Mrs Chasuble, a little desperate to make her particular arrangements, for she had, if the truth was known, made a rather premature covenant with her Waikato officials, which if broken, would have unpleasant repercussions, said that she would.

After about three-quarters of an hour, the paucity of material in the periodicals and the warmth of the autumn evening made her restless, and, as she had not brought her knitting (which would have looked a little bit suburban), she decided to take the Manager's advice and walk around the recommended garden.

When her eyes became adjusted to the dark, she saw that it was indeed a miniature masterpiece, with its odd geometric shapes, its bushes and trees, its heavy night odours, and the charming river meandering along its course with a pleasant little gurgling sound. But it was a sound that was more a groan than a gurgle that made her start, and notice, as she peered intently into the dusk, an odd, non-geometric shape. Advancing fearlessly, she approached the umbrageous clump of wilder trees and shrubs adjacent to the cultivated Japanese variety. There her shocked eyes beheld a pair of totally naked bodies, engaged, as she later told Mrs Fitzwilliam, chaperone of the "Youth Forward" Movement, and as Mrs Fitzwilliam related to Mr Vyoetl, of the Transylvania League, in a kind of French embrace. The lovers, in their closeness, were not aware of a third person's approach. Only a matter of feet away from them now, she exclaimed loudly, "Well, I never!" Apprehending another presence, the guilty pair swiftly unlaced themselves, leaping apart to their feet — she clutching her dress to her in an endeavour to cover her unclothed brown body, and he clutching a large blanket to hide his nakedness. For several speechless moments the three stood in motionless confrontation. Then, looking hard at the partners in the act that she had just been witness to, Mrs Chasuble gave a cry of stunned recognition, of astonished disbelief.

"Why, . . . it's the Count!"

The Count's white, agonised visage turned a dull red under her stern, accusing eye, and redder still under the lashing of her tongue. It was a scandal, a disgrace, an unprecedented act, and with a native woman too. Her voice rang righteously through the garden. Then, as lights were flashed on nearby and voices were heard approaching, the Count cast one last fond, despairing look at Luul, who was finding her dress a rather insufficient shield, wrapped the blanket around his body, and strode off with as much dignity as he was capable of, not

pausing to look round as he took his solitary way back to the hotel.

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There was, of course, no public scandal. The Count was simply informed by an appointed deputation, headed by Mrs Chasuble, that, for reasons well known to all present, the Committee of the combined societies could no longer continue its sponsorship. There was a ship leaving for Europe in two days' time. They had booked him a passage on it.

There were very few present to see him off: only the Professor and four or five others. The Count looked gaunt and strangely pale. He was so weak that he stumbled on the gangplank, and had to be assisted on to the boat. He was clutching himself, as if afflicted with some pain, or thorn of private agony. Early on in the afternoon of the grey eighteenth, he sailed out of the Auckland harbour and away from New Zealand.

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The delectable Lulu, whose native nubility had so enraptured the elderly Transylvanian genius, did not, indeed could not return for long to her accustomed employ, as she very soon discovered that she was with child. So, obscenely cursing the Count for the inconvenience, she was forced to seek, for a number of months, a less strenuous source of income. Eventually she found such a job, though less lucrative as well as less congenial, daubing quick-drying imitation Greenstone paint on mass-produced tikis in a small suburban factory run by an expatriate Ukrainian. These were later sold to the more gullible tourists of the thermal regions of the North Island. Then, her time being nigh, she fell into travail, and, having been delivered safely of her child, she promptly abandoned it in an improbable fashion on the steps of the Methodist Mission, from whence it was rapidly transferred to an outlying mental hospital, since it proved to be mentally deficient to the point of being unable to articulate or to control its bowel movements. Because institutions of this kind are ethically bound to keep a veil of privacy between their inmates and the inquisitive outsider, it is impossible to say with any degree of certainty what happened to the child. Perhaps, nearly forty years later, it is still there. Perhaps, more mercifully, it died soon after admission. The Professor, before his own death, was wont to remark that a certain politician who had held one of the Maori seats in Parliament for the last few years, and whose actions during that period had done nothing to confound certain malicious rumours, circulated by the Opposition, which stated that he was suffering from an advanced stage of cerebral atrophy, bore a remarkable facial resemblance to a distinguished European scientist who had once visited this country. He was, I think, joking when he made this statement, but it is impossible to be absolutely certain of this, as he only smiled but once in the telling of this tale, and not at this particular point in the sequence of events. Following her ordeal, Lulu re-

turned to her former working place, where she doubtless provided solace for many another weary sailor. Of her subsequent existence the facts are few — three in all — one of which is open to dispute. From a diligent searching of newspaper files of the time I discovered that in December, 1928, a 19-year-old half-caste girl, Miss Lulu McUvula, was crowned "Miss Dargaville Beach Queen, 1928." A press report dated June 19, 1930, states that a house, a very particular house — the one that has played a part in this story — was closed down by the police. Thus, we can be reasonably sure that after this date she was forced to take her talents elsewhere. The last fact that I unearthed is a newspaper report dated September 16, 1932, which states that a Loo-loo McEvilla, entertainer, was sentenced to six months imprisonment on a rather disgusting charge which was not very conclusively proved, thus making, no doubt, for the extreme leniency of the sentence. Whether Loo-loo McEvilla and Lulu McUvula were the same will probably never be known. I am inclined to think (on slender evidence, admittedly) that the two were one.

The Count, suffering intense but undiagnosable agonies, lasted, somehow, the long sea voyage back to Europe, but only as an unrecognisable shadow of the man he had previously been. He passed away, however, before reaching his homeland. His death, a small report in an Auckland paper stated, occurred whilst on a pilgrimage to the tomb of the great French thinker, Jean-Jacques Rousseau. The report was devoid of concrete fact, and generally misty. His death was attributed to vague processes of ageing, to cerebral wear, and to even vaguer processes of strain that he had been under. But the Professor assured me that, while on sabbatical leave in Europe a few years later, he had discovered that the Count actually perished of a particularly dreadful, and even today relatively incurable syphilis germ, known locally and vulgarly as the Black Pox of Papeete. This fact was, of course, kept far away from the ears of the public, but the information leaked out through the French dermatologist, Bourgeon, who had been called in to examine the eminent corpse, and who, by a strange quirk of chance, recognised the symptoms as identical with those of a case he had seen while on government service in the French Pacific. Further, the Professor discovered in the files of the paper serving the town of Rousseau's birth, a report which stated that a bearded foreigner had been found raving and almost insensible at the foot of one of those unhygienic mechanical water-springs that are pressed by the public finger and enclosed by the public mouth, which had been erected by the proud townspeople in memory of their greatest son. The man was naked, the report concluded, having removed the grass skirt which was his only covering.

B. F. BABINGTON.

Auckland.

February, 1964.

Illustrations by Diane Perham