EDITORIAL
AN IDEA OF HISTORY  
POEMS OF RONSARD  
POEMS BY

BEFORE THE JUBILEE
MARIONETTE THEATRE
WHY WRITERS STOP WRITING
WORLD VIEWS OF HISTORY—POEM
A HELP TO THE READING OF
GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS
TO THE EDITOR

Peter Munz  
Arthur Barker  
Alistair Campbell  
Kendrick Smithyman  
Charles Brasch  
Hubert Withfoord  
James K. Baxter  
Brian Sutton-Smith  
Barbara Thompson  
James K. Baxter  
Pat Wilson  
Professor F. F. Miles

We repeat our first number’s announcement that although HILLTOP bears the imprint of the Literary Society of Victoria University College, its pages are open to all who write, whether they live in New Zealand or not, but please, if you send us a contribution, enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Manuscripts should be typewritten. Address manuscripts and enquiries to the Editorial Committee, HILLTOP, C/o W. H. Oliver, History Department, Victoria University College, Wellington. Payment will be made for accepted contributions.

There has been widespread confusion over the authorship of the short story IN THE TUNNEL, by P. J. Wilson, and the group of poems by Pat Wilson, in the last issue. These two authors are different people.

The September HILLTOP will include Professor I. A. Gordon’s article on T. L. Peacock, held over from this issue, also a study of THE BACCHAE of Euripides, by Professor H. A. Murray. Poems and short stories as usual.

All enquiries about advertising space in this paper should be made to Mr. G. S. Orr, C/o J. J. & Denis McGrath, 10 Woodward Street, Wellington, (Tel. 41-588).

Subscribers are reminded of the new rates listed on page four of this issue. Subscriptions should now be sent to Miss Judith Wild, 23 Hardy Street, Waterloo, Lower Hutt.

Cover drawing by John Drawbridge.

The Editor wishes to thank his Committee and all those people who have assisted him.

Editor  J. M. THOMSON
The Editor and Committee of HILLTOP, having considered the urgent problem which now faces all people in this country, and with the firm conviction that such a statement is at the moment the best means in their power of affecting the July referendum and through that referendum the peace of this country and of the world, here wish to present to their readers this joint editorial.

This magazine is a vehicle for people whose chief concern is with literature and the uncompromising evaluation of life activated by literature. We are not interested in party politics for their own sake, and if we now write an apparently political editorial, it is because we believe that the deepest human problem has become political. The human imagination has been caught by an idée fixe which drives it onwards: warfare, earlier in this century the outcome of a concrete conflict which could at least be sloganised by politicians, has become an addiction. There is no Utopia, the end is not even the preservation of the present world; war has become, to use an administrative commonplace, a matter of machinery. We are caught in the machine! We simply execute our orders; as in an ancient tragedy, simply following out the fate with which we are burdened, knowing only that we are driven. We might, quite unintentionally, enter the state of universal destruction.

We are faced with the horror of a new conflict being almost inevitably prepared. But as novelists and poets we are not altogether blind victims of fate. We are conscious and we are involved, but involvement does not mean that in the coming battles we are committed to any one of the conflicting parties. The fighting has become a disease, and we are pained by the symptoms of that disease manifesting themselves more and more frequently as time goes on.

A Prime Minister calls out, "We must be ready to defend our country. I want my answer!" And a Governor-General, proposing a toast, warns vaguely but darkly against Leftists, foreigners, and any elements open to suspicion—this at a time when there is a state of terror abroad. "We know that in this country there are people who would like to see the British Empire fall to pieces." And a new definition of our way of life is thought out by newspapers adapted to the new state of mind—"Cohesion and discipline, in a modern State, are matters which should be above party politics."

The most tragic example is found in the recent deliberations of the Labour Party. As reported in the "Southern Cross," the party's attitude to the international situation was as follows:—"In the five days [of the Conference] the conscription issue took very little time, as it was disposed of in a few minutes after the resumption after lunch. Delegates were even more interested in the progress which had been made in the past twelve months."

The next sentence, in fat lettering, reads:— "The highlight of this Conference was in the announcement that 17,522 new houses had been erected in the past year and that the five-year plan to build 60,000 new houses for New Zealanders had achieved two-thirds of its total number in under three years."

There is still the basic belief in building, while at the same time the imminence of war receives no consideration. For why should it? We can do something about houses; next to nothing about war. And why should we think and speak about this which we cannot alter? We are too busy, perhaps, and busy as we are with honest hard work, we build our extermination.

These statements must be placed against their correct background. On the national field they merge with the R.S.A.'s frequently expressed desire to have conscription imposed, and their tendency to have leftists excluded from their own number, with the National party's acceptance of conscription and
the restriction of civil liberties for Communists as main points of their election policy, with the Government’s slow but certain conversion from pacifism to militarism, and finally with the easily predictable inertia of most Christian and trade union bodies in the country. Internationally, the background includes the growing conviction of western politicians that only the existence of the Soviet Union stands in the way of world peace, the unofficial but insistent demands that the atomic bomb be used before it is too late, and the wrecking of England’s industrial recovery by a frantic armament policy. Nationally and internationally there has been a retreat from reason, an acceptance of hysteria. And here, at this very moment, the most influential people in the land are not even content to watch Rome burning; they must add fuel to the flames.

In this situation we are concerned with values which do not appear to be held in esteem by any of the likely contestants of a world war. Our involvement in the present chaos compels us to present the case of health against disease, the case of life against the machinery in which it is caught. The knowledge that such a position is favoured only by isolated groups of intellectuals should not lead to a temporarily comfortable acceptance of public hysteria and apathy, but to a heightened sense of the responsibility which consciousness confers. We must not be frightened into inertia, or brow-beaten by politicians and general staff to accept a position which can only make war more likely. Essentially, the pervasive sense of the inevitability of war must be combatted—the attitude of mind which might at the same time see the conscription referendum answered in the affirmative, and bring war perceptibly closer. For this reason, if for none other, we should not now vote in favour of conscription. War may be avoidable according to the weight of human effort seeking either outcome. To vote for conscription is to accept the inevitability of war; that is, to throw one’s effort behind the forces making for war. Peace is a fugitive hope; but a hope still fully alive. While it still lives with us, we must endeavour to give it strength; conscription would make it an outcast.

**NEW SUBSCRIPTION RATES.**

*After this issue the subscriber’s price for HILLTOP will be 2/6 a single copy, 10/- a year. This is because we are printing a larger paper than at first seemed possible. We hope our present subscribers will continue reading us at the new rates.*
I do not wish to advertise the subject I happen to teach in this University as a panacea for our ills. I am interested in History because I think it is an important study. At the beginning of my University career I read Classics; now I am really interested in Philosophy; but I am concentrating my efforts on the study of History because, for the reasons which I am going to give you, I think it is of such vital importance for our intellectual development.

The chief problem of our age seems to be our disillusionment and our scepticism. We feel that we can never put our mind and our hands wholeheartedly to anything because we know that most of the things we can think of have turned out to be failures. This consciousness has sapped the best part of our vitality and is taken by many people to be certain evidence of our decadence. The return to our Christian faith which is so widely advocated and even practised does not appear to be a sound remedy. Firstly because a willed faith lacks the original naivety that gives strength to faith, and thus renders it a self-conscious effort which only bears witness to the evil it is meant to overcome. Secondly because the dialectical development of all the various stages in the growth of this faith has just landed us where we actually are: to invite us to return to one or the other possible forms of faith is to invite us to repeat once more the very development at the end of which we are standing to-day. And thirdly, because we cannot retrace our steps. At any one moment in our lives we are standing on a frontier and have to face the fact that we have to build the bridge which will lead us from the past into the future. If we flinch we will be left behind; the world around us will change and we will merely reiterate what we have stated before.

The question then is, is there anything in our disillusionment on which we might build a future? Can we accept our disillusionment and our scepticism as positive values and develop them into something that goes beyond pure resignation? Let us examine an intellectual discipline which has been both cause and effect of our loss of faith and seek to discover in it those traits which might become the positive values transcending our resignation.

Two intellectual disciplines have developed simultaneously with our loss of faith and our growing scepticism. This simultaneity is certainly no accident. These two disciplines are the novel and the study of history; if properly understood they embody the new positive value: they have turned our negative scepticism into a positive scepticism. Both disciplines aim at an understanding of other people. True, this is only one of their many aspects; but the one aspect upon which we must seize for the sake of our investigation. This aim is the quintessence of the long development which led from the straightforward narratives of Fielding to the subtle and refined methods of Proust and Mann. The novel is an attempt to see the world as it looks if seen through the eyes of other people. The study of History if it is true History and not merely the sociology of past ages, aims at precisely the same thing. The subject matter of novels deals with the possible, that of History with the actual. The facts of the former cannot be verified and the facts of the latter can be verified to a certain extent. The aim which these two disciplines have in common is to understand other people in their own terms. This is the goal of the modern and most significant intellectual effort. Before this effort was made, the stories that used to be told were either romances and fairy tales or histories written with the idea that human nature is always the same and that history therefore essentially repeats itself or is the monotonous record of man's crimes and follies. In these days no attempt was made to understand other people in their own terms because men were not thought to be essentially different from one another. Our scepticism and our disillusionment grew because we realised that
the world does not look the same from two
different peoples' standpoints and that whatever one believed in was always depend-
ent on one's particular point of view. We
began to doubt the universal applicability of rational standards, we began to waver in
our conviction that the universal dictates of
right reason were valid, when we began to
understand that each man is a world to him-
self and that therefore no judgment is true
beyond the boundaries of the one particular
world in which it originated. But at the
same time, this new insight has directed our
attention to a new problem. We could now
no longer take it for granted that human
beings were essentially alike; and hence we
had to make a conscious effort to understand
them in their differences and their individ-
ualities. The new conception of man as a
unique individuality and a being essentially
different from every other human being made
us sceptical in regard to universal stan-
dards and beliefs; but it forced our atten-
tion on the necessity of understanding each
one of those unique individualities in his
own terms.

To understand another human being in his
own terms means to see him as he saw him-
self. The terms in which a man sees himself
are the general experiences with which
he is familiar and which render everything
that happens to him or which he does mean-
ingful to him. A man relates all his acts,
his thoughts and his experiences to a back-
ground of ideas and notions: and these no-
tions bestow meaning on the acts, thoughts,
and experiences. If all men were essen-
tially similar or even alike, the problem
of understanding others would be quite
simple: for one could then relate everybody's
acts, thoughts and experiences to the same
background. But in view of the essential
uniqueness of every human being such an
understanding would be a real misun-
derstanding. To understand another person in
his own terms means to see him against the
same background of ideas and notions against
which he sees himself. In order not to mis-
derstand him, one must not make use of
those ideas and notions of which he him-
self could not have made use.

If we make use of other ideas and notions
than, e.g., A's in order to understand A,
we are not really understanding him, but
only interpreting him. In this case we are
not treating him as a historical person but
as the subject matter of a sociological or
psychological or medical, or some other in-
terpretation of history. The important point
about A as a human being is that he had a
mind and did, or at least could have, ex-
plained his acts and thoughts to himself in
his own terms. Any story about him which
explains his acts and thoughts in other terms
is not a true story but an interpretation of
history.

Here we are touching upon the real dif-
ference between natural science and history.
The difference does not lie as is often sup-
posed in the fact that the former is inter-
ested in the formulation of universal state-
ments and the latter in the discovery of
particular facts. The difference between the
two types of study lies in the fact that the
former can never be objective whereas the
latter can be objective. In science there can
be no objectivity, for the object to be ex-
plained, e.g., a stone, can only be explained
in terms of the observer, for the stone never
thinks about itself and cannot explain its
behaviour in any terms at all. History, how-
ever, deals with human beings who have
minds and who can therefore explain their
behaviour to themselves. Another person
can understand this behaviour subjectively
if he explains it in his own terms; and ob-
jectively if he explains it in the terms of
the person he is trying to understand. This
does not mean, of course, that scientific
knowledge is inexact or untruthful. Sci-
cific knowledge deals with the only truth
there is in regard to objects which have no
minds and cannot explain their behaviour to
themselves. There just is no more to be
said about the stone than a person other
than the stone can say about it. But about
a man there is more to be said than some-
one else can say about him. One must also
be able to say what that other man said,
or could have said, about himself. It would
therefore be more correct to speak of science
as giving subjective explanations and of aim-
ing at inter-subjective explanations in so
far as its explanations ought to be test-
able by more than one subject. But in His-
tory one can achieve real objectivity be-
cause the historian can ultimately explain
a person in the way in which that person
might have explained himself.
With this concept of objectivity in historical understanding, we come to the concept of truth. A historical description is true if it is objective. It is clear that a final and ultimate truth in this sense can never be reached. But it is possible to approximate the truth. The historian, for instance, is not interested in whether Luther's theory of transubstantiation was correct or not; but in whether he can understand this theory in Luther's own terms or not. Thus the notion of truth is transposed from the problems of transubstantiation to the problem of understanding what such and such a person meant by transubstantiation. It is transposed from ideas to people. As regards ideas we have become sceptical: transubstantiation is after all a very woolly concept and we have found that there can be no ultimate truth about it since so many people who are obviously very intelligent seem to hold contradictory views about it. But as regards people we are not in the least sceptical. Or rather: we are now turning our scepticism into a positive value. We want to find the truth about Luther, or about Calvin, and so on. What really matters to us now is not whether Luther himself was right or wrong, but whether we can understand him truthfully. Our growing scepticism has really operated in a negative sense only in one direction. In another direction it has helped us to formulate a new theory and has shown us that what matters is not the truth about ideas but the truth about people.

In this sense the study of history will lose its value as *magistra vitae*, for we will not be able to learn from past experience. If all men are essentially different from one another, there are no lessons to be learnt from others. Our form of historical consciousness does not help us to make a success of politics or to plan for the future. The study of history is not a political technique—but a moral education.

It is a moral education in a threefold sense. Firstly we gain freedom for ourselves and tolerance towards others. Freedom—in the sense that we will be able to rid ourselves from the obsession that we must owe absolute allegiance to any one definite set of ideas or beliefs. By acquiring other peoples' experiences—and that is what historical study consists of—we can also acquire their beliefs and thus free ourselves from the obsession that our own belief is the only belief possible for us. Tolerance—in the sense that we will be able to accept a variety of beliefs because we can understand that each variety is linked to a particular set of experiences. This form of tolerance is not the tolerance of the decent man who knows that he is right but does not mind others being wrong; it is a positive tolerance, linked to one's own sense of freedom from one's own beliefs.

Our positive scepticism is, secondly, an example to others. Those who are not willing to follow it, set themselves outside the frontiers of human intercourse. Hence this scepticism defines the sphere within which our tolerance is to operate: people who are not willing to understand others in their terms but who insist on the universal correctness of their own beliefs can, from their own premiss, make no claim on our tolerance.

Thirdly: man's mind is such that it wishes to transcend itself. Man has always found something rather distasteful and unnatural in a view which extolls and worships him as the beginning and end of all existence. We are too painfully aware of our own personal shortcomings and the general defects inherent in our own psycho-physical make-up to believe that man is something very wonderful. The study of other human beings and the endeavour to understand them in their own and not in our, terms, is therefore the most appropriate intellectual activity we can think of, because it is more becoming to our mind than an activity which does not consist in an effort to get away from ourselves and to transcend ourselves.

These positive values arise directly out of our scepticism and disillusionment. By accentuating our scepticism we can evolve a new and firmer belief in truth because it obliges us to transfer our interest from ideas to people. We should therefore not try to overcome our scepticism by an artificial and willed effort to go over our past history again; but should cultivate it and pay very close attention to that intellectual discipline which was evolved simultaneously with the growth of scepticism. In order to find our salvation, we must not retrace our steps but accelerate them in the very direction in which we have been moving.
INTRODUCTION & TRANSLATION by ARTHUR BARKER

POEMS OF RONSARD

Pierre de Ronsard was born in 1524 and died in 1585, aged sixty-one. In addition, therefore, to the labours of the Pléiade, of which he was the leader, his life-span included the activities of Calvin (1509-1564) and the consequent internal strife in France, the publication of Pantagruel (1532), the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots (1558), the massacre of Saint Bartholomew's Day (1572), and the publication of Montaigne's Essais (1580). In a literary sense the century might well take its name from him, for he was its greatest poet in all Europe; the greatest, says Wyndham Lewis, of the Renaissance poets save only Shakespeare. And different as these two poets are, there is a suggestive link in Ronsard's lines:

Le monde est le theatre, et les hommes acteurs.
La Fortune qui est maistresse de la scene
Aporte les habits, et de la vie humaine
Les Cieux et les Destins sont les grands spectateurs...

He had other, stronger links with Britain. At the age of twelve he went to Edinburgh as a page in the suite of Queen Madeline, and to London after her death. Twenty-eight years later, Elizabeth of England sent him a fine diamond after his dedication of the first two parts of his Elegies, Mascarades, et Bergerie; but the third part was dedicated to Mary, Queen of Scots. The latter was a dedication of love, not of interest; for like so many men of his time he was in love with the lovely Queen. And oddly enough it was another of her lovers, Chastelard, whose last act, before being executed for his habit of being found under her bed, was to read Ronsard's Hymn to Death, the last section of which opens with the noble lines:

Je te saume, heureuse et profitable Mort!
Des extrêmes douleurs médecin et confort...

Love and classical studies were the lights by which Ronsard lived. May we suspect that the latter, like mathematics, are aphrodisiac? His life was a series of ardent loves, extremely passionate and, for the most part, extremely painful. Cassandre, Marie (another as well as the Queen), Genèvre, Isabeau, Astrée, Hélène, were the names of the women who successively spurred him to write his finest poems. Before the reign of Cassandre, however, he had published his first volumes, consisting of odes and similar pieces, including that on the choice of his burial-place, a translation of which is given below. Twenty-seven of these short stanzas are perhaps rather many, but this is the exuberance of youth. Already he had visited Germany as well as Britain, contracted the partial deafness that cut short his career as a courtier ("pox," said his detractors later), studied under Dorat at the Collège de Coqueret in Paris, and accumulated a deal of manuscript. In 1552 he published Les Amours, consisting of one hundred and eighty-two sonnets for Cassandre—and the long series had begun which was to end in 1578 with the one hundred and forty-two sonnets for Hélène. For Cassandre, too, was written that famous little ode, Mignonne, allons voir si la rose... which so many have attempted to translate, myself included. Here is the "rose motif," similar to Herrick's "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may," which often recurs in Ronsard and others of his period; and there is a well-known ode devoted exclusively to this flower, with copious classical allusions. The furniture of classicism became for these stars of the Pléiade so perfectly familiar that they thought in classical pagan rather than in contemporary Christian terms. This is again exemplified in the ode to the lark, also translated below. Often we are driven to consult our Classical Dictionary, and as often do we forget the precise allusions. But what matter, since the song of the lark and the zest of life are the eternal things here, before which the lark's mythical father is no great impediment and may well be overlooked.

By 1560, with the publication of his first collected edition, Ronsard’s preeminence was established. Then came volume after volume, and in 1578 the seventh collected edition was reached, followed by a beautiful one-volume folio in 1584. The earlier work was continually reexamined, and hosts of alterations were made. At the same time there were years of work on his epic, La Franciade, published (unfinished) in 1572. It had only a succès d’estime, and has since been forgotten except as an example of noble effort misspent. The last love-poems were still to come, after seven years’ fruitless wooing of the frigid Hélène de Surgères; and these include that most famous of all, Quand vous serez bien vieille . . ., of which I give a translation.

But love, though it spiced much of Ronsard’s life, did not fill the whole of it. Wyndham Lewis shows by quotation how much more than love can be traced in his works—genial friendships, criticism of kings and courts, feeling for Nature.

Escoute, Bucheron! arrête un peu le bras,
Ce ne sont pas des bois que tu jettes a bas!
Ne vois-tu pas le sang lequel dégoutte a force.
Des Nymphe qui vivoyent dessous la dure escorée?
Sacriege meurdrier . . .

he writes against a woodman he finds destroying his beloved Forest of Gastine.

After Hélène came a slow and painful bodily decline under gout and fever, and near the end he made a lovely adaptation of the famous dying lines of the Emperor Hadrian—

Animula vagula blandula,
Hospescomesque corporis . . .

which he adapts as

Amelette Ronsardelette,
Mignonette, doucelette,
Tres cher hostesse de mon corps . . .

I have tried to reecho this in English. What matter if this distant echo is faint? There will be many others, I dare say, before European literature is wholly forgotten.

1 THE LARK

Believe me, how I envy thee
Thy life’s extreme felicity
O little lark who prattlest so
Of love since first the day doth show,
And scatterest off the gentle dew
With which, the while, thou’rt drenched anew.

When Phoebus first his course resumes
Thou lifttest up thy moistened plumes
To dry them in the sky so bright
With trembling of thy pinions light:
And leaping up with nimble bounds
Dost fill the air with lovely sounds.
Then is thy carolling so sweet
That every lover’d think it meet
To be, like thee, a bird, that he
Might throat his song so beautously:
Then when thou dizzily hast flown
Thou once again art downward thrown
As when a maid lets spindle fall
From distaff at the evening call
Of sleep, her chin fall’n on her breast,
And takes beside the fire her rest:
Or when by day she sits and sews
And sees him in whom love's fire glows
Draw near her unexpectedly,
And droops her eyes so modestly,
Her little twisted bobbin fleet
Escapes her hand to seek her feet.
Just so dropst thou from high above,
O little lark, my little love,
Who more than nightingale dost please
That sings in bosky copse at ease.
Thy living can no man offend,
Nor dost with beak the wheat ear rend
Asunder, as do birds we know
That work on men unending woe
By nibbling corn when it is green
Or husking what has ripened been:
But from the greening furrow's crest
Thou spiest ants and grubs at rest:
Or of a fly or earthworm there
Dost to thine own a beakful bear,
Or caterpillar that has fled
From out the leaves when Winter's dead.
'Tis lying words the poets use
Who all you little larks accuse
That you betrayed to his sad fate
Your father, whom you all did hate,
By cutting from his royal head
The flaxen locks of power dread
In which the golden hair was found
Whereunto all his strength was bound.
And yet you're not alone in this
To be by poets told amiss
And greatly wronged: in woods around
The nightingale with ample sound,
But hidden by the leafage green,
Complains of them and vents her spleen.
So also does the swallow gay
When'er she sings as is her way.
And cease not yet, I pray, to sing
Still sweeter in your carolling
That those who dare of you to lie
May burst with swelling spite and die.
Nor cease in this regard to do
Light-heartedly, but still pursue,
When Spring returns, in your own sort
Your long-acustomed game and sport:
So never shall the nimble fingers
Of pretty shepherdess who lingers
And down among the furrows spies
Your nest, and hears the chirping cries,
While you are singing stop to steal it
Nor in her breast, or dress conceal it.
Live, happy birds, and ever dwell
In highest air, and ever tell
By sweetest song and nimblest wing
That once again the year's at Spring.
2  TO HIS SOUL
Sweet little soul of mine,
Tiny being, frail and fine,
Dear beloved guest within my head,
Thou descendest, helpless one,
Poor, pale, friendless one,
To the chilly kingdom of the dead:
Simple still, without remorse
Of murder, poison, spitefulness,
Treasures deigning not to keep
So beloved of common men.
Go, thy fortune seek: then
Stir me not again: I sleep.

3  SONNETS FOR HELEN, XLIII
When you are old and sit at evening there
Beside the fire, and draw and spin your thread
You'll speak my lines and say astonished:
Ronsard my praises sang when I was fair.
Then all your handmaids, when you thus declare,
Though each with toiling nods a weary head,
Will by my name be straight awakened
And sing you praise that time shall not impair.
I shall be deep interred; my bloodless shade
Will rest in shadows of the myrtle glade:
And you'll sit by the hearth, a bent old wife,
Remorseful for my love and your proud scorn.
Live, I implore you, wait no other morn:
Gather to-day the crimson bloom of life.

4  ON THE CHOICE OF HIS BURIAL-PLACE
Ye caverns, and fountains
That from these high mountains
Here fallen so low
Softly flow:
And ye streams, forest-bordered,
That here flow disordered,
Each fair wood and shore,
Hear me call.
When heaven and time
Shall decree my decline,
And I leave the delight
Of the light,
Then let no man break
Fair marble to make
A monument high
Where I lie:
But I ask that a tree
May cast shadow for me
From the unfading wreaths
   Of its leaves.

From me let the earth
Bring an ivy to birth
That shall clasp me about
   And about:

Round my tomb may the vine
Ever twist and entwine,
That there may be laid
   A light shade.

My feast-day to keep
Every year, with their sheep
The shepherds shall come
   Every one:

When their service is sung
And their sacrifice done,
To the isle they will speak,
   Thus speak:

Thou art greatly renowned
As his burial-ground
Whose verses we hear
   Far and near!

Who never did burn
Hot with envy, nor learn
To sue for rewards
   From great lords!

Nor stirred sweet emotion
By any love-portion,
Or magic that old
   Men told!

But from fields hereabout
Called the fair maidens out
Who stepped gaily along
   To his song.

From his lyre there would sound
Such sweet harmonies round
As charmed us and this place
   With their grace.

On his tomb, ever blest,
May sweet manna rest,
And breath of May evening
   Cling.

All around it be gay
Herbs that fade not away
And waters trembling
   And murmuring.
We holding in memory
The fame of his glory
Shall honour him here
Each year.

'Tis thus will say all
As they slowly let fall
Milk and a lamb's fair
Blood there

Above me, what time
I enjoy the fair clime
Where souls ever blest
Find rest.

Never there shall be snow
Nor hail as here below,
Nor lightning's gleam
Be seen:

Nor ever shall cease
The Spring's sweet peace
And its green shall be gay
Alway.

There the keen lust of things
Shall not spur earthly kings
By conquests cruel
To rule:

Men as brothers shall remain
Though in death they retain
The callings they loved
When they lived.

There, there shall I fire
To Alceus' angry lyre,
And Sappho sings there
Passing fair.

How he that gives ear
To the songs he may hear
Shall forever rejoice
In their voice!

When the rock in its fall
Can give torment no more,
And Tantalus ne'er again
Shall feel pain!

And the sound of the lyre
Shall allay hearts' desire,
And the spirit shall dwell
In its spell.
LANDSCAPE WITH FIGURES

And again I see the long pouring headland,
And smoking coast with the sea high on the rocks,
The gulls flung from the sea, and dark wooded hills
Swarming with mist, and mist low on the sea.

And on the surf-loud beach the long spent hulks,
The masts and splintered masts, and fires kindled
On the wet sand, and men moving between the fires,
Standing or crouching with backs to the sea;

Their heads finely shrunken to a skull, small
And delicate, with small black rounded beaks;
Their antique bird-like chatter bringing to mind
Wild locusts, bees, and trees filled with wild honey;

Men like wind-bred saplings, straight in the back
Like a spear, with long hard thighs, and fine hands;
And sweet as incense-clouds, the smoke rising, the fire
Spitting with spots of rain, and mist low with rain;

Their great eyes glowing, their rain-jewelled, leaf-green
Bodies leaning and talking with the sea behind them,
Plant-gods, tree-gods, gods of the cloven hooves,
Of miracle honey and milk, and the gushing rock;

Gods of inland lakes, and still streams. Face downward,
And in a small creek-mouth, all unperceived,
The drowned Dionysus, sand in his eyes and mouth,
In the dim tide lolling; beautiful, and with the last harsh
Glare of divinity from lip and broad brow ebbing...
The long-awaited. And the gulls passing over with shrill cries;
And the fires going out on the thundering sand;
And the mist, and the mist moving over the land.

GIRL AND LANDSCAPE

This blonde girl is beautiful enough:
The body tall, the bright head arrogant;
She looks to me like some wild bird
Strayed or snared out of its true element.

The eyes are cold as mist in a stone valley;
The brilliant hands are almost predatory;
But the harshness of the mouth is beautiful
As a hawk on some sea-born promontory.

Some sea-born promontory where the wind
Lifts the white spray, and sea-gulls scream
Heard by wild ears; nearby, a wooded gorge
Rocked with the foaming thunder of a stream.
3

AT THE FISHING SETTLEMENT

October, and a rain-blurred face
Walking, walking into the sea. The place
Was a bare sea-battered town
With its single street leading down
Onto a gravel beach. Sea-winds
Had long picked the hills clean
Of everything but tussock and stones,
And pines that dropt small brittle cones
Onto a soured soil. And old houses flanking
The street hung poised like driftwood planking
Blown together and could not outlast
The next window-shuddering blast
From the storm-whitened sea.
It was bitterly cold; I could see
Where muffed against gusty spray
She walked the clinking shingle; a stray
Dog whimpered, and pushed its small
Wet nose into my hand;—that is all.
Yet I am haunted by that face,
That dog, and that bare bitter place.

KENDRICK SMITHYMAN

VIEW OF THE CITY, IN OIL

Invest this proper canvas with its people.
One sits behind the curtains, counting
Away the years, sorry for those fables
Most likely never true. One is fainting
Because the summer is too much for her.
Another speaks forever to his mother,
His sister hides a love she cannot offer.
The evil cobbler stitches at his leather.
Riper than death they are concealing now
The peeks of passion withering the roots.
They are the plants that cannot bear their fruits.
The powers they name are not the powers they know.
Implacable the cancer in them starts
To wear the artist out upon his arts.
CHARLES BRASCH

SEA-GULLS AMONG THE MOUNTAINS
Bring from sea, O white-winged,
Cool airs for these parching flanks, that strain
And flinch under the naked light;
Cold dews of darkness can barely
Moisten the gasping mountain pores.

They lived once, these now leafless ranges,
Among opal shadows of water
Where the starfish fell in death
And shell creatures relinquished their houses
To become these tortured rocks, this dust.

Now wind-tides pasture upon them,
Sharper the searching stars,
And the sun's leech-lips are pressed
To suck the life from their veins
Under the sleepless drum of the air.

Bring from the crying sea, white shadows,
Veils, mirages, eternal disquiet;
Plunge their burning thighs
Deep in the immemorial waters;
Proffer them long draughts of forgetfulness.

HUBERT WITHEFORD

1 TEMPEST
On this ravined plateau
The snow winds vastly race
Across their barren fields
From sky to empty sky.

Beneath their path no tree
Nor flower of earth attempts
To break the spell wherein
Annihilation rests.

Through their huge dreamless cry
No voice of grief or hope
But a strange unrippled stream
Flows on and on

And one sings from the storm
To one within the heart—
Your home is here, you were never
Far from its crags and gulls.

Thus does the traveller,
Chosen in tempest, know
The green years stripped from the walls
Of chaos rising sheer.
2  AFTERNOON

Low clouds and autumn sun
Fade wanly by above,
Over this day and over
The grey shore that sustains
The steady foaming of the mind's salt waves.

Here turn uneasily
The debris of a life,
Portents and relics and strange garlands torn
From caverns in whose depth
Pale childhood twines with death

It will be long before
The sea's resentment shakes
No more about this place,
Till the drowned hair of memory stir
On the wave no more.

Sometime the moon to an impassive sea
Its form of fire may yield;
Here the incessant images
Dissolve and shape themselves
In the discoloured foam.

Long, long, the night must be
Of clear and distant stars
Above these restless fields
Where the great ploughshare and tempestuous horses
Of fear and hope have been.

3  AT THE CAVERN MOUTH

About the silence of the cavern mouth
The briar-roses and the green pines grow
The water trickles down across the stones
Under the early sun the small streams shine.

This glistening world that all five senses praise
Hold deep within its side the ancient wound,
And fruit of unimaginable fire
Ripen in gentleness upon its bough.

While light slants through the rags of mist that hang
Down from the mountain-side and lace the trees
Stillness and glory, brown and green are poised
Like a wild bird upon a forest top.

Nor comes upon them yet the reed-like voice,
Bringer of dissolution and renewal.
The whistling words through distant passage-ways
Rise slowly to their utterance on earth
Towards the cave whose mossy sides await
The sceptred spirit born amid the flames.
1  NIGHT IN TARRAS
At evening tramping on the hot white road
By Tarras, where a shadeless sun beats down
On range and river, scouring snowgrass brown
And dwarfish trees—we came where a small stream flowed
From the rocks, a fruitifying angel, glowed
Among green creases, deep enough to drown
Our thirsty flesh: and at the ridge's crown
The whitewashed pub, Lethean night's abode.

A wind sprang up from nowhere as the sky
Darkened. We raised the latch of rowan wood
And entering laid our money on the high
Curved bar. And ghosts came round us unwithstood
And drank beside us, travellers born to die,
Like wolves, lapping their honey mead and blood.

2  SEA CHANGE
From dunes where once the Maori ovens burning
Calcin'd the clay, and now the groundlark nests
Among swordgrass, I watch where the bland sea rests
In breathing calm: imagine vast waves churning
In Ovidian deluge over fields, and spurning
Tangle of stack and byre high on the smoking crests
Till but the primeval tumuli remain, drowned breasts
Suckling limitless ocean, the land to womb returning.

When fish fill churches and sleek dolphins browse
Upon land-herbage, then our earth will know
Utopian quiet. Till that time I dowse
For buried fountains, bid the thistle grow
Ripe figs, and harvest summer grapes in snow—
Lend my vain words to prop a falling house.
"No nuts!" cried Sid, "and, huh, sleet's two." The ginger-head tightened his eyes and twisting his lips, flicked his marble away from the hole. "Huh, sleet's again," said Sid but Ginger only flicked his marble even further from the hole.

"Sleets again!"

"No! You can only do sleets as many times as you say the first time. Have your shot."

Sid took his marble in his special way and pinged it in towards Ginger.

"Dribbles!" cried Ginger.

"Huh, nuts!" cried Sid.

"Beat ya," said Ginger with a gleam in his red eyes, and shot by shot he moved Sid's marble to the hole and popped himself.

"Kills!" he cried and came out again ready to finish off Sid.

"Dirt!!" cried Sid and drove his marble hard into the dust with his foot.

"That's cheats," said Ginger, but there was nothing he could do about it, so he fired in vain at the spot where Sid's marble had been standing. He missed. Sid dug the marble up out of the dirt and taking careful aim knocked Ginger's glassy for a roll in a cloud of dust.

"Got to go now," said Ginger, his mouth drooping.

"But, huh, won't you play, huh, some more," said Sid.

"I'll be back after school," said Ginger, "and you see if I don't win them back," and he jumped on his bicycle and shot off down the dusty road over the wooden bridge and in the school gate as the bell rang.

Sid sat down slowly on the ground with his back against the old boards of the Pub wall and the "Holey" pit between the outstretched legs of his ragged and patched trousers. It was just after one o'clock and the sun was coming down pretty hot on his shining, brown, bald head. Underneath his tan the deep skin glowed with a soft muddy fire, quiet and hushed, like the fine warm skin of a baby, and when he dreamily shifted his head the dust dropped from his crusted eyebrows and scattered down the smooth surface of his ageing cheeks. Nobody else was moving much in Hamlock and Sid was the only one still out in the sun. Even the dogs had enough feeling for the heat to get under a hedge. Over the fence in the paddock all the birds were quiet now. The only noise you could hear was the grasshoppers click-clicking in the long grass and the Wainakarua stream gurgling as it ran over the rocks under the bridge. Inside the Pub there was a small school of five taking the long handles in steady rotation from Woll Murphy, owner and barman of the Golden Horse. Usually Sid would sit just there in that place till about 3.15 when school came out. "I've got a cold, huh, and I need the sun," he said.

"You're next, Smith," said Ramsput.

"Right!" said Smith. "But make mine ponies Woll."

"What? Ponies! What's the matter? Your wife sick or something?"

"Whoever heard of ponies at the second round!" said Ramsput.

"All right, all right, calm down," said Smith, "but I've about 200 more tails to feel this afternoon. All right for you fellows with the whole afternoon and nothing else to do." Smith was a fat-lamb buyer. Ramsput, a retired and emaciated school teacher, regular and firm chairman of the afternoon school at Murphy's. There was no scabbing with Ram.

"Sticking to ponies?" said Murphy with a leer at Smith, as he banged down five full-sizers on the counter.

"All right," said Smith, "but last round for me. I've got to get going."

"What I always wonder is what does Sid Gum do all the time just sitting out in the sun?" said Leach.

"How do you mean?" asked Murphy.

"Well, every afternoon I come down here he seems to be just sitting outside there, or if it's wet just sitting in the porch."

"What else could he do?" said Ramsput.

"Dumbest kid I ever taught at school."

"Why isn't he in an institution, Murphy?" asked Leach.
"I knew his mother. She was at the bar here in my father's time. Sort of felt I owed it to her," said Woll.

"Bit of a nuisance, isn't he?"

"Not a bit. Quite useful actually. He sleeps in the old shed out at the back and I give him meals in turn for sweeping the place out and doing a few things like that."

"Your round, Leach," said Ramsput.

"And that'll finish it," said Smith, "I've got to go."

"Right!" snapped Ramsput and they all upped their glasses and down their throats went the golden bubbles.

"Hooray," said Smith, and in the tight silence that answered his gesture, he left the room.

"I reckon that anyone as dumb as Gum would be a potential danger?" said Leach.

"It's not safe!"

"He's no danger," said Murphy.

"Surely he's got some vice?" asked Ramsput.

"Well, to tell you the truth, the only thing he seems to do apart from his work and sitting in the sun is playing marbles."

"What?"

"Yep, marbles. Plays all day with anyone who'll play with him. Mostly, of course, with the boys after school, but sometimes some of the older lads give him a game."

"Where'd he get the marbles?"

"Dunno where he got the first ones from but he's got a whole bag now. He's pretty good. I've played with him," said Murphy.

"For gosh sake! You haven't got any marbles, have you?" said Clapham.

"Of course not! He supplies the marbles and for every one he wins I've got to give him threepence. Every one I win I keep for the next time. At least, that's the idea but I haven't won any yet."

"Well, I'll be damned!" said Ramsput.

"I'm, wouldn't mind giving him a game," said Clapham, "used to be a bit of good in my life, though I do say it myself."

"Reckon the boys nowadays aren't as good as we used to be," said Leach. "I saw my boy Jee playing the other day and all he could do was the dribble shot. You know, shooting from the middle of your finger. They have a name for it. Funny something or other."

"Funny shoots," said Clapham.

"Yes, that's it."

"No fear of Sid being like that," said Murphy; "he's got a special shot of his own."

"Let's go and play, then," said Clapham. "There's no other customers. You could come, Murph."

"I dunno that it's wise," said Murphy, wrinkling up his face in a cautionary frown. "You'd only lose your money."

"We'll see about that," said Clapham.

"What's it matter, anyhow," said Leach. "What's a few bob?"

"Well, I said Sid's got no vices but that ain't quite correct. He has got one."

"Such as?"

"Such as this," and Murphy plonked the empty beer-mug hard on the counter.

"Could he win enough off us to do much harm?"

"Yep, he could. If he wins a marble off each of us that's enough for two beers and a bit over. That's quite enough to get him drunk. He's not like a normal joker. Just can't take it. One beer O.K. More than one beer. No sir! You can't do it!"

"But we can see he doesn't win more than four," said Clapham.

"Sounds easy," said Murphy. "But he's sensible enough to know that he needs five marbles at threepence a head to get him the two drinks and he'll do it."

"I reckon it's worth a chance," said Clapham.

"What's he like when he's drunk?" said Ramsput.

"That's just the trouble," said Murphy. "He's not like you or I. He just goes clean mad with drink! Smashed all the windows in his shed and went quite loco last time. Have you seen his shed? The sacks are still hanging over the windows."

"Well, I think—-" and they paused because this was the first time O'Connor had spoken. So far he had just nodded assent, grunted occasionally, and sucked his beer more or less in silence. "I think that, seeing that it is the Jubilee of the Golden Horse tonight, Sid should have some chance to get shicker as everybody else. Howlett has agreed to lie quiet at Opaki. Can't see that Sid can get in any trouble."

"That sounds all right," said Murphy, "but he ain't an ordinary drunk as I said. He's mighty powerful and mighty dangerous in the right condition, and it only takes a couple of beers to put him that way."
"Well, I don't care much about that side of it," said Clapham. "All I want is the game of marbles and I'm ready to bet I can hold my own against him or anyone."

"Not with a shot like his," said Murphy. "You haven't a show."

"Well see about that," said Clapham; "are the rest of you on?"

"Hey, hold on! Hold on! It's not as simple as that," said Murphy. "You're not just gambling a few shillings. You're gambling the whole Jubilee. If he got drunk, as likely as not he'd wreck the show. He goes real pongo when there's people round and he's drunk."

"You don't have to serve him," said Ramsput.

"Oh, yeah! He'd get mighty wild if I didn't do that. Beer's the only entertainment he's got and he just doesn't like going without his rights."

"Seems to me it's worth the gamble," said Leach. "If we win the marbles the Jubilee goes on. If we don't, we're out."

"The odds are too strong for me," said Murphy. "I've got too many windows at stake. All right for you to talk."

"Tell you what," said Leach. "We'll stand by any damages if he wins; but he won't, eh, Clap?"

"Nope, guaranteed!" said Clapham. And he flicked his finger in the proper old knuckle-shooting fashion. "Why, my shot off the knee used to be a dead cert. Ten feet away!" he said.

"Right! It's agreed. Another round and we're off," said Ramsput. They upped their glasses again and down went the brown liquid bubbling and sucking, just as good as ever it was. Then feeling just a little bit squiggly about the eyes, but they all trooped into the sun. First went Clapham, erstwhile champion of the "Big Ring"; next was Leach, one-time of "Liney" fame; next Ramsput, the "Holey" king; next O'Connor, who favoured "Leggings Out" and finally Murphy, who despite the jiggly condition of his eye-balls announced himself as a sometime noted "Eye-drop" champion at the solenoid school of Stag Point.

Sid had not moved. Apart from an occasional blow on an old rag handkerchief he remained sitting, eyes shut, in the blazing sun; a heap of brown flesh and dust. The birds were still quiet in the trees. Thirty minutes or so had not much changed their ideas about the sort of day it was. A hundred yards down the road one of Henderson's dogs barked as the road gate opened, but he only barked once.

"Hey, Sid!" called Murphy. "I've got some friends here who would like to play you a game of marbles. How about it?"

Sid looked up, blinked his hot eyes in a rather confused fashion.

"Oh, sure, huh, Mr. Murphy. Oh sure, huh." He scrambled to his feet and stood up, his embarrassed head lowered as the others gathered round him.

"My God! It's hot here," said Clapham.

"Let's go round the other side in the shade. I couldn't shoot straight with this sweat in my eyes." And they filed round to the other side of the pub with Sid at the back, holding tight to his marble bag.

"What do we play, Murphy?" asked Clapham.

"Holey for me," said Ramsput.

"No, let Clap decide," said Murphy. "He's going to be our mainstay in this business."

"Well, I choose the Big Ring," said Clapham, "and if Sid gives us two marbles each, one to shoot with and one to dub in, that'll be six in the ring and six playing for them. And I reckon that's pretty good odds for a smooth Jubilee, eh, Sid?"

"Huh, eh? Huh, yes, sir."

"Big Ring O.K. for you Sid?" said Murphy. "Yes, huh, Mr. Murphy."

"Usual odds; threepence a head."

"Yes, Mr. Murphy, huh. What sort of, huh, marbles would you, huh, like to fire with?"


"Anything you like for me," said O'Connor.

"And an Alley for me," said Ramsput. Sid handed them round a marble each and then, standing on one foot, he swivelled round and drew a large leg-width circle in the dust with his other foot.

"Migs in," he said. They all put down their dubs and retired about 15 yards to where he drew another line for the throw.

A momentary gust of wind scattered the dust from beneath the five arched bodies leaning intently towards the circle ready to throw. Above their heads a tree branch, heavy with leaves, arched in line with leaning bodies. A cloud of dust ballooned out from beneath their impatient feet and shot
forwards, settling slowly on the circle. As the cloud faded the school bell rang out its dry, crisp notes on the afternoon air. It was playtime.

"Luesta," said Sid.

"How do you mean?" demanded Rambput.

"He means that he's the last to throw up," said Murphy.

They all threw up. Clapham took the greatest of care. Sighting the marble along his arm to the circle, he carefully drew it back and let the marble go. But it fell a few feet short. The others were even worse. But Sid's shot struck the ground by Clapham's marble, ricocheted first off Leach, then steadily carved the dust in a straight groove to the circle edge.

"A beaut!" exclaimed Murphy.

"No backs," said Sid.

"Eh, what's that?" demanded Rambput.

"That means no repeats of the roll-up," explained Murphy. "You're first shot, Sid."

"Now we'll see this special shot," said Clapham with a tinge of bitterness, chiefly because of the distance between his and Sid's marble. Sid took out his handkerchief and blew his nose rather hard.

"Excuse me, huh, Mr. Murphy, but, huh. I've got a cold and it makes shooting harder than usual!"

"Why does he do that, huh, stuff all the time, Rambput?" hissed Leach at the back of the group.

"Not sure," said Rambput. "But some said Doc. Brown reckons it's a sort of speech impediment caused by spasmodic contractions of the chest muscles."

"Yeah! Well who'd have thought that?" But Sid, who had earned first shot by his proximity to the circle, was preparing to fire. He lowered himself to the ground till his head was just behind the marble and his body outstretched flat on the ground alongside the circle.

"What the hell's he doing?" asked Clapham in astonishment.

"This is his shot," said Murphy in a whisper. "You'll see."

Sid carefully sighted a blood alley in the circle with his left eye on the ground behind his taw and the same side of his face browsing the dust. Then, pulling out his handkerchief once more and blowing his nose again, he inserted his taw, a blood alley, up his right nostril with a quick, sharp sniff that twitched his features in an agonised way. His cold was troubling him.

"Good God!" exclaimed Leach. Sid lowered his head nearer the ground, with his finger over the other nostril. He again sighted the alley down his nose, twisting his head back so as to get a straight delivery.

"Huh?" with a coughing spasm of the chest he blew his taw into the circle of marbles, effecting a cannon and sending two of them as well as his own marble right outside the ring.

"Another turn, huh, for me," he cried joyfully, and hopped round to the other side of the ring, where he again picked up his taw, polished it with his handkerchief, then once more prostrated himself in preparation. Again with a mighty snort he knocked out two marbles.

"Gosh! That leaves only two," said Clapham. "One more and he gets the beer!"

Once again Sid lowered himself carefully to the dust, polished his taw, and inserted it in the upper nostril. Cocking his head back he prepared to fire. Clapham looked dismally on. Not a chance as yet to show his prowess. The pool cleaned out before he'd even started. But at this stage there was an interruption. It seems that Sid must have failed to wipe the dust completely from his marble, for a few particles sucked up into the cavities of his nose, heat him to his voluntary contraction with an involuntary sneeze. "Achoo!", and his marble shot sideways across the ground before he had properly sighted.

"My shot!" yelled Clapham, triumphantly, before Sid could claim another shot. With prodigious care he took sight from his knee.

"No ups!" said Sid, still sprawled on the ground, his face red with disappointment.

"Aw, cut it out! Don't be too tough, Sid," exclaimed Murphy. "Let him have it."

Clapham continued to eye the marble carefully from his knee. Then, true to old form, he managed to strike one clean out of the circle. That meant there was just one marble left. Just one chance of Sid's getting his five marbles if not forestalled by one of the other players. Clapham shot again, but much to his dismay, this time he missed. In turn O'Connor, Leach, Murphy and Rambput had their shots, but with no better luck.
Bit by bit Sid’s face brightened and the redness disappeared from his dust-stained cheeks.

"Mine," he cried as Murphy, who was last, missed the solitary marble.

"Now we're sunk," said Murphy. "I hope you haven't forgotten what you said about the Jubilee, Leach."

"She'll be right," said Leach, but stopped dead in the midst of his confidence, for Sid was quietly lowering himself to the ground once more.

This time he polished the marble with extreme care. No speck of dust must spoil his chance again.

And then, though it is not certain how it happened, possibly a speck again caused it, just as Sid placed the marble in his nostril he was paroxysmed by the initial stage of a sneeze and with one mighty sucking sound the marble was drawn hard up his nostril to lodge immovable in the deep recesses.

"God, it's stuck," said Murphy.

"Huh, ugh, ugh, ugh, ugh," Sid gasped, rolling frantically on the ground. He struggled and heaved beside the circle, kicking up in clouds about him what looked like the last dust of a dying frenzy. His face grew redder and redder.

"For gosh sake, lie still," said Leach, and the four of them gathered round and held him down to the one spot, but he struggled and splattereded till the whole yard was full of dust.

"Somebody go and get Doc. Brown, quick!" said Murphy.

"I'll go," said Clapham, and he rushed off down the road, spurring up pockets of dust with his feet and disturbing the peace of the lying dogs as he went.

"What can we do for him, Murphy?" said Leach.

"Just keep him quiet here. Don't move him. That's always the best in this sort of case."

"Huh, ugh, ugh!"

"Let's put him over in the shade."

"No! Don't move him. The marble might go right inside and get into his bloodstream and that'd be the finish," said Murphy.

For a while they all knelt round Sid, who lay on his back in the dust, no longer kicking, but lying still as if in the last torpor before death. The redness of his face had quietened somewhat and down his dusty cheeks trickled, in steady succession, the tears of his exertions. Murphy had put a hat over his constricted face to shade his eyes. Up above, a cloud or two went slowly by, and as the afternoon drew on the sun eased a little in the pub yard. Standing on its own in the now forgotten circle the last "glassy" glinted slightly through its dusty coat. The dust ring was mostly intact, apart from the side where Sid had thrashed it, in his first spasm.

"Has he done this before?" asked Leach. Sid, his eyes shut, looked much as though he were now asleep, apart from the rather ugly bulge on the upper-side of his nostril.

"Not to my knowledge," said Murphy. "Though it's a wonder. I've seen him spend a whole afternoon blowing marbles out of his nose into a tin. He puts one in each nostril and then shoots them out ping-pong."

"That's what I thought and I asked him once, but no, he said, 'I'm, ugh, milking a cow.'"

"Milking a——? Good God!"

For a while longer they just stood there in the yard. Apart from an occasional sniff by Sid there was no noise until O'Connor said, "Look! Here's Clapham and the Doctor." Both of them were sweating and flurried. Doc. Brown's tie was only half on and his eyes were full of midday sleep.

"All right now, where is he?" said the Doctor, and they moved away from the prone Sid, who quickly sat up eyeing the Doctor somewhat apprehensively.

"Huh, ugh, ugh."

"That's all right, now, don't move," said the Doctor. "Let's see. Up the right nostril is it? All right, Sid, put your finger against the other nostril like this. Now I'll put my fingers in your ears like this. It won't hurt. Easy now." He drove his middle fingers deep into the wax pits of Sid's ears. "Now, Murphy, when I say 'Go,' I want you to give Sid a slap on the back; and, Sid, when you hear me say 'Go,' I want..."
you to keep your mouth shut and blow through your nose. Got that? Right. Ready everybody—GO!"

Down came Murphy's hand and "Huh!" went Sid. And ping went the marble, leaping out of Sid's nostril onto the Doctor's arm and off into the "big ring," knocking the solitary "glassy" with a spurt of dust clean out of the circle.

"Good God!" said Clapham.
"Huh, huh, huh," said Sid, and he struggled to his feet, raised his arms in the air, high towards the blue sky, jumped up and down on the spot, and kicked clouds of dust up into the faces of the Doctor, Murphy, Ramsput, Leach, O'Connor, and Clapham.
"Huh, huh, huh, hurray," he cried. It's mine!"

BARBARA THOMPSON

MARIONETTE THEATRE

A great number of people in this country have for years discussed the possibility and desirability of a theatre of and for New Zealand. To some it may seem strange that our first experiment should be a puppet theatre.

In reality it is a most natural and reasonable beginning and solution to the great problem of how to achieve this national theatre that so many of us desire. The Goodwin Marionette Theatre was conceived less as a puppet theatre than as the only available means of having a theatre at all.

In other countries the revival of puppetry has sprung from different sources. In Europe, of course, puppet theatre companies are a continuation of a long tradition, in many cases carried on in single families for generations. Many of them have permanent theatres, running long seasons.

In England the travelling Punch and Judy show, with glove puppets, is the most famous and long lived. Apart from that, puppetry has been a rather "precious" revival of a lost art, and has not produced anything of very great significance.

In America, there are many companies, among them that of the famous Tony Sarg, but as one would expect, their best work has been done for a commercial field. The studio of the Bairds, in New York, can produce a revue for the Follies, a set of puppets to be filmed for Government propaganda, a mannequin parade, an advertisement for cigarettes, anything and everything with puppets. Among them is a character called Sharkie who has become quite a famous person, appearing on Broadway and in the Government film on "Gardening for the Farmer."

However, to return to New Zealand, our puppet theatre was not a revival. It was something new, so new that eighty per cent. of the audiences has never heard of puppets and ninety-five per cent. had never seen them before. This made their progress in some ways easier and in some ways more difficult. The schools of Auckland gave them their first chance to find an audience. The show had been growing for over twelve months, from the work of Arnold Goodwin with his theatre class at the School of Art. The first puppets were very small and crude, and used mainly as figures to "stand-in" to give proportion to sets designed on the model stage. Mr. Goodwin then made the figures for The Tempest, an ambitious start, but one which, by its success, inspired the formation of a real theatre. For two years, the small company played The Tempest, The Reluctant Dragon, and a series of very popular shorts to school audiences. With the small sums earned in this way, they built a new theatre, planned so that it could be quickily erected in a small space and easily transported. During the war the A.E.W.S. organised puppet shows as part of their programme, and the same show that had amused the school children continued to amuse the tougher audiences of Army, Air Force and Navy. Then came the Theatre's most difficult period, the transition from part to full-time occupation.

With no capital, the first year's work had to be done with a very keen eye to box-office. The Company had an offer from a showman to
tour New Zealand as a side-show on the A. & P. Showgrounds. Two of the Company set off with a tent and a new show designed to play eight minutes, a small puppet circus with clowns and jugglers and performing animals. The hazardous and completely strange life was terrifying, but the venture was highly successful. The next year a discarded school bus was acquired and with their own tent, five members this time set out. It was hard work, Tauranga one day, Fielding the next, and so on through the country to Invercargill, where they were nearly blown over to Stewart Island. Eight minute performances, repeated ad nauseam, proved very wearing and seemed a far cry from the ultimate ideal of a permanent theatre. However, there were compensations other than financial gain. Thousands of people saw and loved the puppets and wanted to see more. Thousands of people who would never have been convinced by a theatre bill-board, went into the tent expecting to be "had" in the traditional show-ground manner, and found that they were entertained and got as they put it, "more than their money's worth."

Then came a chance to return to the legitimate theatre with the Community Arts Centre tours of the Auckland Province. Prospero and the Reluctant Dragon were taken down, dusted and painted, and sent on tour again in the old school bus. This was the most real achievement. Theatre in places that had never seen a travelling company! Theatre to people whose experience was limited to the films twice weekly. They rode for miles to see The Tempest, sometimes played in the local picture theatre, in a dance hall, and sometimes in what appeared to be a disused barn. And they wanted more. There was the rub. With the Company working full time on the road, how to take time for the construction of a new show? The making and rehearsal of a cast for a two hour marionette performance is not a matter of weeks but months. The figures are carved from wood, and when the head and limbs have been jointed and assembled, the most important job is the stringing. Only when the puppet is animated can the balance be tested. Sometimes that means new legs, less weight in the torso, requiring a major operation with brace and bit, or perhaps new hands and feet. Sometimes they "live" at once, sometimes they are awkward and never reform, but always they have their own individuality and peculiarities, which remain with them for ever. When they move and do all that is required of them in the part they play, they are dressed. To dress them without impeding their action, in material fine enough to hang gracefully on so short a figure, is the problem here. However, when only 1/8 of a yard is required one can use the most expensive velvets and chiffons, and this indirectly is a most important reason for the existence of a marionette theatre in New Zealand. A medium, with which one can produce drama, comedy, or revue, for a few pounds, and build the most up-to-date and finely proportioned theatre, for a few more pounds, made the existence of a theatre in New Zealand a possibility.

Looking back on the growth and development of the Marionette Theatre, it is interesting to note how every part and plan has been governed by necessity. It was not created from a complete and preconceived plan, or modelled on previous theatres, but evolved from the needs of this particular country. It was therefore the nearest thing to a national theatre that has emerged to date. From that small beginning perhaps a theatre may grow. Perhaps too, the marionette will take his place in the life of the country, and become one of the standards by which we can compare with older countries. It would be good if New Zealand could create a "Punch" or a "Snarkie" so that people the world over could say of him, "He comes from New Zealand, you know, where the footballers and butter come from."
Fatigue is inevitable in all kinds of work, brain or manual. The man with a hobby (in these days writing can only be a hobby) chooses one which he can work at in the half-dragged condition that comes pleasantly after the eight-hour day spent at his paid job. For the wharfie, tinkering at a radio; for the radio mechanic, manuring a rose bed. But the writer of prose or poetry requires a keen edge to his thought. Indeed, for him his writing often seems his main job, though unpaid, and he grudges the time and effort spent at other work. In their late teens and early twenties many young writers solve their problems by living off their parents and ostensibly preparing for a career in law, school teaching or the ministry. This is the golden age. But in time social and economic pressure forces them to the wall. They train in earnest for a profession; or more likely, led by a false belief that words of any kind are better than no words, they fall into the dismal swamp of journalism or radio advertising—dismal, that is, for men in love with words or ideas. Writing is done half-guiltily in moments snatched on a Sunday morning or riding in a tram. The faculty withers with disuse. But, as some critic whose name I can't remember writes apropos of Coleridge—"Those whom the Muse has once visited are haunted for the rest of their lives." Even if the vitality of their creative impulse is so great that it can weather a long winter of neglect, the periods of incubation necessary for sustained and organic themes cannot be afforded.

In previous centuries the patronage system or private income gave writers the leisure they required. Today the State is a possible patron, but it may well demand too great a levy of "protection money" in the form of propaganda, and so destroy those writers it is sheltering. Private incomes are few and far between. Some prose writers may find a market for novels as they wish to write them; but there is no market for poetry.

Of New Zealand poets, Glover is running a printing press, Fairburn does hack work for broadcasting, Curnow is a journalist, Mason has been doing secretarial work for a union. They have all many times complained of the impossibility of finding time or energy for their true job—writing. Of novelists, Sargeson is on a sick pension, and so has time to write but insufficient energy; Davin, I believe, is in a Government job. There is no way out of the dilemma, in this country at least.

There is, I think, a deeper cause of sterility. When we read the greatest novelists or dramatists, we are impressed by the extraordinary sense of actuality in their work. It is life, only larger. In composition a writer's struggle, above and beyond his technical problems, is to rouse himself from that sleep which he normally calls waking, and see motives, motifs and situations, with a naked intensity. In this, his philosophy, that is to say his world-view expressed or implied, conscious or unconscious, will either help or hinder. I believe, in opposition to relativists, that there are true and false world-views. In Tolstoy, Shakespeare, Dostoevski, we find the same naked glare of insight, accompanied always by an awareness of moral conflict.

But awareness of moral conflict is not over-popular with us. From every hoarding the gigantic moronic faces stare at us, over their Kruschev Salt or electoral slogan, telling us that a little more money, a little more "leave," an iron tonic, the right name marked on the voting paper—and the line will be clear at last, put on steam for Paradise-on-Earth. In the gaps between the hoardings children still find jungles, and grown-ups disturbing memories or jagged guilt: but the gaps are closing. We are in danger of forgetting what we mean to ourselves.

Louis Macneice's Brother Fire clears the air a little.

"... Thus were we weaned to knowledge of the Will"
That wills the natural world but wills us
dead.
O delicate walker, babbler, dialectician Fire,
O enemy and image of ourselves—
Did we not on those mornings after the All
Clear,
When you were looting shops in elemental joy
And singing as you swarmed up city block
and spire,
Echo your thought in ours—"Destroy! De-
stroy! Destroy!"

The "advertising view" of human nature,
though popular with politicians, is not so
with writers—I exclude the sludge of third-
rate novels, digests, and films. But in revolt
writers have developed their own falsifica-
tion. It begins with Rousseau's Noble Sav-
age, and ends with Hemingway's Dumb Oxen.
"If we cannot find a resolution of grief,
anxiety, and profound malaise in a Brave
New World, we will go back to our own roots.
The child and the Eskimo, even the gang-
sters fighting in an urban jungle—these have
lost their conflict, not by reasoning, but by
a return to unconscious harmony." The psy-
choanalysts seem to point this way. They also
point to a purely determinist pattern of
society.

Among New Zealand writers, Fairburn,
Glover, Davin and Sargeson present in their
different ways the same picture. Fairburn
more successfully in his love poetry (love
poems have to be a little sentimental); Glove
with a stoic tinge, drawing on the Greek
epigrammatists, and gaining at times
a nihilist intensity. Davin and Sargeson
both show Natural Man, but Davin's view is
a coldly determinist one, while Sargeson's
leaves room for compassion.

The sterility of the philosophy of Natural
Man becomes clearer as a writer grows older,
losing the sanguine view of his youth. It is
highly individualistic drawing meaning from
the mood of the moment; and in the long
run it presents a meaningless picture.

Charles Brasch and Curnow both look for
a new philosophy—Brasch (like Holcroft,
but more succinctly) in the timeless and
symbolic events of nature; Curnow in
a history where Time personified replaces
God. Though influenced by Yeats to a view
of Natural Man, Curnow has kept a good
deal of Christian dogma and an acceptance
of moral conflict.

"Or out of God the separated streams
Down honeyed valleys, Minoan, Egyptian,
Or latterly Polynesia like ocean rains
Flowing became one flood, one swift corrup-
tion."

Last but not least, R. A. K. Mason im-
plies in his verse a determinist philosophy.
But with him, as with Housman and Thomas
Hardy, God is to blame. Our virtues are
the Roman ones—fortitude and justice. He
is much fascinated by the figure of Christ,
presenting him as hard-done-by man or im-
potent God, yet still regarding him as an
image of compassion.

The one quality which all the New Zea-
land writers I have mentioned have in com-
mon is pessimism. I regard this not as
morbid, but as an accurate reading of the
spiritual temperature of the times. Their
writing has dwindled or ceased, partly from
fatigue and lack of time, but mainly from
their inability to find meaning in a world
either dead or disastrous. They required a
philosophy which allowed for free will, took
on the whole a kindly view of human be-
haviour (sensual failings in particular), yet
recognised irremediable moral conflict. I
would indicate an unpopular choice—ortho-
dox Christianity.
WORLD VIEWS OF HISTORY

In sixteenth-century England
They only built houses for fun,—
The barons strode off down the Strand
And said, "Build me another slum!
Where I may go on Sundays
And sniff the Sunday air,"—
They were grand in those days.

In nineteenth-century Italia
You'd wander round and find
A headless Venus for a dollar,
A dozen Giotto's for a pound,
And rest in a Florentine villa
With a view of the Bay of Naples
For two bob a week (and extras).

But there in the seventeenth century
Under foolish Austria's auspice
The only art to note was opera—
And the art of the conversation-piece—
With buffoonery spies abounding
And duels atween the Counts
And mud-in-your-eye for the King.

In second-century China
The arts of peace were regnant,—
Every man of any mana
Put his verses into paint
On plaques of watered silk
That have lasted down the ages,
With translation's help.

(The negroes, anyway, were dirty.
And now their art is drugged.)
Fifth-century Greece means Athens only,
Which means the meetings in the pub
And in the stone-paved market-place;
And a string of abstract words.
For Black Sparta we make a space.

*   *   *

Here in this balsmy bay
The cars speed back and forth
And big red humbling buses sway
And charge and swoop to prove their worth;
The city strolls and curses
And the bandsmen play like demons,
And distract me from my verses.
In pioneer America
Up in the province of Maine,
The really stocky cards built ships to
Sail down a hundred rivers, and then—
Orinoco, Ochikawa—
Desperately sunburnt,
Capture Montreal!

And the Indians played a lone hand,
Firing both sides' blockhouses,
And when cowboys came through their land
Ambushing the coaches and cows,
Hiding under waterfalls,
Calling each other 'Tortoise,'
'Elk,' 'Wolf,' or 'Owl.'

In fourteenth century Italy
There were three types of men:
The devils followed Machiavelli;
The rest were artists and their friends.
Actually Machiavelli
Was quite a decent sort—
Not really Diabelli.

But over the German border
A truly violent man
Queered all the schemes of order
Fashioned by Erasmus' pen.
We know but half his moniker,—
Martin Something Luther:
A good hand with a hammer.

Down in the creaky South,
Where Livingstone met Stanley
By swamps and by the lion's mouth,
The negroes all were happy, mainly,—
Good but still uneducated,
Savage still but lovable,
Beating drums and nearly naked.

In the farthest North
Where Nansen sailed his schooners,
Only brave men there went forth
And the natives committed social bloomers,—
Living in strange ways,
Eating all the blubber
That others wished to use.

The wolf with his bushy tail,
The lamb with his warm blood,
Still live together to-day as they used
When the first roving crocodile lay in the mud,—
Live on Kilmarnock hill,
Behind those red brick walls,—
The man who must live, and the fool.
And down in the Bay of Biscay
Where dolphins and cute flying-fish
Play by the ships, and jokes risqué
Are cracked on promenade-decks, a wish
Was made by my sea-sick friend
To be home again once more,
Watch the small river bend.

* * *

Up in the Bay of Plenty
Where Edwards' Motors run,
Every man at the age of twenty
Sells his boat and buys a farm,
Comes into town on Fridays,
Has a drink with the boys,
Takes his wife to the pictures.

During the Maori wars
Two officers went out
One evening, to water their horses,
Without their guns. And that
Was the end of them! eaten
Too, I guess; the golf-course
Last month yielded a skeleton!

Glastonbury Tor
Is the place for working miracles.
They are worked up there like any old chore.
With aid in this case from the Welsh myth-cycles.
Then you drown yourself in the flood
And depart, with Arthurian soul
At peace in the magic mud.

Dunedin's a place that's made
No progress for thirty years.
The trams look like ones that Emmett designed
When he came out here to try the beer
In nineteen hundred fourteen.
He found it terrible too,
But his trams are all still working.

They go leaping down the streets
Like bell-ridden kangaroos
And the one that goes to Tahuna leaps
Clear off the road before your eyes
And goes sailing down the footpath!
Sailing off in a cloud!
Hang on for all you're worth!

Down in Queen Charlotte Sound
At the turn of the year you find
Genuine old French brandy around
At sevensence a nip! Fishing blind,
I caught a giant cod
On the eve of 'forty-nine—
The biggest ever made!
They have wetas up the hill,
Wild cherries on the shore,—
You'll never find such a place until
The gods come down from Glaston Tor,
Perhaps that's happening now?
Then mark it well, you scribes:
Here's history for you!

*  *  *

In old-time Latin America
Be-cymballed and singing whores
That were always young and always able to
Wear more clothes in the hotter hours
Than I could wear in an Arctic
Winter, loved and abounded,
And fed the kings on rat-nip.

But, "Beware of Conquistadores
Of true Iberian stock!"
Was what they really sang on the floors
Of the dancing-rooms back of the wine-shops.
And when they danced in the streets
They all whanged tambourines,
Regardless of off-beats.

There is no time, in Switzerland.
For centuries now they have worn
Schoolboy-socks embroidered by hand
Into braided tops, and their hair long,
And loose white blouses
And dark short shorts,
And the fierce ones have moustaches.

On the Swiss borders
We all speak five tongues—
French, Italian, German, and Argot,
And English. The Swiss are the only ones
Who seem, if they are able,
To have no language at all:
History shan't repeat Babel!

In Russia in the winter
They drive about in zombies.
These are constructed so that, when the
Streets are filled with snow, families
Can travel about as they please.
They go even the vaster distances
Without so much as a sneeze!

Tenth century Peru
Had all the gold in the world,
Far more gold than I or you
Ever could count to or, if we could,
Then I guess even more than that.
And no-one knew how to steal it!
Strange gods had to fix that!
In the first year of life
Someone pulled out a pen
And said, on a parchment prepared by his wife
From a mule-skin, "Yesterday, life began!"
I think that was terribly clever.
He was the first historian.
May he live for ever and ever!

But here, my sadness begins;
'Ever and ever,' is over.
An immortal, it's true, though he dies, is not killed;
But die he does, just as much as live ever.
And that prehistoric historian
Is staging a death right now.
To you, to me, it's plain.

On Sussex Downs one year
A man whose name I've lost
Was thwarted by an ancient hare
Of wise and female ways. She hatched
And loved her diplodocus
And sang him ancient songs.
And other hocus-pocus.

This was not long ago—
About nineteen twenty-three.
Kipling tells of a similar show
In 'Puck of Pook's Hill,' and we
Could chronicle, if you wished.
Many, many others.
Another time perhaps.

I wish that I could tell you
In good, historical verse
Of the private habits of the warlock
And of the sinking of the 'Erse'—
She fought a noble fight
And it was not so long ago,
But we leave her to her plight

For the vision has surely faded
Now, and the sun has gone down.
The children for whom I think we waited
Have gone on home and we wait alone,
Alone on the asphalt walk
With the trees growing by on the grass.
They have gone on another path.

Even the women are fading!
Where is the Bill of Rights
Won so hard in 'twenty-seventy?
Have ladies no place in history's sights?
Why yes, of course they have!
There's Joan of Arc, for a kick-off;
And there's the gorgeous slave

32
Who bounced to the moon on her bustle
Starting from Texas state.
She is the reason behind the puzzle
Of why coyotes cry at night, for her mate—
One Pecos Bill, a cowboy,
Now desolate and forlorn—
Was reared by them in joy.

Reared in the fashion of Castor
And good old Polydeuces.
A hundred historical women more
Could fill these sheets with tales, some juicy,
Some more sober and solid.
Oh there are innumerable tales,
The racy and the squalid,

The beautiful and the poor,
Heartfelt, the mean and callous,
Moving and the still, the dour,
The blighted, even the uproarious.
No need to tell them well,—
Tales and tales and tales,
But not for us to tell.

* * * *

When some day you compose your history,
Your book of truest dye,
Here's the advice this document gives you—
An old advice, a professional cry:
“Listen to every voice—
And voices are everywhere;
Give credence, for better or worse.”

‘Listen to every voice.
Give credence.’ The Holy Grail
Was found nineteen thirty-eight, March first,
In Fardles, an English village. The world
Was in the balance that week;
Prester John was there;
And an unpronounceable Greek.

Two people died of ecstasy;
One by more mortal hand—
That of a depraved publisher; a fourth was
Left on the point of death; the redeemed
Was a child of four years precise
There in Castra Parvalorum.
Give credence to every voice.

In the Californian forests
A strong man stands.
He lifts the fallen thrush, he lifts
The fishes from the drying pool. And
He carries a knobbly stick;
Sends healing eldola out
To the South African sick.
Tell me if pretty Antony
Knew that women won't fight
When once they've heard the distant timpani
Or doom and sniffed the sniff of fate?
She left him to his plight;
With fifty ships she vanished
In the bloodiest part of the fight.

'Voices are everywhere:
Listen for better or worse.'
They are in the willow-hole and they
Are in the stagnant lake. A voice
Speaks in each worldly thing—
Living, lifeless, and dead.
And it speaks for our remembering.

What says the Loch Ness monster?
And what, Pelorus Jack?
Listen carefully for their answer!
Write it, dated, at the back
Among the appendices!
Refer to it in footnotes!
List in the indices!

But I doubt if you'll hear what he says
The magic seems gone from the day
And night-time, spiritual night-time covers
The land, and the listeners have all gone away.
Gone to a land they know;
And in some sense we live with them there,—
But asleep, and they, in full woe.

The time of stories seems over;
The children have climbed to bed.
The children have climbed where their dreams gather—
They tell their stories themselves instead.
The smiling ones have refused
And laughter has turned away:
In the upper air with the gods, till the day,
Moon roams with her hair unloosed.

FROM A TALK BY PROFESSOR F. F. MILES

A HELP TO THE READING OF GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS

Of the books mentioned I have read only the second edition of the poems and the Letters to Bridges and the Correspondence with Dixon. The letters are a very great help in the understanding of Hopkins's personality and purpose in writing poetry. With a poet of such marked individuality every clue to the inner working of his mind is valuable. The simple and straightforward language of the letters is in striking contrast with the extreme concentration of the language of all his later poetry from The Wreck of the Deutschland to the end. Many of the poems were inspired by incidents in his life and it is not without interest to have his allusions to these.

Since 1918 many books and articles have been written on Hopkins's poetical achievement. A very recent book Gerard Manley Hopkins, a Critical Essay Towards the Understanding of his Poetry, by W. A. M. Peters, S.J., is particularly illuminating for any serious student of this great but very difficult poet. The aim of this book is to explain by a careful study of Hopkins's manner of viewing the world and of his poetical theory, that his style is a natural reflection of his personality and not just a more or less arbitrary trick. The core of the book is the meaning of Hopkins of two invented words, "inscape" and "instress." Hopkins himself in one of his letters calls inscape "the very soul of art." The following is the explanation given by Peters. "For 'inscape' is the unified complex of those sensible qualities of the object of perception that strike us as inseparably belonging to and most typical of it, so that through the knowledge of this unified complex of sense-data we may gain an insight into the individual essence of the object. We are ever inclined to compare and contrast objects and to put before us what is universal in them. Our minds turn unconsciously as it were and instinctively to what this object has in common with others; it needs special concentration of our faculties to bring before the mind an object's distinctiveness. Now Hopkins habitually looked at objects with the fixed determination to catch what was individually distinctive in them in order thus to arrive at some insight into their essence as individuals. To express this set of individualizing characteristics in a suitable term he coined the word 'inscape.'" In the philosophical and theological studies of the Society of Jesus, Aristotle and St. Thomas Aquinas are the masters and they stress the universal; but Hopkins more and more felt himself akin to Duns Scotus, whose emphasis was on the particularity of things.

Poem 20 (2nd ed.), written 1879, the sonnet Duns Scotus's Oxford well expresses the poet's love and admiration of the old Schoolman; the octave of the sonnet is itself an individualized inscape of Oxford. May I say, before quoting it, that Hopkins again and again in his letters asks for his poetry to be read aloud, to be read and reread. What he was aiming at in his mature poetry was the rhythms of speech, to his mind more sincere and serious than the more artificial rhythms of orthodox poetry. It will be a help, too, if I say that in scanning Hopkins only the stressed syllables are significant.

Epery city and branchy between towers; Cuckoo-echoing, bell-swarmed, lark-charmed, rook-ruined, river-rounded;

1.1918 Poems, edited by Robert Bridges.
1930 Poems, second edition, with introduction by Charles Williams.
The dapple-gored lily below thee; that country town did
Once encounter me, here coped and poised powers;
Thou hast a base and brinkish skirt there, sours
That neighbour-nature thy grey beauty is grounded
Best in: graceless growth, thou hast confounded
Rural rural keeping—folk, flocks, and flowers.
Yet ah! this air I gather and release
He lived on; these weeds and waters, these walls are what
He haunted who of all men most sways my spirits to peace;
Of reality the rarest-reined unraveller; a not
Rivalled insight, be rival Italy or Greece;
Who fed France for Mary without spot.
Notice the free use of compound adjectives
Of alliteration, and the rich suggestiveness of “grounded” (1.6), placed as a castle or a
manor-house in a park.
The great sonnet, Poem 12, The Windhover, of which Hopkins himself said (22nd June, 1879), that it was the best thing he ever wrote, repays the most careful study. The theme is a hawk in air, beautiful in repose but much more beautiful in motion, compared to a young prince mounted and about to gallop forth.

I caught this morning morning’s minion,
Kingdom of daylight’s dauphin, dapple-drawn-drawn Falcon, in his riding
Of the rolling level underneath him steady air, and striding.

The compound adjectives and alliteration here produce an extraordinary effect of ecstasy. In the metrical scheme, “in his riding,” and “and striding” illustrate Hopkins’s use of extra syllables (outrides) not to be counted in the scanion. The poem as a whole is an expression of Hopkins’s inscape of a falcon. Like a number of his greatest poems it is far from being completely intelligible. Hopkins seems often to have been surprised that his friends Robert Bridges and Canon Dixon found his meaning obscure, but on the other hand he does say in one of his letters something which indicates that he did not always expect that the reader would get out of a poem everything that had been in his mind when composing the poem.

Hopkins attached so much importance to the inscape of things, partly no doubt because of an individual idiosyncrasy but mainly because of his awareness of the actual presence of God in each individual thing. This is exemplified by Poem 7, 1877, written at Fantasaph, God’s Grandeur:
The world is charged with the grandeur of God.
It will flame out, like shining from shook foil;
It gathers to a greatness, like the ooze
Crushed. Why do men then now not reck
his rod?
Generations have trod, have trod, have trod:
And all is seared with trade; bleared,
smeared with toil;
And wares man’s smudge and shares
man’s smell: the soil
Is bare now, nor can foot feel, being shod.
And for all this, nature is never spent;
There lives the dearest freshness deep down things;
And though the last lights off the black West went
Oh, morning, at the brown brink eastward, springs—
Because the Holy Ghost over the bent
World broods with warm breast and with
ah! bright wings.

Coming now to the second invented word, “instress,” its original meaning is that stress or energy of being by which all things are upheld and strive after continued existence. In the act of perception the inscape is known first and in this grasp of the inscape is felt the stress of being behind it. As cause, instress is the core of being or inherent energy which is the actuality of the object; as effect, it is the specifically individual impression the object makes on man. “Take a few primroses in a glass and the instress of—brilliancy, sort of starliness: I have not the right word—so simple a flower gives is remarkable.” (Notebooks). The application of this is that in describing the distinctive aspect of an object Hopkins may either attempt to give us its inscape by an objective statement, or its instress in the sense of its effect on him—as in this stanza from Wreck of the Deutschland:
Flesh falls within sight of us, we though our
flower the same.
Wave with the meadow, forget that there must
The sour scythe cringe, and the bleak share
come.
There are various aspects of Hopkins' life as reflected in his poetry that one might comment on: his extraordinary sensibility to country sights and sounds and the happiness of the poetry he wrote while studying at Saint Asaph in Wales; his deep sympathy for the poor and the terrible depression produced by his experience of the squalor and misery of Liverpool and Glasgow; the intensity of his religious life and the effect on his poetry of the subordination of his poetical to his priestly vocation; his deepening interest in music; his friendship with Robert Bridges, Canon Dixon, and Coventry Patmore.

Two of these aspects need added attention. His work as a parish priest in Liverpool and Glasgow brought him in close contact with the depressed poor. The nearest Hopkins and Bridges came to a quarrel was in connection with a letter from Hopkins in the early seventies in which, while condemning the excesses he expressed a good deal of sympathy with the grievances of the Communards of 1871. Hopkins's general attitude is well expressed in Poem 42, Tom’s Garland, 1877. As both Bridges and Dixon asked for an explanation of the poem, we fortunately have a prose version by Hopkins himself.

The other point is the friendship of Hopkins with Bridges and Dixon, one of the most interesting in literary history. It is to Bridges’s deep conviction of the poetic stature of his friend that we owe the preservation of the poems. Hopkins and Bridges were both men of the deepest sincerity but with very different religious philosophical beliefs. In the last resort Bridges gave his allegiance to the Platonic ideal of Beauty and Hopkins to the God of the Catholic Faith. For Bridges there was no higher vocation than that of the poet, for Hopkins that of the priest. On the other hand, it was the genuineness and sincerity of Dixon, Anglican priest, poet, and Church historian, that most attracted Hopkins. This made him inclined perhaps to overrate Dixon’s purely literary significance. Remember, before 1918 many of the poems we have been discussing had been read by these two men only.

---

**Begg's for everything Musical**

Begg's is New Zealand's Leading Music House carrying comprehensive stocks of the world's finest pianos and musical instruments, sheet music, radios and recordophones, records, musical accessories and sundries.

See Begg's to-day for all your musical needs.
TO THE EDITOR

Sir. The article on Holcroft in your last issue displays a degree of mental crudity and insensitivity that does not often find its way into print. Beyond that it has no special distinction. As criticism it is often distorted and valueless; it results not from a careful consideration of material, but from what seems to have been an increasing resentment harboured by Mr. Winchester against an author whom he suspected of being unduly praised. Mr. Winchester is here the Average Mind outraged because he feels he has been taken in. The strength of his argument rests on that conviction. But he rarely argues his case. He merely quotes or puts to the reader a succession of questions. When he quotes (and any statement wrenched thus out of its context can be made to look a trifle foolish) he rarely comments on it, but relies on sarcasm to bring home to the reader the preposterousness of what he is attacking. With the same end in view, his rhetorical questions are often made to carry an injured or indignant tone. (It is pretty close to a public harangue. It is not literary criticism.) He considers it preposterous for anyone to assert that "we have no real depth of spiritual life." He scourns the suggestion that New Zealand is young spiritually. He short-lists, disapproves, protests; he obviously sees white where Holcroft sees black. But why? He offers no reason, no hint of how he arrived at his conclusions. If criticism is to convince, it must be reasonable and just. Mr. Winchester is neither.

Because Holcroft’s aims escaped him, Mr. Winchester was never quite sure what it was he was attacking, but he hoped that by swinging wildly he might land the knock-out blow. To criticize fairly one must consider the degree of success achieved by an author in relation to those aims of which Mr. Winchester professes ignorance. Otherwise different critical criteria may be brought to bear on each new chapter, or each new subdivision. Holcroft is reproved because he has not written a history of the Labour Movement. And in the next breath, he is under fire for not writing a treatise on New Zealand art. Mr. Winchester is irritated by this inconsistency that he vaguely feels in Holcroft. Holcroft is a fool, because Mr. Winchester cannot connect.

Holcroft’s aims seem clear enough. He was to heighten our national awareness to receive and nourish ideas to convince us of the existence of a New Zealand type of consciousness by elucidating various causes and phases in its development. But first we must be taught a few home-truths about ourselves. If these hurt, then anyone is permitted, like Mr. Winchester, to squal—preferably—out of print. Holcroft is more concerned with people than with ideas as such. If he can write of real people in reference to a definite geographical and social background (a background, incidentally, wider but embracing by implication these political and economic considerations which Mr. Winchester was at a loss to discover): if he can trace the evolution of the New Zealand mind, and from that, show why it is we approach the problems of life in a way that distinguishes us from, say, the English, the chances are that he will arrive at the historical truth. Above all he is concerned with truth, and the search for truth. Even Mr. Winchester might profit from a close reading of Holcroft.

To Mr. Winchester the question of mental isolation can be considered in terms of space only. How is isolation possible when we have the aeroplane, and the wireless? Are not new inventions and ideas pouring into the country within a few days or weeks of their discovery? These are points to be considered by Mr. Winchester when he writes his history of ideas in New Zealand. The problems that beset Holcroft are more profound. It is the isolation from beliefs, from traditions once ours, that troubles him: the loneliness, which is the isolation of the individual in the community from his fellows, and from God.

ALASTAIR CAMPBELL

Sir.—It is strange how some critics can be impressed by something of the spirit and form of an event or work of art and yet fail to comprehend the real nature of its content.

I refer to Mr. A. A. Murray-Oliver’s review of “Soviet Youth Parade, 1945.” Mr. Murray-Oliver tries to appeal on the basis of not taking sides. One recalls the old “art for art’s sake” and “art is neutral” fallacies. He rather self-righteously claims an enthusiasm “completely unbiased politically” and therefore an honest judgment despite his admitted die-hard conservative views.

Yet his review is permeated with political bias. For the praise of physique and health and joyful enthusiasm is overidden by the comparison with Nuremberg, by the reference to “hastily-disguised military training,” by the lie that the U.S.R. is “fanatically trying to destroy hopes of a lasting world peace.” Mr. Murray-Oliver hints that the Soviet Union is not a democracy, that the results he describes should be attained by “rather different methods.” If Mr. Murray-Oliver had studied even a little of the actual method he might have understood the real lesson of the parade.

For here was no parade of militarized automatons, no blind discipline imposed from above, no depersonalized “units.” Here, a few months after the most devastating war in history, tens of thousands of men and women, individuals with personality, demonstrated in a vast sports and physical culture parade. Mothers carried their children. Here was the real meaning of the film your reviewer missed. For each person seemed to say: “You can keep your militarism and war and death. Here is socialism and life!”

RON SMITH.
YOU CAN RELY UPON

SOUTH'S for BOOKS

* Make sure of getting the books you want by enlisting the services of SOUTH'S, the University Booksellers.

GET IN TOUCH WITH ONE OF
SOUTH'S SEVEN SHOPS

AUCKLAND    16 Wellesley St. East
HASTINGS    301 Heretaunga St.
HUTT        61 High Street

CHRISTCHURCH  702 Colombo St.
DUNEDIN      138 Princes St.
INVERCARGILL Dee St. (opp. P.O.)

8 WILLIS STREET . . WELLINGTON

SOUTH'S BOOK DEPOT, LTD.

Shearers
LIMITED

DRAPERS AND MEN'S OUTFITTERS
High Street, Lower Hutt

* FOR SHEER VALUE
FLORIDA MILK BAR

is open

SATURDAYS, SUNDAYS AND HOLIDAYS

— For Everything Hot or Cold —

N. H. and N. A. TRAPP, Proprietors.

HALLENSTEIN BROS. LTD.
278 Lambton Quay
WELLINGTON

"SWALLOW" TYPEWRITERS SUPPLIES

CARBONS RIBBONS
STENCILS DUPLICATING INK WRITING INK
— British and Best —

Sole Wellington Agents:

J. A. McKay & Co. Ltd.
23 BRANDON STREET
COMMERCIAL STATIONERS
Telephone 41-541 - P.O. Box 1536

HB
NEW ZEALAND

For Good VALUE...
BUY YOUR CLOTHING AND MERCERY from

FOR ALL SIGHT PROBLEMS

SEE

BARRY & SARGENT LIMITED
(E. A. SARGENT)
118 WILLIS STREET
Wellington
"FOR THE ROAD"

SEE US FIRST FOR—
Motor Accessories.
Camping Requirements.
Waterproof Clothing
Canvas and Rubber Goods

SPECIALISTS IN—
Tramping, Mountaineering
and Ski-ing Equipment

TELEPHONE 47-414

D. H. Small & Son, Ltd.
36 Mercer Street, Wellington.

For . . .

WATCHES
JEWELLERY
SOUVENIRS
and REPAIRS

SHERWOOD
AND SONS
103 WILLIS STREET
(Next Duke of Edinburgh Hotel)

literary lapses . . .

We have no illusions about our literary ability. We DO possess a vellum volume of the Bard of Avon, which adds a charming touch to our lovely occasional tables (and vice versa), and occasionally dip deliciously into Omar's Rubaiyat. Frankly our talents lie in directions other than literary; instead of stimulating the mind, we comfort the body by making furniture of such lazy luxuriousness that you'll forget the thrall of a thriller and the call of Kipling.

Once we furnished a home for a literary celebrity friend. In his exalted moments he likened us to the Shakespeare of the furnishing world and called our creations poems of comfort; in his browner moods he screamed that we had made his life so darned comfortable that he had lost his Muse and would have to retire to a rude attic to regain it. Amazing (or is it?), but we've never furnished a rude attic, so if you're inclined that way we may not be able to help you, but if it's enduring comfort you seek, we modestly confess to selling rather good furniture and furnishings.

SCOU LLARS
Also at Hastings and Blenheim
STUDENTS!

DID YOU KNOW THAT EXCELLENT DINNER SUITS MAY BE HIRED FROM

WARDROBE SPECIALISTS

221 CUBA STREET       PHONE 54-427

WHO . . . Buy and sell Quality Used Clothing at 123 Cuba Street (Phone 56-256).

Repair all types of Musical Instruments, especially the Repairing of Bows, at 15 Kent Terrace (Phone 51-641).

Buy and Sell Books at 69 Courtenay Place.

And Also Have Shops at 320 and 324 Jackson Street, Petone.

---

TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS

Please send your name and address to:

Miss Judith Wild,
Secretary,
Literary Society of Victoria College,
23 Hardy Street,
Waterloo, Lower Hutt.

enclosing ten shillings (10/-).

You will then be sent HILLTOP for a year, starting with the September issue, 1949.

---

STUDENTS' BOOKS

GENERAL AND REFERENCE LITERATURE

THE PLACE TO BROWSE

SMITH'S BOOKSHOP

34 MERCER STREET
For Economy and Value Shop at

McKENZIES
DEPARTMENT STORES

WILLIS ST. - CUBA ST. - PETONE
Also in Cities and Main Towns in New Zealand

Plentiful Stocks of...

ALL SMOKERS' REQUISITES
TOILETRIES - MERCERY - DRAPERY
HARDWARE - KITCHENWARE
GLASSWARE - CHINAWARE
CONFECTIONERY
STATIONERY
LADIES' DRESSES

For Your Everyday Needs and Gifts For All
Occasions You Can't Do Better Than Shop at

McKENZIES
DEPARTMENT STORES
THROUGHOUT NEW ZEALAND

McKenzie, Thornton, Cooper, Ltd., Printers, 126 Cuba Street, Wellington.