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Contributions are invited for future issues: poems, short stories, criticism, essays. Manuscripts should be sent to the Editor, Main Rd., Paremata. They cannot be returned unless accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.
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"I was too comfortable," he said.

"But why go to sleep? You couldn't have been ruder if you'd -"

"Damn woman, after a day's hard work d'y'think I want to sit fighting sleep in one of your fat sofas?"

"You're a laughing stock as it is, the way you carry on. Mrs. Helpinstail said she saw you in town positively in rage - "

He started to mutter, but couldn't edge a word in.

" - wanted to know what was the matter. I had to make up a story about the baler breaking down. I'm sure she saw through it -"

"Any damn mug could see through it. What's it all for? You both hate each other's guts. So why have anything to do with her?"

His wife's small nose began to quiver, like a rabbit's.

"Avt, Christ preserve us," he said, and walked out.

It was a good thing, Maia, the Haratongan girl, slept out in the bach. Or was it? It left them free to fight, anyway. Next instalment tomorrow night. Or perhaps he would cop it when he came back.

The cattle had no condition at all, painful to behold. He could hear the steady clunk of his neighbour's axe, cutting willow for feed. He hadn't been reduced to that, yet.

A kid would've made all the difference. She'd got so goddam edgy since they'd first been told - things had been different before - they'd both wanted kids. She wouldn't adopt one, look at what you might get, Welfare kids, or some slut's illegitimate brat - they'd been over it a hundred times. That was the trouble, she was all bound up with her mother and her mother's cranky ideas about keeping up a station in life, as if they were running on railway lines, which was how she would have it.

He'd go over the top paddocks - get back too late for church. That would save an argument, anyway.... You're an Anglican, aren't you? You pretend to be. Sure I'm an Anglican, but - You're not even a Christian. What will the Vicar think? You haven't been for six Sundays now. As if being a Christian was a matter of calling, cups of tea and what
will people think? Which it was. Which was why he didn't
want to go to church.

But a kid would've made all the difference. They'd
had everything they wanted - except that - family background,
education, not many farmers round here could say they'd been
to 'Varsity, money, position, all the playthings, nothing real.
Kids would've made it real. Now his wife was on all the
committees in creation and he hadn't had a nooky for how long,
a week, ten days? It didn't matter, that was the trouble,
it didn't matter.

On the tops a gusty wind brought dust and the sound
of cattle. A wind would just about finish us, even the grass-
roots eaten out, there was nothing to hold. Those other fools
worried only about the present but with this light soil, half
the farm could blow away. The best half.

As he went down, the wind followed, teasing him, like
a cat. There would come a bat of wind, and it would go. Ah,
he'd think, it's only on the tops. No wind really. Then it
would come again, harder. By the time he'd reached the house,
long streamers of dust were flying from the tops and seeping from
the well-worn places beside the creek that once was.

All their Waikato hay and eight thousand gallons an hour
from the bore wouldn't save them now. The house was as quiet as
a tomb. "Margaret," he called, but she had gone. He showered,
found he had no clean shirt and all the futile irritation of the
morning burst forth -

"Mais!" he bellowed.

After far too long a time, she came and just stood there
waiting, cool and dark and still, her skin glowing softly against
her blue dressing-gown.

"What's wrong," he said, "I didn't know you were in bed."

"'S all right. Feel better now. Get up soon." And
she smiled, as usual, for no particular reason. And as usual,
he grinned back, with her, at her. She was a great kid.

"Just my shirts. Can't find 'em."

She stooped, flipped the bottom drawer open and stood
smiling, seemingly unconscious of the open dressing-gown and the
translucence of her nightdress.

"There you are, that enough shirt for you?"

He wasn't looking at the shirts, but at her lithe body,
and at her, and there was nothing to say.

They both wanted it to happen and now it had happened.
That was all there was to it.
He'd gone outside with the old chain strainers and the wind singing in the wire. He tried to concentrate on the fence, not to think about it; he wasn't going to do it again, it was just one of those things. You're obsessed, boy. Guilt. Or just scared of getting caught?

Whatever it was, next morning, when Maia came with the billy and the aconce, they moved down to the willows and made love there. She had tight hard buttocks, like apples. They talked a while, he wondered about her. Before he had merely accepted her, an extra pair of hands about the house, here for two years and pay the fare home.

"Was it safe?" he asked, thinking she'd know what he meant. She smiled at him - almond eyes, with the suggestion of a slant, perhaps a touch of Chinese there. She left him with the shadow of her smile, and his thoughts.

His wife was still not speaking, quite a relief, under the circumstances. No pretence necessary. This damned wind, it got on everybody's nerves.

But they both woke together that night; it was the silence that woke them. The wind had dropped. The moon was in the window. His wife looked at him, and they kissed, long and gentle, as it had been, once, and instead of making love, they talked. She had been thinking, she would see about adopting a boy-baby. Mrs. Carey had been telling her about a place in Auckland, you could approve the mother first and pick the child. Most of these unmarried girls were the good ones - the bad ones didn't get caught - not that way. Sometimes quite surprising -

That remark about good girls set him thinking about Maia. His sane, early-morning self knew it was madness to go on, swore not again, never.

Next day he and Maia talked. He tried to tell her how sorry he was, that he should have been a father to her rather than - that he loved her as a sister, that he would never -

She took his head between her hands, said, "I love you, too," kissed him on the mouth and together they sank to the grass.

It was hopeless. At first he was frightened she would demand too much, go mooning cow-eyed around the house or try and make a fool of his wife, but she was just the same Maia, clattering the dishes, whirring the vacuum-cleaner, singing her way through the household ritual.

But the Maia he thought he knew was changing. He asked what she did with her Saturdays off, learnt with astonishment that most of her day was spent at Adventist services and with the
children at Bible Class.

"You teach Bible Class?"

"That's right," she said softly, pride shining in her eyes, "I teach."

He couldn't understand, didn't know what he'd got into, tried to act the part, telling her how much he cared, but realized with shock, that her calling him "darling" and "I love you" were only part of the routine, meant nothing. There was no need to say anything. But curiosity made him ask, "Maia, would you run back to Raratonga with me?"

"Aitutaki," she corrected.

"Aitutaki, then..."

"Aitutaki,"

"Aitutaki, then."

"No."

"Why not?"

"I love your wife. She is good."

"Why?"

"She has no other men. I do not mean to take you, but I do love you, I want you, you are - "

He shook his head, baffled and a little annoyed at himself. He didn't like this kind of talk, her simplicity irritated him, he preferred the enigmatic Maia. He was just an appendage to her as natural as eating or sleeping, and about as uninteresting. It was a relief to get back to his wife, her familiar brassy afternoon and soft evening.

He knew he was a skunk. It wasn't making him happy. For the next three days he carefully avoided Maia, came in for his morning and afternoon tea, feeling virtuous, somewhat self-righteous and almost free to breathe, but on the third morning his household came tumbling about his ears.

Both Maia and his wife stood silent and waiting as he kicked off his boots and came in for dinner. There was nothing on the table.

"Maia tells me she is going to have a baby," his wife said, flatly.

It was oppressively still. How much had Maia said?

"Would you be willing to adopt it? She says she'll think about it. But we'd need to know the father first, Maia?"

It seemed suddenly colder.

Maia indicated him with her eyes.
"No," his wife breathed, and fled to her room. He made
a move to follow, thought better of it, went out the back door,
leaving Maia silently weeping.

"Mrs. Christensen, Mrs. Christensen."

It was Maia.

"Mrs. Christensen, don't cry Mrs. Christensen, I love
you, I will go away. He did not mean, we did not mean, as we
say, every baby has two fathers, a man and the dry season."

Almost against her will, Mrs. Christensen sat up.
"Maia, have you told anybody?"

"Only you. Even he did not know. It was that I
wanted, I needed a baby. You see, I have not had - "

"You what?"

Maia tried to explain. "My sister has a baby. You
should see him. He has fair skin and blue eyes. He is - "

"Get out," said Mrs. Christensen.

Maia couldn't understand.

He was chopping willow furiously, sweat streaming
down his face. He didn't see his wife coming.

"I'm leaving you," she said.

"Where are you going?"

"Mother's."

"You can have the car, if you like."

"Bus will do."

"What about Maia?"

"She's your pigeon."

"Aw, Margaret, don't be mad."

"Who's mad?" she said coldly.

"But she's going to have a kid."

"Your pigeon."

She packed furiously. He ran her to the bus depot.

They said nothing. Maia couldn't understand what all the fuss
was about. She was going to have a baby, that was all that
mattered. She would stay at her sister's. She wondered
whether to keep the baby, or give it to her sister. If it was
blue eyed, she would never give it up. She would take it
home.

Maia turned to face him as he came in.
"Well, what are we going to do?" He knew it was not her fault, but he could hardly conceal his dislike.

"Is there a bus later?"

"Yes."

"What time?"

"3.30."

"I will catch that one."

"Where are you going?"

"To my sister's."

He was so relieved he gave her a cheque for fifty pounds to tide her over. She didn't want it. It was hard to make her understand that he owed it to her for what she had done -

"I am not one of those," she said.

"I don't mean that. It is for the boy." He took it for granted it would be a boy.

She stowed it away carefully, lovingly.

After a week he went to get his wife. She came back reluctantly. But after two weeks, life was much the same as before, except that he worked harder and her social whirl whirled faster.

Sometimes he remembered, and wondered. Once he wrote a letter to her original address. It came back marked "Address not known." There was no question again of adopting a child. There was not a mention of Maia.

He had never worked so hard or to so little effect. The drought and the wind had stripped the land bare, most of the topsoil was gone but careful stocking and pasture management might bring it back. All he could do was hold on and hope for the best.
JAMES K. BAXTER

THE ADMONITION

No, no, not on thy cheek
Shall Heaven's blush be found,
Fair though it be and sleek
As fruits in garden ground,
For that death's worm shall wound.

Nor at thy lips shall I
Drink the desired bliss
For which my soul is dry.
Pond one, more gently kiss,
Man's love is all amiss.

The sovereign herb, all-heal,
Hermits and saints do find
By rocky paths, and kneal.
To pluck its flower kind.
We are not of their mind.

We may but weep a while,
Thirst, hunger, dread the night,
Swear falsely, speak with guile-
Shall rotten wormwood fight
Against the heavens' light?

Yet come, child, to my arms.
We age with every breath.
Wind, wind your silken charms
About the grinning Death
Before desire faileth.
THE SLIPWAY

How he came to be on the slipway he could not comprehend. Certainly he had not chosen it, nor had he been warned of its existence by those who had instructed him in the way to the temple. All he knew was that when he had last gone to sleep his world was as he usually understood it, and that now he was sliding.

It was useless to speculate as to how he had arrived here, he told himself. Metaphysics would not save him. The point was to discover what the slipway meant. To do this he needed to be practically observant. His motion, he noticed was gradual and comfortable.

Looking about him, he learned that the slipway was extremely broad, stretching to the horizon on either side of him and as far as he could see, was divided into gressed channels occupied by people similar to himself, all of them gliding easily downward. Nobody seemed alarmed.

'Perhaps I am still on the way to the temple,' he thought. 'It is true that my instructors told me the way would be hard, but progress has broached so many fields of late that I shouldn't wonder if improvements have been made to the way to make the temple accessible to more pilgrims than formerly. At any rate the people around me don't seem afraid, therefore its logical to conclude that there's nothing to be frightened of.'

"Excuse me," he said politely to the fellow traveller relaxing in the channel to his left. "I have only recently joined the company on the slipway, and as yet cannot be sure as to where it is conveying me. Could you enlighten me?"

"Have you no eyes?" exclaimed his fellow traveller. "Look below you. You can see that all are headed to the realm of the only possible good. Compose yourself. You have nothing to fear."

Doing as he was bid, the new arrival perceived a large tank of slightly steaming liquid manure, into which opened the mouths of the slipway channels. Upon its flank was inscribed:

ERECTED BY DAME NATURE FOR THE COMMON WELFARE.

Within the tank people were swimming and convivially splashing one another, not at all disconcerted by the nature of the element they were occupying. They had arranged themselves into two groups, one situated to the left of the tank, the other to the right. Between these two parties much friendly banter was being exchanged.
'There seems little here to complain of,' mused the newcomer. 'Everybody seems happy enough, although I have always been taught that the substance they find so much to their taste is unhealthy. But while I have no quarrel with the mode of life they have adopted, I must remember that my goal is the temple.'

Turning again to his companion, he said: 'I daresay all present find the goal before us agreeable. However, my proposed destination is the temple, where, I have been informed, a man may by personal diligence transcend his flesh and inherit the wonder of the universe. Would you be so kind as to tell me in what direction from here my journey lies?'

'The temple,' laughed the other. 'Have you too been told that fable? All these good folk you see around you arrived here equipped with dreams of that mythical institution, all that is, except those lucky few who were given a thorough education in the nature of reality from their earliest years. The temple does not exist. Advanced minds, some of whom you can see sporting below you, proved this long ago and freed the rest of us from illusion. The temple is an invention of ignorant and superstitious minds. It does not exist, I tell you.'

'Do not believe him!' cried a voice on the other side.

The newcomer looked opposite and saw, also sliding, a man whose limbs were distorted and scarred, and whose face was twisted into a permanent symbol of agony. "The temple exists," continued this cripple. "If you look over your shoulder you will see it. Much good may it do you, for the celestial precincts can never be attained. Examine me. Did you ever see a creature uglier? I became as I am when I tried to climb to the temple. Now I slide because nothing else is possible. I have accepted my lot."

"But how. How did you become thus?" queried his listener, shocked.

"Attempt to climb and you will find out for yourself," muttered the other. 'I will say no more. Leave me to lament the torment I have endured.'

'That man is a fool," broke in the man who had first answered the newcomer. "Of course if you turn from good and pursue your own folly you will come to harm. If you take my advice, you'll not heed what the cripple has said and accept things as they are."

Not answering, the newcomer looked over his shoulder. There at the top of his channel shone the turrets of the temple. 'There was something in what the cripple said,' he thought.
As he looked the outline of the temple assumed greater clarity, and an inward voice, restrained but persistent, begged him to climb. "Better to be a cripple who has approached the temple," it murmured, "than a whole man whose cleverness has deprived him of the possibility of attaining the miraculous. If you do fail, the failure will be one of attempt, not of blindness."

He began to ease himself up the slipway. As he did so, iron spikes commenced to rise through the floor which rocked and writhed beneath him. 'Now I know what happened to the cripple,' he thought. 'Nevertheless, I intend to climb.'

One he dragged himself while his limbs were rent by the spikes and robbed of their symmetry.

"Stop. Please stop," shouted the one who believed that the temple did not exist. "What do you think you will prove by destroying yourself? You are perverting the pattern of intelligent behaviour. You are mad. Below you is happiness, but you are throwing it away for an hallucination."

"Leave him be," said the cripple in a bored and pitying voice. "He will not get far. A little experience will make him a wiser man. Then he will rejoin us."

By this time many others on the slipway had noticed what the newcomer was doing. They exploded into laughter. "What a clown," they cried, seeing in the climber a distortion of the norm.

Insensitive to the derision of those below him, the climber, bit back the ever attendant impulse to scream at the stab of each spike. He was making progress. In his ears throbbed the voices of a choir praising.
LOUIS JOHNSON

AGAINST THINGS BEING WHAT THEY ARE

Anna Livia Plurabelle
Mother of multiplicities
Nothing induces you to tell
The fate of Time's forgotten cities
Eaten alive or buried deep
The secret's bitter and will keep.

Heroes sprung from out your loins
Ready armed to do your bidding
Phalanx after phalanx join
Processional the reaper's wedding
Serve no more than shades or leaves
No-one recollects or grieves.

Earth's eternal Autumn mother
Genetrix of the unconscious
Tides of sleep that creep and smother
Natural law with jungle justice
Smile and turn upon your side
Another generation's died.

Eater of the living heart
Carrion goddess of content
I accept the sufferer's shirt
Hair-side inmost and dissent
And commit my mortal blood
Against your overwhelming flood.

To occupy a human place
In the falling scheme of things
And spit derision in the face
That encroaching darkness brings
Is not enough, but good, and all
A man may prize before his fall.

It's human he should disagree
And strive as though he yet can change
The face and fact of history
And in a new dimension range;
This stand I take and dearly sell
Anna Livia Plurabelle.
HENRY

It is morning, when the dew is checked, but the air has not dried. The gully with the bunkhouses and the cookhouse runs north and south, falling into a larger valley at the end. There, where this more spacious valley falls over its shelf into the deep Wanganui, the homestead lies like a groin for the old floods at the side of the hill.

Henry stands at the door of the cookhouse, shivering in his vest, looking right up the hill and along the hill. He knows, though he does not see, the hills of grass piled up behind that, grey grass and then blue trees. He goes out up to his waist in high summer weeds and looks at the sloping gully; he looks at the cleft of the empty stream on the other side, then at the hill above. Quite precisely, like the stroke of a brush, the sun makes a green rim at the top, overlaid with the yellow of summer.

He pushes the door open and goes back to the kitchen, to the fire in the black stove. His concern is to finish his breakfast before the shepherds come in. He pours eggs and bacon and tomatoes together and stirs them hastily in boiling butter, eating from his plate hot butter and all, leaving the plate in the sink.


Henry is a cowboy - that is, he milks cows. He is broad and small, with big hands; his skin is milky and tough and never goes brown. His toes turn out when he walks. He has big boots. He comes from Hawera.

He walks down heavily from the gully into the green valley with the sides turning yellow. Each day the sun goes from end to end of this valley, touches it with the first rays of morning and the last in the evening; homestead, woolshed, pens and drying grass.

Henry passes below the woolshed where the noisy ewe is standing to be made into dog tucker; he crosses a dark stream full of eels and walks through the camp of eager dogs, hoofing them aside; one time Dan found him hand-feeding them. He goes to the buildings at the back of the homestead.

Mrs Vickers, the pioneer’s wife, the old wakeful matron, watches him walk into the yard, looks down at him from her tiny window over the sink every morning. She gets up before
the sun rises, before the house cows go into hiding from Henry, verily Henry believes before the breakfast music comes from Australia. How should he know old women don't sleep well?

She comes to the open door and calls down, "Henry!" and Henry comes. "Henry," she says, "Henry, there were flies in the milk last night." "Yes, Mrs Vickers." "Well, keep them out, Henry, you keep them out. I'll tell Mr McIndoe." "Yes, Mrs Vickers." "And mind you shut the back gate. By the by, Henry," she says to his back, "Henry!" He turns round. "You're not killing them into the milk are you? Eh, Henry?"

She closes the door, shaking with laughter, and Henry thinks 'Is she going crazy? Is the silly old fiddly old bitch going crazy?' He never meets her eyes, he knows his place, he is seventeen. That is all there is to Henry.

The cows are down at the bottom of the paddock, eating swamp-veed to spoll the milk. He drives them up and milks them both. The Jersey tramples her muddy hoof in the milk and Henry mixes the buckets to make the colour right. McIndoe drinks from the Jersey bucket to stay thin, but Henry generally mixes them. McIndoe stays thin.

He separates half the milk and carries it thirty paces across the yard right under Mrs Vickers' eyes, and takes his bag of lunch from the top step. Then, with his eyes still downcast, he walks back to the shed and runs a billy of water. He takes a slasher and a pair of leather gloves and goes off stolidly up the valley, somewhat happier alone in his heavy boots.

Out of the gully ride Alonzo and Dan, knee to knee, talking of parts of the station Henry never sees, walking their horses past him, not lowering their eyes, nor he raising his. "O.K., Dan," says Alonzo, "you ride up to Haywood's fence, and I'll come down the big slip behind the bush-face." Henry broods on the empty words and remembers the wordy games of his childhood. He says to himself, 'O.K. Jake - you go up to Bill. Bring her over bring her over - Jesus Jake, can't you sail straight?'.

Now a child's anger gives way to distraction and sleep, but a man's anger is not distracted; how angry Henry is. He tramps onward. Away behind him the dogs yell with joy. Up from the ground rises the fine yellow haze of summer. The first heat prickle's in his vest. The slasher lunges like a beak. He hears the cicadas, the sounds of day. Here is Henry, the angry man with the big walk, the long walk, pitiless Henry with the big legs.

He climbs the pen-rails and moves in on the dog tucker ewe; she backs up and makes a dash along the rails. Fud-dam with his boot in her left side and he cuts her off, fud-dam again.

"What do you think you're doing?"

The blood pumps up Henry's cheeks and burns behind his ears. Then he gets his sight back and sees McIndoe directly in front of him, outside the rails.

McIndoe jerks his head, not speaking. He has molten, fearful eyes. Anyone not easily embarrassed might outstare him. Henry stands before him like a hairy pony.

"What do you think you're doing, Henry?"

Henry says,"I don't know."

"Don't you like it here, Henry?"

Henry says yes.

"No you don't. I've been watching you, Henry, you don't like it. Why did you come here? You didn't come to milk cows."

"No," says Henry.

"All right, why then?"

"I don't know."

Uneasy McIndoe flies off. "I'll tell you why you bloody little fat fool, you came to be a shepherd. You and Dan both. And when I ask who can ride a horse Dan says yes and you say a bit. And when I say someone has to milk the cows you say you can milk cows and Dan shuts his slack face tight, even a droppy-jawed little ---- like him. Then he gets up on the horse he jacks up with Alonzo and the minute he gets round the corner of the house he starts falling off as I knew he would. You never even got up. Alonzo says he's got guts so I take Dan and then you want to be houseboy. Guts! D'you hear, Henry?"

"You haven't got guts. If you wanted to be the shepherd you would have been the shepherd. But no...if you knew what you want you'd get what you want, but you don't know what you want so you take what you get, you live like a maori dog."

Henry says nothing.

"You do yourself no good, I don't like people like you round me. I'm going to fire you, Henry. It'll do you good. You'll thank me. Don't you ever take a job by yourself or in the country here. You want to be with all the rest where it doesn't matter much. For your own good."

Henry thinks, what doesn't matter much?
"You can stay here for another fortnight, then I'll fire you. When you go, go down to the railway. I know the branch foreman. He's got two fine ugly daughters - they'll be just right for you in two years. You get on the railway or in a factory or you'll be clearing county roads by the time you're twenty.

"Go and get yourself a woman - be a family man. What you need is a steady job and a .... a bit of snatch at night. You'll thank me for this. It's for your own good boy."

All the time Henry rubs the sole of his boot over and over a little rock in the dust. McIndoe stops talking and looks at him. Nothing happens; Henry waits. The air shimmers up all round and the cicadas click on the rails. McIndoe sees he won't move and says, "You can't stay here, Henry .... Hey... Henry...mind you don't kill any more flies into the milk from now on. Eh, Henry?"

Henry's heart sinks in weary disbelieving dread, then he sees it's a joke; he looks up at McIndoe's mouth and turns on his heel. Walking away he opens his mouth wide and stretches his cheeks and lips to disperse his frozen grin.

He doesn't look back; all the way up the valley he shows his broad back to McIndoe. When he looks back from the long slope at the end, McIndoe has gone away.

Who cares, who cares.

Where does the gorse come from? The first year it was a small patch half way up the hill, the next year a group of patches at the edge of two white slips of earth and then an acre of bright gold and dark green that makes McIndoe unfit to talk to in the mornings.

But now it is mostly the smooth fawn colour ready for burning. Henry cuts it close to the ground, lupin-fashion as he learned in Taranaki. Great jerky swathes lie below him where the flowers shrivel in the dead stems. At midday it is all over, Henry standing well up the hill in the rich heat, looking down on the confusion of it.

He goes down to the mouth of the gully, now bathed in sunshine, but still green, and walks up the damp bed of the stream. But today, instead of going across to the cookhouse, he follows the dry streambed over its hot shelf of white papa to a clump of high second growth. He climbs round an old slip and sees something new to him.

There is a discoloured white fall of rock upstream, and backed up behind the slip a smooth-floored dark pool about thirty feet long, worn by the falling of the water, masked all round by manuka and second growth.
He sits on the edge and drops his feet into the cold water. A sudden fast movement in the pool, and a great thick strong eel, a three-footer, flies away through the water back to the rockfall, and disappears. Henry lets his feet slide back into the water and laughs to himself. I'll come back for you tonight, he thinks, I'll hook you out tonight, and he sits watching the pool, eating, and drinking the billy-water. Nothing else moves in the pool.

After lunch he goes to the cookhouse to cut down the weeds. The sun falls nearer to the hill above the cookhouse and Henry works in the sun till the shadow of the hill touches the western wall.

Down the gully he goes to the shining straw paddocks in the valley to milk again. There are sheep everywhere for god knows what reason but thank god no sign of Alonzo and Dan. The iron barred gate to the River Road is opened by Mrs McIndoe and her yellow car runs across the valley to the sheds. Henry goes two hundred yards out of his way and shuts it. The cows are waiting. The Jersey flicks a caked brush over his hair.

Mrs Vickers lets him bring the milk right in to fill the billies on the bench. She is tired now, droops small and thin in her cotton frock and winter underwear inches deep. She stands defiantly in front of the serving hole to the living room. Henry spills milk on the bench.

"Be careful with the milk, Henry, you might have wiped your feet. I won't be sorry when you go if you dirty the floor all the time. Ah—there you are! Milk and mud all over my linoleum! Get out of it! Go on. Go on!"

Now in the evening Henry goes back up the valley shuffling to himself. All day he is in a fury with the smart ---a and still he stops aside for Alonzo and fears the yellow dull eyes of Mrs Vickers. How is it when he sees the shepherds' dogs at the kennels he doesn't take to the bush? He only goes quietly to the bunkhouse as usual and lies down on a heap of mattresses till the shepherds finish eating and go by to their hut.

Dan calls out, "Hey, Henry, you got a sheila there?"

"Na," says Alonzo, "It's a heap of nuddies under the mattress."

"Ha...HAAH!" cries Dan, and Henry thinks of the ghastly mouth wide open, without a bottom set of teeth, but it doesn't put him off his food. After his tea of cold mutton he goes across to the shepherds' hut with an empty pineapple tin, and holds it out to Alonzo. Alonzo looks him up and down.

"You killing the dog tucker tonight?" says Henry.
"What do you want with eels?" says Alonzo.

"Only one eel," Henry says.

"I s'pose you painted a cross on his back?"

("Ha-hugh!" Dan goes. "Killer!")

"Or maybe you been putting rings round their legs."

"Hagh!" says Dan.

"He's by himself," says Henry.

"Crap!" says Alonzo, and picks up his knife. "Hey," he says at Dan's corner, and whisks his knife through Henry's hair. A clot of hair falls on and off Henry's shoulders.

"Hah! - dag," Dan says. Alonzo goes.

"'s a dag, eh?"

"Aa...yes," says Henry. Dan reads his paper inch by inch and tells the best bits to Henry till Alonzo comes back carrying the pineapple tin, which he hands over, and goes to clean his knife.

There is a little light left. Henry walks back to the cookhouse and turns up a few worms. Then he walks quickly to the dark stream-bed with short line, torch, eeling stick and tin of blood. He hears the black crickets; when he comes to the pool, the boundaries of his senses are extended and the distant rushing of the night has begun, like a steep river running under a bridge somewhere.

He lies down on his back at the open end, watching the insects that fly up from the grotto till the effort strains his eyes. He know then it is time to begin, turns over to pour a little of the blood into the water. He baits the hook and casts it a little way out. He lies quietly. The noise of the night stops a minute, the silence of dread, and begins again, but Henry twists the line on his finger, thinks of nothing else, then stops thinking altogether. Yet time passes.

His attention fixes slowly on two points of light in the grotto; how can they be stars? Another appears, then one more. Glowworms. Henry forgets the line, and the glowworms pass into his mind for ever. The line slips along his fingers and Henry convulses as he recalls it. Very quietly he picks up the torch and turns it on.

The flat, the foreshortened head of the eel is thirty inches from his nose, the eel has swum in past the bait, and comes in still.
Without a change in motion, without a quiver the eel
reverses himself like a flannel in a bath and goes back from
end to end in a state of utter calmness, beyond the range of
the torch beam, under the overhang of rock and the four
lights. Henry turns off the torch and lies still. After
a while he hears the movement of the night.
"What loneliness disputes in you, what once could have been, was not, may be or will are simpler than we name"

Kendrick Smithyman

I cannot ever know you now; the stranger, completed gestures telling what you are can never be my knowledge. Yet I am longing, perhaps like you, for another star to find me a new Bethlehem. I wonder what urgent innocence cut deep these lines so out of consonance with your soft-vowelled mouth. I see in your quiescence how time refines the anger and hysteria of youth.

Yours is the face of life. Your high cheek bones (was it your tears eroded them?) are landscape of private country, but the exploring thoughts, which would have much to tell, cannot escape the prison of your eyes; there, in your fortune, is caught the beauty of all our worlds, each death. What could my hands have said had I been there to still your suffering, what words have touched my breath?

None. Nothing. I love my feeling of your loss and loneliness far more than your dark head bent towards your son in tenderness. For you wish (I know) the world you carry to be fed with love from foreign shores. Each in his country landlocked, dreams of an incoming sea that reaches inlet and crevice everywhere, of a coast where the long, sure wave of love washes.
I cipressi che a Bôlgneri alti e schietti
Van da San Guido in Gùplice filár,
Quasi in corsa giganti giovinetti
Mi balzarono incontro e mi guardár.

Mi ricômberò, e - Ben torni onài -
Bisbigliarón vér' me có 'l capo chino -
Perché non scendi? Perché non ristai?
Presa è la sera e a te noto il cammino.

Oh siéditì a le nostre ombre odorate
Ove sofris dal mare il maestrale:
Ira non ti serbìam de la saetta
Tua d'una volta: oh, non facéàn già male!

Nidi portiamo ancor di riusignoli:
Deh perché fuggí rapido così?
Le pâssere la sera intréccian voli
A noi d'intorno ancora. Oh resta qui!

Beì cipressetti, cipressetti miei,
Fedeli amici d'un tempo migliore,
Oh di che cubr con voi mi resterei
Guardando io rispondeva - oh di che cuore!

Ma, cipressetti miei, lasciâtem'ire:
Or non è più quel tempo e quell'età.
Se voi sapeste! ... via, non lo per dire,
Ma oggi sono una celebrità.

E so làgger di greco e di latino,
E scrivo e scrivo, e ho molte altre virtù:
Non son più, cipressetti, un birichino,
E sasai in specie non ne tiro più.

E màssime a le pianta. - Un mormorio
Pe' dubitanti vèrtici ondeggiò
E il di cadente con un ghigno pio
Tra i verdi cupì ròse brîllò.

Intesi allora che i cipressi e il sole
Una gentil pietade avéan di me,
E presto il mormorio si fe' parole:
Ben lo sappiamo: un po' vòmm tu se'.

Ben lo sappiamo, e il vento ce lo disse
Che rapisce de gli uomini i scopir,
Come dentro al tuo potto eterno riese
Ardon che tu né sai né puo lenîr.

A le guerre ed a noi qui puoi contare
L'umana tua tristezza e il voatro dubl.
Vedì come pacato e azzurro è il mare,
Come ridente a lui discende il sol!

E come quest'occaso è pien di voli,
Come è allegro de' pâsseri il gerrir!
A notte canteranno i riusignoli:
Rimanti, e i rei fantasmì oh non seguire..
Tall and slender at Bolgheri the cypresses Marched from San Guido in double file, An army of giant youths, almost in career, They advanced upon me and locked at me.

They recognised me and, with heads bent, They whispered to me, "Well, you've come back at last. Why not step down? Why not stay here? Evening is cool, the way well known to you.

"Oh, you may sit in our scented shadows Where the mistral blows from the sea; We are not angry with you for the stones Of an earlier day, for in truth they did not hurt.

Still we carry nests of nightingales; Why do you fly away so rapidly? Still flights of sparrows Garland us. Why not stay here?"

I answered, "My beautiful cypresses, Faithful friends of a better day, How gladly, willingly, I would remain with you, But you must let me go.

Now it is no longer that time and that age, So please let me go. I don't know how to tell you without seeming vain, But today I am a famous man.

I can read Greek and Latin, And write and write and have many other virtues; I am no more, cypresses, a ragamuffin, And I no longer throw real stones,

Especially at trees". A murmur Passed through the waving treetops And the day, falling with a kindly ironic smile, Glowed rosy among the green hollows.

I understood then that the cypresses and the sun Felt a gentle pity for me, And again the murmur became words: "We know it well; you are a poor man.

"We know it well, for the wind told it to us That is carried in the sighs of men, As within your heart the endless bickerings Burn that you can neither understand nor soothe,

To the oaks and to us you can recount Your human sorrow, your tale of human woe, Look here, how quiet the sea is As the bright sun sets on it;

And how the sunset is full of wings, And how joyful is the song of the sparrows!" In the night the nightingales sang: "Stay here, do not follow your anguished thoughts".
Di cima al poggio all'or, dal cimitero,
Giù de' cipressi per la verde via,
Alta, solenne, vestita di nero
Parvemi riveder nonna Lucia:

La signora Lucia, da la cui bocca,
Tra l'ondegliar de' candide capelli,
La favella toscana, ch'è si sciecca
Nel manzonismo de' gli stenterelli,

Canora discendés, co 'l mesto accento
De la Versilia che nel cuòr mi sta
Come da un sirventese del trecento,
Piena di forza e di soavità.

O nonna, o nonna! de com'era bella
Quand'ero bimbo! ditemela ancor,
Dite a quest'uom savio la novella
Di lei che cerca il suo perduto amòr:

Sette paia di sape ho consumate
Di tutto ferro per te ritrovate;
Sette verghe di ferro ho logorate
Per appoggiarmi nel fatale andare:

Sette fiasche di làcrime ho colmate,
Sette lunghi anni, di làcrime amare,
Tu dormi a la mie gridà disperate
E il gallo canta, e non ti vuoi svegliare.

Deh come bella, o nonna, — e come vera
È la novella ancor! Proprio così!
E quello che cercasi mattina e sera
Tanti e tanti anni in vano, è forse qui.

Sotto questi cipressi, ove non apero,
Ove non penso di posarmi più:
Forse, nonna, è nel vostro cimitero
Tra quegli altri cipressi ermo là su.

Ansimando fuggía la vaporiera
Mentr'io così piangeva entro il mio cuore;
E di polliedri una leggiadra schiera
Annitrendo correá lieta al rumore.

Ma un àsin bigio, rosicchiando un cardo
Rossa e turchino, non si acomodò;
Tutto quel chiaia e non degnò d'un guardo
E a brucàr serio e lento seguitò.
Then from the summit of the knoll,
From the graveyard through the green way
Of the cypresses, tall, solemn, dressed in black,
It seemed to me I saw nanna Lucia:

Signora Lucia, from whose mouth,
Between the white waves of her hair,
The language of Tuscany, that is insipid
In the lisplings of Nanzonians,

Comes beautiful, with the sad accent
Of the Versailles which I can never forget,
As an old fourteenth-century song,
Full of strength and sweetness.

Oh, Lucia, the wonderful story you told
When I was a child! Tell it to me again,
The simple tale of one who searches
For her lost love!

"Seven pairs of shoes I have worn
All of iron to find you again;
Seven sticks of iron I have worn
To support me in the fateful journey.

Seven flasks of tears I have overflowed,
Seven long years of precious tears;
Now you sleep at my desperate cries,
Even at cockcrow, and do not wish to waken."

Oh, Lucia, your story is still
As moving and beautiful. That
Which I searched for night and day
Many and many years in vain,

Is perhaps here, under these cypresses,
Where I cannot hope to rest again.
Perhaps, Lucia, it is in your graveyard,
Among the solitary cypresses there.

Roaring, the train sped on,
While I lamented so within my heart.
A graceful band of horses
Galloped snorting joy at the sound;

But a grey ass, munching slowly
At a mauve thistle, was untroubled;
He did not deign to glance at all that uproar
And continued chewing seriously and slowly.
'En la huerta nace la rosa!
quiénome ir allá
por mirar al ríuñor
cómo cantaba.

Por las riberas del río
limones coge la virgo
quiénome ir allá
por mirar al ríuñor
cómo cantaba.

Límones cogía la virgo
para dar a su amigo;
quiénome ir allá
para ver al ríuñor
cómo cantaba.

Para dar a su amigo
en un sombrero de sirgo:
quiénome ir allá
para ver al ríuñor
cómo cantaba.
The rose breaks forth in the orchard
And there I long to go
For to see the nightingale
How he was singing.

By the margin of the river
The maiden gathers lemons:
And there I long to go
For to see the nightingale
How he was singing.

Lemons she gathered the maiden
For to give to her companion:
And there I long to go
For to see the nightingale
How he was singing.

For to give to her companion
In a costly silk sombrero:
And there I long to go
For to see the nightingale
How he was singing.
I always say some jokers get on well with the women only because of their fast line. It's not the looks or the money that count all the time 'though most of them'd cotton-on to a bloody drathorse if he's got a roll. As far as looks go I wouldn't say I was anything to write home about, but compared to this Lofty joker I was telling you of, I know I've got it over him. Old Lofty now, six foot two, with a great big jaw on him and a nose like a fishhook. Quite a good joker mind you - I'm not running him down - but what I mean to say is as far as women are concerned he can never go wrong. Whether it's a schoolgirl or some hot widow, or anything on two legs for that matter - he'll be after it and he makes it plain it's not for talk. Always a great one for the sheilas, I've never seen him knocked back, and I've been going 'round with him ever since I can remember now.

It was just the same when I was up town with him last Friday night. I run into him outside a milk-bar. He was standing there rolling a smoke and watching all the crowd go up and down. I yarn with him awhile then he tells me to come along to the Regent to meet some new crow he's picked up. Well we get along there and hang around for a bit, but no sign of this Sheilla he was talking about. 'It doesn't look as if the bitch is coming he says, but it didn't worry him I could see for he just starts to roll another cigarette and watch the legs and behinds of all the young ones going past. We stand around for a bit more and then he says it wouldn't be a bad idea if we bowl along a bit further and see what's around.

We'd just moved off when two passed us, both about eighteen or so and quite good looking except for one on the side. The good looking one smiles at me and moves on along. 'Did you see that?' I said to Lofty but he's watching the ankles of another one coming our way. I could see their heads bobbing ahead of us in the crowd, and just when I get Lofty to see which ones I mean the goodlooking one turns and gives another smile. Lofty sees it and gives a wave. The goodlooking one stops her cobber and points back, they talk together quickly, and then stand waving. Well there's the usual talk about where've I seen you before and all that and all through this I can see the goodlooking one is pretty fast. But her cobber was different. A bit on the fat side, harder to talk to. And when she does talk, a bit of a drongo. They usually get into pairs like that.
We get walking along together and Lofty says how about coming to the pictures. They look at one another y' see and the fat one starts to giggle. But the other one said it would be O.K. and she wasn't fussy what she did up till eleven. 'What happens at eleven?' Lofty says, and she tells him they're both from out of town and they have to catch a bus. So off we go to the pictures. And all the way down Main Street this goodlooking one makes eyes at me. We get tickets for upstairs, and cart the two crows up the back where we can have a decent all-out session. Up there we find it's a bit crowded. Quit a lot of the chaps who used to be in the same team with me get up there with their sheilas on a Friday night. So we had to split up. And sure enough I get landed with the big fat bitch even though the other one had been making eyes at me all the way down Main Street. That's the way it always seems to happen with Lofty. Ah well I say to myself if I'll just have to make a go of it with this one. All the same I couldn't help feeling glad the lights were out so I couldn't see too much of her. We clump down into a seat and I get going by putting my arm around her. This went O.K. She put her head on my shoulder, and I start smoothing my cheek against hers and stroking the outside of her Charlie's a bit. She laps this up and after a pretty long session of this she seems to be heated up enough so I put my coat over her knees. No complaints. But as soon as I get going properly she pushes my hand away and says no. This is all right, I give her time to go through all the usual sheila's paces, but Christ it looks as if she's bloody well determined. So what do I do? I bugger about for hours on end and don't get anywhere worth speaking of. And all the time I can see Lofty further along the row properly acclimatized with this other one. My woman goes on with this business right until the end. And just before the lights go on, and everybody stands up I see Lofty's woman get up, fix the top of her stockings, and button-up the domes of her dress. Down we go and see them off, and that's the end of my night-out. Lofty's woman is pretty keen, and fixes up about seeing him again. I couldn't help noticing this after seeing the way she made eyes at me all the way down Main Street. My one doesn't say a word and I certainly wasn't worried. A man'd need rope and grappling hooks to get anywhere with her. Lofty says to me afterwards he hoped I didn't mind about him taking the best sheila. He must have seen it too.

The way she made eyes at me all the way down Main Street, I mean. I nearly laughed my head off when he said it.

It'll be a great day when anyone sees me getting upset over a thing like that ...
All alone in the house she lay,
Thumbing through the magazines,
A buoyant father's porcelain child,
Lost in a bank of dreams.

While up and down the echoing road
The weekday world would flow
Like pictures on a movie screen
Or crowds at a circus show.

On weekend walks in Cupid's Park
The Sunday girls did toss and sway
Unfettered by plaits or flat-heeled shoes,
Gay as yachts on a summer's day.

But she was bound by her father's
Pride, the product of his genes,
To bless his little house with love
And soothe his ageing schemes.

Until her blood's transfusion spilt
And beat against the bone,
Aching to satisfy desires
That were not found at home.

So, from her bedroom, after school
Her heart beat down the street
And banged on the door of 33,
Which was Lancelot's regular beat.

Lancelot's teeth were white as chalk
His father was a broker,
He always took a dash of lime
And he always wore a choker.

That neighbourhood was his delight,
It's radio-ridden wives
Found his fleeting kisses brought
A lost romance to their lives.

She watched him in her window-glass,
Gyrating from bed to bed.
Love stung her like a swarm of bees,
"He shall be mine," she said.

With ribboned hair and ripening lips
She sauntered to the garden gate,
Where Lancelot stiffened to behold
Such innocent and tender bait.

His hair was black, his eyes were wild,
With making love and whoopies.
He drove her to his city flat
In a low slung drop-head coupe.

Love vanished with the winds of May.
A son was born in September.
He'd bright black eyes and a ready smile
That was easy to remember.

The fences hummed, her father drummed
His broken gospel night and day,
Until the house came tumbling down
And the years were swept away.

Now all alone in a room she lies,
Thumbing through the magazines,
A forgotten father's bewildered child,
Lost in a maze of dreams.

While up and down the corridors
The psychiatric nurses go,
Like pictures on a movie screen
Or crowds at a circus show.
On each Monday morning quite early
the sonorous snorts from the beds
are a hymn to the Lord for the Sunday
when they slept off their Saturday heads.

Now Time takes a shape in the sitting room
as the face in a squat little head
—as luminous hands on a dashboard
—as a six o’clock lung by the bed.

Then pack off the old man to Wellington
and pack off the children to school
and deck out the women in finery
for the Meet at Community Hall.

The traveller falls down the rockery
with a little red rent in his leg
and he jumps the tin fence saying ‘Buggery!’
at the notice “Beware of the Dog”.

The end of the street is a corner
the end of the street is a turn
the end of the street is another street
but that street is not your concern.

The old man in the shack with the watertank
that fills in the winter with rain
will stand at the gate in the summertime
till the rain comes and fills it again.
One fine Spring morning a shy pink blossom galloping over a meadow spied a large black horse hanging by his tail from an apricot tree. Turning, she slowed to a canter and approached this strange equine apricot.

At the foot of the tree she stopped and looking upwards was immediately plunged into an overwhelming passion for what was there. So great indeed was her passion that she found it quite impossible to retain the dignified silence that a young lady is supposed to adopt in the presence of a male unknown to her or not certified as desirable by her family, so she brazenly called to him ...

'Oh strong, black and beautiful horse, won't you climb down and pollinate me.'

Now the horse who was no doubt annoyed by his unnatural position, remained silent in an attempt to indicate to our little blossom that her attentions were not desired. But the little blossom, displaying the purely selfish feminine trait of getting what she wanted, at any cost (to another), called out again ...

'Oh strong, black and worthy horse, won't you climb down to me. I will take you to a clear cool stream and there you can pollinate me.'

Again the equine apricot ignored her, so she tried a different approach ...

'Oh strong black and silly horse, don't be shy with me. Climb down or I will have to come and get you. So don't be shy, come and pollinate me.'

This really annoyed the horse so in the most acid tones he replied. 'I am very happy here. I have no desire to climb down and' he added in a voice of a somewhat higher pitch 'pollinate you.'

Even this didn't seem a sufficient rebuff for the little blossom who called back sharply ...

'Don't insult me fine black and worthy horse. It is only shyness and you would be sorry if I was to leave you. So climb down this instant and pollinate me.'

'No definitely not. Why I wouldn't dream of it.' replied the upturned horse shaking his head in a most definite manner in an attempt to doubly convince her of his genuine apathy.

But our little blossom, not to be denied, being (after such delay) in an almost frenzied passion, started to climb the tree
calling to the horse all the while in a cooing voice ... 

'Shy horse you can't escape me now. I love you and soon I'll take you. So don't be shy my dearest. Climb down to meet me. Come on don't be shy.'

The horse by this time was really agitated and in an almost screaming voice he cried ...

'Look please go away. I do not want you. I do not find you in the least attractive. So please, I implore you, go away.'

Taking no notice on she climbed giggling as she wriggled through the sharp twigs till at last she reached the branch from which the horse was suspended.

'Now' she cried, 'I have you,' and mincing coyly (a cunning piece of mine) she stroked his tail on the portion attached to the tree. Powerless to prevent her, the horse, his voice heightening yet another octave, screamed ...

'Go away and leave me, leave me, it is my fate in life to hang by my tail from an apricot tree so please, please leave me to it. It is my fate.'

Selfishly she ignored his frantic request and stroked his tail even more vigorously. Too vigorously for suddenly the attachment frayed letting the horse drop to the ground where he quickly regained his feet and galloped off over the meadow leaving the shy pink blossom hanging in the tree.
William Bligh with his whip
And swollen pride guided his ship
To seas alive with conscience so
A fair wind blows where sailors go.

And what if Judas had refused
To have his master sorely used?
Thirty pieces thus were paid
To fit the pattern God has made.

The rotting grass to feed the flower;
The warning in the milk turned sour.
The darkest night shows brightest light;
Greatest wrong awakens right.
WRECK

The boat, rocking on its sensual anchor, founders at daybreak in the storm of living. Opaque, surprised by the usual unusual, the eyes of fear like fishes see the bewildering end of love's intimacy.

Words like waves batter the hull of peace in the curious gale of thinking. When the pumps fail, despair pours in till the heart is full and sinks, taking the sailor hopes down to depths where even fishes drown.
I had just been checked through the Customs when I saw him. It was not that he was anything outstanding or unusual to look at but he had stopped at the bottom of the gangplank I was slowly catching up with him. He was politely refusing eager assistance of an old mongrel steward who was insisting carrying a large roll of a canvas-like material that the art was holding under his arm. I presumed that he was an artist because I heard an old dear at the top of the gangway blurb and gush into her companion's unfortunate ear, "There's Van and I had made a brilliant calculation taking into account he remark, Diego's three-quarter length charcoal duffle coat, his lurid blue beret belligerently balanced over his forehead, an neatly arranged crop of short hair surrounding his mouth. So much for my first impression of Mr. Van Diego and his statesmanlike ability of warding off unwanted attention.

"Charlie's me name Sir, can I take your bag? Gotta show the I'm still a good worker. That last one'll get me the sack will." By the time Charlie had finished I was on the deck the ship being advised of the direction I was to take to gain cabin. "It's all right Sir, I'll show you. Been on this tu for thirty-three trips now, know every nook and cranny. If you find a nice, you know what Sir, I'll show you a fine pose where you'll never be found, comfy too." That was Charlie, obliging, Fascinating Charlie.

Now I am extremely deaf and this has some advantages times. Any disadvantage it brings is more than compensated my ability to lip read. Of course I do make a few mistakes in odd intervals, but not often. Fate was making me watchdog to Diego who had the cabin next door. We fed at the same table, drank in the same bar, swam in the same pool, even shared the bathroom, and I found that he was an extremely courteous young man who was always willing to help any other passenger if they showed the slightest signs of distress. He was seen everywhere engaged in pleasant conversation with passengers and crew alike and by the end of the first seven sea days he was, without doubt the most popular person on board. Yet, I found that his superlative qualities were merely a mask for his modesty and shyness. That he was a painter anyone could tell, but if the subject was broached at all he would blush furiously and back out of the discussion or cunningly divert the talk to music, races, anything bar his paintings, twice I had to sit through lectures on the differences between Cherubini and Beethoven ju because I had harmlessly asked what he intended doing when he
arrived at his destination. In the morning he would be seen carrying his canvas up to some secluded spot in the bow. He would unroll it and gaze at it pensively, miles away from human contact. If a step was made in his direction he would panic, hastily roll his painting up and blushingly dash back to his cabin where he would remain for a short time recomposing himself for the rest of the day abroad. There was great speculation and talk about Diego and probably ninety per cent of the conversation concerned him - even Charlie had to say, "He's all right that Dago, should've seen him when we hit that last blow--" should have seen him indeed! 'Huh; I was too busy with my own affairs to think about him." --was dashing about like a regular blue bottom, minding kids, dishing out sick tablets and advice, wiping floors, even in the crew's quarters and most of them were flat on their backs, went up to the Skipper too and offered ---"

That blasted storm -- but thanks to it the mystery veil dropped from Diego's head, and it was Mrs. Lee-Jones (the old dear at the top of the gangway) who let everyone into the secret. Apparently, Diego was a young painter with great potentiality whose work had roused the passionate interest of a visiting artist, who, on return to his country had set to work clearing some of the debris in Diego's way by putting forward such an excitedly aggressive impregressive speech on Diego's behalf that the 'Arts Council could only rid themselves of the nuisance by promising to look at one painting, but only one painting of Diego's which, if accepted, would allow entrance into a new world, and give a guarantee to prosperity and posterity. His own pillar in society would be waiting for him and he could work freely as long as he wanted. And so Diego had selected this painting of his called 'The Confidence --something-or-other', (Mrs. Lee-Jones could not remember what the last word was) and set about making money for his passage, selling all that he could, and working on the wharves for a couple of months until he had enough to make this trip, and here he was now on board on his way to fame with his painting.

Well, when this news broke everybody wanted to ensure that he had no upset at all, and when he made his way to his favourite observation place people would place themselves in strategic positions in the approach passageways and would divert any human being from the area surrounding their hero who, if disturbed, would fly back to his room in utter confusion, and until Van Diego had finished his morning worship and had returned casually to his cabin with his canvas neatly rolled under his arm, they would maintain such a tight vigilance that not even a babe could have crawled through their net. And so
it went on; Diego did this, Diego said that, Diego likes such and such, and so on. I have never seen anyone so idolised by so many different types at the one time, there was even an old grouse of a tycoon converted to a 'Hail fellow, well met' of Diego simply by being saved a few paltry coppers when he was losing a bartering battle to a shrewd native pedlar in one of the ports.

On the last morning of the voyage we were steaming up the Channel accompanied by a slight cross breeze. Diego was in his usual position by the side of the ship and I was on the top deck a little distance away from where he was. I could make out a splash of colour on one corner of his canvas, but, that was all. He seemed to be absorbed in a meditative prayer holding the canvas wide in his arms his head drooping slightly with eyes closed. I then noticed Mrs. Lee-Jones moving along on the opposite side to Van Diego. Suddenly she saw him and immediately turned to go back the way she came, but he looked up at that moment, panicked and stumbled round helplessly trying to roll the painting and regain his footing at the same time. He stubbed his foot on a metal projection, lost his balance completely, threw his hands out to save his head from hitting the bulwark and I saw the painting leap into the air, caught by the bullying breeze and drift drunkenly lower and lower into the fast moving sea. Charlie had seen the canvas float by; "What a proper splurge of paint it was, getting soggier all the time, now if 'e 'ad let me look after it for 'im it would never 've got drowned."

Mrs. Lee-Jones rushed over to the sprawling Diego whose face was filled with a feeble vacant expression, looked at him and dashed away again and I watched her straining towards the bridge and the unaware captain - but what could he do? Stopping the ship and reversing were quite out of the question, and so was dropping a lifeboat over the side with a crew of willing volunteers, even if they had not been so near the home port. People were running everywhere, looking everywhere, over the bow, over the sides, over the stern, and over other people but they saw nothing of the painting. Diego was carried back to his cabin speechless and broken. All was silent and even Charlie was quiet.

The last meal was served without the slightest sign from the crew that this meal was an occasion for alma gathering. Food slowly disappeared, mournfully descending into its own peculiar Hades. Then Mrs. Lee-Jones walked through the doorway and straight on towards the Captain. Her shoulders were squared and her head held high, but it was obvious that she had been suffering like the rest. She stopped at her objective, passed a small slip of paper to him and with a growing agitation whispered a few words
burst into tears and fled blindly from the dining-room. The Captain stood up: "Ladies and Gentlemen" his words were charged with an emotion that threatened to break all round him. "We are all aware of the rather unfortunate incident which befell us two hours ago and we are all aware of the consequences that it has brought with it. Until a minute ago, it was not possible for us to help in any way, we could not furnish a painting with the characteristics that Mr. Van Diego would instil, nor could we regain that which is now lost for ever. It has been a great shock, not only for Mr. Diego, but for all of us who in the past few weeks must have felt some healthy overpowering influence exerted by him, but whereas we are not affected in substance, he has lost everything. Mrs. Lee-Jones has shown one way in which we can recompense him for his tragic loss. It is a way that will enable him to set about some work in this country without having any minor troubles to worry him further and to enable him to paint another canvas for the Arts Council. We all know that Mr. Diego used every device he could to save enough money to buy his passage and we must be aware of his financial position in some way, and I presume that it is not at its peak today. Ladies and Gentlemen, Mrs. Lee-Jones has led the way to Mr. Van Diego's rehabilitation by donating fifty pounds, and I myself will be pleased and honoured to double this sum. For all of you who, I am sure, would like to increase the total the Purser will be available to assist in every way possible. Thank you."

There was an immediate hubbub and people rose from their seats and pressed towards the Purser. I could hear an occasional shrill, "Here's another fifty," and "Put me down for twenty,". A solitary American flipped into the kitty a hundred dollar bill. An Indian who joined us at Bombay removed a small gold nugget from his watch chain and slipped it into the growing pile and the tycoon wrote a cheque for two-fifty pounds and offered his Summer house for six months for Diego's use, and the word spread down through the kitchen through the crews' quarters and into the other dining room and finally everyone had queued to donate some gift. ---

We arrived in port at last and Van Diego had been helped back on his feet and out of his remorse by the presentation of an enormous cheque made out to him by the Ship's company on behalf of everyone on board. I was standing on deck making a final check on my luggage and I could see the old door now on the quay gushing into some unfortunate's ear. I made my way slowly along the passage and I saw Diego politely refusing the assistance of the old mongrel Charlie - "Remember me Sir?" and while Charlie
grabbed my bags I watched Van Diego shyly smile a smile of extreme gratification to all around, to those on the quay, and to those still on board. He walked down the gangplank and was almost in the Custom's shed when Mrs. Lee-Jones called to him. I watched him turn and wait for her with his arms outstretched. I watched him listen carefully to what she had to say. I saw him answer. He said, "But of course, I'll see you in town next week, thanks again," and "Goodbye ------." Now I can not be absolutely sure, but, I could have sworn that his last word was, "Mother".
REALISM

In this paper I am going to discuss some aspects of the realist view of sense-perception. The term 'realism' in epistemology covers more than one standpoint, but I shall use it to describe the claim that we sometimes at least perceive things as they really are, that our perception of them is direct and not via the intermediary of images or ideas. Things, or material objects, are understood to be entities which exist whether or not we are perceiving them. They are such that although our perception of them may be said to vary, it does not follow that they too must vary accordingly. Moreover, they must occupy space and be capable of being perceived by more than one sense and more than one observer. This view, which I suppose all but a minute number of people implicitly adhere to, has been considered inadequate by certain philosophers for various reasons. I shall be concerned mainly with some of the arguments which purport to show that things cannot properly be said to have the properties which we attribute to them, and that consequently we cannot justify the claim to know things as they really are, except in the impoverished sense of 'as they really are' equivalent to 'as they are to us'.

The reduction of descriptions of things as being really hot, white, square etc., to descriptions involving an observer is often supported by an appeal to the variability of our perceptions. Thus Berkeley considered it wrong to attribute a definite property to an object if this property were revealed to us only under certain conditions of the object, the environment and the observer's sense-organs. Water which we should normally call warm feels quite cool if our hands are particularly hot, colours very according to the light in which they are viewed, and so on. The same water, moreover, may be hot to one person, cool to another. Doesn't this all go to show that heat and coolness are in the observer, not in the objects themselves? After all, whilst this involves no contradiction, it is inconsistent to ascribe contrary qualities to any object at any given time. Even if we do ascribe qualities to things, how are we to decide which of the many appearances the object presents is its real colour, say? Surely any particular selection from among the numerous shades which the object takes on will be quite arbitrary? Thus a book may look blue in the sunlight and in a yellow light it may look black, and yet we would unhesitatingly say that the book's real colour was blue. But why should we give the appearance of the book as seen in daylight a privileged status, allowing it to be revelatory of the real colour of the book? The selection of sunlight as the standard condition for perception of the real colour of the book is not, however, arbitrary, for the important fact about sunlight as opposed to
other forms of sunlight in not that it is the commonest kind of light, but that in it we are capable of the maximum possible discrimination of shades. Thus, although both a black and a blue book appear as black under a yellow light, they can be readily distinguished in sunlight. Of course, if some other light were devised which enabled us to make even more discriminations than we can at present with the aid of sunlight, then on the principle we have just put forward, this new light would supersede that of the sun as standard.

If this principle is considered arbitrary, it should be mentioned that it conforms to an even more important standard, that of maximum predictability of further appearances of the object. For instance, if you saw the two books in a yellow light and could not distinguish them, you would be at a loss to predict how they would appear in sunlight, whereas if you saw them in sunlight, the one blue, the other black, you would, after a few experiments, know that both would appear black in yellow light. Using sunlight as the standard, the other appearances of the object are predictable from its appearance in it; using yellow light as the standard, you cannot predict which, if any, of two books appearing black will turn out to look blue in the sunlight.

And yet, when all this has been said, we may still be inclined to feel that the phrase 'real colour of X' has not been given the sort of application that leaves us satisfied. The reasons for this lingering dissatisfaction are valuable in showing just what sort of an argument we have been considering, so I propose now to examine them. It will have been noticed that the distinction we made between the real and the apparent colour of an object was a distinction within experience. That is, the same type of phenomena were considered in deciding which was to count as real, and the unreal (or apparent) as well as the real were elements of our perceptual experience. Now this fact is for some the strength and for some the weakness of the argument and the source of dissatisfaction with it. The strength of some, since by contrasting other knowable phenomena with those deemed real, content is given to the real-unreal contract. This is important, for if we are to give any significance to the term 'real', we must know what it would be for an appearance to fail in this respect. Its meaningfulness requires that it be opposed to 'unreal', and such an opposition is stipulated in the principles of maximum discrimination and maximum predictability. Those who see the fact of the contrast's being within experience as a weakness in the argument would probably maintain that although content has been given to the real-unreal distinction, in confining this distinction to context within experience, it fails to indicate in any way what the colour of an
object is when placed outside experience. What they want is a specification of 'the real colour of X' which prescinds from all situations involving an observer and which is consequently true of X when X is not being observed. We will consider later whether such a demand can be met; however, let us first look at the question of the real shape of a material object. (I am confining my attention to colour and shape, for these seem to be the most important features of objects in such a discussion as this.)

It has been argued — by Rudolf Zeddins — that our selection of the shape of an object as seen from directly above as the real shape is not at all arbitrary, but is essential if we are to apply even the simplest notions of Euclidean geometry in describing the world. For Euclidean geometry allows of only one basic method of application, — that is, from straight on. This is tied to the notion of congruence of measuring apparatus and object measured. Any other attempt to determine the shape of an object is in practice impossible. Another means of determining the real shape of, say, a penny, is by an appeal to tactile as well as visual data. Thus the fact that a penny always feels round supports our decision to select the round shape as the real shape. Other criteria, such as conditions where we are least likely to make a mistake, can also be invoked to show that the choice of the real shape is far from arbitrary.

However, there are further difficulties which the realist must face. For, it may be said, if you define the real shape of a penny as that which it presents when viewed from an angle of ninety degrees, then someone who looks at the penny from another angle sees it as elliptical cannot, on your definition of 'real shape' be in touch with reality. This presents the phenomenalist with a glorious opportunity of advocating his way of describing the situation. 'We must be perceiving something,' he declares, 'but that something cannot be the penny, because it's round, and what we perceive is elliptical.' This something which we do undoubtedly perceive he calls a 'sense-datum', via which we do in this case perceive the penny. This sense-datum terminology he extends to all perceptual situations, for every perceptual experience contains something which can be made to vary independently of the physical object being perceived. If, for example, you are standing before a table, you will find something in your experience whose shape you can change merely by walking around the table. From here you experience something diamond-shaped, from there something trapzoidal, and so on. Presumably the table itself does not change, but something certainly does, namely the sense-datum. The claim that sense-data and not material objects
are given in perception is, to say the least, paradoxical, for it looks as if all forms of perception have been assimilated to one with which they are normally contrasted, namely the perception of ideas or mental images. Moreover, the status of these sense-data has never been satisfactorily elucidated, and we are left with a number of notorious problems concerning them. Thus, how is my round sense-datum of the penny related to your elliptical sense-datum of it? Surely they cannot be both in the same place. Perhaps one is where the surface of the penny is, as G.E. Moore at times suggested; but if so, where are the others? Somewhere in the space surrounding the penny? Perhaps sense-data are too ethereal to enjoy a special existence at all, but if we relegate them to a mental existence it seems as though we have lost the table altogether, and cannot claim to know anything about it. Do sense-data exist independently of us or are we their creators and the measure of their existence? The phenomenalist may attempt a reply to some of these objections -- for example, he may say that he has not assimilated all forms of perception to the perception of mental images in a way that blurs the distinction we ordinarily make, for the same criteria for discriminating between (say) veridical and hallucinatory perception still hold, the latter being identifiable by the irregular sense-data which they present and by the fact that confirmation from other observers is lacking. However, he may contend that whatever the difficulties involved in elucidating the status of sense-data, their existence cannot be doubted. The claim that I am seeing something round at the present moment is such that no subsequent findings would lead me to retract it. The sense-datum is to be understood as that in virtue of whose existence I am entitled to make such an incorrigible claim. To say that it is an actual material object that is round is to make a judgment whose truth is not guaranteed by the experience I am now having. For to say my perception is of a material object is to commit myself to saying that other people too can or could see it and that its future behaviour will be of such-and-such a kind. The falsity of the many claims that such a statement involves is quite consistent with my having my present perceptual experience, and, therefore, I am not entitled to claim to know the truth of a statement which, because it goes beyond the actual evidence at hand, is such that further evidence might show me to have been mistaken. This support, the demand that we confine our claims to the indubitable, rests, however, on the ambiguity of 'knowledge must be infallible' or 'he who knows cannot be mistaken'. There is no inconsistency in claiming to know one in perceiving a material object, even though the evidence for one's claim does not logically entail its truth, for although the truth of a claim to knowledge precludes the possibility that one is in fact mistaken, the unrealized possibility that one might have been mistaken does not oblige anyone to withdraw his claim to know.
The introduction of sense-data can also be attacked by showing how the various models, those of the 'picture' and the 'veil', for example, break down at crucial points. However, even if the phenomenalist's recommendation to adopt the sense-datum terminology is accepted, it soon becomes clear that this does not provide us with a satisfactory language for dealing with material-object statements. This can be shown by examining his assertion that material objects are logical constructions out of sense-data, or better, that material-object statements can be translated into statements about sense-data, without remainder. Such a translation involves the difficulty of specifying time and place in phenomenalistic terms, and the fact that an endless number of sense-datum statements would be required, but these obstacles are perhaps only of secondary importance for it can be shown quite easily that the equivalence does not hold between the two types of statement. In the first place, no number of sense-datum statements entails the existence of a physical object. This is so because a material-object statement takes a far greater risk of being falsified than any number of sense-datum statements. This is not in the least surprising, for one of the chief reasons for introducing sense-datum talk was to avoid taking precisely this risk. Moreover, it could be argued that the other implication of the equivalence, that the existence of a material object entails the occurrence of certain sense-data, does not necessarily hold. Certainly it would be odd for it not to hold, but it is not clear to me that this would be a logically impossible state of affairs. At any rate, whether or not the phenomenalist is right on this point, the equivalence clearly fails for the reason first given.

Fortunately, however, we are not obliged to become phenomenalists, for, instead of using such descriptions as 'from here the penny presents an elliptical sense-datum' we need only say 'from here the penny looks elliptical', and similarly the stick in water which allegedly presents a crooked sense-datum is better said simply to look or appear bent. In this way our perceptions can be described with reference only to material objects, and not to any mysterious tertium quid which somehow mediate between the world and our perception of it.

However, let us return to the question proposed just before the phenomenalist introduced to advocate his way of discussing perception. We were in the position of having to say that someone who sees the penny as elliptical is not seeing the penny as it really is. Now some may feel uncomfortable about this way of speaking, for on the proposed definitions of 'real colour' and 'real shape' it would turn out that they were seldom in a
position to perceive things as they really are. Consequently, they might reject our recommendations as to the use of 'real' on the grounds that the resultant relegation of the best part of our perceptions to the realm of the unreal is misleading. This is a reasonable reaction, for 'unreal' does suggest entities which exist only in our imagination, and we do not wish to ascribe that status to the appearances of objects viewed from other than straight on, or in light other than that of the sun. After all, this so-called 'real shape' is just the shape of the object as it appears in one out of many like perceptual situations. In other words, the difference made here between appearance and reality is merely the difference one particular appearance of the object and the various other appearances from different points of view. But the former is no less an appearance than the latter. Your use of 'real', it is argued, just reflects a preference for certain aspects of the object as more important or convenient; it denotes nothing deeper, and, since 'unreal' has inappropriate connotations, why don't we banish this 'things-as-they-really-are' or 'real shape' and 'real colour' talk, thereby dispensing with the misleading dichotomy. Since the object presents just as much an appearance of a certain sort when viewed from face on as it does when viewed from anywhere else, let us translate 'the penny is really round' into 'when viewed from directly above, the penny looks round.' Then we shall have no reason to elevate this perceptual situation above any others, for here, as in these others, we will be talking about how the penny looks or appears when viewed from a certain position.

This move could be made by a realist, but he might not be too happy with it, for it turns out to be closer to phenomenalism than he would wish. For, if we dispense with talk about real features of objects and restate all descriptions in terms of appearance talk, then it is impossible to make any categorical assertions about unobserved things. That is, if the position of an observer and the state of his sense-organe must be specified — at least by implication — in descriptions of material objects, then categorical statements about material objects will be meaningless, for part of the context essential to the meaningfulness of such descriptions will have been omitted. We will be reduced to saying that such statements are actually hypotheticals masquerading as categoricals. For example, on this view 'this penny is round' becomes 'if you were to look at this penny from directly above, it would appear round.' This kind of translation may be found quite satisfactory by some, but I must confess that I am not at all happy with it. I still feel strongly inclined to say that the penny's actually being round implies that it will appear round when viewed
straight on, implies, in fact all the possible appearances of the penny, but not 'that the penny is round' means the same as the suggested translation. That something has gone wrong is, I think, indicated by the difficulties which the exclusive use of the language of appearing gives rise to. Thus if we take 'appears' as a term denoting a relation between observer and observed, it follows that when nobody is around, nobody is appeared to, and hence nothing appears. If 'appears' is not understood as involving a relation, we are still left with the problem of how to reconcile the simultaneous existence of a well-defined appearance of an object's shape and a blurred appearance of the same shape, a perplexity rather like that engendered by the problem of unseened sense-data.

However, once more I do not think that we are obliged to adopt a troublesome way of speaking, not at least as regards shape. It will be recalled that exclusive use of the appearance language was advocated on the grounds that the inappropriate connotations of the word 'unreal' made for a misleading dichotomy. This objection can perhaps be remedied by a further analysis of what 'unreal' means in this context. In fact, if we simply replace it by the word 'apparent' much of the uneasiness vanishes. However, I suspect that this may be the sort of problem which admits of an appeal to ordinary usage for its solution. Let me try and make this clearer. If someone asks what is the real shape of an object, we give him a description of the shape of the object as viewed from straight on. If he then asks 'But is the object really that shape when unobserved?' the right answer is 'Yes'. This is the right answer because a description of shape is a characterization of certain invariant relations holding among the various boundaries or points of the object that determine it. We are talking of relations which are intrinsic to the object, and which can be talked about without reference to an observer. If the questioner proposes a new application of the words 'real shape' then he is entitled to frame his questions in the appropriately different way. But he should remember that words associated with the old use of 'shape' words such as 'length', 'surface', 'distance', etc., will probably need to have their meaning changed accordingly.

Unfortunately, colours do not appear to be susceptible of a similar treatment. For, if the colours we see are functions of a complex situation involving an observer, the condition of his sensory apparatus and the nature of the light source, then to describe unobserved objects as having certain precise colours categorically may be unjustified. I do not particularly want to adopt this view, and perhaps it can be shown that I do not have to, but at present it seems to me that the only
categorical I can justifiably assert is one to the effect that a given object has a certain invariant property in virtue of which I perceive that object as red, say, rather than some other colour. Perhaps talk about this property is physicist's talk -- about unobservables -- and perhaps such talk is quite appropriate here, for, as statements about unobservables are statements whose truth or falsity is independent of the presence of observers, such statements would seem to provide suitable categoricals.

The argument I have given looks very much like a plea for Locke's distinction between primary and secondary qualities. If this distinction is meant to discriminate between those perceived qualities which are invariant in all perceptual situations and those which are not, then I have little in common with Locke, for there are no such qualities. If, however, primary qualities are those properties which science attributes to objects, then you can perhaps, condemn or commend us both together. At any rate, the essence of what I have been saying is this: there can be description on two levels; the first is the common-sense level, which maintains the mind independence of the characteristics or qualities of material objects. However, in the case of certain qualities it seems that such independence does not obtain, and that descriptions involving such properties of unobserved objects can plausibly be construed hypothetically. In these cases we can give a meaning to real colour, smell or taste which is by no means arbitrary, but this is a distinction within experience and allows of no extrapolation beyond the context of experience. On the other hand, there are descriptions of properties of objects which, because they proceed from all observers, are true or false regardless of the presence or absence of any observer.
The tragic circumstances of David Patterson's death are too well known to need repetition. To publish the following poems with regret that the promise revealed in them must remain unfulfilled.

DAVID PATTERTON.

LAUNCH TO KAPITI.

Our launch rolls in the whale-backed
Easy rolling waves with the swimming
Ease of the unhunted whale in its
Rounded rise to the fronting rollers
And casual slide in the sloped troughs
Of the slumping shambling waves.

As we skirt the slip-scarred cliffed
Coast of grey rock and khaki grass
And fine scrub-fuzz dimly scabbing an
Untame stare of land seaward-facing;

Peace like a swimming gull rides on the backs
Of unhostile seas and floats
Round the easy slow-rising longsliding launch,
And ease is in our hearts, unquiet left
Behind on the tumbling itching land.

A small matter this, and yet the world
Is changed because for the sake of
Spending a few days free on an island
We skirted once the dry daydreaming coast
In a whalerolling launch on the easy
Soulcaressing sea.

NIGHT OF THE EARTHQUAKE.

Calm is the night of the earthquake
In whispering darkneses when the high unholy places
Shift, the deep rocks creep and the
Mountain-tops flare into flame.

When now their being is different, the lurid
Light of earth's fires shows as by
Lightnings of fever the whispering
Hills and the shouting in exultation.

Trembling mountains knowing the change of their being
As stone-deep-buried roots of growing mountains lift
In the whispering calm volcanic
Night of the earthquake.
from "THE FALL OF ROME" (I)

Alas!
For the granite walls
Are fallen to heaps of sand
And the strong turrets
To hills like burial-mounds.
The revenues are uncollected,
The slaves have turned to brigandage.
The Empire's troops
Are barbarian tribes, the generals
Talk with the speech of dogs
And their followers know no Latin.
The fertile hills flow to the sea
And the crops burn in the sun.
Then let us wail and moan,
For alas! The World is sick;
The she-wold descends from the pedestal
And crunches Romulus in her jaws,
The eagles have flown from the standards
To pick the bones of the starveling dead.

from "THE FALL OF ROME" (II)

Princess, given in marriage
To a savage king whose beard
Stank of stale beer, who treated
Your Imperial Sophistication
With all the sensitivity
Of a rutting boar,
Princess, the days were
As ash in your mouth,
The nights as a rage
In your fevered brain.

Princess, here in your tomb
The sed atorred ceiling is kind,
And on the walls the small
Painted birds and the gentle beasts
Among the graceful weeping trees
Have not the heart to insult
With hint of brute vigour
Your patient suffering;

Princess, those who lack hope
May wear as their mourning-veil a dream
To soothe the ache of an empty heart
And quench the fire of tears.
Your world was content to sob,
Lacking the power to scream.