all this paper looks dreary helps to do skribbles all over it before you read it. Less discouraging
Most of the writers in this magazine may be called rebels in tradition. Of course, this last phrase is ambiguous. On the one hand, it may mean that they are continuing the tradition of rebellion which began with Manilius as Lucifer. On the other hand, it may mean that they are in rebellion against the tradition which has come down to them. Yet again; it may mean that they are rebels who are nevertheless within tradition. Each writer will select for himself what meaning he wishes to attach to himself. However, for practical purposes, all the meanings may be taken as equally applicable to each.

For myself, I am very much aware of the third meaning, that of being a rebel within tradition. I wish to emphasise both the need to rebel and the need to respect, understand, and preserve tradition. The exact course which the contemporaneous rebellion is taking is not easy to define...by no means. However it is probably true that the course is one of illogicality rather than logicality, of absurdity rather than sense, and of unseriousness rather than seriousness. But it must not be overlooked that only a logical man can be illogical, only a philosophical man can be absurd, and only a responsible man can be unserious. It is in this way that the contemporary rebellion is related to tradition. The modern writer it seems to me, must be grounded in the literary and philosophic tradition in the first place, in order to be sufficiently logical, philosophical, and responsible to be the opposite.
I am not at all sure that sufficient grounding in the traditions is taking place. New Zealand literature is taking the last thirty years or so over some fields or so tended to be anti-traditional, and in general it seems that critical investigation worldwide has failed to carry out an assessment of the last hundred years of literature. In English literature alone, it seems to me that any sort of adequate and historical understanding of tradition is lacking for the period after 1680, and this inadequacy becomes greater and greater as we approach our own time. It cannot be said that the eighteenth century or the Romantic Movement are yet in perspective. It cannot be said that the Spasmodics (the writers between Arnold and Tennyson, inclusive) are even understood, while the Pre-Raphaelites, Aesthetes, Edwardians, and Georgians are just simply not in sight at all. This last case is imperatively and somewhat astoundingly in necessity of alteration. The period up to 1930 is now patently at a sufficiently great distance to be viewed historically and proportionally. At this time particularly, I think there should be a highly systematic acquisition of books and documents relevant to the period 1880-1930.

More generally still, I must deplore the narrowness of the study of tradition in this country. There is virtually no study of New Zealand literature now to 1930; and there is certainly no adequate study of the literature and language of the Welsh, the Picts, the Persians, the Albanians, the Quechuans, and most of the Asian Races. It seems to me imperative that New Zealand intellectuals and academics should take up these studies.

NIEL WRIGHT

30
THE WEDDING AT KAPAPA

It had been such a lovely wedding too.

What with Aunt Molly and the boys all the way from Taupo making quite an unexpected arrival just in time for the stag party. And Nigel of course, getting on a bit, but still going with that awfully nice Glenda Himmonds who's finishing her typing course. Then all the Taumarunui relations. Gosh Roselyn looked super with her hair done up with a crimson tint to it. Pity Meg and Dick couldn't make it, but with three kiddies of their own, well you just can't expect too much.

And Aunt Cary. Who'd missed the Mothers' Union annual church parade just to be there as she had twice reminded. Not that a mild bout of arthritis had subdued her passion for the proper. She quickly overcame her pain and fell to organizing the decorations, erecting baracards of dahlias, and glads, and flowing smiles. So when the organ swelled into a soothing tremble and guests filed in to add their supplications, she warmed with self content, with just the faintest twitching from the hairline on her lip as she passed her judgement on each new arrival.

"Gee Patricia's terrific on the organ" whispered the voice of the crimson tint, reaching to adjust her imitation diamond earrings. And Molly wiped a tear that threatened to dissolve her cheek her skin discreetly powdered to a grey pastiche. So bride and groom were taken to each other with prayer and hymn, and Cary nudged young Phillipa who'd somehow got absorbed in the order for the Baptism of Infants. And at last, the breakfast. Jerry and the boys had set up two enormous marquees with Norm and Alex Winters
as the barmen. Norm it seemed, was having trouble with his mouth, but soon agreed that without his newly fitted set of teeth he'd down his share much easier.

"Come on Pete. Be in boy while there's plenty of it!" Lips crimped into gestures of approval as the boys showed their assent, occasionally pausing from the froth to exchange a masculinity or two. While in another corner the priestesses of the ritual peered with feigned astonishment behind their robes of lace and satin.

"Well we thought you'd never make it didn't we. Golly Anne you look really gooooorgeous." As the forms of tenderness were tastefully exchanged successive eyelids rearranged retreats beyond the fissures of mascara to attempt a confirmation of suspicions. The damp clatter of muscularities soon reaching a shrill crescendo as flagon beer and mock champagne washed down the demanded savouries and cream sponge.

"Well everybody, I'll ask you to charge your glasses...."

Bill the toastmaster now implicated queen and country with a modicum of rural humour and Jerry was soon proclaiming "To the bridesmaids, the Bridesmaids!"

"I've got a story or two that I bet they've never heard" laughed the friend of the crimson tint, his hired suit just managing to contain the ravages of inactivity. And at appropriate moments the groom roared, the bride whimpered excitedly behind a barrier of pavlova cake, and the bridesmaids, whom Aunt Cary was later to confirm, looked mildly coarse in yellow, tittered when expected.

But of course, the dance. It was really super to get the bowling club hall which Molly and the girls had done wonders on. You'd never have recognized it. Aunty Joy provided the artificial flowers which she'd bought for Mary's wedding, and decked out with crepe paper, streamers, and balloons, you'd never know it. Up on the stage by the piano Molly and some of the old girls had arranged the presents on one of the club trellises.
"Well," as Molly had said "young people really get a wonderful start in life these days."

What with the proceeds of three kitchen teas, one bathroom splash, and a linen supper, and then all the wedding presents on top of that, gosh people are thoughtful. Not that every house could find room for three good luck mirrors, two sets of flying ducks for the dining room wall, and a gorgeous big pink plastic punchbowl. Meg and Dick had sent down a beautiful big pink double bedspread and some of the relatives had put in to get a really modern set of cutlery with imitation bamboo handles. Poor Anne and Peter don't know where they're going to put everything in their little Beazley.

For the dance Anne changed into the most gorgeous little two-piece, she'd got it quite cheaply in Carterton, a sort of Ming blue linen with a fur collar, set off with a clasp which Doris had given her for her twenty-first.

"Hey Peter, hope you've got the car well hidden. I hear Dave and Graham have got a bucket of flour paste for it." Eyes and mouths could not contain themselves at that suggestion and the crimson tint fell hopelessly into the rhythms of a medley being extracted from the piano. Anne, it seemed, was not dancing much, as Aunt Cary was later to confirm. Not even a modest flush of alcohol had dimmed her senses and she loomed ominously from the walls in heaving splendour. The boys by now had appropriated a corner near the kitchen, where supported by their flagons they sat huddled into a pact, pausing occasionally to give the wind and clichés a chance to take the forms of conversation.

"God Dick, is that sheila over there Pat's sister? She's all right eh?"

The voices of "Cairns and Williams" accountant and the stock agent from up country shouted an approval.

"Old Pete's not playing for Kapapa this year. reckon it'll be
my last year too. God when your married you've got other things to think about."

The wit and humour was soon too much, even for the Taumarunui relative. He'd usually taken comfort in his reputation as the biggest soak in miles, as pouted cheeks and the gentle rounding of a pot at twenty-two would hasten to confirm. But who would have ever guessed that Betty and Uncle George could Twist! "At their age" suggested Cary, as Betty abandoned her slip-ons to demonstrate more easily her lack of faith in the sobriety of bone and rubber.

At one stage even Gran was seen to take the floor for a minute. "Good on you" said a pair of lips as lace and hair made a failing lunge at order.

But too soon only the twittering of the piano remained, offering a faded shimmering of comfort. So crimson, pink, and also silver tints had lined themselves along the walls to take a final drop of strength from the object of their gestures.

"Anne and Peter, I know you're going to be so happy," the undertones of soft intenseness assuming proportions they could taste. And later in the evening mother was hastily assured "Well I reckon that everyone thoroughly enjoyed themselves. I think it was a much better do than Mary's wedding."

And all in all who could complain? With family glory and success displayed convincingly in formica and chrome and concrete borders, invigorated bones and flesh went back to bathe content in rediscovered harmony.
CLouDBURST

Egg drops fall
against the taxi glass
People start
from staid steps
huddled - clapping breasts
they run.

LULL

Root-steps fall
from heavy trees
Rain scarcely starts
But blinks
at the violet slap.

Some half-face
black
Against a black night
in a tunnelled-train
or a night-bound bus
Half shadowed mouths
(Are cold comsumed)
People are cruel
Cast on black glass
Alighted - uninvited walking home
Darkly
The moon stares.

At times I cannot sleep
Left my heart stop unsupervised
Squirrels scampers
On the cloth-piled chair
An old man wears
The door-hung robe
Picking his nose
My eyes croak like mute frogs
Leaves dry to Autumn shades
Spiral down
Torn litmus tags
Of seasons passing by

Drops against the glass
Amoeba-like
Then melting down
In myriads of runnels.

Light rain falls
That with the little wind
Arch in long strands
Old janitors of winter
Bent with cold.

Everywhere reflections shine
Where shadows used to lurk
A gai-iron gutter drain
Pipes pitter-patter echoes
Like a toy tin drum

Just walking
Talking to himself
With hurried steps
But no place to go

Only taxis slow to notice
The lone figure
Plump mice
Are plomping
On wood stairs.
They let fall
Their rat-fat packages
down
down
down plomp
plomp
plomp
LOST FEMME FOR SALE OR NOT?

who'll take me on one
ballistic bed ride?
up old harbours rusty meadow?

woe begone the merry
times of shoe-danglings
in the carlots of a dying
foamed pubflush

and who'll begin to fill
my mouth with flaking butts
smoking camp and in a silage
manner to each hollow cramp

who'll balance free emotion
upon his novelty menu
grabbing tight fingered a six penny
chip 'n chippen cer dale
as the moon stretches
up
and over

while quiet worms crawl
into dying cubs
erectile "FOR HIRE"'s damaged
into dark

who'll kill the death between?

- not me, I say,
in light with nothing.
seven fragments of light
curling
made the impeding air
attract, said inventive MAN
jumping before the wrinkled
white shell
of an egg sky breakfast
-
tripping
across the moth pastied
carpet
saluting the stained roses
lying on the cloth
ripped several napkins
and belted the horrendous child
on the knitted back
removing the dislodged cries
of crust and
peppermint mini-vertebrates

O Charles
cried the chrome stained
bitter-half flapping camp
pancakes to the sun
O Charles
the noise of the child
swinging in duckyblue chair-lips
sensing the morning wind
whistling floor
only silence of cloudwashed
streets

o but i the child now slumped
in its cremoated grave
have nothing to say

go oo goo mother special
balancing the silver cutlery on
the white cloth never disturbing
the tangled roses

since emotion let loose confined,
was provoked did syboth die of

discoiting of the marble face?
joyous rupture of foebread guck?
or the suns oiling flapping
pancakes

- i amuse my wife by balancing
cutlery

- first the hand
  then the foot

i see that another day lapses in
the foggery of london ports
and throw it

  crackling white-bold
  over the inerturtured child

o charles

  the spurious voice
jitters from wall
  to wall
  like spider
  bitten light
inside a pallustradic
monotrot
there's a kitchen blooming
steam
and from inside
where cried die flowring
inventive mini's
lie
outstretched perogatives
in small circles
comes the cage of
utoplessness

crying for the air

to see now the bridge
while fog creams
one eye
another
then sudden
without so warning
disappears
into holden speics
- like words
held with chew gum
    or blubble
slowly rinsing
the membranous cavern
    of teeth
which is really what
inside
    a pallustradic
monotrot is like
    but for the hairy old
whistlers of
    dirty sheets and fog
bound night mares,
    a tall geranium
sokes up the plastic
    when the sun tinges
the saliva shaked
    uvula,
    now golden
    and warm
lucky people old people
silent for ever
SNITCH. SNOTCH!

Fearless be forever we!

As black disheveled strands clamp their "Clumsies Club" digits!

Also their visionless nostrils (00)

And the sign of a thick skull which has never been known to fail or crack.

Mahogany lips button their vests with a poppyseed button——

to
keep
out
flies
etc.

As they stood one by one on end

the MONOCULAR RADII

are closing in!

MOSES DIED HERE
of a broken heart
His horse trod on his fingerzzzzzzzz
and chopped them—half half half

At this now famous saying, Snitch Snotch.
Atoms, molecules, and heavily iodised pepper as usual have the last word.
On behalf of our black skeleton...

BEWARE OF THE NATIONAL ANTHEM.
THE CRANK

Once more the jaws of evil are clanking
Gnawing the putrified dead albow skin
Of our fellow citizen, crumped
to the oxes by a breath of brandy
wicked as ragwort after a summer storm

In the depths of poison parsnips
where the dandelions flourish amongst
Cabbages and Exacerbated

By the soul of Sugarstoves
I shall fight on until the last
Bloodridden toenail has
Banquished under my sword
Of forgivnes androshphilism.
For the end has come for
the soul of
dead elbows.

JULIUS CAESAR

How slushy is the mud where Julius Caesar lies
How mushy are the tears that dirty David cries

The body of Julius Caesar
died of death
and is buried underground...
stone dead
WILBERING HIDES

Chewing his gums, Wilson smiles.
His deadly yello teeth snarling
at the longing
fiendishly undernourished
for devils and eye-witnesses.

For the time has come,
and Wilberforce must be EXONERATED
from the deadliness surrounding
the parsnips of evil:
The Spuds of Sin/

So, you good souls, close your huchnesses
of enamel choppers
and forever hear the cry
of the ghost of Wilberforce...
"Oh bring me the dead turnips who lie
exposed to the deadly hand of
Wilson the Whuckler, let them be buried
in peace, near the soul of macabre caggabbage trees who boast
Of the death of their fellow compatriot, the pea with split personalities,
The vice from which all Rhubarb springeth.
And rocks the world in its contentment.
Shame and hubbeloge!

Rocking with its inner consciousness
Dead with anger for the soul of Wilberforce

FOR HE IS FOREVER BANQUISHED

From the kingdom of posterity.
"And is that Chesapeake Bay?" I ask
knowing full well that it isn't - but
having just burst into a new world -
with new people -
I feel obliged to chat politely.

They answer that it is
and I must feel some small horror -
but then to defend pile image recklessly
upon image - to suffocate quite definitely my first
impression of the Bay - and to destroy (quite
without regard) the new religion.

Therefore with the sun mocking me I rise now
to my audience - forced by some peculiar and secondary
impulse to do my bit as quickly as possible -
and then to bow out.

And the new country was always just down and through the pathway
which till then I had not thought of using
- always within - and the Bay actually there -
and here the one acre with house, trees, and new people.

(Contrasted I must admit to the thought
of the million holding building
that sits on my other hand)

and somewhere in the background the noises of a Salvation
Army Band.
One day at Forum a new face strolled across the crushed grass; put his snuffbox away; - and mounted his collapsible box.

"Mates!" he said, "I have become aware of a, tension; the tension in our body, and our soul." And here he paused to light a cigar of old horseflesh and rags, like the skunk he was.

"...And those who still suffer from having been passed over for spiritual drainage."

"These people must be cured, be ignored, or be crushed. For our life, that best and only life - ahem - depends on it. They drain the life, the soul, from our figure."

"Have we scared the mass today? Have we slaked our holy thirst with the blood of the politicians?"

Here he paused again to pass on the information that knighthoods were up three points, and abbreviations (he refused to say how many letters, on the grounds that the Press might be listening) 23 down on last year's prices.
"We have done nothing for days, for years, but buy easy easy chairs for the constipated and build imitation boardrooms."

"Not that we must burn - too unoriginal."

"Not that we must rape" - and here he squashed the sniggers with a swift bidigital gesture.

"These are the weak motions of old and tired worlds."

At this point he put his foot through his box with a declamatory stamp, and paused to pull another from his pocket.

"There is no point fighting the police. We must join them. Think what 1000 intelligent policemen could do!"

"The highest points of political life must be infiltrated. Here our abundance of beautiful and bright womanhood will be the answer. On Britannia."

At this stage the Gnomes came to blows, and the gentleman was accidently spiked on his brolly. He died an hour later in the Quiet Room, and was given last rites (washing the feet) by the Coptic Chaplain.

A charity debate was held for him, and 3 neuters and a dog threw themselves under the Aramoana.

So we may look back on this little known figure as perhaps a pointer to the future. We, of course, gained our $20,000 a year; our privilege of non-arrest thru normal channels. However some may not like this state of life. We must proceed to Greater Weartherly Beyond the Bye.
SUICIDE WAS ON HIS LIPS...

AGONISED

FEARFULLY TENSE MASK,

BURNT SCARLET WITH

DRUNKARDNESS

WORMED WITH VEINS.

UNGAINLY HE BOUNCED BEFORE ME WHEN CHRISTMAS WAS IN

EMBRYO, MILITANT

STEPPING OF ELASTIC LEGS,

WISHING TO BE BLATANT.

HIS

NEAR-TOPPLED FORM,

(NOT NEW)

BUT INFAMOUS AT PARTIES

WHERE

HE

THROTTLED THE IDIOM OF HUMOUR

WITH INFANTILE BELLOWS

FOR

THE FUMED LIP OF ANY MURDEROUS BOTTLE,

NOW STUMBLING HOMWARDS, WITH THE RECLUSE'S FEAR

RINGED

IN HIS EYES,

HE DISAPPEARED FROM SIGHT

LIKE A WEASEL, SOLITARY

ESCAPER BOUND FOR HIS DEN.

WOULD HIS UNWEANABLE LIPS BE APPEASED BY THE MATERNAL

LIP-NIPPLE

OF THE TORSOED BOTTLE, OR WAS A GRAVE-DIGGER

A FRIEND ONLY?

A SADOMASOCHISTIC RELIQUE,

WITH A HOPELESS FEVER FOR

EXISTENCE

HE FORGED ON EERINGLY TO HIS LIQUOR BIER THAT SEEMED

TO BUBBLE

: IMMINENT,

 :
THE INCENDIARY EYE.

THE SKY WAS TORN,
    INTO APRICOT AND MINK.

THE SKY WAS TORN,
    INTO APRICOT AND HAEMORRHAGING STRIPS.

IT WAS

A SANGUINE DOME,

CLOUDS,

HEAVY AS LEAD CORPSES TRIMMED WITH MASCARA,

CURLED UP INTO

WINGS AROUND THE BLOOD.

TREES,

like GOLGOTHA CROSSES STOOD BLACK, ASHED

BEFORE THE LIVERY

HEAVEN AS AT THE CRUCIPLEXION

ALL WAS SILENT IN THIS GOD-MOULDRED SETTING.
MORBID TALES

After I write this I know I shall die, and I shall go to hell to face my crimes. They are waiting for me, waiting to punish me. The mighty power of all death and hate are about to descend upon me. I cannot escape it. But what really did I do wrong? I shall tell you. I found the power of time. Oh why did I find it?

I won't tell you what it is, because death is nearing. But I will tell you what my punishment is, for just in case you find the power you will leave it alone. If you don't, you will get the same punishment as me.

I will go to hell where hate and vengeance are great and I will live amongst it for the rest of eternity. Never again will I rise to face people, never again will I live upon the earth.

INSANE MURDER

Silently a figure lurks in the dark shadows of the night, as if to mock a ghost, with fair means or foul - either way, with shrewdness. With the fog now billowing down in thick, sluggish waves, he looms towards another figure, and an unnatural, unnerving situation passes through him, like the horribly unnatural night. Savagely he pulls a knife from his belt, attacks and stabs the stranger, then suddenly he recovers and realizes what he has done. He runs and runs....
Death in Ignorance

Obdurate time that
does not slow. Stop!
Stop! I cry but
darkness like fear of death
is feared dreaded. Timeless
Saltspun shield of destiny
Break, burst open my coffers,
Reveal glittering jewels of cold
In this our darkest day:
Pierce our fear!
Broken we refuge.
The old clay of life
clogs our wheels.
Dead we listen in relief.
Unspun thoughts fall
broken
Scrapping disillusion out of shallow graves
under the blinding light
of baleful unknowing.


Step by step he sank
Into the chasm of calvary
The eternal three
Would welcome him, not me
He killed.
I drank:

250
Working in the Public Library

Sitting in the library, surrounded by books on every wall; while rubber soles give painful birth to squeaks from the floor.

Thumbing through the pages, stifling a yawn while yet outside, the golden sun swims across the lawn.

A queue awaits the librarian but she's on the telephone; her words disturb my reading as I learn what must be known.

Then for ten minutes, silence, and concentration freezes from back to intellectual burdens and once more try to learn.

But with uninteresting topics the mind wanders far, and ends thinking of friend Leo and how he joined "Scar".

Then all associations join their hands and lead me a merry dance. But conscience still holds the rein and stops our joyful prance.

He tightens fingers on the pencil, he steadies my eye, he scowls at all carefree thoughts and they in terror fly.

Again I'm in the library with books open at my desk, for only hard work can remove this burden from my chest.
As I walked the highways of the lost
and searched the alleys of the known
this Gordian knot hurtled

whirling
to my feet

unfolded in the searching caress of my hands

"Go where the mountain rumbles
where streams chatter gaily on
and ask all to listen
ever their canvas be torn

Beware the illusion you drape over your wingless mate
the winds you fly on lest they engulf you
the sweets you sucked and spat away
drowning in the whirl of colours you mix
the bones you break lest jagged edges deflate you
and the empty skeleton crying for help from the dark.

Ask why colours shatter the concrete
and why nothing is greater than everything

O Look in the mirror of complacency
O Look under the rug of comfort
Look hard at your wings and the wind
before you gaze on me."
King Arthur and Winnie the Pooh are fighting over
what colour to paint
your talisman,
the giant overflowing soggy marshmallow,
while captivating cries cleaving, clinging, and clutching
cocker spaniel ears
become stretched into rippling blue ribbons
to the symphony of squeals from its filthy charge,
the sow on heat
humping
thumping
bumping
after elusive wings;
and do-it-yourself cats strangle themselves
with slipknots in their tails,
their rotting flesh
dripping
its offending wisdom
along once since route 7,
now cluttered with dogshit.
In this great Breaker
rolled to inchoate
Untold you intoxicate.
Vein gushed Ecstasy ebbed in flesh unfold
Heady with smiles, twinned with hair of lissom gold
God enrapturer from His spirit hold!
Stung by savoured salt
In crash cradled why in the eyes,
Washed by years' light florsced in skin
Smile taken Prize.

O Thou Roller of, Riser of freedom's stark dark.

THE MECHANIC

Thoughts, brushing youth's face clear
Soft smooth, sombre smooth,
Arctic deep, clear soft, smooth.
Tendriled, tender tangled grease of industry
Folded folded in the hands.
Rush of senses cooled to calm,
Claiming eager word; strong soft word,
Dancing deep upon the air
To poise in voice.
Lips exquisite, flit, twine
Their solitary movements in the air with blown hair
Or may fade around Eclipser Host
Of world, flesh, devil: down centuries
Enemies, come to etiolate the exquisite.
Like a dusty dry deserted barren roadway on a plain
Like a dusty dry deserted barren roadway on a plain
With the bright relentless blue enamel baking from the sky
And the stunted groves of growths of green trees
Patching on the broken and shifty sandy clay
And the dust about the boots and legs of people passing through
In the small and lonely self protecting the caravans of fear
Of that great unknown, unseen, all-seeing certainty of fate.

Stay you old fools with your hatred of change
And cultivate thought from that dry dusty dirt
And think of yourselves of your minds and ideals
And dont just inherit all things from your creed
For those saplings you plant will grow into trees
That even when dead will provide you with warmth
If you can convert them from trees into timber
To build up a structure of thought
And progress from the trees to the timber
And build.
To live, to feel the joy of living
To live, to feel the bitterness of life
To feel the petty bitching and baseness
The interchange of platitudes, plebian.
"Would you care for another scone?"
Integration
"Nice weather, isn't it?"
Destination and disease
"O what a lovely dress"
Poverty, sickness, ignorance, and strife,
all prevail
all rule
This world is sick
Queasy and infirm upon its axis
Wobbling drunkenly around its sun
Towards its destiny
All things reduce to chaos and confusion
This civilisation cannot last
This age, this era,
Passed.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Awaken the bandycruet</td>
<td>Polly Plumar</td>
<td>160</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Crank</td>
<td>Polly Plumar</td>
<td>170</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Julius Caesar</td>
<td>Polly Plumar</td>
<td>170</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Odeness of Wilson Wilberforce...Polly Plumar</td>
<td>C. T.健康的</td>
<td>180</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chesapeake Bay</td>
<td>Slulu Huba</td>
<td>190</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Today's Umbrage</td>
<td>G T</td>
<td>200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Suicide was on his lips...Paul Protheroe</td>
<td></td>
<td>220</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Incendiary eve</td>
<td>Paul Protheroe</td>
<td>230</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morbid Tales</td>
<td>Sharlene and</td>
<td>240</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Insane Murder</td>
<td>Sheryli Wright</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Death in Ignorance</td>
<td>J S Hales</td>
<td>250</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Working in the public library...Tipu</td>
<td>Tipu</td>
<td>260</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;As I walked the highways of the lost&quot;...Tipu</td>
<td>Tipu</td>
<td>270</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yahoo, Yankees</td>
<td>Tipu</td>
<td>280</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;In this great breaker&quot;</td>
<td>Pauline Vella</td>
<td>290</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Mechanic</td>
<td>Pauline Vella</td>
<td>290</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XXX</td>
<td>Peter Mirams</td>
<td>300</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>II</td>
<td>Peter Mirams</td>
<td>310</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ever at all</td>
<td>Ashley Conland</td>
<td>340</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Containment</td>
<td>Anon</td>
<td>350</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>'65 - the sour side</td>
<td>Anon</td>
<td>350</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For mother living</td>
<td>G J C</td>
<td>360</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Matinée</td>
<td>G J C</td>
<td>370</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Death is a city</td>
<td>Alan Cocker</td>
<td>380</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Title</td>
<td>Author</td>
<td>Page</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------------------------------------------------</td>
<td>-----------------</td>
<td>------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thinkers unite: until</td>
<td>Alan Cocker</td>
<td>390</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Song of a madman</td>
<td>Colin Walsh</td>
<td>400</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Love for the loveless</td>
<td>J R Boyes</td>
<td>430</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Champion</td>
<td>Dennis List</td>
<td>440</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In Revolutio</td>
<td>Dennis List</td>
<td>460</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Distillation</td>
<td>Dennis List</td>
<td>500</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;There is a bird&quot;</td>
<td>Dennis List</td>
<td>520</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Glass I lie&quot;</td>
<td>Dennis List</td>
<td>520</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Extract from The Life History of Shurple</td>
<td>Dennis List</td>
<td>530</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;I see a wall&quot;</td>
<td>Burose</td>
<td>580</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonnet in an unknown language...Slurlu Huba</td>
<td>Slurlu Huba</td>
<td>580</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Variations on a theme</td>
<td>Slurlu Huba</td>
<td>580</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;As I was eating this eggnog egg&quot;...Anon</td>
<td>Anon</td>
<td>590</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Jesus was a carpenter&quot;</td>
<td>Anon</td>
<td>590</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clerinew: Sir Robert Watson-Watt...Anon</td>
<td>Anon</td>
<td>590</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mrs Meek and Mrs Munt</td>
<td>Trad.</td>
<td>600</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Free poems</td>
<td>Anon</td>
<td>600</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Amphigouri</td>
<td>Anon</td>
<td>600</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;There was a young man of St-B&quot;...Trad</td>
<td>Trad.</td>
<td>610</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;There was a young man of yellow pages&quot;</td>
<td>Attrib. Polly Plumar</td>
<td>610</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;I thought I saw...&quot;</td>
<td>Anon</td>
<td>610</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;The wind is blowing through my hair&quot;</td>
<td>Kathy Lutton</td>
<td>620</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trulala</td>
<td>Trad.</td>
<td>620</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Birds fly gracefully...&quot;</td>
<td>Julie Brook</td>
<td>620</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
EVER AT ALL

A thousand dozen genuine people
trod a million streets
link twelve thousand faithful
arms and lips, and yet,
is there genuine love,
A love that stands above the world
that fears dispel, hearts well
up compassion, and understanding
fashion unity?
Mad reckless people fall in love
ashen pale dreary souls
may never wake up to love of life.
Lives slide away,
to and fro daily,
glum in a trolley-bus window.
Much worse than a foggy day
a foggy brain and a drain
on the spirit. Fool and be fooled,
sweat in bed, alone an
insane dread stuffs the
unread unresponsive head;
pass over the heavy grime
unwind a cautious little, who
hang amidst the air?
A mist to clear on fair,
to finer people, winter's sun.
CONTAINMENT

No more the caressing
effort and strain,
In wonderous white condensed -
Smelling like
The Fresh Morning Grass.
But more subtle - shameful and shameless.
It visits now in dreams.

'65-THE SOUR SIDE

Unproductive, unable to while
the World slushes forward
Leaving, taste....
The morning Bell - unheard
Heaves also, and yet
The Two are one - and I a part?
Above - the side-on attitude
Sarcastic, smirking
Untruth is right
Whilst the Meek, stony, and DULL
Creep towards a soft eternity.
FOR MOTHER LIVING

It was raining the day we were called, to her side.
Sterilized faces
showed us to the door.
A sign said "No visitors"
in red.
The white room smelled disinfectant bottles oxygen and bed.
Starch sheets shroud a frail body
And mother tube in nose screaming air.
I remember her opening her eyes - only the whites showed.
We were standing
on all the pain and fighting years of a woman
humbled by her body.

We had seen the results of tests and drugs administered,
watched the brave acceptance, Participated in the drama,
increased the passion, Visited indignation, and now revolted with our calm choked.

In the morning someone said:
Mother's at rest now.
But the sun still rose.

Later that day the phone rang.
They wanted her body.
Cut naked to look at,
Mix entrails in the cavity,
Students to dissect their purpose,
the Bastards! Never satisfied,
gutting passion;
Not this time.
Mother's death.
That's enough.

For us,
time is waiting
until Saturday special afternoon
brings sox and jersey
cycling to town
greased hair
and ticket box.
The girls,
powder and stocking grown
since Friday,
Moving into,
the sound dark,
loud flickering seated room
and whistling
Good baddies and gum,
Sometimes rolling underneath
Jaffa;
or burst bag of jellybeans.
Participated excitement
rebulice calling
spotted torch line
and sniggering
The end and lights
Homeward day dragging
Tomorrows gone.
DEATH IS A CITY

Summer in its mellowness leaves,
Behind all trace in a fleeting kiss.
The lost sun leaves untouched,
People tired, blue and cold, who
Cannot break the ice of friendship.
Darkness its shadows hide,
Their desire to take and get.
But perverted flesh yields no fruit,
Plucked green only embitters,
prolonging today's pain tomorrow.
Drunk parents no consolation are,
For wasted life, frustrated youth.
Who live unfeeling, unsharing
Dead amongst, the living whose,
Pain tomorrow will be masked,
In a sea of warm wine.
Masked terror salts emotions, and
Becomes hell in disguise.
Living a life in tomorrow's lies.
THINKERS UNITE: UNTIL

Leather throated verbal lies,
A politicians meal ticket buys.
And armchair philosophers abound,
At the end of every town.
Entrenched, wine drenched, and sad,
hibernating with uncensured thoughts
In the summer of their lives.

Synthesised and perverted like,
Fly-blown products as are sold,
By masters of war. Doubtful value.
Mass media strives to deaden
The blade of deviant thought
The answer lies with e
Lying, dying, crying at their feet.

Far from the recessed backwash,
Of evolution, they must stand.
Until falling together, tin soldiers,
Sagging like the flower carsee
In a grey cities wind blast,
By the touch of ephemeral youth
watching their sky fall down.
SONG OF A MADMAN

MALICIOUS DEPRAVITY, CORRUPTION, AND DECADENCE!

Ah yes, so concerned with sexual morality they now don't
know what sex really is;
Decadence is everywhere - the streets are filled with
Mobs of monkeys, apes, baboons -
A squalid, wretched lot
Deep in the bowels of social filth and putrid society
and trying to disguise the fact by
Mutilating decency and wholesome living,
Al because they're so
Depraved they can't attain it:
ants are
More virtuous
And commendable than this scoury
rabble they call society
and civilisation and people;
Don't they know how warped and deformed they really are, how
Measly is their value in its present form -
Are they completely blind to their
Dependence on vice, cultural squalor and barrenness?
are they really set on self-social genocide,
on
Maiming permanently
All culture that has ever existed?
1 look up to the stars;
1 see a swarm of ichneumon wasps
pursuing the orbit of the earth,
Devouring any particles which happen to be
\[ \frac{2}{1} (12(12)) \]
left behind - oh
My soul! must i stay
Around to watch the torment and the slow
Destruction, like the tapeworm in the liver,
Masticating its gruesome meal?
Alas, it seems that i am
Doomed to be the witness of
Man's
Absolute
Decay -
can't the earth stop spinning
and get itself out of the
chaos it is in? - is there
any hope? this reckless plunge into the
Morgue of time is rapidly gaining momentum,
it is beginning to whirl,
creating crazy patterns in the universe -
this zoo has been
Aroused and unleashed - can it be contained?
it is almost too late - the whirl is
Driving
Me to near distraction
And its pace
Does not seem to be slackening:
oh damn the earth and its following,
damn the
Monkeys
And the apes, baboons -
Destruction is imminent, inevitable -
stone the crows
you damn fellows -
the wasps are gaining;
soon it will be raining
with the blood of man
who did not ban
his
Meiotic,
Adulterous,
Despotic
way of life.
"Away with you, you bastard!" I screamed
As the crabbed eunuch hustled off
With a sensuous leer on his sexless face,
And a burden of hate in his emasculated brain.

Who was then more warped, he or I?
For I was frustrated by distortion and distorted by frustration.
But I have changed.
I now sing the praises of others,
The weak, the ugly, the helpless, the crabbed eunuch
And the painted prostitute:
All these I love as Christ did
As he has given me power.
CHAMPION!
A DRAMATIC DIALOGUE

Champion  Today we have the bad news.
           Today we have the sad news.
           Today we have the dreaded news.
           I fear to tell youse, for am I so sick:
           But SIR WINSTON CUCKOO is dead -
           ... dead with holes in him!

Chorus  
booo  hoo

Champion  With all mine five ribs do I grieve!
           So weep ye for old Winston
           Whose dark days shone in 18 ninety 7
           For...all I see now is holes, in him
           And maggots up his widely-sniffing nose.

Chorus  
Poor Winston    Poor old Winston

Champion  
We acknowledged him
           ---WINNY APPLE LESS---
           And now to sing his funeral song

Chorus  
"Little Winnie's dead
           So shove him in the coffin
           For you dont get the chance
           Of a funeral often."

The Mourners  Encore!

        440
Chorus and Champion together
"Little Winnie's dead
So hurry up and bury him
Bear him off to Heaven
To be eaten by the seraphim."

The Mourners Encore!

Chorus
"Catch a Winston £5=£0 73
Wash him in some £=¿$ 73
Hang him on a line
to dry."

Champion
Saddened us...
hath the death of Winston.
O Winnie was our big fat king.
Now he is dead.
Boo hoo.

Chorus
BOO!

Champion
When young, I used to play London Buses
with him. I would be the driver, he the
conductor. O what sad, sad, sad memories!
Winnie where are you?
Winnie, where is the lighthouse of
your cigarette end?

Chorus
Pooooooooooooooooooooooooo0 wrinnie.

Champion
See mee weep, WIne stone!
Every other hour, depending on where they've been put, they pop, click down one slot, or move into some other position (time for back-scratching) - like standing on their heads, holding every nut with a branch. I was doing that for a whole day... it is the so-called impossible position... and could scarcely hold my arms out after that. There is "leaves wilted elbows folded" and "lie down pretending you're dead" (and "hold your breath for two weeks to go brown and more convincing" - that's the worst part) and "all of you move your local pies around one or two spaces to the right."

The weather gets me too. It has permutations. Where it was joined up wrong it doesn't coincide with the plant-popping. Then there is trouble. It snows on visiting day and later there are too many narcissi. The Gardens are always making mistakes like that. Now I am resigned to it. I suffer quietly, like the others, not moving unless blown or pushed.

Now and again they let the birds loose. Because they fly in circles I concluded they were only painted on to the roof. Then one flew down and stung me. I have heard they play toy railways in the roof and whistle for the timetables, to produce acoustic decomposition in the vegetable existence of things like me.

The design of the mechanical gardens continues to puzzle me. If there is an axis around which the gardens spin, why do people never get caught in it and crushed to death? I am afraid of the centre, and cablecar gears covered with dry blood. Just to the left of me there is a small inconspicuous looking spot which is one of the sub-axes. I know this because it revolves in a small circle every few hours. What if the circle got bigger and included where I am?

Here and there I can see familiar hands sticking out of the...
ground, thinly disguised as stumps. Many people I used to know have become stumps I think, or been captured in the poison ivy.

This is muddled, I know, but I'm at my most lucid now ever since I arrived here. At first it shocked me to see the way all the gardens hop, whenever the broken tooth on the gear passed the escape-ment. Visitors get jolted and don't know why. Now the shock is a dull ache in my ex-guts. The vegetation leaps about and is not at all dignified. On examining it you see why: it has eaten your friends while visiting, plants pop up and down all the time, and pop down with gurgling noises, especially gurgling noises. They think the gardens are an immense joke, till they're caught up too.

I wonder how it felt to be inside a plant in the mechanical gardens; once it had my arm; now it has regurgitated (finding it displeasing, presumably) — and I can't remember which one; and making jokes to bring down the victim's resistance.

Like: Why have I regurgitated your arm? Hurry up.
I don't know of course (you big flabby fin).
Because it was not in the best of taste. Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha etc.
Meanwhile, here we go spinning round the rim, the more it speeds up the giddier we get, and the less it steers itself.

My witchdoctor caught me up in a mad mood one day and said let's both us go to the mechanical gardens and pretend you're plants and hold your arms out and flap them and don't talk to anyone.

So like a fool I did. I put my greenest gloves on and planted and watered me and stood in the meadow all by myself, giving off oxygen.

You had better adapt to your environment, they say. No use reg-rettning the past. Unscrupulous women you used to know come and see you, armed with sharp-eyed scissors, flitting around to relieve plants of their burdens. They say: Oh what a pretty flower, Anny, do let's cut a bit. Only pruning it sir.

However it consoles me to know the spectators are only vegetables
too. I call them cabbage mostly.

In the main showroom there are always a lot of moneylenders, sharks, and nearby landladies in search of bad debts. They blow bubble pipes that whistle (taking them for peace pipes). I had better tell you that a loud noise will kill a small plant, even when it has a map of the gardens wrapped around its head for a cobweb.

...I lost my place in a wind. I can't go on much longer. If I ever manage to escape from here I'll write you a long organized treatise saying at the beginning (so it'll be noticed) Who would have put a poor illiterate Indian in a place like this? (If they did.)

My plant gives me hay fever. Help! I'm bewildered in here and giddy with flowers. After going round for a considerable long time in these gardens, my leaf is mulct, and I'm wondering is it an exit or a no-exit. I am all cellulose that makes me bitter. Painfully executing my 56 revolutions a day while loose gearwheels bite at my roots. Why did they ever invent such a place? Why not tear down the walls and let us out?

When it hurts most the gardens turn over for the winter. I lie face down and hope for the best, then there are a few sickening moments sticking half out of the ground sideways. What if I fell off? Would it be worth it to escape? Maybe people do fall off. But I'm too scared of getting caught in the gears underneath; and my roots have got so painfully deep in the soil. There are all 4-80
sorts of little stones, insects, and dead hands in the way. If I shake my legs (maybe it is only leg now) my toenail hammers on rock or on gear teeth. It is nail bite nail.

Before I came I was skeptical. I thought this was an impossible, ridiculous situation to be in. I laughed at the plants with HELP signs round their necks. Now the visitors laugh at mine. If only I had the courage to drag myself out of the ground and run away. But what would happen then, if they caught me? I never heard of any plants pulling themselves out and running away. If any do, perhaps they don't live to tell of it. I have an idea, anyway, that the ground would pull me back in again. I think it's on their side. I never speak to it.

I have been lost in here a good seven years now and I am getting hungry, tired, lonely, and cold. Other plants around me are not communicative - maybe they are real plants - I wasn't planted, I was thrust - and I find not the slightest sustenance in the revolutions which, for me, are purely mechanical and uncomfortable. So believe me I have good reason to get out of here, I don't know why I ever went in, and if there is nothing of interest to the Venus flytraps (my hateful neighbors) will you somehow get to me just a map of the map which once I saw but didn't understand (since it was harder to see the start than the finish)
Plumbers decided
that odd-size pipes
- and valvework -
make
a macaronic monument
to distil peace and elixir
and light for all to see by.

To my highest house at Lhasa
came their glassblowers
asking for holes in the walls
as a pipeway - a "tea" machine -
a flame-scattered winter-chaser -
and an escape in case the house sprang up too high

They carved plans in arabic on my walls
remembered them - destroyed them
then forgot them
so purely insight made the joints
where round ends met crooked ends
fumes escaped, pleasing some
but suffocating others:
those who thought it blasphemous
to make monumental plumbing from old scraps.

The master plumber said to me:
It is full of mistakes
It is ramshackle and will never last
But isn't it beautiful?
Leaks far above were dripping to the stone
breathing at us — bringing "tea"
cooling all the air
bringing a new calm way of thought:
  Intangible monkeys running silently up ladders
where windmills spun
breathing life into the mechanism.
  And the dripping echoed thru my eyes:
I lay back sipping with a new delight
absorbing in fantasies of height and mobility
the intricacy of the pipework above me
and the vats turning overhead
like liquid planets.

Monkeys danced all over
the walls flapped like oil rising
out of floor's creaking
  where I sank into the bottom of stone which
clung as it sang the
song of Lhasa's (and our all)
polished tubes whose wild
restless monkeys chewed their
way from this glass.

Everybody disappeared, encapsulated
in bottles of sarcocolla terebene vitriol
tragacanth oxtail
and to me: (PLEASE LIGHT THE ETERNAL FLAME IF IT GOES OUT)
With fortune’s unexpectedness
Daedalus-like-midnight
I climbed
across glass spirals
towards the eternal flame
admiring all I could see
from such a height /

2 BIRD poems

There is a bird
chirping in the distance
sitting in a luminous red tree
making the night mysterious.

Other birds
flying through curves
looping loops in the dark
Their springy wings make a wind
and all the air shivers.

Glass I lie
all over the floor
The woodpecker pecked me
then flew away.

With broken windows
you’ve blinded me
My rooms all splintered
My pieces are dying in the corner.
...The third photograph shows hatless Eugene dangling his feet over the gangplank of his yacht, the Sligo. When asked, "Why Sligo?" he replied cryptically, "Sligo the slug." This vessel, as most readers will know, is Shurple's Boat-by-mis- take. Metzka Topoloria relates how in 1957 at Cannes, Shurple downed a bottle of champagne and told him the whole story, which certain New York people had long suspected to be true.

About thirty years ago Eugene devised a new way of building a house...beginning from the roof, and making the foundations last. Thus, he reasoned, you could keep dry while you finished the house. With his usual impetuosity, he immediately borrowed $5,000 from a bank in Seville and put this idea into practice. Once he had built the top, however, he found that he had made an unfortunate mistake: he had not realized that this method would involve building the house upside-down. Seeing that he had no way to invert a completed house, Eugene made the best of it, and continued to build - a boat. It is probably this quality of improvisation that, more than anything, has won Eugene his present position.

It was in the Sligo that he won the first round-the-world yacht race. He was last in a field of a hundred and forty when the leaders arrived in the Sargasso Sea, within spitting dis- tance of the end, New York. Unluckily, at this particular time the Sargasso Sea was heavily infested with marine borer. All hundred and thirty nine leaders rapidly sank, and were thus disqualified.

530
Six months later the Sligo arrived in the area. Shurple had by this time heard about the trouble the other contestants had had there. He felt to be reasonably safe from borer, seeing that his was the only yacht with a tiled hull, but as a precaution the crew (consisting at that stage of Eugene himself as skipper, Cumberland as first mate, Boric as purser, Shirley Purple as the figurehead, the impeccable Simon Tobias, and the irrepressible Jeff Bim) collected seaweed and burned it in their fireplace; the chimney of course being under water. The resulting fumes killed all the borer. (For this, the American Shipowner's Federation awarded Eugene a $20,000 prize they had offered since 1878.) The Sligo made fine progress, and sailed into Long Island Sound just over a year later to collect the $500,000 prize. Eugene modestly puts this victory down to good luck.

They made an impressive sight coming down the Sound. All the musicians on board (and there were plenty) formed a jazz quintet. Cumberland played the trombone, Boric the tuba, Eugene the bass drum, Simon the skiffle board, Jeff the hurdy gurdy he'd picked up cheap in Hong Kong, and Fazzie (whom they'd picked up at Nantucket) the newly-installed pipe organ. All this was not purely inspired by the return to what for many of them was their native land, but largely because they had no hoghorn, the rules of the contest required one, and the organizers were stirring up some artificial fog to test the Sligo.

On his way round the world, Eugene had been collecting bric-a-brac in his spare time: things like fish-bones, skulls, various flotsam, native dishes, spare tiles for his roof, coconuts, an unusually complete collection of stale bread, and such things, all of which he kept in the attic. As soon as he arrived in New York he had this collection valued, at a dozen different auction houses. Provisional estimates ranged from $5,000,000 to
$14,000,000. Eugene refused all offers, and as a sentimental gesture, presented the lot to the Dublin Public Library (which at that time housed taxonomists as keen as Eugene, but poorer). Of course this was immediately denounced as an advertising gimmick. Eugene had no patience with such detractors. One of the most vocal was Georg Skrimeoni, a Hungarian working for a New York tabloid newspaper....

I met Boric in 1944, at which time he was known as Nils Bjornesen, and was running a passport racket. He has long been recognized as both Eugene's closest friend, and most outspoken critic. I asked Boric about Eugene's first system of classification. He invited me to share his hookah and told me: "At first, Eugene arranged things in chronological order. That was in the good old days on the Sligo. We all had to live on board because nobody'd sell or rent us a house. Eugene kept emphasizing the importance of cataloguing. 'There's no use having a collection if you don't know what's in it,' he would say. Shirley had an accessions book - she wrote down everything we got. But there were snags in that. Firstly, she'd only write the book up once a day. She kept forgetting. Secondly, nobody could ever read her writing. We thought we'd fix that one by borrowing one of the typewriters out of the collection, when Eugene wasn't looking. But all we could find was a box with some Braille typewriters in it. We tried that for a while, even though we weren't blind. When Eugene saw the catalog he couldn't make it out, thought the borer had caught up with us at last."

Boric chuckled appreciatively, and took a few more puffs on the pipe. "The third snag was that the catalog was in the same order as everything down in the attic. No help at all, if you were looking for something. All that junk was..."
to be a real nuisance in the end. The worst thing about it
was that it overflowed from the attic into the top storey,
and we all had less and less space. By the time we got to
Nantucket we were sailing below the waterline...and that organ
didn't help any.

"As soon as we'd landed we all split up and tried to sell
the stuff on the sly. All but Eugene, that is. He only wanted
to know how much it was worth. All the agents thought it was
great, but none of them would touch it. And Eugene refused -
even theoretically - to split it up. Looking back, I think
that was pretty wise of him. Nothing - much - was worth a
brass bean on its own - it was the juxtaposition that mat-
tered."

He stabbed his finger demonstratively in the air, a trick
he learned in Ethiopia, during that little business he pulled
off there in 1955, which I'll come back to later.

"That collection was a real work of art. It would have been
even better, though, if we'd arranged it some other way than
chronologically. It's not even geographically, because we kept
forgetting our itinerary - Shirley's writing and Cumberland's
astrology at fault there - and coming back to the same place
again and again. We left Ocussi five times, I think. The first
time we left Eugene behind, the second time Cumberland - he
was in town and somebody pulled up the anchor by mistake,
and the rest of the times by accident mainly. We were meant
to be going to Sydney, but the wind was blowing the wrong way.
We never did get to Sydney. Nobody was any the wiser for it,
and it gained us a couple of months. By the time we got to
Port Blair we were nearly caught up with the rest of the field."

I asked Boric what he thought of the oft-quoted criticism
of Eugene, that he (to quote Skrimshani) "is merely the world's
most successful miser."
Boric took the bait. "That's not true. Whatever Eugene's faults may be, he's no miser. The only reason he keeps his collections is that nobody else would keep them together. When the Queen of Thailand saw an exhibition he was holding at the Louvre, she seemed very pleased with it. She made an appointment with him and asked questions about it. He was really delighted to think that here at last was somebody with similar interests. He made her a present of the whole exhibition. It was a complete collection of balaclavas from the Crimean war. It took six trucks a month to move them from the Louvre to her nearby palace. Then...Eugene had a balaclava sent to him from Bangkok. It was a new brand of tea-cosy being marketed there. Eugene was thoroughly disgusted with the Queen, and broke off relations with her. But within a month he'd bought all the balaclavas back again. And that's why people call him a miser. He's no miser, he's a true taxonomist, an artist even. With their limited powers of comprehension, most artists can't make use of everything round them...they select things, here and there, and organize them into a simple pattern, which represents their world. But Eugene's world is the world. He is probably the first man who ever lived with this all-embracing understanding. Artists don't create, they select. Eugene selects everything."

We finished the pipe. I asked Boric to show me his picture of the Conflagration of the Library (as it has been called) at Dublin....
I see a wall in front of me
Shall I
Look for a hole in it
Climb over it
Or pretend it's not there and go somewhere else?

SONNET IN AN UNKNOWN LANGUAGE

VARIATIONS ON A THEME

\[ l = \frac{1}{10 \Delta - 1 \Delta \Delta \Delta - O \Delta \Delta \Delta X \times + f} + 8 \]
As I was eating this eggnog egg
Under a tree-tomato tree
Someone wrenched off a monkey wrench
And broke my monkey-key.

Jesus was a carpenter, he had a lot of tools,
a hammer and a brace-and-bit, and several
excellent rules,
Boards he sawed and holes he bored throughout
the Holy Lands,
And even when he died they found some nails
in his hands.

CLERIHEW
What's in what?
Sir Robert Watson-Watt
should know
what's what.
Mrs Meek
found a centipede on her cheek.
Mrs Mint
had more of a hunt....

FREE POEMZ

a b a bbb a bb
an hhnh
a CKT2!
a KkkKkKkK ...
an XxXxXxXx ....
+++++++++++++++
a folding-fences
an O B B U B B O B B O
an RBDDL
an LUBRD UBDD
LRUBU RBDD
LDUUD UPUPU
a B.L.U.R.B?
an e.p.d.p.q.
a qqqq qqqq h
a qlpud.

AMPHI-
GOURI

Micumbergolley
Inafoudebolley.
There was a young man of Saint-B.
Who was terribly stung by a wasp
When asked Does it hurt
He said Yes it does,
He can do it again if he likes.

There was a young man with yellow pages
whose feet stretched through the Middle Ages
He wanted to catch them
He couldn't touch them
Ended up boiling eggs in a parking building
Yolked up the cracks with quick welding
He couldn't be bothered
so he sat in the ceiling
and did the job in easy stages with a unicycle.

I thought I saw
a Spatagodoneodiencientichaoequercituvbat
Oh what it was!
Oh fancy that!
The wind is blowing through my hair
It feels like my head is bare.

With a vevo with a vivo
with a vevo-vivo-vum
Wum get a rat-trap bigger than a cat-trap
Wum get a cat-trap bigger than a rat-trap
Cannibal cannibal sizz-boom-bah
Potatoes tomatoes rah rah rah.

Birds fly gracefully and gently through the air
I wish I could fly with them out all the people would
stand and stare.

620
ABOUT THE CONTRIBUTORS

NIEL WRIGHT wrote the editorial.

JACK RICHARDS once recited aloud the following piece:

......................... ......................... ........

PETER WILSON is thought to live in Australia. He is not a student. Nitz neither is Michael Heath. Neither is Paul Protheroe. Neither is Polly Plumar.

SLURLU HUBA is a Pakistani-born Wellington greengrocer at present completing his PhD in dendrochronology.

J S BIM ( )

GEORGE THOMPSON is believed to be a security agent for the Bolivian government.

SHERYLL WRIGHT, SHARLENE WRIGHT, both go to Te Aro School.


TIPU lives in a tepee.

THRICNAN MELAN AUCNIN burned the cakes.

DENNIS LIST comes Foil-Wrapped for your protection.

KATHY LUTTON
is a terrible glutton.
One day she sat down and ate a whole leg of mutton all of a sudden.

JULIE BROOK
was killed by a crook
who strangled her with a picture hook.

ANON is in general an unknown quantity, but could perhaps best be described as a Jingly.
If you think you can do better then this—here is a place to try.