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gauntleted hand with a perched peregrine, or the sparse tussock country of Central Otago with one hovering harrier above, you probably dismiss the bird with a slight shudder, remembering with pity the hundreds of small creatures which provide the lifetime of meals of even one such bird of prey. Dr. Falla, however, would point out that you are judging by human standards a creature of another species, a bird, moreover, particularly adapted for the hunting life it leads; and a bird which plays the necessary part of scavenger, destroying mainly the weaklings which otherwise would breed too prolifically. New Zealand has two kinds of hawks, and the speaker compared them with aeroplane types—the harrier, built on the lines of a bomber for hunting in the open, the smaller, swifter bush-hawk, a fighter capable of striking the head of its prey while diving through the air at a hundred miles per hour. The spectacular hunting of this bird would have to be seen to be believed, as it swoops on its prey in full flight. It is quite possible to believe, as Dr. Falla mentioned in this talk, that the New Zealand bush hawk, taken overseas, has more than held its own in contests of falconry.

Truth or Consequences

SO 42B is playing *Truth or Consequences*! The night I heard it, the contestants seemed more eager to pay their forfeits than to answer the questions correctly. One competitor imitated the bagpipes at a moment's notice with not a little histrionic ability, another dismissed a lazy employee with invective, but on the whole, the game hasn't risen to those heights of ingenuity reached in the American version. There they hold the "show" in a theatre, and elaborate practical jokes are played on the contestants, the studio audience being "in the know." On one occasion, the sponsors hired a hall, issued hundreds



of free tickets to musicians to hear a "famous Russian violinist," who was advertised for weeks beforehand. When "Truth or Consequences" was played on the night of the concert, an unfortunate woman competitor had a violin in her hands, was hustled into a taxi, and found herself pushed on to the stage before a packed audience who awaited a mythical Russian—SHE was the virtuoso! She had never played a note of music on any instrument in her life! The American audience was amused by the hoax, which was followed by a genuine concert by local musicians, but we wonder just how far, along the lines of the elaborate practical joke, a New Zealand studio could go before public opinion voted the whole thing a farce?

THAT'LL BE THE DAY!

When A High-brow Is Proud To Admit It

(Written for "The Listener" by KAY)



ONE of your contributors had the hardihood the other day to confess himself a low-brow. His courage arrested me at the time, but what I am now wondering is if I have ever heard anyone claim to be a high-brow.

When did people first begin to be conscious of their brows? Were there any in, say, Elizabethan times, or do they belong specifically to the industrial era? Apparently their Victorian equivalent was the blue-stocking with such an astonishing erudition as to put the wind up most people, especially males who felt themselves threatened by this dangerous new specimen.

The high-brow is still mostly feminine gender but no longer feared; in fact, rather a gay girl who likes a cocktail and has a quiver full of quips and limricks and an answer for every question. Even a question for every answer—that's where the cubic inches of the brow come in. She acquires her knowledge, not by solitude, by reading, or by thought, but by rapidly skimming the cream of the most select periodicals. Then she goes to parties and listens to the chit-chat that sometimes rises to great heights and adds her own adroit skimmings.

Be Candid About Sex

Sex must be candidly thrashed out, with its dark complexes and phallic symbols, which reveal themselves in the most unsuspected places. Everything is Freudian. The more knowingly you can talk about the implications of sex, the less you know about baby's napkins. As a general rule high-brows don't go in for families, which would dim their brows too much. Imagine the havoc in such circles if someone started to talk of infants' teething troubles.

The first pre-requisite of the high-brow is that she will lollop around in slacks in her leisure hours. The male of the species prefers corduroy velvet pants and suede shoes. But don't imagine that all women who wear slacks are prospective or fully-arrived high-brows. Some wear them because of comfort or perhaps because they think slacks give the figure more sales talk.

Nor must the slacks wearer be confused with the "women who wear the trousers"; that is, women who browbeat—and even beat—their husbands. Oddly enough, these real militants of their sex usually wear skirts and scorn those bogus usurpers, the slacks addicts.

The Cezanne prints pinned askew on the wall, earthenware mugs for tea or beer, cushions to sit on, unmade beds, everything orderly dismissed as being suburban—these are some of the attributes of high-browism, which is younger sister to bohemianism.

I have never met the high-brow yet who owned he or she was one. It is always the other fellow. But one day a super H.H.B. will rise up and say, I'm a high-brow and I'm proud of it! Then will follow instantly a change from derision to pride; because high-brows are, if nothing else, good echoes and they have often quite a nice discernment in picking the authentic echo.



We have the "arty" who dismiss politics and assert that art must remain uncontaminated by platform; the L.W. high-brows who maintain that their propaganda will go over big if cleverly dressed up with a pinch of art. But I must distinguish the L.W.H.B. from the

real social workers who would be on the right side of the barricades if the fight came. The others are what I call the hammer-and-sickle intelligentsia who freely quote Lenin and bring every topic back to the workers. It is noticeable that these exponents of the working class, these progressives as they call themselves, consort mostly with the higher-ups. But, as a rule, high-brows have few social snobberies. They are only intellectual snobs. One of the great unwashed, with the right pass in his hand, may find himself admitted.

A Sense of Adventure

They have certain haunts and are to be found at lunch hour eating rice with chopsticks in the Chinese quarter; and also at a small dark Inn off the main road. The Inn of course caters for a bigger clientele than the high-hats, but no horny-handed sons of toil are ever to be found in its Rembrandtian half-darkness.

It gives these people a sense of adventure to chat in a matey way with tram-drivers and fish-shop servers. The socially negligible, they're the ones to cultivate; they yield a richer crop; their clichés are most refreshing!

At highlight gatherings some names are never mentioned. Upton Sinclair, say, or Douglas Reed, or van Paasen. Dos Passos, well yes. Hemingway is slumping, Steinbeck is shrugged away.

Joyce of course, especially *Finnegan's Wake*, but Henry Miller and Eudora Welty are newer names.

Get Your Names Right

One name must always be whispered—the sacred name of Kafka. The supreme test is: do you know Kafka (Holderlin is also a maybe). If you don't, go and swat it up. *No pasaran* till you do.

Marx and Freud are *de rigueur*, although there are faint signs that both names are on the wane. Dash it, when one's greengrocer starts talking of "this Frood" it's time to substitute another name. Jung sounds so much fresher—like saying chartreuse for green.

It is most important to get your names right. Never confuse van Dyck, and you must pronounce Van Gogh as if you wore a kilt (but never mention his Sun-flowers—it's like mentioning Beethoven's Moonlight). The Steins must be known by heart: Ein, Ep, and—most important of all—Gertrude.

Picasso is a name that is getting round quite too much; better names to mention are Dali, or the queer paintings of that retired dress designer, Hirshfield.

When discussing films, the director must always be mentioned. Instead of saying, "Are you coming to A.B. Grable's in it," you must say, "Coming to A.B.?"—a Hitchcock. Words like montage, Welles, fade-outs, shots, and Pudovkin must be used freely. Never say, "The photography was good." That denotes a Primer One high-brow.

There are right ways of listening to music. With an intense absorption, with eyes shut tight (N.B.—this is crucial). You may sway, but never must you tap your feet. You must follow the music with the little caption from T. S. Eliot that fits the case. "Defunctive music under the Sea" to follow Debussy's Buried Cathedral; or the neat phrase thrown off carelessly to denote how much you are in the know about Opus 79A, that of course being late middle period before the composer became metaphysical. Bach could suitably be termed mathematical and Beethoven romantic.

To have one's ticket punched for admittance to these select little coterie in lounges, by the seaside, or in converted attics you've got to know a thing or two, but the main rule is: never talk about ordinary matters. Remember a few catchwords: Freudian, Apocryphal, Surrealist. They might do to go on with. And remember, grass is not green to a high-brow. Call it puce, a handkerchief of the Lord, anything you like but never, never call it green.



"The director must always be mentioned"