

from the misty rain in his crumpled grey suit. Somehow they had got talking. They had seen each other at the court and in the yard, and Quinn seemed to want to talk. He remembered now how Quinn had told him all about his record. Three times up for burglary, the last time with a list of 27 charges. He had done a six-months, and a year for the first two and he was scared he'd get three years this time. He got it, too, after a month in the rain and cold of the remand yard.

QUINN had told him how even when he'd just been out of the Mount only for a couple of weeks, he had started it all over again. All his good promises to himself, to the Chief, and to God, wouldn't keep him from it. He got a job at Westfield and was dragging down over eight quid a week. So it wasn't the money; he admitted that himself. And Quinn had told him how one Saturday night, just after his tea, he began thinking of rapping a place. He couldn't get the thought out of his mind. So he decided to go to the pictures to forget it. For a while when he was shaving and getting ready he had forgotten it. But it came again. All the way in on the tram he had fought against it. And the pictures wiped it out altogether so that Quinn was like the rest sitting in the dark, their minds alive only to the luminous screen. But on the way home to his room, Quinn said, he felt it again. More and more. So much that he would be looking at the shops passing by, picking the easy ones, planning the harder ones. When the tram stopped right outside a suburban dairy he had said that he nearly got out to look the place over, to peer into the shadows at the back, to discover the best way in. Somehow he had made it back to the room all right, but the thing was there, like a dream flooding through him, a rising tide flooding him to crime. And Sunday would be worse. He promised himself not to do anything. But he soon found himself on a tram to a suburb where he knew it would start all over again. Wandering up and down the quiet streets he would be looking the shops over. Something would make him pick on one. And then there was no turning back. That night he would do it. And he wouldn't rest until he had. Then in the day that followed he would fight it again, threatening himself with his new guilt. But again and again. At Westfield by day, a burglar by night. And the stuff he took—a radio, some cutlery, an electric iron, or some handy money. All small stuff really, but a lot of it. Prowling around at night he would mount up the entries. Until sooner or later he would get caught. And funny thing, Quinn had always got caught on the job. The three times they had grabbed him he had done something so stupid, so obvious, that they couldn't help but get him. Last time he had been trying to ram a hole in a three-ply door in a shop, when there was a lock right beside him! Making a row the neighbours heard when he could have quietly forced the lock, instead.

HE remembered how stupid he had thought it was for Quinn to do that. But now, six months later he could see that it would happen again, too. He began to realise that he could see some reason in it all. Ever since he had read a series of articles in one of the digests from the library about psychology he'd been trying to figure out what it all meant. In the summer heat, words, ideas

and phrases that he had hung on to from the locked-in hours of the cell and the magazines—ideas came back in the warmth of the afternoon. There was something about people doing things because they had to, because of—the word eluded him, and then he remembered—because of compulsion. Because they had to. They did things because they were compelled to—that was what Quinn did—he remembered now that Quinn had said himself that he had to do it. Even when he knew that there was the Mount again, he still had to do it.

This new association pleased him—Quinn connected with some idea on psychology. The discovery warmed him. He repeated it over in his mind and again and again to ensure its strength and warmth. The comfort was real, the words Quinn and compulsion repeating, chanting in his mind. The comfort was real, almost a reprieve. But how did it figure out with himself—or the others? He tried to recall some of the words, some of the ideas from the digest. It was vague, confusing. But out of the bewilderment arose the magical thought—Quinn was a criminal and they had explained him. He himself was a criminal and they would explain him too. Perhaps not now, or in years, but sometime, someday, they would find out why he was bound to his crime as Quinn was. If they can figure out the world, and the stars, and everything, they'll learn about crime too. And then they would all be free. Quinn and himself, and Williams down the wall, and Smithy over there in the corner—all these men under the high stone walls would be free. Men here in prison and in crime would be free! he thought. O God, what sweet thought is this! He could hear the song of the cicada singing in his head. The tears of childhood were rising in his throat. The ecstasy of freedom, the lifting of his burden, the winging of his soul, the joy of this boundless hope. All these men under the stone walls were free! He was giving them their freedom—prison was no more! Take your freedom, men—he wanted to shout it out. No more crime, no more shame, guilt gone from the world for ever. Was this the Love of God? Was this religion in his godless mind?

Quinn's head in front of him, the same as it was a few moments before—but blurred now with a happiness so strong and strange, a joy from God Himself. And the warmth of the summer sun, warmer now, and the triumph of the cicada's song, strong as the trumpets of heaven, repeating in mounting chorus the rise of the furthest happiness. Louder, shriller, sings the cicada, each burst a mighty chord of sound. The shimmering crystal of sound, the cicada on the wall, vibrating through stone and air and mind.

Quinn's hand moved slowly, poised above the green and shining body.

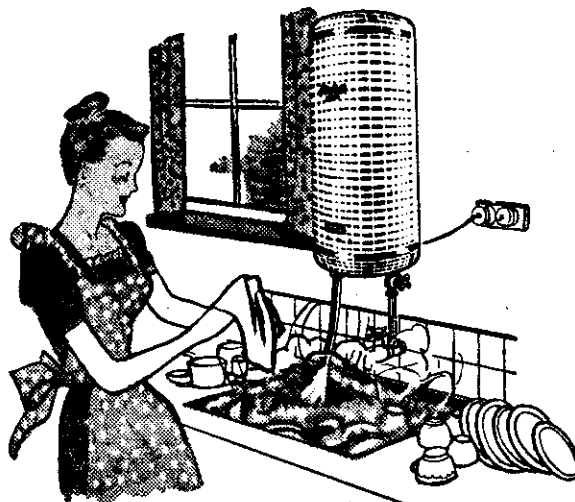
NATIONAL FILM UNIT

THE New Zealand Olympic Team, now en route to the Olympic Games, is the subject of the N.Z. National Film Unit's Weekly Review No. 350, to be released on May 21. The picture runs the full reel, and shows each member of the N.Z. Olympic Team in action. The camera-man went on board ship with the team on the day of departure, and the team's manager, in a sound interview, speaks of their hopes of winning some of the events and of the happy relations existing among them all.

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