

criticism of its successors was that they too failed to solve a grievous problem; not that there was no problem there till Benthamites invented it.

Nevertheless, a case remains. Men have in fact been tragically over-confident in the power of human reason to bring about quick improvement. The "cult of the strong remedial state" is now at least partially exploded, and we may well agree that recent trends in West as well as East give stern warning that we should scrutinise the foundations of our social thinking. In this scrutiny, the range of thinkers presented by Mr. Kirk will give valuable aid. They must be supplemented, however, by thought drawn from a wider constituency. Moreover, some means can surely be found, by a mind more balanced than Mr. Kirk's, to stress values of tradition and discipline without losing the capacity for good hot 18th Century wrath at the sight of iniquity.

PARIHAKA COMEDY-TRAGEDY

THE PARIHAKA STORY, by Dick Scott; Southern Cross Books, Auckland, 14 6.

THIS historian of the long series of blunders that centred on the Taranaki Maori town of Parihaka is not quite just to other historians. The treatment given Parihaka in "the history books" (some of which he names) is "less than satisfactory," and he said to a Taranaki Maori that if it is mentioned at all, "usually it's to tell a string of lies." General histories of New Zealand are few, and heavy condensation of events, or omission, is unavoidable. In a general history that was widely read, I wrote nearly three pages about Parihaka, and told a story not different in essentials from Mr. Scott's, except that on the subsequent allocation of land he writes with fuller and later knowledge. I am sure no contemporary historian, or student of history, would question the main lines of his indictment.

Mr. Scott is a passionate advocate for the Maori, rather than a judicial historian. Burning with a sense of injustice, he draws heavily in black, without shading. I suggest there is rather more than nothing to be said for the Taranaki settlers. His history, product of much research, would be even more impressive had he written it with less bitterness and violence. Why drag in "Massey's Cosacks" and the Petrov case? However, the European record at Parihaka is a very sorry one, and Mr. Scott has done well to piece it together in so much detail.

From the Waitara blunder sprang the Taranaki war, wide confiscations of land, and broken promises about Maori reserves. The Parihaka Maoris simply wanted their land, and they were led by that very remarkable man Te Whiti—prophet, mystic, pacifist, unbending on principle, but shrewd in stratagem, and witty and ironical in negotiation. On the European side there was land hunger and talk of war and even of extermination. Unable to overcome Te Whiti's non-military resistance, the Government in November, 1881, sent an army to the large, prosperous and happy town of Parihaka, where it was met by children chanting songs and then by the rest of the populace, unarmed, gathered quietly on the marae.

Never was a punitive force made to look more ridiculous, but the comedy faded when the troops pulled down houses and damaged or looted the contents, and destroyed crops. Added to this, in its administration of the law and

special penal legislation, the Government shockingly violated the principles of justice.

I should say Mr. Scott's most original contribution is his 'denial, backed by evidence, of other historians' statements that adequate reserves were provided for the Parihaka people. He contends that, despite good intentions, justice has never been done. And he shows—a matter germane to our general attitude to the Maori—how deeply and lastingly these folk were wounded. There were Parihaka Maoris who would not sign a document, even to their benefit, or accept social security from the Government. The Maori has a very long memory.

—A.M.

CHAPLAIN'S STORY

CAPTIVITY CAPTIVE, by James B. Chutter; Jonathan Cape, English price 13/6.

I LIKED Padre Chutter's willingness to discuss all aspects of prisoner-of-war life with frankness and common sense: informers, sex, the infidelity of prisoners' wives, the deaths caused by our own bombers are points that come to mind. And although from their presentation I imagine that his parishioners have heard many of his stories before—some of his sentences have a polished, pulpit roundness—they are good stories for all that, some with a moral, some of them amusing. His visits outside the camp to wounded in hospitals in Italy and Germany gave him contact with the people denied his fellow prisoners and allowed him to study the character of enemy guards and civilians and their reactions to defeat and the futility of war.

Senior chaplain in the Second South African Division, Padre Chutter was taken prisoner at Tobruk in June, 1942, and spent the rest of the war in enemy hands. His account of the fall of Tobruk and a brief sketch of the character of the commander often blamed for its surrender, General Klopper, are historically perhaps the most valuable part of his book. Some of it, but not too much, is concerned with religion in prisoner-of-war camps, in which an important New Zealand contribution was the use of New Zealand raisins in making the Communion wine.

—W.A.G.

LOVE-LIFE OF A PRIMA DONNA

FORSAKEN ALTARS, the Autobiography of Marguerite D'Alvarez; Rupert Hart-Davis, English price 21/-.

"SHE was often in love, but never married—except to her art." If the loves of Madame D'Alvarez seem to fill more pages of her autobiography than the music, it is, I suppose, because frustrated sex makes a much better story than successful singing.

Marguerite D'Alvarez was born of a Peruvian father and a French mother in Liverpool. She studied in Brussels and sang in many of the world's great opera houses. Her debut in England was in 1911 at the London Opera House when she sang the contralto roles of the Queen in Massenet's *Herodiade* and the mother in *Louise*. "Her rich voice—of full operatic range—impressed all listeners." Madame D'Alvarez also enjoyed great success on the concert platform, although it was said that "she fell into certain exaggerations of style and used more gesture than to English taste, at any rate, was necessary on the platform." One gathers from Madame D'Alvarez's book that she agreed entirely with this

(continued on next page)

Having wonderful Time..



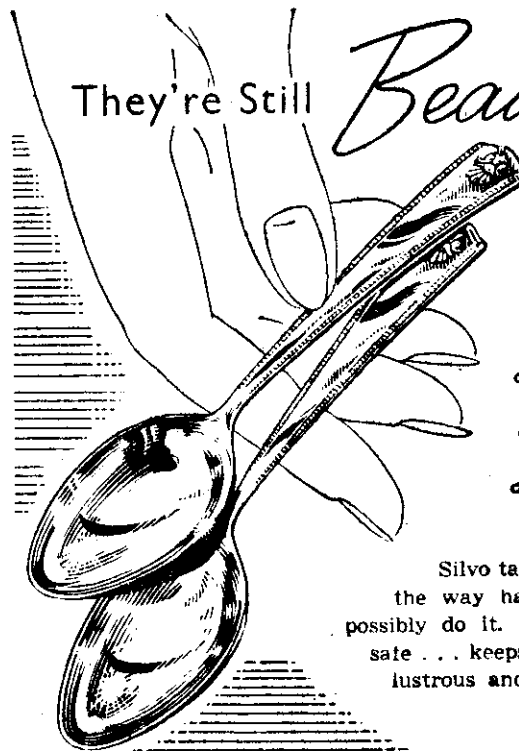
... means using and enjoying your Hafis self-winding watch! Precision-perfect. Hafis's Duamatic provides over 40 hours reserve power. Wear it everywhere and you know it's waterproof, shock-protected, and anti-magnetic. Compare it in style and function with any other watch you'll choose the Hafis Duamatic!



EXCLUSIVE TO JEWELLERS
IN YOUR TOWN

DC.1

They're Still Beautiful



thanks to



Silvo takes care of your cutlery the way harsh cleaners can't possibly do it. Silvo is so gentle, so safe... keeps all your silverware lustrous and lovely... like new!

S.O.40