



# 10 YEARS IN ENTERTAINMENT



where she could practise on her new limb without getting knocked about. The same day, Victor, the rooster, got roaring drunk, having eaten a lot of fermented apples. So Victor, too, was removed from the fowl-run and put in a box under the grand piano in the living room. Unfortunately, the same day a reporter was sent from a leading New York paper to interview our playwright.

As is the manner of reporters, he first interviewed Mr. Macquarrie's housekeeper to get some intimate details about his daily life. The housekeeper, a garrulous old soul, showed him Pamela, stotting around in her wooden leg in the back room, and Victor, disgusting drunk, under the grand piano. What impression this made upon his mind we shall see later. Then he saw Hector.

After the interview the young man prepared to go, but suddenly it began to thunder, lighten and teem with rain, so Hector invited him to light his pipe and rest by the fire, and the two men fell into conversation upon literature in general.

"To my mind," observed Hector, "the world's greatest literature is in the Bible. For instance, there's the 13th of Corinthians, that chapter on love."

"I'm afraid I don't know it," confessed the reporter.

Hector got down the Bible and read the passage, and we can imagine how lovingly he chanted the sonorous syllables: "Love envieth not and is kind; love vaunteth not itself, is not unseemly, seeketh not her own; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things, etc., etc."

"If I have a creed," said Hector, "it is that. It is my ideal."

The rain ceased and the reporter left.

The next day Hector picked up the New York paper to read his interview. Imagine his horror when he beheld, seven columns wide, the headlines, "ECCENTRIC NEW ZEALAND DRAMATIST FOUNDS ABODE OF LOVE." The article went on to describe Hector's "Abode of Love" to which even animals were admitted. Then followed a comic description of Victor, the rooster, and Pamela, a hen. The rules of the Abode, said the paper, were all derived from Biblical sources, chiefly the 13th chapter of Corinthians.

For the next three days Hector was snowed under a drift of correspondence—letters by the hundred from people who were indignant at him for starting an Abode

of Love; letters by the thousand from women who wanted to come and live with him in the Abode of Love! Then he wrote to the paper demanding a withdrawal of the statements. They were withdrawn—in a half-inch paragraph at the bottom of a back page where no one was likely to see it.

The finest New Zealand novel of the last decade is undoubtedly Mr. J. A. Lee's "Children of the Poor." This deals with reality, but not, alas, present day reality. Lighter and less are the books of Nelle M. Scanlan, the

cheerful writer of the Pencarrow saga, a pleasantly written history of a pioneer family in this country. Still lighter, and in the same pleasing vein are the books of Rosemary Rees. This lady is on the stage and is a better actress than novelist. A New Zealander whose work is strong if morbid is Jean Devanny, who achieved the distinction of having her book, "The Butcher's Shop," banned in the Dominion. This lady is now in Sydney where she does work of some distinction as a speaker and writer. She, by the way, is a Communist.

Quite an event was the publication of "Journalese," by Robin Hyde, a bright presentation of journalistic life in this country. This book was an artistic success and a financial failure, but it was a gallant attempt which one hopes will precede a victory with her next work, "Cheque to Your King," a life of that intriguing French nobleman, the Baron de Thierry. Robin Hyde is also a poet of considerable merit, her one book of verse, "The Desolate Star," containing some lovely and haunting songs.

Another success to be recorded was the publication of Quentin Pope's anthology, "Kowhai Gold," a very fine collection of modern New Zealand verse. Too, our best lyricist, A. R. D. Fairburn, had a book of exquisite poetry published in London—"He Shall Not Rise." Since that time Fairburn's genius has burned to a mellow glow infinitely superior to his early sparks and flashes, and one looks forward to seeing his next book ere long.

More spectacular was the (Continued on page 66.)



"Hector Bolitho (above), who writes of royalty, grandeur and pageantry... if Hector does not get knight-hood some day soon I'll eat my words." Nelle Scanlan (left), another New Zealand writer who has turned out a considerable number of novels in the last few years.