

ingredients in the national consciousness over the last thirty or forty years, the library developing rather later, I think, than the university: certainly both becoming serious institutions. You cannot cut them arbitrarily apart. The university has three functions: to spread knowledge, to preserve knowledge, to extend knowledge; or, if you prefer it put more actively, to teach men to think, to preserve the results of former thinking, to foster that sort of thinking called research. Are not the functions of the library the same? – though fundamentally it may be devoted to providing the means of thought rather than training in thought. You may say: Ah, but what about the laboratories and the computers of the physicist and the chemist and the engineer? Haven't they a primary, a superlative importance in the modern world? And does the Turnbull or the Hocken or the G.A.L. or the Country Library Service provide these? No, none of them does; but the demands those fellows, physicist, chemist, engineer, make on the library in the course of their work is quite astonishing; and they are quite as self-righteous in their demands as the classical scholar, the economist, the historian. You may like to warn me that I am talking too much in terms of scholarship, that I have forgotten the works of imagination, the story, the play, the poem. No, I have not forgotten them, I do not wish to maim the library, I wish to see in it all the nobility, the exultations and anguish and meditations of the human mind; and I think we can classify them as knowledge: more important than some of its other departments, yes. You may like to bring into the discussion a country's archive collection; and I should say Of course, and say it eagerly, if I were discussing the preservation and utilization of all the records of the country's development and identity, all its links with humankind. The historian, or certain sorts of historian, may lean on both library and archives, possibly equally on both. I should agree that we have very lately come by a sense of responsibility in relation to archives. But archives and library are not the same thing; and I am discussing the library.

I am driving at something else, in relation to the library, in relation to its seriousness, in relation to our responsibility to civilization. I am driving from a different direction at the development of the library in New Zealand, in the development of the librarian. I hark back in the first place to my own no doubt tedious memories of literary life in colonial Wellington, of Andrew Lang among my father's books, my romance-sodden youth, my uncertainties, the librarians who were such significant figures to me, the summary of a librarian's qualifications by my much-admired schoolmaster. When I look back at those librarians I have to smile – not, quite certainly, in a scornful or patronising way. If I did so I should deserve scorn myself. Then in what way? In the way – I fumble with these words – in which one looks back at practitioners