The Turnbull Library RECORD

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EDITOR: J. E. TRAUE

ASSISTANT EDITOR: PENELOPE GRIFFITH

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The Turnbull Library RECORD

Wellington New Zealand
The Friends of the Turnbull Library

Volume Fifteen Number One May 1982

ALEXANDER TURNBULL LIBRARY
Research Endowment Fund

The Board of the Alexander Turnbull Library Endowment Trust invites applications for grants from its Research Endowment Fund.

The Fund has the general objectives of 'the advancement of learning and the arts and sciences through the support of scholarly research and publication based on the collections of the Alexander Turnbull Library' and it may create scholarships and fellowships, make grants for research and publication, and sponsor seminars, conferences and lectures.

Grants are now being made available to provide additional support for scholars at all levels who wish to conduct research towards a publication based on the Library's collections.

Applications should be sent to: The Secretary, Alexander Turnbull Library Research Endowment Fund, Box 12349, Wellington North.

The Research Endowment Fund's programmes are supported by grants from the Sir John Ilott Charitable Trust, the Todd Foundation, the Sutherland Self-Help Trust, the Minister of Internal Affairs from Lottery funds, and from the profits on the Cooper Prints 1980 (published in association with the New Zealand Wool Board) and the Heaphy Prints 1981 (published in association with the Fletcher Holdings Charitable Trust).

Contents

Two books from Horace Walpole's library held by the Turnbull

SIMON CAUCHI

The two books are George Keate's *An Account of the Pelew Islands* (London, 1788) and the three-volume edition of *Nugae Antiquae* (London, 1779), edited by Henry Harington from the papers of his Elizabethan ancestors, John Harington of Stepney and Sir John Harington of Kelston. There are entries for both books in Allen T. Hazen's *A Catalogue of Horace Walpole's Library* (New Haven and London, 1969), where Keate's *Account* is No.271 and *Nugae Antiquae* is No.3814. Hazen's descriptions are full and accurate, but he had not seen the books and did not know their present location. The purpose of this note is to add a few more details taken from an examination of the books themselves and also to report the disappointing finding that only two of the annotations in *Nugae Antiquae* can be attributed to Walpole.

Hazen records the books' subsequent ownership down to their appearance in Quaritch's catalogues. Turnbull presumably bought them directly from Quaritch, Keate's *Account* not before 1909 and *Nugae Antiquae* not before 1915. I have found no record of the purchases in Turnbull's surviving papers, but Miss Walton advises me that a note in the front of the first volume of *Nugae Antiquae* is in Turnbull's handwriting. Unless evidence is found to the contrary, I believe both books should be considered part of Turnbull's 1918 bequest.

Walpole's habit of annotating his books has been fully described by Wilmarth Lewis in his 1957 Sandars Lectures (included in Hazen's *Catalogue*) and elsewhere. 'I love nothing so much as writing notes in my books', wrote Walpole in 1775. 'There are marginalia in at least two-thirds of his books that have been recovered', adds Lewis. Walpole read and annotated *Nugae Antiquae*, but Keate's *Account* is not annotated in any way. One suspects Walpole never read it, but he may have studied the illustrations, for (as Hazen records) he kept the book in Press B of the Main Library at Strawberry Hill, together with books on the arts and on numismatics. The press-mark was presumably lost when the book was re-bound in calf by Zaehnsdorf for a subsequent owner, R. T. Hamilton Bruce. The bookplate on the fly-leaf is the third of Walpole's three designs: 'BP^2 later state', as Hazen and

Lewis call it. Keate's letter of presentation to Walpole is now in the Turnbull's manuscript collection (MS Papers 2167):

Dear Sir

Allow me before its publication to request you will do me the Honor of accepting the Account of the pelew Islands which accompanies this. in which I flatter myself you will find some Scenes to engage your Attention. I am sorry that the necessary attendance on this publication has deprived of the pleasure of meeting you but hope I shall see you before I leave Town or you fix for the Summer.

I beg leave to present the Compts of Mrs Keate and my daughter and to assure you that I am with great Respect Dear Sir

Yr obliged & most
obed. hble Servt.
Geo. Keate

Tuesday Morning
17th June.

Walpole's bookplates in *Nugae Antiquae* are also 'BP² later state'. They are placed inside the front cover of each volume. Press-marks 'R.24', 'R.25' and '26' are written in ink on the versos of the marbled end-papers. These indicate the location of the set in Press R of the Round Tower, the fourth and last room at Strawberry Hill to be adapted to house Walpole's expanding library. The catalogue entry for the 1882 Sotheby's sale has been tipped in at the front of the first volume. This attributes the binding in red morocco to Roger Payne, but Hazen accepts Bohn's 1842 attribution to Kalthoeber. There is no label or other positive identification of the

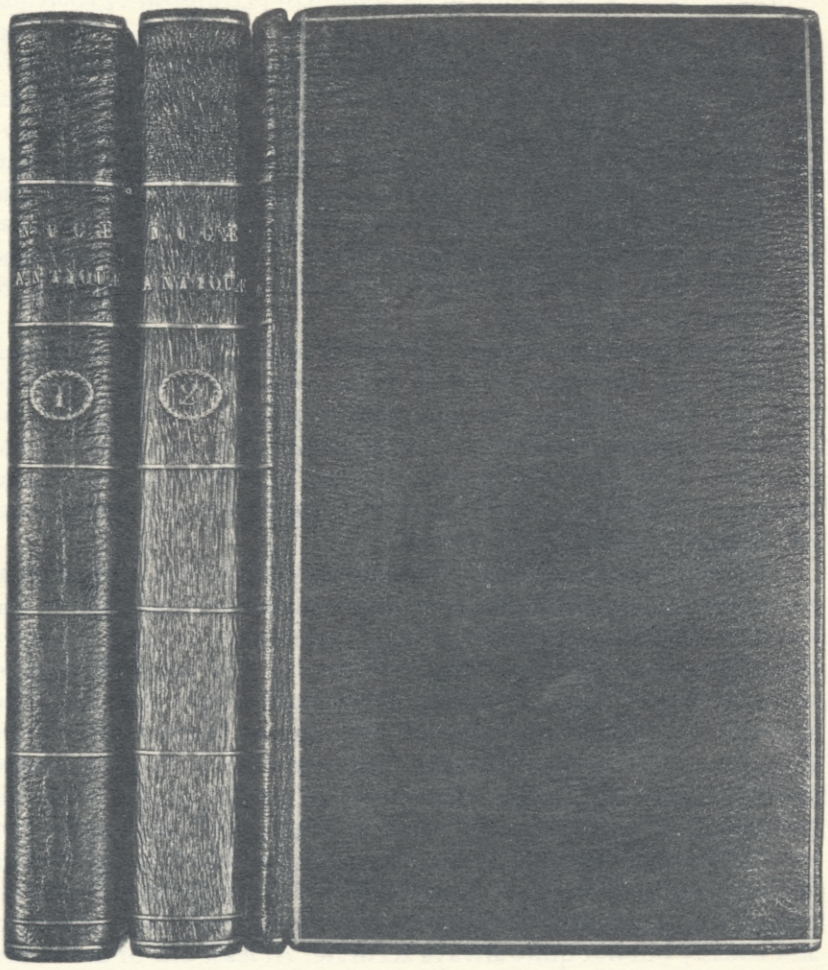
binder in the book itself. The binding design is simple but elegant, with gilt-stamped decoration and gilt-edged pages. Also at the front of the first volume someone, probably a dealer, has written 'No.3158' (presumably a catalogue number), and Turnbull has added the phrase: 'a few pencil notes by Horace Walpole'.

One of Walpole's two notes is on the blank page facing the press-mark in volume two. It reads: 'see two most curious letters at p.132, & 271. H. W.'. These are well-known letters, one written by Sir John Harington to Robert Markham and the other by Lord Thomas Howard to Sir John Harington, both of which have been reprinted by N. E. McClure in his edition of Harington's *Letters and Epigrams* (Philadelphia, 1930; see pp.32–34 and 121–26). The first letter describes Queen Elizabeth's rage when she read Harington's account of Essex's Irish campaign, and the second letter advises Harington how best to conduct himself in the changed circumstances of the court of King James. Walpole's other note is in volume three, page 286. A cross is set against the word 'Earl' in the heading above a poem (Wyatt's 'My lute awake') and another cross at the foot of the page introduces the note: 'This must have been the Viscount [not Earl of] Rochford, brother of Anne Boleyn, & beheaded on her account'.

Walpole owned at least one other copy of the 1779 edition (Hazen No.411) and references in his correspondence show that he read an earlier volume of *Nugae Antiquae* published in 1775 as well. His use of the two books now in the Turnbull seems to have been quite typical of him. It is well known that he had literary, artistic and antiquarian interests and that he was profoundly bored by accounts of uncivilized parts of the world.

All three volumes of *Nugae Antiquae* have also been annotated in pencil in another hand, and two longer notes written in ink in the same or a similar non-Walpole hand were found on slips of paper placed between the pages they referred to. The separate slips of paper have now been transferred to the manuscript collection. The authorship of these non-Walpole annotations is not known, nor does it matter very much, for they are none of them original (I have checked them all). Some later owner or reader of the book has compared it with Thomas Park's re-arranged and annotated two-volume edition of *Nugae Antiquae*, published in 1804 after Walpole's death, and has copied into the book points of interest from Park's annotations. The transcriptions are selective, abridged and usually but not quite always accurate. At least one of them, the slip of paper about a 'pretty jewell' presented to Queen Elizabeth, perpetuates an error of Park's—the error is fully documented by Ruth Hughey in her *John Harington of Stepney* (Columbus, Ohio, 1971; see note 312 on pp. 240-41). A pencil note in volume one,

page 176, declares the transcriber's source. It reads:'This should be Dr Parry. Bp 1607. & of Worcester 1610. ob 1616. see Park's Edition'.



Nugae Antiquae, *edited by Henry Harington (London, 1779) in the red morocco binding which has been attributed to Roger Payne.*

THE TURNBULL WINTER LECTURES 1981

New Zealand through the Arts: Past and Present

SIR TOSSWILL WOOLLASTON

ALLEN CURNOW

WITI IHIMAERA

A series of lunchtime lectures delivered at the Turnbull House
25 May to 15 June 1981

Introduction

For the Friends of the Turnbull Library and their supporters the year 1981 saw a new venture well and truly launched. Its purpose was twofold: to add something tangible to the cultural life of the city, linked to the Library and its collections, and to draw from that very rich stream of lunch-time citizens new and intellectually potent (perhaps even politically wise) champions for the ever growing interests of the Turnbull Library.

The idea which started with Colin Davis, a member of the committee of the Friends, was an excellent one and did not seem to present too many difficulties. The Library has collections that have bearing on most aspects of our national life and development. It was only a matter of finding a sufficiently attractive, inaugural topic, dividing that topic into, say, four separate aspects that could be loosely linked under the umbrella of the general title, and matching speakers to those four.

There was, of course, that ever present curse of money. A small subcommittee held to its purpose by Dr Reg Tye was determined that everything should be done in an exemplary way. Speakers should not only be given a fee worthy of the occasion and of their own professionalism, but should not have any out-of-pocket expenses. Fortunately the Minister of Internal Affairs recognised the merit in our proposal and we were able to benefit from lottery funds, by an inaugural grant that made it possible to keep admission fees to a reasonable level.

The general topic seemed to suggest itself, or perhaps the Library collections in their totality suggested it for us: 'New Zealand through the arts, past and future'. In an election year with partisan feeling running high, it was entirely appropriate to our purpose that we should stand on politically neutral ground. We quickly settled that the arts should be represented by painting, music, poetry and something historically of longer term significance, the Maori attitude to literature from the perspective of an established oral tradition. In our enthusiasm we may have asked ourselves if this was to be the occasion of the resolution of the apophthegm contained in the last lines of that yet to be excelled evaluation of New Zealand letters and art by E. H. McCormick:

> 'between two worlds, one dead,
> The other powerless to be born'.

For speakers we invited four who were pre-eminent in their respective fields, men who by their own achievements commanded

respect throughout the land: for painting, Sir Tosswill Woollaston; for music, Jack Body; for poetry, Allen Curnow and for literature and Maori life, Witi Ihimaera.

The most appropriate venue was the room that Alexander Turnbull had built for his collection of rare books in the former premises of the Library, now Turnbull House. This fine, panelled room, now used as an assembly and lecture room for Wellington citizens, seats about one hundred people. This, or an alternative room above it, we thought, would give the right degree of intimacy, together with comfortable hearing for all who might wish to attend. Tickets for the whole series were printed, Friends were given a small discount, a limited amount of advertising was attended to, and we were in business.

It did not, of course, work out quite as we had expected, although, as you will see from the printed versions of three of the lectures that follow, it was indeed the occasion of distinguished contributions from notable men. First, our audiences: none better could have been assembled, but our Friends were more eager to sample the good fare than we had calculated and took up all the seats, leaving none for the passing citizen whom we had planned to capture. This was a very agreeable miscalculation—what can be more pleasing to the entrepreneur of whatsoever hue than the full house sign? But it has left us with the problem for the next series of satisfying our Friends, retaining a degree of intimacy, and providing space for the *bienvenu*.

Nor did our speakers relate their own highly illumined experiences to the general theme of 'New Zealand through . . .' that we had expected. Instead we were given four very individual glimpses of how four very gifted speakers saw either themselves in relation to their topic or how they saw an aspect of that topic. One speaker, Jack Body, chose the latter method and discussed with a delighted audience the sounds and cadences that he had heard throughout Indonesia. It was indeed a privilege to be let into the secret of what new sounds attract the ear of a gifted composer, and we were given examples of those sounds on tape or on actual, exotic, instrument. Without those sounds the lecture would lose much of its purpose, and with reluctance we have decided not to print it.

Two of the other lectures do indeed have a common theme. Sir Tosswill said in his 'A Narrow Peep at New Zealand Art', 'It is whether we paint well that matters, much more than whether it is New Zealand. If we do—then unconsciously some New Zealand quality may be found to have crept in.' This in apposition to a comment on the work of Mina Arndt, of whom he said that her painting belonged entirely to Europe. 'Motueka . . . is only a

romantic European dream.' Sir Tosswill spoke of the influence on his own painting of reproductions of the works of Rembrandt, Constable and Cézanne, quoted E. C. Simpson as saying that the influences exerted by knowledge of the works of other painters is as important as the chosen subject—if McCahon is our greatest painter it '. . . seems to follow that New Zealand painting thrives on influence'—and concluded that nationality, when discernible, is not the most important feature of painting.

Allen Curnow took a similar line with his proposition that the *theory*, any theory, of poetry is always a secondary manifestation: 'poetics follow poems, not the other way round.' Curnow then guided us through the attitudes to form in poetry as seen by Ezra Pound and others, ending up (too early in his talk?) with the American Charles Olson and his rules for poetry, or what Olson calls projective poetry. In this, one perception leads inevitably to another perception, the inference being that any New Zealandness is entirely incidental.

To his task of linking Maori aspirations in art and literature to the mainstream of New Zealand endeavour, Witi Ihimaera, by seeking a supra-nationality stance, also adopted an attitude similar to that of Woollaston and Curnow, in that it was intrinsic merit and historic relevance that he sought rather than something aggressively nationalistic. But with perception, warmth and humility, Ihimaera has tackled that additional problem of '. . . the attempt to make the connection between Maori experience and the art and literature and then to extend the linkages, set and fix them tight, across the empty spaces which we all inhabit'. He is too wise to claim the final answer, but he has conceived an extremely sensitive delineation of what is involved.

These, then, are three of the inaugural Turnbull Winter Lectures. By setting personal experience and perception above all else, attributes which were matured in this land, they may indeed have given notice that we as a nation are now mature enough to concentrate on art itself and let nationality look after itself.

I. McL. WARDS
Chairman, Winter Lectures 1981

A narrow peep at New Zealand art

SIR TOSSWILL WOOLLASTON

I cannot help wondering if it is wise to ask a mere artist to talk about painting, especially a present day one, who must have heard what Matisse said, that a painter should cut out his tongue. And, one as uneducated as myself who never even got his diploma of fine arts. Can you imagine Picasso talking to an audience for three-quarters of an hour on Mediterranean painting? I find it difficult to conceive. Constable, on the other hand, would have obliged with a talk of any length asked for, on 'The Art'. But perhaps not on 'English Painting'? His predilection for the expression 'The Art' seems to me to suggest that when he thought about painting it wasn't particularly of its Englishness. The painting that elbowed his into second-rate positions at the Academy exhibitions would have been nowhere near as English as his was, and that despite the fact that it was a Dutch painter initially who had greatly inspired his landscape work.

The art favoured by the controllers of exhibitions in his time deliberately modelled itself on popular subject painting from Europe. It was immensely popular in England too, at the same time as it was dying of mannerism. Constable's painting, most English, wasn't so I suspect as a result of his worrying about whether it was so or not. I would be surprised to hear that the word 'English painting' had ever escaped his lips. Is it good therefore, I wonder, that the term 'New Zealand painting' is constantly on ours? It seems it might be a little like saying 'Lord, Lord', and yet being none of His. It is whether we paint well that matters, much more than whether it is New Zealand. If we do, then unconsciously some New Zealand quality may be found to have crept in.

* * *

In my own case it was two reproductions of European painting that first stimulated me in a definite direction. They were only small reproductions in black and white, in a late number of Arthur Mee's *Children's Encyclopedia*. I was thirteen at the time, I remember. When I first saw original painting—that is, other than reproductions—I was eighteen and had lost my way. My excitement at seeing Cézanne and Sisley at thirteen wasn't even a

memory any more. Except some watercolours, what I saw at eighteen excited me less than I would have liked it to. It was the Suter Art Society's spring exhibition in Nelson in 1928. It must have been a typical sample of New Zealand painting of the time; most of the exhibitors lived and painted in Nelson. If not they had and, moving away, had retained their membership.

The exhibitor I was most interested in, because I hoped to have lessons from him when I had saved up enough money to afford them, was an Englishman, Hugh Scott. He had lived in various places in the South Island, lastly Motueka, where I was working on an orchard, before coming to Nelson city. In Motueka he had known Mina Arndt, a notable painter who had died there in 1926 just two years before my arrival. I wasn't to become aware of her work till some time later. In the Suter Gallery is a fine 'Mother and Child' of hers painted in magnificently strong swipes of surprisingly delicate colour. It seems only an accident that her work should have been done in New Zealand, it belongs entirely to Europe. Her figures are like European peasants, though modelled from local people. I should think Millet might have been her example. They are extremely good pictures. But her landscapes tell me nothing at all of Motueka except how the old hop kilns looked, buildings that I loved myself because of their old-world appearance. She painted them so much better than I ever would; and now they are almost all gone, replaced by tobacco kilns. But from her landscapes other than these I can get no feel of the place as I know it. Motueka, in those I have seen, is only a romantic European dream.

The picture I looked at hardest, those two days I stayed in town to see the exhibition in 1928, was Hugh Scott's 'Interior of Nelson Cathedral'. The exhibition being closed by the time I got there the day before, I had filled in time by going up Church Hill and into the old wooden cathedral, painted outside with the Nelson Paint Company's orange ochre. Inside I had a sense of green, religious gloom, very like being in deep bush on Mount Egmont. But next day I could find no green in Mr Scott's picture. Its shadows were brown. And, in the arrangement of pews and rafters, there was an intimidating display of vanishing perspective; an advertisement of the desert of disenjoyment that, I had no option then but to believe, lay between me and the fulfilment of my desire to be an artist.

But two years later when I did come to live in town and had my long-awaited lessons, they were pleasanter than I might have expected. In outdoor landscapes, at which before long I began to excel in watercolour, vanishing perspective seemed to look after itself well enough. What they had dinned into me at primary school seemed to work well enough for ordinary needs. And apparently I paid sufficient attention to it in my choice of architectural subjects;

for when I made a drawing in 1930 of an old oast-house brewery just outside Motueka, it sold readily for thirty shillings to a local resident. In the 1970s, when the building was falling down and they were trying to interest the Historic Places people in its preservation, *there* appeared my 1930 drawing in the *Nelson Evening Mail*, over the caption 'A Photograph taken about 1886'!

Part of Mr Scott's tuition was to encourage his pupils to go to the Suter Gallery and study the paintings there. They hung permanently on the walls, obscured only twice a year for a fortnight when the Art Society had its Spring and Autumn exhibitions on mobile screens in front of the permanent collection. Here for the first time I saw pictures that might be presumed to be of world standard. There were even RAs among them. I found I was always the only visitor when I went there, in the mornings so as to have the afternoons free for outdoor sketching. The gallery was unattended. It was situated in the Queen's Gardens, and part of the gardener's duty was to open it at 10 a.m. and close it again at half past four in the afternoon. This state of affairs lasted till 1932, when it was discovered one day that some boys playing in the Gardens had taken acorns into the gallery and pushed thirty-six separately through the rotten canvas of an old picture called 'A Venetian Scene', making thirty-six holes. Whether with or without intentional humour, the *Evening Mail* added in its report that the picture was valued at thirty-six guineas. After that, there was always someone minding the door when the gallery was open.

Opposite the door for forty years, in the best place, hung a picture by W. F. Yeames, RA, of John Wycliffe sending his monks out into England to distribute the first Bibles. There was a grey church and a greyer sky. The grass was a heavy green and Wycliffe and the monks were in black habits. He had a hat, they were bareheaded. Their hair and complexions were the only happy notes of colour in the large and dreary painting. One (or *this* one at any rate) couldn't help wondering how they would get on if it began to rain after they had set out on their diverging journeys. The sky looked very lowering. When I met the secretary of the Board of Trustees in 1961 and asked him if it wasn't time to remove the picture and hang something else in its place, his answer was that they would fear to do that in case they offended the public of Nelson.

But there were other pictures than that for me to look at in the gallery in 1930, even if they were not all by Englishmen or RAs. One of the best was a good, strong, honest watercolour by Frank Brangwyn, 'An Eastern Port'. The dried drips and blobs of paint from the end of his blunt brush in no way impaired the goodness of his colour; dirty whites, a dark dull-blue sea and a sort of khaki-grey

sky, all in roughly horizontal bands with the red funnel of a ship central enough to be interestingly off-centre. There was another picture by this artist, an oil of some romantic imaginary castle, chocolate-boxy in the extreme, though I hadn't learnt then to use that critical description. I think he was an RA too, and for that sort of rubbish rather than the watercolour I liked. If so, his fame didn't survive strongly enough for his name to be included in the encyclopedic dictionary I have just looked up.

My favourite picture in the gallery was by a Dutchman who came to New Zealand and painted here. It was painted thinly in oils, 'Head of a Cello Player', by Petrus van der Velden. Its subtle greyish sea-green background, the old man's parchment-coloured complexion and his white hair—white like a waterfall—made a beautiful colour harmony. It was so good that I never tired of looking at it. Possibly the cello playing had little to do with the painting, beyond that an impoverished old musician may have sat for the artist. For me, that picture easily won all the respect, if not worship, that was asked for for the watercolours of John Gully, which the gallery had in plentiful supply. He was an Englishman resident in New Zealand, a surveyor-cum-artist. His subjects were panoramic views with mountains. He had shared the nineteenth-century watercolourists' addiction to fleeting colours, and it was already recognised that his pictures were fading. In front of each major one was a brown curtain that you might draw aside to look, and then replace to prevent further fading. This act, so like uncovering a shrine, failed to produce in me the sense of awe I felt was expected. Somehow, in spite of the wonders of nature they depicted, the pictures themselves remained uninspiring. Very different was my response, years later, to the work of another surveyor-artist, Charles Heaphy, when I saw a print of his view of Mount Egmont from the South. The mountain soared as it never could have done if the surveyor with his instruments of measurement had sat as heavily on the imagination of the artist as he had in Gully.

Gully and van der Velden: they were poles apart in the same gallery. Gully had numerous pictures, van der Velden only two. Gully had no figures (unless some minute, incidental ones escaped my notice); van der Velden's pictures were both figure subjects. Gully worked only in watercolour; van der Velden's pictures were both in oil, even though I long thought one of them was a watercolour.

The other one, called 'The Storyteller', was a picture Hugh Scott recommended us to study. Its background, possibly of bitumen, was a fault in van der Velden. Pictures painted with it had been known to slide off their canvases on to the floor because bitumen

never dried. But the colours glowed richly against it. The storyteller's ruddy complexion, his blue eye, and the just perceptible blue of his sou'wester and sailor's jacket, were good. He was painted more roughly than his hearers, two young people whose bemused expressions were helped by the suave smoothness of the paint. It was an interesting contrast, reminding me of a painting of my Aunt Marian's (an unrecorded New Zealand artist as far as I know) in which she had the same kind of contrast, but to the point of exaggeration.

Her subject was more high falutin than van der Velden's but her painting I suspect not so good. It had come to her by way of a vision, she told me, at an Anzac Day service. She shook her head to see if it would go away; but it was still there and a Voice (my aunt was a spiritualist) instructing her what measurements to make the picture. The figure of Christ, she quoted to me, had to be seventeen inches high. He was standing on the far side of the River Styx which flowed, van der Veldenly dark, down the middle of the picture from a lurid red sunset in the distance. On the near side of the mythical river were soldiers, coming in from the right roughly alive still, but dying on the bank of the river and then being rendered in smooth paint, as spirits. When they reached that stage, they were each allotted one of two expressions; joyful recognition of Who it was on the other side of the river if they had listened and believed at their mother's knee as infants, and led pure and blameless lives as a result; or fear and horror if they had not believed, and grown into rough, swearing men.

The expressions were masklike, my aunt (like myself) lacked an art-school training. But it may have been a primitive. Who knows, in these days of art fancying and the elevation of the inept, the simple and the naive, what a treasure, if it had survived, that picture might not be in some important collection? As far as I know it didn't survive. When my aunt wrote to me from a home for the aged asking me to be responsible for her lifetime's collection of what seemed to the rest of us mostly useless bric-à-brac, with perhaps odd items of more interest among it, I was financially unable to make the trip from Greymouth to Wellington. I suppose the picture was buried in a rubbish tip in some deep gully and is now far beneath a street of new suburban houses.

Nobody, in those days, seemed to worry whether our painting was New Zealand painting in the way we do today. A phrase, 'The Church of England in the Province of New Zealand', seems to express the situation very well, translated into terms of painting. Before I left Nelson, Hugh Scott was saying how much New Zealand artists would profit by the working visit to our country of 'a great European painter'. He would show us how to paint our

own landscape. In a few years one did come whose current popularity was great enough to suggest he might be the answer. He was an Englishman, with the fascinating and beautiful name of Lamorna Birch. His visit should have been like a visit by the Archbishop of York or Canterbury might have been to the Anglican Church. But something went wrong. It began to be said that our subjects didn't suit him. Was it that he was too English for us, though we were trying to be as English as we could out here? If he had been French would it have been different? (Hugh Scott had wished for 'a great *European* artist'.) Was English not sufficiently representative of a whole continent whose past contained painters of many countries—Dutch, Italian, Spanish, German, French—that the English had traditionally admired more than their own? Whatever the fact, the failure of Lamorna Birch's visit made it look as though New Zealand might have to try to find its own way after all.

At Christchurch in 1931, where Hugh Scott had advised me to go to further my studies beyond his capacity to teach me, I found, again, English-type painting. The senior teachers at the Canterbury School of Art were all practising painters, perhaps more than half of them English born. The way of painting there was sober indeed, excitement taboo, academic virtues taking four years to acquire with a diploma of fine arts the reward of every faithful and obedient student who stayed the course. I found that I had to know nothing, to be taught without alloy all that they knew there. I knew I could never get enough money to stay the course, so I contented myself with not wanting a diploma. It would lead to teaching and I didn't want to do that, not if it meant teaching what I would have to learn to get it. With less freedom than I had enjoyed at Nelson I began to wilt. Here, my watercolours done outside classes got no approbation, except from one or two fellow students who liked them. To paint at all, apart from being taught, seemed slightly illicit. If one did, to show the result felt almost like indecent exposure.

This went on for me until November, when the 1931 Group Show appeared in the old Durham Street Art Gallery. There I saw painting that excited me, and I was unashamed of being excited. It excited me in the way the Sisley and the Cézanne had, in Arthur Mee's *Children's Encyclopedia* in 1923. But I didn't remember that yet, I only knew I had found my way. I had no decision to weigh or choice to make: either this painting or the School of Art was irrelevant, and it was the School of Art. I made up my mind immediately to go to Dunedin next year, where one of the two principal exhibitors, Robert Field, lived. He taught there, at the King Edward Technical College. At the first sight of his work I had

lost a doubt that had been creeping into me, whether I was destined to be a painter after all. Hugh Scott had unwittingly sown a seed of it, when he said of my watercolours that I only sketched, that perhaps I would never do more than sketch, but if it turned out that way it wouldn't matter. (I wanted it to matter, whether I became more than a mere sketcher or not.) And Cecil Kelly, one of the more talkative and approachable of the Canterbury teachers, had told me I started up too many hares and didn't run enough to earth, or some such proverb.

In 1932, at Dunedin, I found that I was never talked down to in this way; and that I was in the centre of a group that was robustly critical of the jail-keeping type of art teaching prevalent elsewhere in the country. In fact it was impossible not to be in the centre of this group—it had no fringes. Outside was the hostile world. A member of it, in the person of A. Elizabeth Kelly ('for portraits', as her infinitely discreet advertisement in the catalogue of the Canterbury Society of Arts told you) came to rail at Bob Field for his bad example to the students of the country, on whom her husband's livelihood depended. Bob, who was usually quite communicative, wouldn't tell us what the matter of her communication had been; so we were left to suppose it had been too unpleasant for him to want to tell us. All we heard was her criticisms of the Dunedin tramway service and of the roughness of the footpath in Tomahawk Road, Andersons Bay, where Field lived.

His work had lately been featured in the influential quarterly *Art in New Zealand*, published by Harry Tombs in Wellington with the aim of showing New Zealanders what was being done by their artists. From their remarks to me about the Group Show the year before, I knew very well that the Christchurch gang would be very wroth at Field's work being accorded equal status with their own in such a publication.

Referring to the work of this Society portrait painter who had taken the trouble to come and see their master, these young painters rudely and robustly styled her 'Ponds Cream Kelly'! It was good to be able to participate in such criticism of a system which had so bored me that I had begun to doubt myself. I began to feel a new confidence. But, above all, it was exciting. Here, they were looking at good prints in colour of the very artists who had commanded my attention at thirteen, Sisley and Cézanne and many more—Van Gogh, Gauguin, Pisarro, Matisse, Van Dongen, Picasso; names I hadn't heard before, and pictures that to look at sent me to the top of my feelings. If these painters were known in Christchurch, the knowledge had been carefully kept from students like me. There had been a conspiracy to suppress their influence.

I learned about the breakthrough these painters had made in France in the late nineteenth century, painting the way they believed in despite all but implacable opposition from a public and its art officers hugging the dregs of a three-hundred-year-old Renaissance, filling their pictures with literary allusions and virtuously smoothing their surfaces, till Cézanne roared 'The finish of imbeciles!'.

The battle had reached England apparently about the time of my infancy. I read the writings of Roger Fry, an Englishman who defended these painters against the kind of hostility their work had met in France fifty years before and was meeting in New Zealand now. (It was 1933, I think, when I was walking down Willis Street in Wellington, almost deserted at six o'clock in the evening, and saw a knot of people in front of a shop, all excited and gesticulating. Thinking it must be an accident or a fire, I hurried to see. It was neither of these, but a small print of a Van Gogh in a picture-shop window. 'Good God,' the people were saying among themselves, 'fancy thinking God ever made anything that looked like that!') That was it: the function of art was to copy the look that God had provided things with. It is a good thing that God has now been relieved of the function of making things look as they did before the painting of Van Gogh: they now look much more like his painting than they did to those people in Willis Street in 1933!

I didn't think at the time about Bob Field's being English, too. Trained, I believe, at the Royal College of Art. For me his painting needed no nationality; nor that of Cézanne, or Picasso, or Modigliani. That they happened to be French, Spanish, or Italian was, to me, irrelevant information. If they had been African, Eskimo, or even men from Mars, I would hardly have noticed, their painting excited me so. If I was going to be able to paint like that what did it matter whether my painting was of New Zealand or not?

What a different English, anyway, was the work of Bob Field from that of Hugh Scott, Archibald Nicoll, Richard Wallwork, or the gentry of the Suter Art Gallery; an English revitalised by the influence of the French. And the French themselves? They were not even French, a number of the painters of the 'School of Paris'. Van Gogh was a Dutchman, whose work was influenced by the Japanese. Modigliani was Italian, and he was influenced by African sculpture as was the Spaniard Picasso too at one stage. The new Renaissance of painting drew inspiration from all the world. Its artists came from many countries of Europe. Its influence was to spread to many beyond Europe during this century.

One of them was born in New Zealand—Frances Hodgkins. In Dunedin in 1932 they were looking at prints of the new British

painters as well as at the French, and Frances Hodgkins was famous among them. The war that was waged against them here in New Zealand found a focus in a picture of hers when an advanced group in Christchurch bought it with a view to presenting it to the Robert McDougall Art Gallery. It was called 'The Pleasure Garden'. It wasn't a very large picture, and was pleasant in colour and texture. Its positive qualities were attractive. The only negative description that comes to mind is 'inoffensive'. Yet the fight against its acceptance for the gallery reached enormous proportions, and went on for years. It began, I think, in the late thirties or early forties. It wasn't over until well into the fifties, because some time after I went to live in Greymouth in 1950 the Westland Art Society had it for a fortnight, and asked me to look after it. The would-be donors adopted the strategy of sending it round all the art societies of New Zealand to test their reactions. I haven't the date of its acceptance for the McDougall at hand, but it must have been well into the fifties. At any rate it wasn't until enough members of the old gang had died and their places on the board of the gallery had been taken by others. They had literally fought to the death against their expatriate countrywoman because she had escaped from their prison. That her work, if recognised, might liberate others was their fear.

As late as 1960 on a visit to Nelson (I had a grant of money to paint there from the Association of New Zealand Art Societies) I found that there was still resistance to 'The Pleasure Garden'. Some members of the Suter Gallery Board of Trustees had resigned over the presentation of another Frances Hodgkins watercolour to their gallery. But my instance was more private. In Riwaka, I went to visit an old lady who in our younger days had been the first to instruct me how to paint in watercolours. I hadn't seen her for about thirty years, and was curious to find out if her work would still excite me as it did then. It didn't and our conversation soon flagged. I cast round in my mind for something to revive it over the cup of tea she had got for me, and lit on Frances Hodgkins; another woman painter, a famous one. What did my hostess think of her work?

'You know that picture, "The Pleasure Garden",' she began. Indeed I did, I boasted, I had had it in my house for a fortnight. It was most inappropriate, I went on, that such a great row should have developed and been sustained so long over such an inoffensive picture. She waited till I had finished, and then pronounced: 'It is an immoral picture.' I was staggered. 'But why?' I asked. 'There are people without any clothes on, walking in the garden.' 'Oh, those aren't real people, they are only stone sculptures.' But she had further objections. Had I noticed the objects on the table? I had to confess I couldn't remember the picture in such detail. 'Wineglasses

and cigarette ashtrays. I don't drink and I don't smoke and I shouldn't have to look at such things in my pictures.' I was staggered again. 'But', I protested, weakly, 'if the subject-matter of a picture is going to be what makes it immoral would we have to jettison, for example, most of the work of Toulouse-Lautrec?' She had a magnificent round voice, rather like a penetrating fog-horn. She used it now to terminate the conversation. 'Who is he?'

Whether she meant that he was unworthy of consideration, or just didn't know of him, it was impossible to say anything more except to ask whether she would like to come with me in my car next day. I was going sketching up the Takaka Hill. She accepted with delight; she had told me how she suffered from lack of transport. We took our lunches. When it came time to eat, she went to the farthest part of the space available and ate out of a brown paper bag with her back to me. When we packed up our work to go home she looked at mine and said, 'I've *never* seen anybody use so much colour as that!'

When I came back to Nelson after 1932 and showed Hugh Scott some prints I had bought or been given, he was more displeased with Cézanne than with Van Gogh. I might look at Van Gogh, *he* wouldn't do me any harm; but not at Cézanne, he couldn't draw! Years later I was reminded of that when I came across a remark attributed to Whistler. His response, when someone showed him a drawing by Cézanne, was that 'if a child of five had drawn that on his slate, his mother, if she were a good mother, would have whipped him'. (Incidentally, Hugh Scott claimed to have known 'Jimmy Whistler'.) From then, my friendship with him and his lovely wife had to be conducted without reference to painting. They were our neighbours, after he had had a stroke and come to live in retirement at Ruby Bay.

Nelson prided itself on its reputation of being an art centre. That may have been valid once, in terms of polite colonial gentility; but the refusal to accept influences made it latterly a hollow term. Everything wears out or goes flat without injections of new vitality. In painting, this comes from other painting as well as from the subject the painter chooses. A situation exactly the opposite of the Nelson one was indicated by E. C. Simpson, writing about 1940 in *Art in New Zealand* on Colin McCahon. 'In McCahon', he wrote, 'the influences meet.' If, as many believe, Colin McCahon is our greatest, or our first great, New Zealand painter, Mr Simpson's comment may well indicate why. If it does, then it seems to follow that New Zealand painting thrives on influence.

But there is the other side to it; it has to be strong enough itself to bear the influences without being merely a reflection of them. Maybe it is the fear that this might happen that makes some people

too chary of any influences; and ignorance of it that makes others too ready to be influenced by what is fashionable. Yet, like it or not, we are all influenced. We cannot avoid it. When the passage of influence is free it is all right; but when it is restricted by adherence to outworn tradition, or artificially stimulated by fashion, it isn't so good. And when an admired painter's manner is imitated as a device to secure success it is even worse.

These troubles will always be with us; the mere naming them will not exorcise them. This ensures that it will always take good, hard, long looking to find out whether any painting is really good enough to outlast its period.

When I was offered a travel grant in 1961 for one year's tour of Europe and America, I hadn't clarified the points I have just made, and wanted to convert its use from travel to time to paint at home. I had wanted very much to go to Europe in 1934; but I hadn't been able to go then, and now I had become reconciled to staying in New Zealand. My own painting had developed here, 'in contact with nature', but stimulated by examples from overseas. I had made a virtue of necessity, and felt a little impatient of the prevailing idea that it was absolutely necessary to go overseas to learn how to paint in New Zealand. 'Overseas' had come to me, I had made my selection from what was offered and developed my painting accordingly, though not enough. All my life I had had to spend the best of my time working at other things to earn a living for myself and my family, and I knew that now I could use a thousand pounds to better advantage painting at home than going on an expensive trip to get a closer look at what I knew well already. And, if I went, I would gravitate to the art that had already been instrumental in forming me. (Rembrandt, Constable and Cézanne, I decided I would concentrate on to avoid spreading my looking too wide and too thinly.) I was too old and too set in my ways at fifty-one, I felt, to seek to be formed again differently by what I might find that was now modern overseas.

But the then Arts Council wouldn't listen to my pleas. I discussed it with Charles Brasch, who was a member of the committee that had to consider my case. He suggested I should give him a letter to present at their next meeting. No doubt I wrote it well and made my case strongly; but they were far too addicted to the view that they could do no good to anybody except by sending him overseas. I don't believe they even thought about what I wrote. Their reply was, abruptly, that if I didn't depart for overseas the following year at the latest I would forfeit the grant. I thought rapidly: the newspapers would report my receipt of the grant; that would increase my reputation; his reputation being the chief (or only) means of selling an artist has, my sales and my income would

increase, and so I would be able to spend more time painting. I accepted the grant on their terms. I went overseas, and enjoyed it.

My first Rembrandt I saw in Madrid, where I had gone because I had read that the pictures in the Prado there were the best preserved in the world because of the climate. The Rembrandt was surprising because of the colour. I had always thought of him as rich and brown; but this picture called, I think (I kept no notes), 'Saskia as Flora', gave me an impression of greenish white. It was in a small room in the right wing of the building. While I was looking at it from across the room an old couple, probably from the Antipodes, doing the tour of their lives like me, came in. They walked close to the pictures, he reading, or attempting to read the titles (they were in Spanish). They looked at each picture for a second or two, short-sightedly, she a couple ahead of him. At the 'Saskia' he stopped and called her back. 'Come and look at this, dear—Rembrandt!' But she wouldn't. She was firm with him. 'If we spend too long looking at any one picture, we won't see them all.'

I am wrong about this being my *first* Rembrandt; it was my second. I had seen one, a self-portrait in old age, at the National Gallery of Victoria in Australia in 1958. It was a Rembrandt of the brown sort. It had moved me far more than this Saskia did, bubbling with inward laughter as I was, and yet washed with inward sadness at the behaviour of that elderly couple of tourists.

But it was Goya (despite my intention to concentrate on only three painters) who took command of my eye in the Prado. I could only look incidentally there at Velasquez or El Greco. I made a special trip out to the Florida Chapel to see his frescoes there, which I knew from a book. It was there that a delightful old custodian, when I pleaded to be allowed to stay longer than he wanted me to, answered my plea (that I so loved Goya that I had spent fourteen days in the Museo Prado, looking at his work there) by sweeping his arm round the walls of the Florida and saying 'Goya super*ior*'.

I did not encounter Cézanne in the original until I got to London, the National Gallery. There, I am ashamed to say, I fell asleep in front of his 'Dovecot at Bellevue'. Overcome by the artificially heated air and the deep upholstery of a round leather seat, I wearied of fighting for a glimpse of it between brightly-garbed tourists.

It was better at the Courtauld Institute; but even so I had got so much already from prints of Cézanne that contemplation of the originals, though undoubtedly luxurious, couldn't do much more for me, not at first anyway; and I wasn't going to have time to repeat the experience year in and year out, as I would have done if I had lived in Europe. My best Cézanne experience was reserved until I saw 'The Bathers' at the Barnes Foundation in Philadelphia, and marvelled at the blues in it. They reminded me of the windows

of Chartres Cathedral, which I had recently seen and could not buy a postcard of because it didn't even remotely suggest the experience of seeing the original.

It was an experience that dogged my whole tour, the inability to buy a postcard (or even a more expensive reproduction) of anything just after I had been looking at it because then it was so unsatisfactory. Yet till then I had survived on nothing but reproductions of the paintings I loved.

A certain 'Sketch for Salisbury Cathedral' by Constable, that I had vowed to see, eluded me in London. All they had at the Victoria and Albert Museum were the white ones; either the sky, or the spire, or both, too white for the other colours he used. The one I wanted to find had been reproduced in colour in a little book over the caption 'Painting did not again reach these heights until Cézanne', a sentiment I had heartily endorsed. It was in Birmingham I found it, in the art gallery there. It was beside the doorway between the eighteenth century and nineteenth century rooms. Dr Mary Woodward, the director, saw my reaction and asked me, 'Was that worth coming to Birmingham for?' Indeed, it was. Then I looked on the opposite side of the doorway and saw another Constable, even more wonderful. It was called 'Sketch for the Cornfield' but it bore little resemblance to the popular 'finished' painting of that title, with its engaging detail of the dog, and the boy lying down to drink from a puddle. This painting was too deeply self-concerned to surface in recognisable detail. The paint in its sky boiled like a grey scum, the tree trunks writhed upward as in some druidical forest. The atmosphere was timeless, prehistoric. The colours were right for one another in it, there was no discrepant note of obvious realism. We haven't had painting like that in New Zealand—nor, often, anywhere in the world.

I was away four months, not long enough to feel homesick. I felt I could have lived in any of the countries I visited, particularly Spain, and painted there. If I had, how different would my painting have been, I wondered, from what it is? I noticed, in Athens and in Florence, that art for tourists was no different from what we offer here in shops and in art society exhibitions. Only the subject is different. This low-level painting seems to have a universal style. I suspect that the same is true of painting at a higher level, too. Nationality, when discernible, is not the most important feature of painting.

After I had been back in New Zealand for a few years I was taken for a drive to Waihou at the eastern extremity of the Bay of Plenty. On the way back my host directed me to go and ask permission to look at the carvings at the Maori meetinghouse at Te Kaha for a quarter of an hour, while he visited a friend. But the Maori lady at

the gate would not let me in. I stood in the road for a quarter of an hour, looking at what I could see over the fence. Not since looking at El Greco in Toledo, Goya in Madrid, Cézanne in Philadelphia, had I had the peculiar feeling I recognised as happening when I looked at great art, a feeling of being distended in the invisible part of my being, a feeling almost physical. It was happening to me again, in Te Kaha. This feeling I had totally lacked in the Casa El Greco, in Toledo, the day I went there to look at him because Goya couldn't spare me in Madrid. How did I find out that the El Grecos in the Casa were fake? Firstly, by the absence of this sensation of being made bigger than I had been before I looked. Then by several material circumstances that, taken together, confirmed it. They were all the same size, small-medium. They were hung at eye level, easy to see. They were not varnished or glazed, and so reflected no light. Nowhere yet, especially elsewhere in Toledo that day, had I found great paintings that were so easily accessible. 'The Burial of Count Orgaz' in the Church of St. Thomas was about fifteen feet high, varnished to a pitch of high reflection, and beamed on by floodlights. From the best position I could find, I could see about two-thirds of the picture. The rest was reflection. As I sat quietly looking at it for about three-quarters of an hour, I became aware how much it goes wrong in reproductions in books, because they are too small. In them the rhythms of the painting suggest a writhing knot of worms. In the painting they are like heavenly theatre, dance on a grand scale.

Two young American friends I had picked up on the bus that morning sat with me. They were students and the boy could speak Spanish. We felt like rocks washed by waves, as guided tour after guided tour came in and sat round us listening to their guides and went away. And a beautiful and funny thing happened; two Mexican boys I had met at Escorial the Sunday before, because they could speak English and came with the English-speaking guide, sat in the pew in front of us. At Escorial we had agreed that guided tours were things to avoid. And yet here they were, in another. We greeted each other with pleasure and surprise. 'I thought you weren't going on any more guided tours,' I said to them. 'Never again, never again!' they answered.

At the Casa El Greco, the guides were stricter with their charges than here, where the painting was a genuine one. There, indulgence was brief, each guide telling her tour: first, that 'This picture was painted in fifteen hundred and ninety-five' after which a brief wait would produce an ecstatic sigh, 'How old!'; and secondly, 'This is the picture he was working on when he died.' Before the thrill this produced had time to die down, words like a run of machine-gun fire sent the flock scurrying for shelter from any feelings of unreality

that might have crept in: 'We must hurry, there are many more rooms in the Casa El Greco and many more things to see in Toledo and the bus will leave sharp at five o'clock!' We started to laugh. The usher saw us, and came from the door to tell us he knew, too. He pointed out the signature of the copyist (not that of Domenicos Theotocopoulos at all) on the nearest painting. Afterwards, walking down a narrow street, we saw one of the same sort in a shop window. It had a price on it. 'How much would that be in English money?' I asked my new friend. 'About twelve pounds.'

* * *

If I have diverted you from the consideration of New Zealand painting you might have thought proper to this talk, then I apologise. But my excuse is that the tour overseas has become so much a required ingredient of New Zealand painting that I felt I must tell you about mine. What it did for me I leave you to decide. It came so late in my life that my style was already developed, past radical change. I think I may defy anyone to detect any radical difference in my work before and after 1962.

Had there been an Arts Council when I was twenty-four, and had they then elected to send me overseas, the change might have been radical. But there was not. Instead, 'overseas' in the person of Miss Scales, a student at the Hans Hoffman School in Munich, came to Nelson that year and I got all I could from her. The change in my work *was* radical.

Olson as oracle: 'Projective Verse' thirty years on

ALLEN CURNOW

It was quite a surprise to me, not very long ago, to find a few of my recent poems featured in a rather special anthology called *15 Contemporary New Zealand Poets*. I should explain that the surprise wasn't that the poems were included—I had been asked for them, everything had been done properly—it was to discover that this anthology, with its preface, was designed as a kind of manifesto for a poetic theory called 'open form poetry'. I might have been prepared for it, perhaps, by C. K. Stead's illuminating discussion of the whole subject in his lecture to the 1979 literary conference in Wellington.[1] But surprised I was; a bit like the surprise of Molière's bourgeois gentilhomme on discovering that he had been talking prose all his life.

Of course one doesn't dispute the existence of a widespread and highly fashionable movement in poetry; there's an immense quantity of spirited new writing which, if it isn't all directly derived from 'open form' theory, may be supposed to be a product of the same influences. It's a movement (perhaps a piece of literary history in the making), one more movement—it has its name, 'open form', the way past movements have had their names: Romantic, Pre-Raphaelite, Symbolist, Imagist, Surrealist, and so on. The best of the poetry lives after them; the theories, the manifestoes survive as intellectual or academic fossils—don't misunderstand me, I don't mean the study of fossils isn't important, simply that it hasn't much to do with the enjoyment of a living art. The difference with 'open form' is that it's not yet fossilised. The theory of it may be closer to that condition than some of its exponents realise. But it is new enough, *present* enough, to be a matter of lively interest to some of the poets and their readers too. Which means that it is also debatable.

Let's be clear about this. A literary movement, of itself, achieves nothing; and it carries the good and the bad along with it, quite indifferently. A major movement changes a great many things, but never so many, or so completely, as its leaders and its followers think it does. And the relation between the theory (I mean the theory of poetry in particular) and the new poems that actually get written can be a lot more complex and obscure than it looks at first

sight. A movement and the *theory* of a movement are two different and distinct kinds of literary activity. I could illustrate this in any number of ways, but it would take too much of our time. A general statement will have to do; I hope you will take it on trust. Simply, that the *theory*, any theory of poetry, is always a secondary manifestation: poetics follow poems, not the other way round.

In the case of 'open form' poetry, I think we have seen a peculiar tendency to put theory first and poetic practice second. In order to write 'open form', the poet is assumed *first* to have read and mastered the principles of 'projective verse', in particular as these are expounded by the late Charles Olson, by Robert Creeley, and other American poets associated with them. Besides this, the movement, and some aspects of the theory as well, have combined (and confused) *poetic* revolution with *social* revolution, more consciously and obviously than any such movement since the Romantics nearly two centuries ago. Of course I'm thinking of the counter-culture of the sixties and seventies; the years when poetry in more or less 'open' form began to be epidemic—and the San Francisco years, in the fifties, when Ferlinghetti, Robert Duncan, Gary Snyder, and Allen Ginsberg gave such a big impetus to the movement.

In one sense the theory did come first; Charles Olson's essay called 'Projective Verse' appeared as early as 1950. But it didn't produce the new movement. I think it would be a wild guess that Ginsberg, for instance—whom I consider the one poet of unusual genius among them all—owed his highly individual style to the theorising of Olson and Creeley. Rather, it seems to me that the movement—the Beat generation and their successors—picked up the theory and swept it along, till today we find it on our own doorstep, alive and kicking or, shall we say, twitching? The theory was something the movement wanted, and there it was: a *poetic*, a mystique, a doctrine, an ideology of sorts.

All the same, however it looks to us now, Charles Olson, in 1950, did announce what he conceived to be a new poetic, a new programme for poetry. In doing this, he invoked the authority, and the example, of major American poets of an earlier generation: Ezra Pound, William Carlos Williams, Hart Crane, E. E. Cummings. Pound and Williams in particular interested him; but they were the forerunners, the beginners; what Olson proposed was a more advanced theory than theirs, and (at least by implication) a superior poetic practice.

I have been rereading Pound's famous 'A Few Don'ts' of the year 1913, and his poetic *credo*, written in 1911. With Olson's 'Projective Verse' and a few other revered scriptures of the movement fresh in my mind, I find myself wondering, a little, how much has been

added; indeed, whether something has not been subtracted in the transition—it has *been* a transition, one can't deny that—from the master's principles and practice to those so much in favour with a later generation. I think there has been a narrowing of the vision, accompanied by a good deal of mystification, a tendency to doctrinaire attitudinising, and in some of the poetry a peculiar rigidity or inertness—all of this totally at odds with Pound's thinking and his art, and equally at odds with the language of liberation and renewal affected by some of our born-again young poets.

There is another tendency or disposition (I shall merely notice it in passing) which appears in the critical polemics of 'projectivism'; something like a nervous nose for heresy. Olson himself, 30 years ago, declared T. S. Eliot (he nicknames him O. M. Eliot) to be '*not* projective'—and he adds, 'having considered how each of us must save himself after his own fashion and how much, for that matter, each of us owes to the non-projective, and continue to owe, as both go alongside each other'. That expression 'save himself' betrays the tendency, doesn't it? Only the other day, in a similar vein, I see that Mr Alan Loney, writing in *Islands*, warns C. K. Stead that he will not achieve 'truly open form' if he doesn't mend his ways. Loney proceeds to advise Stead what he must do to become 'projective'; the way of salvation has been pointed out to him. At least, that seems to be the drift; for my own part, I have to confess that the ghostly counsel offered would give me small comfort, because I find it unintelligible.

Still, as I keep on reminding myself, 'projectivism' is with us. So are Olson and his school. So are a host of younger poets, good and bad, one way or another affected by the movement, whether or not they happen to have studied its definitive writings. Having done a little study myself, I have to ask again, as I did a moment ago: *what* was added to Pound, or Williams for that matter, in the late fifties and the sixties, by Olson, Creeley and the movement we associate with Black Mountain College. Was anything of major worth or meaning added, for instance, to the 'three principles' which Pound and Richard Aldington and 'H.D.' agreed upon 70 years ago? Those three principles have been familiar ground for some of us for a very long time. They will bear repeating here:

1. Direct treatment of the 'thing' whether subjective or objective.
2. To use absolutely no word that does not contribute to the presentation.
3. As regarding rhythm: to compose in the sequence of the musical phrase, not in sequence of a metronome.

We are in the year 1912, about the time Pound first used the term 'imagiste'. This was Imagism: first principle, 'direct treatment of "the thing" '. Pound goes on to explain what he means by an 'Image'—it is 'that which presents an intellectual and emotional complex in an instant of time'. This, he argues, 'instantaneously . . . gives that sense of sudden liberation . . . of freedom from time and space limits . . . which we experience in the presence of the greatest works of art'. It's worth noticing that Pound does not pretend to offer a brand-new system for producing a brand-new kind of art. He is describing, in his own terms, a process by which 'the greatest works of art' have already been achieved, and by implication, the way towards all new achievement in art. *And* he is deducing theory from art, not art from theory; the right way round, as it seems to me.

Pound's rules may sound a bit obvious and truistic to some of us, now. It was the prevailing taste, in the poetry and criticism of the time, that made them *new*, and challenging. In 1912, Hopkins was almost unknown—Bridges's edition of the poems appeared in 1918—otherwise his theory of inscape and instress might have been seen to anticipate Pound's insistence on 'the thing' and his demand for the 'image' presented in an 'instant of time'. Grierson's famous anthology of the metaphysical poets had barely appeared. Yet, as things stood at the time, it was Pound who set things going—'out of key with his time', as he put it in 'Hugh Selwyn Mauberly', he tried 'to resuscitate the dead art/of poetry'.

Forty years later, in 1950, Charles Olson announced the arrival of projective verse, and took up what the lawyers call an 'adversary situation' towards what he calls The Non-Projective. Beneath the title he printed three ingeniously-chosen etymological siblings of the word 'projective': spaced out across the page, each with an unclosed parenthesis mark, we read the words 'projectile', 'percussive', 'prospective'. *Projectile*—it goes off like a shell or a rocket—Okay, citizen? *Percussive*—it beats and it strikes. *Prospective*—it looks ahead, it's the poetry of the future.

Opposed to all this—so to speak, in the enemy camp—was the Non-Projective. This was of course where T. S. Eliot remained, and the cause of what Olson judged to be his failure as a dramatist. About the Non-Projective we are told three things:

> First, it is 'what a French critic calls "closed" verse'.
> Second, it is 'that verse which print bred' (which means, I take it, something that happened after the invention of movable printing type in the fifteenth century, or the emergence of a printed book audience for poetry in the sixteenth century.)

> Third, it is 'pretty much what we have had, in English and American, and have still got, despite the work of Pound and Williams'.

From the start, it's clear that we are in for something more radical than Pound ever dreamt of; we are in another world, if not another planet, from Pound. Pound, whatever we choose to make of his political aberrations, took poetry with an immense and, for his time, extraordinary *seriousness*. He was, I believe, humble before it and its history. I'm not sure that he didn't say the last word—in English anyway, and if there can *be* a last word—on the subject of *vers libre*, and a few other problems of diction and versification which have confronted poets in our century. He affirmed his belief that poets should try to know, and learn from, *all* poetry, of all possible ages and languages, and to master *all* systems of metre. A poet could not have too many masters or too many languages. Whatever Pound was, he was not, and here's the contrast I wish to point out, a poetic Messiah, whose mission and message was to correct the errors of centuries past. The errors which concerned him were 'modern' errors. His 'modernism' was grounded on a profound sense of tradition, not merely classical and Renaissance, but more recent and Romantic. Not many of us may be able to follow Pound's advice, for instance, 'to dissect the lyrics of Goethe coldly into their component sound values', but it is within anybody's means to 'read as much of Wordsworth as does not seem too unutterably dull'. In all this, Pound seems to me to be in a true line of descent from the great innovators and reformers of poetry; in contrast to the kind of extravagant syncretist and philosophical dilettante whom I find addressing me in Olson's 'Projective Verse' essay.

More specifically, one or two examples of the kind of thing I mean. I read about COMPOSITION BY FIELD—Olson's FIELD is much talked about: often by people who, I suspect, understand it no better than I do. It is something 'opposed to inherited line, stanza, over-all form, what is the "old" base of the non-projective'. Yes, we can see what it is *opposed to*; and it looks very much like the old (and exhausted) debate between *vers libre* and regular verse, between 'imagism' and what Pound called 'perdamnable rhetoric' in English poetry. There is, besides, a whole paragraph of Olson which—effectively and poetically—contains nothing more than Eliot's last paragraphs in 'Tradition and the Individual Talent': for Eliot's word 'emotion' you only have to read Olson's word 'energy'; and you can, if you like, prefer a pseudo-scientific and quantitative metaphor to an old-style psychological one: but whether you do or not, the Olson version contains nothing new whatsoever.

Where I suppose Olson can be said to have gone further than Pound—or rather, turned the argument about poetics in a new direction altogether—was in his attempt to provide poets with a *method*, a kit of practical rules for the composition of 'projective verse'. Where Pound and Aldington offered a few general guidelines for poets, Olson offered, or seemed to offer, a set of *compositional* rules, both complete and specific; as he presented them, these appeared to be grounded on scientific or quasi-scientific notions. I say quasi-scientific, because the connexions between the arguments and the poetic subject depend so much on one's willingness to accept that they exist. They are not all so simple as, for instance, his analogy between physics and poetry, by which the poem is called 'a high energy-construct . . . an energy-discharge'. Of course, it is easy to think of a poem in terms like these, if one chooses to do so. It is not so easy, for me, at all events, to conceive this 'energy-discharge', what Olson calls 'the poem itself' as an autonomous process. We all understand, in our experience of writing, how from time to time the work seems to 'take over', how it seems 'of itself' to determine what the author must do; but it seems to me a false emphasis, simplistic and misleading, when autonomy is transferred like this from the poet to 'the poem itself'.

What I am calling Olson's rules, along with the style of discourse characteristic of the author, have continued to fascinate younger poets—the more talented and more experienced may have gained something, I don't know; many have gained little but the feeling of being in the trend—where they would have been, whatever the trend was. I shall try to summarise these rules, as well as I can make them out. I shall mix in a good deal of comment of my own, for what interest it may have.

I've mentioned what Olson calls the Field. This is where the poet is said to find himself when he abandons 'closed form'. In this Field he finds all the objects or images; all the perceptions which he will assemble into an 'open form' poem. He also finds *himself*, as an object among all these objects: 'objectism' is in fact another word for the theory of 'open form' or 'projective' verse. It is not clear (I think it is not meant to be clear) to what extent the objects in the Field spontaneously assemble themselves, so that the poem, so to speak, *makes itself*, while the poet submits himself and follows the *track* (Olson's word) and the track can only be (Olson's words again) 'the one the poem under hand declares, *for itself*' (my italics). The role of the poet as *agent* is referred to very guardedly. Olson's grammar at this point is peculiar, and his terms have a kind of oracular ambiguity. He tells us that the poet 'has to *behave*, and be, instant by instant, aware of some several forces just now beginning to be examined'. But the emphasis is fairly clear; it is on the poet

regarded as an instrument, regarding *himself* as an instrument played upon by his poem, rather than as a conceiving and executing *agent*, making his poem. All this answers well enough, I suppose, to some part, but by no means the whole, of what poets have always experienced in the act of composing a poem. Some centuries ago Spenser might have covered it all by an invocation to the Muses—calling on 'ye learned sisters' to help him with his poem—and his readers would have understood. Are we really much wiser, if we substitute Olson's Field, with its beguilingly pseudo-scientific package of terms out of the higher journalism of pyschology, for the old classical conventions? Nobody had to *believe* in the heavenly Muses, but everybody knew what was meant; simply that half the poet's art was his sense of a power, a source in his own being, beyond ideas, beyond any mere skills with language. What I am suggesting is, of course, that Olson's Field is a truism disguised as a discovery. I think Coleridge's remarks on this kind of thing fit the case rather well:

> There are not, indeed, examples wanting in the history of literature, of apparent paradoxes that have summoned the public wonder as new and startling truths, but which, on examination, have shrunk into tame and harmless truisms; as the eyes of a cat, seen in the dark, have been mistaken for flames of fire.[2]

Like 'projective' itself, this word 'Field' finds its place in a vocabulary of mystification. (In passing, we may note the affinity of 'Projective' with some usages of psychiatry, from which it borrows a bit of its magic.) 'Field' has an intriguing variety of connotations, more than enough to account for its cultish popularity. It connotes natural, spontaneous growth ('field mushrooms', uncultivated); magnetic attraction; 'field of vision'; 'field-work', *viz*. fact-finding, with a happy suggestion of scientific rectitude; 'open country'; 'in the field', *viz*. 'out where the real fighting is'; 'my field', my specialty; any number of 'happy fields', sporting or Elysian. It is indeed a highly suggestive term, but I don't imagine it is more than just that. I confess that Olson's use of it adds nothing to the little I have learned from the experience—the strange experience that it always is—of composing poems. It shrinks into a truism, or swells into a solipsism. It may for all I know have helped some poets to write more poems, longer poems, or even better ones; but I am sure they are mistaken if they make a verbal talisman of it, or some kind of hierophantic password into the house of poetry.

Once the aspiring 'projective' poet has mastered, or thinks he has mastered, the mystery of the FIELD, he can then try to grasp what Olson calls the *principle*—the *law* which 'presides conspicuously over such composition, and, when *obeyed*, is the reason why a

projective poem can come into being'. This law or principle, was formulated by Robert Creeley, Olson's Black Mountain friend and fellow poet. Here it is. FORM IS NEVER MORE THAN AN EXTENSION OF CONTENT. I don't want to waste too much time over this. Once upon a time, a good many critics were happy to speak about the 'organic form' of a poem; I suppose they meant that the shape and the movement of a poem were analagous to those of a living creature, one of a kind but unique in itself. They weren't thinking of sonnets, villanelles, ballads, ballades, or whether the metre and the stanzas were more or less regular; they were thinking of the poem's unique and original character and *not*, as it were, classifying it by formal attributes which it could share with any number of other poems. I frankly don't see that Olson's 'extension of content' adds anything significant to this idea. Possibly some people can feel a bit happier, a bit more *cosy*, if they think of something inert being extended, rather than something alive which grows. Perhaps it *sounds* more philosophical. The trouble is that the formula leaves the terms 'form', 'extension' and 'content' as ambiguous, as unspecific and unhelpful as they ever were: on examination, the so-called principle collapses into its ambiguities; as a dogma—'dogma' is a favourite word of Olson's—no doubt it is not meant to be examined.

Having presented us with the *principle*—'There it is, brothers, sitting there, for USE'—Olson goes on to instruct us in how to apply it; his language now has the beguiling tones of physical science and engineering technology: '(3) the *process* of the thing, how the principle can be made so to shape the energies that the form is accomplished.' One wakes up hopefully; if the principle makes no sense of itself, perhaps the *process*, about to be described, will help to make sense *of* it. In a way, it does. At least we begin to see what it is that Creeley/Olson wish us to understand by the term 'content'. Perceptions—the poet's perceptions, that is. Olson says it 'can be boiled down to one statement'. Here is the statement: ONE PERCEPTION MUST IMMEDIATELY AND DIRECTLY LEAD TO A FURTHER PERCEPTION.

Now, if we're not to get intolerably confused among the ambiguities of this further term *perception*—if ever a word were slipping and sliding and decaying with imprecision, *this* one is—we have to assume, I think, that what is meant here is 'sense-perception', the way colours, sounds, tastes, smells, tactile qualities become recognisable objects for the mind; and we can't (can we?) separate such perception from cognition, because the mere sensations on their own are simply *not news* about anything either subjective or objective. When Pound talked about 'direct treatment of the "Thing" ', it wasn't bad advice to a poet—at least, to an

imagist poet. Olson, however, is talking about what he calls a *process*; not the thing, but the perception of the thing leading 'to a further perception'. He says it *must* do this, as if a perception could possibly be followed by anything else. We just don't stop perceiving, one way or another, one thing or another, so long as we are conscious. Saying a perception *must* lead to a perception evidently means something quite different from the simple observation that it *does*. What precisely is Olson up to? Can it be simply said that he is trying to expound a new poetic in the terms of an old pyschology, and producing only a muddle of truisms and tautologies? But perhaps we can find the answers in his own words:

ONE PERCEPTION MUST IMMEDIATELY AND DIRECTLY LEAD TO A FURTHER PERCEPTION. It means exactly what it says, is a matter of, at *all* points (even, I should say, of our management of daily reality as of the daily work) get on with it, keep moving, keep in, speed, the nerves, their speed, the perceptions, theirs, the acts, the split-second acts, the whole business, keep it moving as fast as you can, citizen. And if you also set up as a poet, USE USE USE the process at all points, in any given poem always, always one perception must must must MOVE, INSTANTER, ON ANOTHER.[3]

You may notice that this author has a message to deliver, which concerns not only the way we write poems, but 'our management of daily reality'. He urges, he demands, he admonishes—'USE USE USE', 'must must must'. There is a philosophy at work here, and a doctrine. The philosophy may well have something to do with Husserl, the phenomenologist. Not having studied Husserl—but not being ignorant, either, of the phenomenological positions—I recall Camus's remark about 'the shimmering of phenomenological thought'. Olson's perceptions, 'perceptions', 'speed', 'as fast as you can', 'one after another', 'instanter'—all this takes me back to Camus's comment that

Husserl and the phenomenologists, by their very extravagances, reinstate the world in its diversity and deny the transcendent power of the reason. The spiritual universe becomes incalculably enriched through them. The rose petal, the milestone, or the human hand are as important as love, desire, or the laws of gravity. Thinking ceases to be unifying or making a semblance familiar in the guise of a major principle. Thinking is learning all over again to see, to be attentive, to focus consciousness; it is turning every idea and every image, in the manner of Proust, into a privileged moment . . .'[4]

Now, you don't have to read much about Olson to find that phenomenological thought has a lot to do with his teachings about poetry. There's an instance that sticks, rather disturbingly, in my memory: somebody writes about poets 'inhabiting the phenomenal welter making up the world'; Olson is said to have provided 'techniques . . . [for] making experience direct and unmediated for the poet who plunges fully into the phenomena around him'. Certainly, if we agree to regard the world as 'a phenomenal welter',

it is a welter inhabited by poets, along with everybody else. On the other hand, being *in* it, how can we be said to make use of techniques for plunging *into* it?

A powerfully persuasive philosophy is one thing. Directives for making poems—call them techniques for plunging or whatever you like—are another thing altogether. Can we agree about that? Pound and Imagism certainly gave a phenomenological twist to poetics in our time. Wallace Stevens *thought* like a phenomenologist, though it would not have occurred to him that a new poetic system, a once-and-for-all-time doctrine, lay in that direction.

The 'phenomenal welter' is of course what Olson means when he demands that 'in any given poem, always one perception must must MOVE, INSTANTER, ON ANOTHER'. Elsewhere, having summarily dismissed Socrates (for his 'readiness to generalise'), Aristotle (for his 'logic and classification') and Plato (for his 'forms extricable from content'), he argues that these are 'habits of thought' which interfere with *action*; they get between us and what he calls the END. And what is the END? It is 'never more than this instant, . . . than you, figuring it out, and acting . . . If there is any absolute it is never more than this one, you, this instant, in action.'

The poem therefore becomes a record of instant, instantaneously experienced, perceptions; Camus's account of the Husserlian phenomena puts it perfectly: 'there is no scenario but a successive and incoherent illustration. In that magic lantern all the pictures are privileged.' It's easy to account for the fascination it holds, this arbitrary conversion of a philosophical position into a system of poetics! No pauses, no connecting grammar of ideas, no abstractions, no conceptual impurities, above all, no logic; 'logic' being a very dirty word indeed, and therefore requiring no definition or explanation.

It's easy, too, to see how some of my younger New Zealand 'contemporaries' have caught on. For instance, the anthologist whom I mentioned is happy to find that poetry no longer is required 'to conform to the dictates of traditional logic': myself, I never supposed that it was. And Mr Peter Bland, who read Olson's essay 20 years ago, is happy to find that Ian Wedde (and others) 'seem to be opening up new democracies of feeling'. Am I right in supposing that these 'new democracies' have something to do with the perceptions, the phenomena—all the pictures are equally privileged?

Experience must teach any working poet that Olson's poetical directive, the one about perceptions, simply won't do, citizen. It won't work, either for making poems or the 'management of daily reality'. That 'shimmering of phenomenological thought' is always

disturbed, interrupted, accompanied by conceptions of all sorts; by aberrations, nightmares, daydreams, fantasies; even the phenomena, the perceptions—so far as we can focus and fix them—keep on joining, disjoining, connecting, conflicting, relating, failing to relate. Poetic order is still *order* of a special kind. Something has to hold the bits and pieces together, they won't do it of themselves. Even logic and classification are *human*. An enormous part of language has directly to do with all of this; far too much of it to be disregarded by poets, whose material it is. You can't escape by arguing, as Olson does, 'The harmony of the universe, and I include man, is not logical, or better, is post-logical.' All that amounts to, is appealing to a superior logic.

There are two other rules for projective or open form verse, for which I can find no ground in common sense or experience; but I'd better mention them because so much of our current new verse looks as if the poets believed in them. One could be called physiological, and the other mechanical, or manual. Briefly, we are reminded that the poet breathes as he composes—okay, citizen. Ergo, he composes as he breathes. Olson reminds us that in Latin the word *spiritus* means breathing, which I suppose lends a little tone to this notion. Then, by using the keys of his typewriter, he is said to 'score' his breathed poem on the paper, like a sheet of music: spaces or diagonals, for instance, give the reader the pauses, the durations equivalent to the poet's own breath in the act of composition. Of course, it is true that the cadence of a phrase, the accenting and rhythm of a line of verse—or prose for that matter—are governed by the natural stresses of good speech, and one can't speak without breathing. But it simply does not follow that this 'breath' of the line corresponds to the breath I breathe as I write it or compose it by ear. Anyone who was ever taught singing, as I was, knows that the ins-and-outs of the lungs, the suspensions and releases of the breath, have as much, and just as much, to do with the form of the music as the bag of the bagpipe has with the strathspey or the lament which the piper is playing. As for the typewriter; well, it has its conveniences. Does anyone remember Don Marquis's cockroach, Archy, who could write only by butting his head on the keys, and used no capital letters because he couldn't use the shift key? More seriously, one thinks of E. E. Cummings, whom Olson mentions in passing, with suitable respect. As long ago as 1923, Cummings had explored almost all the poetic possibilities of the typewriter as a means of engaging the ear and the eye of the reader. Here is a question: does the particular genius of Cummings lend much support to a *general* principle of poetics, elaborated by Olson and Creeley some 30 years later? I am inclined to think not.

Incidentally, it is ironic, and Olson himself concedes the point, that we should attach the typewriter to poetry, like a prosthetic limb or gland, when we have rejected the 'closed' conventions of the printing press. Does this perhaps leave us, not with an 'open form', but with a multiplicity of 'closed' forms; every new poem, in fact, *self*-enclosed, more tightly straitjacketed than by any of the discarded conventions? Is this perhaps what many of us want? Is it one more aspect of the kind of paradox which Camus found in Husserl: 'a whole proliferation of phenomena, the wealth of which has about it something inhuman'?

The poetics of 'projective verse' may have reached this part of the world a little late though, as I've mentioned, they have had their followers in New Zealand since the sixties. Of course, there's no good reason, in history or nature, why a movement in art can't be fruitful, whatever the date or the place. So much that happens is sheer accident. It seems to me that Olson's theory, with all its oddities and self-contradictions, with all its appeal to the semi-educated and the half-gifted, owes most of its influence to the historical coincidence, that it came right on time for the American 'Beat generation' of the fifties, and the generation which grew up in the sixties. As a *poetic*, it was neither new nor instructive. But it provided a doctrine, an ideology, a kit of terms, along with an evangelical enthusiasm, all highly seductive to a generation which was forming its ideas of prose from Kerouac and Burroughs and of poetry from Ginsberg and Snyder. It coincided also with the interpenetration of American writing and teaching in American colleges and universities; with the creative writing class and the study of contemporary literature.

I began by saying that *poetics*, the theory of the thing, is a secondary product; poets teach their art by example, not theory, and that young poets had better mind their step on the slippery ground of another poet's theory. The poet as *guru* is least of all to be trusted.

How far, or how directly, Olson and his teaching have influenced, or continue to influence, the shape of poetry in this country; this is a matter for speculation. His vocabulary and a few of his ideas do seem to have been adopted by a number of poets like Loney and Michael Harlow and Alistair Paterson; and Ian Wedde, gifted and original writer as he is, has been known to borrow an Olson mannerism, like addressing the reader as 'citizen'. I think there's enough evidence to justify the trouble I have taken to put a few thoughts together on the subject; if only to clear my own mind and test my prejudices.

The reputation of Charles Olson, himself, as a poet is another question altogether. I suppose it rests mainly on the six volumes,

one of them posthumous, of his *Maximus* poems, which I'm not competent to discuss, not having read them. I cannot pretend to compare them with Pound's *Cantos* or Williams's *Paterson*, with which I'm pretty familiar; evidently *Maximus* owes a good deal to those two great works of the modern period, but whether it equals or rivals them remains at least a matter of debate. I have confined myself strictly to the theory of 'projective' or 'open form' verse. The genius of the poet needn't, after all, be vitiated by the weakness of his theory—as Coleridge was happy to remark in the case of Wordsworth: 'And I reflect with delight, how little a mere theory, though of his own workmanship, interferes with the processes of genuine imagination in a man of true poetic genius . . .'

Yet, as I've just said, the 'mere theory' of a poet can be slippery ground; perhaps safe enough for its author, but full of traps for his disciples.

Afterword

Since this lecture was delivered, C. K. Stead has justly remarked to me that perhaps a poetic theory is worth discussing only if one cares for it, and reminded me that no such theory can ever be comprehensive enough. He also wondered if I had done justice to the question of the 'long poem'. I think I see how intimately this last is related to the whole debate about 'open form'. My difficulty was, how to stick closely to the terms of Olson's essay, so far as I follow them, without seeming to forget that the argument is about poetry, not terms. I cannot expect to have been entirely successful. Nor can I hope that others who have indisputably found a good deal of sense—and a positive poetic impetus—in aspects of the theory, will be much troubled by what troubles me most about it: that it does make extraordinarily comprehensive claims, and challenges criticism on grounds far exceeding the bounds (assuming such bounds can exist?) of a *poetic*. The *poetic* claims for 'Projective Verse' are not easily separated from the *philosophical* claims of, for instance, Olson's 'Human Universe' essay, and from the latter's questions like, '*Was ist der Weg?*' and the nature of 'the absolute'. One does not willingly concede that such a separation *ought* to be easy, or for that matter (ultimately) considered possible. Very likely, in 'buying' a poetic, one must be aware that something like a world-view is contained in the package; certainly in Olson's case it could hardly be spelt out more plainly. With such things on my mind—not to mention a few notions (prejudices, if one likes) about poetry itself—I was hardly likely to do justice to the best parts of the 'Projective Verse' manifesto: these are, I believe, a few exceptional insights into the experience of writing poems, precious in

themselves if hardly (as I suppose) sufficient to support the edifice of theory. However obvious its connexions with some of the 'post-modernist' changes in the character of poetry—and of its readership!—I cannot see it as the *cause* of these, nor as 'ground-breaking' (Mr Loney's expression). My attempt to examine a few of its terms can lie on the table where, noticed or not, it should do no harm.

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Maori life and literature: a sensory perception

WITI IHIMAERA

Whakarongo! Whakarongo! Whakarongo!
Ki te tangi a te manu e karanga nei
Tūi, tūi, tuituia!
Tuia i runga, tuia i raro
Tuia i roto, tuia i waho
Tuia i te here tangata.
Ka rongo te ao, ka rongo te pō.
Tuia i te kawai tangata i heke mai
I Hawaiki nui,
I Hawaiki roa,
I Hawaiki pā-mamao,
Te Hono ki Wairua.
Ki te whaiao, ki te ao-mārama.

Tihei mauri ora!
Te whenua, tēna koe.
Te whare, te marae, tēna korua.
Ngā mate, haere ki te pō, haere, haere, haere
Nō reira, e ngā mana, e ngā reo e ngā hoa katoa
Tēna koutou, tēna koutou, tēna koutou katoa.

In the beginning was Te Kore, the Void. After the Void was Te Po, the Night. From out of the Night arose Rangi and Papa, the Sky Father above and the Earth Mother below. To them were born children who were gods, who separated their parents so that there was light. And in that light was created all manner of things, animate and inanimate. From one of the gods sprang man. He was the ancestor of the Maori. Within that mythical time when gods communed with man, there arose the demi-god Maui. Among his many feats he fished up New Zealand. It was to this land, the fish of Maui, that the Maori came.

* * *

My name is Witi Tame Ihimaera Smiler. My father is Thomas Czar Ihimaera Smiler Jnr., and through him I have links with Te Aitanga A Mahaki, Rongowhakaata, and Ngati Kahungunu. My

father's parents were Perapunahamoa Ihimaera Smiler and Teria Pere. Through my grandfather's mother, Hine Te Ariki, I enter Te Whanau A Apanui; through my great-grandfather, Ihimaera Te Hanene, I am Tuhoe. On my grandmother's side, I am a descendant of Wi Pere. Our *marae* is the family house of the Pere family, Rongopai, earlier known as Eriopeta, in Waituhi, near Gisborne. My mother is Julia Keelan and through her my children have heritage into Ngati Porou. My mother's home, where my grandfather Graeme and grandmother, Putiputi Babbington, lived, is Puketawai, near Tolaga Bay, on the East Coast. My family life has been, in the main, lived between the boundaries enclosing Mangatu to the west, Nuhaka to the south, Hikurangi in the north and the sea, Te Moana nui a Kiwa, to the east. It was a rural and small town life from which I began to make incursions into the wider New Zealand world round the early 1960s. These are my credentials, limited by language and culture disabilities, for talking about Maori life.

I went to school at Te Karaka District High School, now known as Waikohu College. I also attended the Mormon College near Hamilton, Gisborne Boys' High School, Auckland University and eventually Victoria University of Wellington. In 1968 I met Jane Cleghorn; we were married in 1970. Her father is Antony Cleghorn; his parents came from the north of England with several other members of the family and settled in and around Auckland. Jane's mother is Nancy Bridge. On the Bridge side the ties with New Zealand begin much earlier when Major Cyprian Bridge, Jane's great-great-grandfather, came out in the 52nd Regiment to fight against the Maori in the 1840s. His paintings of the encounters at Ruapekapeka and other parts of Northland may be found in the Turnbull Library, which in 1961 published two of them as part of the Turnbull's series of prints of historical paintings. Major Bridge settled in New Zealand; Jane's great-grandfather, Herbert Bowen Bridge, became assistant editor of the *Evening Post*. Jane herself is a Wellingtonian from Lyall Bay of four generations' standing. Her godmother, Aunt Peggy Smythe, is here today. It was through Jane that I began to write. I began to be published in 1970; for reasons that I will outline later, I made a conscious decision to stop. That was in December 1975. Except for one year at Otago, I wrote part time within that period. Again, as limited as they are by language and cultural disabilities in pakeha life, these are my credentials to speak on literature and particularly on Maori literature.

I am now in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. I can look across to the Beehive building, and to the Maori Affairs room in Parliament Buildings for clues as to *why and how*. If I seek the direct *whakapapa*, I can look to Wi Pere, the forgotten Maori Member of Parliament

who served his people at the turn of the century and I can say, 'Yes, there is where the link began.' I can look to Sir Apirana Ngata, to Sir Charles Bennett, New Zealand's High Commissioner in Malaysia, who spent some time with my grand-uncle, Rongowhakaata Halbert; to Peter Gordon, my uncle, who was in Bangkok. Further afield, I can look academically to my uncles Winiata Smiler and Hani Smiler, both of whom obtained bachelor of arts degrees. I can look to these and more, like Frank Corner, Ken Piddington and Neil Plimmer, who set my feet firmly on this path. I can remember the first, second and third interviews I ever had with Frank Corner about joining Foreign Affairs. I was distrustful and suspicious. But I finally joined Foreign Affairs in 1976. I am pleased that the Ministry considers its Maori members are an asset to its presentation of New Zealand policy internationally. The lesson it still has to learn, however, is that we are highly motivated. We are articulate. For all our disabilities as traditional representatives of the people we are committed to programming Maori concerns into Foreign Affairs policy. Jane and I took our two children to Canberra, Australia, in 1978. We have just returned. We have bought David Matthews's and Greta Firth's house in Newtown.

This is the personal context against which this discussion of Maori life and literature must be placed. It draws a genealogy and pattern if you like, to the here and now, to this gathering of you and me in Alexander Turnbull's library. It is important to make these links between us. On my part, speaking here in this, the former home of a national *whare wananga* containing Maori material, is a task to approach with considerable respect.

* * *

In the Maori body of literature there is a proverb which, when translated into English, asks: 'What is the greatest thing in life?' And the answer is: '*He tangata, he tangata, he tangata*.' It is man, it is man, it is man. It should be apparent that I have therefore been sometimes a writer, something more of a Maori, but that I have inherited a time and space greater than both. If there has ever been a problem for practitioners of Maori literature, it has been in the attempt to make the connection between Maori experience and the art of literature and then to extend the linkages, set and fix them tight, across the empty spaces which we all inhabit. My way has been to endeavour to convey an emotional landscape for the Maori people and this I have attempted to impose across the wastelands where we now live—Otara, Porirua, Newtown. The landscape I wrote about had its roots in the earth. Writing about it was, until 1975, my way of responding to the charge 'You must work for the Maori people.'

I think this charge is something which only those Maori students who were going through school and university in the 1950s and 1960s would understand. We had no option. We had no alternative. Whether we liked it or not, we were given a clear instruction from our people. I can understand and identify with those whom others thought arrogant when they said 'We are doing this for our people. For the Maori people.' What I am often surprised about is that I have yet to hear a pakeha person say 'I am doing this for the pakeha people of New Zealand.' It has always been easier to be pakeha than Maori.

What can one say about Maori life and literature up until the 1960s? The Maori has been on this planet since the world began. He sought to codify his world, to understand it and live in harmony with it. He crossed Te Moana nui a Kiwa to islands fished up by Maui. He lived, loved, fought, gave birth, died and was reborn in another generation. Then a variable was introduced into Maori life with the coming of the pakeha to Aotearoa. The Maori signed a worthless treaty at Waitangi. He lost his land. He lost his gods. He fought back. Te Whiti O Rongomai. Te Kooti Rikirangi. Te Puea Herangi. The fighters continued to fight. But at the same time the Maori was also being subsumed into pakeha culture. If we look for the signs of this subsumption we can see its effect clearly in evidence when the Maori fought with pakeha New Zealanders in World War II. More and more New Zealand became the model for race relations.

At that time, the Maori people still lived predominantly in rural hearths. Following the Second World War they began the inevitable drift to the cities. Culturally, they were a rich and vital entity, self-sustaining and secure. For one thing, the language was still intact and localised enough for preservation and transmission of the culture itself. It was an oral literature and its idioms were relatively unknown and inaccessible to outsiders except anthropologists, sociologists and students of Maori history. It is for this reason of being invisible to the world of light that I have termed Maori culture and the oral literary tradition as being the largest underground movement ever known in New Zealand. On the latter, as far as I am concerned, it is time that Maori oral literature took its rightful place in university courses, not in Anthropology but in English. Indeed, there is an interesting exercise for some student in making a comparative analysis of the natural symbol and imagery in Maori literature and Anglo-Saxon.

The oral tradition of Maori literature remains, to all intents and purposes, intact, but its practice and practitioners are today few. Nor is it as understood as it perhaps should be—the *whaikorero*, the spoken and semi-recitative speeches dealing in highly symbolic

language with the creation, canoe migrations, major tribal and clan events, the relationship that ensued after the coming of the pakeha; the *kōrero pūrākau* (stories, myths and legends), the *kōrero pakiwaitara* (light-hearted stories), *whakatauki* (proverbs), *pepeha* (tribal sayings), *haka* (vigorous chants with actions), *pokeka* and *ngeri* (also forms of chants with actions), *whaka-ara-ara-pa* (chants by the guards of the watches of the night and day), the *tauparapara*, *karakia*, *patere*, *kai-ora-ora*, *mata*, *karanga*, *pōwhiri*, *poroporoaki*, *waiata tangi*, *waiata aroha*, *oriori*, *pao*, *waiata a ringa* and *waiata poi*. You may hear samples of these at different *hui* if you are lucky, but the understanding is not easy. The singing word, as Barry Mitcalfe characterised *waiata*, does not have the power to sing out across generations and the empty spaces as it once had. Yet, by far, the oral literature forms the basis for the underground movement which is the Maori people. Its voice may not be strong but it still survives despite the political and cultural imperialism of the majority in New Zealand.

The oral literature, up until the 1960s, was the means of cultural transmission and preservation. It was the voice of the Maori people, carrying their stories and conveying their great passion for living to their descendants so that we were able to understand what we had been and what we were. At the same time, there was also a small body of Maori people writing in English whose concerns were more with recording the traditional aspects of Maori culture. Sir Peter Buck, for instance, wrote about the coming of the Maori and classical Maori culture. Pei Te Hurinui Jones wrote on King Potatau. Professor Joan Metge rightly considers that both these writers 'deserve recognition for their masterly and evocative style, so entirely suited and subordinated to their purpose, so flowing and effortless that it goes unnoticed by the absorbed reader'. Later exponents of the written word continued to write with an educative intent—Merimeri Penfold on Maori education, Katerina Mataira, Harry Dansey and the wonderful Arapera Blank. It is to my mind regrettable that in so doing their gifts as imaginative writers were not and have still not been fully developed. But until the 1960s, the major writers of imaginative fiction on Maori people were pakehas. Of them all, Noel Hilliard in *Maori Girl*, which was serialised in the *Auckland Weekly News*, had the greatest impact amongst Maori people in identifying and foreseeing the political and social reality that lay ahead for them in New Zealand.

Political and social reality is a difficult matter to recognise, and we each come to it in different ways. In my case it happened when I was thirteen and I had seen that my birth certificate had my name as Witi Tame Ihimaera (Smiler). From my recollection I could not remember having heard that name Ihimaera before. My father and I

were sitting at home and I asked him: 'What's this name, Ihimaera?' He told me it was our real name, our Maori name. 'Well, why are we known around here as "Smiler"?' My father's reply was: 'When your grandfather was younger, the missionaries couldn't pronounce his name "Ihimaera". So they gave him another name, "Smiler".'

I began to use Ihimaera from then on. It means Ishmael, and it was my great-grandfather's first name. Ishmael was of the desert people in the Old Testament and it seemed entirely appropriate for me—a wanderer in the desert. The more I dwelt on the 'why' of the name-change the more I began to see the way in which Maori life was under siege. But it wasn't until the mid 1960s that the urgency became apparent, became obvious. It happened this way.

By the 1960s, there had occurred a massive discontinuity in Maori life, occasioned by the virtual relocation of Maori people from their traditional homes to urban centres like Gisborne and, further afield, to Wellington or Auckland. It was as if a fault line had suddenly developed in our history—on one side was a people with some cultural assurance, on the other was a generation removed from its roots, who did not understand their language and who had not lived the culture. This occasioned a lot of discussion about the future of the Maori people, the land, the language, the culture, the political and economic disparities, the lack of power in the structure of government. But it was not until later in the sixties, when a group called Ngā Tamatoa was established, that we suddenly were made aware of the urgency of the situation. Now, many Maori people have tended to forget how major an impact Ngā Tamatoa had on the people. As Rowley Habib would say, it was as if we'd all been given sleeping pills, tranquillisers. Even the literature we were writing lacked strength and direction. It was illustrative, pictorial and of the kind sponsored by *Te Ao Hou*, the journal of the Department of Maori Affairs. It was what I have termed 'the pastoral tradition of written Maori literature' and, with very few exceptions, the work lacks anger or political thought. *Contemporary Maori Writing*, edited by Margaret Orbell, and published in 1970, is a case in point. So too are the books *Pounamu, pounamu*, *Tangi* and, to a certain extent, *Whanau*, in 1972, 1973 and 1974. They are tender, unabashedly lyrical evocations of a world that once was. But they are a serious mismatch with the reality of the times.

In fairness, one would be hard pressed in fact to name a book of New Zealand literature which would match well with the reality of New Zealand as it was in those times; nor, I think, did the authors of the stories in *Contemporary Maori Writing* ever have any other objective in mind than to provide glimpses of childhood; of a time in the 1940s and 1950s when the emotional values and *aroha* (love

and sympathy for one another), *whanaungatanga* (kinship and family responsibility) and *manaakitanga* (reciprocal assistance to one another) were intact.

In many ways therefore, written Maori fiction of the time suffered the same constraints as New Zealand literature at the time. This was generally literature characterised by understatement. It was the time of the small story seen at a remove, at a distance. The way of telling was curiously flat. The pastoral tradition was also at work both in Maori and pakeha fiction with stories of rural New Zealand, of a world overlain with puritanism. Read through *Landfall* and the New Zealand *Listener* and you will be struck by the lack of punch, the lack of energy in the fiction. The action is all interior, not overt. Social realism, described for its own sake, was, it seems, to be studiously avoided. Craft, technique, the art of writing was the prime directive.

Apart from the constraints on subject and style, Maori fiction was also saddled with some incredible presumptions on the parts of editors. Most of the writers who appeared in the 1960s have had to create a publisher willingness and an audience, both Maori and pakeha, for their work. There is the classic tale of the writer who, when asked by a publisher 'Who will read your books?' responded that Maori people would. The publisher's reply was 'But Maoris don't read books.' The fact that publisher willingness and a bicultural audience does now exist is therefore more a matter of tenacity than luck. My own first anthology, in its original form, was turned down by two publishers before being considered by the third. I am sure that Patricia Grace will not mind my telling you that her first book was declined by the same publisher who published my work. That's show business. That's the market.

I guess it is the prerogative of respective generations to consider that their time is the one in which events were made to happen, directions and aims were rethought. So it is with my generation, which straddled the years of the sixties and seventies. To look at the international context, these were the years of hope and optimism, personified by John Kennedy's reign in a mythic American Camelot. It was the Age of Aquarius. It was the age of our own Kennedy, the late Norman Kirk. Of Vietnam protests. Of 'No Maoris, No Tour.' It was the time when we were looking, Maori and pakeha, for a way out of a *cul-de-sac*. Of trying to mould a new future. Of trying to regenerate an obsessively myopic New Zealand. Of making the linkages with our own culture, with pakeha New Zealand, with the South Pacific and with Third World concerns. We were a young Maori generation, trained in European techniques and aware of the personal price paid in cultural terms for such training. We saw that continued alienation of Maori land and

the Maori people from their culture meant that the Maori was becoming landless and cultureless in his own country.

This was the time which therefore saw Ngā Tamatoa petitioning Parliament for the establishment of courses in Maori language and culture in all schools 'as a gift to the pakeha from the Maori'. It was the time of sit-ins in Parliament grounds and annual protests at Waitangi Day celebrations to draw attention to Maori grievances regarding land, culture, sporting contacts, educational and economic under-achievement, necessity for a bicultural bureaucracy and, particularly, the innate rights of Maoris to be able to have control over their destiny in Aotearoa.

Despite the intensity of the debate that surrounded Maori-pakeha relationships then, my own view is that ultimately we were all prepared to listen and prepared to redesign this *waka*, this national canoe of ours, to ensure that it took both Maori and pakeha aspirations, directions, into account. Maori writing of the time at the very least established what was offering from the Maori side—a basic emotional superstructure, a feeling of affinity which we felt was needed if we were to make balanced decisions about plotting our course—which stars to navigate by, which reefs to avoid. So, for all my criticism about the mismatch of Maori fiction with the political reality, it did have a major importance in establishing a basic values system, the trim to the *waka*. Hone Tuwhare, Patricia Grace, and Rowley Habib's earlier work all belong here.

Am I wrong, now, in believing that New Zealand today is not so prepared to listen, prepared to even negotiate a new future for us all? Is it so responsive to Maori needs?

* * *

I made reference earlier to my having stopped writing in 1975. The basic purpose for writing had been to establish and describe the emotional landscape of the Maori people. The landscapes of the heart. I used to think that even if all the land were taken away, our *maraes* razed, our children turned into brown pakehas, that nothing could take away the heart, the way we feel. In many respects, the heart is really all that I've ever had. My knowledge of the language is minimal. My understanding of the culture has mainly been learnt at school and at university. It embarrassed me to be berated by my own people for not knowing Maori. Once I responded to Ngoi Pewhairangi that 'You're not Maori with your mouth. You're Maori here, in your heart. Anybody can learn how to speak Maori, but that won't make you one.'

But increasingly the emotional reality became less and less important to describe and the political reality assumed a higher

profile. I could not, in all conscience, allow people ever to consider my work was the definitive portrayal of the world of the Maori. In my attempts to help, I considered I had created a stereotype. Of warm caring relationships. Of a people who lived in rural communities. But what *was* the reality? The reality in 1975 was a hardening of attitudes on both sides. Of inflexibility. Of infighting. By 1975 I felt my vision was out of date and, tragically, so encompassing and so established that it wasn't leaving room enough for the new reality to punch through. I made a conscious decision to stop writing. I said that I would place a ten year embargo on my work. It was the right decision to make. I am, *he tangata, he tangata, he tangata*. A man, a man, a man.

Since then, it has seemed to me that New Zealand has been in the throes of some massive nervous breakdown. Something has been going wrong out there. Instead of looking outward, we are increasingly turning inward. We feel under siege. We feel defensive. Our first response is distrust and outrage at any attack on the fidelity of New Zealand. We have become divided. We have started to withdraw into our own divisions. We have become autistic. Totally withdrawn.

That doesn't mean that we haven't been struggling to repair ourselves. In the Maori world, this has meant vociferous exchanges, most often bitter, but *no dialogue*. We are either too tired or too hardened to listen to each other. One of the heartening aspects, however, is that the literature, as it applies to race relations, is developing a most commanding voice. I welcome the development of this literature of race relations. It has a role in making the connections, perhaps even better than with fiction about Maori life as mine has been, and reaching across the empty spaces between Maori and pakeha in a more hard-hitting and realistic fashion. How well it has succeeded will only become obvious to you when an anthology entitled *Into the World of Light* is published later this year. The anthology collects the work of Maori writers over the last decade about Maori life and race relations between Maori and pakeha.

For the future, what can we say about the kind of people we have become? About us? Who are we? We are Maori. We are Polynesian. We inhabit a minority space within a majority framework. We are the unemployed, the social time bomb. About eighty per cent of us live in city areas. Half of us are under the age of 19 and without skills in our culture. Our world is beset with pressures from within and without. We are against the Springbok tour but we have also agreed to welcome the Springbok team on Poho-o-rawiri *marae* in Gisborne. We are the dispossessed, the under-educated. Yet it saddens many of us to see the Race Relations Conciliator to all

intents and purposes sneaking out of the country to take up an invitation to visit South Africa. We are the unemployed. We are one in four children who appear before the Children's Court. We have a Minister of Maori Affairs of whom it was said last week that he was 'profoundly ignorant' of South Africa. He was on television last night saying, incredibly, that he supported apartheid in South Africa. We are *tū tangata*; we are also members of the Mongrel Mob.

This is the bleak scenario. One hopes that it will not be our future. For there are many positive aspects, and so much optimism about sorting out a future for all of us. The problem is, for we who observe, a matter of timing. There is urgency now. *We* wish to chart a course for our culture towards *life*, not death.

Last week, the Prime Minister, Mr Muldoon, in his speech to the Australian Chamber of Commerce in Hobart, said that leadership must be positive, optimistic but not divisive. He then said that inverted racists were trying to create a split between Maori and pakeha in New Zealand. 'My answer to them is a very practical one. In my party in the House I have three Maori members of Parliament, each of whom was elected for a general seat or what we used to call European seat, where the Maori vote would be no higher than five per cent.' There were a small number of Maori radicals in New Zealand who did their best to exacerbate whatever problems there might be between Maori and pakeha. 'But they are small in number and very small as a proportion of the total. We are an integrated society. Something in excess of sixty per cent of Maori marriages today have one European partner.'

I do not find such comments positive or optimistic. I find them divisive to a degree that can barely be tolerated. Mr Muldoon is making the mistake of assuming that where you have integration of people that you have integration of culture also. Integration of people does *not* automatically make for integration of culture.

We still have a long way to go. We still need to force a reconsideration of New Zealand's monocultural perception of itself. We still require that national identity should be bilingual and bicultural. Only then will Maori and pakeha heritages and culture be enriched. There is still a need for New Zealand to take its Maori personality into account. Despite the bleakness of what I have said, Maori literature has a place in ensuring this occurs. If to be hopeful and to push for change in New Zealand is radical, then here I am, here *we* are.

All of us who write, or who are concerned, about Maori life, have this in common: the commitment to our people. For us, the challenge today is rather as described by Patricia Grace in her magnificent short story 'Parade':

I took in a big breath, filling my lungs with sea and air and land and people. And with past and present and future, and felt a new strength course through me. I lifted my voice to sing and heard and felt the others join with me. Singing loudly into the darkest of nights. Calling on the strength of the people. Calling them to paddle the canoes and to paddle on and on. To haul the canoes down and paddle. On and on——

Aotea, Tainui, Kurahaupo
Mataatua, Te Arawa,
Takitimu, Tokomaru
Hoea hoea ra

Nō reira, ko te whakamutunga tenei o taku korero. Tēna koutou, tēna koutou, tēna koutou katoa.

Footnote

The *Record* is following current practice in marking vowel lengths, choosing the macron rather than the double vowel. The author's preference would have been to leave vowel lengths unmarked. (*Ed.*)

Notes and Comments

Fulbright research scholar for 1982

The New Zealand-United States Educational Foundation has announced that Associate Professor Sandra Myres of the Department of History, University of Texas at Arlington, has been awarded a research scholarship at the Turnbull under the Fulbright-Hays programme during 1982. Professor Myres expects to spend about six months from June 1982 examining the diaries and letters of pioneer women in New Zealand for a comparative study 'Women and the Frontier Experience'.

Her recent publications include *Ho for California! Women's Overland Diaries from the Huntington Library* (1980) and *Cavalry Wife: the Diary of Eveline M. Alexander* (1977).

Professor Myres has been a Huntington Library Fellow (1977), a Fellow of the Newberry Library (1978), held a National Endowment for the Humanities Research Fellowship in 1979 and a Huntington-Hayes Fellowship in 1980.

Grants from Research Fund

Recent grants from the Alexander Turnbull Library Research Endowment Fund to support 'scholarly research and publication based on the collections of the Alexander Turnbull Library' included $5,000 to Dr Anne Salmond of the University of Auckland to employ Miss Isobel Ollivier to edit complete transcriptions and translations of the New Zealand sections of the accounts of the French exploring expeditions of de Surville, du Fresne, d'Entrecasteaux, Duperrey, Dumont d'Urville, Laplace, Cécille, and Dupetit-Thouars between 1769 and 1840. The texts, to be published by the Turnbull, are part of a major project under the direction of Dr Salmond, to make available eyewitness accounts of Maori life before the settlement of Europeans in New Zealand. Miss Ollivier worked on the Turnbull's copies of the documents during 1980 and spent 1981 in France, with the assistance of a French government scholarship, examining the originals and identifying additional accounts not available in New Zealand.

Small grants were made to Dr Peter Whitehead and Dr Rüdiger Joppien to travel from Australia to use the Turnbull collections. Dr Whitehead, head of the department of fishes at the British Museum (Natural History) worked on the Swainson natural history drawings, particularly those relating to South America, and gave a lecture at Victoria University and to the Friends of the Turnbull Library.

Dr Joppien, a curator at the Kunstgewerbmuseum in Cologne and Visiting Fellow at the Humanities Research Centre, Australian National University, Canberra, worked on the William Ellis drawings and

examined other graphic material relating to the Cook voyages and Joseph Banks. He is preparing under the general editorship of Bernard Smith the volume of the graphic materials from Cook's third voyage for publication in the Oxford University Press three-volume edition of the paintings and drawings from Cook's Pacific voyages.

Grants were also made to Mr Kenneth Hopkins for research on the Rex Hunter papers; Dr J. E. Cookson, University of Canterbury, for research on the peace movement in New Zealand 1909–1945; Professor Howard Mayer Brown, University of Chicago, for travel to participate in the national musicology seminar at the Turnbull in August 1981; and to Dr Robin Alston of the British Library's ESTC project, for travel to participate in seminars, lectures and discussions on the bibliographic control of early printed books.

Grants for publications

Two grants have recently been approved from the funds of the Endowment Trust to assist with the publication of items from the collections. The Auckland University Press has been granted $2,000 towards the costs of publishing Pritchard's 'Aggressions of the French at Tahiti' edited by Dr Paul de Deckker, and the Archive of Maori and Pacific Music, University of Auckland, has been granted $1,000 for the publication of a catalogue of the Maori Purposes Fund Board's collection of tape recordings made by W. T. Ngata between 1953 and 1958. The tapes, part of the Turnbull collections, were lodged in the Archive some five years ago for copying and cataloguing so that they could be made more widely available. Copies of the catalogue will be placed free of charge in libraries throughout New Zealand and the Archive will make copies of the tapes available on request.

Turnbull Conference on the History of Science

The country's first major conference on the history of science and sources for the study of this neglected field of intellectual history in New Zealand will be held in Wellington from Saturday 12 February to Monday 14 February 1983. The conference, co-sponsored by the Royal Society of New Zealand and the Alexander Turnbull Library, through its Research Fund, aims to bring together scholars, curators and scientists from at home and overseas to present and discuss papers on the state, progress, sources and prospects for this area of scholarship in and concerning New Zealand. Since 1865 Wellington has developed as a major institutional centre for New Zealand science, and the Turnbull Library has been particularly fortunate in becoming the repository of many papers and graphic records of individual scientists including, notably, the Mantell family, William Swainson, John Abbot, Walter L. Buller and Julius von Haast, some of whose work and remains have significance far beyond New Zealand in Britain, North America and Europe. In recent years the Library has also begun to acquire the archives of professional and specialist

scientific groups and its proximity to other major scientific institutions and libraries makes Wellington an important centre for such research. Collections in other places, particularly Dunedin, Auckland, Nelson and Christchurch, are also significant in the discipline, and it is proposed that the conference will address itself to research on these. The meeting has been planned to follow the XV Pacific Science Congress in Dunedin, 1–11 February 1983. Sir Charles Fleming, FRS, has kindly agreed to chair the organising committee.

This will be the third major research seminar sponsored by the Turnbull Research Fund. Participation in the presentation of scholarly papers will, in the first instance, be by invitation but the organisers are also very anxious to hear from possible registrants. The Library and the Royal Society are severely constrained by space limitations and it is desirable that numbers be maintained at a comfortable level for discussion of the papers. Enquiries are most welcome and should be addressed to The Secretary, History of Science Conference, Alexander Turnbull Library, P.O. Box 12–349, Wellington. It is anticipated that the registration fee will be about NZ$60.

Grant for Archive of New Zealand Music

Mr Ashley Heenan, Chairman of the New Zealand Composers Foundation, recently announced that the Foundation had awarded an annual grant of $1,000 to the Turnbull's Archive of New Zealand Music. The funds are to be used at the Library's discretion in building and making accessible the collections related to New Zealand music. This year's grant will be used for the oral history programme in music, to record on tape the reminiscences, ideas and knowledge of persons who have made significant contributions to or who are knowledgeable in New Zealand musical activities. The generosity of the Foundation is very much appreciated, and ways will be determined for the grant to benefit as many areas of New Zealand music as possible.

National seminar of musicologists

During the weekend of 22–23 August 1981 the Turnbull was host to a national seminar of New Zealand musicologists organised by Dr Peter Walls of the Music Department, Victoria University. The seminar was planned around the visits to New Zealand of Professor Howard Mayer Brown, the eminent American author and musicologist, and Bruce Haynes, the renowned baroque oboist. The Turnbull Research Endowment Fund made a small grant towards Professor Brown's travel expenses within New Zealand.

Papers presented at the seminar were 'Eighteenth century vocal cadenzas' by Professor Brown; 'Continuo accompaniment for full voices: some explanations, difficulties and embarrassments in the music of Peter Phillips' by Professor John Steele (University of Otago); 'Trouvère chanson' by Dr Fiona McAlpine (University of Auckland); 'Early double reeds' by Bruce Haynes (Royal Conservatory of Music, The Hague);

'Henry Playford' by Ross Harvey (Victoria University); 'Leopold Hoffman' by Allan Badley (University of Auckland); 'A few personal problems in nineteenth century musicology' by Jeremy Commons (Victoria University); and 'Eighteenth and nineteenth century Russian music journalism' by Dr Gerald Seaman (University of Auckland).

The weekend concluded with a business meeting of the New Zealand Chapter of the Musicological Society of Australia at which it was resolved to form a New Zealand Musicological Society.

Norman Morris honoured

The Turnbull Library's 'man in London', Norman Morris received the Queen's Service Medal for public service (Q.S.M.) in the New Year Honours List. Mr Morris retired from the staff of the New Zealand High Commission in London in June 1980 after 40 years of service during which time he served in a number of positions including those of Private Secretary, Press Officer, and Public Relations Officer. For as long as most of us can remember, Norman Morris has been active on behalf of the Turnbull in London, keeping a watch on local events, negotiating with donors and vendors, and briefing our agents for auctions at Sotheby's and Christies. After his retirement he agreed to continue as the Turnbull's official agent in London. The Friends of the Turnbull have on more than one occasion in the past recognised his services to the Library with appropriate gifts and will take considerable pleasure in this official recognition by Her Majesty the Queen. Norman Morris is, like Alexander Turnbull, an ex-pupil of Dulwich College.

Overseas visits by staff members

The Chief Librarian travelled to the United States during October 1981 to attend the 'quarter of a millenium' celebrations of the Library Company of Philadelphia (founded by Benjamin Franklin and his friends as a public library, and now one of the major research libraries in the United States) and to study the market for and promote the sales of the Endowment Trust's publication of John Abbot's paintings of the insects of Georgia (*Record*, May 1978, p. 26–36). A grant was made by the Trustees of the National Library for the costs of attending the Library Company's two-day conference and the Endowment Trust and Whitcoulls made grants to cover the costs of promoting the Abbots.

Mr P. L. Barton, the Map Librarian, visited state and university map collections and antiquarian map dealers in Sydney, Canberra and Melbourne from 21 September to 2 October 1981, with the financial assistance of the Australia-New Zealand Foundation, the Trustees of the National Library, and the Turnbull Library Endowment Trust. Mr Barton located some 90 maps of New Zealand in Australian collections which are not held by Turnbull and made arrangements for photographic copies to be supplied to the Library. An important find in the Dixson Library was a lithograph of Samuel Cobham's 'Proposed Plan of the City of Wellington' dated 1839. A detailed report prepared by Mr Barton will

be of considerable value in planning the accommodation and organisation of the map collection in the new National Library building.

Mrs Patricia Olliff, a manuscripts assistant with special responsibility for church records, visited two repositories in the north of England with major collections of church records during a private visit to England. The Norfolk Record Office has strong collections of nonconformist archives and the Borthwick Institute of Historical Research, a research institute within the University of York, specialises in the ecclesiastical history of Yorkshire, with very strong collections of Church of England records. Mrs Olliff received a small grant from the Trustees of the National Library for travel in the north of England. Her detailed report on the two institutions provides a number of pointers for the development of the Turnbull as a centre for research on church records.

More for the discerning collector

The Friends have recently been given multiple copies of several interesting publications and these are now being offered for sale at the Library's office. The choice item is a small pamphlet containing the Old Testament books of Daniel and Jonah translated by W. G. Puckey and printed by William Colenso at Paihia in 1840 (Williams 43 and 44) which is priced at $10 to Friends and $12 to the public. Two printed plans, 'Sections of Ngatapa Pa, Poverty Bay, taken by the Colonial Forces . . . 5th January 1869' (published 1884, 31 × 51 cm) and 'Plan of Taurangaika Pa, West Coast, abandoned by Titokowaru when attacked by the Colonial Force under Col. Whitmore, February 3, 1869' (36 × 46 cm) are priced at $5 to Friends and $6 to the public; and a black and white map 'Central Portion of Wellington City', published by W. A. G. Skinner, Government Printer, Wellington, ca. 1930 (57 × 31 cm), is available at $4 to Friends and $5 to the public. Postal orders should include an additional $1 per order for packing and postage.

Proceeds from sales will go to the general funds of the Friends.

Notes on Manuscript Accessions

A SELECTIVE LIST OF ACQUISITIONS, JANUARY TO JUNE 1981

Acquisitions of manuscripts are listed selectively in the *Turnbull Library Record* to alert scholars to newly acquired material judged to be of research value. For items marked 'Access subject to sorting' or 'Restricted' the Library would welcome notification that access will be sought, preferably with an indication of a likely date. This will help the staff in establishing priorities for sorting collections. The following list updates the Notes in the *Record* for October 1981. Material produced by the Pacific Manuscripts Bureau and the Australian Joint Copying Project is not listed except for items copied under the latter's Miscellaneous series.

ADKIN, GEORGE LESLIE, 1888–1964. *Additional papers*. 10 v. DONATION: Mr I. W. Keyes, Lower Hutt.
Notes on and references to published works relating to Maori prehistory and ethnology particularly in the Horowhenua district.

ANNABELL, ANGELA RUTH. *One Hundred Years of Music in Australia and New Zealand, 1979*. 1 videotape. PURCHASE.
Presented at the Musicology Section of the 49th ANZAAS Conference, Auckland.

ASSOCIATION OF ANGLICAN WOMEN. *Additional papers, ca.1959–1976*. 60 cm. DONATION.
Minute books and correspondence.

ATKINSON, ARTHUR RICHMOND, 1863–1935. *Letterbook, 1896–1899*. 1 v. DONATION: Mrs L. McKinnon, Otaki.
Letters of Wellington lawyer to family, friends, politicians and others relating to his work, personal activities and the temperance movement.

ATTWOOD, BAIN MUNRO. *Correspondence, 1934–1936, ca.1979*. 2 cm. DONATION.
Relates to New Zealand League of Nations' Union; correspondents include J. A. Lee, Professor J. B. Condliffe, Dr E. Olssen, and Rev. Haddon Dixon.

BETHUNE AND HUNTER LTD. *Records, 1840–1962*. 25 m. DONATION: Hay Associates Australasia Ltd., Wellington.
Wellington merchants' records include letterbooks, 1850–1921; cash books, 1851–1953; journals, 1862–1927; ledgers, 1862–1927; invoice books, 1845–1921.

BRADSHAW, JAMES. *Papers, ca.1975–1981*. 3 items. DONATION.
Lists of casualties in New Zealand of Imperial units and Royal Navy, 1860–1866; Corps of Royal Engineers members who qualified for New Zealand medal; material relating to service of H.M.S. *Castor* in New Zealand waters.

BRADSHAW, MURIEL AGNES. *Papers, ca.1950–1978*. ca.16 cm. DONATION.
Scrapbooks and clippings primarily concerned with music from Christchurch, facsimile scores of carols by John Ritchie and Vernon Griffiths.

BROWN, SIR JOHN RANKINE, 1861–1946. *Papers, 1861–1946*. 3 items. DONATION: Mr J. Brown, Wellington.
Includes contract with Council of Victoria College concerning his appointment as Professor of Classics, 1899, and tribute by Sir Thomas Hunter, 1946.

BULLER, SIR WALTER LAWRY, 1838–1906. *Correspondence, 1875.* 3 items. DONATION: Mr S. H. Saxby, Lower Hutt.
Relate to controversy between Buller and F. W. Hutton over latter's *Catalogue of the Birds of New Zealand* published in 1871, involving Sir James Hector and Sir Julius von Haast.

CHRISTENSEN, ANSGAR, d.1958. *Papers, 1928–1958.* 30cm. DONATION: Mr H. Christensen, Palmerston North.
Includes sermons, diaries, miscellaneous documents and clippings. Mads Christensen's MS *History of the Danish Lutheran Church* with English translation; *History of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in New Zealand*, by Clem Koch; pastoral reports, 1933, 1952.

CLARKSON, PERCY WISE, 1874–1942. *Parochial journal, 1901–1903.* 19 l. DONATION: Dame Cecily Pickerill, Silverstream.
Kept while serving as assistant curate attached to St Margaret's Parish Church, Taihape, journal contains accounts of horseback journeys to outlying parishioners, building accounts for Church and vicarage.

COOK, GEORGE PILKINGTON, 1893–1975. *Reminiscences, 1971.* 103 l. DONATION: Miss H. A. Cook, Greytown.
Family emigrated, 1899, from Australia to Huntly, where his father was Methodist agent, and thence to Dannevirke and Johnsonville. Photocopy of typescript.

CROWE, PETER RUSSELL, b. 1932. *Papers, 1948–1979.* 12cm. DONATION.
Music scores, 1975–1978, and papers including report of Composers' Association of New Zealand first conference commissioned by Queen Elizabeth II Arts Council.

DELLOW, RONALD GRAEME, b.1924. *Music scores and tapes, 1948–1978.* ca. 6cm., 2 tapes. DONATION.
Choral and instrumental works. Photocopies of holograph scores. *Partially restricted.*

DENTON, OSWALD GEORGE. *Sim Family Account of Te Kooti's Raid on Mohaka, April 1869, 1981.* 19 l. DONATION.
Detailed account of raid as he heard it from his mother, daughter of John Sim, the Mohaka publican.

DONNE, LORNA. *Scrapbook, 1899–1935.* 1v. PURCHASE.
Kept by daughter of A. E. Donne, Wellington Woollen Manufacturing Company, whose wife was an accomplished singer. Includes bookplates, autographs, news clippings relating to family and friends, famous persons and noted musicians.

EMSLEY, PAUL, b.1951. *Music scores, 1976–1978.* 3 items. DONATION.
Photocopies of holograph scores.

FARQUHAR, DAVID ANDROSS, b.1928. *Papers, ca.1940–1979.* 2m., 2 cassettes. LONG TERM LOAN.
Holograph scores of compositions, ca.1940–1979, scripts of radio broadcasts, ca.1955–1976, tapes of Belgian Radio interview on New Zealand music, 1976. *Partially restricted.*

FERGUSON AND HICKS. *Ledgers, 1901–1908.* 2v. DONATION: Professor D. F. McKenzie, Wellington.
Plant and fittings accounts, insurance accounts of Wellington bookseller, stationer and printer.

FREAKES, CHARLES M. *Diary, 19 October–6 December, 1906*. 1 v. DONATION: Mrs S. Russell, Gisborne.
Kept by young man during voyage from London to Wellington aboard *Corinthic*.

FREED, DOROTHY W., b.1919. *Music scores, 1954–1969*. 15 cm. LONG TERM LOAN.
Compositions of New Zealand composer and librarian.

GLEN, FRANK GRENFELL, b.1933. *For Glory and a Farm, 1976–1979*. 172 l. DONATION.
Subtitled *The Story of Australia's Involvement in New Zealand's Wars of 1860–1866*.

GOODMAN GROUP LTD. *Additional records, 1902–1976*. 7 m. DONATION.
Records of Goodman Group Ltd, formerly A. S. Paterson and Co. Ltd, and subsidiary companies, including minute books, financial records, share registers, etc.

GORDON, GEORGE, b.1857. *Papers, 1911–1930*. 12 cm. DONATION.
Esperanto translation courses and notes, translations of a number of writers' published works and articles, pamphlets, photographs.

GRIFFITHS, DAVID J., b.1950. *Music scores, 1974, 1976*. 4 items. DONATION: Auckland University Music Library.
Photocopies of choral works.

HAWK PRESS. *Records, 1975–1979*. ca.1.25 m. DONATION.
Includes drafts and proof copies of publications, correspondence, financial records. *Restricted*.

HILL, ALFRED FRANCIS, 1870–1960. *Papers, ca.1879–1952*. ca.15 cm. DONATION: Mrs E. E. Hill, Lower Hutt, and others.
Holograph scores, 1885–1953, and papers including correspondence, programmes related to Hill family, newscuttings.

HILL FAMILY. *Papers, ca.1875–1968*. 4 cm. DONATION: Mrs Doris Everton, Wellington.
Includes programmes, newscuttings, ca.1875–1960, from Edwin J. Hill collection; autograph albums belonging to Doris B. Hill, ca.1906–1968; some photocopies.

HORNEMAN, FREDERICK EDWARD, 1808–1872. *Diary, 19 July, 1852–2 January, 1853*. 56 l. DONATION: Mr P. R. Horneman, Wellington.
Kept aboard immigrant vessel *Slains Castle* by Captain Horneman, Honourable Artillery Company, who settled with his family at Pangatotara near Motueka. Includes impressions of Port Chalmers and Wellington before disembarkation at Nelson; illustrated. Photocopy.

HUNT, JOHN, 1812–1848. *Papers, 1841–1848*. 7 v. PURCHASE.
Wesleyan missionary serving in Fiji, 1838–1848. Collection comprises journal, 6 April–19 May, 1843, covering circumnavigation of Viti Levu assessing settlements as potential mission stations, short grammar of Nadroga dialect including vocabulary comparing other local dialects, sermons, and translations.

KEMPTON, BASIL LE BRUN. *Annotated copy of* Manhunt, the story of Stanley Graham, *by H. A. Willis, 1981*. 1 v. DONATION.
A homeguardsman who took part in the exercise adds his impressions.

LEVIN, WILLIAM HORT, 1845–1893. *Scrapbook, 1879–1893*. ca.120 p. DONATION: G. J. and T. G. Vogel, Havelock North.
Press cuttings covering the public life of senior partner in Levin and Co., Wellington, 1878, and Member of the House of Representatives for Thorndon, 1879–1881.

MANTELL, GIDEON ALGERNON, 1790–1852. *Letters to James Sowerby, 1813–1839.* 22 items. DONATION: British Museum (Natural History), London.
Concern the exchange of fossil specimens, and common interest in natural history. Photocopies.

MARSDEN, SAMUEL, 1765–1838. *Letters, 1823–1824.* 2 items. DONATION: Mr C. Athol Williams, Hastings.
To Hongi Hika from Paihia, 11 November 1823, 'you were amongst the first of my New Zealand friends'; and from Parramatta, 26 July 1824, announcing arrival of Richard Davis to 'teach your people to plough and grow wheat'.

MATAMAU CEMETERY. *Records, 1901–1939, 1980.* 16 l. DONATION: Mr W. B. Kivi, Auckland.
Minute book of the Board of Trustees of Matamau Cemetery, 1901–1939; list of headstone inscriptions.

MEE, JOHN, 1837–1916. *Diary, 1863–1864.* 60 l. DONATION: Mrs L. J. Sims, Waikanae.
Shipboard diary kept on voyage of barque *Alpaca* from London to Lyttelton, 2 September, 1863–26 January, 1864, with first impressions of life in Christchurch. Photocopy of typescript.

MODERN DANCE COMPANY OF NEW ZEALAND. *Records, 1972–1975.* 2cm. DONATION.
Includes minutes of committee meetings, 1973–1975, financial records, 1974–1975 programmes and publicity material, paper on the development of modern dance in New Zealand by H. Woolley, 1972.

MOORE FAMILY. *Letters, 1890, 1894.* 7 items. DONATION: Mrs J. Forbes, Wellington.
Written from Moreroa, Chatham Islands, these letters provide details of family life including a camping holiday there.

NATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN OF NEW ZEALAND. WELLINGTON BRANCH. *Records, 1938–1977.* 3.3m. DONATION.
Executive and general minutes, reports, correspondence. *Restricted.*

NEALE, PAULINE. *Interviews, 1981.* 16 items. DONATION.
Edited transcripts of interviews with women from environs of Brooklyn exhibiting in display held in conjunction with a Women's Day which took the form of workshops in the creative arts held at Brooklyn Community Centre, 2 May 1981.

NEW ZEALAND FORESTRY LEAGUE. *Records, 1914–1940.* 10cm. DONATION: Mrs L. McKinnon, Otaki.
Mainly correspondence of Sir James Wilson, founding President of the League set up to promote husbanding of forest resources, related minutes, reports and printed matter. Includes amended typescripts of papers on forestry matters by Mrs McKinnon, some published by New Zealand Forestry Service.

NEW ZEALAND SOCIETY OF GENEALOGISTS. DUNEDIN GROUP. *Headstone transcripts, 1976–1980.* 14v. DONATION.
Records of cemeteries in Otago, dating from 1846.

NORTON, CHRISTOPHER GARTH, b. 1953. *Music scores, 1969–1977.* 33cm. DONATION.
Musical compositions (some photocopies).

O'DONNELL, EWART, b. 1890. *We the Settlers, 1974.* 218 l. DONATION.
Unpublished book describing pioneer farming near Eketahuna, in Waikato, and in King Country, 1890–1914. Typescript.

OLIVER, WILLIAM HOSKING, b. 1925. *Fire without Phoenix: poems 1946–54.* 1 v. PURCHASE.
Review copy with extensive holograph annotations by Allen Curnow.

O'SULLIVAN, NATALIE A. *Additional research papers, 1891–1979.* 30 cm. DONATION.
Correspondence, scrapbooks, interviews, clippings and other material gathered for a history of woolbuying and the wool trade in New Zealand. *Access subject to sorting.*

PATRICK, MARGARET GRACE. *Jonas Woodward, 1810–1881: Citizen of Wellington, 1980.* 23 p. DONATION.
Woodward arrived on New Zealand Company vessel *Clifton* in 1842, was a member of Wellington Provincial Council, 1855–1865, first Public Trustee, 1873–1880, and headed Government Life Insurance Co., 1876–1878; also first pastor of Wellington Congregational Church, 1842–1859.

PHARMACEUTICAL SOCIETY OF NEW ZEALAND. *Records, 1879–ca.1979.* 6.5 m. DONATION.
Includes records of Pharmacy Board and Society's affiliated bodies, comprising correspondence, financial records, examination papers for College of Pharmacy, registration and apprentices records, material on status of pharmacists and the Pharmacy Act. *Restricted.*

PHILLIPS, MAGLONA PATRICIA BRYONY, b. 1948. *Papers, 1965–1979.* 40 cm, 1 microfilm reel. DONATION.
Compositions include microfilm of oratorio *Autumn floods*, 1972–1973; papers, 1965–1978, include reviews and programme for *Birds of Enlightenment.* Photocopies.

PROTESTANT ALLIANCE FRIENDLY SOCIETY OF AUSTRALASIA. *Records, 1880–1980.* 4 m. DONATION.
Records of New Zealand lodges including fund and membership registers, minute books, correspondence, financial returns, photographs and clippings.

QUEEN ELIZABETH II ARTS COUNCIL OF NEW ZEALAND. CONSERVATION WORKING PARTY. *Records, 1974–1975.* 3 cm. DONATION: Mr J. E. Traue, Wellington.
Minutes, working papers and reports, draft final report of Working Party set up to assess facilities for preservation of cultural property.

RIES FAMILY. *Papers, 1872–1981.* 50 cm. DONATION: Mrs L. Allardice, Dannevirke.
Official papers relating to the Danish Evangelical Emmanuel Lutheran Convention, 1877–1937 (in Danish). Family papers including notes, clippings, naturalisation papers, business interests and photographs. Notes on early history of Dannevirke. *Access subject to sorting and restriction.*

ROLSTON, RICHARD, 1887–1961. *Archaeological journal, 1909–1950.* 1 v. DONATION: Mr D. J. Butts, Palmerston North.
Levin farmer and amateur archaeologist describes Maori and Pacific Island artifacts discovered or purchased, and field trips, chiefly in Horowhenua district, 1945–1950.

ST PAUL'S PRO-CATHEDRAL CHURCH, WELLINGTON. *Records, 1840–1899.* 1 microfilm reel. DONATION.
Registers of Marriages, 1840–1856, Burials, 1840–1866, and Baptisms, 1840–1899. Microfilm.

SOCIETY FOR RESEARCH ON WOMEN IN NEW ZEALAND. CHILD CARE STUDY GROUP. *Records, 1970–1975.* 20 cm. DONATION.
Correspondence, minutes, reports, questionnaires, surveys, working notes and printed material of group undertaking research into child care and problems of working mothers.

SOUTHCOTTIAN SOCIETY. *Papers, ca. 1815–1860.* 16 cm. DONATION: Mr D. M. Luke, Wellington.
Correspondence between first generation followers of Joanna Southcott (1715–1814), prophetess, with copies of her prophecies.

SOUTHGATE, WILLIAM DAVID, b. 1941. *Papers, ca. 1961–1980.* 26 cm. LONG TERM LOAN.
Compositions and papers including correspondence, 1975–1978, MA thesis, 1965, lecture scripts, 1965–1966.

STEWART FAMILY. *Papers, 1855–ca.1910.* 4 cm. DONATION: Mr K. F. Sim, Foxton.
Includes correspondence of family of John Tiffin Stewart, civil engineer and artist of Wanganui.

THOMSON, JOHN MANSFIELD, b. 1926. *Additional papers, 1961–1980.* 50 items, 2 tapes. DONATION.
Letters to Eric Crozier, 1965–1976; BBC talk 'Thirteenth anniversary of the BBC Third Programme'; talk with Robert Craft about Stravinsky; and associated material. *Restricted.*

TURNER, CAMERON ARCHER, b. 1915. *Build it in Stone, 1981.* Cassette tape. DONATION.
Subtitled *History at St Mary's.* a *son et lumière* production at Bowl of Brooklands, New Plymouth, 11 March 1981.

TYHURST, BELLA, fl. 1862. *Letter, ca.1862.* 2 cm. DONATION: Mr W. S. Pitt, Walton-on-Thames, England.
Written during voyage to England round Cape Horn, describes sailing amongst icebergs, and conditions on board.

VAN LOON, HENDRICK, 1882–1944. *Letter, 20 August, 1941.* 2 l. DONATION: Mrs D. Hampton, Wellington.
Brief comment on war situation, his health, and a visit to New Zealand.

WARNER, ERIC ROSS. *History of Competitive Woodchopping and Sawing in Australia and New Zealand, 1970–1980.* 2 cm. DONATION.
Articles and notes on organisation and development of the sport, 1870–ca. 1926.

WELLINGTON TRADES HALL. *Records, 1927–1981.* 3 m. DONATION.
Correspondence and financial records relating to administration and maintenance of Trades Hall; includes files on unemployment, industrial disputes, minutes and papers of Workers Co-operative Provident and Indemnity Society Ltd., 1968–1969, Trade Union Secretaries Association, 1945–1952.

WHITE, HENRY JAMES, 1846–1914. *Shipboard diary, 23 October 1877–29 October 1878.* 17 p. DONATION: Mrs M. Hatt, Wellington.
Immigrating to New Zealand with his family by means of free passage, writer describes in detail accommodation and daily life for steerage passengers aboard vessel *Gainsborough*. Photocopy of typescript.

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United Women's Convention 1977, University of Auckland, University of California, University of Waikato.

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Notes on Contributors

SIMON CAUCHI, BA, DIP NZLS, ANZLA, is senior lecturer in the Department of Librarianship at the Victoria University of Wellington. He is a former City Librarian of Manukau and was Deputy National Librarian of the National Library of New Zealand.

ALLEN CURNOW, BA, LITT.D, former associate professor of English at Auckland University, is also well known as a poet. His collected poems, 1933-1973, were published in 1974 and his most recent volume, *An Incorrigible Music*, appeared in 1979.

WITI IHIMAERA, BA, is Literature Fellow for 1982 at Victoria University of Wellington. He is currently working with composer Ross Harris and opera producer Adrian Kiernander on a 4-act opera titled *Whanau*.

SIR TOSSWILL WOOLLASTON, who was knighted in 1979 for his services to art, lives, paints and gardens in Riwaka, near Nelson. His autobiography to 1936, *Sage Tea*, was published in 1980.

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The Society carries out its objects by means of periodic meetings and the production of publications, the main one of which is the twice-yearly *Turnbull Library Record*.

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Correspondence and enquiries regarding membership should be addressed to the Secretary, the Friends of the Turnbull Library, P.O. Box 12-186, Wellington North.
